

# OTMC TRIP REPORTS

## 2012

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Sourced from the 2012 OTMC Bulletins



## Contents

<b>Silverstream - Swampy .....</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Otago Central Rail Trail .....</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Unexplored Silver Peaks .....</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>Routeburn Flats – Lake Harris .....</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Anchors And Cows – Wales Point To Deborah Bay .....</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>Tongariro Northern Circuit.....</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>Ben Rudd’s Picnic And Day Trip .....</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>North Taieri Ridge .....</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>Breast Hill – Timaru River .....</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>Day Trips From Bannockburn.....</b>	<b>24</b>
<b>Doggy Day Out – Bethunes Gully .....</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>Lake Roxburgh.....</b>	<b>27</b>
<b>A Muddy Mystery Recce .....</b>	<b>29</b>
<b>Muddy Creek To Raspberry Creek via Cascade Saddle.....</b>	<b>31</b>
<b>Dunstan Range .....</b>	<b>35</b>
<b>Winter Sunrise From Flagstaff.....</b>	<b>38</b>
<b>Blue Mountains And The Dusky Forest.....</b>	<b>39</b>
<b>Wandering Up The Greenstone.....</b>	<b>41</b>
<b>A Trip Along The Matukituki Valley .....</b>	<b>43</b>
<b>Matarae To Sutton .....</b>	<b>47</b>
<b>Snowcaving 2012 .....</b>	<b>49</b>
<b>Katiki Beach .....</b>	<b>51</b>
<b>Orbell’s Cave .....</b>	<b>53</b>
<b>Mt Cook .....</b>	<b>55</b>
<b>Cass / Lagoon Saddle .....</b>	<b>59</b>

<b>Winter Routeburn .....</b>	<b>62</b>
<b>Stone Hill – Purehurehu Point .....</b>	<b>65</b>
<b>Moon Track – Pineapple Track.....</b>	<b>67</b>
<b>OTMC Committee (2012-13).....</b>	<b>68</b>
<b>OTMC Trip Programme 2012.....</b>	<b>69</b>
<b>OTMC Bulletin Covers (February to May).....</b>	<b>71</b>
<b>OTMC Bulletin Covers (October to December) .....</b>	<b>73</b>

**Cover Photo: Flanks of Snowy Creek, near Rees Saddle, Mt Aspiring National Park**

**ALL PUBLICATION PHOTOS UNLESS NOTED Antony Pettinger**

## SILVERSTREAM - SWAMPY

**October 9, 2011**

**Author: David Barnes**

Published in Bulletin 724, February 2012

I must have written something enticing about this trip, because at least four of the people who turned up did so because they wanted to find out about Greengage Spur. There had been a frosty feel about the day earlier, but by the time we were underway it was warming up nicely. The Burns Track's reputation for mud was undeserved after a dry winter, and we soon found ourselves out of the bush and wandering through scrub to the saddle and on to the Swampy Ridge track. A descent and ascent took us to Sleepy Hollow on the side of Hightop before we joined Green Ridge. Ten minutes short of the Green Hut site a yellow marker indicates the Greengage Spur track, which climbs sharply for a few minutes to a knob with great views. There wasn't a breath of wind, so this made a great lunch spot.



**Silverstream crossing point on the Greengage Track**

Descending the 350 metres to the Silver Stream is straightforward but unrelenting. The track has had some clearance work on it in the last few weeks. After a quick splash across the stream, we had to regain the height we'd just lost. If anything, this side was steeper. Eventually we met Raingauge Spur, which we continued to climb to the Elbow on the Swampy Summit Road. We followed the road across the summit, encountering a typical late afternoon

easterly, before descending the Leith Saddle track to the cars we'd left some seven and a half hours earlier.

David Barnes for Arthur Blondell, Ripley Dean, Lucy Jones, Tomas Sobek, first-timers Steph McLaughlin & Maryam Ousoukei, and Over Thirties Club members Lindsay Bartlett and Peter Gillespie.



# OTAGO CENTRAL RAIL TRAIL

**October 22-24, 2011**

**Author: Michael Firmin**

Published in Bulletin 724, February 2012

150kms of exciting, adventure, adrenaline filled biking with a lot of refreshment stops along the way! It couldn't get any better and it did!!! Thanks to Gene and Margaret Dyett's planning and kindness we are able to do this bike ride, they were the support team along the entire trail.

Saturday morning we all met at the club rooms, our biking gear on, our tyres pumped, bags packed full with supplies. We leave Dunedin with an expectant hum of anticipation. Within a short drive of 2.5 hours, we have arrived in Clyde. First Gene gives a safety and information brief, to the 22 bikers (probably not realizing how that would come into play much sooner than expected) With a 11.30 am start we are on the bike trail, the sun shining. The Otago Central Rail Trail welcomes us with open arms.



**Muttontown Viaduct on the Rail Trail, between Clyde & Alexandra**

Its pedal to the metal for some and time to smell the daisies for others, it doesn't matter what you choose it's all about enjoyment. First stop was the gold diggings near Tucker Hill for lunch, this was a slight downhill ride and we all arrived in good time. The willow trees provided some welcome shade. The next ride would be a short ride to Chatto Creek. Unfortunately, tragedy struck, when one of three unleashed dogs who were on the trail ran out and hit our cyclist

Carole Evans, knocking her off her bike. This fall resulted with serious injury, and it was a quick response by the group and George Evans that resulted in an ambulance being called immediately, but access was a problem. The Rescue Helicopter was the next responder and ferried Carol to the Dunedin hospital, her update is that she has a spiral fracture and has to stay on crutches for 6 weeks. We wish her a speedy recovery. Gene who was riding parts of the trail and riding back to meet us, arrived just as the helicopter left. We were all sad that the bike journey had to end like this for Carole and George.

For the next part of the trail, we cycled on, arriving at Chatto Creek for a refreshment stop. Then up over the little mountainous Tiger Hill to Omakau (arguably the best camping ground in Central Otago). It was a hot and sunny afternoon, and our tents were erected in a big open grassy area. It's chillax time with some of us sightseeing and others to the Commercial Hotel.



**OTMC cycle trip pausing in the Poolburn Gorge**

Sunday morning after a hearty breakfast, we set off for Ranfurly. The Idaburn Gorge providing the longest tunnels and steepest gorges of the trip. Once passing here the first stop for the day was Oturehua with some cyclists visiting the Hayes Engineering display. The weather was again brilliantly sunny with no wind. From Oturehua it was uphill to the highest point on the track. Nearby this point some visited the Wedderburn pub and met (the friendliest publican in Central Otago). On this beautiful hot summer's day, we rode on downhill to the Ranfurly Camping ground. We are over halfway in this cycling adventure now. On arrival at Ranfurly it was free time, and some went to sightsee, shop or just relaxed around the camping ground.



Most that night went to the Ranfurly Lion Hotel, expecting to watch the All Blacks demolish France (and we did 8-7).

Early Monday morning a few foggy heads woke to a foggy morning and all cyclists left around 8ish. Destination Hyde. The fog soon lifted and a strong back wind started to develop, that made the cycling, fast and a little of dangerous. On arrival at Hyde there were some reports of cave monsters attacking some cyclists.



**End (or start) of the line – Middelmarsh, October 24, 2011 (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)**

We reached Hyde earlier than expected and most decided to head on to Middelmarsh and relax there. The wind was even stronger after leaving Hyde with some electing to wisely walk where there was a very strong cross wind. At times there were bikes lifting off the ground. We all made it safely to Middelmarsh Cafe where it was time to rest and recover with big smiles of completion of the wonderful trail.

Time then to pack up and head home to Dunedin, arriving at the OTMC clubrooms at 3.30pm after having a wonderful Labour weekend on the Otago Central Rail trail.

Once again, A BIG THANKYOU TO GENE AND MARGARET DYETT for their organization constant support and kindness we couldn't have done it WITHOUT THEM.

Michael Firmin for Gene Dyett, Margaret Dyett, Chris Pearson, Kathy Woodrow, Wayne Hodgkinson, Pam Hodgkinson, Jane Cloete, George Evans, Carole Evans, Katharine Follin, Anna Burgess, Isobel Stearn, Dave Wilson, Brent Dewar, Alan Williamson, Bruce Bernasconi, Tomas Sobek, Michael Firmin, Wolfgang Gerber, Yolanda Valderrama, David Barnes, Ralph Harvey, Maryann B. Oskaei, Tina Anderson



# UNEXPLORED SILVER PEAKS

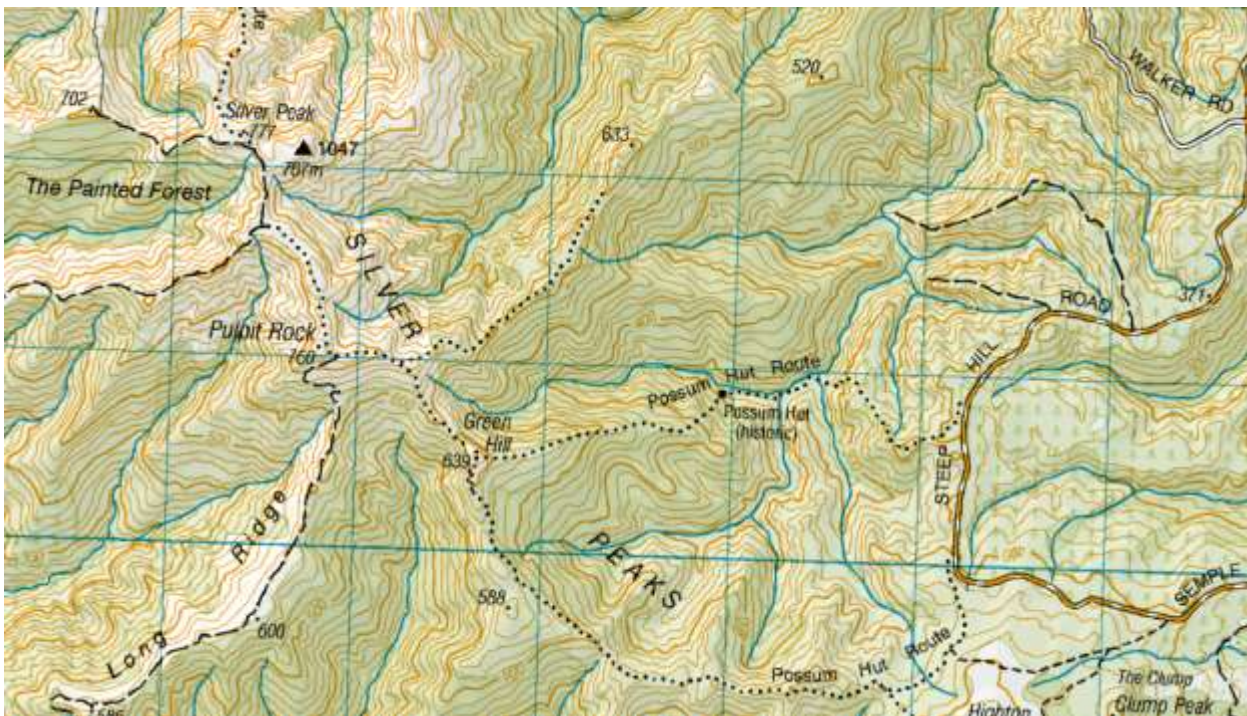
**October 2, 2011**

**Author: David Barnes**

Published in Bulletin 724, February 2012

There's a special allure about going to new places, and I'm sure it's that rather than references to the trip being 'sanity optional' that enticed ten people to join Richard for his annual foray into the unknown. The deal, as you probably know, is to select a route that no-one in the group has done. Naturally, the more people who turn up, the harder that becomes – especially when three of the party share 130 years or so of Silver Peaks experience. The risk of course, is that of necessity, the trip reverts to Richard's former annual event, Silver Peaks for Masochists.

After some discussion, we settled on the southern tributary spur of Rosella Ridge, and decided that going up spurs is generally a better bet than descending them, as subsidiaries converge. After a short road walk north from the Hightop carpark, we dropped down the Hunters' Access route to the "death trap" (as described in the ODT) Waikouaiti River. Our destination was straight opposite us, so up we went. Although there was a fair bit of hand-over-hand hauling, travel was fairly straight forward. As we reached the crest, we were surprised to encounter a really good animal track. "Excellent," I thought. Pleasant travel to the tops! "Too easy," said Richard, clearly regressing to his masochist days. And so we dropped into the creek on the far side of the spur, and headed up it.



It was a lovely day, with dappled sunshine pushing through the tree canopy, so travel was generally pleasant. As the stream steepened and overhanging and collapsed vegetation slowed travel, a decision was made to climb out onto the true right bank for lunch. From there, there was little enthusiasm for returning to the stream, so we pushed on up the spur through

generally reasonably penetrable bush. As we reached the crest of the ridge, we again found a clear track, so we took it. A few minutes later, we were somewhat surprised to find that we were on the main Rosella Ridge, not far below Little Pulpit Rock. What we hadn't factored in was that the drawbacks of descending spurs apply equally to ascending streams, and that we had landed up in a tributary on the true left of our stream. So, when we climbed out to the true right, rather than reaching a subsidiary of our original spur, we'd landed up on a trivial subsidiary of the main ridge. Oh, the wonders of hindsight. Richard reckoned that the people in front must be descended from moths, transfixed by the sun and driven towards the light.

Anyway, we clearly had quite a way to go, so after a break on top of Little Pulpit Rock we ascended the rest of Rosella Ridge, with Richard moaning that the trip wasn't supposed to be Explored Silver Peaks, before heading out past the Green Hut site and back to the cars, arriving just before 5pm.

David Barnes for Richard Pettinger, Ken Mason, Richard Salisbury, Ripley Dean, Maria Hamelink, Tim Russell, Jeremy Thomas, Peter George, Peter Boeckhout & Paul Cunliffe

## **ROUTEburn FLATS – LAKE HARRIS**

**August 20-21, 2011**

**Author: Lucy Jones**

Published in Bulletin 724, February 2012

A van with six of us left town on the Friday night. We stopped in Alexandra for tea and headed to Glenorchy to the start of the Routeburn, arriving at 11pm. We woke up to birds singing and mountains with snow.

We had an early breakfast, packed our gear, and headed off along the Routeburn track. It was a lovely clear, cool morning with just a bit of frost, and we soon warmed up once we set off. The track had a bit snow on it, and it all looked very pretty. Walking along felt as though we were in a fantasyland; it was stunning. All along the track there were long sticks of frozen icicles hanging down from the cliffs. Just before we had reached the hut we had to climb over and scramble through trees that had fallen on the track. Now we know why it wasn't very good to walk in late at night.



**Snow loading at Falls Hut, August 20, 2011**

By midday we had reached the Routeburn Flats Hut where we discovered the Pettinger family's gear already there. They had already headed up to Lake Harris earlier in the day. We all found a bunk and emptied our packs. It is very nice to carry a slightly lighter pack up to Falls Hut. It only took us 1hr and 5 minutes to get to Falls Hut which was surrounded by a lot of snow.

By the time we reached the hut we were all ready for our lunch. At Falls Hut we meet up with the Pettinger family on their way back from Lake Harris. The snow was quite a lot deeper above the hut. It was very pretty and tiring trudging through the thick, deep snow. We were



rewarded with stunning views looking towards the snow-covered mountains. We walked part way towards Lake Harris before turning around and heading back to Falls Hut. We carefully made our way down the steep bank behind the hut. We carried on down through the bush towards Flats Hut and towards the end I stopped to admire a very pretty green bird which was flying close by.



**Looking back to Routeburn Falls from below Lake Harris, August 20, 2011**

We got back to the hut and the rest of the party was already there, along with 20 others from the Hokonui Tramping Club. There was a good fire going so it was nice and warm in the hut. We had a very nice tea then played cards with the Pettinger children-Jade and Dylan. I learnt a couple of new card games from them. Some of us were pretty tired and were very much looking forward to a good night's sleep in the hut.

The next morning there was a very hard frost. I was silly enough to leave my boots outside overnight. They froze rock hard which made them really hard to put on. Luckily the fire was going, and my boots soon thawed out. I certainly learnt my lesson for next time!

On the way out we got to walk over a swing bridge which was really fun. It was another beautiful, clear day with the sun glistening on the snow. We took our time to experience the view and scenery in snow. I can't ever imagine it looking so beautiful. We got back to the start of the track and sat in the sun to eat our lunch and admire the spectacular scenery before heading back home to Dunedin.

I would like say a big thank you to Debbie Pettinger for a wonderful and very enjoyable weekend.

By Lucy Jones on behalf of the Pettinger family, Greg, Gene, Jill, Janet & Russell



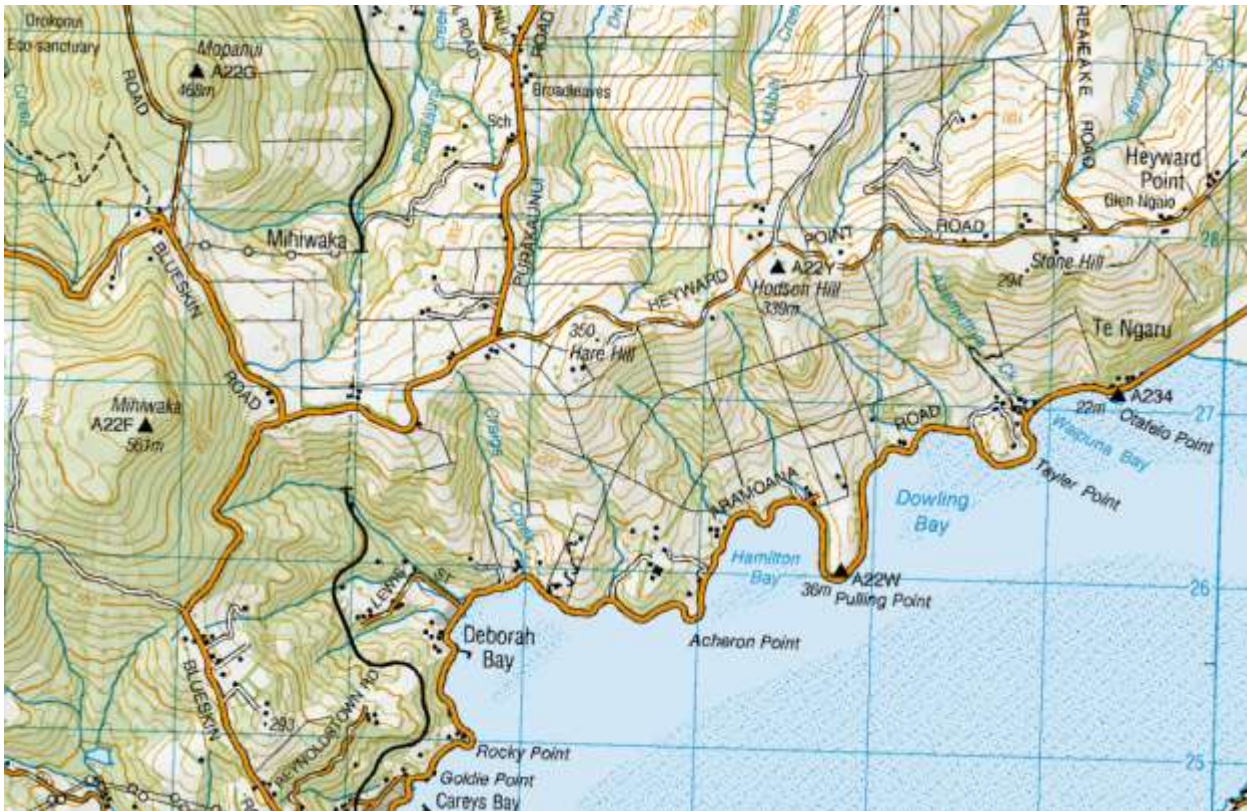
## ANCHORS AND COWS – WALES POINT TO DEBORAH BAY

June 10, 2011

Author: Anna Walls

Published in Bulletin 725, March 2012

Wow, one impressive long pine needle slide of a driveway straight up a spur between Sawyers Bay and Port Chalmers brought us to the elevated forest hidden enclave of Kim and Bill Currie's off grid tilt slab concrete house. One room wide the north facing windows let sun right to the south wall of the house. We inspected their Tri-way Invercargill built timber boiler used for under floor heating and once per week hot water luxury. Impressively long logs were fed vertically with a thermostatically controlled fan controlling the burning at the base. A chimney sweep wouldn't mark you with shaking his hand after cleaning this chimney.



Gordon had come pre-armed with a sliced foam tube and a curious contraption. The next destination was a horse paddock overlooking Sawyers Bay and it turned out that these aids were to help those of us who wouldn't do well in the steeple chase- especially over electric fences. Carrots were fed to horses, while my thoughts turned to the distant skewbald who I had watch transform from a dangerous rearing bucking bronco, with the talented skill of a local 13 year old and her horse whisperer guide, into a reasonably well-mannered mount. After a brief (read "cold wind") group photo overlooking Port Chalmers we marvelled at two rock tors,

making my fingers twitch with the longing to be climbing again. The narrow Reynoldstown Road lead us to an oh so quaint rural scene, of a straw-bale house with a single roof curving gently over little roof windows. Below us Merrel MacNeille was dressed in a bright red apron, busy sweeping down lime in the milking shed (an alternative to using water for his small organic jersey herd), while Alex was helping 2 young children prepare a sweet natured pony for riding.

Dropping down through a paddock towards Deborah Bay elevenses were called for allowing a pee stop not only for people but Buddy the terrier who joined us and decided to mark this tramping party with a precise aim at Ralph's pack. Thus claimed he then proceeded to follow us to the end of the walk. He taught us that possums can squeal like pigs: catching a young one near the railway we were now following. Gordon had the pluck to claim the fur during lunch that followed our admiration of the Mihiwaka Rail Tunnel. ("Mihiwaka" perhaps named I have read after a Mrs Walker who ran a tea booth for rail workers). Its stone entrance framed a tiny spot of light in the distance. The minute size of the far exit emphasizing that this was a huge block for Dunedin's connection north - solved with... well lots of brick walling.

Leaving our warm sunny bush-gully viewed railway lunch-bank we followed a benched track through regen cut above a zigzag where Gordon said donkeys used to pull double ended drays/trams: the donkeys re-hitched from end to end at each hairpin bend as they brought supplies to the brickworks. It is hard to resist the image of two donkeys making a long-eared braying push-me-pull-you. We stumbled around somewhat stonewalled as to the whereabouts of the brickworks until we realised we had already been bumbling over piles of bricks. Gordon told us that the close location of the brickworks to the tunnel had enabled an unexpectedly early completion date requiring a substantial bonus for the contractor creating considerable consternation to the council - who did not initially honour the contract. A pipe gravitated us down "cold creek" (supply to many early ships to the port at 25 cents per litre equivalent) to the harbour and site of the anti-Russian torpedo boat launching site.

Many thanks for the organisation and entertainment Gordon and to landowners for sharing their land and a little of their lives with us.

Chris Spencer, Michelle McGrath, Lucy Jones, Janet & Russell Barclay, Ben Scott, Jeremy Thomas, Ralph Harvey, Bronwyn Strang, Jan Burch, Tina Anderson, Gavin McArthur, Gordon Tocher (Leader) Anna Walls (Scribe)

## TONGARIRO NORTHERN CIRCUIT

**November 2011**

**Author: David Barnes**

Published in Bulletin 725, March 2012

I last visited Tongariro National Park over twenty years ago. Poor weather limited us to day trips below the cloud line, but that was enough to show me that this was a landscape unlike anything we have in the south. I wanted to go back, but it's taken till now to fulfil that wish.

I decided that the Tongariro Northern Circuit, the park's Great Walk would provide a good introduction to the area. After driving up from Wellington on Friday night, I had a twenty-minute stroll in fine conditions in to Mangatepopo Hut. The next morning, conditions were murky, so I put off my plan for an early start in the hope of a clearance. When the fog lifted a little, I was surprised to see that a skiff of fresh snow had fallen overnight. That might add some interest, I thought.



**Tongariro Northern Circuit (PHOTO: David Barnes)**

By the time I was ready to go, it was raining. However, ten minutes later I was shedding the parka. The hut is on a short side track, and when I reached the main track, I realised that the first bus load of day trippers had already arrived. This leg of the trip was to include the famed Tongariro Alpine Crossing, widely regarded (particularly by people who haven't been on Ben Lomond) as the best one day walk in the country. Fame equals crowds.



As I made my way up the Mangatepopo valley, I was admiring the interesting 'young' volcanic rocks when the cloud suddenly parted and revealed the spectacular conical form of Mt Ngauruhoe. I'm told it featured in one of Peter Jackson's movies. (Meet the Feebles?). This mountain was to be my companion for the whole trip, as the circuit goes around Mt Ngauruhoe, not Mt Tongariro.

From the head of the valley, where a crowd of tourists was queuing for the last loo for several hours, I climbed up a cirque-like head wall and into the South Crater. If I'd wanted to climb Mt Ngauruhoe, this would be my turn-off point. But steepness, remnant snow, poor visibility and high winds were all off-putting. It can wait for a late summer trip when I'm not on my own. Instead, I crossed the bleak expanse of the crater and made the sharp climb to the Mt Tongariro turnoff. By now the wind had really got up. I put on lots more clothes and put some gear in a day pack. The summit didn't look far, and there was only a little over 100 metres height to gain. However, halfway there, there was a steep slope covered in old icy snow overlaid with freshly fallen snow. It soon became apparent that the consequences of striking awkwardly sloped icy snow under the soft stuff, particularly on the descent, were not worth the risk. A few people did continue. I figured they either had better skills, more courage or absolutely no understanding of the conditions – probably some were in each category.



**Tongariro Northern Circuit (PHOTO: David Barnes)**

Returning to the main track, I encountered the greatest feeling of crowding I've ever felt in the New Zealand outdoors. I'm sure that I was walking in amongst several busloads of day trippers. A short ascent took me to the Crossing's high point above Red Crater, with spectacular views down the sharp descent to the sulphurous Emerald Lakes. This marked my departure from the



crowds, as I descended from here into the desolate Oturere Valley. In an hour I was at Oturere Hut, eating lunch out of the wind and ruing the inflexible booking system that left me no choice but a long afternoon in the hut. As the afternoon went on, more trampers arrived from both directions and eventually the hut was full.

There were some early risers in the morning, so it made sense to get up and get moving. A party of one doesn't have the inertia that big groups have, so I found myself on the track shortly after 7am. I was walking into a sharp sou' westerly as I passed through the moonscape that defines the eastern side of the park. Ruapehu dominated the horizon. A couple of hours saw me passing the recently decommissioned Waihohonu hut and arriving at its over-the-top replacement. After a brief rest, I turned to the east, stopping briefly at the original Waihohonu hut, built in 1904 for tourists and considered to be New Zealand's oldest recreational hut.

I'd now left the desert environment and was passing through gentle red tussock slopes somewhat reminiscent of the Mararoa valley. After lunch at Lower Tama Lake, an old volcanic vent, I crossed a low saddle and headed towards Whakapapa village on a hard-surfaced tourist track. As I neared the village and contemplated another early finish as well as the poor forecast for the next day, I decided to do tomorrow's short walk today. This involved an undulating track known locally as the Ditch which took me back to my car at the Mangatepopo valley and meant I'd had a 9 hour, 35km day.

This is a trip I'd recommend, despite the hordes on the crossing. The contrast to what we're used to in the south is amazing and warrants the Great Walk status. It's a practical two day trip, and more even days can be achieved either with a night at Waihohonu if you start at Mangatepopo or a night at Oturere if you start at Whakapapa.

## **BEN RUDD’S PICNIC AND DAY TRIP**

**November 13, 2011**

**Author: Richard Pettinger**

Published in Bulletin 726, April 2012

Only eight were at the clubrooms on this fine morning, even after giving extra time for stragglers to show up. Bron had phoned to say she would leave a car at Booth Road, so we didn’t need to worry about car juggling till the end of the day. We parked up at Spiers Rd, where we met the others and soon were up and at it. There were no slow people on this trip to justify all the rests we had. The “rests” were enforced upon the keen folk, as we paused frequently for some judicious track clearing. We were disappointed to see the state of the track. The gorse regrowth forced us away from the marked route, but we believe we stayed within the 20 m wide corridor. So many of the white markers in the old gorse have now been uprooted and apparently discarded. These were placed over ten years ago by Ken M, Richard P and crew, on spots identified by surveyor Chris P. (All of these three were with us today.)



**Spiers Road, looking towards Brockville**

We found the track easier to follow above the scrub this year, so no excuses for losing it. After pausing on the summit of Flagstaff for photos, we cut across the now almost gorse- & broom-free tussock to the skid site. There we found a little pile of things to cart down to the shelter. Concrete blocks, bags of cement, paint, a ladder, a chainsaw, and sundry other items found their way to Ben Rudd’s hut site for a working bee to be carried out by Paul C ably assisted by Alan T. For this carrying effort, the troops were rewarded with tea and cake put on by Teresa

on behalf of the Trust. Picnickers arrived and it was all very sociable, with so many of the property's owners present. After a leisurely lunch, some of us visited the dell where gorse was beginning to obscure the dell loop track. The gorse was dealt to. The one spreading variety of rhododendron was identified.



**Picnic lunch at Ben Russ's Shelter, November 13, 2011 (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)**

Arthur has done some splendid work on opening access to the beech trees below the skid site and so took off early to progress that some more, while the rest of us packed up and left Paul to camp and think about the work to be done. The tramping trip resumed over to the walkway and down the Davies Track to Booth Road, passing yet more 4-leafed clovers.

Thanks to all those who provided transport: Kathy, Tracy, Bron. It was a very good day.

Richard Pettinger, for (at clubrooms) Alex von Bieberstein, Richard Salisbury, Mary Wheeler, Lucy Jones, Kathy Woodrow, Arthur Blondell, Tracy Pettinger. (At Speirs Rd) Chris Pearson (and bicycle) Ralph Harvey, Bronwyn Strang. (At Ben Rudd's hut site) Paul Cunliffe, Alan Thomson, Teresa Blondell, Peter Mason, Ken Powell, Ken Mason and one black dog.



## NORTH TAIERI RIDGE

**December 4, 2011**

**Author: Jan Burch**

Published in Bulletin 726, April 2012

When you tramp with Gordon you always get a wee bit more than you bargained for. In the newsletter Gordon promised much and never disappointed. To ensure our comfort right from the start he arranged a sunny day which began with instructions to get to the Middlemarch public toilets. From that rendezvous he led us to Moonlight. Within 10 minutes of starting, we had reached the shell of the stone cottage shown in the photo. We climbed 200m to get to the ridgeline and there had a drink/snack stop. We must have looked hot because Gordon ordered up a breeze which continued for the rest of the day. The walking was easy, through tussock and lush grasslands. The magnificent views had Kana using 180°/360° panoramic functions in her camera. In the distance the Rock and Pillar Range, Naseby, Macraes Mine and the Kakanui range. Much closer spectacular rock tors; forming occasional small caves and a plethora of potential bivouac spots.



Stone cottage encountered on the trip, December 4, 2011 (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)



It was at the foot of one of these tors that we stopped for lunch (Gordon apologising that we had to choose between being out of the sun or out of the wind). Back on our feet we continued following the ridgeline to the Brother Peaks 719m. We filed twice around the Trig in honour of Jonette, then we descended for our trip homewards. Lee spotted a distressed lamb beside a cast sheep so we detoured slightly to find two sheep unable to get up.

The men did their best to get the sheep on their feet again, but it wasn't working so we had to be content with a phone call to alert the farm owner.

By now it was mid-afternoon. Mindful of the 90-minute drive ahead of us, Gordon, Lee, and Tomas (our drivers) lengthened their stride and headed off cross country while the rest of us plodded our way towards the road, where we were picked up at about 4pm. The drive home was via Palmerston. Jan Burch for Lee Renwick, Lucy Jones, Mary Wheeler, Kana Kitayama, Vivienne Harper, Julie Carrick, Gavin MacArthur, Tomas Sobek, Jan Burch and Gordon Tocher.

## **BREAST HILL – TIMARU RIVER**

**January 21-22, 2011**

**Author: Peter Boeckhout**

Published in Bulletin 726, April 2012

Richard picked us up in Waiholā and off we went to Lake Hawea. We arrived at the end of the road around 10:30pm, crossing the Peter Muir bridge and down a steep road.

Some tents were put up close to the toilet facilities, so we put our tent up a little further away and that happened to be just in the middle of some very sticky weeds aka sticky beads. We were still plucking them from our clothes and gear two days later!

Before we went to our sleeping bags we put on a brew, talked a little bit, and found out two things -that if you put your head torch on a jar three metres in front of you, one - you have light and 2 - no bugs in your face.



**On the Breast Hill track, overlooking Lake Hawea, January 21, 2011**

We woke up at 6:40 am, sprayed ourselves first with some sand fly deterrent then having to rush out of our tent because of the very “toxic” fumes we had sprayed in our tent of course. It worked though as we received not a single bite. We bumped into somebody with a scary tent over his head... but he turned out to be a very nice team player indeed.

At 8 am we drove to the starting point, which was a little way back down the road. The track started with a big crunch upwards. A steep zig zag of 300m up to the first viewpoint. From there it continued to be a steep exercise to our lunch spot with magnificent views over Lake

Haweia. It took us about 3 hours to reach Pakituhi Hut, built in 2011!! Including ventilation system!! Superb facilities.

We all had a long lunch at the hut because we needed it after the climb to the hut. Then we set off to the summit of Breast Hill, which was another steep climb up. The views are magnificent especially from the rocky outcrops.

We reached the top after another 1.5-hour climb, a snack on the top all together, with super views all around. Our next track in front of us was reason for some to suggest returning to the first hut... we decided that was club blasphemy, so we pushed further and tramped with a lot of gusty side winds to Stody's Hut.



**On Breast Hill, with Corner Peak and Dingle Peak in the background, January 21, 2011**

Stody's Hut was from a different age to Pakituhi Hut, being an old musterer's hut. The hut had a little bunk room, fireplace, a small cooking bench, some wood block seats and to the horror of some trampers a house mouse! We heard later that all five of those sleeping in the hut of them, were standing all night in a circle, fencing in this alien monster.

We all had early tea, lying in the sun being lazy, and because it was getting a bit chilly, we went to our tent before dark.

We were sure nobody was leaving before 9 am, Maria and I had a fantastic sleep with me only waking up every hour because I did not want to empty my full bladder. After taking care of a bad back which generated some hilarious remarks later, we crawled out of our tent and the first thing I saw was a little pile of hail sitting in front of our tent and everybody almost ready to go....!

Ok so we were late, but because of this alien monster in the hut, everybody was up early and had brekkie and packed up already. They were all waiting for us, oops!

We were only 10 minutes behind, so we raced down the track to the river and found Gordon waiting for us and making sure we were all right. A little further down the track Richard and Brent were on the lookout for us, so all were happy. The views were impressive looking down over the valley, and a nice steep descent.



**Stody's Hut, January 21, 2011**

The tramp along the Timaru River was easy on some parts with superb views and boulder hopping in other parts. I kept behind just to let the trampers behind me see where the "track" is.

One part of the track was negotiated over rocks in the middle of the river and thank you to Gordon for standing on a rock at the end of this little gorge and showing us the safer way.

We had a quick lunch on the side of the river with sandfly spray applied before pushing on further to the end of the track.

A most enjoyable weekend made possible by Richard, thank you.

Peter Boeckhout for Maria, Gordon, Richard, Antony, Debbie, Richelle, Michael, Susan, Kathy, Chris, Brent, Tina, Jill, and Trevor.



## **DAY TRIPS FROM BANNOCKBURN**

**November 5-6, 2011**

**Author: Debbie Pettinger**

Published in Bulletin 727, May 2012

This was the first trip on the 'summer' trip card and as we sat eating our tea at Roxburgh in a white out with temperatures down to 0°, I began to wonder about the 'summer' part.

Arriving at Bannockburn and it wasn't much warmer, so we stayed in a warm house with family for the night. We woke to a sunny but cool day and headed to the Bannockburn Domain where we pitched our tent along with the others. Boots went on, daypacks were hefted, and we were lucky to get a short ride to the start of the track that would take us up to the tops of the Carrick Range and the Young Australian Water Wheel. It is a steepish climb right from leaving the cars. Following a 4WD track we passed stone walls hinting at a time gone by. As we climbed higher the views started to really open up and we could see down to Lake Dunstan and Cromwell.



**Reaching late snow on the Carrick Range, November 5, 2011**

We stopped for a short break at some interesting rock tors that are well worth taking the time to explore. It was here we started to come across snow and with a cold wind blowing, we took the time to don parkas.

From the rock tors the track levelled off and we carried along the tops, beside a water race. By now the snow was covering the track and the cold wind helped us to make the decision to head

down to the water wheel and shelter in the ruins of an old stone house to eat lunch and ponder again that this was supposed to be a 'summer' trip.



**Young Australian Water Wheel, Carrick Range, November 5, 2011**

A quick inspection of the water wheel before we headed back up onto the ridge and followed the 4WD track back down the way we had come. As we descended back down the hill, the wind died down and the temperature rose. We were quite glad to make it back to the tents at the domain for a hot shower. It was about this time that Ray arrived back with his harem of 'wives' who had chosen to visit the local wineries instead of heading up the hill with the rest of us.

That night we enjoyed a BBQ and sing along before retiring to our tents. We woke to a warmer day and after a late start, we wandered around the Bannockburn Sluicing's. We followed the trails, explored some of the tunnels, pondered the piles of tailings and wondered at the hardy souls that had worked and lived in this harsh environment. We eventually made our way to Stewart Town where we stopped for lunch before heading back to the Domain to pack tents and head home. Thanks to those who made it such a fun trip, the first of the 'summer' trips.

Debbie Pettinger for Antony, Jade & Dylan Pettinger Ray & Jill McAliece, Richard & Theresa Forbes, Peter Boeckhout, Maria Hamelink, Gene & Margaret Dyett, Alan & Robyn Thomson, Alan Williamson, Sam Patrick and Polly Camber.

## **DOGGY DAY OUT – BETHUNES GULLY**

**February 12, 2012**

**Author: Not recorded**

Published in Bulletin 727, May 2012

Twelve happy trampers and six excited dogs turned up for a leisurely stroll from Bethune's Gully to the top of Mount Cargill and along to the Organ Pipes. There was a good mix of dogs. Two big boisterous teenagers, a black Lab called Jess and an Alsatian called Stella, who hooked up together straight away. (Ray and Andrew are planning playdates for these two). There were also two gorgeous white fluffy things called Toffee and Angus. (not so white at the end.) Then we had a Foxy and a Jack Russell (the only sensible ones.)

It was an excellent day for the grunty climb to the tops, with the usual great views. Steph added the extra challenge of carrying her 17 kilo pack all the way, as training for a weekend tramp that's coming up. I imagine there were some tired, happy dogs (and Steph), come Sunday night. It was nice to have some relatively new members along on this tramp. I hope they enjoyed the day as much as I did.

Thanks to Russell with Abby, Jill and Ray with Buddy and Stella, Dave with Toffee, Andrew with Jess and Kerry and Alan with Angus, as well as Peter, Raewyn, Anita, and Steph.



# LAKE ROXBURGH

**December 3-4, 2011**

**Author: Jade Pettinger**

Published in Bulletin 727, May 2012

Saturday morning and we were up and away from Dunedin early on our way to the OTMC's Christmas social trip at Lake Roxburgh. We all gathered at the car park, just out of Alexandra, and set off to our destination, Doctors Point. A group of us were walking, with Ray in the boat.

The track is much different from the previous trip there, in 2007. It is now overgrown, and a bit of head-high-weed-bashing is required in places. We started at Graveyard Gully, an old cemetery, surrounded by a stone wall. The track is a narrow, gravel pathway that starts off well above the level of the Clutha River. The first 4km to Butchers Point is relatively easy, and our reward for getting this far was a lolly stop. The last 6km of track, from Butchers Point to our campsite for the night, Doctors Point was more challenging. Negotiating some of the rock bluffs with a pack on proved to be quite tricky, and in some parts, we had to find our own way as the river level had risen and washed away the track. There were a number of gold mining huts along the way which were explored and made the walk more interesting.



**Heading towards Doctor Point alongside the Clutha River, December 3, 2011**

Upon reaching Doctors Point, we had a well-deserved rest before setting up our tents/fly. Some of the ground was boggy, and this made finding campsites more difficult than last time. Some of us ended up pitching tents inside old gold-mining huts that had lost their roofs, while some

ended up a good 200m from anyone else. We had a BBQ for tea (thanks to Ray for bringing in a BBQ!)

Wolfgang and Alan, with their guitars provided the after-dinner entertainment which was enjoyed by all. We were all singing songs well into the night. Once the sun set, it became very hard to read "Wolfie's Song Book", (not that the musicians always followed the words anyway).



**Campsite at Doctors Point, December 3, 2011**

The next day some of us (Dylan and I) were lucky enough to get a ride out in Ray's boat, while everyone else made the long walk out. From the stories I have heard, the walk out felt like it was longer than the walk in. The trek out took about 3 hours, compared to the 15 minute boat ride, we felt lucky.

A special thanks to Ray for the numerous trips in, without his boat a trip like this would not be possible. Thanks to Alan and Wolfgang for the live entertainment and everyone else for your company.

Jade Pettinger for Antony, Debbie & Dylan Pettinger, Alan Thomson, Wolfgang Gerber, Ray & Jill McAliece, Gene & Margaret Dyett, Sam Patrick, Richard Forbes, Peter Boeckhout, Maria Hamelink, Chris & Kathy Pearson, Alan Williamson and Janet Barclay.



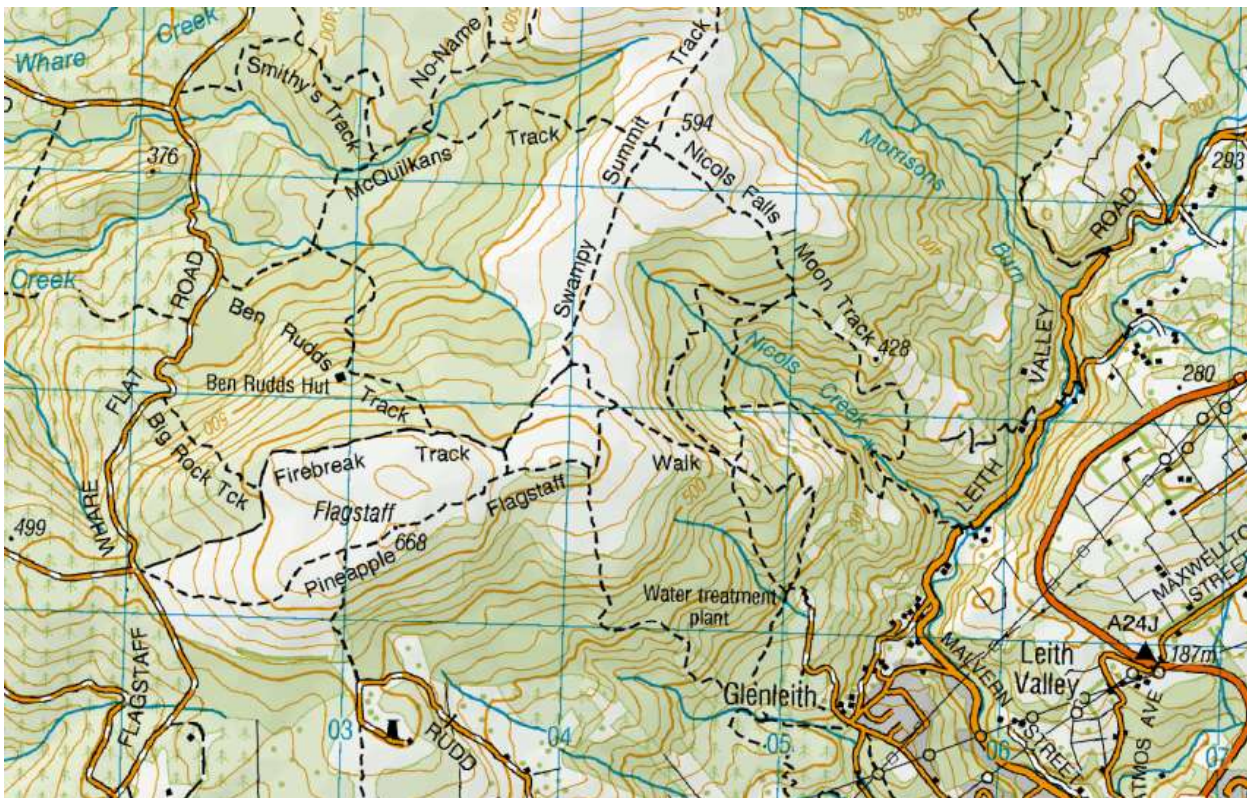
# A MUDDY MYSTERY RECCE

**March 11, 2012**

**Author: Jane Cloete**

Published in Bulletin 728, June 2012

Sunday March 11th dawned wet but windless, and it was possible to see the tops of the hills around Dunedin, so I remained hopeful for a good day's tramping. I'd only volunteered to do this trip 3 days before, so I hadn't had time to reconnoitre – and it was many years since I'd originally done this walk. My idea was to try to go from Ross Creek to Flagstaff and back without retracing our steps. As it was raining, we decided to miss out the Ross Creek bit and 9.20am saw us starting up the Pineapple Track in only light rain. Peter was trying out a new jacket and Lucy had new gaiters. We plodded up slowly, being passed by several runners, and paused for thought at the junction to Flagstaff. It wasn't actually raining at that moment, but the clouds looked grim and so we decided to cut out the Flagstaff bit too. Onwards to the Swampy Summit track – the mud was getting thicker and wetter.



I thought I'd missed the turnoff to the Moon Track but just as I was about to admit that there was a clear track heading south-west. Years ago, it had been barely visible, but a whole lot of mountain bikes had cleared some deep muddy steep ruts for us. We tried it for about 20 minutes, but it got steeper, muddier and wetter and just before the track dropped off the spur I decided to turn back. Had I been able to see further than my nose I would have been willing to try to go on, but nothing was looking like the long-ago track that I knew! So back up the slippery mud to the Swampy track where we stopped, in the rain, for a drink and a snack. Then we did retrace our tracks onto the Pineapple Track but half-way down I took our group down a



little-known track parallel to the main one. Alas that too was muddy, steep and slippery! What a relief when we got onto the well-formed McGoun track to walk down and around to the car.

We'd had 3+ hours in the rain – we'd had enough! On with dry jumpers and shoes and back home! So, it was a much shorter trip than planned – but it was certainly a mystery, even to the trip leader! Peter decided his new jacket was not quite as waterproof as he'd hoped (did I mention that it rained a bit?) but Lucy's new gaiters were just fine.

Many thanks to Lucy J, Peter H and Raewyn D – very tolerant companions!

## MUDDY CREEK TO RASPBERRY CREEK VIA CASCADE SADDLE

**February 4-7, 2012**

**Author: Richard Forbes**

Published in Bulletin 728, June 2012

### **Saturday 4 February**

Weather warm and mostly sunny. A group of High School girls left before us as they were concerned that we would all be staying in the same hut that night and would take all the bunks. We went directly up the Rees flats on the true left, having to negotiate some bogs and a few river crossings. We had overtaken the girls by the time we reached 25 Mile Creek, which was at 10.00 am. It was then directly to the lower bush line and onto the track and across a swing bridge to the true right of the Rees. We then proceeded onto country of flats and bush. We had lunch on the way in a clearing overlooking the Rees, eventually moving onto Shelter Rock Hut. Shelter Rock is quite a big hut complex that could accommodate many more bunks.



**Lower Rees Flats, looking into the Hunter Stream, February 4, 2012**

It was decided after discussion, and convinced by the sandflies, that we should continue on to Rees Saddle. The first part we boulder-hopped up the river as it was running low. Then eventually we regained the track. It was late afternoon, and we were getting tired. Brent's GPS showed that we were not making as much progress as we would have liked. We pushed on

towards the saddle, where there was a final steep push to the top. We had done 25 km that day and camped in a really nice spot by tarns looking down towards the upper Snowy Creek.

### **Sunday 5 February**

Fine, no wind, a few clouds. During breakfast, we spotted a chamois on the peak above the saddle. Four of us decided to climb this peak which was 2,100 m. We got within 20 m of the chamois before it strolled off. It took us 2 ½ hours to reach the top, which had spectacular views of Snowy Creek, Forbes Mountains and Lochnagar (1,000 m below us – made famous in the Resene paint ad). We could also see the Shotover River in the distance. Four others went into the upper Snowy with great views of the Tyndall Glacier.



**Climbing to ridge between Rees Saddle and Lochnagar, Rees Saddle below, February 5, 2012)**

We spent another night in the same camp spot. We had noticed lots of people passing over the saddle in both directions. Late Sunday afternoon, the other group heading in the opposite direction caught up with us, so we had a bit of a tent city on the saddle.

### **Monday 6 February (Waitangi Day)**

We went down the Snowy, over the bridge and onto Dart Hut. This is an even bigger hut complex with grumpy tourists drying their boots on the seats we wanted to sit on. Also, an unfriendly hut warden lectured us on camping practices and moaning about the state of 25 Mile Hut which is no longer managed by OTMC. Leaving the hut, we worked our way towards the Dart Glacier and onto a beautiful ledge overlooking the Glacier to camp. We all had a good wash in nearby pools and a few of us went up to Cascade Saddle. We were rewarded with views of the steep bluffs and waterfall of Cascade River, the Matukituki Valley far below, and a



glimpse of Mount Aspiring. Back at camp and we were all admiring the sunset when someone noticed a kea with Ross's Raro. A warning sign of things to come!

It was another clear, calm night with a full moon and no wind. The keas would not leave us alone all night. Banging the tent with your arm seemed to get them to go away, but only as far as the next tent. I only dozed that night on a few occasions. I woke up once and saw an outline of the bird in the moonlight attacking the straps on my expensive Fairydown tent.



**On Cascade Saddle, overlooking the West Matukituki, February 6, 2011**

## **Tuesday 7 February**

We all rose at 6.00 am, none of us having got much sleep. I had not previously been aware that keas were nocturnal. The keas had pulled a rubbish bag out of Greg's pack and a drink bladder out of Susan's and chewed one of Chris's sandals. As we were packing up, the keas came back and tried to steal stuff as we were packing up to leave. It was a foggy start to the day. We made our way in the fog up to Cascade Saddle with no views today, and then into Cascade Creek to the DOC toilet. DoC said that it was here that the keas were causing the most problems and some sleepy people stuck their heads out of nearby tents. I wonder if the keas had kept them awake all night as well. One of the guys got out of the tent and was a bit annoyed there was a bit of a queue for the toilet. From here it was a steep climb to the pylon. It was still foggy but slowly clearing. I had read and heard about people who have come to grief on the Cascade Track, so was feeling a bit nervous. The conditions were dry and calm, so there should be no problems. Some sections were very steep, but we took our time and made it to the bushline safely. There were some foreigners here waiting for the cloud to lift before

continuing on up. One of them was only wearing gym shoes. It seemed to be a long haul down through the bush to Aspiring Hut for lunch, and then a very hot two hour walk back to the van.

In Wanaka, the temperature said 30 degrees.

A huge thanks to Antony for organising a memorable trip. Four days allows for much more to be achieved, and by having two groups with a van at each end means no return journey is necessary.

Richard Forbes for Antony and Debbie Pettinger, Brent Dewar, Greg Hall, Ross Hunt, Susan Lilley, Richelle Adams and Chris Dizikiewicz.



**Descending the Cascade Saddle track to the West Matukituki, February 7, 2012**

## **DUNSTAN RANGE**

**February 25-26, 2012**

**Author: Gordon Tocher**

Published in Bulletin 729, July 2012

Our mission was to locate a cairn and marker pole at 1385m on the Dunstan Range very close to the new Bendigo Conservation Park

The cairn and pole were placed there by Crawford and Cathy Brown, local vintners who decided to solve the puzzle of where in New Zealand is farthest from the sea (119.44km by their reckoning). The location is a few hundred metres inside the northern boundary of Northburn Station and very close to the spot where Shrek the reclusive Merino was discovered on Bendigo Station.



**Dunstan Range, February 25, 2012 (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin, July 2012)**

Our intrepid band of three (this was the weekend of the Club's Open Day) set out in perfect conditions with our first objective to reach Leaning Rock 1647m at the southern end of the Dunstan Range. This entailed climbing 1200 vertical metres from the Northburn Station homestead up good farm tracks on various spurs. We used Peter's GPS watch to let us know when each 100 metres was passed as motivation in what proved a pretty relentless climb, the bonus being the steadily improving view.



Nearing the top of the ridge-line we managed to find small patches of an extremely rare plant found only in an area of about 600m<sup>2</sup>, *Myostis Albo Sericea* is ground hugging with small green/ grey rosettes. Thanks to Graeme Loh of DOC for the exact location.

By the time we reached Leaning Rock the terrain resembled Mars with many and varied rock tors and virtually no vegetation, Leaning Rock itself looks like a Martian base with three large poles embedded in its surface covered in antennae. This is a key communications hub for the whole district and so gives fabulous views from Kawarau Gorge, Bannockburn, Lake Dunstan, Clyde, Alexandra, The Ida Valley, Tarras and all the surrounding Ranges.

Progress was now a lot faster travelling along the spine of the Range to another communications site on Dunstan Peak, one that Sam had a hand in building about 25 years ago. It was time to find a camping spot for the night, which meant locating water – a rare thing on the ridge. We dropped down into a beautiful little gully with a babbling brook and lovely spongy area to sleep on.



**Furthest Inland Point, February 26, 2012 (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin, July 2012)**

Sunday dawned cool, not surprising as we were at 1600m, with a few spots of rain. Again, travel was easy on the ridge, although the tracks and fence lines on the map and the ones on the ground bore limited resemblance. The rain did not come to much, but it was cool and breezy, this is a very exposed ridge. Great views developed of Lake Hawea to the north and Omakau/ the Hawkduns to the east. The new DOC Sign announcing the beginning of the Bendigo Conservation Area was well sand blasted free of paint on the north side and areas of pebbles were arranged in wave patterns indicating how windy it can get on the tops. Drunken fences are the norm at this altitude, presumably due to the snowdrifts and wind; Merinos must be poor jumpers because the fences were only a bit over knee high.

From the Dunstan Ridge we headed off along a fence line to get to the area where the cairn and pole of our quest was to be found, it was strange working to target northings and eastings on the GPS as it is hard to estimate how a minute of latitude or longitude translates to distance on the ground. After numerous reckonings of "it must be close now" a yellow pole appeared in the distance, the fresh coat of paint very kindly applied by the Browns a few weeks earlier helped. An early bite of lunch and the obligatory photos were taken, then it was off to the next landmark as we were running behind schedule.

Castle Rock was not hard to find even given the large number of rock formations in the area, it really does look like a castle. We elected to take the most direct route to Devils Creek and an old gold mining feature, the steel lined water race and the siphon it fed. The siphon is a large, riveted steel pipe which drew water about 100m uphill to feed another water race on the far side of the valley, presumably to service the then boom town of Bendigo. The direct route entailed a gully with the first scrub we had seen since early Saturday, travel was fairly slow and the easier route along a higher spur may well have been faster.

While we filled our water bottles in Devils Creek, I was wondering how it got its name as it appeared rather benign – this question was answered later. The hard work began with a prolonged steep 4WD track leading us up to our next ridge, drivers who use these tracks have my respect - they are not for amateurs. We did not have the option of crossing the gullies for a direct route back to Lake Dunstan as they are very steep with numerous bluffs.

Sunday afternoon was very hot, the route consisted of several steep ascents and descents to get back to the Cromwell – Tarras Road. A couple of endurance race carbohydrate packs were consumed at this stage. Enroute we gained a birds eye view of the section of Devils Creek that probably gave rise to the name, it's gorge looks a great place for rock climbers. We intersected a recently established DOC track leading up the hill and carried on down to some relatively flat areas – a nice change as we were getting a bit tired by then. We arrived back at the DOC carpark about 7:30pm and dropped packs, I ran through the Northburn Vineyard to retrieve the car. The GPS told us we had travelled about 26km on Sunday, and we reckon about 47km for the trip. A hearty meal in Alexandra was much needed. The area is an interesting one with some great scenery, I would take a different route if I were going back. The Dunstan Ridge is well worth a visit and would be an ideal MTB trip.

This area is the site of The Northburn 100 endurance event which comprises running races of 50, 100 and 160 km length held in late March. The latter includes a total elevation gain of 8,000m and has a time limit of three days! The main reason Peter wanted to come on the trip was to familiarise himself with the territory as he entered the 100km race. Peter withdrew after about 64km as he could see hypothermia was a real possibility, he placed second in his age group for the 50km event in 11 ½ hours. The participants experienced strong winds, rain, and some snow at various stages.

Gordon Tocher for Sam Patrick and Peter Hughes

## **WINTER SUNRISE FROM FLAGSTAFF**

**June 24, 2012**

**Author: Jane Cloete**

Published in Bulletin 730, August 2012

A very short trip report 'cause this tramp was very short! I myself get up early each mid-winter's day (following the longest night) and walk up to Flagstaff to greet the sunrise. I've done the track in snow, ice, mud, and wind! What would the weather be like this year? 6.30am – part cloudy, part starry so that looked hopeful. An uneventful drive to the Bullring (that last corner can be treacherous!) and we started walking at about 7.25am. We had torches but there was just about enough light to manage without them. Got to the top a bit early but we sheltered in the wee cave just beyond the trig point and had a hot drink. Alas there was a thin layer of cloud on the horizon so I estimated that 'sunrise' wouldn't be till about 8.20. But no-one was in a great hurry, so we waited around and then WOW! At first a few drops of gold on the cloud top, followed shortly by the brilliant colour of the rising sun. As soon as it rose above the cloud, and got too bright to look at, we started back to the cars. Back to the clubrooms by about 9.15am so we all had the full day to 'do our own thing'.

Jane Cloete, for Kris, Vivian, Julie, Ben, Kana, Bronwyn, and Ralph.



Sunrise on Flagstaff (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin, August 2012)



# BLUE MOUNTAINS AND THE DUSKY FOREST

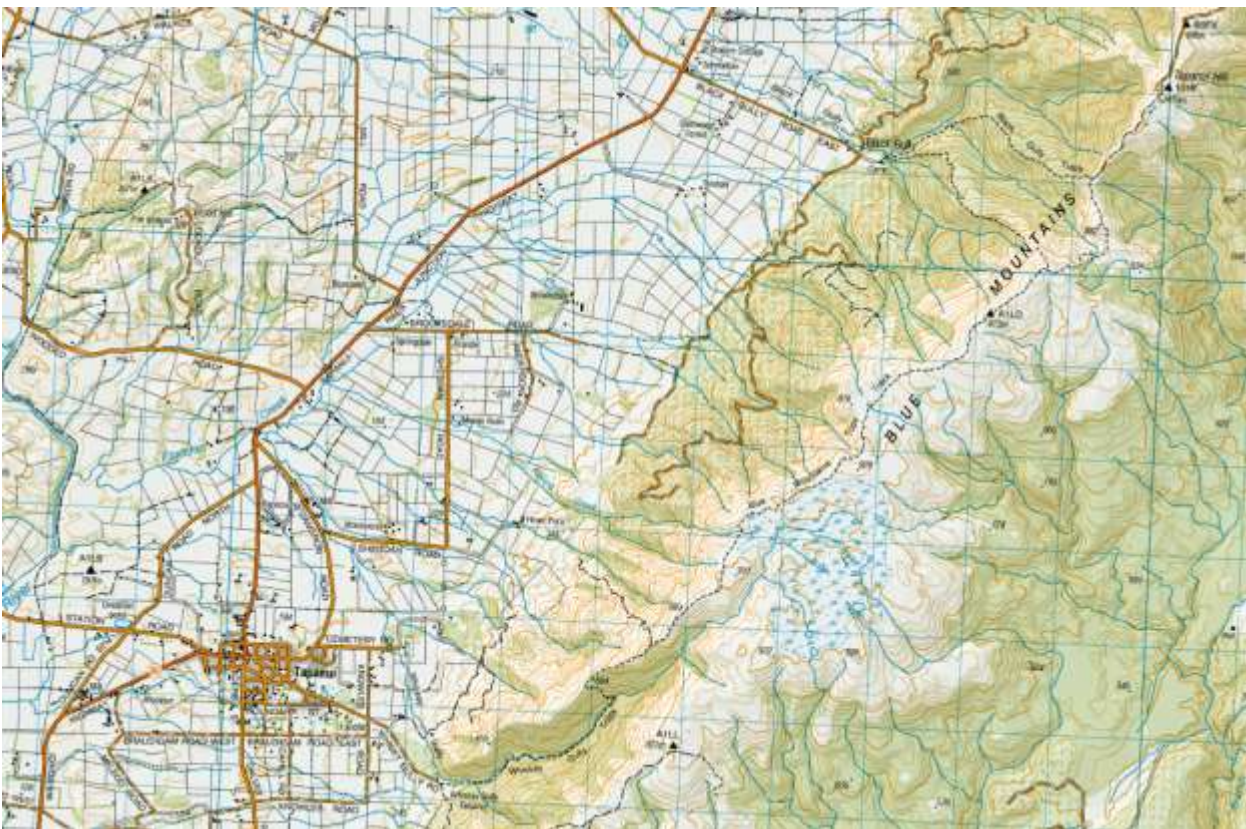
**March 24-25, 2012**

**Author: Jane Cloete**

Published in Bulletin 730, August 2012

I was a bit worried that no-one would want to come on this trip – there was Bushcraft and also Graham Loh's excellent trip to hidden parts of Tunnel Beach on the Sunday. However, six brave souls ignored the weather forecast and turned up on Saturday morning bright and early.

The drive to Tapanui didn't seem to take very long and soon we were at Whiskey Gully donning boots, checking we had good rain jackets, etc. Chris was cycling today so he took one car back to Black Gully and set off to do a round trip to Gore, so six of us started walking.



The bit of track in Whiskey Gully was quite good (not too many stinging nettles) and we were soon negotiating the waterfall which was easy as it had been so dry during the week. Up the steep hill and out onto the open land of the ridge. Sunny by now, but the wind-chill factor meant that we had to keep moving. And worse, in the distance were the blackest clouds that you've ever seen! The track itself was well-marked, with a waratah every 25 metres and a numbered pole every 100m. We had short breathers, but I'd bribed the group with a lunchbreak at number 40 – just over half-way along the ridge. So, at number 40 we relaxed into some big tussocks where the wind just blew over our heads. "Fifteen minutes only" I said (those clouds were getting closer) but actually we just crammed in a bit of food, had a good drink and were away in half that time. None too soon because there were soon large dollops of rain in addition to the wind. No sooner had we got our jackets on than the rain eased a bit, but

the cloud rolled in. Now we understood why there are markers every 25 metres! Thanks, Tina, for your good track-finding!

Up to the trig point at 973metres then it was only 30 minutes until we were in the bush again and thankfully had a decent break. It rained all the way down but that didn't seem to matter, and we were at Black Gully at 3.40pm – it is surprising what a speed you can do when bad weather is coming in!

Black Gully Camp is set in a very large grassy area, surrounded by native bush. We found the keys to our two huts – basic but dry and warm and had a pleasant evening. Chris returned from his bike ride to find us lounging in the sun! After collecting the two cars from Whisky Gully, Tina returned to Dunedin and the rest of us retired, well fed, to our beds.

Next day we woke to a dry but cloudy sky and the forecast was for 'showers becoming widespread'. Luckily the showers didn't eventuate until later, so we packed up early, had a short drive to the Dusky Forest and were walking by 9am. The forest roads were very good, well graded, and clearly marked so we had no trouble getting to the summit of Dusky Hill by 10.30am. Then the sun came out! And what a view! It definitely had the "WOW!" factor. We could see south to Stewart Island, across to the Eyre Mountains, part of the Old Man range and a great view of the Lammerlaws.

Back to the forest, lunch in a sunny clearing and back to our cars by 1.30 pm. So we were well away by the time the hailstorm hit at about 2 pm: we were very grateful not to have been caught by that! Thanks to Ernslaw One forests and to the Roulston family for giving us permission to be on their land.

And my thanks to a wonderful group of trampers: Lucy Jones, Kathy Woodrow and Chris Pearson, Steph, Jill McAliece and Tina Anderson. Jane Cloete trip leader (and trip bully when the weather threatened!).

## WANDERING UP THE GREENSTONE

**April 21-22, 2012**

**Author: Sarah Bond**

Published in Bulletin 730, August 2012

The weekend family trip to the new Greenstone hut reminded me that tramping is not always about scaling peaks or stomping along tracks. Sometimes, moving at a slower pace, seeing the 'wanderlust' on 'newbies' faces and hanging out with some 'younguns' can be an experience in itself.



**OTMC party at the Greenstone Carpark, April 21, 2012 (PHOTO: Debbie Pettinger)**

Jill and Ray were our 'Camp Mum and Dad' for the weekend and somehow they kept all 17 trampers relatively organised. Having taken the van to the trailhead on Friday night and pitched our tents, on Saturday morning we walked along the shores of Lake Wakatipu and headed inland towards Lake Rere.

On the way to the lake, I missed a real Kodak moment - young Sarah reached out and held her Dad's hand as they hiked through the beech forest. With Andrew being over 6ft and Sarah almost half his size it was a real "Awwwwhhhh" moment. Young Sarah, Dave and young Dylan all proved that Gen Y's (or is it Gen Z) can be competent trampers and good company on the track.

I enjoyed chatting with Tina, Raewyn, Alan and Lindsay as we hiked onwards, and when we could keep up with them, Kim and Jeremy kept the group entertained. As did 'older' Dylan and Rebecca when they worked out they had forgotten their hummus and cheese at the lunch stop.





**Greenstone Hut, April 22, 2012 (PHOTO: Debbie Pettinger)**

Highlights along the way were: seeing the ranges reflected in Lake Rere, checking out the remains of a mammoth landslide and peering into a sculptured river canyon just below the hut. Depending on whom you talk to the Greenstone Valley was named either because it was a Greenstone trading route for early Maori, or because of the river's iridescent green water.

The new 20-bunk Greenstone hut really is Gucci, with double glazed windows, ample bench and seating space and a very productive fire. Some of the group chose to pitch their tents since they had carried them in and the rest of us found a temporary home in one of the two bunkrooms.

The only disappointing thing about this hut was the 'service with a snarl' Hut Warden. I hope he was just having a bad day at the office; otherwise, he could be the recipient of "DOC's all time grumpiest Hut Warden" award.

If the hut was Gucci, dinner was gourmet. I was amazed at the meals that different groups managed to produce using a burner and some pots. My personal favourite, however, was Lucy's homemade chutney that appeared during pre-dinner snacks.

We took the direct route out on Sunday, and people broke into smaller groups, some taking the time to walk the riverbed and check out the big slip bivvy. The drive home was rather uneventful; once again, we sang along to Ray's 80's rock anthems and for something a little different we had a special reading of everyone's star signs.

Just another fabulous weekend out with the OTMC proving that good company in the backcountry is a far better proposition than staying in town. Thanks again to Ray and Jill for leading the trip and getting us there and back in one piece.

Sarah Bond for Ray & Jill McAliece, Dylan, Rebecca, Jeremy Thomas, Kim Briggs, Alan Thomson, Lucy Jones, Andrew, Sarah & Dave Pask, Debbie & Dylan Pettinger, Raewyn, Tina Anderson and Lindsay Rixon

## A TRIP ALONG THE MATUKITUKI VALLEY

**June 16-17, 2012**

**Author: Dennis Martin**

Published in Bulletin 731, September 2012

It was June and we were geared up for winter in the mountains! Warm clothing and pleased to hear of weather reports that looked good for the weekend. We left a wet and windy Dunedin in a van, seven of us, around 6pm, Friday 15 June. Richard Forbes, our group leader, was at the wheel with one pickup at East Taieri that made eight our final number.

It was a long drive to Wanaka, then up the western side of the lake and in along the Matukituki Valley. A stop at Alexandra for tea was the only break.

We arrived at the car park at Raspberry Creek at the beginning of the Mt Aspiring National Park around 11.30pm. The sky was full of stars, no moon. The temperature was below freezing. We quickly kitted up and set off, our headlamps showing the path to the Mt Aspiring Hut, 9km and some two hours away.



**West Matukituki Valley, on the way to Aspiring Hut (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin, September 2012)**

It was approaching 2.00am before we arrived. We had crossed some small streams and only wandered off the track once! It was a good plan. We were fit and rested after the trip in the van. It was good to stretch our legs and also meant we didn't have to worry about carrying



tents and could make the hut our base for the next day. Needing just a day pack with light supplies would make the tramping on the Saturday much easier.

We had the hut to ourselves. Strangely no one else arrived after 2.00 am! It was spacious and in excellent condition. Naturally in the winter season there is no gas or running water.

The leaders were up by 7am though the sun would be much longer clearing the tall mountain ranges. Water was obtained by breaking the ice layer on top of the water collection tank. We were good to go by 9.10am with the outside air temperature at minus four degrees, strange, everything was covered in white.



**Map reading at Pearl Flat, West Matukituki (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin, September 2012)**

We headed further up the valley, a gentle walk-through nice forest, over swing bridges and open areas of valley floor. The landscape was covered in deep frost, we passed several frozen waterfalls. The mountains, dark green bush and brown open land were capped by snow and a beautiful clear blue sky. The great outdoors! New Zealand at its finest. You had to keep moving to keep warm as the low angle of the sun made for large areas of shadow.

A two-hour walk saw us arrive at Pearl Flat with a decision to make. To go to the French Ridge Hut (a 3-hour climb) or to the Liverpool Hut (2 hours). Wayne Hodgkinson had made two previous unsuccessful winter sorties to the French Hut so was keen to make it third time lucky. Most of the rest of us thought a 2-hour climb seemed much more inviting so we split forces with six of us opting for the assault on Liverpool Hut.



An easy option. NO WAY!!!!!! Liverpool Hut was some 500m above us. The climb was steep. In parts it was all arms and legs as we hauled and pulled ourselves upwards using overhanging rock, tree trunks, roots and flax for footholds and anchor points. A metre at a time! After about an hour we struck snow. Gradually it got thicker, icy at some points, a sheer drop on one side without much support. It was careful, hard work – the main “passenger”, author Dennis – relieved when a halt was called. Liverpool Hut was in sight, but the track looped up higher and around, covered in snow and too dangerous to pursue. The Hut would have to keep for another day. The views of the glaciated river valley and gentle curve of the steep slopes were spectacular. It had been challenging but worthwhile.



**Sharks Tooth, above Raspberry Flat (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin, September 2012)**

We had a quick lunch just below the snowline but stopping made us cold. The sun was a long distance away at one end of the valley. We hurried downwards and headed back at top speed for the shelter of the hut. The fireplace was started up and the temperature inside rose rapidly from nought to at least six degrees! We felt cosy. A variety of drinks were then produced with Kim's special of mulled wine a real favourite. The late trek in the night before and hard uphill climb that day made an early night inviting.

Sunday was a 'sleep in' and made for a 9:45 departure. But first the obligatory team photo and discussion about the last day. It was decided to walk out and visit the Rob Roy glacier, the track for which was back near the car park. So, we trekked out the way we had come in except

now we could see things and appreciate the blue sky, frosted grassland of the valley floor, ice formations and dark green bush line culminating in white snowcapped mountains. Truly a beautiful part of New Zealand, reminding us of the wonderful scenery we have.

We found a frozen pond. Its support was tested gingerly, Richard proceeded across on all fours, Kim more adventurously leapt at full length and 'swam' across. Dylan finally punctured the ice layer to display a sheet some 3cm thick.

Richard knows the river well and sighted large trout on two occasions, once a group of three or four sheltering in the lee of large rocks, another time two swimming lazily upriver. Trout on the menu at some future time!

Back near the carpark Kim and Dennis decided to walk out to the van and "for fun" and to keep warm begin the long walk to Wanaka. The others set off for the Rob Roy Glacier. The van left Raspberry Creek around 3pm, collected the Wanaka walkers still some way from Wanaka and headed back for Dunedin. Our thanks to Richard and Wayne for their leadership and encouragement. Being away with a group is the best way to learn as you observe what other people take with them, what they wear, the kinds of stoves in use and all manner of other tiny things.

We were blessed with stunning weather. Cold but with spectacular views and frozen waterfalls and big trout. Nice company to boot! A nice place to return to. Well done, everyone.

Dennis Martin for Richard, Dylan, Rebecca, Wayne, Brent, Kim and Lindsay

# MATARAE TO SUTTON

**April 29, 2012**

**Author: Lucy Jones**

Published in Bulletin 731, September 2012

Eight of us left Dunedin on a lovely Sunday morning, heading up to Matarae homestead, near Middelmarsh. We parked the vehicles in a paddock and Lucy's mum came over to meet us before we all set off walking down through the paddocks.

Our trip started with a walk-through large paddocks with very interesting rock tors and formations. We followed a gully down and sheltered out of the wind in the tussocks for morning tea. We continued on to the high point of our day, where we were rewarded with expansive views of the Strath Taieri, Rock and Pillar Range, Kakanui's, Macraes and in the far distance the Silver Peaks.



We walked down a short, steep hill and at the bottom crossed a stream before following an old sheep track, to a fence which we climbed through. This took us in to the Matarae paddocks where we could look back behind us and see where we had come from earlier in the day. It was here that we saw lots of bushes with big fat red rosehips, that you can make very nice rosehip syrup from. We continued walking over the paddocks before taking a side trip, where we left our packs beside a fence and crossed the rail/road bridge to see where the Sutton stream joins the Taieri River. It was interesting to see the rail/road bridge as it is not often that trains and cars can use the same bridge. We walked back over the paddocks, stopping to look at the remains of huts and their chimneys from the gold mining days. From here it was uphill, taking the time to admire the views as we climbed. We saw the train coming back from Middelmarsh and we watched it going round the hills towards Pukerangi and disappearing in



the distance. Then it was through the paddocks and back to the homestead where we all enjoyed a lovely afternoon tea of hot drinks with pikelets and jam.

The weather was perfect, which was great for people to see the views. I would like to thank Gavin McArthur, Penny and David McArthur, Peter Hughes, Debbie Wekking, Viv Harper, Alan Thomson and Gordon Tocher for an enjoyable day.

## **SNOWCAVING 2012**

**August 4-5, 2012**

**Author: Hazel Cunliffe**

Published in Bulletin 732, October 2012

Waking at 6am in dark, cold, wet, and windy Dunedin meant I didn't have high expectations for a dry, warm experience. However, huddled in the club rooms Richard and Wayne had high hopes for clear skies despite what the weather map said. True to their words, 20 minutes out of Dunedin the sun was shining.



**OTMC Snowcaving, Old Man Range, August 4, 2012 (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)**

Luckily the road was in top condition, and we didn't have to walk far but more importantly there was snow, a clean patchy sheet perfect for building caves in. After watching Richard and Wayne perched at the top of an incredibly steep bank and select a suitable spot, the rest of us shuffled up to them and began digging. Richard said he was very pleased with the snow condition and depth and amazingly, after some excellent teamwork, both caves were finished by 2.30pm so we could go exploring.

As a novice to snowcaving I found the experience truly rewarding and exciting. Despite picking the worse sleeping spot wedged between the two lone snorers, I was pleasantly surprised and relieved at how warm and dry we all were. What an awesome opportunity that everyone should make the most of. Thanks to all who made it happen, what a fun and enjoyable trip to escape the rat race.



**OTMC Snowcaving, Old Man Range, August 4, 2012 (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)**

Hazel Cunliffe, for Tracy Pettinger, Kim Briggs, Andrew Pask, Sarah Pask, Wayne Hodgkinson, Christine McLachlan, Alice Hodgkinson, Paul Cunliffe and Richard Pettinger.



# KATIKI BEACH

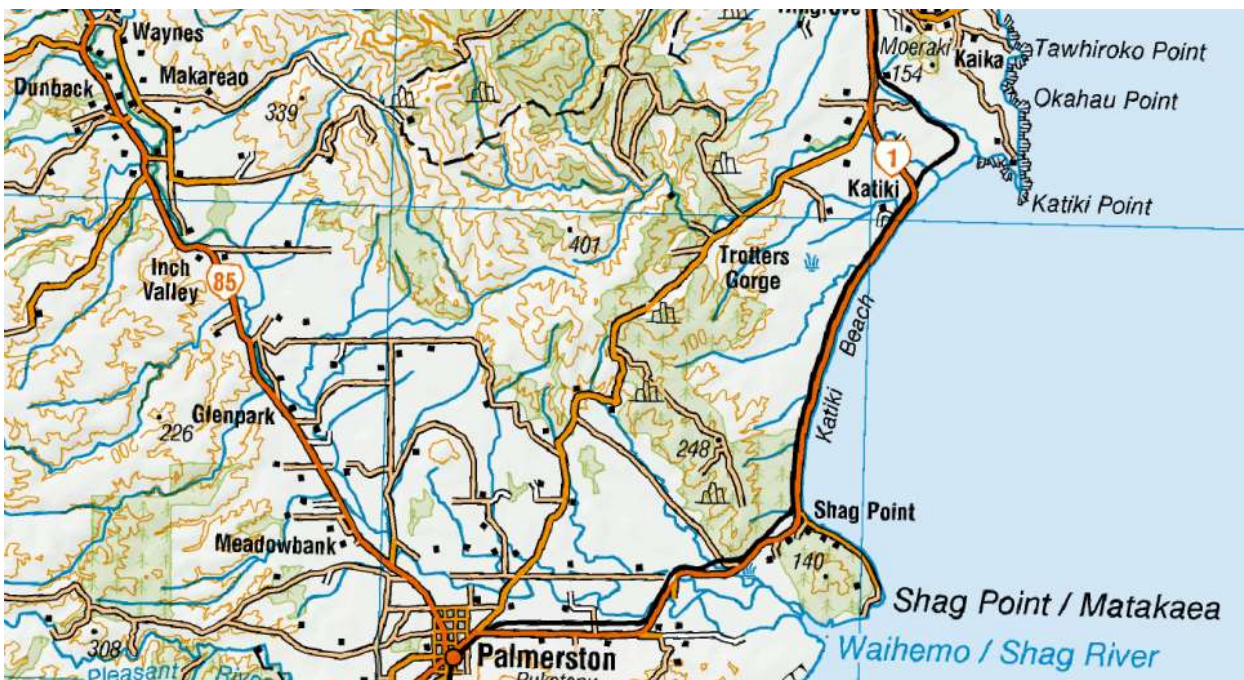
**August 19, 2012**

**Author: Jane Cloete**

Published in Bulletin 732, October 2012

You've been to see the Moeraki Boulders? Thought they were pretty good? You ain't seen nothin! The six of us who headed up to Katiki Beach in August saw a thousand or two, from small hand-sized ones to the ones big enough to use as a paddling pool!

You've potted and peered and enjoyed the rock pools at Brighton or Taieri Mouth? Thought they were pretty good? You ain't seen nothin! Katiki beach has hundreds just teeming with interesting sea-shore life!



Katiki Beach is that long one beside SH1, between Shag Point and Moeraki. The sort of place where you say to yourself "One day, I'll stop there" but never do. We had a bit under an hour's drive from Dunedin (sorry to those folk who didn't realise it was an 8am start) and after some car-shuffling were walking by 9.15. The first bit of beach was disappointing: Chris asked me if there were going to be any 'Moeraki' boulders, and I pointed to a small, broken one quite near. But that was just the beginning: soon there were more and more and more coming into view.

I'd only been on that stretch of beach once before (and that was at a higher tide) and hadn't realised there were quite so many of the concretions. Some perfectly spherical, some just remains of enormous ones. Some could almost be picked up, some would have done as a paddling pool! We had a good leaflet explaining how they had formed in the mudstone. A boulder 50cm across will be about 120,000 years old, and the really big ones up to 500,000 years old.

In the larger broken boulders, and in between all of them, were thousands of wonderful rock pools full of seaweeds, anemones, sea tulips (an animal, not a plant), crabs and starfish, and even some sea centipedes – long thin black creatures with bristles for feet and measuring 5-25cms long.

So we didn't have a long tramp on the beach – it took 3+ hours to amble the 8Km as each boulder needed to be admired and each rock pool needed to be examined. We were accompanied on the journey by many birds – both black and variable oyster catchers, a couple of shags, some red-legged seagulls, a couple of raucous black-backed gulls etc.

And then there were the shells! Katiki Beach must be a shell-collector's heaven, there seemed to be so many different sorts. The usual paua, mussel and oyster shells; and some rarer 'fan' shells and 'roman oil-lamps' to name just a couple.

Overhead it was cloudy but the cloud base was at about 100metres so we could see all the way back to Shag Point and all the way ahead to the Moeraki peninsula. The cloud didn't matter – our heads were down looking at all the interesting beach, but there was a chill in the light wind and our morning tea and lunch stops were very short.

All too soon we'd reached the other car at the far end of the beach. What to do next? We thought briefly of climbing to the monument at Palmerston, but all hilltops were still in cloud. So, we decided to go to Matanaka near Waikouaiti as only two of the group had been there before. Alas, the road was closed because of lambing! Only one thing left – head for home and a good hot drink in a cosy warm house!

Many thanks to my companions: Kathy, Chris, Lucy, Margaret and Viv

## ORBELL'S CAVE

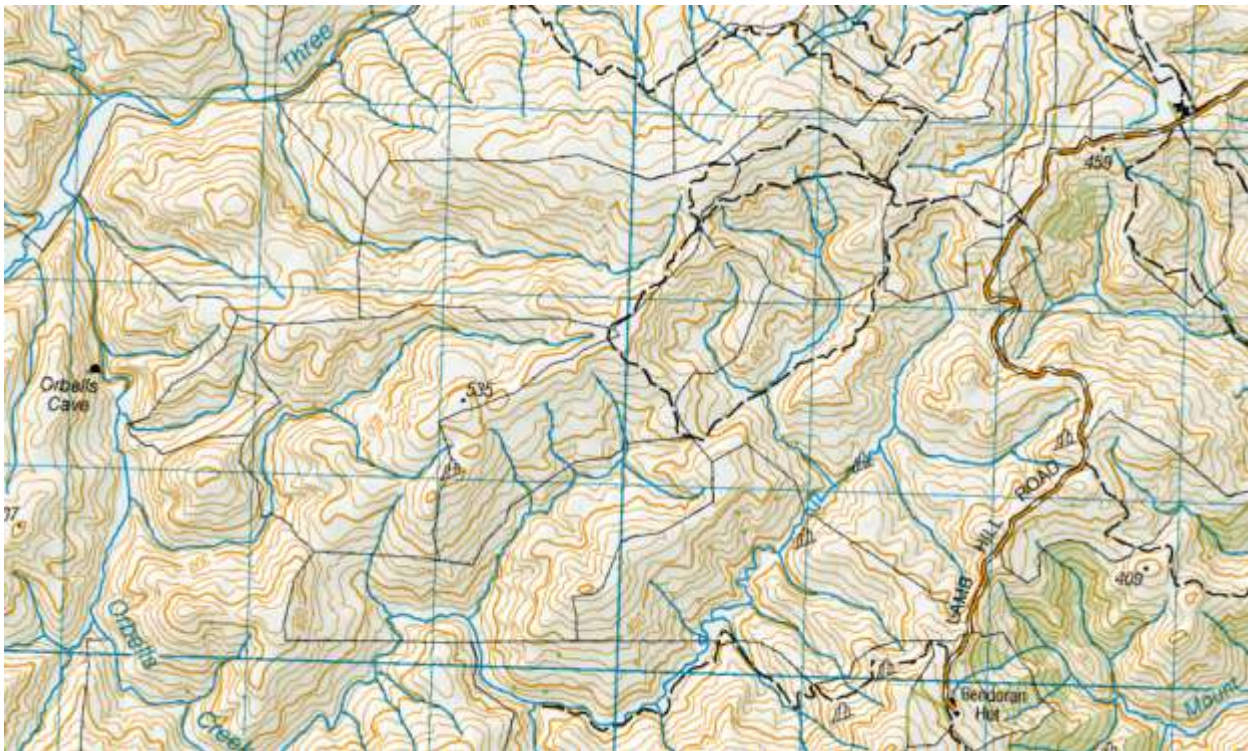
**September 2, 2012**

**Author: Tony Timperley**

Published in Bulletin 733, November 2012

The value of our website was demonstrated when a large group of 14 trampers gathered outside the clubrooms to listen to their leader give instructions on how to get to the start of the Orbell's Cave tramp. Six of this group, four of whom are female European university students, are not members, but had learnt of this trip via the OTMC website.

Elderly leader Tony showed his age when he used a "hard copy" map to show these young trampers where we were heading; but was then given some insight in the finer points of entering data into a GPS as a young male student downloaded the information. Just to make sure they did not get lost, Tony said, "You'll know when you get to the start as there is a large stockyard on the right of the road. We'll park there."



The drive down Blucher Road was even more white-knuckling than it normally is, as the recent heavy rains had made the surface rough in parts and there had been a couple of minor washouts. We wondered how the Europeans were finding it; however, we needn't have worried as we saw their car just in front and nearing the stockyards. Then – bugger – they drove past them! After allowing Lucy, Wayne, Peter and Dave to frantically bail out, Tony drove after the young students, horn blaring. A couple k's down the road he came upon them, as they had pulled over to the side. "Where is the stockyard?" asked the young man with the GPS (who, incidentally, is a Kiwi). "Didn't you see it back there?" asked a puzzled Tony. "Yes, but it didn't match the readings I've got on my GPS." was the reply. Moral of this story: don't rely entirely



on your GPS – check the physical surroundings also. (Note: Didn't someone recently drive into the sea because they relied exclusively on their GPS?)

To get back to the actual tramping: - The weather was fine and clear as all 14 of us finally got going. Instead of the usual anti-clockwise circuit, we decided to go clockwise as this would give us a view of the cave as we descended towards it. On previous trips we have had to ward off the attentions of rather large cattle beasts as we crossed the large grassy plateau before descending steeply to Orbell's Creek. This time, however, we were observed only from a distance by shy sheep, although we were concerned at one stage when we saw a line of peering sheep heads directly in front of us. "They are not fierce, are they?" asked one of the European students. We Kiwis were also wondering this as they did not move when we approached, but finally they ran off when Lucy waved her walking poles at them. This brave action enabled us to descend unimpeded to the cave, whilst also enjoying the views across to Strath Taieri, Rock and Pillar and the Lammermoors.

Orbell's Cave is in fact two caves side by side. As this was to be our lunch stop, we crossed the creek and climbed up to the caves. We soon found that they had been recently frequented by sheep so, after some preliminary exploration and remarks about the composting qualities of the layers of sheep droppings that made up the cave floor, we decided to sit outside amongst some relatively hygienic rocks.

After a very pleasant lunch we set off for an easy stroll up the Three O'clock Stream valley. As we did so, we ruminated on the old trumper's adage, "What goes down must have to go back up again". That "up" was yet to come, and our easy stroll was merely a warm-up until we reached the long, steep, 400m high zig-zag track that began our return to the stockyards.

Or is it a zag-zig track? Lucy and Tony had a heated discussion as to whether the ascending track started on a zig or a zag. This debate continued amongst the students as they tried to work out whether they were zigging or zagging each time the track changed direction. Despite this confusion we eventually reached the highest point (550m) of the tramp, before beginning the gentle descent back to the cars. The fine, clear weather enabled us to see eastwards out towards Karitane and to the north we could see the Gap and Mt Misery: a fitting end to a very enjoyable tramp which enabled us to appreciate the open country that borders Central Otago.

Tony Timperley for: Lucy Jones, Wayne Hodgkinson, Peter George, Dave Wilson, Katy Goode, Dylan Wedge, Rebecca Van Amber, Chris Campbell, Sandra Croessman, Darren Atkinson, Elitza Hineva, Sandra Enke, Sarah Katzemid.

## **MT COOK**

**July 28-29, 2012**

**Author: Not noted**

Published in Bulletin 733, November 2012

On Friday ten of us set off for Mt Cook and our tramping adventure. We stopped in Oamaru for tea before arriving at Unwin Lodge. Greg and his wife were already there, which was nice as it made 12. Unwin Lodge is very nice with heating, lovely hot showers, fridge and a microwave. We couldn't believe how good our accommodation was! I didn't really expect luxury for tramping as this! Our bunk room was named after a French lady who climbed a mountain in a skirt.

Saturday, we were all up at 7am and ready to go at a bit before 8.30am, we drove down to the shelter/car park to the start of the Sealy Tarns and the Hooker Valley tracks.



**Aoraki / Mt Cook from Sealy Tarns**

Most of us did Sealy Tarns while the rest did an easier walk to up the Hooker Valley. The walk up to the Sealy Tarns has fairly new steps, which are great for walking up, climbing higher and higher and the view is incredible. I was thinking to myself I wouldn't want to fall off the track because it would be a very long drop to the bottom. As we got nearer to the Sealy Tarns, there was snow on the track. We were looking forward to having a snack or should I say morning tea at the tarns. The tarns were frozen and some even went walking on the frozen ice. It was well worth the effort of getting there as it felt awesome to be standing at Sealy Tarns. From there

we could see the Red Tarns and the track up to Muller Hut. We spent time taking in the view as it is just so picturesque. We could see Mt. Cook in the distance.

I was wondering whether it would be easier walking up or down all those steps, but there was no need to worry. It was a lovely walk down to the bottom and then on to the shelter for lunch, sitting in the sun, with a cool breeze.



**Climbers Monument & Aoraki / Mt Cook, Hooker Valley Track**

After lunch we set off on another lovely walk, this time through the Hooker Valley. We crossed over two wire swing bridges. To get to one of the wire swing bridges we had to walk along a very narrow walkway of rocks. It was fun walking across, but it was also a nice feeling when I had reached the other side. After the swing bridge it was a lovely walk to the glacier. At the lake there were a few icebergs lying in the water. A cool breeze came up and out came our jackets, hats and gloves. We headed back and over the wire swing bridges. Towards the end of the track there was a stone monument in a triangle of everyone who had died on Mt Cook. A bit further on was a rock of a French lady who had climbed in a skirt.

We got to the end of the track, putting our gear in the van and drove to the Mt. Cook car park for a well-deserved drink. We all went to the café next to the DoC centre only to find it closed. We all couldn't believe it, so we walked to the hotel/restaurant area. We walked into this very nice area and I mean it was nice, not the place to be in our tramping clothes and boots, while everyone else in the bar was

dressed up. We were all sitting in the corner drinking beer and wine with the great view of the mountain out the windows. That was when we found out that it was Dennis's birthday. We left



the hotel and drove back to Unwin Lodge where we all were looking forward to having a nice hot shower. We enjoyed our tea with a start of nibbles, main and pudding. We had a birthday cake for Dennis with birthday candles which we had gotten from the hotel, and we all sang happy birthday.

On Sunday morning we didn't have to be up quite so early. It was breakfast and packing our bags and loading gear into the van. We talked about what we wanted to do, a couple of people walked up to the Red Tarns and later we meet back at the Hermitage. While the rest of us walked to the blue pools and the Tasman Glacier. It was an awesome experience to be standing on top of the moraine wall and looking out to the Glaciers. Now I can say that I have seen glaciers up close.



**Tasman Glacier and Lake, Mt Cook National Park**

We drove back to the Mt. Cook village car park. From there we could walk round and have a look at the DoC information centre, which is very interesting, with lots of information on the history of the area and the people who have climbed Mt. Cook. We also had a look at the Sir Edmund Hillary centre. This is also very interesting, especially the history of the Mt. Cook village and Sir Ed.

We set off for home and stopped for lunch not far from Mt. Cook in view of the snowy mountains sitting in front of the lake, then home to Dunedin. We were lucky with the weather, we had fine days and clear views of Mt Cook all weekend.

I would like to thank Gene, our leader, for a wonderful trip and especially for driving us up to Mt. Cook and then home.

Greg and Pam Hall, John Kaiser, Raewyn Duncan, Tracy and David Senior, Richelle Adams,  
Dennis Martin, Tina Anderson and Lucy Jones

## CASS / LAGOON SADDLE

**October 6-7, 2012**

**Author: Jan Burch**

Published in Bulletin 734, December 2012

Dave Chambers had described the tramp in the Craigieburn Forest Park as “an area not commonly visited by OTMC but a fantastic location”. I had some misgivings when we arrived at the Andrews shelter in rain, wind and darkness very late on Friday, and woke in the morning to steady drizzle. While Dave and Alan did the car shuffle the rest of the party started off down a vehicle track to the Cass River bed. We criss-crossed our way upstream, each crossing ensuring that our boots were reinjected with icy water. The rain turned to snow and soon Denis found that delaying putting his gloves on had resulted in hands too cold to undo pack straps. We went into beech forest and climbed gently upwards to the Cass Hut.



**Cass River, approaching Cass Saddle**

Cass Hut was small, dark, and cold, but gave the illusion of warmth. We stopped for lunch and although it wasn't long before Dave and Alan joined us, some of us were starting to shiver, so we decided to split the group once more, and 6 of us got moving to warm up again.

It was after leaving this Cass Hut icebox that the trip took on a fairy tale quality. As we made our way on a poled route through the tussock basin and up to Cass Saddle the snow eased and we were treated to magnificent views. After the saddle the track dropped steeply, and we scrambled down through Beech forest with scenes reminiscent of the Narnia movies. Dave and Alan caught up to us very quickly. By the time we'd reached the edge of the Hamilton Creek,



the sun was shining brightly and the effect with the bush, snow and gurgling river was magical. Before 4pm we had reached Hamilton Hut, with its wide sunny veranda and sweeping views of the valley and mountains. We lazed in the sun until a leisurely dinner was served, ate well, and slept in pot-belly stove comfort.



**Lagoon Saddle (head of the Harper River)**

A thick frost greeted us in the morning. Juliet and Alan chose to follow the Harper River to Glenthorne Station where we later picked them up. The rest of us crossed the Harper River (thankfully our route was well supplied with swing bridges) and followed it upstream to reach the West Harper Hut before 10am. I'm sure that the five canvas bunks and the dirt floor would be very inviting if the weather was bad, but we preferred to eat our morning tea in the sunshine outside, chatting to a lightly clad man who had come from the Cora Lynn station and was running our two-day route in reverse. He expected to take about 10 hours.

With only a couple of mistakes we managed to walk the track to the Lagoon Saddle Shelter. Even though we chose the flood track at one point to avoid constant river crossing, we all had wet boots by the time the route left the river for a short climb to Lagoon Saddle Shelter. Snow on the tussock around the tiny A-frame suggested another ice box lunch if we went inside, so we picnicked outside it in the sunshine. David Barnes took the opportunity to find the Lagoon Saddle Hut just across the river.

After lunch a gradual climb brought us out of the beech forest and over the Lagoon Saddle. Breath taking views of the Waimakariri River, and peaks of the Arthur's Pass National Park became almost mundane as we tramped along boggy tussock in a very gradual descent back to

the road. A quick stop for David to bag the Bealey Hut and all too soon we were back at the Alan's truck. We collected the other vehicle, then Alan and Juliet, who seemed to think their day had been every bit as good as ours. Dunedin was reached about 10pm on Sunday night after a weekend that certainly lived up the "fantastic" descriptor that Dave had originally tempted us with.



**Overlooking the Waimakariri River, with the Bealey River heading past Klondyke Corner to Arthurs Pass**

Jan Burch for Maria Hamelink, Peter Boeckhout, David Barnes, Allan Perry, Juliet Wardell, Denis Gessert and Dave Chambers.

## WINTER ROUTEBURN

**August 18-19, 2012**

**Author: Sam Patrick**

Published in Bulletin 734, December 2012

Eight hardy souls gathered at the clubrooms on Friday night, excited with anticipation about the fun in store during the coming weekend, but also wary about the long drive ahead. Personally, I had a couple a brain cells working on the best strategy to stay warm and dry on the way out on Sunday as the forecast was for rain. The long drive seemed to go quite quickly as good conversation and interesting scenery kept us distracted. The obligatory fuel stop at Gore was also a quick affair as the town seemed deserted for a Friday night. The roadside scrub fire a few kilometres before our destination made sure we were all awake and ready upon arrival. Several people actually got changed in the van while we were still moving but I found Wolfgang's autobahn driving technique coupled with Kim's acrobatic changing attempts made it preferable to wait till the coach had stopped.



**Emily Pass and Peak from the Routeburn Track (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin / Wolfgang Gerber)**

Once kitted up the hike up to Howden hut was straight forward (had to be so... any other direction was straight down! ) and very interesting as it was the first time I've tramped by torchlight. There were a few trees across the track but nothing seasoned OTMC members couldn't take in their stride. It was great to hear a Ruru (Morepork) on the way up the hill.



After a good night's sleep we awoke to a hard frost and after a warming breakfast it was on to McKenzie hut, an easy 3 hour walk along the side of the valley about 900m above sea level. Great views were to be had of the surrounding peaks and the valleys extending to the Tasman Sea. The forest was quieter than I expected but there were still birds to be seen and heard. Possum sign was obvious as was damage to some of the tastier bushes. There was just enough up and down to make you feel you'd earned your lunch. After lunch the team split up and visited several viewpoints and points of interest around the local area.

Several of the group sunbathed at the hut as the temperature was 17 degrees in the shade and a lot warmer in the sun. Bikinis and board shorts were the order of the day. After sunset dinner was expertly prepared and consumed with gusto and most people were by now dressed in their Hawaiian ensemble. Full marks to Kim (bikini) and Ivan (lavalava) with everyone else sporting loud shirts and flowers.



**McKenzie Hut (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin / Wolfgang Gerber)**

The two visiting trampers from the Canterbury Tramping Club must have had second thoughts about staying in a hut full of crazies but the warm fire and chocolate soon eased their fears. After dinner the quiz master took stage and entertained us all with his interpretation of singing and dancing amid the questions. Tina took score accurately despite offers of chocolate and shoulder massages. A great night was had by all including the Cantab team.

Next day was overcast but the forecast rain never arrived. A quick hike back and a stop to see the lava tree (ask Alan T) was followed with a lunch stop at Howden. Mid-afternoon saw us all back at the van. A 99% dead battery in Rays truck had us all a bit worried but with a bit of outback skill and a few muttered words that I didn't recognize he managed to get it going. The last event of note was the tea stop in Gore when Peter Hughes decided to wear his Hawaiian gear, receiving compliments and suggestions from the local lads cruising the main street. In summary a great fun trip and quite a few memorable moments. I can't wait till next winter!

## STONE HILL – PUREHUREHU POINT

**July 15, 2012**

**Author: Rodger Clarkson**

Published in Bulletin 734, December 2012

Nine of us left Gordon's house in Waipuna Bay at about 10am and climbed the 294m Stone Hill massif via the south face, summiting by 10:50am. The trip up was through wet paddocks, after the overnight rain, causing a few slips and slides on the way. The views were spectacular with the mist dissipating and a calm day on the harbour, so we had a compulsory photo stop on the top with 360 degree views.

From there it was along the top road and then back into paddocks for the descent down the Jennings Creek gully to a lunch stop at Kaikai Beach.



**The party overlooking Aramoana and the Otago Harbour (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin, December 2012)**

With no road access we had the beach to ourselves. It was interesting that a small cave at the base of the cliffs had been turned into a crib with a lounge area, walled off bedroom area and a long drop toilet in the next cave along. Gordon informed us that it was set up and used by the Lewis Family from Deborah Bay.

After lunch it was up to Purehurehu Point between Kaikai beach and Murdering Beach (which apparently is now no longer called Murdering Beach but is officially called Whareakeake) and up



the north ridge of Stone Hill stopping briefly at a derelict house with views over the sea to the north. Once at the summit for the second time it was time for more photos.



**And looking back towards Port Chalmers (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin, December 2012)**

We started the descent and found a farm track part way down to continue our journey, but it was just as slippery so a few of us ended up with muddy backsides. Jane lent David her walking stick for the descent and then went head over heels a couple of minutes later. Just before the bottom was a very muddy steep section, but we all negotiated it carefully and without further incident washing our boots in the puddles at the bottom.

Gordon then volunteered me to do the trip report (Cheers Cuz!!) suggesting it would be best to do it in the next few days while it's fresh in my memory, but good things take time so here it is six months later.

Thank you to Sue Chapman for allowing us to tramp across her farmland. All in all a very good day out that makes you appreciate the wonderful scenery we have on our doorstep.

Rodger Clarkson for Lucy Jones, Vivienne Harper, Jane Cloete, David Barnes, Kathy Woodrow, Chris Pearson, Peter Hughes and Trip Leader Gordon Tocher.

## MOON TRACK – PINEAPPLE TRACK

**September 30, 2012**

**Author: Fieke Neumann**

Published in Bulletin 734, December 2012

Weather forecast: Rain. Robbed by one hour sleep (daylight saving time). Two excuses not to go on the tramp around Flagstaff.

With this in mind (or hopefully not) we headed off to the beginning of the old Pineapple Track which was, for most of us, interesting to see as the new one is well known. Coming up the track we were offered a beautiful view of the harbor of Dunedin towards Anderson Bay.



Continuing on the new track, we got our first rain – luckily the last. We crossed the mountain bike track several times, always carefully looking so as not to be run over by a biker. At the end we only saw one biker and a final count revealed that we didn't lose anyone.

On the way we were surprised by some awesome rocks – a feature that made for a nice and early lunch. Following our way down to the Glenleith end we went past a waterfall. We almost regretted that we didn't have lunch there as it is a really lovely place making the tramp worthwhile.

We finished the day early and found ourselves back at the clubrooms at two o'clock just as it started raining. Now we really can say, we made the best out of the day!

## **OTMC COMMITTEE (2012-13)**

**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** – Debbie Pettinger

**Social Convenor** – Tony Timperley

**Day Trip Convener** – Wayne Hodgkinson

**Conservation & Recreation Advocacy** – David Barnes

**Gear Hire** – Gene Dyett

**Gear Hire** – Sam Patrick

**Bushcraft 2013** – Antony Pettinger

**SAR** – Ross Hunt

**Website** – Antony Pettinger

**Clubrooms** – Gene Dyett

**Clubrooms** – Andrew Pask

**Hon. Solicitor** – Antony Hamel

**90<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Sub-Committee** – Henriette Rawlings, Debbie Pettinger, Richard Forbes,  
Tina Anderson



## OTMC TRIP PROGRAMME 2012

Month	Date(s)	Specific Trip	Leader
January	14-15	Mt Cook Area	Gene Dyett
January	15	Big Hut (Rock & Pillars)	Fieke Neuman
January	21-22	Timaru River / Breast Hill	Richard Forbes
January	22	Powder Ridge / Long Ridge	Tomas Sobek
January	29	Taioma - Outram Glen (Tramp and Pack Float)	Wayne Hodgkinson
February	4-7	West Matukituki - Cascade Saddle - Rees Valley	Antony Pettinger
February	12	Doggy Day Out	Janet Barclay
February	18-19	Trips between East Eglinton and Homer Tunnel	Debbie Pettinger
February	19	Mountain Biking (32km Gut-buster)	Gene Dyett
February	25-26	Northburn Station (New Zealand's Furthest Point From Any Coast)	Gordon Tocher
February	25	OTMC Open Day	Committee
February	26	OTMC Open Day (Leith Saddle Walk)	Committee
March	3-4	Lake Isobel or Moke Lake area	Antony Pettinger
March	4	Rustlers Ridge / Burns Track / Swampy Summit	Wayne Hodgkinson
March	10-11	Green Lake / Mt Burns Area (Two Day Option)	Antony Pettinger
March	10-12	Green Lake / Mt Burns Area (Three Day Option)	Antony Pettinger
March	11	Mystery Destination	Brent Dewar
March	13	OTMC Bushcraft 2012 (First Night)	Antony Pettinger
March	18	Clutha River / Wangaloa	Kathy Woodrow
March	20	OTMC Bushcraft 2012 (Second Night)	Antony Pettinger
March	24-25	Blue Mountains & The Dusky Forest	Jane Cloete
March	25	Tunnel Beach / Secret Places	Graeme Loh
March	25	OTMC Bushcraft 2012 (Flagstaff Navigation Day)	Antony Pettinger
March	27	OTMC Bushcraft 2012 (Third Night)	Antony Pettinger
March	31-1	OTMC Bushcraft 2012 (Silver Peaks Weekend)	Antony Pettinger
April	1	Circumnavigation of the Orokonui Fence	Alan Thomson
April	3	OTMC Bushcraft 2012 (Final Night)	Antony Pettinger
April	6-9	Ohau Valleys	Richard Forbes
April	15	The Three Silver Peaks	Tony Timperley
April	15	OTMC Bushcraft 2012 (Outram Glen River Safety Day)	Antony Pettinger
April	21-22	Greenstone / Caples Area	
April	22	Bethunes Gully / Mt Cargill	Richard Forbes
April	29	Rocklands to Salt Lake	Lucy Jones
May	5-6	Ahuriri / Canyon Creek	Chris Pearson
May	6	McNally Track	Janet Barclay
May	13	Government Track	Kathy Woodrow
May	19-20	OTMC Cooking Competition (Chaslands, The Catlins)	Peter Boeckhout
May	20	Maungatua	Tomas Sobek
May	27	All Day On The Peninsula	David Barnes
June	2-4	Hump Ridge / Port Craig Area	Antony Pettinger

# OTMC TRIP REPORTS – 2012

June	10	Possum Hut	Dave McArthur
June	16-17	West Matukituki Valley (Aspiring Hut)	Richard Forbes
June	17	Harbour Cone & Peggy Hill	Bronwen Strang
June	25	Midwinter Sunrise Walk	Jane Cloete
July	1	Outram Glen to Lee Stream	Wayne Hodgkinson
July	7-8	Winter Routeburn (McKenzie)	Wolfgang Gerber
July	8	Silverstream	Janet Barclay
July	15	Stone Hill - Purehurehu Point	Gordon Tocher
July	22	Quoin Point - Akatore	Penny McArthur
July	28-29	Day Trips from Mt. Cook	Gene Dyett
July	29	Rock and Pillars in Winter (Least Fashionable Route)	Antony Hamel
August	4-5	OTMC Snowcaving Weekend (Old Man Range)	Richard Pettinger
August	5	Nichols Creek and Environs	Bronwen Strang
August	11-12	Snow Skills - Basic Ice Axe & Crampons	Andy Cunningham / Ralph Harvey
August	12	Te Ana Puta (Puddingstone Rock)	Graeme Loh
August	19	Katiki Beach	Jane Cloete
August	25-26	Rock and Pillar (Tramp or Ski)	Wayne Hodgkinson
August	26	Skyline Track	Alan Thomson
September	1	OTMC Annual Dinner	Debbie Pettinger
September	2	Orbell's Cave	Tony Timperley
September	8-9	Routeburn Falls / Lake Harris Basin	Gene Dyett
September	9	Sandfly Bay	Richard Forbes
September	16	Mt Kettle - Port Chalmers	Gavin McArthur
September	22-23	Kepler Track (Luxmore)	Richard Forbes
September	23	Burns Saddle / Silver Stream / Swampy Summit	David Barnes
September	30	Moon Track / Pineapple	Fieke Neuman
October	6-7	Cass / Lagoon Saddle	Dave Chambers
October	7	Unexplored Silver Peaks	Richard Pettinger
October	14	Taieri River Banks	Alan Scurr
October	20-22	Macetown Area	Antony Pettinger
October	28	Herbert Forest (Hoods Track)	Jane Cloete
November	3-4	Timaru River (Dingle / Corner)	
November	4	Rustlers Ridge	Wayne Hodgkinson
November	11	Ben Rudd Property - Annual Picnic	Richard Pettinger
November	17-19	Caples Valley (Kay Creek / Scott Creek Option)	Antony Pettinger
November	18	Karetai Road - Boulder Beach - Soldier's Monument	Jill McAliece
November	25	Potato Point - Heyward Point	Bronwen Strang
December	1-2	Trips from Twizel (Tramp or Cycle)	Antony Pettinger
December	2	Green Ridge - Rocky Ridge - Yellow Ridge	Tomas Sobek
December	8-9	Kepler Track (In One Day)	Richard Forbes
December	9	Lizard Land (Macraes / Nenthorn Area)	Graeme Loh
December	15-16	Pigeon Island (OTMC End of Year social)	Debbie Pettinger
December	16	Sawyers Bay - Mt Cargill	Kathy Woodrow

# OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (FEBRUARY TO MAY)

OTMC Bulletin

**Newsletter of the Ottago 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.



An OTMC group on a recent trip to Broad Hill, Haute Conservation Park, (January 2012)

**Committee Members 2011/12**

President	Anthony Pattinger	473 7624
Vice President	Richard Forbes	450 1327
Secretary	Peter Stevenson	454 4146
Treasurer	Tim Anderson	473 7018
Chief Guide/Tramper	Anthony Pattinger	473 7624
Membership Secretary	Richard Forbes	450 1327
Bulletin Editor	Debbie Pattinger	473 7624
Columists/Guide Hike	Sue Harris	457 6086
Columists/Guide Hike	David Goff	456 1465
Captain Convener	Wayne Hodgkinson	473 0860
Website/Bulletin/Coordinator	Anthony Pattinger	473 7624
Social Convener	Tony Treanor	473 7287
Social Convener	Lee Woodford	456 8960
Conservation/Administrative	David Barnes	454 4402
GAZ Representative	Russ Hunt	477 3358

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Enjoying the view after the hard work, The OTMC on Cascade Saddle (February 2012)

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Leaning Lodge Work Party—10/11 March 2012

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An OTMC group at the start of the Overstone Track (April 2012)

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Secretary	Peter Stevenson	454 4146
Treasurer	Tim Anderson	473 7018
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72 | Page

# OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (OCTOBER TO DECEMBER)

## OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 732, October 2012

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



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Lake Hawea and the Hunter Valley from Dingle Peak (Timaru)

President	Anthony Pelling	475 7524
Vice President	Richard Forbes	455 1527
Secretary	Peter Sanderson	454 4145
Treasurer	Tina Anderson	475 7515
Chief Guide/Tramper	Anthony Pelling	475 7524
Membership Secretary	Richard Forbes	455 1527
Subs Editor	Debbie Pelling	475 7524
Clubroom/Beer Hire	Sam Paine	457 4366
Clubroom/Beer Hire	Dave Duck	455 1455
Comps/Convenor	Wayne Hodgkinson	475 7524
Walking/Rushcraft Director	Anthony Pelling	475 7524
Social Convenor	Tony Timperley	475 7267
Social Convenor	Debbie Pelling	475 7524
Conservation/Audubon	David Barnes	454 4452
SAR Rep/Committee	Peter Hunt	477 3559
Clubroom Maintenance	Andrew Paine	455 5715

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## OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 733, November 2012

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P.O. Box 1120, Dunedin.



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OTMC Mt Cook Trip July 2012

President	Anthony Pelling	475 7524
Vice President	Richard Forbes	455 1527
Secretary	Peter Sanderson	454 4145
Treasurer	Tina Anderson	475 7515
Chief Guide/Tramper	Anthony Pelling	475 7524
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Clubroom Maintenance	Andrew Paine	455 5715

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## OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 734, December 2012

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



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Stone Hill - Pukerua Point—July 2012

President	Anthony Pelling	475 7524
Vice President	Richard Forbes	455 1527
Secretary	Peter Sanderson	454 4145
Treasurer	Tina Anderson	475 7515
Chief Guide/Tramper	Anthony Pelling	475 7524
Membership Secretary	Richard Forbes	455 1527
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