

OTMC TRIP REPORTS

2013

Sourced from the 2013 OTMC Bulletins



Contents

Kepler In Winter	3
Unexplored Silver Peaks	5
Matanaka With A Difference	7
Timaru River (not Dingle Peak)	9
Highlay Hill	11
Spiers Road – Ben Rudd’s – Davies Track.....	13
Aoraki / Mt Cook – Mueller Expedition	14
Aoraki / Mt Cook – Mt Wakefield	17
Pigeon Island	19
Kepler In A Day	22
Big Hut – Rock And Pillar Range.....	26
Three Silver Peaks Plus The Painted Forest.....	28
Ahururi Valley / Dingle Burn.....	31
Bushcraft Silver Peaks.....	33
Musings From A Bushcraft Participant	36
Bushcraft Silver Peaks – From Another Perspective	37
Going Gourmet In The Silver Peaks	39
Five Days In The Wilkin Valley.....	42
Herbert Forest.....	47
Shotover Saddle.....	49
Mt Somers	51
Mid-Winter Sunrise.....	54
A Winter Waitutu Wander	55
Cloud Forest Of Leith.....	57
Spiers Road – Ben Rudd’s (90th Anniversary).....	59

Rongomai Ridge – Phil Cox Hut.....	61
Snowcaving On The Old Man Range.....	63
Tiel Creek	66
OTMC Committee (2013-14).....	72
OTMC Trip Programme 2013.....	73
OTMC Bulletin Covers (February to May).....	75
OTMC Bulletin Covers (June to September)	76
OTMC Bulletin Covers (October to December)	77

Cover Photo: Cooling off in Tiel Creek, February 2013, Mt Aspiring National Park

ALL PUBLICATION PHOTOS UNLESS NOTED Antony Pettinger

KEPLER IN WINTER

September 22-23, 2012

Author: Peter Boeckhout

Published in Bulletin 735, February 2013

We left Te Anau Lakeview holiday park around 8am and started tramping towards Brod Bay, shortly after arriving everybody was keen to start. It took us 1 hour 10 minutes to reach the Brod Bay camping site and saw the start of a new shelter being put up by DoC. The grunt to up above the tree line was hard as it was a long time ago since I did some serious tramping. The views were superb, clear sky, few clouds, plenty sun, awesome.

We bumped into the first snow on the track not far from the tree line so to the Luxmore hut it was focusing on the feet movements; it made it a little bit harder but good for the ankle / knee muscles and a good exercise to gain more balance. We reached the hut in full sunshine and along the way we had a perfect view of Lake Te Anau and the farmlands and mountain ranges beyond.... Magnificent, all ranges topped with a super white icing.



Lake Te Anau from Mt Luxmore, Kepler Track (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

I was tired and did not have any intention to go any further but after a sunny lunch and a look around the newly extended hut site I was keen to head up Mount Luxmore. It was all snow up until the new trig on top of Mt Luxmore and it took most of us a little bit more effort to get up there, but it was worth the view you have from the top, the track looked so much easier from up here. It took us a good 2 hours to make it to the top, going down was a little bit faster but we kept on sinking into waist deep snow and that made some hilarious scenes.

We enjoyed a warm hut, and soon started all the goodies everybody brought, even some very nice wine tasting was going on. The bunks were nice, and we had a good night's sleep.

Most had a look at the caves and explored them until they could not go any further.

After returning to the hut, we left it cleaner than we found it, we geared up and started heading down to the car park. It took us 3 hours and 4 minutes, not too bad. We saw lots of runners going up the track all training for the December run.

Sunday was a very sunny and warm day again, all in all a very nice weekend thanks to Richard for organizing and to Dave for driving us.

Peter Boeckhout for Maria Hamelink, Peter Hughes, Tina Anderson, Dave Wilson, Richard Forbes, Rebecca van Amber and Dylan Hegh.

UNEXPLORED SILVER PEAKS

October 6, 2012

Author: 'Robin Bush'

Published in Bulletin 735, February 2013

I was scratching around in my home patch near where the ones they call scouts leave lots of crumbs, when I saw this purple car arrive and five humans get out. Another car opened up and lots of those horrid dogs began making lots of horrid noise, so I hopped and flew, out of there, up the road towards the building that hums near the log over the stream. I noticed the five humans were following me. I thought they might have food, so I thought I would hop along with them and watch them.

They walked along tweeting in their silly human way and crossed our big stream where the rocks are square and made up of little pebbles stuck together. These humans could fly, but only the short distances over the square rocks.

I stayed in front of them along the track, but then lost them before their track crossed our smaller creek. I had to flit through the trees to keep in front, because they went where there was no open track. They stopped and looked at the strange structure of pieces of tree and ferns made by some noisy small humans a few days before. Those small humans had broken too many of our trees, just so they could sleep in our place. We don't mind humans here as long as they don't hurt our trees and they keep killing those small furry things with the sharp teeth that eat our brothers and sisters.

The humans went into the creek there and pretended it was a track. It was easy to keep just ahead and watch them. They were very happy and scrambled through our trees and branches that overhang our creek, getting the coverings humans have over their talons all wet, which seemed to make them twitter very noisily. After what seemed a lot of sun movement, they stopped and opened the bags they had on their backs and now, I could smell their food. I knew this might happen, and hoped I would be rewarded generously for observing them this long.

Each time I saw the one they called Maurice, pull another load of food from his pack, I got excited – how could he eat a load bigger than himself? I can't. But when they left, he didn't seem to have dropped a single crumb.

They kept following the creek that they thought was a track until the trees over the creek joined their wings together and then the humans started noisily climbing up. The skinny one slipped in a place where rocks had fallen down. He clawed at two of our baby trees to stop himself falling into the creek, but the trees were not his friends. He screeched very loudly when his chest/crop bashed on a rock. This made him go slow. They stopped and twittered about a big tree that my parents said their families had lived and eaten the red fruit in for 400 egg-laying cycles.

They pushed their silly awkward bodies through our tiny trees and bushes for a long sun movement until they reached the dry ridge top, where they consulted strange beeping boxes

and were obviously pleased to find themselves right beside the track where a lot of humans walk. They walked back down to the big silvery stream in the valley, with the skinny one holding his wing across his crop... And from there they went back to their purple car.

At the end of their walk, my ears were ringing from the incessant twittering of the one they called Ken. It was longer and worse than the dawn choruses of old, and my brothers and sisters were pleased to be left in the quiet once again.

Robin, Bush for Tracy Pettinger, Ken Mason, Peter George, Maurice Peluso and Richard Pettinger

MATANAKA WITH A DIFFERENCE

October 14, 2012

Author: Jane Cloete

Published in Bulletin 735, February 2013

October 14th had originally been scheduled for Hoods Track, in the Herbert Forest. It is a while since I'd done that track and had been worried about a scramble up beside a wee waterfall. However, at the Thursday OTMC meeting before 14th, I assured folk that there was now a ladder in place, so I thought we'd manage it.

Alas the rain came down in torrents on Saturday and I figured that the Hoods track would be a test of endurance, rather than enjoyable, so I had to resort to Plan B.



Matanaka from Waikouaiti Beach

Whoops, no plan B! But I thought a walk around the cliffs up from Waikouaiti Beach would be good, and we could include Matanaka and then return around the lagoon. So we parked at the Waikouaiti sports ground and headed for the beach. Almost got our feet wet crossing the lagoon creek (the sand bar has moved a bit) but in the sunshine we were soon scrambling up the cliff. Found a notice that said 'closed until 30th September' so we figured out the track was open. The wind was strong and gusty, but we plodded up and down, around and about, dodged a large bull, crossed fences, negotiated some wee cliffs and lots of mud, reaching Matanaka at about 10.30am. Had a good look around the buildings (the information boards are well worth a read) and briefly considered an early lunch. It was really too early so we took the road back to Waikouaiti and at the end of that road read another sign "closed for lambing"! (I

took the phone number and later that day rang to apologise that we'd been over the land – after all t'other sign said it was OK.)

Down at the lagoon, the tide was creeping in and it wasn't possible to cross on the sand-bar we'd used earlier. We had some lunch sheltered from the wind by a huge macrocarpa tree and being entertained by a swan and 3 large cygnets, and a duck with a dozen ducklings in tow. One duckling seemed to continually lag behind and you could almost hear it cheeping "Don't leave me behind, Mum!" I got out the map, which implied a route around the north of the lagoon. We trod where I'm fairly certain that no OTMC member has trod before! Only after coping with bog, mud, tussock, gorse and broom did I check the small print on my map – 30 years old! The northern route around the lagoon actually begins on the southern side near the beach and has a small bridge across at the start! Ah well, it certainly made the day more than a Sunday stroll!

So Hood's track is re-scheduled for 7th April – 8am start!

My thanks to my companions: Gavin McArthur, Leonie and Peter Loeber, and James McDonnell.

Jane Cloete

TIMARU RIVER (NOT DINGLE PEAK)

November 3-4, 2012

Author: Debbie Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 735, February 2013

Standing on the bridge over Timaru River and looking at a river in flood with last night's snow covering the surrounding hills didn't give us much hope for a successful summit of Dingle Peak. Not to be denied a weekend away in the hills we hefted our packs opting for the 'high river' track into Timaru River.



Climbing the high-water track above Timaru River to Junction Hut

The high river track leaves the road not far from the road bridge and climbs steadily up a four-wheel drive track. The gradient is not overly steep, but it certainly is a climb with the views of Lake Hawea opening out below us. Rounding a corner near the 'high point' of the track we could see ahead with the track dropping about 200m, only to climb to approximately the same height to avoid a gorge—a good test of fitness. It was along this part of the track we met up with a couple of ladies who were on their way out after completing the Breast Hill circuit. They'd had to shelter in Junction Hut due to the river levels and told us a story of a fisherman who had managed to get out of the river after being swept away in the gorge. This made us happy about our decision to follow the high river track in. After the short descent and rise in the track, it follows the contour around to a prominent ridge down to the valley floor, across the river from Junction Hut.

Here we stopped for lunch before following Deer Spur Creek, making numerous river crossing to reach a lovely campsite just before where the track to Dingle Peak leaves the valley.

Tents were put up with some opting for a leisurely afternoon in the sun while others thought to explore the area a bit more. Those of us that wanted to, continued up the river as it narrowed into a gorge and eventually headed straight up the ridge to join onto the track up to Dingle Peak. Thankful that there were numerous trees to use as hand holds to clamber up the steep sides of the valley we eventually came out at bush line, to find we weren't far from the Dingle Peak track. From here we could see into the basin under Dingle Peak where we had planned to camp. The basin was covered in snow which reinforced our earlier decision to camp lower down in the valley. By now it was late afternoon, and we followed the ridge back down to our valley campsite.



Lake Hawea from the Timaru River high-water track

We enjoyed an evening of eating and entertainment which included more eating (thanks to the wonderful entrée and dessert provided by Peter and Maria—yum yum!). As the sun disappeared behind the hills the night became very cold chasing us to our beds early. We woke to a hard frost which had frozen everything, including boots (and in some cases socks!)

Sunday was an easy day with us retracing our steps back over the high-water track and to the cars. This may not have been the trip we had originally planned but it was still a good weekend out in the hills with good company, great food and excellent views!

Debbie for Peter Boeckhout, Maria Hamelink, Gordon Tocher, Juliet Wardell, Karen Keith and Antony Pettinger

HIGHLAY HILL

January 13, 2013

Author: Jan Burch

Published in Bulletin 736, March 2013

It had been raining steadily for some time by 8am when I phoned Gordon to find him adamant that the tramp was still going ahead. "I guess those who want to walk in the rain will turn up", he remarked.

The rain had stopped by the time he arrived at the clubroom to find six eager to start the year with a tramp to an area none of us had seen before on the OTMC trip card: the top of Highlay Hill.



Highlay Hill (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

We travelled via Palmerston and Macraes, finishing with a car shuffle, parking the two cars about 3 km apart, on Horse Flat Rd. The weather was cloudy but clear, so we optimistically anointed ourselves with suncream. From the cattle yards at 450m we climbed steadily upwards through farmland. We were treated to expansive views over the nearby mining operations. The higher we climbed the more we marvelled at the sheer scale of the operation. Beautifully terraced hills created by the remediation of the land after mining stood out from the more stark surrounding landscape. Gordon explained the ownership of the land we were walking on (some of it bought by Oceana Gold and leased back to the farmer) and identified features such as the Golden Point Battery (gold mine). Evidence of the fire that swept through the area in June 2012 was clearly visible as we reached the summit of Highlay Hill (820m). From the peak we had 360° views stretching as far as the Maniototo.

Long before the summit was reached the sun had come out. The cooling effect of the breeze was much appreciated as we climbed, but the higher we went, the stronger the wind got. By the time we were ready for our lunch stop at the top, it was quite a mission to find somewhere sheltered.

One of our party had found the walk tough going, so our speed was not quite what Gordon had originally anticipated. The decision was made to return by a similar route. Murray and Gordon went ahead to reshuffle the cars so that both were waiting for us upon our return to the cattle yards at about 4pm. Added to the feeling of satisfaction from completing the hot day's climb was the boost we got when Tony (SAR contact) responded to the text saying we were out, with his own text saying that in Dunedin it was raining, with thunder starting.

There was, of course, still time for a stop in Palmerston to get ice creams, compare sunburn and thank Gordon heartedly for a very enjoyable and well organised trip.

Jan Burch for Murray Singleton, Catriona Speight, Lucy Jones, Juliet Wardell, Karen Keith and our leader, Gordon Tocher

SPIERS ROAD – BEN RUDD’S – DAVIES TRACK

November 11, 2012

Author: Kathy Woodrow

Published in Bulletin 736, March 2013

We set off from the club rooms on an overcast cool day with rain in the forecast. With a vehicle deposited at the far end we were soon underway. Following the markers for the paper road was relatively easy although we stopped a couple of times to attack the gorse to both open up the track and to make the markers more visible. Further up though there were places where the markers were completely engulfed by gorse, and it would have required power tools to tackle it. We soon came to an old stone wall that Ben Rudd had built in the days before retiring to Dunedin. (That didn't last long and he soon purchased the property that the club later purchased).

As we were approaching the reserve on Flagstaff, we had to wait a few moments while Richard and Chris tackled a wilding tree growing in the road. The rain had now started, resulting in wet legs from the tussock. Upon reaching the Flagstaff Walkway we headed cross country across to the fire break with a couple more wilding trees being tackled. Richard did very well bringing us guiding us across what appears to be a featureless landscape and brought us out to the firebreak at the head of the track down to the Ben Rudd's shelter. Due to family reasons, we didn't find our expected hot water and brownies. However, Richard did have a homemade amber liquid that he was able to share around. a great taste appreciated by all. When we were almost finished eating Peter arrived, so we did some catch up.

When it came time to trundle down a bit further to look at the rhododendrons, we were feeling a bit chilled and decided to give it a miss. We set off up to the top to pick up the Pineapple track and then the Davies track. Peter returned to the Bull Ring and drove around to help ferry people back to start. On the way down the fire break he met up with Dave and Penny McArthur heading in for the picnic.

By the time we got to the where the Davies track heads off the Flagstaff Walkway the rain had more or less stopped. By this time nobody seemed keen on meeting up with any mud, so we stuck to the walkway and got out to find Peter awaiting. Soon we were back at the cars and bicycle at Spiers Rd and on our way.

Kathy Woodrow, Chris Pearson, Lucy Jones, Deborah Shaw, Steph McLauchlan, Peter Loeber, Sam Patrick, Tracy and Richard Pettinger who did the walk. Peter Mason, Dave and Penny McArthur for the picnic

AORAKI / MT COOK – MUELLER EXPEDITION

January 26-27, 2013

Author: Murray Singleton

Published in Bulletin 737, April 2013

I had been wanting to get back into the hills (preferably mountains) for some time, so when I glanced through the trip calendar for 2013 I was immediately drawn to the 26-27 January trip. Mt Cook would be an excellent shake-down for fitness and my chance to storm the mountains of my youth.

Or so I thought.

Saturday dawned fine and remarkably still with only a touch of dew on the tents and cars at White Horse Hill carpark. Looking around we estimated in excess of 150 vehicles which meant there were at the very least 200 people in the area. Getting to DOC early and queuing for tickets for Mueller Hut suddenly became an imperative. Breakfast scarfed down, tents dropped, and packs loaded, we were at DOC HQ by 0810 and found ourselves first in line which was just as well because the hut very quickly filled up.



Aoraki / Mt Cook, Hooker Valley and Mueller Lake from above Sealy Tarns (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

With the administrative tasks completed we drove back to the carpark and began the wander up the track towards Kea Point and Sealy Tarns. Along the way my eyes were continually drawn up towards the east face of the Footstool with its exit couloir leading almost directly to the summit. Somehow it looked a hell of a lot steeper than it did when I was last there 20

years ago! Similarly, the south face of Cook looked overly steep and very sparse of ice, the only real ice route I could see that may have been possible was White Dream, a grade 5 classic. The rest of the face looked repellent and hostile yet immensely beautiful in the heat of the morning sun.

Now that we were finally ascending the staircase that is the Sealy Tarns track, I was gradually coming to the alarming realisation of exactly how unfit I had become in the intervening years! Had it not been for Gene's regular and just-long-enough rest breaks I think I would still be there, pretending I was more interested in the botany than actually going uphill. With a short stop for snacks and water at Sealy Tarns behind us, we were off for the next section which back in the day, was clearly marked as an Alpine Undertaking – Experience and Appropriate Equipment Essential. Nothing like that now of course, just a small avalanche warning sign which does very little to deter the shirtless and packless bods we encountered coming up, and down!. I know I'm getting old, but seriously DOC, you owe it to the users of this track to at least provide some relevant warning. Comforted (somewhat) by the fact that I may be unfit but at least I have all the gear required, I set off after the group and soon reached the boulder field near the ridgeline. The view from the ridge across to Sefton and up the Mueller is just stunning, and we stopped for photos and a well-deserved rest. Looking across the Hooker valley we were able to make out Tomas's party on the Wakefield ridgeline and we hoped they would be able to find water at the tarns, it was that hot. Onwards to Mueller Hut where we discovered that we were the first overnightrters to arrive, and we had our pick of bunks. Lunch was consumed with gusto and photo opportunities taken. The weather was superb, and any available shade was often taken during the rest of the day, the temperature reaching the high 20's.



Aoraki / Mt Cook from near Mueller Hut (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

It was at about this point that I realised I had forgotten to bring butter for the cheesecake base and that the base mix would have to be used as a biscuit topping – marginally acceptable if really annoying. My baking skills became an exercise in organic chemistry and dilution factors as I struggled with the powdered milk mix and chocolate mousse surprise (Surprise! it looks like mousse, smells like mousse, only it's completely inedible). A young German woman asked me what I was doing and when I told her, she announced that without a base "This is not cake" to which I had to agree so we decided to call it a cheese instead.

Gene served up an excellent Pasta d'Oro meal for mains, preceded by Denis's pesto dip and crackers which whet the appetite wonderfully. I think a warning is appropriate here to any people who may have the misfortune to accompany me on longer expeditions – my favourite dish is something I call MacDeath, best described as a pasta thing with salami and other bits of flavouring added. Beware MacDeath!

That evening with the sun having lost a lot of its power, Vincent and Denis made the ascent of Mt Ollivier while I basked in the glory of my past achievements and Gene continued taking some stunning photos that hopefully, we'll see in the OTMC photo gallery in the near future.

Later that evening the moon rose full and illuminated the area around the hut and the east face of Sefton and neighbouring peaks. Fantastic night for photography.

Next morning and after a fabulous sunrise on the summit ridge of Mt Cook, we breakfast and depart in fine weather. If anything, it's even warmer today than yesterday so fluids need to be kept up even if we are only descending. A brief stop at the tarns for water and snacks and then down the staircase to the valley track in brilliant sunshine. Some of the steps have quite a drop and take their toll in knee joints and (in my case) toenails! My rusty old alpenstock got a workout for the first time in years, but next time I'll probably opt for trekking poles after the sufficiently long learning curve has been surmounted. Gene timed us at 2.5 hours down and about 4 hours up which isn't too bad given the high temperatures and fitness levels – Vincent and Denis could have easily cut half an hour off these times.

We re-grouped with Tomas's team at the Visitor Centre carpark and shared yarns of a fantastic weekend.

Great to be back in the hills, great to have such a vibrant group dynamic and mix of experience, youth and fitness levels. Thanks team, this is definitely one for the books!

Murray Singleton for Gene Dyett (leader), Vincent Gasso (Spain) and Denis Gessert (Germany).

AORAKI / MT COOK – MT WAKEFIELD

January 26-27, 2013

Author: Tomas Sobek

Published in Bulletin 737, April 2013

This was an off-track option, and we were party of four. After the night at White Horse Hill campground and checking the latest weather forecast at DOC office in Mt Cook Village we drove to Hooker Corner. We left the car right after the bridge over Hooker River and found a cairn marking the start of the steep route through the forest and bush. A care needs to be taken following this "almost track" as there are no real markers, just some cairns here and there. Because of these, various options exist along the way, but the choices aren't critical. Once the vegetation disappears the real off-track experience starts. It's pretty straightforward following the ridge, especially in the glorious weather conditions we had - blue sky all the weekend. The main obstacle was the actual climb from 700 metres up to about 1800, followed by a drop to 1700 metres for a camp site. The smooth progress of our ascent was spoiled only by two things: uncertainty whether we would find water in the tarns, and Michael getting cramps halfway up the hill. Luckily, he recovered after a short rest, enough to continue with the group.



Campsite below Mt Wakefield on the Mt Cook Range (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

It took us about 6 hours to get to the tarns and there was plenty of water to drink as well as swim in. It's fair to say that swimming was short and three-party members decided not to participate. Since the snow was still melting and feeding the tarns it was a pleasantly cooling experience.

While Michael and Lindsay rested at the camp site, Andrew and I went for a little walk around the peaks. We even briefly socialised with couple of mountaineers who came up directly from

Hooker Valley. The views were fantastic, even though we didn't reach the main peak of Mt Wakefield due to time concerns. Our descent was enhanced by couple of large snow fields with surface melted just perfect for glissading. This made it fun and much easier and quicker than we expected.

Back at the camp site we all enjoyed a generous dose of food and lovely sunset and moonrise. The moonlight was so bright that it inspired us to take a few night shots. The next day was pretty uneventful. We took 4 hours to walk back the same route we came and met the rest of the trip at the DOC office. Thanks Gene for organizing this lovely trip and incredible weather!

Tomas Sobek on behalf of Lindsay Rixon, Michael Firmin, and Andrew Burrows

PIGEON ISLAND

December 15-16, 2021

Author: Jade Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 738, May 2013

On Friday night we piled into the car, and headed off up the road, excited for the OTMC's end of year social trip to Pigeon Island. The plan was to drive to Bannockburn and to stay overnight there at the camping ground on Friday night and be up and away early to Lake Wakatipu the next morning. After stopping for fish 'n' chips along the way, we arrived at Bannockburn with just enough light left to pitch our tents. Feeling both tired and excited at the same time, it wasn't long before I was fast asleep.

After an early start, we were the first ones to arrive at the place where we would launch the boats and head over to Pigeon Island. We filled in the time until the boats arrived by skipping stones and swatting sand flies. It wasn't long until Andrew arrived with his boat and... A biscuit!! By the time that the majority of the others had turned up, and the boats were loaded and ready to make the first trip across, Dylan and I had donned some wetsuits and were in the biscuit behind Andrew's boat.



Dylan and Jade Pettinger on the biscuit – en-route to Pigeon Island, Lake Wakatipu

It was our first time in a biscuit, and we loved it! I'm not sure if the first screams were from the cold, or enjoyment, but by the end of the ride, we were having a great time! After arriving at Pigeon Island, and unloading the gear, we were back in the biscuit to make a return trip to bring some more people over to the magical place that is Pigeon Island. Man, it was fun; you

certainly had to hold on tight! I think I can honestly say that by the time we arrived back at Pigeon Island, my hands were so cold, I couldn't have let go if I wanted too!

After 'touching down' on Pigeon Island soil, we were surprised to see that there was a giant, albeit, slightly run-down, marquee. After our initial excitement, camp sites were soon selected, tents pitched, and lunch was gobbled up by the hungry 'trampers'. After a much-needed rest, we tied up the laces of our boots and set off to conquer the summit of Pigeon Island.



OTMC party at the highest point of Pigeon Island

As we progressively climbed higher and higher, the views kept getting better and better. It was a clear day, and the just being in the middle of Lake Wakatipu, and being able to see mountains on all sides, was very impressive and breath-taking. The climb up was short, sweet and steep! The views made it all worth it. We spent a while at the top just soaking it all in. All too soon though, plans had been made on how to spend the rest of the afternoon, and the descent had begun.

Back at the camp site, Dylan and I pulled back on the wetsuits, and hopped back on the biscuit, and with Debbie and Andrew in the boat, we set off to circumnavigate the island, via boat. You don't realise how big the island is until you've been around the whole island on a biscuit, in the freezing waters of Lake Wakatipu. Shivering, we tumbled out of the biscuit, but the adrenaline was still racing, and we didn't mind the cold! I was off to get dried off, but Dylan, along with Richard F, and Debbie, were game for a spin on the biscuit.

It was most entertaining watching them, even from the distant shore. Dylan and Debbie took a tumble into the cold water once, and shivering Dylan swapped his spot with Richard F. Loud

laughter was coming from the crowd that had gathered on shore as they went for a swim before they even started, but soon they had pulled themselves back onto the biscuit, only to be tossed off moments later. They sure looked like they had a blast though!

After everyone was all dried off, the 'social' part of the evening started. Some unexpected visitors arrived, Mike and Jane. We sat on the shore, trying not to feed the very curious weka, and just relaxing. Soon we were starting to feel a bit chilly thanks to a cool wind, and moved up to the marquee. After the very yummy BBQ, we got some music playing (thanks to Antony for the music, and Ray for the speakers) and a game of volleyball was started. It was very fun, and some friendly arguments were entered into over which team won. As the sun began to set, it became too dark to see the ball, so we abandoned the game in favour of Wolfgang and Alan's infamous 'concert'. The singing and fun carried on well into the night, but eventually quiet fell over the Island as everyone turned in for the night.



Debbie Pettinger and Richard Forbes on the biscuit, Pigeon Island, Lake Wakatipu

The sun rose on Sunday morning, and packing up was a bit hectic as the lake was a bit rough, and we wanted to be away as soon as possible so we could get back! The ride across was a bit rough, but soon everyone and the gear was being loaded into cars, and farewelled as the trip home to Dunedin began.

Overall, it was a very enjoyable weekend. A special thanks to Ray, Andrew, and Mike for the boats, without you guys it wouldn't have been possible.

Jade Pettinger

KEPLER IN A DAY

December 8, 2012

Author: Richard Forbes

Published in Bulletin 738, May 2013

I was feeling a bit apprehensive about this challenge as I had not really done much tramping leading up to this. In late winter I did Mount Luxmore/Luxmore Hut over a weekend in deep snow and was planning to do a three-day trip to Macetown, but I did not go due to a leg injury. I did some hill work a week leading up to the trip to loosen things up.

Four cars and 16 people arrived at the camping ground in Te Anau by 10.00 pm on Friday night and after a quick chat, turned in for the night. A decision was made to wake at 5.00 am and leave after breakfast at 5.30 am to head to the start of the track. There seemed to be a bit of nervous energy during breakfast. Diana discovered the food that she had left in the fridge had been stolen which didn't go down too well. Antony's car was first away, Diana called in at the office to leave a note about her missing food. When I got to the car park at the start of the track, Antony's crew had already set off. It was just before 6.00 am the weather was calm, overcast and not too hot—perfect for tramping. Dave's car arrived soon after but there was no sign of Diana's crew. After walking about 10 minutes, Dave said he didn't see Diana's car either, so we rang her on her mobile to discover that she had missed the turnoff to the Kepler Track car park and was at a car park down a gravel road. So she doubled back and found the right car park. That crisis averted we carried on.



The Kepler Track, above Luxmore Hut

Brod Bay was reached after one hour and another one hour to the limestone bluffs. I was walking with Wayne and Dave and further back was Michael. Maurice caught us at the bluffs – not bad considering he was ½ an hour late starting. Another half hour to the bushline and we all walked together and reached Luxmore Hut after another half hour. By now we started coming across other people (mainly tourists) who looked strangely at our small packs and fast walking they were warmly dressed with huge packs. A friendly hut warden gave Peter a spare water bottle that he had lost on the way up. I waited at Luxmore hut for almost half an hour to catch Diana and Isabelle who had made good time. They were happy to continue despite the late start. Isabelle was very excited about the views and scenery, so was very keen to see more. I was considerably behind the leading group of Antony, Debbie, Ross and Tina, so I headed off at speed up to Luxmore. An i-Pod with music was great for setting the pace and I was passing tourists along the way. I passed Penny, Dave and Michael. I decided not to do the side trip up Mount Luxmore and pushed on. Dylan and Rebecca were up Mount Luxmore at the time. As I approached Forest Burn Shelter, Ross had just left and I caught up with Antony and Debbie, who had taken the short detour to the top of Mount Luxmore. After a quick break we were off, and I stayed within cooe of Antony and Debbie all the way to Iris Burn Hut where we arrived around 1.00 pm.



South Fiord of Lake Te Anau from the Kepler Track

I could see Ross some way ahead along the tops but could not catch him. There was a little snow in the shady spots on the tops that had to be taken carefully with just gym shoes on. I had lunch on a lookout above the bushline before Iris Burn Hut as there would be less sandflies

to bother me with a view down the Iris Burn Valley and to Lake Manapouri in the distance. Ross and Andrew were at Iris Burn Hut. Another friendly hut warden greeted us and said they usually get a couple of people a day doing the whole Kepler in a day! Ross left and ahead of us were Peter, Maurice (who were jogging at times) and Tina. Antony, Debbie, Andrew and I set off for Moturau Hut and as we set off Dylan arrived with no shirt on and shortly after Diana, Isabelle, Dave, Wayne and Penny arrived. Still further back were Rebecca, Michael and Wayne.

Another three hours and we reached Moturau Hut. Along the way we saw a couple of official looking people on push bikes with tracking beacons on their backs, not sure what they were doing as there are no bikes allowed on the track. We saw them later at Rocky Point. We were starting to feel it in the legs at Moturau Hut and had a well-earned snack and toilet stop. Diane, Isabelle, Dave, Penny and Wayne caught us up as we were about to leave at 5.00 pm (11 hours on the go). Ahead of us were still Peter, Maurice, Tina and Ross and further back was Rebecca, Dylan and Michael (all were accounted for)



Andrew, Debbie and Richard at Rainbow Reach, Kepler Track

It was getting hard now to walk, and Rainbow Reach was done by 6.00 pm (12 hours on the go). We pushed on. Antony and Debbie raced off and disappeared down the track. I knocked back a can of red bull which was a bad move as later on I felt ill. The last 10 km were the hardest by far mentally as it just went on and on, quite flat but in the bush with only glimpses of the river. When you did see the river there were many bends stretching off in the distance. We didn't want to stop in case we seized up, it was one foot in front of the other. Finally we saw the control gates and a small sign saying 1 km to go with a small mirror and a note saying "Looking good!". We reached the end at 8.00 pm – we had been going 14 hours! Maurice and

Peter arrived at the end before 6.00 pm, followed by Tina and Ross at about 7.00 pm then Antony and Debbie at 7.30 pm—half an hour before Andrew and I. Maurice had already left to pick up Diane as arranged at Rainbow Reach. Dave, Penny, Wayne, Isabelle and Michael arrived at about 8.30 pm. Andrew and I picked up Rebecca and Dylan at Rainbow Reach (whew all were accounted for). Dinner and a hot shower and a good night's sleep were had by all. Sunday a beautiful day dawned, and we ate a hearty breakfast before we drove back to Dunedin arriving after lunch.

A huge thank you to Antony, Debbie and Andrew for walking over 30 km with me, especially Andrew who walked the very mentally challenging 10 km from Rainbow Reach to the Control Gates. I couldn't do it on my own that fast.



The team the next morning (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

Richard Forbes for Peter Hughes, Debbie and Antony Pettinger, Maurice Peluso, Tina Anderson, Wayne Hodgkinson, Rebecca van Amber, Dylan Hegh, Andrew Pask, David and Penny McArthur, Michael Firmin, Ross Hunt, Diana Munster and Isabelle Gensburger.

BIG HUT – ROCK AND PILLAR RANGE

January 20, 2013

Author: Lucy Jones

Published in Bulletin 738, May 2013

19 people turned up for my day trip, I couldn't believe it, I have never had such a big number of people on my trip before.

We left Dunedin and travelled up State Highway 87 to Middlemarch and the car park at Glencreag. We could roughly see where we were going to follow the orange markers on the track up the eastern side of the Rock and Pillars. We could even see the new Leaning Lodge Hut from a distance.



Amongst the tors on the Rock and Pillar Range (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

We set off for our big climb. We climbed up and up—3300ft up. As we were climbing up you could look back and admire the view of the Strath Taieri Plains, Saddle Hill and the Silver Peaks. As we were climbing higher, it got quite cold and out came the jerseys and jackets. Everyone was glad when we reached Big Hut, which was just after 1.00pm. It had taken us 3hrs to reach Big Hut for a well-deserved lunch break out of the cold wind. We didn't have very long for lunch, once we realised time was getting on and we still had an hour's walk along the top, to the new Leaning Lodge hut.

We changed leaders, my thanks to Dave for leading us over the tops. We walked along the top and came to the highest point of the Rock and Pillar Range. At the rock we sheltered from the wind and had a group photo. It was a good walk along the top and quite pleasant when we were out of the cold wind. We dropped down to visit the new Leaning Lodge Hut. From the new Leaning Lodge hut we had a wonderful view looking out over the Strath Taieri. It was well worth the visit. I was very pleased that I had the opportunity to see it and I am sure the other people very much enjoyed seeing the new hut. From the hut we followed a 4WD track down, which was a long way down to the bottom to the cars. It was a very enjoyable day.



A break at the second Leaning Lodge (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

Thanks to everyone who came on the trip.

Leader Lucy Jones, Maria Hamelink, Peter Boeckhout, Lynley Copland, Jane Cloete, Wiske Giulpe, Karen Sprecklen, Gavin MacArthur, Murray Singleton, Denis Gessert, Janice Burch, David McArthur, Penny McArthur, Sonya McArthur, Kathy Woodrow, Chris Pearson, Diana Munster, Tanya Low and Ian Woodford

THREE SILVER PEAKS PLUS THE PAINTED FOREST

March 3, 2013

Author: Tony Timperley

Published in Bulletin 738, May 2013

For the past month the weather had been fine and warm, with temperatures in the 20+degC. But Sunday, 3rd March, dawned overcast with showers, cooled by a southerly. Nevertheless, nine hardy souls dragged themselves out of their warm beds to conquer the Three Silver Peaks; but for seven of us there would be an extra effort that would exceed even that mighty feat. If only we'd known!



Top of Green Ridge, with Rosella Ridge on the left and Green Hill on the right (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

Although it was cold at the start, layers were discarded as we briskly climbed Green Ridge; however, we quickly replaced them when we stopped for our first refreshment break at the Green Hut site. Here we were exposed to a cold wind and then had to cut short our break when a squally shower moved in. We climbed up through the manuka, not realizing the shelter it gave us until we came out into the open above the Silver Stream valley, where again we were hit by the southerly. Undeterred, we climbed up towards Pulpit Rock, but when we reached its base some members faltered in the cold and wind. It was only when Our Great Inspirational Leader Tony reminded them there would be no official photo unless they climbed

to the summit, so everyone braved the conditions. In the photo, one only has to look at Lucy's hair streaming out to realize how windy it was!

The other two peaks were conquered with relative ease and official photos taken to record these achievements. We took lunch in the shelter of the lee side of the highest Silver Peak at 777 metres before discussing the merits or otherwise of entering the Painted Forest. As Bronwen had "bin there, dun that" and Ralph was not interested in bush-bashing, it meant that just seven of us were left to brave the perils of the forest. With the re-assuring words "It'll take you just about half an hour to go down" from Bronwen we headed into the unknown.



On Silver Peak, the highest point of the Silver Peaks (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

An hour later, the seven bush bashers were still bashing well above the bottom of the valley. Barry and Mike took turns in forging tracks through the undergrowth, whilst Tony tried to maintain his impression of being Our Great Inspirational Leader from somewhere in the middle of the group. Although we made the most of the numerous pig tracks, they were not too helpful when we tried to avoid the many clutches of bush lawyer. Four- legged, horizontal pigs pass under the bush lawyer; whilst two-legged, vertical humans get scratched by it, especially on exposed thighs. Mike, who is an Aussie and therefore used to fighting off blood-sucking leeches, poisonous snakes and venomous spiders whilst out tramping, was not at all sympathetic to us Kiwi trampers merely trying to disentangle ourselves from bush lawyer.

One hour and twenty minutes after leaving Bronwen and Ralph we reached the stream at the bottom of the Painted Forest valley. (Remember "half an hour?") As we climbed out the opposite side, we thought we would soon be enjoying leg-caressing tussock as we emerged above the bushline. No way! We were now in the "scrub line" which had leg-scratching properties exceeding those of bush-lawyer. When we finally reached the open ridge track, Tony realised why the Painted Forest is so named - his thighs and forearms were painted blood red!

The bush and scrub bashers met up again with Ralph and Bronwen at the Green Hut site, which was now bathed in the afternoon sun. After waking the duo from their afternoon nap, we recounted our adventure and questioned Bronwen on her “half an hour”. “I didn’t expect you to go right to the bottom!” she protested, “I meant that you just go down for half an hour, then contour round the head of the valley before climbing out.” This information further emphasised the enormity of the feat that we bashers had just accomplished.

And what do we bashers think of the Painted Forest? Well, words such as “interesting”, “good off-track tramping” and “good fun” were used by some. Our Great Inspirational Leader, however, found the experience hard to put into words as his answer to the question was “!@#&?>*&\$~+&&!!”. What we all agreed on, though, was that OTMC members each have to make up their own minds by going and experiencing the Painted Forest for themselves. Perhaps Richard Pettinger could go there for his next Unexplored Silver Peaks expedition. After all it is an [FE] grade tramp!

Tony Timperley (tongue in cheek) for: Debbie Nicholas, Jan Burch, Peter Hughes, Barry Walker, Ralph Harvey, Bronwen Strang, “Aussie” Mike, and Lucy Jones.

AHURURI VALLEY / DINGLE BURN

April 16-17, 2013

Author: John (last name not recorded)

Published in Bulletin 738, May 2013

We ended up with just four on this trip but that meant we easily fitted into the four-wheel drive. The road isn't the best for low slung cars, so this was handy. We arrived at the Ahuriri Base hut at Birchwood Road around 10.3pm to find 2 keen hunters in residence for the night. After a little debate, a look at the very parched and rock-hard ground, and some blokes chat, we decided they could put up with us in the 6-bunk hut for the night. When they started to cook a feed at 12.30, we thought this might not have been the best choice, but we relaxed and continued to solve the problems of the world. We also survived their 5.30 a.m. departure up the valley. So it was a somewhat tired but enthusiastic group that began the climb across the tussock, up the beech forest, and up the disused zigzag cat-track to the summit 650m above the hut. The hot bright sun had reverted to a high but bright cloud cover that made the tops very pleasant. We dropped the packs and followed the ridge North to a little peak with a marker at 1520m with spectacular views up the Ahuriri, Canyon Creek and Dingle Burn. We returned to the packs following a very lightly cairned track that avoided the 'interesting' rock pile on the way up. It was also nice to see a Kereru valley hopping across the saddle to the Dingle Burn. The descent to the very cute Top Dingle Hut was accomplished with a rest just before the steep descent through the bush.



Ahuriri Valley from route leading to the Dingle Burn (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

Luckily the snoozer soon noticed we had left and caught the others up. We had the hut to ourselves but shared the surroundings with many large hares.

As expected, the morning was not quite as fine as we began the ascent back and by the time we reached the saddle it was time for the parkas to come out. The descent back to the ute was in the rain but we accepted that graciously as the previously parched ground quickly began to flow with much needed water. A very pleasant trip to a beautiful valley.



Dingle Burn (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

John – for Richard, Darryl and Peter.

BUSHCRAFT SILVER PEAKS

April 13-14, 2013

Author: Peter Boeckhout

Published in Bulletin 739, June 2013

We arrived on the mountain road just before 8:30 and got shuttled up the mountain road to the Tunnels Track with other trampers and started walking around 9:30.

There was a steep downhill, then a river crossing and steep uphill for about 45 minutes. It was steep for the visitor in our group, but she was not the only one finding it tough. We had a break at the Phillip Cox Memorial Hut, aka the 'new Yellow Hut'. We discovered that the old Y.H. has been completely removed, nothing remains.



As new – Philip J. Cox Memorial Hut, Silver Peaks Scenic Reserve

As soon as we were on Yellow Ridge, we enjoyed the sun all around with perfect views. We were pleased to see that lots of gorse has been cleared compared to last October. The Gap was visible as our point for lunch, but we never made it :-), except for a small party of hard-core trampers. Something for us to do next time.

Halfway along the Yellow Ridge, I dropped myself into the bushes and waited until my group members passed and had a few minutes of sunbathing.

We went further along the ridge, up & down, up & onwards, and were happy to see Richard had stopped for lunch with the rest of the Bushcraft group. It was for 12:45 for lunch!

Eventually everybody joined up for lunch, including Wayne's party and Gordon who was carrying 2 packs! After a long lunch, we were fueled up and ready to carry on. We carried on to the ABC Cave and had another little break there. After that I had a little bit of exercise by going faster to get my heart pumping and lose that lazy sweat, I had been carrying around for the whole summer. I meet up with Ann's party who had put up camp very nicely on the flats below Jubilee hut.



On Yellow Ridge, looking over to The Gap, Silver Peaks Scenic Reserve

I put up our tent at the bottom of the Devils Staircase and had a look at Jubilee Hut. I could see all the bushcraft trampers making their way down, passing the old Jubilee hut.

Awesome view from where I was standing, every time again.

Back at our campsite tea (dinner) was celebrated in normal tramping tradition. First a cup a tea, second cheese and crackers, third soup and noodles, fourth pasta, pesto, cream & chicken, fifth custard and fruit. All around us you heard jet fuel burners heating up food for others. Listening to all the voices it must have been good food. We went to bed early.

This was the first time I have heard lots of birds singing in the Silver Peaks early Sunday morning underneath Devil Staircase. We woke up to a clear sky. Breakfast was the starting fuel for climbing the Devil's Staircase. I promised my party a cup of tea at the top, maybe that is why they were there quicker than I expected.

Antony and Debbie's party were there already.

All the newbie trampers were in high spirit when they reached the top of the staircase. The views around were endless.

During our way down to Green Ridge we bumped into David Barnes and his Sunday day trip party. We soaked in the sun at the former Green Hut Site before walking out to the car park in one hour.



OTMC Bushcraft 2013 campsite at the foot of the Devils Staircase, Silver Peaks Scenic Reserve

You sometimes take for granted the whole logistics behind a bushcraft weekend, e.g. Antony who shuttled us up the Mountain Rd, and he had to tramp one hour extra up from where we finished tramping to pick up his car that he had used to shuttle the other drivers to the start on Saturday.

To all those who made this Bushcraft 2013 a success, Thank you very much.

Peter Boeckhout for Maria Hamelink & Donna Kelly and Team leaders Gordon Tocher, Wayne Hodgkinson, Richelle Adams, Ann Burton, Ross Hunt and Antony & Debbie Pettinger.

MUSINGS FROM A BUSHCRAFT PARTICIPANT

April 13-14, 2013

Author: Leigh Smith

Published in Bulletin 739, June 2013

I'm Leigh, a member of the 2013 Bushcraft course who stayed overnight in the Silver Peaks. The experience was invaluable for me as a novice trumper, in terms of learning new things about tramping (for instance, poles are good for preventing falling over, thanks to Maria for lending me one of hers), finding new thing about myself (such as I snore, which is something I was totally unaware of), while at the same time being privileged to spectacular mountain and forest vistas. Particular highlights were seeing the ABC cave and Pulpit Rock, which I have heard about for many years as a Dunedin local but never actually seen. Meeting people who were welcoming added to my enjoyment of the weekend and chatting with them made some of the challenging inclines more manageable. On a personal level I was particularly pleased to conquer the Devil's Staircase, which from the bottom looked incredibly daunting. Funnily enough, I learned that if you're 'buggered' enough, you can get a good night's sleep even under a tent fly with fives layers of clothing on.

Leigh Smith



Campsite in Cave Stream, foot of the Devils Staircase, Silver Peaks Scenic Reserve

BUSHCRAFT SILVER PEAKS – FROM ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE

April 13-14, 2013

Author: Ross Hunt

Published in Bulletin 739, June 2013

My party of four seemed like an enthusiastic “let’s nail it” group, however appearances can be deceiving – a “group” of just two assembled at the clubrooms. Boots were tied up, gear thrown in the 4WD....and we waited....and waited.... for another group’s driver to realise the start time was 8am, not the normal 9am for Sunday trips. We eventually got away after 8.30 after ensuring those left behind were in fact to be picked up in short order.



The Gap from Yellow Ridge, Silver Peaks Scenic Reserve

The usual car shuttle ensued to get people and drivers to the start of the Tunnels Track. The three drivers (late ones) made good time and caught the main group halfway up Yellow Ridge. Problem – my lone party was nowhere to be seen. They weren’t in front, and I hadn’t passed them on the way up the ridge. So I waited....and waited....until eventually distinctive voices could be heard way below on Yellow Ridge. A small group had diverted into the Tunnels and we had passed like ships in the night.

A very pleasant stroll along Yellow Ridge to our lunch stop just before the Gap, diversions to the Gap and ABC Cave followed and the decent to Cave Creek saw us camped 500m below Devil’s Staircase in a stand of beech trees. My group of two dined magnificently on biscuits and

dips, smoked chicken, mushroom and sun-dried tomato carbonara, sticky steamed pud and custard, washed down with a wee dram and coffee.



Camp sites below original Jubilee Hut, Silver Peaks Scenic Reserve

It pays to warm up before the start of Devil's Staircase; our campsite was ideally located for that. The highest point was breached in no time and then the descent to Green Hut site for lunch in very warm conditions. I can report my group made it out without becoming further lost – although the 4WD did suffer a puncture as we pulled up outside the clubrooms.

My thanks to all the leaders, organisers and participants in Bushcraft 2013 – a great group of people in fantastic Silver Peaks conditions – again.

Ross Hunt

GOING GOURMET IN THE SILVER PEAKS

April 13-14, 2013

Author: Jan Burch

Published in Bulletin 739, June 2013

Yuki, Barry, Jan, Murray (absent) and our leader Wayne Hodgkinson made up the "Gourmet food group". When we found that Murray wasn't going to make the weekend there was sadness and a great deal of trepidation. Would Wayne's main be up to the standard we were anticipating that Murray's would be?" If you've ever seen Murray's lunch on a Sunday trip you'll understand our high expectations.

The start wasn't auspicious, with Jan realizing it was an 8am start at 8am. Barry and Yuki finding out somewhat later when we text them from the clubrooms. The panic to get to the clubrooms sent all thought of a trip to the petrol station out of Barry's head, so it was with the red petrol light glowing that we made our way to Waitati – to find the petrol pumps had been removed from the store there some years previously.



On Yellow Ridge, looking east towards Kilmog

As we started walking and descending the first hill in the gloom, Yuki and Jan managed to distract Wayne into missing the turnoff to the caves. Luckily Gordon Tocher alerted us to the rather obvious signpost. About now faith in our leader hit a low point. Even Barry appeared to have abandoned our food group as he took a different track when walking in with the other drivers. About now we resigned ourselves to couscous with lentils as the probable main.

The first bright point came when we discovered that Marisse was the only person in Ross's food group ... and she was carrying smoked chicken. Plus, being a phys ed teacher meant we could rib her mercilessly. Ross was foolish enough to mention the efficiency of his "stumpy engineer legs" and their fate was sealed. Our two groups melded.

We enjoyed the side trips to the old Yellow Hut site, the Gap, the ABC Cave (geocache found here yeah!) but were even happier when we managed to reunite with Barry on the descent to Jubilee Hut. Wayne had been sowing seeds of doubt about our prospects for a gourmet dinner. He said that the reason Barry had walked with the other group was that he'd forgotten the dessert and was too afraid to tell us. Fortunately, this was just scaremongering. We were reassured that even if Wayne's main let us down, there'd be something special from Barry to leave a nice taste at the end of the meal.



Silver Peak (777m – top of the Devils Staircase)

You can imagine our joy when Wayne's main turned out to be delicious. Mind you, his cooker has definitely seen better days ... and our luck in combining with Ross and Marisse was acknowledged again when we saw the power of Ross's cooker. So much rapidly boiled water that even Jan's thirst for tea was satisfied!

The highlight had to be the bacon, scrambled eggs, tomatoes and croissants in the morning – enjoyment of which was further enhanced by a quick trip down to Ann's campsite to show off our breakfast. We may have been the last group to pack up and start the Devil's staircase ascent, but we believe we were the best fed.

We really enjoyed the whole bush experience, felt that we benefitted from the physical challenges presented to us and learnt a lot from our fellow trampers and esteemed leaders (Ross being over 100 years old means he has gathered a huge amount of knowledge and, when put on the spot, Wayne can be pretty impressive on geology and sandstone). However, by far the best part of the tramp was the fantastic camaraderie we experienced with our fellow trampers.



Green Hut Site, Silver Peaks Scenic Reserve

Our heartfelt thanks to the leaders and organisers who make this bushcraft course possible.
Three cheers for the OTMC!

Jan Burch for Yuki Fujita, Barry Walker, Wayne Hodgkinson

FIVE DAYS IN THE WILKIN VALLEY

February 6-10, 2013

Author: Pete Stevenson

Published in Bulletin 740, July 2013

Waitangi Day fell on a Wednesday this year. This allowed a 5-day stretch for tramping for those lucky enough to be able to take a couple of days leave from work. Tramps around Waitangi Day seem popular with the club. Perhaps it's the expectation of settled weather after what is generally an unsettled period through Christmas and New Year. This year 14 OTMC trampers in 3 independent parties took the opportunity to explore different routes in the Makarora region.

We all rendezvoused on Tuesday night at the Boundary Creek camp on the shores of Lake Wanaka. In the morning Phil and Thomas would be heading up the Makarora River, Antony and 7 others into Tiel Creek and my party of 5 were going up the Wilkin Valley to Top Forks Hut for 2 nights to explore the upper valleys and alpine lakes, Diana, Lucidus and Castalia.

The jet boat was booked for 11:00am, this allowed Ray to shuttle Phil's car to the Gates of Haast while the rest of my team had a leisurely coffee and muffin at the Makarora Café.



Top Forks Hut, Wilkin Valley (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

The ride down the Makarora and up the Wilkin rivers was exhilarating and got us to the Kerin Forks hut in a matter of minutes rather than hours. We gave the Tiel Creek group a friendly wave as we blasted past them on their way up towards their overnight camp in the Siberia Valley.

We began our walking shortly before midday once our “stash” of goodies for Saturday night was securely hidden in the bush behind the hut. The track up the Wilkin was easy going, well defined with few steep climbs. One section did require hoisting first our packs then ourselves up and over a rock ledge where a slip had taken the track out. However, it was apparent by 5:00pm that our planned night’s destination of Top Forks Hut was not going to be achieved. We found a small clearing beside a stream before the track took a steep climb back into the bush. It was a beautiful night so there was no hardship camping out under a fly. However, it was an early night as the sandflies drove us into our bivvy bags before nightfall.



Tree circled tarn en-route to the three lakes (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

With renewed energy the climb the next morning was quickly dispatched and all that remained was a walk up the river flats crossing and re-crossing the river several times before one last crossing to join the high-water track ½ k short of the hut. As we approached the hut the unmistakable sound of a helicopter was heard as it dropped its passengers off on the river flats downstream from us. We decided it sensible to quickly make to the hut and “book” our bunks prior to the well healed invasion. No other trampers were in residence, so we spread ourselves

about the empty hut and awaited their arrival. The group of 8 were from Auckland, Timaru and Wanaka. Five of them filled the old warden's quarters with the remainder bunking in with us. Two of their party intended to go over Rabbit Pass the next day and then down the Matukituki to Cattle Flat the following day. The others intended to follow them to the upper flats, watch the two go over Rabbit Pass then walk out to catch the jet boat back to Makarora the following day.



Lake Castalia, Wilkin Valley North Branch (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

The rest of our day was spent enjoying the awesome views and lapping up the sun in what I regard as the most picturesque valley I have come across.

The next day we set off in perfect weather for the 3 lakes: Diana, Lucidus and Castalia. The track follows the river before climbing up a beech clad spur to reach a lovely tree circled tarn. Our artistic talents were put to the test trying to take photos of the mountains reflecting onto the surface of the tarn. From there the track emerged from the bush onto open alpine meadows. The view of Lake Diana required a short detour to the ridge overlooking the lake. The track splits shortly after this point, one way to Lake Lucidus the other way to Lake Castalia. We decide to go to Lake Castalia first where we planned to have lunch then check out Lake Lucidus on the return. The track follows and up and down path above the left bank of the stream draining the lake. The last 20 minutes required scrambling over and around large boulders until the lake was eventually reached. The small lake is circled by vertical rock faces

and topped by snow fields. It is truly and awesome place to have lunch. However, time was ticking on so it was a case of retracing our steps back down the rocky gut. We decided to take a detour and climb the moraine at the top end of Lake Lucidus. This gave us some great views down the lake. A route along the top of the moraine looked a possible shortcut back, but the scrub quickly became thick and difficult to move through, so we crashed our way down through the scrub to the stream to meet up with the track again. On the way back we took the short detour to the official viewing point for the lake and retrieved a tee shirt left by one of the Auckland group the previous day.



Wilkin Valley (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

The next day we made the trek back down valley to the Kerin Forks Hut. This proved to be much easier than the first day. We made the hut by mid-afternoon, plenty of time for a freshen-up in the river, before enjoying a few quiet drinks from our "stash". Ray tried to sell his jetboat to a young man from Millers Flat who had been fishing in the valley with a mate for a couple of days, contact details were exchanged and the possibility of a sale seemed imminent.

The river level had fallen since our trip in, so we decided to walk rather than catch the jet boat back to Makarora. The low level of the river allowed us to cross and re-cross the river relatively easily. This became a bonus because as the day warmed up, we looked forward to the coolness of the river to refresh ourselves. As we merrily splashed our way downstream, we

came across a young Australian couple struggling to find a safe crossing point. In true OTMC friendly style we assisted them while delivering tuition on river crossing technique.

We eventually reached the Makarora River, crossed it and began the slog upstream toward the township. The main highway, a tantalising close short walk over a paddock, looked like an attractive alternative to the river flats. Ray volunteered to "leg-it" back to the truck at Makarora once we had reached the highway, this however proved to be unnecessary. As we approached the highway a familiar white Ford ute was spotted parked on the side of the road. Antony was then seen running towards us, waving his arms to attract our attention. The very grateful team was shuttled back to Makarora township, saving Ray a walk and the rest of us a long wait by the roadside.

A great 5 days walk in fabulous country with good friends; Chris & Ann Burton, Ray & Jill McAliece

Pete Stevenson

HERBERT FOREST

April 7, 2013

Author: Jane Cloete

Published in Bulletin 740, July 2013

Eleven of us assembled at the clubrooms on an overcast day at the end of January. Regrettably I hadn't emphasised the end of daylight saving – Mik and Aleana had arrived there at the 'old' 8am, not the 'new' 8am an hour later! Taking 3 cars we drove the 95km to Herbert Forest. Helen Dent (lives at Herbert) and Andrea (Karitane) joined us at the track start. Total 13 people, but our luck was with us: good company, good weather and a nearly dry track. What more could one ask? We left one car at the track end (thanks Helen) and drove to the track start about 2km north.

Boots on, a quick look at the information board at the bottom of the track and we were walking by 9.30am. The first kilometre was on a forest road, but then we started on the Hood's Track. Muddy and slippery at times so I was VERY glad that we hadn't attempted it in October last year, just after heavy rain. All of the many creek crossings (I lost count) were no trouble at all – barely got the soles of our boots wet! The ladder by the first waterfall was easy too: the rungs have a 'non-slip' surface, and I don't think anyone felt unsafe. Jan had wanted to bring her wee dog (I'd said no) but though it would have been good company I think would have needed to be carried up that ladder!



The track up was well marked and in good condition. For much of the time we were followed (?led by) lots of pied fantails, but few other birds. Just a little more climbing and then we

came to the top junction of the track with a forest road. Quick look at the watch – wow! We'd gone up in 2 hours and I'd allowed 3hours!

But no rest for the feet: a quick look at the board (there were information boards at all major track junctions with forest roads) and on down the road for a few minutes for our lunch break. It was only 11.30 but we figured that since our tummies were still on daylight saving time (ie 1230) that wasn't too early and we sat in the sun for a bite to eat.

Refreshed we then headed down-hill on the Macburnie track. This too was in good condition, and there was plenty of birdlife. Bellbirds in full song, a few tuis, some pigeons and of course plenty of fantails. Lots of interesting fungi – lots of those red-&-white spotted agarics, plenty of the 'dinner plate' tree fungi and even a stinkhorn fungi (yep, it did smell disgustingly of rotten meat!)

We had a wee 'treasure hunt' to try and find the second waterfall. I know it hadn't rained for weeks but I think that even if the creek were in full spate it would be difficult to find! Just how high does a waterfall have to be to be called as such? This one was well under 50cms of fall!

On down the hill – nope, actually we went up a good way. This bit of the track is in the open and when I'd been there in January was very overgrown – could barely find the way. So, I'd asked folk to bring secateurs to do some trimming. I think the North Otago Tramping Club had been up a few weeks before and done it for us as this bit of track was almost a highway.

Once we reached the forest road again we had decisions to make. To get to the track end, should we go the pretty way which is a bit longer and possibly a bit prickly, or should we go t'other way down the ridge which has good views, is shorter but in January had been very overgrown. The views won! And we won with the track condition – the NOTC had been there too and cut back and sprayed the gorse.

Back to the cars by about 2pm, and Helen kindly took the drivers back to the start to collect their vehicles. Then home, fortified by an ice-cream at Hampden, (where we felt the first spots of rain) arriving at the club-rooms by about 3.30pm.

Jane Cloete thanks her tramping companions Lucy Jones, Gavin MacArthur and son Euan, Helen Dent (Herbert), Alena Dzenisevich, Mikalai Dunets (both from Belarus, but now resident in Dunedin), Jan Burch, Steph McLaughlin, Andrea from Waikouaiti, Raewyn Duncan, and Peter & Leonie Loeber. And thanks also to the North Otago Tramping Club for the good condition of the track.

SHOTOVER SADDLE

March 2-3, 2013

Author: Gordon Tocher

Published in Bulletin 741, August 2013

Our group of seven slept on Friday night at the DOC shelter in the West Matukituki Valley. We set off up the valley hoping the predicted rain would hold off. Chris and Kathy continued west towards Aspiring Hut, while the rest of the party headed uphill on the marked route to The Shotover Saddle at 1554m.

The sky was grey with occasional rain, just enough to make us put on our jackets and want to take them off five minutes later. The route goes up and up without respite, the reward being the ever-improving views. Water was scarce and no one was game to drink from a few small ponds we passed, the dry weather caused the surrounding mud to dry and crack. As we ascended the rain and the route poles ceased. We found a couple of places where people must have had plenty of time on their hands as there were two low rock walls built in likely camping areas.



West Matukituki Valley from near Shotover Saddle (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

The five of us gained the saddle about 2:30pm and took in the wide views of both branches of The Matukituki Valley and mountains too numerous to name including Aspiring. Our initial plan had been to camp at a larger tarn at the head of the Shotover Valley just off the Saddle, but the water in the tarn did not look good enough to drink. We decided to camp back towards the Matukituki just below the saddle near a small pond which had cleaner water, this proved an ideal and sheltered spot. It is surprising just how close the catchments for Lakes Wanaka and Wakatipu are.

Wayne, Tomas, Moritz and Gordon chose to make a side trip up a rocky ridge leading in the direction of Mt. Tyndall. The rocks were a light red for the first half of the journey, then grey. The red rock is very similar to Fiery Col about 120 km to the west and at the same latitude. Our route was steep scree in places, we arrived at the top of the ridge (1858m) and proceeded to take many photos. The drop of from the ridge into the Shotover was impressively jagged, we had extensive views into the very long Shotover Valley and The Isobel Glacier.

As we enjoyed our efforts two figures approached from the direction we had come, Chris and Kathy had said they might come up to the Saddle if they felt fit. The two kept coming rapidly up the rocky ridge and joined us at the top. These day walkers from the car park were Orgui & Christina from Barcelona and Argentina. It is a shame Vicent our Spanish speaker was not with us, but we managed to have a good conversation with the visitors.

It was time to return to our campsite and put the tents up, it was after five by this time and we stressed the need to get to the valley floor before dark to Orgui & Christina.

Chris and Kathy arrived in time to cook their dinner and be entertained by two sociable but well-behaved Kea grooming themselves on nearby rocks.

Sunday dawned cool, with wisps of cloud surrounding us and what looked like a cauldron of steam spilling from a glacier filed cirque further up the valley filling the valley below with cloud.

The descent was uneventful, with a photo stop for our Spanish member Vicent to pose with some particularly large Spaniard plants. As we got lower the hotter and more intense the sun became.

Wayne, Tomas and Gordon elected to take a side trip to the Rob Roy Glacier, while the rest returned to the car park. We met Orgui & Christina on the Rob Roy bridge, they had got back to the valley floor about dusk and the car park by 10pm.

Many thanks to Wayne for arranging the trip, it is certainly an interesting alternative to heading up the valley.

Gordon Tocher for Wayne Hodgkinson, Vicent Gasso, Chris Pearson, Kathy Woodrow, Tomas Sobek and Moritz Katz

MT SOMERS

June 1-3, 2013

Author: Maria Hamelink

Published in Bulletin 741, August 2013

We left Dunedin at 6pm travelling in two vehicles, tea in Oamaru at a Turkish kebab place then on to Mt Somers township arriving at around 10.30pm. We checked into our accommodation; the other van load stayed at the holiday park while we at the Stronechrubie Chalet. Bit flash for a tramping weekend but the electric blankets were nice just the same.

The next day we drove 12km up the road to the car park, met up with Ralph and Allan and set off up the hill past the old coal mining site to Woolshed Creek Hut. We claimed our bunk (which as it turned out was very fortunate) then most of the group headed off up Morgans Creek. Peter, Greg and I headed off to Pinnacles Hut another two hours away. At Pinnacles Hut Greg went off in search of a geocache while Peter and I had lunch and chatted with a group "couch surfers" staying in Christchurch. We had a lesson on "couch surfing" and then were entertained by their attempt at chopping a large log of wood with an axe.



Mt Somers, on the way to Woolshed Creek Hut (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

This group of young people were on their way to Woolshed Creek hut and asked us if there was room for the seven of them, we told them there was heaps of room as there was only the eleven of us there so far.

So we wandered back to Woolshed Creek hut and were surprised to find the hut jam packed with people, I think there were about thirty people in there and the seven from Pinnacles hadn't arrived yet so they were in for a surprise. They arrived later and claimed two spare mattresses for a spot in the kitchen area by the fire.

The atmosphere was buzzing; we ate dinner then played cards and zilch (a dice game) before retiring along with the other thirty plus people. It was a rather noisy night but very warm and cosy.



Pinnacles Hut, Mt Somers (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

The next day (Sunday) we were off with our day packs up to Mt Somers. We walked straight up the ridge line; it was very steep, but we were helped by the very strong gusts of wind on our tail. After about an hour and a half of grunting up we got to the top then had to navigate snow covered rock and tussock to the centre point, it was hard going, and I was trying to walk in other people footsteps to make it easier but as they were all 6-foot tall my short legs couldn't keep up so I had to make my own footsteps. We finally arrived at the top; it was extremely windy but had awesome views out over the Canterbury Plains to the Port Hills and Banks Peninsula. We ate lunch then picked our way back down via the saddle and a steep descent ... that night was much quieter, we almost had the place to ourselves.

The next day (Monday) we woke to rain, we were expecting snow so no surprises there. We took the four-wheel drive track back to the car park making it in a quick one hour twenty minutes.

I went into the DOC toilets at the car park to get changed and when I came out it was snowing, lovely big flakes, very nice. After a nice hot drink and something to eat at Geraldine we were off home.

Big thanks to John Kaiser for organising the trip and Greg and Barry the drivers.

Maria Hamelink for Peter Boeckhout, John Kaiser, Greg Hall, Tina Anderson, Croydon Paton, Ralph Harvey, Andrew Pask, Barry Walker, Tomas Sobek and Alan Williamson.

MID-WINTER SUNRISE

June 23, 2013

Author: Jane Cloete

Published in Bulletin 741, August 2013

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times"

Remember the 'worst storm in years' weather forecasts of June? The forecasters promised snow, rain, wind, cold – but the Metvuw picture for Sunday 7am didn't look too bad. A small window of clearness between showers!

Several people were probably put off by Saturday's weather – hail, low cloud – so there were only two of us who met at the clubrooms at 7am. Paul Cunliffe had cycled to get there! Alas no-one with a 4-wheel drive turned up but, hey, a 1250cc Suzuki is a brave wee car so we set off hopefully. High cloud, no rain. Roads good. Even the Flagstaff Road looked promising. Alas, at about 450m altitude we encountered packed, icy snow! I gingerly tried to go a few metres along but then we met another car, stopped and facing us. The two young men said they were out looking for a cell phone! (At 7am? At mid-winter? In snow?) (!!!). However, they did tell us that the road only got icier after that point. They, and Paul, managed to help me turn my car around. Couldn't park the car there, and the nearest parking spot would have been about 3km from the start of the Flagstaff track (i.e. too far to walk before sunrise), so we decided to return to Dunedin. Viewed a clear horizon from the top of Stuart Street – it would have been a good view at Flagstaff if only we could have got there!

So the day-trip became a Trip That Never Was! But Paul and I get brownie points for trying and I'm sure the sun appreciated our efforts: by the time you read this you will have noticed that it is certainly rising earlier than 8.15am!

Jane Cloete

A WINTER WAITUTU WANDER

Date not recorded

Author: David Barnes

Published in Bulletin 742, September 2013

I've been making the pilgrimage to the Waitutu forests pretty frequently since falling in love with the place over 30 years ago. So when Wellington photographer Shaun Barnett mooted it as a destination for a mid-winter wander, I didn't have to think twice.

Airline delays meant it was after 2pm when we laced up our boots at Rarakau and hit the track. Cloud cloaked the Hump Ridge and vindicated the decision to first head along the coast rather than to the tops. Light rain was just enough to warrant parkas, and a full tide kept us off the beach and on the old road formation. It seems hard to believe that we'd taken a bus along here on a club trip in 1983.

The damp conditions gave the forest south of the Track Burn a particularly primeval feel. Soon we emerged onto Blowhole Beach – by now, sans parkas – where calm conditions put lie to the name. From O Hoka (or Breakneck) Stream, we returned to the bush. It seems that the beach route is only useable at dead low tide these days. However, the track upgrades in recent years mean that the inland route is no longer the slow muddy plod that it once was. By 6pm, we had our head torches on, arriving at Port Craig Hut after 7pm. Some hunters had a welcome fire roaring.

Being in the southwest corner of the island means a late sunrise, so when you're tramping with a photographer, that means a sleep in is allowed. We were still down at the port well before the sun and enjoyed a leisurely potter around the ruins before returning to the hut for a late breakfast. A quick stroll along the tram track brought us to the Percy Burn viaduct. Despite the restoration done in the 90s, the council now seems to foresee an imminent collapse and has ordered the erection of barriers at each end. I think that if it does collapse (which is by no means certain) the odds of someone actually being there at the time are slim. However, let's just say that the barriers are not insurmountable to the agile and determined.

After lunch at one of my favourite huts, we popped down to the Percy Burn mouth and one of my favourite beaches. Then it was back to the tram track for the stretch to Wairaurahiri Hut. Once again, hunters had a welcome fire roaring. However, we had more to do before we could enjoy it, so grabbed the cameras and crossed the Wairaurahiri River on the possum-proof bridge, then strolled down past Waitutu Lodge to the river mouth. In the gathering dusk, the Puysegur Point light, some 50km away, was visible. Head torches were de rigueur again for the last leg back to the hut.

An early start was planned for day 3, so the first hour retracing our steps along the tram track was in the dark. At the Edwin Burn, we turned left and headed up the Hump Ridge Track. I'm not sure why the track operators prefer an anti-clockwise loop, as this approach gives a considerably more benign ascent. Two and a half hours took us to Luncheon Rock, where a shelter built since my last visit made a welcome lunch stop. From here, the climb is more

gradual, but the track is frequently in scrub rather than forest so was much more exposed to the biting westerly that had arisen.

Okaka Hut was reached just after 3pm. After a brew, we rugged up and headed for the spectacular tors and tarns above us. The light was a photographer's dream, and it was quite some time before we could drag ourselves back to the hut. The thermometer told us it was 3.1oC both inside and outside.



On Hump Ridge (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

On Sunday morning, a decision had to be made whether to take the tops route to join the Teal Bay track (always my first choice), or drop down the other leg of the Hump Ridge Track. Biting wind, ominous clouds and Shaun's statement that he'd definitely be coming back meant that the easier option prevailed. At the first bridge over Pipi Tuaraki (or Flat) Stream, a pot on a rope turns the gorged stream into a well – a great idea. Another lunch shelter has been built here, but we carried on to join the coastal track before dining. Returning to Bluecliffs Beach, we were able to walk on the sand rather than the old road as we brought a magnificent trip to a close.

David Barnes

CLOUD FOREST OF LEITH

June 30, 2013

Author: Tony Timperley

Published in Bulletin 742, September 2013

There were just three of us, Paul, Tanya and Tony who set out at 9.30 on a fine, calm day from Sullivan's Dam to climb up through the Cloud Forest. As other OTMC members had obviously wimped out, we used the first letters of our names – PTT – as an acronym for "Phenomenally Tough Trio", a title which by the end of the day we felt we fully deserved!

Perhaps we should have taken heed of the DCC warning notice at the start of the track, which states that this track is for "experienced rappers only"; but being the PTT, we just laughed it off as we began tramping up the boardwalk section that is a feature of the first section. In parts, we had to push our way through undergrowth which had spread over the boardwalk, and we commented that this would be a good project for Jane Cloete's track clearing day on 1st September. But little did we know that this was merely a warm-up for what was to come!

As we climbed towards the transmission-line clearing we found that we frequently had to clamber over or around bushes that were leaning over the track. We realized that this was a result of the weight of the heavy snow that had fallen ten days earlier which had bent these bushes to such an extent that some of them blocked the track. But these were mere bushes!

We emerged from the first Cloud Forest section to be treated to beautiful views north up the coast and to the Silver Peaks, which we absorbed whilst we also absorbed our morning drinks and nibbles. Before heading into the second section of the forest, Tony reassured Tanya and Paul that the going would be much easier as the trees were much bigger therefore would be much less affected by the weight of the snow. How wrong he was!

Within a few metres of entering the forest we found the way blocked by a tree which fallen across the track. Undeterred by this barrier, Paul crashed his way around this obstacle, brushing aside the clinging tentacles of bush-lawyer. Hoping that this was just a one-off, Tanya and Tony followed, but the further we went into the forest the more fallen branches and tree-trunks blocked the track. We got into a rhythm of over and under (Yes, we had to crawl on our stomachs to get under some obstacles!) or round about as we proceeded slowly upwards towards the rocky ledge lookout.

At this point, you may be wondering why we carried on and didn't turn back. We could say that we are the types who never give up; but to be honest, at the stage when we wondered whether to turn back or not, it would have been just as hard to battle our way back what we'd been through, as it would be to carry on. So, there was no alternative but "onward and upward!" And besides, Paul seemed an expert at overcoming these mere obstacles.

When we finally reached the rocky ledge lookout we were again rewarded by wonderful views, this time also to the west, with the snow-capped Rock and Pillar Range just visible. This sunny, sheltered ledge was ideal for our much needed lunch stop, where we reflected on the large amount of tree damage that a heavy snow dump could do. Tony again tried to reassure his two

companions that the next section, which goes through a pine forest with little or no undergrowth, would be much easier than what had gone before. He also informed them that only three weeks earlier, a group of elderly trampers (of which Tony is a member) had cleared and marked the track from the rocky ledge lookout to Cowan Road. So, from here on it would be a doddle, a walk in the park – yeah, right!

Initially, Tony's optimism seemed well founded as he proudly pointed out twigs he had personally clipped back and fluorescent ribbons he had tied to mark the way. But this optimism was short-lived as we were soon confronted by another horizontal tree; and once we were over this there was the additional obstacle of thigh-high snow. The marker ribbons helped us keep on track, however, although we had to keep a sharp eye out for them after each deviation around a fallen tree. Once in the pine forest proper the going was also easier as we did not have to push our way through undergrowth. Nevertheless, it was still 2.30pm when we emerged onto the top end of Cowan Road. This was 90 mins later than the original estimated time, so we decided against a side-trip up Mt Cargill and set off down Cowan Rd - which was a doddle!

After what we had just endured, we luxuriated in the pleasure of strolling down a gravel road with expansive views to the south coast and the northern hills. At Murphy's farm we turned onto a muddy farm track and headed north. Even though we were quite high up on the open hillsides, it was from here that the constant "rumble" of the Northern Motorway accompanied us for the rest of our journey.

As we were strolling across pleasant open pastures, we espied two men unsuccessfully trying to pull a trailer out of a steep steam bed to attach it to their ute. Being the good citizens that we are, the PTT leapt to their aid and within minutes we had the trailer attached to their ute's towbar. One of the men was Geoff Adams, who had given us permission to cross his land, so we were pleased that we were able to help him out.

So, suffused with the pleasant glow of having done our good deed for the day, with the music of the motorway playing in our ears and the scratches of bush-lawyer a distant memory, the PTT returned to Sullivan's Dam at exactly 4pm to complete the full circle. It was not quite the tramping experience I (Tony) had planned: it had taken 6 1/2 hrs instead of just 5 – and that was without going up Mt Cargill. Nevertheless, it was an education on what damage a heavy snow dump can do to forests.

Tony Timperley for, and with thanks to, Paul Cunliffe and Tanya Low

SPIERS ROAD – BEN RUDD’S (90TH ANNIVERSARY)

August 25, 2013

Author: Richard and Tracy Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 743, October 2013

We knew we could ignore the forecast drops of rain before 9am, so we did. Ten keen folk were at the clubrooms, and another two at Spiers Rd, as the spots stopped.

A few had not been on this track before; our only official legal access to the Ben Rudd’s property. It is now getting harder to see the white markers and the gorse is winning back the open ground. Darwin’s barberry (orange flowers, prickly) is now a bit less obvious further up, which I would like to think is due to our annual attacks on it, but some remains. The recent snow damage made it a bit harder to push up beside Ben’s stone wall. But, soon we were out in more open ground, and made the summit of Flagstaff in good time. Photos by the 50th celebrations plane table were taken by a kind passerby who expressed interest in joining the Club.



Approaching Ben Rudd’s after travelling cross country from Flagstaff (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

Then, we struck out across the scenic reserve, with Laurie and some good keen men and women stopping to rid our land of pesky pine trees now poking above the tussock. I was delighted with the condition of our land above the firebreak, which has large areas now virtually free of seedling gorse and broom. Paul warned it’s not all like that, and we could see the odd small patch defiantly growing, but I think a little bit of work will keep the area looking

good for biodiversity and landscape value! Well done, Arthur, Teresa, Jonathan Lewis and anyone else.

A large mob of celebratory picnickers had ambled up to join us at the skidsite. I got stuck up the bank overlooking them when our honourable lawyer pointed a video camera at me and proceeded to ask me questions. I think he was hoping to film me falling down the bank. Four 4WDs then turned up; a veritable convoy, containing some of our more venerable 90th guests. This was all very jolly, but the jollity was to increase.

Minutes later, I estimated a hundred people had converged upon the Ben Rudd's site and were sitting in the warm but weak sun around the shelter on broadleaf trunk seats and new-mown lawn. This was a very significant gathering in the Club's story, I thought. I tried to eat my lunch but the said lawyer, becoming increasingly less honourable by the minute, prevented this, by insisting the occasion be marked by yet more talking. I thought we'd had enough of that the night before. But we did the occasion justice, even though I noticed some day trippers, the Barclays, found this an opportune moment to get on their way home.

The sun came out fully, to prove that Ben had made a splendid choice of location for his home on the hill. It was very nice to be in a suntrap, and also to have connections with Ben himself – Tricia Pope was with us again. Her father helped him build his first house there and he was also one of the original party building Green Hut.

People drifted away, and soon it was just the stayers, and we left, pulling more broom seedlings out beside the track as we went. We noticed the water hole was very full, and I thought it a shame that we had felt we had to lug so much water from town in case it was dry!

Our day trippers said cheerio to those who were being carted back to town, including one of our number – very slack, Tracy. Discarding equipment as we went, we located the Davies Track and, Laurie having kindly attempted in vain to reunite our forgetful friend with her pole, descended to Booth Road. As we entered the bush I suddenly thought "Oh no, the snow won't have spared this one." I dreaded the tangled vegetation up ahead, only to be pleasantly surprised that some kind soul(s) had completely cleared the track of snow damage. So, it was an opportunity to reminisce as we wandered down this easy and delightful path. Looking back at the last three in the group, hearing their chatter, I was transported back to my earliest tramping days. This was a pretty nice moment for me, to hear the long-unheard but familiar voices of Laurie, Jan and Judy. I closed my eyes and felt I was back in 1969. Picking myself up from my fall, I came abruptly back to the present. So we went home.

Richard (& Tracy) Pettinger, for Paul Cunliffe, Janet Barclay, Russell Barclay, Laurie Kennedy, Mignon Pickwell, Maria Hamelink, Peter Boeckhout, Rod Dickson, Judy Knox, Janice O'Callaghan, and about 90 others!

RONGOMAI RIDGE – PHIL COX HUT

August 4, 2013

Author: David Barnes

Published in Bulletin 744, November 2013

After battling snow-damaged vegetation on the Green Hut-Possum Hut circuit the week before, and hearing tales of similar difficulties in the Silver Stream, I was expecting this trip to be a grovel. Grotty weather on Saturday night added to that view, and I really wasn't as enthusiastic as I should have been. However, four others were keener than I was, and the weather was okay and getting better. So off we went.



Rongomai Ridge from Careys Creek

Starting at Evansdale Glen, we followed the good track up Careys Creek. It can be a frosty spot at this time of year, but we struck mild conditions. The steep pinch at the bottom of Rongomai Ridge was quickly surmounted and then it was a pleasant climb to bush line. The top 15 minutes of the ridge has had its exotic forest cleared and replanted, so although it's ugly the views are good. Turning right at the top, 10 minutes on the Mountain Road took us to the steep descent of the Tunnels Track. We took the right-hand fork so that everyone could visit the eponymous tunnels and wander along the associated water race to rejoin the main track. A splash across the river led us to our second steep climb and brought us to Philip Cox Memorial Hut, in a little under three hours from the car.

After lunch in the sun, we retraced our steps, with some electing to take the slightly longer and steeper option of Honeycomb Ridge instead of Rongomai Ridge.

I've used this route a couple of times recently on weekend forays into the Silver Peaks and recommend it. It means Jubilee Hut is a reasonable day's walk from the car (6 hours), while Philip Cox Memorial becomes an option for those wanting a short trip who think an hour from Tunnels is too short.

David Barnes for Ross Hunt, Lucy Jones, Paul Cunliffe & Katie Blakemore

SNOWCAVING ON THE OLD MAN RANGE

August 17-18, 2013

Author: Debbie Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 744, November 2013

I am doing this because it is fun. That is what I kept telling myself as I knelt on the hard, cold snow and did my best to keep the entrance tunnel to our snow cave clear. Alan was inside digging 'like a demon' or that is what it seemed as I struggled to keep the tunnel from filling with snow. Dylan and I took it in turns to keep the tunnel clear and when not in the tunnel entrance we worked on keeping the 'porch' area outside our snow cave clear of accumulating snow. Yes this is what we do for fun!

It started on a wet, drizzly Saturday morning, driving to Roxburgh and being pleasantly surprised to find the rain had departed and left low lying mist on the hills. We headed up the Waikawa Bush Road as far as the cars could go but with the road rutted and slippery from the recent rain we didn't get very far up the hill. Parking on the side of the road we jokingly comment that we shouldn't have any problems with traffic, as it isn't a busy road. No sooner were those words out than a friendly farmer comes round the corner and offers us a ride up the hill on the back of his ute.



OTMC Snowcaving – digging the entrance tunnel

Of course, we accepted and are taken all the way to the snow, well we did have to walk about 100m to the gully but that was nothing compared to the 2+ hours of walking up the hill that the farmer had saved us.

Wayne checked out a snow-laden gully, making sure of snow depth and that we had a close water source before giving us an area of the hillside to dig. It was good digging, not too hard and not too soft meaning that Alan and Dylan made good progress on digging the entrance to our cave. While waiting outside I created some pathways so we could visit our neighbours and cut some shelves/seating around our tunnel entrance as well as moving the accumulating snow from the tunnel.



OTMC Snowcaving site 2013

Eventually we called a stop for lunch with time to boil the billy, regroup and discuss progress. Spirits were high despite the fog that refused to lift, limiting our visibility to a few metres. After lunch it was back to our snow slope and on with digging. By this time our entrance tunnel had been dug and we were making good progress on the inside. It is amazing how much snow comes out of what seems a small hole. Alan was happy to dig inside but it was a struggle to keep the tunnel clear of snow. I was most disappointed with his answer to my question of how big our cave was – big enough for one person! After all that digging and only big enough for one person to lie in, this was going to be a long afternoon. Dylan had his turn inside the cave

and eventually we had enough room for two people. About now I decided I needed to have a look. With the amount of snow we had moved, there must be more room inside!

Inside I was pleasantly surprised with how roomy it was but the boys were correct, we needed to make it bigger so I had a go at digging inside. It wasn't much longer and we hit dirt, not so bad considering our cave was long enough to lie down in, but we needed to make it a bit wider to accommodate the three of us. Talking to our neighbours we found out they were digging towards our cave and we weren't sure how much snow was between the two caves so we dug a bit more on the other side, widening it out so we could comfortably sleep three.

It soon became time for afternoon tea and another boil of the billy. Feet and hands became quite cold. The mist, cooling breeze and wet clothes making things uncomfortable. My team decided our cave was big enough which meant we could change into dry clothes and put out our sleeping bags. Some of the group opted to go for a walk up the hill in the mist to warm up while others decided to try out their caves and warm up inside their sleeping bags.

By 5pm it was time to start tea and with the gathering gloom and mist we didn't want to waste time. It is always nice to socialize at teatime, check out what others are eating and chat but we didn't linger long and by 7pm everyone had headed off to their own snow caves. It was going to be a long night. Inside a snow cave at night, it is surprisingly light, and we chatted for a bit before dozing off. It was a relatively comfortable night, not cold at all in our sleeping bags and it was 7am before we realised it. The long night had passed quickly.

The morning dawned clear as we emerged from our caves to have breakfast. The snow outside had frozen and it was very slippery. Not wanting to linger standing around on the snow in cold, wet boots we packed quickly and headed down the hill to the cars.

Snow caving is hard work, but it is also lots of fun. Sleeping 'under water' is a unique experience that everyone needs to try. Getting the ride up the hill from the farmer was such great luck. It saved us a huge amount of walking and meant we had more time to dig our caves.

Thank you to Wayne Hodgkinson for your expert guidance, Alan Williamson and Dylan Pettinger for all your hard work in digging our cave and for helping make it such an enjoyable weekend.

Debbie Pettinger

TIEL CREEK

February 6-10, 2013

Author: Richard Forbes

Published in Bulletin 745, December 2013

It was a very nice blue cod and chips purchased at the Golden Cobweb in Alexandra, as that was all that was open on a Tuesday night. And then it was on to Boundary Creek camping ground at the head of Lake Wanaka. Phil and Tomas were already there and were looking forward to their trip to the Hunter and Wills Valleys. Shortly after, Andrew's truck arrived with the rest of our party doing Tiel Creek. And then Ray arrived with his party going to the head of the Wilkin Valley to see the three lakes. We stood around chatting under a beautiful star-filled night, before we headed to the tents for sleep.



Lower Wilkin Valley, looking upstream towards Kerin Forks

Day 1: A beautiful day dawned with not a cloud in the sky and no wind. It was going to be a hot day. There was no real hurry to get away early as Ray's group had a jet boat to catch to Kerin Forks at 10.30 am. Before that, we needed to ferry Phil and Tomas to the start of their track. Our group were walking all the way to the Siberia Valley. So after a quick look at the level of the Makarora River, which was low, we parked the trucks by the airfield and were off across the valley to the Wilkin. The crossing by the jet boat jetty was good and it was easy going to join the Wilkin. We all stopped for food and water when we reached the start of the Wilkin River. It was here Greg discovered that he had lost his brand new polar fleece so he

back-tracked to look for it. Shortly after that, the jet boat went roaring past with Ray, Jill, Peter, Ann and Chris waving to us. See you all in five days!

Greg returned after an almost four kilometre round trip with his missing polar fleece. Then we were off on a long hot walk up the Wilkin Valley. Apart from a short stint in the beech forest, to go around the river, the walk was mostly up long tussock flats. It was hot, so there were plenty of water stops when we came to side streams. Heavy five day packs didn't help with the heat. The Wilkin was running a little high and dirty so we followed the track. Plenty of cows along the way and some big black bulls eyeing us as we walked past. Also with the jet boats, planes and helicopters the noise was kept up. Once at Kerin Forks, the track climbs up a steep zigzag track high above the gorge of the Siberia. With the heat and packs the sweat was flowing until it was finally down to the Siberia river where we set up camp about a kilometre from Siberia Hut. It had been a long day and we were tired. Off to bed early as the next day was going to be longer and harder as this is where the marked track stopped for us.



Descending into Siberia Valley, this trip went up the ridge leading to the top right

Day 2: We woke up to a heavy dew inside and outside of the tent fly and a fog in the valley below us. It was a short walk to the newish 20-bunk Siberia Hut which is very flash (even stainless nuts and bolts holding it together!) A few tourists were seen crossing the river to the airstrip and the rest were ready to leave for a day trip to Lake Crucible. One guy asked me where we were heading to and I said Tiel Creek. He asked if that was in the Young Valley and when I showed him on the map, he said "But there is no track there!". The fog was burning off quickly to another calm blue sky. It was going to be hot climbing up to the saddle behind the hut and down into Tiel Creek. So water bottles were topped up and we set off.

We climbed steadily through the bush which was fairly open with not much windfall. Along the way we came to a number of bluffs that had to be carefully negotiated. Either around or through. About halfway up a lone kea greeted us. No water was to be found. Eventually we reached the bush line and as the trees got smaller sometimes we were on our hands and knees to squeeze underneath narrow trees (a bit tricky with wide packs)



Rest stop during the ridge climb from Siberia to Tiel Creek pass

At the bushline the views opened up with views up Siberia Valley, Wilkin Valley and Mount Aspiring. We could even see Lake Crucible. A rocky knoll above us seemed a good place to have lunch, and I reckoned it would take 10 minutes to get there. It was closer to 20 minutes due to the thick alpine scrub and, of course, dodging Spaniard grass to avoid painful spikes.

After lunch we climbed through the tussock tops to a ridge line and then veered left towards the saddle. A final traverse to the saddle and we found water seeping from the moss. A welcome sight as we were getting low on water. The view from the saddle was great with the Siberia Valley 1,000 metres below us and the head of Tiel Creek on the other side. There was a patch of snow below the saddle which made the drinks cool.

We descended into Tiel Creek initially following a spur down and then crossing a creek draining the tops. This was because the spur we were on finished at bluffs and waterfalls into a steep avalanche chute. It was quite a steep descent and quite slippery in the damp areas, and also due to the dead tussock leaves. Sometimes it was easier to slide down on our backsides. Some of us found this section quite difficult and demanding.

A look down the valley and the first flattish land by some massive boulders seemed a good place to camp. But when we got there, the streams were all dried up. So a terrace dotted with hebes further down by the main stream was chosen. It had been a long day so camp was set, dinner eaten and off to our sleeping bags. A kea visited during the night which brought back memories of the Waitangi trip last year. This kea seemed to be alone and didn't get up to any mischief.



Looking back towards Siberia Valley and Mt Alba with Crucible Lake below

A great satisfying Waitangi day was had by all.

Day 3: A very leisurely start as we were in no hurry and the weather was perfect again. We stayed at camp until after lunch time as we only planned to go a couple of hours to the next flat down the valley. We first stayed in the creek but as that got rougher some people took to the scrub. But that was harder going so it was back to the creek boulder hopping until the upper bush line was reached. A couple of detours into the bush around some tricky sections of the river and we reached a beautiful tussock flat where we set up camp by the river under some large beech trees.

The rest of the afternoon was spent washing and snoozing, as the sandflies were not too bad. Some went for a stroll up the other branch of the valley, while others washed sweaty clothes and themselves in a deep pool. We had an enjoyable star-filled night and a hearty dinner.

Day 4: Another short day walking through a series of flats and bush, which were not too long nor too short. Sometimes it was easier walking down the river, sometimes on the flats. Upon

reaching the last flat of the valley, there was still plenty of day left. We could walk all the way out that day but it was a nice place to camp here rather than at the end of the road.

Some went for a short walk from the camp and Andrew went for a walk to the bush line on the other side for the views. It was another hot afternoon so shade was the order of the day. Another pleasant evening once the sun went down socialising with a great group of people.

Day 5: All we have to do now is get back to Makarora. From our camp site there was an old marked track. We found the track straight away and the going was quite good. Then we came to some windfall and a slip and lost the track (this track had not been maintained for some time)



Upper Tiel Creek, trip has crossed from the pass on the left hand side

We were gaining quite some height above the river and could see some bluffs through the bush. We were bush bashing through regrowth and came across some nasty tributary gorges that had not long ago been scoured out by a lot of water. We came to a large regrowth clearing with rocks and tree fall and spooked a nice-looking stag that ran off into the bush. To avoid bluffs, we headed back down to the river but had to go back into the bush again to avoid waterfalls and rapids.

Suddenly we stumbled across the track markers again and despite detouring around waterfalls, regrowth and another waterfall on a side creek, we pretty much kept to the track. Then we saw the Makarora flats and below us was a steep cliff into an impressive gorge of Tiel Creek. The beech forest turned into very dry rata forest. It was very hot here on this sunny slope. Then we were in beech forest again and dropped directly down to farmland. And then it was

following fence lines and around willows to the stony riverbed. The Makarora River was even lower now and in one main channel, was only knee deep. We eventually got to the tourist centre and our vehicles.

A very enjoyable trip that challenged some and gave others good off-track experience. Fantastic weather and company. Thanks, Antony, for the driving.



Boulder hopping down Tiel Creek (above the forks)

Richard Forbes for Andrew Pask, Richelle Adams, Ross Hunt, Brent Dewar, Greg Hall and Antony and Debbie Pettinger.

OTMC COMMITTEE (2013-14)

President – Antony Pettinger

Vice President – Richard Forbes

Secretary – Peter Stevenson

Treasurer – Tina Anderson

Chief Guide / Transport – Wayne Hodgkinson

Bulletin Editor – Debbie Pettinger

Membership Secretary – Richard Forbes

Social Convenor – Gene Dyett

Social Convenor – Tony Timperley

Day Trip Convener – Alan Thomson

Conservation & Recreation Advocacy – David Barnes

Gear Hire – Gene Dyett

Gear Hire – Sam Patrick

SAR – Ross Hunt

Website – Antony Pettinger

Clubrooms – Gene Dyett

Clubrooms – Andrew Pask

Hon. Solicitor – Antony Hamel

OTMC TRIP PROGRAMME 2013

Month	Date(s)	Specific Trip	Leader
January	13	Highlay Hill - Macraes	Gordon Tocher
January	20	Big Hut (Rock & Pillars)	Lucy Jones
January	26-27	Aoraki / Mt Cook (Mueller of Mt Cook Range)	Gene Dyett
January	27	Mt Kettle / Mihiwaka	Gavin McArthur
February	3	Pineapple Track / Moon Track	Fieke Neuman
February	6-10	Makarora Area (Waitangi Day Extended Trip)	Ray & Jill McAliece
February	10	Green Ridge - Silverstream Loop	Peter George
February	16-17	East Eglinton Onwards	Antony Pettinger
February	16-18	East Eglinton Onwards (Three Day Option)	Antony Pettinger
February	17	Taioma - Outram Glen (Tramp and Pack Float)	Wayne Hodgkinson
February	23	OTMC Open Day	Committee
February	24	OTMC Open Day Walk (Leith Saddle)	Wayne Hodgkinson
March	2-3	West Matukituki (Shotover Saddle Option)	Wayne Hodgkinson
March	3	The Three Silver Peaks	Tony Timperley
March	10	Ship At Anchor	Alan Thomson
March	12	OTMC Bushcraft 2013 (Night 1)	Antony Pettinger
March	16-17	Ahuriri / Canyon Creek	Richard Forbes
March	17	The Fools Find Falls In Nichols Creek and Morrisons Burn	Antony Hamel
March	19	OTMC Bushcraft 2013 (Night 2)	Antony Pettinger
March	24	OTMC Bushcraft 2013 (Flagstaff Navigation Day)	Antony Pettinger
March	24	Government Track	Maria Hamelink
March	26	OTMC Bushcraft 2013 (Night 3)	Antony Pettinger
March	29-1	Green Lake / Borland Area	
April	6-7	OTMC Bushcraft 2013 (Silver Peaks Weekend)	Antony Pettinger
April	7	Hoods Track	Jane Cloete
April	13-14	Mistake Creek / U Pass / Hut Creek	Wayne Hodgkinson
April	14	Green Ridge - Rocky Ridge - Yellow Ridge	David Barnes
April	21	OTMC Bushcraft 2013 (River Safety Day - Outram Glen)	Antony Pettinger
April	21	Cloud Forest of Leith	Janet Barclay
April	23	OTMC Bushcraft 2013 (Final Night)	Antony Pettinger
April	27-28	Freehold Creek (or Other Ohau Valleys)	
April	28	ABC Cave / The Gap	Dave McArthur
May	5	Possum Hut	Wayne Hodgkinson
May	11-12	Routeburn Track (Crossover)	Richard Forbes
May	12	Silverstream	Janet Barclay
May	19	All Day on The Peninsula	David Barnes
May	26	Maungatua	Tomas Sobek
June	1-3	Mt. Somers (Woolshed and/or Pinnacles)	John Kaiser
June	9	Walk Through Orokonui Eco Sanctuary	Bronwen Strang

June	16	Peninsula Envy	Tracy Pettinger
June	22-23	Kepler Track (Luxmore)	Gene Dyett
June	23	Flagstaff Midwinter Surprise	Jane Cloete
June	30	Cloud Forest of Leith	Tony Timperley
July	7	Taieri Millennium Track	Alan Thomson
July	13-14	Day Trips from Omarama	Gene Dyett
July	14	Hare Hill / Hodson Hill	Gordon Tocher
July	21	Taieri River to Lee Stream	Wayne Hodgkinson
July	28	Coal Creek / Silverstream	Wayne Hodgkinson
August	3-4	Wolfgang's Winter Routeburn (Falls)	Wolfgang Gerber
August	4	Rongomai Ridge / Philip Cox Memorial Hut	David Barnes
August	11	Pyramids	Steph McLoughlin
August	17-18	OTMC Snowcaving Weekend (Old Man Range)	Richard Pettinger
August	18	Green Ridge In Period Costume	Antony Hamel
August	23-25	OTC / OTMC 90th Anniversary Celebrations	
August	25	90th Anniversary Walk - Ben Rudd Property	Richard Pettinger
September	1	Track Clearing	Jane Cloete
September	7-8	Leaning Lodge (Rock & Pillar Range)	Wayne Hodgkinson
September	8	Burns Saddle / Greengage Spur / Swampy	David Barnes
September	15	Orbell's Cave	Tony Timperley
September	21-22	West Matukituki Valley	Richard Forbes
September	22	Mystery Destination	Peter Loeber
September	29	Peninsula Cycle Trip (from clubrooms)	Chris Pearson
October	5-6	Cycle The Clutha Gold Trail	Jane Cloete
October	6	Grahams Bush - Bethunes Gully	Fieke Neuman
October	13	Unexplored Silver Peaks	Richard Pettinger
October	20	Sharing Geocaching Joy in Oamaru	Jan Burch
October	26-28	Caples River / Kay Creek / Scott Creek	Antony Pettinger
November	3	Catlins River Walk	Janet Barclay
November	10	The Three Silver Peaks	Tony Timperley
November	16-17	North / South Temple	Wayne Hodgkinson
November	17	Track Maintenance	Alan Thomson
November	24	Taieri Ridge / The Crater	Gordon Tocher
November	30-1	Wye Creek	Kathy Woodrow
December	1	Rosella Ridge	David Barnes
December	7-8	Kepler In A Day	Richard Forbes
December	8	Karetai Rd / Boulder Beach / Soldiers Monument	Jill McAliece
December	15	Nardoo	Antony Hamel
December	21-22	Quarantine Island	Gene Dyett

OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (FEBRUARY TO MAY)

OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 735, February 2013

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

The OTMC meets socially at 3 Young Street every Thursday—doors open at 7.30pm, programme begins at 8.00pm.

Leaning Lodge Work Party January 2013

Committee Members 2012/13		
President	Anthony Pattinson	473 7624
Vice President	Richard Forbes	453 1327
Secretary	Peter Stevenson	454 4148
Treasurer	Tina Anderson	473 7016
Chief Guide/Transport	Anthony Pattinson	473 7624
Membership Secretary	Richard Forbes	453 1327
Bulletin Editor	Debbie Pattinson	473 7624
Ben Ruttles / Gear Hire	Sam Patrick	467 5956
Climbing / Gear Hire	Gene Dyett	455 7465
Daytrip Convener	Wayne Hodgkinson	473 5950
Woodcraft/Bushcraft Director	Anthony Pattinson	473 7624
Social Convener	Tony Timperley	473 7257
Social Convener	Debbie Pattinson	473 7624
Conservation/Advocacy	David Barnes	454 4492
Safety Rep / Committee	Ross Hunt	477 3328
Climbing Maintenance	Andrew Pidd	453 5718

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

OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 736, March 2013

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

The OTMC meets socially at 3 Young Street every Thursday—doors open at 7.30pm, programme begins at 8.00pm.

Looking towards Stirling valley and the Crutches 9-10 February 2013
Photo by Ross Hunt

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President	Anthony Pattinson	473 7624
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OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 737, April 2013

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

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Matakitaki Valley (March 2013)
Photo by Thomas Salbeck

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OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 738, May 2013

Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)
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Bushcraft 2013 parties camping in the Silver Peaks

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OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (JUNE TO SEPTEMBER)


OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 739, June 2013

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



The OTMC meets socially at 3 Young Street every Thursday—doors open at 7.30pm, programme begins at 8.00pm.



View from summit of Mt Larnie


President	Anthony Petheridge	473 7524
Vice President	Richard Forbes	453 1327
Secretary	Peter Stevenson	454 4148
Treasurer	Tina Anderson	473 7524
Chief Guide/Transport	Anthony Petheridge	473 7524
Membership Secretary	Richard Forbes	453 1327
Bulletin Editor	Debbie Petheridge	473 7524
Ben Rubbs / Gear Hire	Sam Patrick	473 7524
Outdoors / Gear Hire	Gere Dyall	455 7455
Daytrip Convener	Wayne Hodgkinson	473 3950
Vehicle/Bushcraft Director	Anthony Petheridge	473 7524
Social Convener	Tony Tinsley	473 7257
Social Convener	Debbie Petheridge	473 7524
Conservation/Advocacy	David Barnes	454 4452
SAR Rep / Committee	Ross Hunt	477 3359
Clubrooms Maintenance	Andrew Park	453 5719

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OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 740, July 2013

Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)
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Ben Rubbs / Gear Hire	Sam Patrick	473 7524
Outdoors / Gear Hire	Gere Dyall	455 7455
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Vehicle/Bushcraft Director	Anthony Petheridge	473 7524
Social Convener	Tony Tinsley	473 7257
Social Convener	Debbie Petheridge	473 7524
Conservation/Advocacy	David Barnes	454 4452
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OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 741, August 2013

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



The OTMC meets socially at 3 Young Street every Thursday—doors open at 7.30pm, programme begins at 8.00pm.



Ting R at Mt. Somers
Queens Birthday June 2013
Photo by Tamas Solbak


President	Anthony Petheridge	473 7524
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Conservation/Advocacy	David Barnes	454 4452
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OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 742, September 2013

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



The OTMC meets socially at 3 Young Street every Thursday—doors open at 7.30pm, programme begins at 8.00pm.



Club members outside Green (Peak) Hut, 1987

President	Anthony Petheridge	473 7524
Vice President	Richard Forbes	453 1327
Secretary	Peter Stevenson	454 4148
Treasurer	Tina Anderson	473 7524
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Conservation/Advocacy	David Barnes	454 4452
SAR Rep / Committee	Ross Hunt	477 3359
Clubrooms Maintenance	Andrew Park	453 5719

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OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (OCTOBER TO DECEMBER)

OTMC Bulletin
Bulletin Number 743, October 2013

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.

Notice of Extraordinary Meeting
10 October 2013

Included with this Bulletin is a copy of the OTMC financial report.

In accordance with the OTMC constitution, an Extraordinary meeting is called to present the financial report on 10 October at 3 Young Street, Dunedin starting at 8pm.

Committee Members 2013/14		
President	Anthony Pettenger	473 7524
Vice President	Richard Forbes	453 1327
Secretary	Rhonda Adams	476 1362
Treasurer	Tina Anderson	
Chief Guide/Transport	Wayne Hodgkinson	473 0980
Membership Secretary	Richard Forbes	453 1327
Bulletin Editor	Dorcas Pettenger	473 7524
Ben Rubie / Gear Hire	Sam Patoka	
Social Convenor / Gear Hire	Gere Dyett	455 2885
Social Convenor	Tony Temperley	473 7257
Bulletin Editor	Dorcas Pettenger	473 7524
Daytrip Convenor	Alan Thomas	455 5578
Volunteer	Anthony Pettenger	473 7524
Conservation/Advocacy	David Barnes	454 4462
SAR Rep / Bulletin	Ross Hunt	
Clubrooms Maintenance	Andrew Park	452 5719

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OTMC Bulletin
Bulletin Number 744, November 2013

OTMC Bulletin
Bulletin Number 745, December 2013

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.



North/South Temple, upcoming trip in November 2013
View of Beffery Peak and the route to Gunsight Pass—2007

Committee Members 2013/14		
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OTMC Bulletin
Bulletin Number 745, December 2013

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Tall Creek, February 2013—read the trip report in this Bulletin.

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