

OTMC TRIP REPORTS

2014

Sourced from the 2014 OTMC Bulletins



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Cover Photo: From pt2005, 1km east of Mt Maitland (Barrier Range) looking towards a pass that leads to Watson Stream and Ahuriri River

ALL PUBLICATION PHOTOS UNLESS NOTED Antony Pettinger

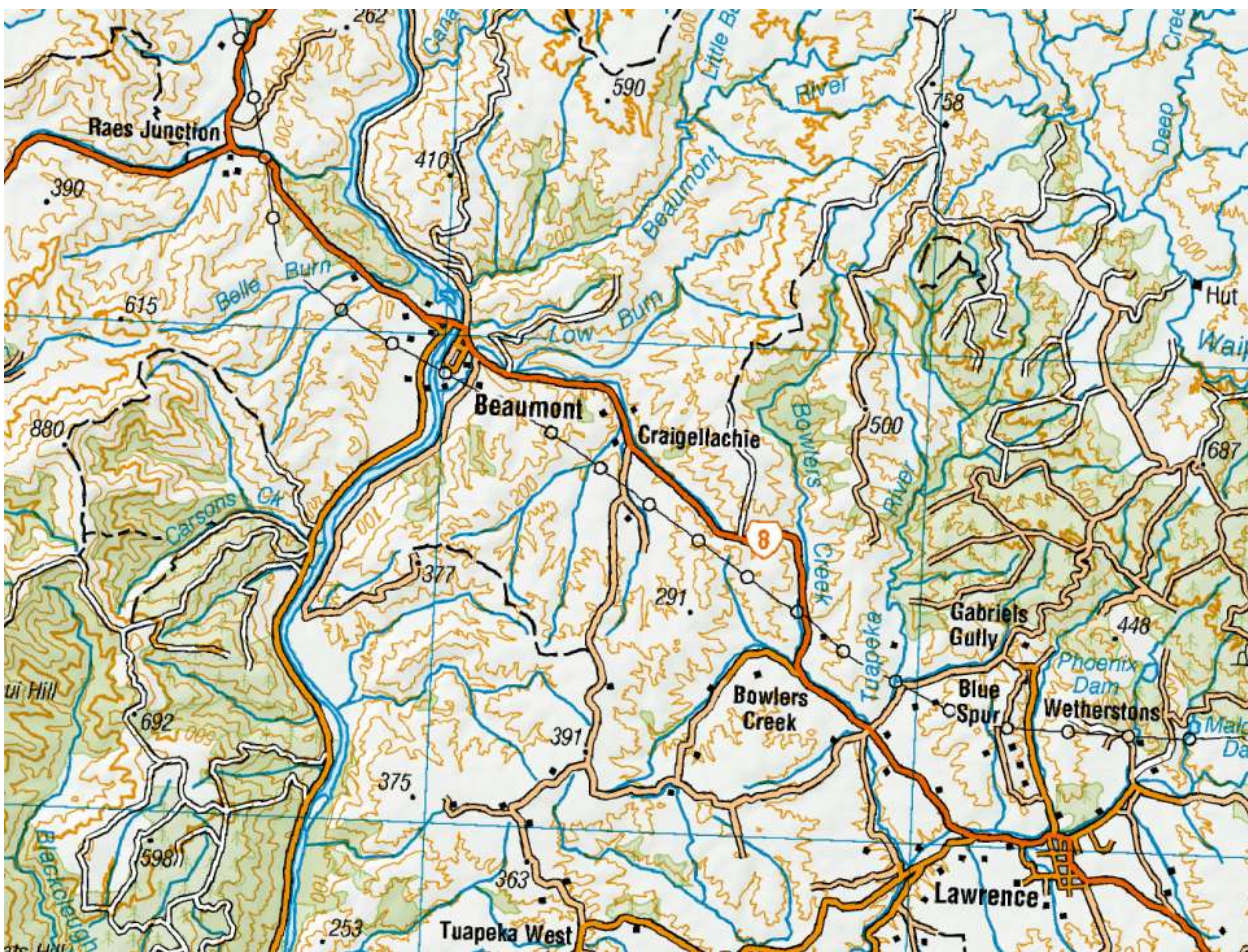
CLUTHA GOLD WEEKEND

October 5-6, 2013

Author: Jane Cloete

Published in Bulletin 746, February 2014

This weekend of cycling and walking seemed to go well. Planning wasn't difficult when there were only 11 or 12 names on the list: we would leave cars at Lawrence, take bikes and people to Millers Flat and then all cycle southwards back to the cars at Lawrence. But then suddenly the group swelled to 21 people, and I woke one night after a dreadful dream. In the dream it was dawn, foggy and damp; 21 cars, 21 people and 21 bikes were all trying to sort themselves out at the clubrooms in Young Street! Logistics became easier once 6 folk 'volunteered' to cycle up the valley, going northwards towards Millers Flat!



So instead of meeting at the clubrooms we went direct to Lawrence. The walkers – Steph, Margaret and Lucy – joined forces and headed out for Weatherstone's (daffodils) and Gabriels Gully (primroses). Everyone else went to the cycle carpark at the far end of Lawrence. There we sent 6 people on their way on bikes – the Northerners. The remainder drove to the Millers Flat Holiday Park and managed to be away on the bikes by 9.30am.

What a pleasant trail this new Clutha Gold Cycle track is! Small undulations (nothing too big to bother about), twisting and turning this way and that. Sometimes by the river and sometimes inland a bit. Mostly a good hard surface. The Southern group sauntered along, enjoying the sun when it eventually came out. Some went to the Lonely Graves (not actually on the cycle track, but not much of a detour) and Alan Scurr found us a small picnic area for lunch, right by the river. At one point there was barbed wire across the track – the official opening was 2 weeks ahead – but we'd been warned about it when we met two of the Clutha Gold Trust who developed the trail. Murray Patterson and Ron Peirce were checking the work in progress and planning the official opening. After we crossed SH8 at Beaumont, disaster struck! I'd counted bikes going across the road, counted those just behind me, but 5 minutes later that the total was wrong! Ralph and Bronwen had the same idea. So we went back and there was Kathy walking her bike. She had a rear wheel puncture – not easy to fix. So Ralph and Bronwen put on some pace and went to tell the front group what had happened. Kathy and I sat down to wait in the sun, but in the shade of willow trees. (The fact that the one big hill was just ahead had nothing to do with the fact that I waited with Kathy!) But eventually we were picked up and were shortly in Millers Flat sorting out accommodation. And then we found that Chris had a puncture too. He fixed Kathy's but had a bit of difficulty with his own as his tyre was a different size. Luckily the Beaumont Hotel has a bike mechanic on staff, so Chris could drive there to get a new tyre.

I thought the accommodation was just right for a group of bikers! Plenty of space for tents, two basic cabins, three larger cabins and even a motel unit! (A few mosquitoes didn't bother much.) In groups of 3 or 4 we all went to the pub for a meal – definitely not roughing it with gas stoves and billies! A huge meal followed. Only two brave folk managed to find enough room for pudding!

The 'Northerners', i.e. those cycling towards Millers Flat, had had a good day too. They hadn't found the hill too tough from their direction and had no punctures. Rose had a spectacular crash into a post (17 of us went round it carefully – how could she not see it?!!) but was uninjured.

Of the Walkers, the most surprised was Steph McLaughlin: she hadn't particularly wanted to go to see the daffodils, but now she is converted and planning to send all her friends and relations to Weatherstones each spring!

Sunday dawned foggy and we cleared out of our accommodation early but were kindly allowed to leave vehicles there for the day. The Northern group, soon to be re-named the Tough Group – see last paragraph, cycled up the valley from M F to the Roxburgh Hydro. The Walkers tackled Grovers Hill and then the Riverside Walk in Roxburgh township. The rest of us took the cars of the Northerners to the Roxburgh Hydro lookout and had a great bike down to the bottom of the dam before getting onto the Cycle track itself. Another delightful ride, what with trees, the river, lunch at Pinders Pond (a good swimming dam if the day had been hot), finally arriving back at Millers Flat at about 2pm. Everyone managed to find their own vehicle in the right place and most of us set out home to Dunedin, with perhaps a stop at Lawrence for a sandwich or an ice cream!

A good weekend had been had by all!

Jane Cloete for Steph McLaughlin (W), Lucy Jones (W), Margaret Dodds (Walking), Alistair McKay, Annie Grant, Alan G, Michelle G, *Kat Stachowilz, *Jarek Mazur, *Barry Walker, Chris Pearson, Kathy Woodrow, Alan Scurr, *Rose Colhoun, Dave Wilson, Roger Clarkson, Ralph Harvey, Bronwen Strang, *Jan Bird and *Andrew Higgison.

UNEXPLORED SILVER PEAKS 2013

October 13, 2013

Author: Richard Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 746, February 2014

Four of us met at the clubrooms at 3 minutes before nine. Nobody else came, even though it was a seriously nice day with a forecast of no rain and 20 degrees.

After the usual introduction about the point of these trips (or is that pointlessness?) we decided on a venue – there was a bit off the Steve Aimes track that none of us had done. I had never been on Steve's track, even though I admired a great deal the man it was named after.

We parked at the locked gate on Rollinson's and walked up the road a few minutes. Lucy showed us around the tribute trees and relics, which made me contemplate my mortality. Seeing the spot Bryan F died haunted me for the rest of the day. The snow-damaged bush appeared to be in rather a tangle. It must be very tough for the pigs and possums to negotiate.



Trig Q (505m) at the Steve Aimes Track / Little Coal Creek Track junction

Although it looked such a fun venue for masochism, we decided it was not a place to venture today. Off-track bashing looks much harder this year than I can recall in previous years.

After being our guide through the picnic spots and memorial tree walk, Lucy only had two more jobs, clearing cobwebs off the track with her face, and pulling awful faces at the snow-

damaged veg in the hope it would go away. She took it upon herself to be awkward to the hamel along the track, instead of the said lawyer being awkward to would-be passers-by.

The work done on clearing the Raceman's track was very impressive and welcome. But we soon turned off it and headed up back towards Swampy on New Terrain – the well-beaten, much-travelled (by none of us) Little Coal Creek Track.

Discarding equipment as we went, we ascended the ridge until Raewyn decided she'd like her walking pole after all. Where is the gallant Laurie Kennedy when you need him? I had to fill in for him and raced back down to the spot where we had all hugged a tree.

At the end of the trip, having survived without my great age and lack of fitness getting the better of me and prompting me to have a tree planted or seat erected in my memory, I decided that if I survive long enough to get dementia, I can always start all these trips off again because I won't have a clue about where I've been before.

Richard Pettinger for Lucy Jones, Raewyn Duncan, Jeff Smith

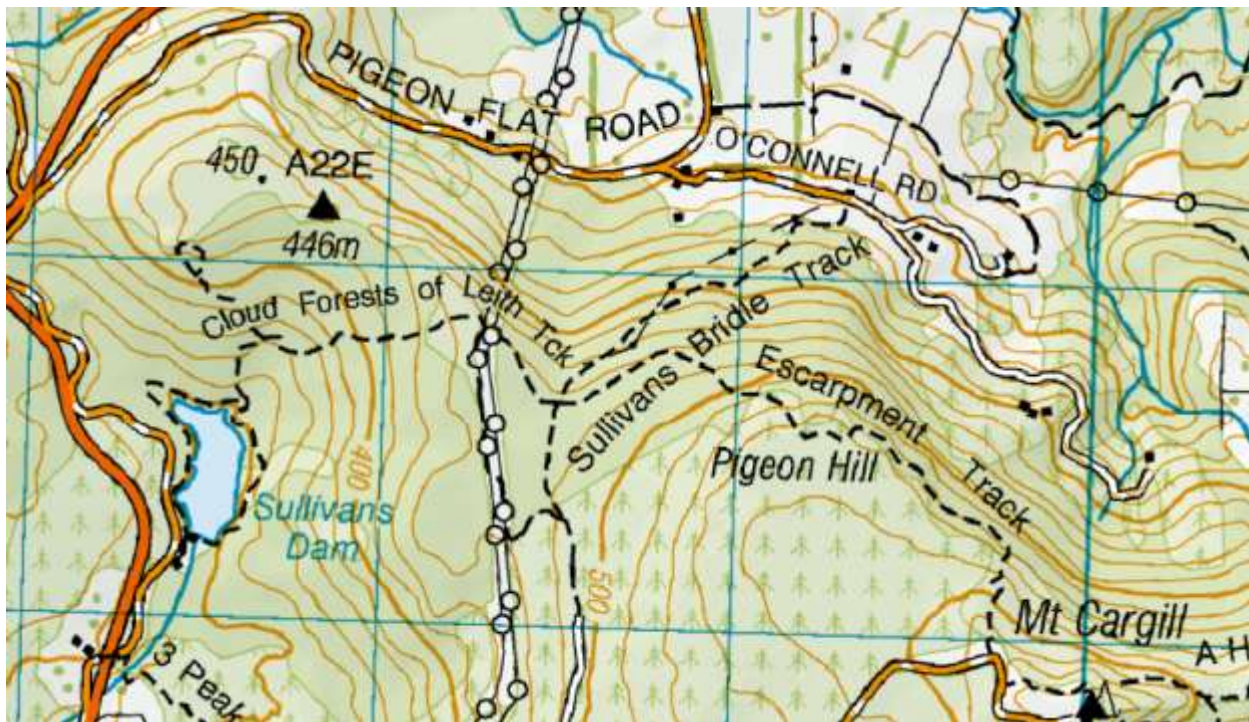
TRACK CLEARING (CLOUD FOREST OF LEITH)

September 1, 2013

Author: Not recorded

Published in Bulletin 747, March 2014

Lucy J and I met two new members, Steve and Christine, at the clubrooms and set out for the Cloud Forest track, up from Sullivan's Dam. Armed with secateurs, loppers and a pruning saw, we were out walking by 9.30am. Passing the dam, the water was flat calm and there were wisps of mist rising – very pretty. But soon we were working! It was a while since I'd been up that track but the state of it wasn't quite as bad as I had expected. Steve chopped away at the bigger stuff with his loppers, Chris and I stuck to secateurs and Lucy used both her loppers and secateurs. We went at a great pace and by 11am were at – the junction of the track with the Leith Saddle track! 10 minutes usual walking pace had taken four of us 90 minutes to clear! And that was just clearing enough to see the track – no great manoeuvres at all!



The junction sign said "30 minutes to the Pylon clearing" but being as it was 11am we decided to work for 45 minutes and then just head to the clearing and into the sun for lunch. (It was cold in the wet forest!). 11.45 we stopped chopping at the ferns, twigs and branches and stepped up the pace to get to the sunshine. Alas, around the corner was a VERY large tree down! Too big for my pruning saw so we crawled around it. The thought of lunch was good! But for the next 45 minutes we had to saw, lop and secateur many many shrubby plants and branches that were blocking the track, eventually stepping into the sun (and wind!) at 12.30. Just ½ hour for lunch and then back again, still trying to clear the view of the track at ones feet. We reached our junction at 2.20pm. "Great" I said, "We could go on the viewpoint track, get there in ¼ hour and be back to the cars by 3.30pm". All agreed. A wee while later I turned back my sleeve to check the time – no watch on my wrist! We'd only been going 10 minutes,

so we decided to put a marker on the track, then go to the top, check out the view, and look for the watch on the way back. A great view over the motorway towards Swampy Summit, but regretfully no watch was found on the way back. My favourite watch! I've got another but it just ain't the same!

Still, we could be very satisfied with the work we'd done – even though there is HEAPS left to do. If anyone is going up that track in the summer, please take a pair of secateurs with you! I called in at the DCC during the week to tell them about the fallen tree but had difficulty contacting the right person.

And the second good day? I went up the track again on the Thursday following (Very heavy rain the night before): lo and behold – my watch! Still ticking nicely.

My thanks to Steve & Chris Hopkins and Lucy Jones for a very satisfactory day.

AN UNEXPECTED JOURNEY ACROSS THE TARARUA'S

Date not recorded

Author: David Barnes

Published in Bulletin 747, March 2014

I know it's a bit odd, but I'm a South Islander who likes the Tararuas. The plan for my fifth trip there was for four of us to leave Wellington after a meeting, drive to Otaki Forks and walk into Field Hut for Saturday night, then head up the Southern Crossing to Bridge Peak before taking the Main range to Maungahuka Hut. Simple? We thought so.

We were late getting to Otaki Forks, so flagged Field and bunked down at Parawai Hut, 5 minutes from the carpark. Sunday dawned warm, overcast and muggy. Déjà vu – identical conditions to those I'd encountered on the Southern Crossing 2 ½ years previously, which augured well, as on that occasion things had improved once we were above bushline. Sure enough, by the time we'd slogged up Judd Ridge and over Tiro tiro Knob to Field Hut, the skies were clear. Field Hut is the oldest purpose-built tramping hut in the country. Dating from 1924, it was the Tararua Tramping Club's first major project and was named for one of the club's founders, local Member of Parliament Willie Field.



Tararua Peaks from near Maungahuka Hut (PHOTO: David Barnes / OTMC Bulletin)

Five minutes beyond the hut, we broke out into open country. Ridge travel is, to me, what the Tararua Range is all about. The couple of hours climbing the meandering ridge as we gained 600 metres or so in height to Bridge Peak made for really pleasant travel, albeit a bit hot in the lower reaches. However, as we climbed, a stiff breeze came up to lessen the risk of overheating.



The Tararua Ladder (VUWTC – PHOTO: David Barnes / OTMC Bulletin)

At the junction between the Southern Crossing and the main range route, just short of the new Kime Hut, we found a spot out of the wind where we could soak up the view while we ate lunch. From there, it was a drop of 300 metres – seeming to almost drop into the head basin of Hector River - before the undulations of the ridge began. The founders of the Tararua Tramping Club liked to sprinkle names of their comrades over the landscape, and it seemed that every bump that we crossed had a name – Boyd-Wilson, Vosseler, Yeates and McIntosh all had to be surmounted on our way. After the turnoff to Penn Creek, we started to head up to the Tararua Peaks, Tuiti and Tunui. Although my research meant I was aware that we'd need to descend the infamous 25 metre ladder, I hadn't twigged to the nature of the terrain leading up to it. I've never had a head for heights, and deteriorating joints mean that any agility I once had is largely gone, so the next half hour or so was no fun. Scrambling ascents, sidles with big dropoffs and exposed, awkward descents, sometimes with ropes or chains to grab, eventually took us to the ladder. Although steep and the height of a six storey building, the ladder itself

was fine. It was followed by a bit more awkward stuff before we made our last climb of the day, over Maungahuka, and dropped to the hut of the same name.

The hut is beautifully sited by a tarn just below the ridge and was a just reward for the trials of the previous hour. As we relaxed and rehydrated, I started to contemplate the return over the Peaks – or rather, avoiding it. In hindsight, although the solution I came up with seemed simple, this is where things started to get messy. Cellphone reception was found nearby, and soon I was talking to a helicopter pilot on the Kapiti Coast. A price was agreed, Nick was keen to take the second seat and an 11 o'clock pick up the next morning was agreed on.

Peter and Pat set off for the Peaks at 8, in fine but breezy conditions. By mid-morning, the breeze had morphed into a fierce south easterly. I rang the pilot. "Can't fly in this", he said. "Ring me at 6 and I'll either come then or at dawn tomorrow". Things were getting complicated. We had the car keys, and the four of us had planes to catch on Tuesday morning. By midday, we could barely see the other side of the tarn and the wind was screaming. We cancelled lunch, thinking we might need it tomorrow, and hibernated. Conditions were even worse at 6, and I had to put on full storm gear to go out for the phone call. The news was not good – no chance of getting in before Thursday. Time for Plan C.

If the helicopter hadn't been available when we made that first call on Sunday, we'd have just bitten the bullet and gone out over the Peaks. But the conditions we had now meant that wasn't an option and, even if it was, the ridge travel beyond there would have been somewhere between unpleasant and dangerous. Likewise, going north to Anderson Hut and returning to the Forks via the Otaki River would have meant too long on the tops, as well as being too far to do in a day, which was really the limit that we could stretch our food to. The only viable options seemed to be heading for the Wairarapa. We discarded going out to Walls Whare via either Cone Hut or Totara Flats, largely over concerns about phone coverage at the road end and opted to make for Holdsworth Lodge. The map suggested that could be done in twelve hours – the longest day either of us had done for years.

After a night where the wind shook the near-new hut periodically, we had a morsel for breakfast, rugged up and headed up Maungahuka. Turning left, we began the long descent to Neill Forks. Although visibility was poor, generations of trampers had left an adequate ground trail which soon took us to bushline. From here, the weather would no longer be a concern. The long descent eventually brought us to the Hector River, where a bridge, not that obvious on the map, took us to Neill Forks Hut. We allowed ourselves a short respite there before tackling the climb to Cone Ridge. A lunch break here was brief but well earned, and then we began the meander north towards Totara Flats. All good things end, and eventually we had to undertake another knee-jarring descent before a short wander by the river to the hut. Time for more food and fluid top up, and then it was time to tackle the last hill of the day. Part of the Holdsworth Kaitoke track, it's one of the more established routes in the Tararuas, but still involved a climb of nearly 600 metres, which was an effort after nearly 8 hours on the move. Finally, we reached the track to Mt Holdsworth, the de facto Great Walk of the Tararuas, and it was all downhill from there – albeit on a foot wearying hard surface. At Rocky Point, we were able to use the cellphone confirm our ride to Wellington before taking the last stretch to

Holdsworth Lodge. Henry the warden had been alerted to our impending arrival and generously supplied tea and toasted sandwiches – a pleasant end to a long day and an interesting trip.

GEOCACHING IN OAMARU

October 20, 2013

Author: Barry Walker

Published in Bulletin 748, April 2014

So off we go in our Mount Cook Denning Jumboliner Mk1, an original 1977 Mt Cook Landliner "City of Wellington". For those of you that are petrol-heads, well make that diesel-heads, this Otago Heritage Bus Soc Inc bus is powered by a rear mounted Detroit V692 turbo charged 2 stroke (yes 2 stroke) 9.1 litre diesel with 4 speed Allison automatic transmission and Airbag Suspension no less! Quite a ride, she was driven by Andrew, who we got to hear later during the quiz's had been to 35 countries (and skied in 30)!

Of the 24 on the bus when we started out, Wayne Hodgkinson, Raewyn Duncan, Andrew Higgison, Jane Bruce, Spen Walker, Jan Burch and Barry Walker were from OTMC, the rest were mad Geocachers. We added a couple of hitchhikers along the way, and, as a result of maybe a miscount, forgetfulness, or just plain wishful thinking, very nearly left two behind at Palmerston (yours truly being one of them). We of course blamed the organiser for this very-nearly mishap.



Geocachers in Oamaru (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

On the way we were treated to some quizzes, a tramping related one where we OTMC'ers excelled, a geocache one where we all (mostly) failed miserably, and a OH Bus Soc Inc one where if you found the brochure (in the seat pocket in front of you) you did well, otherwise you maybe scored zero. Regardless, it made for an entertaining trip, well done Jan for the questions and Andrew (the non-bus-driver-non-skier one) for being such a learned quiz master.

So to Oamaru where different groups went their different ways. I and 6 others did the "Skyline" track, which was a bit of a ramble over the hills with great views over the town and out to the coast. Interspersed along the way were about a dozen geocaches which (as a non-believer) were quite amazing in their variety and sneakiness. I list what I can remember to give you fellow non-believers an idea of what "they" go through...

A marker peg with a hollowed out flapped compartment containing "the Cache".

A buried plant growing grass (like how would you know it was there in the paddock!) under which was "the Cache".

First find a "tool" (a magnet on a length of string), and then lower it down a plastic pipe sticking out of the ground amongst the gorse, to raise out "the Cache" - what sort of mind figures this out? ...

A bucket hidden in bushes containing a plastic rubbish bag with books (Wayne took away a good Lee Child novel).

A small black bag, and later a smaller black film canister, hanging in a tree ("impossible" to find).

A box with a screwed and bolted top, so unless you had some tools (my small "swiss army" knife undid some, a friendly neighbour helped out with the rest)...

A hole about 1cm round going through a concrete pylon, "the Cache" was in the hole!

And all the while recording codes from "the Cache's" to derive a final clue for a final Cache via some complicated formula that required some Einstein knowledge - we were either going to complete the search in style or end up somewhere south of Stewart Island, luckily (or with good management) the last Cache was found nearby and we could safely return to the bus.

An uneventful cruise home, no bodies lost, completed a very interesting day. Well done Jan Burch for a rather different daytrip that went off almost without a hitch

Am I now a believer? Interestingly Marie (a devout Geocacher) had 2418 Caches to her name prior to this trip, so I figure I'm so far behind that, really, well, I just don't think I'm gunna start.

RABOH RIDGE (SILVER PEAKS)

January 19, 2014

Author: David Barnes

Published in Bulletin 748, April 2014

The weather was looking vaguely threatening when we left the clubrooms, bound for Raboh Ridge but with Plans B & C packed and ready to use. First we had to undertake a short exercise in mathematics and contortionism to prove that five into a Hyundai Getz does go, which got me pondering – if you have 6 people and one small Hyundai, who goes (members? the people who rang to discuss the trip?) or who gets left behind (the last person to turn up?). Hopefully, it remains a rhetorical question. By Hightop, the weather was looking much more promising, and so we headed for Green Hut at a blistering pace, stopping only to peel layers off. Upwards past Rosella Ridge (Plan C – cancelled), we had a mandatory summit detour at Pulpit Rock because Rose hadn't been there before. As a bonus, she bagged the geocache that's perilously located on the farthest outcrop. Showers engulfed the distant Rock and Pillars and we again wondered if our weather would last. However, before long we were atop Silver Peak and saw that those showers had passed by.



Raboh Ridge is one the right, leading from Jubilee Hut to the point on the right.

The descent styles for the Devil's Staircase ranged from Eric's zoom to my usual hobble. On the way down, I was pleased to see that the day I'd spent applying basal bark poison to Spanish heath had largely paid off. As we had lunch at Jubilee Hut, an easterly fog descended from the direction of ABC Cave and engulfed us. Similar fog on a previous trip had led me to bail out of a

previous attempt on the ridge (leading to Plan B, back up the Staircase), but today I'd had the opportunity to scope a route before the fog arrived, so was confident that we'd be able to navigate without much difficulty.

I think Raboh Ridge (an acronym for Ridge At Back Of Hut) was an idea of Antony Hamel's, with a view to either creating a round trip or perversely trying to avoid having to lose height when you leave the hut only to regain it on the Staircase. The first half hour is up a face in bracken and manuka scrub, which makes useful and frequently necessary handholds. We veered left, taking what seemed to be the most obvious line and avoiding some rock outcrops. Eventually the face morphed into a spur, and with that the animal tracks we'd been on intermittently became more consistently followable. At 700 metres, we encountered a fence line. Visibility was not much more than 50 metres, so the fence line was useful navigational aid as we turned and headed south. Soon we were on the old farm track traversing the upper edge of the Painted Forest. Jan and Peter had had a traumatic experience of the Painted Forest on a club trip last year, so greeted my advice that Dark Horse Hut would only require a couple of minutes tangling with the Forest with scepticism. In actual fact, from the waratah in the dip that marks the turnoff, it took a mere 75 seconds – albeit, through bush lawyer – to get to this rumpty shelter. Back on the track, one last grunt took us to Silver Peak's southern face and the sign that marked the completion of the round part of the trip. From there, all that was required was to retrace our steps past Pulpit Rock (glad that we'd popped up to the summit in the morning when there was a view), stopping briefly for gingernuts at Green Hut and getting to the car a little over four hours from Jubilee Hut.

David Barnes for Eric Lord, Peter Hughes, Jan Burch & Rose Colhoun

MCNALLY TRACK

February 23, 2014

Author: Jacqui King

Published in Bulletin 748, April 2014

Sunday morning dawned promising after a wet Saturday night and having checked Met service online, I saw the rain wasn't meant to arrive until 2pm, with sun and wind in the meantime. Two other trampers, Jane and Rose, met me at the OTMC clubrooms and at 9.05am, the three of us travelled to Milton. At the start of the track, we met with Fran, from Brighton. While she waited for us to arrive, she'd been "killing" time looking around the "dead" centre of Milton. (The start of the McNally Track is opposite Milton Cemetery).



McNally Track from the starting point

At 10.10am, we set off through farmland, reaching the first viewpoint 20mins later, 10 minutes uphill from here are signs for the Kowhai Loop or Main Track, we chose the Kowhai Loop, a more gradual climb. At 10.55am, we reached the Main Track/Ridge option, which states 30mins either way. I reckon it would take about an hour to walk up that steep ridge! So, we stayed on the main route, continuing uphill, and following the fence line, briefly stopping for a snack, before entering the bush. A pleasant 15mins through the gum leaf littered bush track was interspersed with birdsong from a beautiful bell-bird, seen by Jane and I. On leaving the bush, we stepped over a stile and crossed a field, with Jane noticing a flowering Rowan tree nearby . With dark clouds looming to the south and the wind at its worst, we sheltered behind the water towers for lunch. Great idea! And from there we could actually see the Pacific Ocean!

At 12 noon, we took two quick photos, before descending through fields of turnip and stinging nettle!

During our descent, the bad weather hit us but fortunately, the gusty wind blew most of the rain away! 25mins later when we reached the bottom of the ridge and the sheltered eucalyptus grove, the sun was shining again. I was pleased to see DOC's efforts in their removal of the tree fall I had told them about, as it made it much easier negotiating the track through the trees. The uphill field we entered beyond this grove was sheltered too, the sunshine and warmth appealing to us and seemingly also to the singing cicadas and bell-birds in the area. 10mins later we were back at the Bush Track/ Ridge Signs and 35minutes from there, back at our vehicles in Cemetery Rd at 1.10pm.

Despite the changeable weather conditions, we had a most enjoyable tramp in great company, finishing off with a drink and a bite to eat at the Black Swan Cafe in Waiholā.

McNally Track is well maintained, signposted and within easy travelling distance of Dunedin. It has several seats situated at various viewing spots throughout the track.

Jacqui King for Fran Rae, Jane Terry & Rose Colhoun

ROARING MEG CROSSOVER

January 25-26, 2014

Author: Jane Cloete

Published in Bulletin 749, May 2014

When I originally planned this trip, I'd imagined half the group walking up track from Roaring Meg to Cardrona, and the other half walking downwards. Well, it sort-of worked out that way, but the planning had a lot of changes in-between.

Twelve of us went for the weekend – my apologies to those other people who were a bit late booking in, but car-shuffling took a lot of organising and I couldn't take more. And the hut was squashed enough with 12 people! Prior planning was mainly worry about the weather forecasts. The Pisa Range is a wee bit away from the main divide but there was a massive low pressure set to go up the west coast on Sunday, preceded by gale force winds on Saturday. Four of the group were originally going to go up to the Meg Hut from Lowburn – a very exposed route.

We took 4 cars, staying in Cromwell Friday. The next day the forecast wasn't much better – the rain was now set to begin at 5am Sunday, not Saturday evening – and I put my foot down about the Lowburn route – too exposed and walking uphill into a gale wouldn't be fun! I also pointed out that the Roaring Meg track had a small waterfall that is tricky to negotiate in good weather, let alone in the downpour expected on Sunday so most decided to walk up the Meg track in the dry on Saturday, and walk out to Cardrona on Sunday. The main group of 10 started going up from the Roaring Meg at 8.30am whilst Barry Walker and I took 2 cars round to the Cardrona car park. Most of the group took the 'short-cut' from near the top of the Meg Track – the track description of 'numerous river crossings' was very accurate! - but the stream was low and they encountered no problems. Kathy and Chris decided to keep their feet dry and went on up to Tuohys Saddle before descending back to the hut – it only took 10 minutes longer. Barry and Jane had pottered slowly up from Cardrona and got to the hut about an hour before the main group.

The Meg Hut is a wee gem! Set at the junction of three valleys, it has 8 bunks and in view of the rain forecast we did not put up tents and all squashed in: 10 on bunks and 2 on the floor. Most of us had sleeping mats and donated them to the floor-sleepers. Apparently concrete isn't at all bad with 3-4 mats underneath you!

The afternoon was taken up with gathering wood, cutting it to lengths with a blunt saw (the axe was broken!), and short exploratory trips. One stalwart group went up the hill 'backwards' on the Lowburn track to see what had been missed.

Sunday it started to drizzle at 5am, but by 7am, when we were getting up, it was still only a drizzle so four trampers decided to go back down the Roaring Meg (but I noticed that they avoided the 'numerous stream crossings' and went up-and-round via Tuohys saddle!). The remaining eight tidied the hut and then tramped up to the saddle and down to Cardrona, still only in drizzle. Driving back to Cromwell, we were at Mt Pisa station when we could see the big black clouds of the weather front ahead – the weather bomb had arrived! By noon it was

pouring, but we were by then safely in the warm house at Cromwell. Later the four trampers from the Roaring Meg route reported that the weather wasn't too harsh as they descended the gorge.



Meg Hut (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

My thanks to my companions for their tolerance of the many changes to the original plan when I panicked about the weather bomb; and for their general helpfulness and geniality on the trip: Barry Walker, Joe Skinner, Kathy Woodrow, Chris Pearson, Betty Meiklejohn, Tim Russell, Michael Firmin, Jane Bruce, Spen Walker, Ruth Pankhurst, and Tomas Sobek.

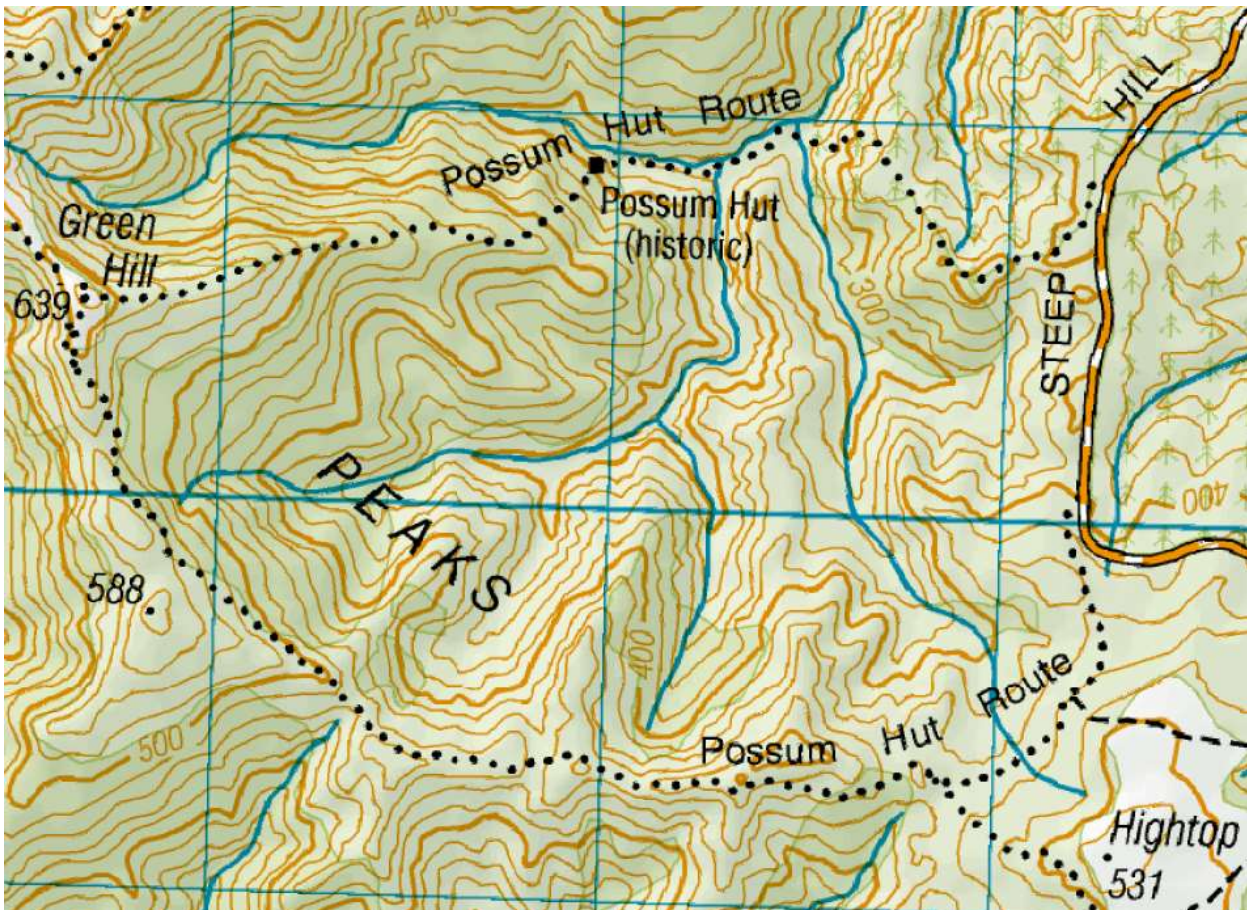
POSSUM HUT

March 9, 2014

Author: Not recorded

Published in Bulletin 749, May 2014

I was startled into wakefulness from a dream in which 79 eager people turned up for this trip. Getting to the Clubrooms at 8.58am, I was relieved to see only two there. But Wayne was there and about a dozen more were out of sight inside the rooms.



By 9.30am we had picked up our 18th person in Waitati and the convoy drove to the Mountain Track carpark. We stormed off down the road and then down the grovelly track to Possum Hut. I thought, if we put all the names at the end of the Bulletin article, as we must do, then the report itself has to be short, or it'll be held back waiting for space and might go somewhat stale. So, it was important that nothing much happened on the trip that could take up even more Bulletin pages. I tried to pretend there were fewer people, but we couldn't lose anyone, so that strategy failed. Luckily nobody gave birth.

We learnt you can get 16 people in Possum Hut. (Count the legs in the photos and divide them in two.) Wayne wondered if all of us could get in the hut lying down. Bags not be underneath, I thought. We showed no lack of enthusiasm or fitness and were at the Green Hut site for an early lunch. Whatever happened to having at least one slow person on a trip? Two side trips were then held, one to the water hole and the tiny hut there (not big enough for 18), and the

other to Pulpit Rock. There's no stopping this lot. Soon we were stomping off along Green Ridge and driving home (with an ice cream stop in Waitati) and were all back by 4pm. A very nice little trip with a big mob.

Those who came along were: David Barnes, Shannon Blair, Jade Blake-Whitney, Lucy Jones, Raewyn Duncan, Isabelle Gensburger, Barry Walker, Antony Mabon, Yuki Fujita, Steph McLaughlin, Holly Peacock, James Bliss, Christine Hopkins, Steve Hopkins, Wayne Hodgkinson, Jill McAliece, Jane Terry & Richard Pettinger. Thanks to Steve, Barry and Antony for driving.

MT ARMSTRONG

March 1-2, 2014

Author: Rose Colhoun

Published in Bulletin 750, June 2014

A dodgy weather forecast may have put off some trampers but for Gordon, Tina and myself it turned out to be a fantastic weekend. Leaving Dunedin in the pouring rain had us slightly doubting ourselves, however it had dried up by the time we got to Alex and the sky was twinkling with stars when we arrived at Kidd's Bush to set up camp. After a very cold night in the tent, we woke to more clear skies and headed up the road to Fantail Falls. We had just started to warm up in the car when we got to the car park and our first task was to cross the knee-deep Haast River, which rapidly cooled us down again. However, as the track was mostly up with a bit more up, it didn't take too long to thaw out. We reached Brewster Hut at lunchtime and chatted to a solo German hiker as we prepared ourselves for the ascent of Mt Armstrong. A couple of hours of rock hopping later, Gordon and I stood on the top (Tina had elected to soak up the sun lower down the mountain). Mountains as far as you can see, including Aoraki/Mt Cook and Mt Aspiring, a fantastic view of Brewster Glacier, and we even spotted some climbers on top of Mt Brewster. With a quick scramble back down to the hut for dinner, we joined the 13 others who were staying in the 12-bunk hut for the night. Other than the 3 climbers from Queenstown, the others were mostly foreigners.



View at and from Mt Armstrong (PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

Sunday's forecast seemed to be fairly accurate as we woke to damp fog around the mountains. A couple of curious keas did their best to tear up the deck on the hut and when they got suspiciously close to my pack, I decided it was time to head down the mountain. About 10 minutes after we got back to the car around 10.30am, a drizzle started which turned to West Coast rain as we stopped to look at the Diana Falls slip along the road. We also made a worthwhile side-trip to the Blue Pools on our way back to Makarora, then shopped for bargains at Wanaka Wastebusters before we headed home.

Rose Colhoun on behalf of Gordon Tocher and Tina Anderson.

MOA FLAT CYCLING

April 13, 2014

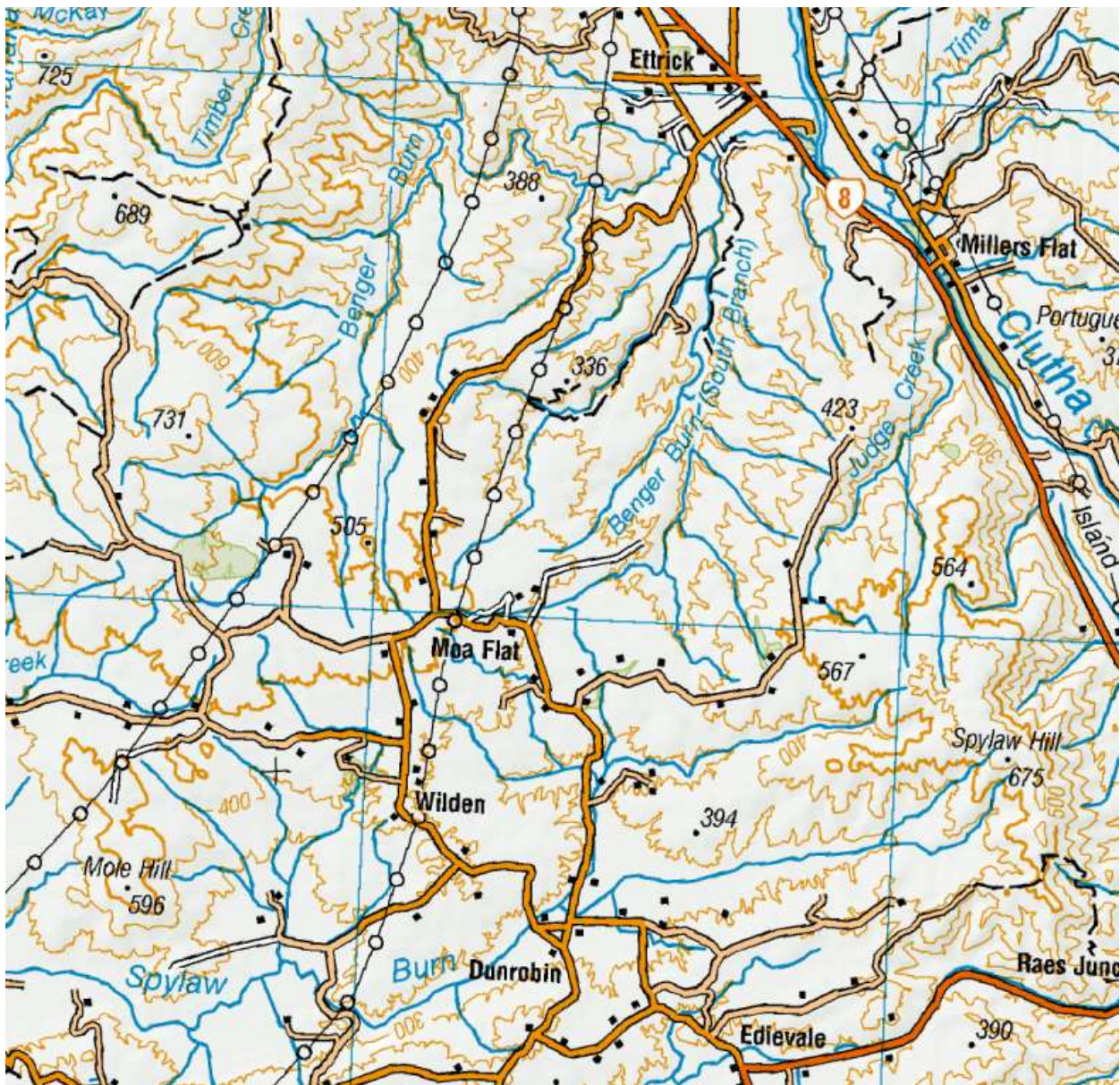
Author: Not recorded

Published in Bulletin 750, June 2014

For those of you who thought about going on this trip: No, Jane wasn't lying much with the pre-trip information.

True: 1) All on tar-seal 2) About 5-6 hours (we took 5hrs including stops, lunch etc) 3) The 'Big Hill' was indeed long and steep! 4) The first 20km were fairly flat, only minor hills

False: 1) Moa Flat is flat – for about 3Km! 2) the promised wonderful long down-hill finish was certainly long but with the wind against us it didn't seem very downhill!



Rose Colhoun and Jane took one car to Raes Junction, meeting up with Ruth Harvey there. Then on our bikes by 9.15am and away up SH1 towards Ettrick. Whoops, we'd just got up the first wee hill when Jane realised she hadn't got her helmet! Didn't take long to go back and the others kindly waited so we actually started the journey about 9.30am. Jane hadn't got a bike pump either but sharp-eyed Rose spotted one on the roadside. Cleaned off the spiders and it worked fine!

At Ettrick we had an off-bike pause for a drink and a snack before we tackled the big hill. We were about to set out when Jane spotted a farmer she knew. His ute was nearby and he gave her a lift part-way up the hill – just past the first very steep section. They had a good natter – he's now retired from the farm at Moa Flat and lives in Ettrick – on the way up, and then Jane waited in the sunshine for the others. Ruth and Rose were staunch and strong and they only had to get off and walk for a couple of short sections of the hill. The group together again, we plodded on uphill to a haybarn for our lunch stop – the sun still shining. The barn was near the top and after that it was only 5Km along the ridge before the first wonderful 5Km downhill!

Across the 3Km of Moa Flat, then up and down a bit to Edievale – the hills were nothing compared to The Big Hill! Another off-bike pause at Edievale and Jane had promised only a wee bit of up before the long run home. Alas the 'wee bit of up' was against a head-wind for 3-4Km and by the time we got to the downhill run it was blowing much harder. Thank goodness it was slightly downhill! Back to the cars by 2.30, then a hot coffee and ginger crunch at Lawrence before heading back to rainy Dunedin.

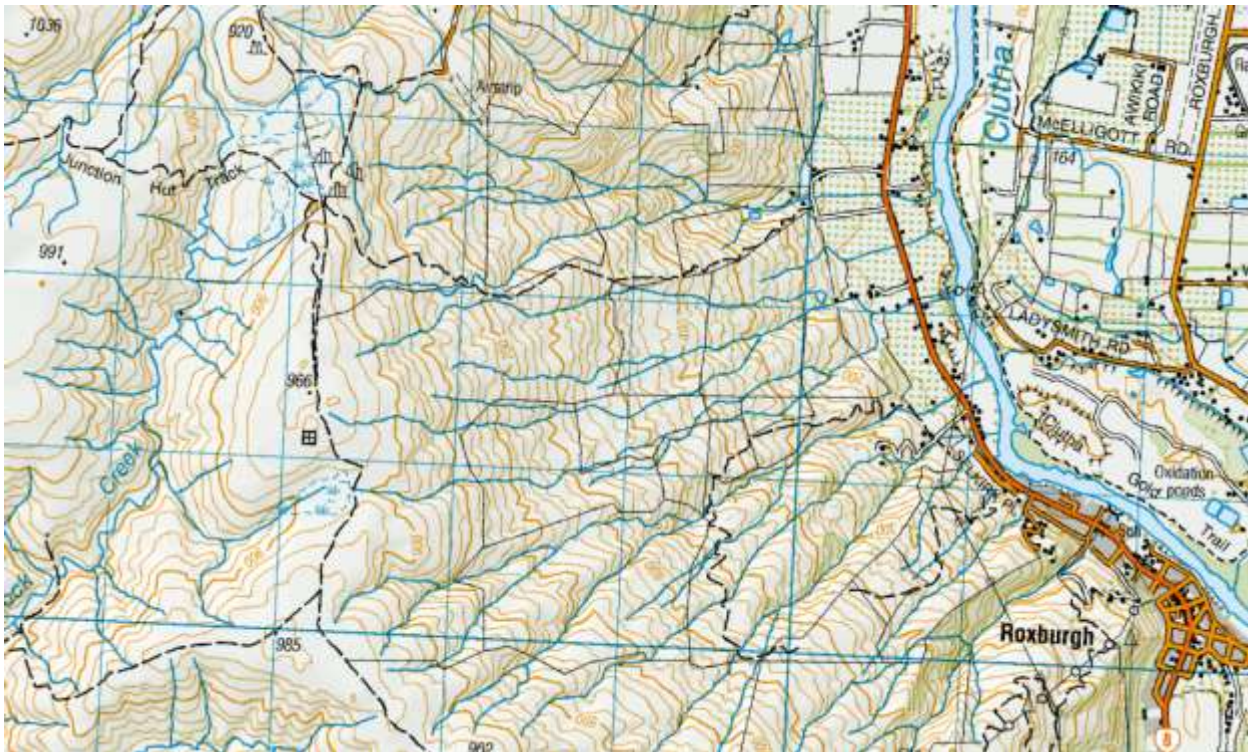
BULLOCK TRACK

March 23, 2014

Author: Not recorded

Published in Bulletin 751, July 2014

On a misty, moist Sunday morning at the end of March, Steph McLaughlin Yuki Fujita, Lucy Jones, Frances Rae, Wayne McCarthy and Jo Burgess assembled at the club rooms at 8am for a 2-hour journey to Bullock Track which is just beyond Roxburgh.



We found that Roxburgh has some wonderful space age toilets which require a spaceship licence to operate. Eventually we worked out that the little button surrounded by flashing lights was actually the door handle. If the lights were flashing red you couldn't get in, but if they were flashing blue, you push the button and 'open sesame' you were in! But how to get out! Some of us, who shall be nameless, were in there for rather a long, panic filled time. After navigating the toilets, we all assembled at the lovely café over the road for a well-earned rest, recreation and yummy food.

The entrance to Bullock Creek is approximately 3 km beyond Roxburgh and the track is a four-wheel drive road, straight up the hill. For the first two hours we were bemoaning the fact that we were walking in the clouds and missing all the views but when we got to the top and the sun came out we realised how lucky we had been not to be climbing up in the scorching heat. The views were stunning, and we enjoyed a leisurely lunch while Yuki and Wayne, with a little help from the rest of us, enthusiastically hunted for a geocache which they were delighted to locate.

After a delightful descent, more geocaching, and a relaxed drive home, we arrived in Dunedin in time for tea. We all enjoyed this trip so much that we have plans to repeat it next April when it is hoped the Autumn colours will be more spectacular.

EXPLORING THE TEMPLE

April 22-24, 2014

Author: Debbie Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 751, July 2014

The lure of the sun and three days in the mountains was too much to resist and Otago Anniversary Weekend saw Antony and I wandering up the South Temple with the idea to venture off the well beaten trail over Gunsight Pass and instead head up behind the hut in the South Temple. Turning off on the true right a bit before the hut, we stopped for a short rest just before we had to start heading upwards.



Tributary from the South Temple – heading for a campsite at the bushline (April 22, 2014)

We followed a faint trail up the hill towards a tongue of bush in the distance. It is a nice feeling when you stumble across a cairn and realise that you are in the right place. The views back down the valley and up towards Gunsight Pass were starting to open up and made the climb worthwhile. Once we'd reached the tongue of bush, we followed the odd cairn above a gorge towards a valley in the distance. The trail through the edge of the bush was difficult to follow at times but we kept finding cairns which kept us heading in the right direction. We came to a lovely valley that opened out above the gorge and since it was now late afternoon, we decided it was a good place to set up camp. The sun set early in the valley, so we cooked a quick dinner and it was early to bed.

The morning dawned clear and cold, and we wanted to make the most of the day and see how far we could go. Once we'd left our campsite, we left the bush behind and followed the small

creek up towards some massive scree slopes. As the sun reached the valley floor the temperatures started to rise and we made the most of the small creek that we were following. Eventually the creek ended and it was upwards through the scree towards the ridgeline. As anyone knows moving up through scree is hard work but we eventually reached a hanging valley with a couple of large tarns just below the ridge line. This seemed like the perfect spot for lunch so we dropped our packs and continued up to the ridgeline and looked down into Watson Stream.



The South Temple from pt 2005m, Gunsight Pass upper right (April 23, 2014)

It was back down to the tarns for a leisurely lunch and it was here that I decided it was a great place to sunbath while Antony continued up to point 2005m overlooking the Maitland for views down into the South Temple, Lake Ohau and Aoraki Mt Cook.

After Antony ran down the scree slope back to the tarns, I reluctantly left my sunbathing spot to head back down the scree slopes towards our campsite. The return journey was quite a bit quicker and we were down at the creek in no time. We retraced our tracks down the valley to the tent just as the sun was setting behind the ridge. The temperature started to drop quickly so it was another quick meal and early to bed.

We woke to a beautiful red sky the next morning and while we were a little sad to be leaving our idyllic campsite, we acknowledged the warning the red sky heralded (of course having to go back to work the next day had something to do with it). We packed up, hefted our packs and followed the cairns back towards the South Temple. The return journey was not without its moments as the cairns are a little scarce in places and crossing a couple of deep gorges can be

tricky to enter and exit. After reaching the South Temple, it was a straightforward walk down the track. Apart from some recent looking footprints in the South Temple, we saw no one for three days.



South Temple on right (April 24, 2014)

Debbie Pettinger for Antony

TAKITIMU WEEKEND

June 28-29, 2014

Author: Peter Boeckhout

Published in Bulletin 752, August 2014

Friday

We arrived early at the carpark @10pm, we all cramped ourselves in the Princhester hut w/ the floor covered with trampers, one tent outside and after a quick cup of tea we slept quickly (and quietly)

Saturday

We were woken by Wayne at 6:45 sharp, all were keen to rise and shine without any sunshine yet to been seen. @ 8:15 we started up towards the saddle between the Waterloo burn and Bog burn and through a narrow, sometimes steep, muddy and slippery track we arrived there one hour later. The first group with Wayne was planning to head to the tops and were checking their GPS gadgets where they exactly were. They went right, we went forward and down the Waterloo burn. Still thinking about what Wayne said about us just returning the same way as we came if they did not make it to the hut tonight!!



Princhester PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin)

So, we tramped about an hour to the forest track end where a tussock clearing marked the start of our roller coaster tramp up and down the Te Araroa track. I have never seen so many orange markers and poles so close together which made following through the tussock & bush line very easy.

It was a hard walk up and down as the open tussock were half swamp half track, we were just walking over a huge wet sponge, so my socks were soaking wet after 1 minute as all the repairs made lots of new cracks over time in my boots. We had lunch in the sun in between the tussock. Our walk up and down the bush line was slow but steady and we changed as front man / woman several times. We bumped into 3 lower legs of what appeared to be from a deer, not sure who took the fourth one. Taking pictures from the mountains around us was difficult with the sun shining full on. After a total of 7.5 hours tramping including several breaks, we reached Aparima hut and quickly got into our warm gear and a hot cup of tea. We managed to get the pot belly burner going and soon I was sweating my pants off and my toes became warm again. The other group reached the hut @ 16:30. After a game of scrabble we all got into our bunks and had a good night of sleep.

Sunday

Today we could sleep in, we were woken up by voices @ 7:15 :-). We decided to take the other side of the valley and look at Becketts hut, nice hunting hut with some special features inside, including pillows, an old honey pot, folding chairs, meat mincer, milo etc.. We walk down the valley through what was marked on the map as a swamp until we reached a track on the right side of the valley. the walk was faster from there. We were overtaken by a man called Stu who turned out to be a Fish & Game Officer and was walking up the river to do a Trout spawning survey. And he was so friendly to teach us a little bit how to spot Trout and how & where it spawned. Thank you, Stu. So, we tramped all the way up the Waterloo Burn back where we started from that saddle. It was a tiring walk up although it took us an hour shorter than going up. Beautiful views of the mountains around us and a nice cool breeze to keep us going. Lunch was enjoyed just before the junction for the Becketts hut. We all arrived at the carpark and left just after 4pm. Nice group, nice tramp, I will come back here.

Peter Boeckhout for Maria Hamelink, Rose Colhoun, Greg Hall and Joe Skinner

WINTER KEPLER

July 12-13, 2014

Author: Lucy Jones

Published in Bulletin 759, September 2014

A van of 12 trampers left Dunedin on Friday night. We stopped in Gore for tea and arrived at Te Anau at 10pm. We stayed in good cabins and in the morning, after breakfast, we drove to the control gates.



Winter on the Kepler Track (turn-off to Mt Luxmore)

On with our packs, we were rearing to go for our tramp to the Luxmore Hut. After overnight rain, Saturday was a lovely morning and we spread out along the track, keeping an eye out for one another, and helping if needed. Our first stop was Brod Bay, and it was good to take our packs off and enjoy the view and have a snack. The track was well signposted, and the next part was uphill through beautiful bush. I thought I could hear rain, but it was just the gushing of the streams and water dripping off the branches. From the bush line it was 45 minutes to the Luxmore Hut. We had a panoramic view of the Te Anau Basin, Takitimu, the Snowden and Eyre Mountains. The sky was blue and there was a light coating of snow on the track.

We had all arrived at the hut by 2pm, got a bunk and then Ralph took some keen people up to the top of Mt Luxmore. It was an awesome experience to be standing at 1472m, with an incredible view of the surrounding snowcapped mountains. It was also made easier by not having to cart our packs.

Just as well we went, as the weather wasn't so good the next morning. Richard took some people to look at the caves and then we all spent the night having a great meal and sitting around the fire. The warden arrived to check our hut tickets. The best things about the hut were an inside winter toilet, the water tap in the porch outside the door and lots of bunks. We awoke next morning to find it was snowing. We layered up with warm clothes, packed up and headed for the shelter of the bush. There was plenty of water on the track and we had a brief stop at Brod Bay again, then into the van heading for home. I would like to thank our leader Richard for driving and for such a great weekend.

Lucy Jones on behalf of Richard, Roger, Tina, Joe, Chris, Kathy, Lindsay, Betty, Tim, Daryl, and Ralph

HUXLEY FORKS

July 26-27, 2014

Author: Peter Boeckhout

Published in Bulletin 754, October 2014

Friday

We started at 6pm sharp and made our way to Lake Ohau, and arrived and parked the van on a grassy part. Richard got our packs loaded up into his 4x4 and gave us an easy walk up to Monument hut. We arrived to find nobody was there yet, so we got ourselves a nice mattress for the night. Some of us had their tents already pitched up and enjoying the night as they joined the ride with Richard.

Saturday

We woke up to a perfect day and no cloud in sight and the sun rising slowly. We started walking up the track just before 10am and reached the wire bridge after an hour. We had a small break on the very sunny flats next to the Huxley River and we arrived at the Main Huxley Forks hut. This was just after 12noon. Maria and I had our lunch early as we aimed for another hut up the Huxley North Branch, the Broderick hut. Phillip Somerville left us just before the hut flats to do some mountaineering on his own and crossed the Huxley River bare footed.



Huxley Forks Hut

We started after 13:20pm and made our way to Broderick hut, we talked to John and Ralph before and knew it would take us between 2.5 and 3.5 hours to reach the hut. So, enough time

to be there before sunset. The track started past the wire bridge over the Huxley North Branch in forest and quickly turns into a steep grind up where there was a huge tree fall and we had to find the track again. Maria had some more difficulty stepping over huge beech trees, but we found the track and had a break. We continued a little further up and the track lead us down to the riverbed and was marked with 2 orange poles. We followed the riverbed and rock hopped alongside the river. There were a lot of slips left and right as we went up the river. As we were advised that at a certain moment the track would go up into the forest and towards the hut, I followed the markers we saw. We traversed over steep forest and over steep crevasses that were a little bit too steep for comfort. Later that evening we thought it would be better to walk closely to the riverbed on the way back and should avoid the orange markers leading into the bush and parallel to the river because the small slips noted on the DOC website were actually much much bigger. Of course, we anticipated slippery rocks etc. as we were in July, and we passed some slippery rocks and steep icy slopes which we escaped by leaping for the safe parts. All in all a good exercise for assessing problems as you go. We stopped several times and looked at some steep and huge slip both sides along the river. From the beginning we were tramping in the sun, and we took of some layers within half an hour.



Broderick Pass from the North Huxley

When we advanced towards the hut the sun became too low and some layers came back on again. But my hat stayed on the whole time and was soaking wet from the work out we were getting. We followed a few times more the orange markers through the forest and it made us go up and down a little bit more than we had to but it gave us an awesome look over the river and up to Broderick Pass and surrounding mountains. The sun disappeared behind Mt Strauchon

and just after 4.10pm we reached the hut. The hut was still warm inside as if someone had left the fire on. We had a cup of tea, lit the fire, chopped some wood, made our 4-course dinner, played a game of scrabble and went to sleep in a warm hut just after 9pm.

Sunday

We woke up just after 7am and quickly got ourselves organised for breakfast, packing our bags, cleaning the hut and after a quick photo shoot session we descended down the river @ 8:15am. The morning brought us a river with lower water levels and of course icy slippery rocks but only on the creek ends so progress out the valley was fast, and we managed to shave a half hour of our time we went in. At 10:40am we arrived at the Main Huxley Fork hut, and we still could smell the fire smoke from the trampers last night. We made our way out of the Huxley Valley and saw Richard standing on the riverbank looking for trampers, it turned out they were also still looking for Philip. We reach Monument Hut again nicely before 1pm. and after a deserving lunch we walk out without our back packs thanks to Richard.

Peter Boeckhout for Maria Hamelink

SNOWCAVING 2014

August 9-10, 2014

Author: Richard Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 754, October 2014

From when I first went snowcaving in 1969 and especially once I started leading these annual trips, I used to worry about the weather we might have on the trip. You are up in the death zone all weekend, really, and it could be really miserable if things turned crappy. We would be forced to take turns to get out of the wind and the driving snow to dig. We would make two entrances just to keep everyone occupied and active and warm. And the leader would get dirty looks for dreaming up this cruel punishment.

In recent years weather forecasts have become steadily more accurate. Nowadays, we have a dilemma, as leaders of trips, especially snowcaving. So: if the weather forecast seems not too bad, and you decide to go anyway, you are no better than the ignorant optimists of old. And, if you decide these days to go ahead, anyway, and it turns out you misjudged and then things got really bad, those poor souls on your trip could hate you forever for putting them in this cold and potentially hypothermic situation. They would never trust you again. So, in the days leading up to the snowcaving trip, I am normally watching the 3-day forecast closely, fretting about whether to call it off, to avoid people ending up in a really bad way, and hating me forever.



OTMC Snowcaving 2014 'Closing the Entrance' (PHOTO Tomas Sobek)

This year I had no such qualms. The weather forecast from several days in advance, was good in both senses – it was for ultra-fine weather and turned out 100% reliable. Phew. Also, there was ample snow, which there hadn't been three weeks earlier. Luck was on our side.

Twelve people signed up, joined at the last minute by Tracy, who didn't want to miss this specially promising trip.

We got away by about 7.10 am and ran out of coastal cloud by Roxburgh where we had a bit of a preparatory talk in the Teviot Tearooms, over hot drinks. The road was a bit cut up, and there were snowdrifts ahead, so we stopped the cars by where snowmobiles are often parked and walked from there. We made good progress, and after about an hour, those in front were ready to leave the road to check out then choose a good site, while I turned to talk to a young runner coming up fast behind us.



'Sunrise Above The Clouds' – OTMC Snowcaving 2014 (PHOTO: Tomas Sobek)

Maximilian had raced up the road to sound the alarm that a party member had conked out. Amit turned out to be our Burmese Firecracker (Tracy called him our Eveready Bunny). He dropped his pack, turned around and scurried back down with Tracy to bring Ralph's pack up. Some double-packing occurred – Alex for one stretch resembling a small tank. The load ensured he sank into the snow more often and deeper than most. We all got to the gully by lunchtime.

Every year the snow lies differently. This was the best I have ever encountered. Depth and texture were spot-on. The site chosen by the lads in front was perfect. We avoided today's particular death zone under the loose cornice, and watched bits fall off from a safe distance. There was sufficient depth of snow for probably twice as many caves, in nice steepish terrain lower down the slope than normal. It was all very convenient, with not too long a walk to the creek for water (albeit with part of the water run threatened by avalanches). I was so pleased

that when I had arrived Lun was already digging enthusiastically in a well-chosen spot. Everyone got into digging, taking turns to have lunch and sightseeing breaks. Fast progress was made.

Wayne tried an igloo as an aside, but it looked like his team ran out of steam to do justice to the available snow, or maybe they preferred the thought of huddling up tight in their cave. Rob's team made a grand entrance which they later blocked up into a somewhat narrow hole reminiscent of the arrow-slots in an ancient fortification. There was no stopping my team from going mad, and we soon had a palatial bench for the five of us, with a carefully smoothed ceiling.

There comes a moment in the process of digging a snowcave when you know damn well that you could now all huddle in the hole you have already and survive a night out of the wind and in a cocoon of relatively warm air. But, when you've got shovels (rather than bowls, ice-axes and fingernails) and enough time, this is when you start being creative and then it becomes all cosmetic with room for everyone to lie down and with your spiral staircases, shelves and handrails and everything a palace might have except an indoor bathroom. (That's never going to be a good idea.)

Every cave was a work of art in one way or another, but several people were in no hurry to avail themselves of the icy comfort of their boudoirs. Tomas was scurrying around with his camera (to spectacular effect as it turned out) and Alex and Amit were among those just spell-bound staring into the clearest, moonlessest star-filled sky you ever saw. It was a very special evening. It is so lucky for the Club to have access to this perfect setting for this special, social trip. Gaining experience that could save the life of those crazy enough to venture into the snows.

I understand everybody had a comfy night and next morning the view was stunning, with a valley full of cloud below us, stretching as far as Mount St Bathans. We did various wanders up onto the tops in windless conditions and mucked about to fill out the morning. Tracy found the snow not conducive to shovel riding, however.

Back at the caves, we ate lunch, played at seeing how thick the roofs were, etc, and once again chose not to put all the snow back in the holes. (We left more than footprints, I must confess – it was a bomb site of snow, rivalling nature's avalanche debris along the slope.)

The walk out and coffee in Roxburgh and drive home was uneventful, all getting back by about 5.30. Thanks for making this another great trip! Richard Pettinger for Tracy Pettinger, Rob Seeley, Joe Skinner, Isabelle Gensburger, Tomas Sobek, Wayne Hodgkinson, Barry Walker, Ralph Harvey, Maximilian Berger, Teck Lun Soon, Alex Tups, Amit Myint.

SNOW SKILLS COURSE

August 16-17, 2014

Author: Andy Cunningham

Published in Bulletin 755, November 2014

After deferring this course a week due to the paucity of snow, I went up to Leaning Lodge on Friday 15th to check conditions in advance. It was a difficult ascent in the teeth of a cold gale and driving spindrift, and I was pretty shot by the time I got up there, to find I had to dig out the door from behind a small snow drift. After getting inside, I hardly emerged for the rest of the day as the gale continued to howl around the hut.

Saturday dawned clear and cold, and though the wind had abated it was still fairly fresh. I cleared the snow from the entrance lobby more completely, and also swept the drift out of the long drop, as it would have been a cold place to sit...

I then started the search for some decently firm snow and was delighted to find perfect conditions on the slope right behind the hut, so I managed to dig some platforms for the self-arrest practice and rehearse the various skills we were handing on.



'Crampons On Rocks Practice' – OTMC Snowcraft 2014 (PHOTO: Tomas Sobek)

By 11.30, the weekend group had started to appear, and by 1pm everyone had arrived, and we were enjoying a brew and some lunch. We then went outside and started using crampons and axes on the slopes, practicing various different techniques – French technique, front pointing, step cutting – all intended to ensure safe passage across areas of snow. We then moved on to self-arrest, and practiced recovery in a range of positions, which always provides some amusement - and head-scratching.

The following morning we went on a wander in search of different slopes, and found a steeper banked area ten minutes from the hut, where we could practice front-pointing and dagger technique, and also use avalanche transceivers and a probe. After this we headed to Castle Rock and climbed the rock using crampons, which was a very different experience for everyone. Just after setting off back to the hut, one person [who shall remain nameless] found they had left their gloves up by Castle Rock, so we split the party and four of us went back to find the gloves, which had naturally been left at the top of Castle Rock. I am still owed a beer for retrieving them; just saying...

Anyway, a beautiful weekend for weather with great company and fun things to do, and hopefully help everyone who came along to happily wander up in the snows this summer and in the future.

Andy Cunningham, for Joe Simmons, Richelle Adams, Ralph Harvey, Rose Colhoun, Barry Walker, Andrew Pask, and Tomas Sobek.

DAY TRIPS FROM ALBERTOWN

September 20-21, 2014

Author: Rebecca Van Amber

Published in Bulletin 755, November 2014

Was a weekend of OTMC glamping (glamorous tramping). I call it glamping as we stayed in one of the Richelle's family's Bach in Albert town (just outside of Wanaka) and even went out for dinner on Saturday night! But alas, here I am getting ahead of myself.

We didn't know if we were going to even go on this trip considering the MetService had been predicting snow for Saturday, yet other sites said it would be fine. We decided to risk it anyways (we were staying in a Bach after all) and started off from Dunedin at 6 pm on Friday night and stopped for tea at Subway in Alexandra. Funnily enough, the Otago University tramping club was also there having tea. Small world.



Saturday the entire party climbed Isthmus peak (1385 m). We had a rather inauspicious start by following the wrong track down into a small gully... *shakes head* We had a reasonably uneventful climb. A few people were-n't feeling very well. I was trialling out my new camera so spent most of my time at the back trying to catch up.

Eventually we reached the top and a bit of snow. Only 7 of our 13 actually made it all the way to the top of the peak. Those of us that did were rewarded with stunning views of Lake Hāwea, Lake Wanaka and the Neck.

We took our time having lunch, posting to various social media accounts (yay signal!) and I even got to try out my camera and remote control setting for the first time – with great success.

Saturday night we all rewarded ourselves by each having a quick shower (tramping luxury!), going out for tea to the kiwi classic, Speights Ale House, and then returning to the Bach to watch the election results and fall asleep in real beds.

Sunday morning, everyone decided to do their own thing. The four of us who had been sleeping in the sheep shed (Richard, Lucy, Rebecca & Dylan) decided to tackle Roy's Peak (1578 m) – one of the more popular day walks from Wanaka. Most of the rest of the party did a strenuous 2 km hike into Wanaka to the cafes, a bit of biking, or a walk along the river.

On our way up to Roy's Peak, we picked up 2 British tourists (easily identifiable in their NZ branded polar fleeces). They hung with us the whole way (as all of us were passed by a dozen or so very keen runners) and admitted when we got to the bottom that they probably would have turned back if we hadn't been there. Considering it was the highest mountain they had ever climbed, they did very well!

Lunch at the top of Roy's Peak was rather breezy (however due to the close range to Wanaka we were all happily able to post to our various social media accounts from the top), and it was too icy and treacherous for us to repeat our awesome group jumping photo from the day before. Instead, we picked a less precarious spot a bit further down and even included our new British friends in the photo.

Then it was time to head back to the Bach to tidy up before our drive back home. All in all, an excellent weekend with amazing weather (the snow waited until we were back home to Dunedin to arrive!).

For future recommendations, Isthmus peak and Roy's peak are very similar track and timewise (5-6 hours return). I personally preferred Isthmus with fewer people and more interesting scenery. Dylan liked Roy's Peak better because he enjoyed seeing the track below from the top. But apart from that they are very similar tracks, and both would be recommended on a fine day for anyone of moderate fitness. In summer, we think it would be hellish to climb on a hot day as there is no water or shade.

A big thanks to Richelle as trip leader, and especially for lending out her family's tidy and perfectly outfitted Bach for our glamorous tramping weekend!

Happy tramping! Rebecca Van Amber on behalf of Dylan, Richelle, Lucy, Richard, Gene, Jacqui, Raewyn, Paul, Tina, and Ruth

HARE HILL TO HODSON HILL

July 6, 2014

Author: Rob Seeley

Published in Bulletin 755, November 2014

I was keen to go on this walk as it gave the opportunity to explore otherwise inaccessible parts near to where I live. Gordon too had gone to the trouble of contacting no fewer than 9 landowners to make this outing legal; not something I was ever likely to do! The weather had discouraged anyone else from joining us* but as we looked back from the first climb to behold the Harbour bathed in sun, we knew we had made the right decision to brave the outdoors. Well, alright, there was a rainbow over it all but in the finish, it hardly rained at all.



The trip was basically up one valley from Deborah Bay then along to top to Hodson Hill, which is one of the bumps in the Heyward Point Road, and down another valley to Pulling Point or as near as makes no difference.

We started up the fine valley from Deborah Bay with its clear stream that had once been used to water sailing vessels. We crossed this and, climbing the ridge to the right, enjoyed views of the large wooded basin around which the railway from Port gains height before taking on the Mihiwaka tunnel. There were a lot of fences and Gordon displayed considerable facility in nipping over them despite his Oringi Jacket (At least his "darn" shorts would have stayed dry had the weather packed in.) We made the top road and walked along it towards Heyward Point. Here we photographed some large macrocarpa that are festooned with native ferns and other hangers-on. These trees I know are well watered by dew from the low clouds that frequently bedevil these hills.

From the ridge road we made an excursion to Hare Hill to get the full view up and down the coast. Here also are the remains of an old wind generator, clearly homemade, that may have been left from an experimental site run by the physics department.

We left the road finally on the flanks of Hodson Hill and descended to a shoulder between it and a fine rocky outlier. Here a steep descent to the right and through a bare spinney of fuschia trees led us into a fine secluded valley, farmed but well populated by large native remnants, old totaras and broadleafs.**

Back at the harbour road the original plan was to have picked up a car left here by car swap. It was shank's for us then but that was ok - a new experience to take a section of the Aramoana road at walking pace.

Thanks for organising the trip, Gordon, and keep them coming.

* Turned out later that someone else did front but went home thinking it was off.

** Or should that be broadleaves?

Rob Seeley

BEN RUDD'S PROPERTY MAINTENANCE

September 7, 2014

Author: Richard Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 755, November 2014

Eighteen of us turned out to work on the property you, dear club members, are freehold owners of. We enjoyed sunny, still conditions, entirely concentrating on the land above the firebreak, where broom and the occasional gorse is encroaching from your neighbour's land. These plants are acting as a great native nursery in your land below the firebreak, so that the majority of your property is progressing to beautiful native shrub and trees. But, above the firebreak, they threaten the natural order of the Otago grassland vista.

Apart from on the firebreak and the old skid-site itself, the worst broom we encountered was near the boundary where a lot of woody and other inter-tussock native species are clear proof that it has never been aerially sprayed. The enthusiastic team concentrated on immediate threats to your property and did an amazing job despite the very dry ground making it hard to pull out even small broom. We must confess we strayed a bit onto the reserve (DCC-managed land). Your own land was not so bad, having been sprayed from the air, and it is fairly healthy tussock and flax (but few native plants in among them). Broom on your land will be easier to control but it does need some attention - the sooner the better. We talked about coming up more regularly in future.

It was a very sociable day, with people close enough to have conversations while we worked. The idea is to make the land you own stand out as a jewel in the crown of Flagstaff's scenic reserve.

So, what a great day for the OTMC! We had 18 people on the go for 4 hours, plus 15 of these for another 3 hours, when we had had enough and stopped for a beer at about 3.30. Tracy's home-baked cakes ended up as an impromptu thank-you to the exhausted Ben Rudd's work team. The Ben Rudd's Trust, charged with managing your land on your behalf, extends a heart-felt thanks to the dedicated, caring workers:

Richard Pettinger for Peter Loeber, Rodger Clarkson, David Barnes, Christine and Steve Hopkins, Paul Cunliffe, Tracy Pettinger, Rosa Pettinger (it was Father's Day), Tina Stewart, Kathy Woodrow, Derek Mycock, Sam Patrick, Jim Sime, Chris Pearson, Gaye Davies, Ralph Harvey, Peter Mason. Special thanks to Derek and Steve/Christine for volunteering your 4WDs.

STAIRCASE HUT

Date not recorded

Author: David Barnes

Published in Bulletin 756, December 2014

Looking for an overnighter that's close to home and isn't the Rock and Pillars or the Silver Peaks? Look no further than Staircase Hut in the Waianakarua Scenic Reserve. Eric Lord and I checked it out in August.

The track starts at a sign indicating the reserve, about 6km up Mt Misery Road from State Highway 1. It loses 300m as it drops through kanuka forest to the Middle Branch of the Waianakarua River. From there, we boulder hopped and scrambled around ledges upstream for about 20 minutes, until we reached a totara hanging out over the river, festooned with markers. After a lunch break by the river, we tackled the ascent. Initially, it is a slippery grunt - think the climb behind Possum Hut, but with fewer trees to grab. After quarter of an hour or so, the grade eased a bit, and eventually it settled down to an upward meander along the ridge crest. One section had more lancewoods per hectare (under the kanuka canopy) than I've ever seen.



Staircase Hut (PHOTO: David Barnes / OTMC Bulletin)

Pt 473 metres revealed a bit of a view of where we were heading, while Pt 499m had a more expansive view but was followed by a sharp loss of hard-won height. The track is largely lightly but adequately marked and there were only a few places where we had to search around for the track. It seems that the answer is if in doubt, go left. Eventually we burst out into tussock, and were rewarded with a fine view of a snow-clad Rock and Pillar Range. It seemed to augur well for the club snowcraft course that day. Half an hour further on, we reached the hut. Our prime source of information on the route was a Wilderness magazine piece by an OUTC member, and I was a little concerned that what the author, who does some pretty serious trips, could do in 5 hours might take me a lot longer. So we were pleased to be there exactly five hours from the car.

The hut has six bunks, but they are three-tier bunks, so it's not very big. There's tank water and a fireplace, and the usual paraphernalia often seen in hunters' huts – everything including the kitchen sink. Fortunately, it also included a fairly ancient gas cooker, which came in handy when mine chose this evening to turn up its toes. We were joined at dusk by a hunter who's an ecologist by profession, and spent a convivial evening.

What can I write about the Sunday, when we simply retraced our steps? Not much. The sunrise peaking through the kanuka was nice. The return journey was a little quicker. The slither down the last bit to the river did, on occasions, involve more a*** than class and the slog up the other side was, well, a slog.

PORT PERAMBULATIONS

July 27, 2014

Author: Jane Cloete

Published in Bulletin 756, December 2014

This trip had been arranged to allow for winter weather – 3 separate walks that could be reduced to just one if the hail and snow caused difficulties.

In the event, the day dawned quite warm, and the sun even trickled through. Four of us met at the clubrooms and departed on time. First stop: St Leonards.

St Leonards had a few houses in the 1860s, but the main settlement came once the railway was in service in 1873. The history of the area reflects what we were to hear time and time again during our Port Perambulations – those who have, get more! The earliest settlers bought large chunks of land and later subdivided when the railway arrived!

Two of the main settlers were Stevenson and Cook, who formed an engineering/ship repair/dredge building partnership. We saw some fine old houses – quite a few of which were built by Stevenson for his sons and daughters! Even the gardener's cottage looked like a small mansion! On our walk we managed to get some fine views of the harbour and find some hidden wee paths. And we walked all the way up the shortest street in Dunedin (all 10 metres of it!). But by now the weather was turning. I kept putting on my raincoat, only to take it off 5 minutes later.

Back to the cars and on to Port Chalmers itself. Parking by the Iona church, with a wee history lesson there, we first went uphill to the site of the old school – the technical rooms were so well equipped that even Portobello and Mai used to ferry their pupils there! Up to the site of the railway station (here we got the story of Scott of the Antarctic) (and we were to get different parts of that story on our wanderings), round to the old cemetery and then up and up and up, finally reaching the Scott memorial. A quick read of the many plaques there, a downhill to the cemetery (grave of the first person to die on Scott's first Antarctic trip – he fell off a yardarm whilst the ship was in port) and on down to the shoreline of Careys Bay. More history whilst heading back to the car. Raining now, we had a bite to eat in a warm cafe before setting out for Sawyers Bay.

The third section of our day began near the roundabout in this township. Obviously, it had been the industrial heart of the area at one stage – sawmills, tanneries, brickworks, meat works, schools both private and public – an interesting area all round. Then uphill, downhill and round to Blanket Bay and so across to Roseneath. More old settlement here – and many of the present residents are third or fourth generation in the area. And a few more early settlers who qualified to be described as “those who have get more”!

Raining quite heavily now, we returned to the car – soaked in history and almost soaked in rain, but overall with a feeling of a good day out!

My thanks to my tolerant and cheerful companions: Lucy Jones, Geoff Smith and Jacqui King.

HOPE ARM

September 6-7, 2014

Author: Rose Colhoun

Published in Bulletin 756, December 2014

On Friday evening, our group of 9 drove to Manapouri to stay at the Colhoun family crib. Saturday dawned with a typical misty Manapouri morning which made for a slightly more adventurous river crossing on the water taxi at Pearl Harbour. The mist soon cleared as we walked through the forest towards Back Valley. As we got further along the valley the track turned from firm forest floor to swampy mud, requiring a bit of sidestepping or ploughing on through depending on how much you were bothered by muddy boots.



Back Valley hut proved a perfect spot for lunch in the sun, except for the trip leader who had it in mind that Lake Rakatu was going to be an even better spot. Following the tannin-stained Stinking Creek (thankfully didn't live up to its name), we came to the very small, sunless and windy beach at the head of Lake Rakatu. We had a good view of Mt Titiroa though and began plotting a route for the summer trip to the top.

Returning to Back Valley hut, we picked up our packs again and set off for Hope Arm hut, our destination for the night. Lake Manapouri was beautifully tranquil and calm in the early evening, with Fiordland's population of sandflies out in force. After dinner, we made a campfire on the beach and roasted marshmallows. We were joined by some boaties/hunters who were enjoying a few drinks – it was a rather full hut that night!

Sunday morning was again very misty as we set off along the Hope Arm track back to Pearl Harbour. En route we dropped our packs and climbed up to the viewpoint on the Circle Track. Although there was still some mist around, we could see back down to Back Valley hut and as we headed back down the mist cleared and the view back to Manapouri township was spectacular.

Written by Rose Colhoun for Greg Maynard, Alan Thomson, Ruth Harvie, Teck Lun Soon, Barry Walker, Joe Skinner, Katie Gibb, Jon McCallum.

OTMC COMMITTEE (2014-15)

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Social Convenor – Tony Timperley

Day Trip Convener – Alan Thomson

Conservation & Recreation Advocacy – David Barnes

Gear Hire – Gene Dyett

Gear Hire – Sam Patrick

Website – Antony Pettinger

Clubrooms – Gene Dyett

Clubrooms – Andrew Pask

Climbing – Andy Cunningham

Committee – Barry Walker

Immediate Past President – Antony Pettinger

Hon. Solicitor – Antony Hamel

OTMC TRIP PROGRAMME 2014

Month	Date(s)	Specific Trip	Leader
January	12	Trotters Gorge	Alan Thomson
January	19	RABOH Ridge (Ridge At Back Of Hut - Jubilee)	David Barnes
January	25-26	Roaring Meg Crossover	Jane Cloete
January	26	Sutton Area	Lucy Jones
February	2	Mt Cargill (Doggy Day Out)	Raewyn Duncan
February	6-9	Rockburn / Routeburn 3 Passes	Richard Forbes
February	9	Orbell's Cave	Tony Timperley
February	15	OTMC Open Day	Committee
February	16	OTMC Open Day Walk (Leith Saddle)	Alan Thomson
February	22-23	Leaning Lodge	Gene Dyett
February	23	McNally Track	Jacqui King
March	2	Taioma - Outram Glen (Tramping / Pack Float)	Wayne Hodgkinson
March	8-9	Mt Armstrong	Gordon Tocher
March	9	Possum Hut	Richard Pettinger
March	16	Rosella Ridge	Tomas Sobek
March	22-24	West Matukituki Valley	Wayne Hodgkinson
March	23	Bullock Track - Roxburgh	Steph McLoughlin
March	30	Orokonui (Cycling)	Chris Pearson
April	5-6	Dasler Pinnacles / Ohau Area	Richard Forbes
April	6	Mt Kettle	Gavin McArthur
April	13	Moa Flat + Cycling	Jane Cloete
April	18-27	Stewart Island (Easter + ANZAC)	Wayne Hodgkinson
April	27	Berwick Forest	Alan Scurr
May	4	Berwick Forest	Alan Scurr
May	11	Track Maintenance	Alan Thomson
May	17-18	Gunn's Camp (Day Trips From)	Wayne Hodgkinson
May	18	Millennium Track	Raewyn Duncan
May	25	Skyline Track	Tony Timperley
May	31-2	Green Lake	Wayne Hodgkinson
June	8	Davies - Moon Track	Fieke Neuman
June	14-15	Winter Routeburn (Falls)	
June	15	McKessar Track	Kathy Woodrow
June	22	Pineapple Track	Rose Colhoun
June	28-29	Takitimus / Clare Peak	Wayne Hodgkinson
June	29	Gold At Lawrence	Jan Burch
July	6	Hare Hill / Hodson Hill	Gordon Tocher
July	12-13	Winter Kepler	Richard Forbes
July	13	Possum Busters	Sue Williams
July	20	All Day On The Peninsula	David Barnes
July	26-27	Huxley Forks	Ruth Harvie

July	27	Port Perambulations	Jane Cloete
August	3	Maungatua	Antony Hamel
August	9-10	Snow Skills - Basic Ice Axe & Crampons (Rock and Pillar)	Ralph Harvey & Andy Cunningham
August	10	Trotters Gorge	Ray & Jill McAliece
August	17	Nicols Creek / Morrisons Burn	Bronwen Strang
August	23-24	OTMC Snowcaving Weekend (Old Man Range)	Richard Pettinger
August	24	Akatore	Tony Timperley
August	31	Government Track	Dave McArthur
September	6-7	Manapouri - Garnock Burn - Back Valley	Rose Colhoun
September	7	Property Maintenance (Ben Rudd's)	Jane Cloete
September	14	Philip Cox Hut	David Barnes
September	20-21	Day Trips from Albertown	Richelle Adams
September	21	Mystery Destination	Peter Loeber
September	28	Victory Beach	Stuart Mathieson
October	4-5	Dumbell Lake	Wayne Hodgkinson
October	5	Unexplored Silver Peaks	Richard Pettinger
October	12	Waitati - Mt Cargill Cycling	Chris Pearson
October	19	Catlins - Papatowai Walks	Ruth Harvie
October	25-27	Otago Central Rail Trial (Clyde - Middlemarch)	
November	2	Different Way To Sutton Salt Lake	Lucy Jones
November	8-9	Dumbell Lake	Gordon Tocher
November	9	Cycling with walking option	Chris Pearson
November	16	Lizard Land	Graeme Loh
November	22-23	Eyre Mountains	Wayne Hodgkinson
November	23	Circumnavigation Swampy	Jan Burch
November	30	Heyward Point - Kaikai - Murdering Beach	Jacqui King
December	7	Timber Gully Waterfall - Lammerlaws	Alan Thomson
December	13-14	Emily Pass - Harris Saddle or Rockburn - Lake Sylvan	Wayne Hodgkinson
December	14	Kakanui Peak	Rob Seeley

OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (FEBRUARY TO MAY)

OTMC Bulletin
Bulletin Number 746, February 2014

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

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

The Leaning Lodge Trust
With the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club
Cordially invite you to the opening of the refurbished
Leaning Lodge Hut
Saturday 8 March at 1.30pm.

1240 metres up the Rock and Pillar Range, Middlemarch
3.5 hour walk
Ribbon cutting by Prof Sir Alan Mark at 1.30pm.

Bring warm clothing and waterproof gear, something to eat and drink (apart from the hut, there is no shelter).

RSVP to Pete Strong by 16 February
petestrong@tra.co.nz or (03) 487 7478

Committee Members 2013/14

President	Anthony Pellingier	473 7924
Vice President	Richard Forbes	453 1327
Secretary	Richelle Adams	476 1362
Treasurer	Tara Anderson	-
Chief Guide/Transport	Wayne Hodgkinson	473 0950
Membership Secretary	Richard Forbes	453 1327
Bulletin Editor	Debbie Pellingier	473 7924
Ben Rutledge / Gear Hire	Sam Patrick	453 7465
Social Convener / Gear Hire	Gene Dyer	453 7257
Social Convener	Tony Timperley	473 7257
Daytrip Convener	Adam Thomson	453 7878
Weekends	Anthony Pellingier	473 7924
Conservation/Advocacy	David Barnes	454 4492
SAR Rep / Bulletin	Ross Hunt	453 0963
Clothing Maintenance	Andrew Park	453 5719

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OTMC Bulletin
Bulletin Number 747, March 2014

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.



Three Passes—travelling to Park Pass

Committee Members 2013/14

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Vice President	Richard Forbes	453 1327
Secretary	Richelle Adams	476 1362
Treasurer	Tara Anderson	-
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OTMC Bulletin
Bulletin Number 748, April 2014

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

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On the Serpentine Range—February 2014

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Vice President	Richard Forbes	453 1327
Secretary	Richelle Adams	476 1362
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Social Convener	Tony Timperley	473 7257
Daytrip Convener	Adam Thomson	453 7878
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OTMC Bulletin
Bulletin Number 749, May 2014

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

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The OTMC visited Dunder Bivouac in April 2014
Photo: Thomas Sobek

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Vice President	Richard Forbes	453 1327
Secretary	Richelle Adams	476 1362
Treasurer	Tara Anderson	-
Chief Guide/Transport	Wayne Hodgkinson	473 0950
Membership Secretary	Richard Forbes	453 1327
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OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (JUNE TO SEPTEMBER)

OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 750. June 2014

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.

Mt Armstrong trip—read the trip report in this Bulletin.

President	Anthony Pellingier	473 7924
Vice President	Richard Forbes	453 1327
Secretary	Richard Adams	476 1302
Treasurer	Tina Anderson	
Chief Guide/Transport	Wayne Hodgkinson	473 0950
Membership Secretary	Richard Forbes	453 1327
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Website	Anthony Pellingier	473 7924
Conservation/Advocacy	Dave Barnes	454 4492
SAR Rep / Bulletin	Ross Hunt	453 0983
Clubrooms Maintenance	Andrew Pask	453 5719

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OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 751. July 2014

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.

Jan Richard on the Kepler in Winter
12/13 July

President	Anthony Pellingier	473 7924
Vice President	Richard Forbes	453 1327
Secretary	Richard Adams	476 1302
Treasurer	Tina Anderson	
Chief Guide/Transport	Wayne Hodgkinson	473 0950
Membership Secretary	Richard Forbes	453 1327
Bulletin Editor	Dorcas Pellingier	473 7924
Ben Rutledge / Gear Hire	Sam Patrick	
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Social Convener	Tony Timperley	473 7257
Daytrip Convener	Arian Thompson	455 7876
Website	Anthony Pellingier	473 7924
Conservation/Advocacy	Dave Barnes	454 4492
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Clubrooms Maintenance	Andrew Pask	453 5719

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OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 752. August 2014

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

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Winning image (Below Bushline) FMC Photo Competition
Tomas Sobek

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Website	Anthony Pellingier	473 7924
Conservation/Advocacy	Dave Barnes	454 4492
SAR Rep / Bulletin	Ross Hunt	453 0983
Clubrooms Maintenance	Andrew Pask	453 5719

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OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 753. September 2014

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.

At Mt Lushmore Hut on the Kepler Track—July 2014

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Social Convener	Tony Timperley	473 7257
Daytrip Convener	Arian Thompson	455 7876
Website	Anthony Pellingier	473 7924
Conservation/Advocacy	Dave Barnes	454 4492
SAR Rep / Bulletin	Ross Hunt	453 0983
Clubrooms Maintenance	Andrew Pask	453 5719


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OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (OCTOBER TO DECEMBER)

OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 754, October 2014

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.



Tomas Sobek


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Treasurer	Rodger Clarkson	473 8953
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Bulletin Editor	Ross Hunt	453 0963
	Andy Cunningham	482 1086
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Daytrip Convenor	Alan Thomson	455 7878
Website	Antony Petheridge	473 7624
Conservation/Advocacy	David Barnes	454 4482
Safe Trip	Ross Hunt	453 0963
Clubrooms Maintenance	Andrew Park	453 5719


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OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 755, November 2014

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

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Tomas Sobek

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Vice President	Richard Forbes	453 1327
Secretary	Rachelle Adams	476 1302
Treasurer	Rodger Clarkson	473 8953
Chief Guide/Transport	Wayne Hodgkinson	473 0960
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Social Convenor	Tony Tinspany	473 7257
Daytrip Convenor	Alan Thomson	455 7878
Website	Antony Petheridge	473 7624
Conservation/Advocacy	David Barnes	454 4482
Safe Trip	Ross Hunt	453 0963
Clubrooms Maintenance	Andrew Park	453 5719

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OTMC Bulletin

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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.



Roxsana Van Amber

Committee Members 2014/15		
President	Alan Thomson	455 7878
Vice President	Richard Forbes	453 1327
Secretary	Rachelle Adams	476 1302
Treasurer	Rodger Clarkson	473 8953
Chief Guide/Transport	Wayne Hodgkinson	473 0960
Membership Secretary	Richard Forbes	453 1327
Bulletin Editor	Ross Hunt	453 0963
	Andy Cunningham	482 1086
Ben Ruddle / Gear Hire	Sam Patrick	488 2221
Social Convenor / Gear Hire	Gene Dyett	455 7405
Social Convenor	Tony Tinspany	473 7257
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