

OTMC TRIP REPORTS

2018

Sourced from the 2018 OTMC Bulletins



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Cover Photo: Cow Saddle and the head of Hidden Falls Creek, from Fiery Col (2018)

ALL PUBLICATION PHOTOS UNLESS NOTED Antony Pettinger

ROSELLA RIDGE VIA CEDAR SPUR

November 26, 2017

Author: Tomas Sobek

Published in Bulletin 779, February 2018

While everyone else was enjoying river crossings and baths on Kea Basin trip, we had another great Sunday day-walk in Silver Peaks. Originally the name of this trip was Rosella Ridge. It was only on the trip itself that we discovered that someone gave the spur we walked along a name, Cedar Spur. Originally I described the track with question marks, as something to explore and chase the lions and dragons off the map. It was actually pretty easy to follow in most places. But before we get there...



Cats Teeth on Rocky Ridge, from Rosella Ridge, November 26, 2017 (PHOTO: Tomas Sobek)

I suppose Richard's trips tend to be rather popular so I should have expected a low turnout. We ended up fitting comfortably in one car. In the hindsight it was probably a blessing, as larger groups have a tendency to go a tad slower. And since this was Kate's first outing in Silver Peaks, I altered the route to show her more great views. Peter and James were all for it too, don't blame only me. It did add extra few hundred vertical metres to the original plan, which I wasn't bright enough to consider at that time. Instead of following Gold Miners Direct Route as I originally intended, we took the Green Ridge - Possum Hut grand vista detour. By Possum Hut everyone was still smiling. By that time, we would have also passed by our first thousand of White Fingers orchids. We saw them growing predominantly in small bunches, but almost everywhere we went that day.

We left Possum Hut behind and five hundred metres later, after passing couple of flowering Spaniards, we took the brand spanking new Arthur's River Track. We followed it until the intersection with our intended mystery track along Cedar Spur. It was fairly good going, though

one section looked like it could have disappeared any moment. Just as I started questioning my decision to bring unsuspecting group to this place, we came across a surprise intersection with names and arrows. Pointing along the spur and in the direction of our travel was a sign saying "Cedar Spur" and perpendicular to that was "Direct Spur (to Road End)", pointing roughly towards Possum Hut. That is now on my to-explore list, so beware. From there on we reached Rosella Ridge without any difficulties and with moderate huffing and puffing. However we did come across one more surprise - Greenhood, another species of native orchids.



On lower section of Rosella Ridge, November 26, 2017 (PHOTO: Tomas Sobek)

By the time we got to Rosella Ridge it was a late lunchtime and I refrained from taking any photos of my companions' faces for safety reasons. But the views were fantastic and the place delightful. We crossed Little Pulpit Rock and continued traversing Rosella Ridge North-East. At the intersection with Hunter Access Track #1 we ditched the original intention to continue along Rosella Ridge until the river track. The shorter the better; at that point in time we were all getting pretty tired. We knew we still have one more steep hill to climb ahead.

The rest of our journey went smoothly. First following the new river track, then the old one, and in the end the expected steep climb onto Mountain Road. This great fittish circuit of 15.5 kilometres and nearly 1,400 metres of ups and downs took us nearly 7 hours, including short breaks. Pretty good effort for a hot day.

Tomas Sobek on behalf of Kate Williams, Peter Boeckhout, and James Lang.

SKYLINE TRAVERSE

December 3, 2017

Author: Debbie Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 779, February 2018

'Can it get much hotter?' was the question on my lips as we sat in the sun on the rocks above Sullivans Dam overlooking the Northern Motorway. Thirteen other people had also taken advantage of the very warm weather and joined me on the Dunedin Skyline Traverse. Starting at the Bull Ring around 8.30am it was a reasonably quick walk up to Flagstaff where there was the obligatory team photo overlooking the city. This view would follow us as we continued our journey along the skyline, although the angle would alter.



Mt Cargill from the Flagstaff Walkway, December 3, 2017

The next stage from Flagstaff to Swampy Summit is a little deceiving as it looks relatively flat but there are a couple of short, steep sections and our group started to spread out a little as the temperature started to rise. We stopped to regroup before the final push towards the summit where we stopped for a drink and admire the view. The view from Swampy Summit on a good day is well worth the climb - Waitati on one side and Dunedin city on the other. We could see Mt Cargill beaconing us on and keen to get out of the sun, we headed down the hill towards the top of the motorway. It was nice to see the usually muddy track completely dry and we made good time down the Leith Saddle Walkway.

Once across the motorway we were keen to enter the shade of the bush and start the climb towards the summit of Mt Cargill. We followed the recently cut track starting at the beginning of Pigeon Flat Road to the rocks which made a great place to stop for lunch. The view looking down to the motorway and Sullivans Dam was a good backdrop. The next section is along another recently cut part of the Clouds Forest of Leith walkway to the Power Lines where there was another stop for a drink and reapply the sunscreen. The heat was beginning to be felt with the level in the water bottles dropping rapidly. It was a bit of relief to enter the bush again and on we climbed. Much to Alan's disappointment there were only a couple of very small muddy sections, not even enough warrant wearing boots. We scrambled up onto Pigeon Rocks for another drink stop and admire the views of Warrington Beach before heading through the wasteland of cut pine trees to Mt Cargill where we were rewarded with more great views of the city.



Port Chalmers and Otago Harbour from near Buttar's Peak, December 3, 2017

It was here that the party split into two groups with one group taking the track down to the junction to Buttar's Peak while the second group carried on along the skyline and down the cliff face for a more direct route, meeting up with first group at the track junction. Over the top of Buttar's Peak to complete the skyline section and onto the Organ Pipes. It was a quick walk down to Mt Cargill Road and the cars.

DEATH VALLEY & SCOTT CREEK (INTO THE VALLEY OF DEATH)

January 20-21, 2018

Author: Philip Somerville

Published in Bulletin 780, March 2018

Some of us spend time staring at topomaps (perhaps we need a life) and imaging trips. When we see a name like Death Valley our eyes light up. Wouldn't it be great to go there?

So, I had to take the chance to tag along after Ian Billingham promoted a January trip up Scott Creek and into Death Valley. Ian, by the way, is doing a wonderful job organising tramps to places less trodden and to untracked tops.

As it happened, Ian's hurt shoulder ruled him out, and he gave me the call to take over as trip leader.



From the saddle between Scott/Kay Creeks and Death Valley (PHOTO: Sam Pynenburg)

Ten of us spent Friday night at the beautiful DOC Lake Sylvan camping ground near the start of the Routeburn before heading up at 8am on Saturday into the bracken and then beech forest.

Unusually for any tramping club these days, we were a relatively young team. I calculated only two of the 10 were aged more than 39. One was only 19. It required someone of my advancing years to drag the "mean" age up.

Scott Creek to the bush line is tracked, and then we climbed over rough ground up the stream towards the expansive Scott basin. Following Ian's excellent detailed instructions and photos, we dropped packs to detour to Pt 1344 for views back down to the Dart and over to the Earnslaw massif.

After lunch we climbed further and around a tarn, up some scree and over a saddle about 1690m. We then dropped steeply a short distance, taking care not to bomb each other with rocks, before easing around into the aforementioned Death Valley.

It did not disappoint. The only access was via the saddle and down valley to Kay Creek. The sizeable tarn in the tussock was a beauty, with plentiful campsites. Some of our number went for a dip.



Some of the team looking towards the Dart Valley (PHOTO: Sam Pynenburg)

We were there by about 3.45pm, and the day, with plenty of stops, was civilised and not too tiring.

The same could not be said for the morrow. We scooted down the stream for an hour or two, crossed through a little scrub and forest before arriving at Kay Creek Hut. We then slogged up Kay Creek, two choosing to plunge into cool pools on the way.

There's a steep scramble at the head of the valley to avoid waterfalls and bluffs, and we stopped for lunch on our way down Scott Creek. The walk out was brisk and hot with few stops. We arrived at the van about

3.45pm, a solid, sweaty and exhausting eight-hour day.

Nine of us dunked ourselves fully into the Dart River, before - dust free and a little cooler - we were homeward bound.

Philip Somerville for Andrea, Steph, Nico, Sam, Gemma, Michaela, Sue, Massimo and Andrew.

JUBILEE HUT AND BACK IN A DAY

January 21, 2018

Author: Sharen Rutherford

Published in Bulletin 780, March 2018

The weather had been really hot in the days leading up to this walk so a few days prior had arranged a slightly shorter trip which meant going in via Mountain Rd carpark to Jubilee Hut and returning the same way. This was also the last day walk prior to the large group heading off on the Five Passes trip so we had a number of members doing last minute checks on new purchased gear or just checking their fitness.

A couple of days prior the weather gods were forecasting a cool 22 degrees and cloud cover which in light of the plus 30 degree days looked really good.

An early start of 8am from the club rooms, meeting the final person at the carpark so the group of 10 were heading up the track by

8.45am. The cloud cover was very low, and we were hopeful that this would lift later in the day.



Jubilee Hut, Silver Peaks Scenic Reserve

A mixture of people on the walk and some with a number of years of experience provided some key conversions along the way and one of these was Gordon talking about snack foods for energy and the importance of topping up along the way.

When approaching the path up to Pulpit Rock we decided to continue as the cloud cover was so low, we were walking in the mist and getting wet in the process. No worries at this point about overheating.

Down Devils Staircase and sighting the hut in the distance under the mist cloud. We met a few trampers that had spent the night at Jubilee Hut and were taking a late start. We arrived at Jubilee Hut approx. midday and for some this was the first time they had actually been in the hut despite a number of years tramping. Understandable as most walk past unless this is the destination or an overnight trip.

Relaxed over lunch and we all watched Gordon Tocher do a bit of gardening as he removed a bag of weeds from around the hut – excellent work from Gordon and a general reminder to us all to ensure we clean our boots particularly if we have been in our own gardens or other parts of the country to continue to protect our back country.

After lunch we all headed up Devils Staircase hopeful that at the top the clouds would break and brilliant sunshine would reward us after our slog up the hill. This was not to be and we walked out in the mist having not seen anything other than the immediate ground in front of us. Good day overall anyway – any day tramping is a good day.

Sharen Rutherford on behalf of Ken Taylor, Joe Skinner, Jane Ward, Carolyn Taylor, David Bunn, Richard Forbes, Gordon Tocher, Rorie Marsland and Helen Reid. Photos by Sharen.

MAUNGATUA

February 4, 2018

Author: Sharen Rutherford

Published in Bulletin 780, March 2018

Another nice day for a tramp – not too hot and some cloud cover to keep the temp in check.

Group of 10 left the club rooms at 9am on route for Woodside Glenn carpark. Once at the carpark we split into two groups with a faster group wanting to see how far they could get to the summit and a slower group aiming for above the bush line for lunch which included Andrew along with Lily in tow (doing it the easy way via a backpack on dad's back).



Maungatua Tops (PHOTO: Tomas Sobek)

The track conditions were met with the recent rain so this was a consideration for all and requiring caution for everyone. A slippery rock on the creek crossing proved a bit much with one of the group having a little dip in the stream.

A steady climb up and we were blessed with sighting of a Tui and a NZ Falcon on the path on the way up.

Nice views above the bush line looking out towards the Taieri Plains. The slower group found a nice spot among the tussock grass and the other group continued onto one of the rocky outcrops before turning back.

The trip down the hill provided its challenges with the odd slip here and there.

Sharen Rutherford on behalf of David Bunn, Ken Taylor, Tony Timperley, Sonia Alexanian, Jane Ward, Carolyn Taylor, James Lang, Andrew McConnell and Lily McConnell.

VICTORY BEACH

February 11, 2018

Author: Peter Boeckhout

Published in Bulletin 780, March 2018

6 keen trampers not afraid of some drizzle, started the Victory beach track at the end of Dick Road's carpark. After 10 minutes we arrived under the Pyramids. They really look like the Great Pyramids of Giza from the carpark road. We climbed up the smallest and had a great view towards the beach and over Okia flat. We took the track leading straight to Victory beach and arrived at Wickliffe Bay. We headed south towards the Papanui Inlet, and we just could see the remains of the shipwreck Victory (1861) in between the waves. There were a couple of sea lions laying on the beach.



Sea Lions at Papanui Inlet (PHOTO: Peter Boeckhout)

At this point the rain started to come down a bit quicker and the wind kept on changing direction. We rounded the tip of the beach and walked close to the water, inland west following some markers higher up in the sand. There were some sea lions waking up and not happy to see us. Sometime later we bumped into one single sea lion who was a bit more territorial. It wobbled towards me, so I stopped and he stopped, then I walked carefully further, the other trampers followed and the sea lion came a bit closer - so as good trampers do they stopped and of course the sea lion stopped as well. Then part of our group walked carefully at the edge

of the water past the sea lion and made it safely across. Then there was one single tramper still hesitating to cross safely and with all the courage the brave tramper could gather, running through boot deep water with some loud noises scaring the big fellow, finally made it towards the safe side. We kept walking on the edge of the water and soon we came to a 4wd track. There was a Mom & Dad sea lion with 4 pups a bit further down the road totally not afraid of us.

We followed the high-water mark to the road we drove in from and walked back to the carpark. And now the rain was coming down a little bit more. A perfect Sunday to get that outdoors feeling going.

Peter Boeckhout for Lucy Jones, Sue Rhodes, Janet Barclay, Ken Taylor and Ash Flintoff.

XMAS SOCIAL IN THE CATLINS

December 16-17, 2017

Author: Rodger Clarkson

Published in Bulletin 780, March 2018

I'd previously stayed at the Forest & Bird lodge in the Lenz reserve on a volunteer weekend and thought this would be a great base for a Xmas social club trip so when the opportunity arose that's what I put on the trip-card. 14 of us headed down at various times on Friday with another 2 joining us on Saturday. It was a gloriously sunny Saturday and various people packed in heaps of activities including a trip to Curio Bay to see the fossilised forest, lunch at the Whistling Frog, a walk to McLeans Falls, a trip to Papatowai for a swim and Kayak, a visit to Cathedral Caves, and walks around the reserve, before heading back to base for a BBQ Xmas dinner.

Ralph played the part of Santa and we sat on his knee to receive our secret santa presents. Ralph was enjoying himself as each person got slightly more amorous with each sitting, unfortunately for Ralph the last person, Mr 'Lapdance' Campbell, just took things too far! He did redeem himself however by getting us some fresh kai off the rocks on the coast.



The Nuggets (PHOTO: Rodger Clarkson)

After drinks and dinner and a few more drinks Alan got out his guitar and sang a few songs including one about an accident prone bricklayer that had Ray in absolute hysterics. On Sunday we met up with the daytrippers and did the Catlins Riverwalk before returning to Dunedin on a wet Sunday afternoon. Everyone enjoyed themselves over the weekend and on a personal note it was good to see Gene out with the club again and long may that continue.



Cathedral Caves (PHOTO: Rodger Clarkson)

Nicole, Gene, Margaret, Ralph, Andrea, Jamie, Ray, Jill, Alan, Wayne, Maria, Tina and Adam

LEITH SADDLE – CLOUD FOREST – ESCARPMENT LOOP

February 18, 2018

Author: Tony Timperley

Published in Bulletin 781, April 2018

As a variation to the usual start from Sullivan's Dam and return for this tramp, Leader Tony ordered that we would start and finish at the Leith Saddle carpark. This would therefore include the extra section from the saddle to the Leith Loop, then a descent to join the Cloud Forest track after about 35 mins. We would return via this route also.

So, after a mad sprint across the motorway, Tony led ten fellow trampers up to the rocky Leith lookout, bravely brushing aside cobwebs to enable a much easier passage for his following companions. From the lookout we admired the views over Sullivan's Dam and to the south over the city and coast. As we also overlooked the motorway, we did some car spotting. There was a heated discussion over whether a campervan we spotted was a Mercedes Mk V or a MK VI DeLux. This argument was not resolved. Ken did, however, correctly identify the roar of a Harley Davidson motorbike.



Travelling from Pigeon Rock to Pigeon Hill via pine forest (PHOTO: Bjarney Jonsdottir)

It was great that Lucy was able to join us after recovering from her accidental injuries. To celebrate this we encouraged her to lead the next section, which she did with her usual gusto and we reached the powerline clearing ready for our morning break. We enjoyed whilst admiring the extensive views north up the coast and west to Silver Peaks.

Lucy wisely let Tony lead the next section up to Pigeon Hill. This involved squelching through muddy sections, hurdling over fallen logs and pushing aside gorse as we climbed up the rocks to the lookout on the Escarpment. As I said in my blurb for this tramp – it “has everything” and the next section was a complete contrast as we crossed grassy open terrain littered with dead pine tree branches, although the good news is that there has been replanting and young saplings are growing well.



Near Pigeon Hill, in amongst the replanted forest (PHOTO: Bjarney Jonsdottir)

Just before reaching Cowan Road, we found a spot with enough stumps and logs to sit on and have lunch. The weather forecast was for a temperature of 27 degrees, yet it must have been at least 10 degrees less and overcast, so we all had to put on an extra layer to keep warm. Nevertheless, we enjoyed great views south and Ken pointed out Nugget Point, which was bathed in sunlight.

After lunch we ambled down Cowan Road, where thankfully there was just a couple of cars with considerate drivers going up to Mt Cargill. The next section, which branches off Cowan Road, follows the track used by harrier runners for the annual 3 Peaks Race in April. Unless someone goes along this track with a scrub cutter before the race there are going to be some

badly scratched runners! We had to push our way through broom and gorse down to Sullivan's Bridle Track (a gravel road) and then clamber over a fallen pine tree in the forest section of the 3 Peaks Track.

Again, for further contrast, we climbed over the stile out of the forest and onto open farm paddocks. (The kind owners had given us permission to cross these.) As we were descending to the farm road and gate, we had the feeling we were being followed! When we looked around, we saw about a dozen curious young steers were checking us out. They looked very disappointed when we left them on the other side of the fence and walked towards Sullivan's Dam.

At the dam we went along the left side until where the track from the carpark comes down to the bridge. Here Will decided to take 7-year-old son Artie back up via Leith Valley Road to the Saddle, rather than return via the Cloud Forest/Leith Loop Tracks, which would involve extra climbing and take about another hour. Young Artie had done really well as we had already been going for about 5 hours over very varying terrain.

The rest of us gritted our teeth and walked around to the start of the Cloud Forest Track, to begin our climb, with Lucy again leading. By the time we had grunted up to the rocky Leith Loop lookout we were thinking that young Artie had made a wise decision. However, after again admiring the view, we descended through the bush to the motorway. During this section Lucy cut a finger and although bloody was helped by capable companions to stem the flow and dress the wound, which enabled her to return to her usual bouncy self. Will and Artie were waiting for us at the carpark and after waving to them that we were all OK, we climbed down to the saddle and did another sprint across the motorway to breathlessly complete our six-hour tramp.

Tony Timperley for: Ken Taylor, Will and Arty Sweetman, Jan Burch, Seck ha Shin (Toby), Bjarney Jonsdottir, Peter and Leonie Loeber, Lucy Jones, and Sue Rhodes.

MILLENNIUM TRACK

March 3, 2018

Author: Lucy Jones

Published in Bulletin 781, April 2018

Our original trip that was planned was to Mitchell Rocks, we were all looking forward to it, but it got changed just a few days before the day trip.

Instead, we went and did the Millennium track which gave us all a good work out, especially walking right through to Taieri Mouth.

We all met at the club rooms hoping no one would get mixed up with the bush craft river crossing group.

It was a lovely morning with six eager and keen trampers heading out to Henley, to the start of the Millennium track we were meeting one other person out there - Holly.

At the start of the Millennium Track, we read the sign telling us how far it was to John Bull Gully and also how far it was to Taieri Mouth.

It was a nice walk, up and down hills and then around corners, along a good wide track which had a few wee streams and a bit of mud.

Once we got going some of us had to stop and have a drink and take a layer of clothing off, as it was getting warm, especially humid and quite muggy.

We were surrounded by very pretty native bush and flax bushes, watching where we put our feet so that we didn't trip over - yes well, I can't talk as not long after we got going, I tripped over some flaxes lying over the track.

We stopped and had our morning tea at John Bull Gully. We had someone in our group say, "see if you can guess where I was originally from" and we couldn't guess and he told us - from Egypt. It was quite interesting talking to him.

After the morning tea stop, we had to climb up a bit of a hill and then it levelled out, which was nice. It was like that for a bit of the way.

We came to a viewing point, with a good wooden seat and a chance to have a bit of a rest and drink, as it was quite warm. We were all admiring the good view looking down on the Taieri river.

The first time we saw anyone was at the wooden seat/viewing point. It was a couple.

We carried on walking to Taieri Mouth for lunch which was only another half an hour. One of our trampers wasn't very good and was struggling, he couldn't carry on any further.

He stayed behind, and our leader Peter couldn't leave him there at the seat, so decided to stay behind with him. Peter put Ken in charge of the 5 of us, which only really took us half an hour to walk to Taieri Mouth for lunch. Along the way there were quite a few muddy bits, we passed quite a few people and even someone pushing a push bike up the track, looked quite hard going. It was very warm, and we were all looking forward to getting to Taieri Mouth for lunch. We had a nice leisurely lunch resting for half an hour in the shade.

The walk back was hard because it was very warm and humid, we all had bit of a rest at the viewing point.

Along the way we saw lots of pretty fantails flying around very close by, in the trees.

Once we had passed the sign that said John Bull Gully, we knew we were over half way back to the cars.

There was a very light shower, but it didn't come to much - we were sheltered by being under the trees on the track.

We all thought that we had a very good work out, up and down hills and going around corners and bends, especially walking all the way right through to Taieri Mouth.

I would like to thank Peter Loeber our leader for a very good tramp - Lucy Jones on behalf of Ash Flintoff, Geraldine Kerr, Magdy Mohssen, Holly Yang and Ken Taylor.

SILVER PEAKS (BUSHCRAFT 2018)

March 11, 2018

Author: Peter Loeber

Published in Bulletin 781, April 2018

A keen group of 11 people gathered at the club rooms at 8 am, all ready for a good day's tramp. The plan was to head for Pulpit Rock and then on to 777 as the lunch stop.

Along the way, two further people were waiting for us up Mountain Rd and Isabel Moebs son Leon joined us on his way back from running to Jubilee Hut – oh to be young again!!.

So, all up we had six people from the Bushcraft Course, 5 members, 3 visitors, with myself, Barry W and Ralph H to ensure all went well.



The tops of the Silver Peaks, from Pulpit Rock

The day started fine and stayed that way, giving great views from all the vantage points. In fact, the day couldn't have been a better advert for tramping the Silver Peaks.

We started walking about 9 am and were at the site of the old Green Hut by 10 am, just in time for a morning tea stop, and then it was up to Pulpit Rock.

Up on Pulpit Rock, the group practiced with map and compass before moving onto Point 777. Along the way we came across a bunch of 20 people that turned out to be the Bushcraft group

who had camped near Jubilee hut and were heading home. They all were enthusiastic about the experience, which was good to hear.

After lunch, we reversed direction and headed back downhill, with 4 of the group deviating via the trig point.

We all arrived back at the cars at about 3 pm after a good Sunday tramp.

Peter Loeber on behalf of Anglia Bleath, Isabel and Leon Moebs, Garon Whitney, Charlie and Maree Weaver, Sabina Habine, Massimo Curci, Paul Gilbert, Ken Taylor, Magdy Mosshard, Barry Walker, Ralph Harvey.

FLAGSTAFF WITHOUT A CAR

March 25, 2018

Author: Ken Taylor

Published in Bulletin 781, April 2018

We gathered at the clubhouse at 9.00 and then walked up to Cargills Corner to catch the bus and save a section fare. Caught bus 44 to Halfway Bush, picking up Jane and Lucy at Otago Boys. Once up the hill we walked to Spiers Road and followed that up to the start of the track, which wasn't too wet.



The team on the seat overlooking Dunedin just below the Flagstaff summit (PHOTO: Tracy Pettinger)

Part way up we caught up with Kathy Woodrow and Chris Pearson and continued up to Flagstaff where we stopped to admire the view and a quick snack. Chris and Charlotte Handley then arrived from the Pineapple Track so we carried on down to the Pineapple track where Chris and Kathy and Chris and Charlotte left our company to go down the Pineapple track.

We continued along Swampy Summit to the Junction of the Power Line track where we stopped for lunch. Continued along the Power line track, down through the bush and onto a work track which we went along to see a city water intake. Retraced our steps and carried onto Leith Valley and along to the bus stop at the bottom of Fulton Road then bus to Countdown, then a short walk to club rooms.

Leader Jan Burch, Thank you.

Ken Taylor for Maureen Lanbert, Jane Cloete, Lucy Jones, Laurence Prattley, Richard and Tracy Pettinger, Doug and lastly Carolyn.

CHALKIES CHALLENGE

March 18, 2018

Author: Sharen Rutherford

Published in Bulletin 782, May 2018

9 eager trampers psyched themselves up to do the Chalkies Challenge with Sharen. The plan was to start at the signposted track near Waiora Scout Camp, and walk the Chalkies Track, Raceman's track and then the Tunnel track.

The track was officially sign posted with its standardised green/yellow Doc signage. However, as we soon came to find out, defined it was not. We proceeded to climb in the direction of our target destination, with the joyful sounds of the birds singing overhead, and the fantails swooping around us. We followed the only clear markers we could see which was either pink ribbons attached to branches, or red insulation tape, it was clear that this was no actual track, well not one that had been used recently.

When we found ourselves on something that resembled a track, it was short-lived, and we had to search for markers again. We came to a fence line, so we opted to follow the fence line towards our target, bush bashing where necessary to ensure we continued to follow the fence line to our target destination.



The fallen verandah rock near the Chalkies (PHOTO: Russell Knowles)

But alas the evil bush-lawyer was everywhere, and it took out its revenge on many of us tramper's. Trying not to let the bush-lawyer get the upper hand, we continued our climb to the top until we came to a right-angled fence in the forestry area. Leading us to believe we were near our destination.

However there appeared to be no clear indication as to which way we needed to go next. With the only option to tackle further dense bush and nasty bush lawyer. With many of us Trampers already nursing battle wounds, we decided to back-track a bit to see if we missed a marker.

But alas, no such luck, so we stopped for lunch, and pondered our next direction. We reluctantly decided to continue our way back down towards where we started.

Even as we made our way back down it was unclear at times as to where we had come up, not even our footprints could be seen, even as we tried following the pink/red markers that we believed we followed on the way up.

We finally reached our starting point, noting that we had come down in a slightly different direction to where we had started.

All and all it was a great walk, with great companions. Hopefully it will reappear on the Trip Card again, as it has certainly left several of us with a sense of determination and curiosity to do it again.

Sharen Rutherford on behalf of Ken Taylor, Geraldine Kerr, Jane Ward, Carolyn Taylor, Rodger Clarkson, Rorie Marsland, James Lang, Holly Yang.

TRIP TO HARBOUR CONE

April 8, 2018

Author: Leonie Loeber

Published in Bulletin 782, May 2018

We parked the vehicles at the Broad Bay Boating Club, walked back along Portobello Road and up to the end of Camp Street. After going through the gate, we walked along a farm track until we met the sign for the track to Harbour Cone (Herewaka). We had morning tea near a derelict farm building, with a notice telling us it was a 'hazardous area'. We then followed the poles over the farmland, though some Macrocarpa trees until we come out on Highcliff Road. We saw a number of stone fences along the way, a sight that is synonymous with Otago Peninsula. The steady climb to Harbour Cone is through farmland and once we are at the top, we were rewarded with outstanding views out to the coast and in the other direction to the city of Dunedin. Surely the best place for a Sunday lunch! The boulder fields at the summit and the shape are reminders of its origins as a volcanic cone, an offshoot of the volcano that formed the Peninsula and harbour.



Looking towards Dunedin City and Saddle Hill from Harbour Cone

After our lunch stop, we walked back down, across Highcliff Road again and continued to Bacon Street and from there it was about a 10-15 minute walk back to the cars along the harbour foreshore.

I would like to thank my fellow walkers for accompanying me today and for joining me on my walk.

Leonie Loeber for Magdy Mohssen, Ken Taylor, Ivan Booth, Lucy Jones, Doug Mabohm, Tania McMillan, Laurence Prattley, Tina Anderson, Carolyn Vincent and Peter Loeber.

MIHIWAKA 3 PEAKS

April 15, 2018

Author: Maria Hamelink

Published in Bulletin 782, May 2018

We all met at the clubrooms at 9am as usual and headed off to the starting point just above Port Chalmers. Included in our group of 13 was 4-year-old Zac and 5-year-old Lilly along with their parents who came prepared with their child carrier packs.

We headed off up a gravel road climbing toward the reservoir, after a loop round the reservoir we back tracked and headed up Mt Chalmers where some of us climbed a pile of rocks to reach the highest point with views down to Port Chalmers, the wind was so strong I could hardly stand up at the top.

We then headed back down and toward Mihiwaka while Zac decided he had seen enough, and he and his parents headed home. At Mihiwaka a trig that was upright a week ago was flat on its side.



The view over Otago Harbour from Mihiwaka (PHOTO: Andrew McConnell)

We then started up Mt Kettle, a few of us were trying to get to the top of the rocky track but someone down below decided to test his whistle, so we turned back thinking we had been summoned only to find that was not the case.

We headed back to the reservoir and found a slightly sheltered spot for lunch then continued with peak number 3 or maybe it was 4.

This was through a pine forest and Sandy had a plan to find a geocache up the top somewhere, on the way up Andrew just happened to be standing in the wrong place when a pinecone fell from a branch above hitting him on the head ...ouch.

So we headed up to the top, it was pretty steep and some chose to wait below, Sandy was looking for her geocache, all she knew is it was near a fallen log by a flax bush, well there were heaps of fallen logs and heaps of flax bushes but eventually the cache was found ..yay.

We headed back down to the vehicles once again passing the reservoir, some took the longer route and others the direct route.

During the whole day the wind was strong and gusty especially at the top peaks. Little Lilly rode in the pack on 2 small climbs the rest she walked enjoying finding the markers and splashing through the mud, it was great to see such enthusiasm from a young one.

Total distance 9.7km and climbed 504m.

Maria Hamelink for Tania and Greg McMillan, Andrew McConnel and Lilly, Jodie, Brandon and Zac, Jim Western, Jeff Brookes, Ken Taylor, Lucy Jones and Sandy Webb.

MAVORA LAKES

April 7-8, 2018

Author: Jessa Barder

Published in Bulletin 782, May 2018

The rain fell steadily, prematurely darkening the sky as the Dunedin Four left their city behind. The Team Leader and her husband made their own way to the rendezvous point to scout a campsite for the night. The weekend mission was to make it to Forks Hut and back safely. The catch? They'd have to cross the Mararoa River both ways. Would the river cooperate? It was anyone's guess.

As the Dunedin Four entered the Mavora Lakes Campground, they kept a lookout for the Team Leader's signal. Just as they were about to run out of road, three lights arranged in a triangle lit up the night. The Dunedin Four pulled over, retrieved the signal lights, and made camp next to their Team Leader's vehicle.



North Mavora Lake (PHOTO: Rodger Clarkson)

Dawn brought blue skies, with a few low clouds over North Mavora Lake. Now fully assembled, OTMC-Team-Six hoisted their packs and set off along the 4WD track. As they walked, the sun continued to climb into the sky, causing layers to be shed and cameras to come out. The ruts and potholes left by past vehicular visitors had become impromptu ponds in the recent rain, but the track was still easily navigable on foot, and the beauty of the area had everyone brimming with ideas for future missions, particularly with non-motorized watercraft.

Lunch was eaten overlooking the Mararoa River and the Windon Burn. The best place to cross looked to be about half a kilometer downstream of the confluence. On approach, the Team noted the river's flow was unencumbered by debris, but looked a bit deep and moved more quickly than someone might comfortably walk. The most experienced river crosser volunteered to make the first attempt. Equipped with a pole, he picked his way across, the water never rising above his knees, then turned and came back to the true right bank, where the Team waited. He confirmed that it was flowing at a decent – though not impossible - rate and would be over the knees of the shorter team members, who were also less experienced with river crossing. And what of the next day? MetService forecast rain for the next afternoon, but yr.no forecast rain for the next morning – should they cross the river now only to risk a higher or faster flow the next day?

There was enough doubt, so we left Forks Hut for another mission, and enacted Plan B: proceed along the river's true right bank for an hour to reach Boundary Hut. This would keep them in the terrain of Te Araroa hikers as well as hunters taking advantage of The Roar. Already that day, the team had chatted with dirt bikers, two hunters who reported seeing a stag less than a kilometre from the track the night before, and one very intrepid bicyclist. And sure enough, as they continued along the river, they encountered a handful of TA hikers. Though none had stopped at or were heading for Boundary Hut, we were glad they weren't relying on the hut for shelter that night.

Further along the track, the Team Leader stopped to survey the river for other potential crossing points and realized she was no longer wearing her glasses! She must have lost them during her last clothing swap. The Team Leader and her husband backtracked, but to no avail.

After reaching the hut, it seemed far too early in the day to stop moving, and the track had been fairly undemanding, so the group decided to do a bit of reconnoitering using the swing bridge next to the hut to cross the Mararoa – perhaps the Windon Burn would be a more reliable crossing for the future? So, off the group went for some bushwhacking in the surrounding hillocks, with each member of the party taking a turn leading, until the only way back to the bridge was through a boggy marsh. Oh well.

Back at the hut, two southbound TA hikers showed up during dinner and were grateful to learn there was still plenty of bunk space. As bellies filled, the pace of chatter slowed until, one by one, the Team members slipped off to their tents for the night.

Before sunrise, rain began to fall; yr.no had been right. The Team bundled up as the drizzly sky meant a chillier walk than the day before, though thankfully the tailwind kept the rain out of their faces so they could fully appreciate the drama of the surrounding mountains in cloud and rain. As they approached the approximate site of the Team Leader's last clothing swap the day before, everyone slowed and cast their eyes down, perchance to catch a glimmer of light bouncing off glass, but no joy.

As they passed their picnic spot from the day before, the clouds began to clear. In the emerging sunlight, the bright blue of a knife handle and sheath caught one team member's eye. Perhaps this belonged to a hunter? It seemed clean and almost new, though. She picked it up and just happened to reach Carey's Hut in time to hear another team member mention that

he must have lost his little blue knife somewhere along the way. At least one lost item was reunited with its owner!

After a quick lunch, the Team resolved to make it to their vehicles in the DOC estimated 2 hours, which they generally considered to be ambitious. In fact, they reached their vehicles in 1 hour and 50 minutes.

OTMC-Team Six was comprised of Rodger Clarkson, Geraldine Kerr, Susie Szakats, Jessa Barder, and Steve Hopkins with Christine Hopkins as Team Leader.

CAMERON VALLEY: ASHBURTON LAKES (1)

April 21-22, 2018

Author: Barry Walker

Published in Bulletin 792, May 2018

As it happened, two parties did the trip with a brief meeting as one went out and the other went in. Sue, Kathy and Chris made up the advance party, leaving on Friday with expectations of adverse weather which did eventuate that night tenting at the Lake Heron motor camp. They then had an uneventful tramp on Saturday up Cameron Valley to the hut, if a bit slow, taking some time more than the optimistic 5 hours posted on the info board. A bit of an explore around preceded the trip out on Sunday.

The “seniors” group (Ralph, Peter and Barry) had the luxury of postponing the trip to avoid the worst of the weather, travelling up on Saturday and spending the night at the Lake Heron camp in the motorhome.



Cameron Valley (PHOTO: Carpark Lin)

The tramp in on Sunday was marred a bit by some off-track excursions as the result mostly of rather poor route markings (warratahs with white tops, some of which were losing their white paint in favour of their green! base colour), and a general lack of markers at critical exit and entry points. By the end of the trip, we were pretty critical of the route markings and think a few \$ spent by the Canterbury Mountaineering Club in making some improvements would be money well spent! ...(yes I know some may say we had a few senior moments too).

We also had a bit of fun finding the road entry to the carpark track (no signage, just pick the right 4WD track to go up, unfortunately our first pick was wrong and proved a real timewaster negotiating a long wheelbase motorhome over a pretty rutty track).

Ah well, we did get there in the end and well worth while it was. A fabulous valley ending at a superb mountainous and glacial face. A basic 9 bunk hut, full both our nights with tent overflow (including 5 children/teens), warm and comfortable (except for the bunk headroom which had both Ralph and Barry head-knocking several times with appropriate exclamations).

After a full extra day's explore we headed out and home Tuesday, Ralph suffering a bit of disappointment by losing his camera en-route.

Barry Walker for Sue Williams, Kathy Woodrow, Chris Pearson, Ralph Harvey Peter Loeber.

Thanks to Sue for the trip idea and organisation.

CAMERON VALLEY: ASHBURTON LAKES (2)

April 21-22, 2018

Author: Sue Williams

Published in Bulletin 793, June 2018

The Cameron Valley is a spectacular spot and I've been there a couple of times as a Plan B when the weather forecast is bad further west. There are huge scree slopes on the way up the valley and lots of photo opportunities.

Three of us set off for the Cameron Valley in the Hakatere Conservation Park and arrived at the Lake Heron Campsite around 10pm. We had a quiet night and in the morning we drove the last half an hour or so up to the car park. There were no other cars parked, so we left the tents behind and hoped there would be bunks in the hut.

It took us about 6 and a half hours to get up to the hut, a mixture of river flats, some track through Matagouri and along the riverbanks. There is a large terrace to climb about half-way up the valley and then the last hike and climb up the rocks to the hut arriving about 4pm.

Cameron Hut is owned by the Canterbury Mountaineering Club and is well set up with a porch, solar lights, a heap of good books and a radio. The hut (with a fabulous purple door) is set amongst moraine with spectacular views of the Arrowsmith range and the end of the Cameron Glacier. I took a short walk up the Carriageway in the wind and turned back before it got too dark. You can see right back to the start of the valley and Lake Heron. The hut was fairly full that night with some trampers from Canterbury.

We passed plenty of people heading in on Sunday as it was the school holidays, as well as three familiar faces (Ralph, Barry and Peter) who had delayed the start of their trip for a better weather forecast. I did lose Kathy and Chris for a short while as I took the intrepid (you could say wrong) route through some thick Matagouri. Got myself an impressive selection of scratches but I was very brave.

We made it out to the road end, saved a pipit from certain death (it hid in the boot of the car from a falcon) and then hit the road.

Thanks to Kathy and Chris for a good trip, Sue Williams

SOUTHERN HUMBOLDT MOUNTAINS

March 30 – April 3, 2018

Author: Gordon Tocher

Published in Bulletin 793, June 2018

The alternative title is "A master class in Scree types".

With the long Easter weekend starting in March the prospect of several days in the wilderness with what should be reasonable weather was too appealing to pass up.

Trip leader Ian Billingham had fallen victim to the writings of "Mad Pom" in which he relates many off track and usually solo trips into the NZ outback. Mad Pom's harrowing solo trip which involved a badly broken leg and several days crawling to a hut for help was the subject of one of the TV "Survivor" programmes a few years ago.



Map of the southern Humboldt Mountains (Image from Ian Billingham post)

The plan was to start from the Glenorchy end of the Routeburn Track traverse most of the Southern Humboldt Mountains generally above the bushline, dipping into a number of valleys and crossing numerous passes/ saddles etc ending the journey by descending the end of the Range to the Greenstone Track carpark.

Our party distilled to four Ian, Andrea Hudson, Gordon Tocher and a new member Jo Steven who lives near Gore. Fortunately, Chris and Steve Hopkins were undertaking a Kay, Death and Scott Creek trip and could position Gordon's car at the Greenstone carpark while four of us squeezed into Jo's hatchback for the trip from our Thursday night camp at Lake Sylvan to the Routeburn shelter.

The ascent from the Emily Creek bridge on the Routeburn Track was uneventful, routefinding skills are necessary. Once out of the bush we diverted from the usual path to Emily Pass and headed south across a wide basin towards point 1544 (Fraser Col?) and down into the upper reaches of the Fraser Valley. We managed to pitch our three tents and cook dinner before the wind came up and a few rain drops appeared. It was a rather windy night as at one point Jo's 700g tent was lifted off the ground prompting a retreat to Ian's tent.

Saturday dawned cool and with showers but soon developed into quite a nice day, we headed up into the head of the Fraser and crossed the ridge between Peaks 1706 and 1856. Three of us sat on the pass looking down a rather steep scree slope that would get us into the Double Barrel Valley. At this point I was considering that Mad Pom was correctly named as the slope was steep enough to mean the bottom could not be seen. Fortunately the descent was quite safe providing care was taken. We turned up valley looking for a lunch stop spot and saw the first of numerous Deer.



Tarns near the Kay / Scott Creeks saddle (PHOTO: Ian Billinghamurst)

Going up Double Barrel Creek can only be described as unpleasant, the creek was too swift in most places to walk in and the low scrub was thick and abrasive with moraine underfoot and plenty of ankle threatening holes. Progress was slow until we exited the low scrub and headed for the pass to Death Valley the weather took a turn for the worse firstly with rain, then a short hail shower and lastly a skiff of snow. Deciding it was getting too late to cross into Death Valley we sought a campsite for the night in a basin well off our intended path to avoid the lumpy moraine.

It was a cold night; we woke to ice covered puddles and frozen boots and laces for those who left their boots outside. The prospect of sun on the other side of the valley was great

motivation to get going on Sunday morning as we headed for the pass into Death Valley (between Peak 1951 and 1933). The scree slope that took us down into Death Valley had steep scree flanks which were sending small rocks downwards as the sun melted the ice crystals which had grown overnight. The crystals were surprisingly large, protruding vertically above the scree. We did not realise the scree we were walking on covered the remnants of an ice field until we got to the bottom and found the cavern under the ice.



Traversing the Humboldts (PHOTO: Ian Billinghamurst)

Further down towards the creek we saw two figures coming up the valley, it was Chris & Steve which solved the problem of how to get my car keys back from them. Our group of six headed up past the tarn in Death Valley and over the pass between Peaks 1960 and 1710 to drop down to the Scott/ Kay saddle at which point The Hopkins' headed down into Scott Creek and we traversed along the head of Kay Creek and headed south down the range over 2 mini passes on the flank of Mt Bonpland. The rock field under the last small pass must have been covered in a glacier until recently as it was full of "tippy" rocks and very slow to walk over. A good campsite was found sheltered by large rocks, it had been a big day so a quick meal was required before nightfall. The clouds were looking ominous at dusk, so a decision was made to have a quick muesli bar breakfast and get away in the morning. The local Keas came visiting at 4am checking out the contents of the billy.

Monday started off showery and very windy, with sufficient wind on the mini pass above our campsite to cause us to call off the intended visit to "Sleepy Hollow" and the direct descent to the Greenstone carpark. Instead, we chose to head down from the Range to The Caples Valley and Track as a more sheltered and probably quicker but longer route to the vehicle.

The weather improved as the day went on, the forest above the Caples was really nice and remarkably open due no doubt to plenty of Deer browsing. The area is a mycologists dream with heaps of different types of fungi. Once on the Caples Track progress was swift, at the Caples Hut we celebrated our return to civilisation with a late second lunch at 4pm. The walk out to the car was uneventful arriving at 7pm. With the exception of the very fit Jo (who headed off to do more ultra marathon training) we were pretty tired. The drive home did not sound like a safe idea so a generous cousin put us up in luxury near Queenstown.

Thanks to Ian for a very well researched trip which took in some areas not often seen.

More impressive considering his family had only moved house the day before we left. Total trip length about 71 – 72 km.

The birdlife on the trip was impressive, we saw Rock Wrens, Fantails, Tomtits, NZ Falcon and at one stage a flock of 7 Kea.

The wide variety of scree was remarkable, each pass had scree of different nature providing completely different walking conditions. One slope even had a coal seam.

Gordon Tocher for Andrea Hudson, Jo Steven and Ian Billinghamurst,

Footnote: The Humbolt Mountains were named by early surveyor James McKerrow after German Scientist Baron von Humbolt (1769 – 1859), Mt Bonpland after French Scientist Aime Bonpland who accompanied von Humbolt. The Caples valley was named after Patrick Quirk Caples, a gold prospector who in January 1863 was the first European to explore the Hollyford Valley.

SIGNAL HILL BIG EASY

April 29, 2018

Author: Ken Taylor

Published in Bulletin 793, June 2018

The Timber Gully waterfall tramp was postponed because of the heavy rain so a quick tramp up the "Big Easy" was organised. Left the clubrooms and drove to the car park at Logan Park High School. All our coats were on and off up the hill we went. A very muddy start but we were soon on a gravel track and into the bush. After a short while we passed the old fish hatchery ponds that were used to raise young trout for local rivers. All the streams were running high, so it was quite relaxing walking to the sound of water. After a while we came to the "Plateau" and decided to continue to the "Buddhas". When we got there, we had a snack and took in the view: "rain rain, mist". Didn't hang around long and then took off back down, rain heavier, track becoming like small river. Back to car, 11.6k's in total

Ken Taylor for leader Tania McMillan, Sue Rhodes, Mikayla Day, Liam Millar and Maria Hamelink



TOMAHAWK LAGOON

May 13, 2018

Author: Ken Taylor

Published in Bulletin 793, June 2018

A cool start to the day, a light frost in places, calm and sunny. Set off from the lagoon and followed it around through a bit of bush and then started climbing up to the Soldiers Monument. The track has been well used so no long grass covered with dew. Sunshine was dazzling in places, but the views were amazing.



Tomahawk Lagoon at dusk

Stopped at the monument for morning tea and then went down to Highcliff Road which we followed north to Karetai Road. Good harbour views. Followed Karetai Road and onto the Karetai track and once past the trees had lunch sitting in the sun.

After lunch continued down and took a detour to Pudneys Cliffs with good views of the coast North and South. Got back onto the track and down to the road and then a walk along Smaills Beach, back onto the road, gun emplacements and then to the cars.

Geraldine's first time as leader, well done, perfect weather and good views.

Ken Taylor for Geraldine Kerr, Ivan Booth, Mark Stephenson, Laurence and Raewyn Prattley, Sue Rhodes and Magdy Mohssen.

MT DOMETT – OTEAKE CONSERVATION PARK

May 5-6, 2018

Author: Sue Williams

Published in Bulletin 794, July 2018

The goal was Mt Domett at 1942m. We set off in two cars from the clubrooms around 6, no stopping for meals, nearly all of us brought something to eat on the way. We turned off at Kyeburn and headed up to Dansey's Pass. About 15 minutes down the other side, we took a left and went down a farm track for a short distance and stopped at a gate. A staring squad of cattle were absolutely delighted to see us and gathered around.

The idea was to walk into the Chinaman's Hut about 2 hours up the Otekaieke River and we set off about 9pm. It was clear and calm and also dark. Across a turnip paddock then down to the river. We spent some time climbing up banks and over rocks and trying to quickly cross the river and keep dry boots. Frost was forming as we got closer to the hut. The hut was just above the river on a terrace, and we used a GPS as it would have been very easy to go straight past it.



Mt Domett from the slopes of Little Mt Domett

Arrived at the hut about 11:30, there was quite a bit of ratty evidence, so we did a bit of housekeeping, shoved all the ancient mattresses into a big pile and finally went to bed. A rat popped up onto the bunk to say goodnight to Alex.

In no time at all it was morning again. The weather was fine, and we set off upriver, making the top about 1pm climbing the last part through rocks and some snow. It was getting pretty

windy by now, so just a brief stop at the top and a quick lunch behind some rocks. Fantastic views right over to the Waitaki Valley and the whole Maniototo.



Chinaman's Hut

The original plan had been to traverse right round the ridge, but with the wind picking up and time marching on we decided to drop across and down and go back down to the hut via the gorge. There were plenty of animal tracks to follow and it was relatively easy going, but we still arrived back at the hut after dark. The trickiest part was climbing down the side of a waterfall, and we all made it without mishap.

There is a great burner in the hut and Alex had brought some mulled wine, so we had a good night. The rat came out again when all was quiet and gave some of us a fright.

Sunday morning was fine but would have been too windy on the tops. We headed out to the road-end. Much easier to find your way in daylight and also, we weren't trying to keep boots dry. We were down at Dansey's Pass pub just before lunchtime. Can recommend the huge chairs and enormous fire! Back to Dunedin around 3.

Sue for Joe and Sharon, Nico, Robert and thanks to Alex for organising a great trip.

MT SOMERS

2-4 June, 2018

Author: Peter Boeckhout

Published in Bulletin 794, July 2018

We left Dunedin at 5:45pm and arrived at Woolshed Creek car park way before 11pm.

Saturday morning, we woke up to a crisp morning frost and had our breakfast under a full moon.

We started walking just after 8:30. From the old mine site we could see the valley covered under a blanket of low clouds. We found the first hut under a thick layer of fog while we were looking from the hills in full sunshine. Woolshed Creek hut was occupied by lots of small children. There was a nice frosting of ice on the sides of the creek. We took our morning tea break on the deck.



The saddle between Woolshed Creek and Bowyers Stream, Mt Somers

We continued towards the saddle and took the long road over the first creek as the steep descent was too icy for our comfort and to my surprise the mentioning of wet boots did not appeal to everyone. After a short walk around and getting moist feet anyway we continued up and up to the saddle. The sky cleared as we gained altitude, and we had lunch in the full sun with a view of the steep walk uphill we'd planned for the next day. We continued down the track to Pinnacles hut and arrived a bit early. We turned out to be a nice fit group who walked to the Pinnacles Hut in under 5.5 hours. We claimed our bunks with some occupying a double bed and it would fill up nicely during the rest of the day with some late comers sleeping on the

floor under the table. Some of us went down the track for a little wander to be back before dark. Dinner was served with first hot soup, crackers & dip, tortilla wrap with special spicy filling and finished with a thick piece of chocolate cake. All completely vegan. The hut was warm and full.

Sunday morning started with an early 7 am rise forced upon us by a keen smartphone alarm. We packed up way after 8 and arrived at the saddle within an hour. We dropped our packs and started the steep climb up the hill. Some other trampers followed us. We continued over the top and slogging through the snow we arrived at the summit in good time. We were not really properly geared up for a comfy lunch at the summit so we retraced our steps back to where we could sit in the sun and out of the wind.

The journey to Woolshed Creek hut was quick and easy. We arrived at a warm hut with plenty of space and spent the rest of the day walking around, playing games and eating our second all vegetarian / vegan menu.

The next day was a very late start and because a certain person wanted to spend some savings at Geraldine and Temuka we walked out via the lazy route.

A good tramping weekend with great company, great discussions and great food and lucky with the weather as well.

Peter Boeckhout for Michael Stott, Susie Szakats, Ludovic Dutoit and Ikky Kakhoofd.

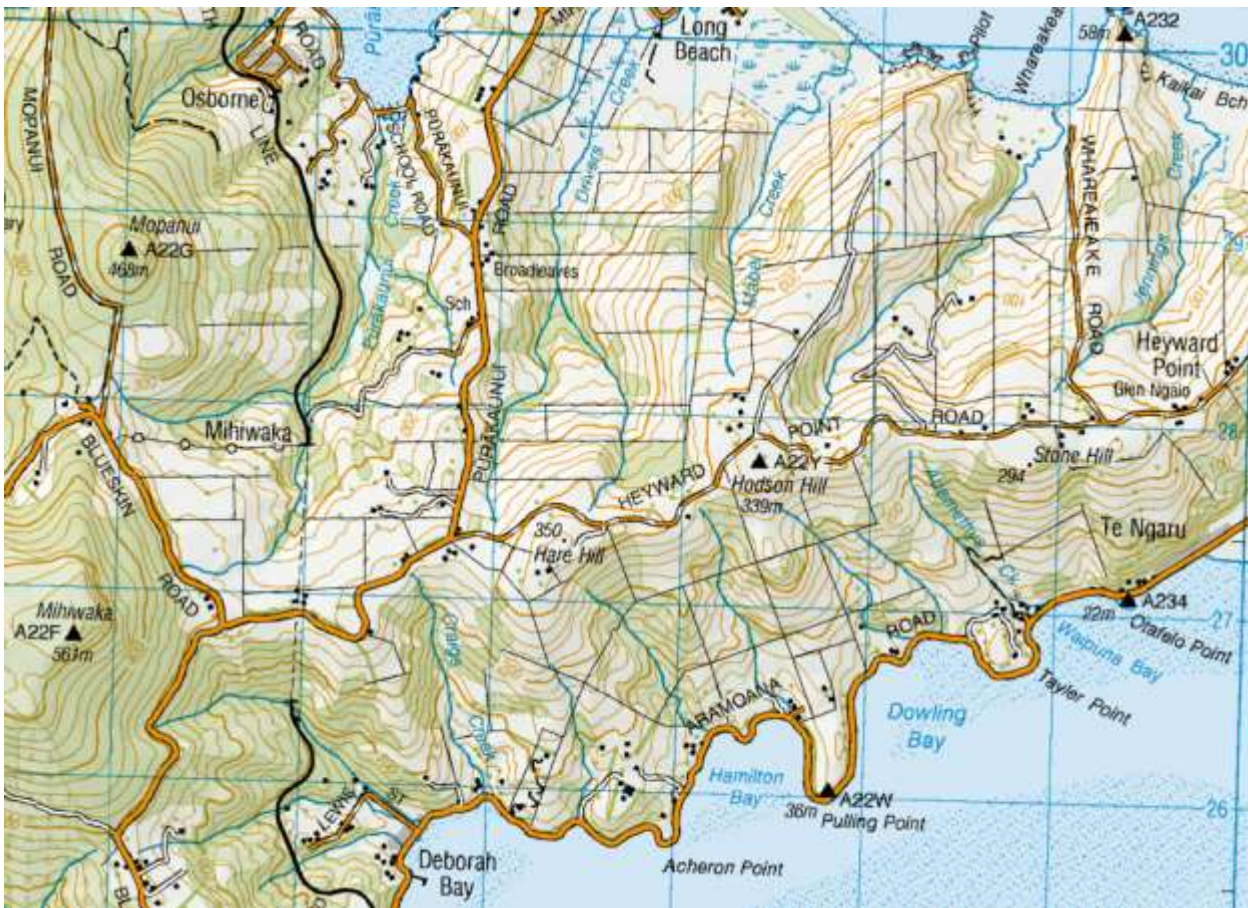
HARE HILL

June 10, 2018

Author: Deb Nicholas

Published in Bulletin 794, July 2018

Our group of seventeen hearty souls converged at Deborah Bay and set off at 10:00 up the slope of Hare Hill. The day was overcast but without wind or driving rain (for which we were all thankful). As we entered the bush line of Hare Hill our trusted leader Gordon mentioned the potential for some 'navigational ambiguity' as he established which track to take through the bush... a phrase that resonated with more than a few of our group (a driving force in my choice to tramp with the others rather than falling victim to my own well established navigational ambiguity). However, we trusted Gordon to overcome said ambiguity and we resolutely plodded onwards.



We soon emerged from the bush, after carefully straddling a couple of electrified fences... Gordon's careful planning meant that he had come prepared with some rubber piping to place around the electrified wire. We walked along the top road for a short distance then entered the 'horses' paddock' where Lucy gave the welcoming committee of two lovely horses some carrots. We walked over the paddocks to the farmhouse of the horse owners and then re-emerged onto the top road, walking along Heyward Point Road and entered the farmland of Bill Brown. There was a container house situated at the top of Hodson Hill that was inspiring in its simplicity;

more so given the million-dollar views over the sea that it commanded. Many might build a mansion from which to view such beauty... nice to see that they had not.

Lunch was had at the trig station on Hodson Hill, and we were all appreciative of the still day: no wind at all! We were able to enjoy the stunning vista with nothing but a light drizzle to dampen our lunch. Gordon then led us on a downhill trek toward the Bay telling wonderful and interesting stories of the local history... failed Fitch (European Polecat) farming and 'cray coffin pots' in which crayfish were kept alive until the optimal time for consumption (some of us may have been observed to cringe at this idea).

We then slid down the steeper parts of Hodson Hill, many of us on our bums, great fun! We stopped by 'Billy Brown's Backpackers ... a grand spot, wonderful accommodation, and looked to be a great place for a gathering. Making our way past the 'Ship watchers spot'.

Unfortunately, there were no ships passing at that time, but we enjoyed the closeness of the sea nonetheless.

After emerging on the bottom road, some of the group travelled back to Deborah Bay in cars conveniently placed there earlier, while others chose to walk the 3 kilometres back to the other parked cars as the weather was still very mild. We reached the cars just as a downpour began: awesome time management Gordon!?

A total of approximately four hours walking and I think someone with one of those fancy distance recording devices said we had walked just over 11 kilometres. We had a great bunch of people, a few new people, one of whom was visiting from Christchurch for the weekend, another couple of people who had recently moved to Dunedin, and Nicolas who is visiting from France. It was their first outing with the tramping club; it was wonderful to have your company and we hope you will join us again soon.

A huge thank you to Gordon for all his time and energy in organising and leading the tramp on Sunday. Knowledge of the local area really did add to the enjoyment of the day. Many thanks to all for a great day out.

Deb Nicholas for Sandra Divett, Susan Kinley, Jane Bruce, Spen Walker, Sue Rhodes, Maria, Ken Taylor, Lucy Jones, Nicolas Pierson, Rorie Marsland, Doug Malcolm, Helen Reid, Julia Racle, Mark Stephenson, Ralf Ohlemuller and Gordon Tocher.

BEN RUDD'S VISIT

June 10, 2018

Author: Richard Forbes

Published in Bulletin 794, July 2018

As previously indicated, the 20-year management plan expires for the Ben Rudd's Management Trust this year. The OTMC Committee is consulting with the Trust to determine where to from here. The results of this consultation will be presented to the wider Club at the AGM in August.



OTMC and Ben Rudd's Trust members at the Ben Rudd's former skidsite

As part of the consultation process, a number of Trust and Committee members visited the property on the back of Flagstaff in June. We met up at the Bullring at 1pm and walked up the firebreak 4WD road to the property boundary. Gorse and broom has been controlled by various methods beside the road and into the bush (spot spraying, hand weeding and poisoning). On the city (east) side of the property our boundary is in common with the Flagstaff reserve which is looked after by DCC. Further on to the northern boundary where the pine plantation used to be, there is a lot of broom present. Over time natives will grow through and shade out and subsequently kill off the broom. This will take several years yet though. There are old warratahs here and there defining the boundary and there was talk of a possible new track through here.

The weather at first was dry, but as we climbed higher drizzle set in. The track was quite muddy, but we still saw many people and dogs out and about. This area is well used. Further north towards Swampy the land is looked after by the DCC Water Department, and they plan to keep exotic weeds at bay. A drone was going to be used to photograph the entire property, but

the weather wasn't suitable – maybe another day. The drone can be used to identify and locate rogue pine trees and other weed species. Pest control was also discussed to encourage bird life. We returned via the Flagstaff track to the Bullring. All up a couple of hours.

Richard Forbes for Debbie and Antony Pettinger, Helen Jones, Barry Walker, Kathy Woodrow, Chris Pearson, Richard and Tracy Pettinger, Wolfgang Gerber, Dave McArthur, Peter and Leonie Loeber, Ralph and Gareth Harvey, Arthur Blondell, Teresa Wasilewska.

WINTER KEPLER

June 23-24, 2018

Author: Tony Timperley

Published in Bulletin 795, August 2018

This trip was divided into two groups: a two-day and a three-day, with Richard leading the two and Rodger the three. (This report will describe mainly the trials and tribulations of the 2-dayers.) We were segregated as we nine 2-dayers piled into the minibus, whilst the 3-dayers had their own luxury transport. We increased our minibus numbers to ten when we picked up Maria in Balclutha.

Both groups came together in Gore when we stopped for evening takeaways and it was from here, when the fog came down, that we minibus passengers realised how fortunate we were to have such an experienced driver as Richard. Whilst we passengers had white knuckles, Richard calmly steered us through the fog-shrouded landscape. Fortunately, the fog cleared by Mossburn, and we had a clear run through to Te Anau and the Lakeview Holiday Park, where Lynley from Manapouri had already tucked herself up in her bunk.



Kepler Track, near Luxmore Hut (PHOTO: Rodger Clarkson)

After a comfortable night in our bunks, we awoke to a fine Saturday and after breakfast drove to the Control Gates car park, where we met up with Rose. Both the 2-day and 3-day groups set off together for the hour's flat walk to Brod Bay. Here we had a short refuelling stop before the long 2-3 hour climb up to the bushline. It took just a couple of hours to exhaust our fuel

supplies so, after traversing below the Bluff, we took another stop to take in enough food and drink to give us the energy to make the final steep climb to the bushline.

As we came out onto the open tussock we were rewarded with great views of the surrounding peaks and then the lake as we crossed the tussock. A couple of weeks back the volunteer wardens at that time reported that the snow on this section of the track was thigh deep; but our journey was made much easier as the snow was just patchy, with most of the track clear.

On reaching the Luxmore Hut, we first admired the view over the lake before taking off our boots and grabbing a desired bunk. The really fit and keen from both the 2- and 3- day groups soon set off to climb Mt Luxmore, each giving their own Sir Ed's jutting chin impression and muttering "We'll knock the bastard off!" They were followed 20 minutes later by the rapidly moving father and son duo of Richard and Alex, who caught up with the group of Maria, Michaela, Andrew and Rodger. This group was forced to turn back, however, when they climbed out of the leeward side onto the ridge and were hit by a strong, cold wind on the western flank. This section was also covered in snow which forced some back as they considered they were not adequately equipped. Nevertheless, a quartet of climbers prevailed and did reach the summit. Congratulations to Rose, Brenden, Martin and Robert!



Near Mt Luxmore, Kepler Track (PHOTO: Rodger Clarkson)

Three others (Brendan, Sandra and Lynley) went to explore the caves whilst the rest of us kept ourselves warm in the hut by drinking numerous cups of tea and nibbling cheese and crackers.

During this time numerous other trampers arrived, including about a dozen members of the NZ Alpine Club who were here to celebrate their mid-winter dinner. The other arrivals were small groups of students on their mid-semester break, so with these and our 17 members, there

were about 40 of us in the hut. As a result, we all soon warmed up, helped by the many candles on the Alpine Club table. As the evening progressed, Richard kept us up to date on the All Blacks v France score, (who won again?) whilst the Alpine Club kept things more celestial by playing Christmas carols. We all slept well that night.



Traverse below Mt Luxmore, Kepler Track (PHOTO: Rodger Clarkson)

Sunday dawned with a southerly blowing and light snow falling. As the forecast was for the southerlies to strengthen and the snow to get heavier, we 2-dayers decided to set off back down the track, straight after breakfast. (The 3-dayers decided to wait and see.) Each 2-dayer set off as they were ready to go, arranging to meet at Brod Bay for a fuel-up before the final walk to the Control Gates carpark. As we left Luxmore Hut the wind was thankfully on our backs and the snowfall remained light. It did rain, however, when we were on the descent through the bush, but by the time we reached the Control Gates about 1pm the rain had ceased, and the sun was breaking through.

After saying goodbye to Rose and fueling up the van this time in Te Anau, we had a most pleasant journey home in fine, sunny weather. This made it much easier for Richard and, thanks to his excellent driving, we could appreciate South Otago's wonderful scenery.

Tony Timperley for the 2-dayers, who were: Richard Forbes (Leader) and son Alex (aged 13), Brendon McNeill, Kathy Woodrow, Chris Pearson, Maria Hamelink, Michaela Day, Sandra Divett, Martin Eriksen, and Rose Colhoun.

DAY TRIPS AROUND MT COOK

July 7-8, 2018

Author: Rodger Clarkson

Published in Bulletin 795, August 2018

There was 100mm of rain forecast for the original weekend, so it was an easy decision to cancel and then reschedule for the following weekend. A few pulled out and a few came on the list, leaving us with 19 on the trip, with England, Switzerland, Vietnam and Denmark all represented.



Red Tarns (PHOTO: Rodger Clarkson)

Saturday morning we headed up to Red Tarns, with most doing a 'quick' trip up to the ridgeline above the tarns leaving their packs behind. I could see them up there posing for photos and after half an hour I started sending texts 'Time to come down now' but no response. So then I started ringing people only to find that the daypacks around me started ringing. Grrrr. When they came down, I hurried them on their way back down (Hope I wasn't too grumpy – herding trampers is like herding cats!). Next stop was Hooker Valley, and it was unbelievable how many cars were there. We had trouble finding a park for the Van. The lake wasn't frozen over and Trisha, Minh and I took off our shoes and dipped our feet, kind of felt like acupuncture with 1000 pins. A couple of tourists were having a swim amongst the small icebergs in the lake. (Does 'Swimming with Icebergs' have potential as a tourist venture?)

Back to Unwin Lodge where I brewed up 3 litres of mulled wine and then off to the pub, talk about busy, must have been 200+ people in there and a 40 min wait on meals. (This is NZ in the off season?)

My last trip as trip leader some people slept in till 9:30, so I wasn't going to let that happen again and set an 8am departure time. Shortly after 7am I went into 1 bunkroom with a large pot and wooden spoon. Rather disappointingly everyone was awake, but I had a few bangs anyway on general principle. I went into the next bunkroom and A-Ha! 2 lazy sods were still in bed, so I got ready to bang my pot. Suddenly I was with the steely glare of Helen, so I did what any man would do and made a hasty retreat.



Hooker Bridge (PHOTO: Rodger Clarkson)

On the Sunday, we all (apart from the 2 enjoying a sleep in) headed up the Tasman Valley with various people going in different directions. Tina, Wayne and Ludo made it all the way to Ball Hut while the rest of us were content to go part of the way after exploring round the viewpoint and outlet before all the tourists arrived. The icebergs were spectacular at the outlet but a sure sign of a shrinking glacier. It clouded up during the day and a few flakes of snow were falling as we left for home around 3pm with everyone saying they'd had a great trip.

Rodger for far too many to mention.

MAPOUTAHİ PA

July 1, 2018

Author: Rodger Clarkson

Published in Bulletin 795, August 2018

My third trip report for the bulletin this month (Lesson – When leading a trip remember to ask someone else to do the trip report)



Purakaunui Beach from Mapoutahi (PHOTO: Rodger Clarkson)

A number of people turned up at the clubroom and I got them to fill out two SAR forms, one to leave at the clubrooms and one to take with me. Trouble is not every-one knew there were two forms, so I had to do a role call and everyone checked off, but I still only had 12 on the forms and there were definitely 13 of us. Roll call again and finally got it sorted as there were 2 Peter's but only one on 1 list and someone else was missing from the other list but I'd kind of given up by that stage. (Lesson – keep it simple - 1 trip, 1 form)

Another 2 joined on route to make it 15 but I kept remembering 12 on the list + 2 should be 14. Took me a good hour to figure out where the extra person came from, but I figured if you're on the plus side it can't be too bad. (Lesson – being an 'A' student doesn't mean you have a clue!)

Anyway, to the trip – Arches, Mapoutahi Pa, Purakaunui, Stone Ruins, Orokonui, Dead Stoa, Small Horse, Coffee at Blueskin Bay Nursery, done :)

Rodger for far too many to mention (including Tiago from Portugal who found us in Lonely Planet, OTMC is world famous!)

PIPELINE / RUSTLERS / SWAMPY / LEITH SADDLE

July 8, 2018

Author: Tony Timperley

Published in Bulletin 795, August 2018

The weather forecast looked gloomy: thick high cloud, strong northerlies, with rain in the afternoon. Nevertheless, 11 of us, clad in our thermals, gathered in the Leith Saddle carpark, not under “thick high cloud” but blue skies with the odd cloud being blown along by a reasonably strong, cool northerly. (They got that right at least!)

Rather than start with the steepish climb up the Leith Saddle Track, Highly Esteemed Leader Tony recommended that we ease our mainly elderly limbs (apologies to our “young” participants) into the first hour of our tramp by going first down Waitati Valley Road a couple of hundred metres, before turning left onto the undulating, but mainly flat, Pipeline Track. At the start of this track, however, Tony's leadership was usurped by “young” Caitlin who set off at a cracking pace, which the “oldies” felt obliged to match. Consequently, we all warmed up very quickly and had shed our thermal layers by the time we reached the start of the Rustlers' Track in record time. (Antony Hamel will have to revise his times for this section!)



The ridges and valleys to the north, from Rustlers Ridge

We climbed steadily up this muddy ridge before levelling out above the bush where we stopped on a sunny, grassy knoll to have drinks and nibbles whilst admiring the views north. Whilst we were nibbling our quiet meditations were suddenly interrupted by cries of “Exterminate! Exterminate!” Much to our relief, this was not an invasion by Daleks, but Richard who had spotted a wilding pine. Nevertheless, the rest of us quickly climbed up Burns Ridge (the pace

again set by Caitlin), crossed the tussock plateau to where we met the Swampy Ridge gravel road.

Here we paused to admire the view across the Taieri Plain and over to Maungatua. But where was Richard? Whilst we donned our jackets to protect ourselves against the cool wind, we could hear Richard calling “Exterminated! Exterminated!” and then with much relief we saw him coming towards us across the tussock victoriously waving a breadknife, Richard informed us that with this domestic implement he had felled a wilding pine! We all gasped in amazement. (Seriously though, Richard did a great job as by felling this one wilding pine he also felled hundreds of future pines, which would have blighted the tussock landscape. Thanks Richard.)

We continued our journey striding along Swampy Ridge with the wind luckily behind us. We occasionally met other trampers/walkers/runners/dogs before arriving at the Telecom Tower on Swampy Summit, where we had lunch whilst sheltering from the wind on the leeward side of the tower building.



Waitati Valley & Blueskin Bay from the Leith Saddle Track

Fully refreshed, we set off for the final leg of our tramp, most of which is downhill. Although we had to watch our step (literally) for the first section of the track below the trig point, we were still able to admire the views over Dunedin city and the upper harbour. Once we reached the bush “tunnel” and the fine gravel track, we strode out until we arrived back at our starting point at the Leith Saddle carpark having done a good five-hour (with breaks) tramp. Time to go home and have an afternoon nap!

Tony Timperley for: Richard and Tracy Pettinger, Marina Hanger, Ken Taylor, Caitlin Robertson, Sonia Alexanian, Nicolas Pierson, Rob Seeley, Wayne Hodgkinson, Sandra Divett. Photos by Richard Pettinger

MILLENIUM TRACK – TAIERI MOUTH

July 15, 2018

Author: Michael Firmin

Published in Bulletin 795, August 2018

13 keen trampers turned up for the Sunday walk. The morning turned out to be a dark overcast sky, with a slight chance of light rain and medium strength North Easterly winds. The expected temp was 6 degrees due to wind chill. Peter and Leonie Loeber had kindly stepped in to be trip leaders as unfortunately Carolyn Taylor was sick. It was decided that it would be miserable at Heywood and we would go to the more sheltered Millennium Track instead. This was keenly accepted as it looked dark, foggy and cold in the direction of Heywood and only 4 of the 13 had completed the Millennium track before.



Three carloads made their way to the Henley end for the start of the 16km return track. The track was a little muddy but provided great shelter from the wind. In under an hour, we arrived to brilliant sunshine at the picnic tables at John Bull's Gully where we had morning tea. Then onto some great views of the Taieri Mouth, where after a collective decision the group decided to complete the whole track and have lunch at the Taieri Mouth end of the track. Lunch was a quick affair as we were keen to move out of the cold wind. The return was great, through the same beautiful forest and the weather was kind all day without any rain.

A great tramping day was had by all.

Many thanks to Peter and Leonie Loeber for leading this trip.

Michael Firmin for Peter and Leonie Loeber, Lucy Jones, Brendan Penwarden, Karla Scholtisseh, Emma Whalley, Sophie Laursen, Inger Line Berdol, Ken Taylor, John Tolmie, Miasche Sandvdd, David Firmin

WINTER KEPLER – THE THIRD DAY

June 23-24, 2018

Author: Rodger Clarkson

Published in Bulletin 796, September 2018

What can I say about days 1 and 2 that hasn't already been covered in the last Bulletin (or how to write a very short trip report).

So the lazy 2 days left Luxmore Hut and us hardened tough nut 3 days hung round and made our plans, we could either go over the tops to Iris Burn in blizzard conditions or suddenly we found ourselves at the Sandfly Café in Te Anau supping on Hot Chocolates, Iced Mochas, fancy cakes and venison pies, good old fashioned tramping tucker like they had in the old days. Time was getting on so a quick stop at the liquor store before heading off to Rainbow reach and a walk to Moturau Hut arriving just on darkness. Brendan got the fire lit from a plentiful supply of firewood and looking at the hut book the previous nights occupants were none other than Ray, Jill, Wolfie, Gene and Margaret, so big ups to them. For some reason I didn't feel like much dinner but the mulled wine went down a treat.



The mountains across Lake Manapouri from Moturau Hut(PHOTO: Rodger Clarkson)

Four of us were up before 9:30 the next day to see wonderful dawn light on the fresh snow on the surrounding mountains. After cracking the whip (I don't allow slacking on my trips!) we left the hut a bit after 11am and back to the Sandfly for more honest tramping tucker, but sadly we had run out of time for a spa in Te Anau, before driving back to Dunners in snowy conditions.

Rodger for Robert VH, Brendan P, Sossie G, Sharen R and Lynley C

MCNALLY TRACK

July 28, 2018

Author: Michael Firmin

Published in Bulletin 796, September 2018

Early Sunday morning the weather was not looking favourable, it was raining with Dark ominous clouds hovering over Dunedin. Not too pleasant for a Sunday tramp. However, by 9am weather had cleared, and the clouds had been replaced by beautiful blue skies, with a moderate breeze.



The view towards Milburn from McNally Track

Six of us met at the clubrooms and in two cars we left for the McNally Track. The track is located on the Eastern side of Milton and was opened in 1980 to remember the local policeman, Tom McNally.

We parked near the cemetery and climbed the fence styles and walked up a moderate climb across open paddocks, along fence lines and shelter belts to a sign "loop track" and "main track". We chose the main track which leads us through some beautiful native bush.

Although sign posted it was a little difficult to follow the route at times however, Leader Sharon knew exactly where to go. We managed to stay out of the wind for most of the climb except to the crest of the hill 318 metres above sea level. At the crest there was trig and sundial and awesome 360 degrees views of Milton, the Rock and Pillars and the Tokomairiro Valley.

We descended from the summit to have lunch in a beautifully sheltered spot near some more native bush, and then walked down the farm road to the car park. It was a moderate to difficult walk, 7 km return taking approximately 3 hours to complete.

Thanks to Sharon for organising a great trip.

Michael Firmin, for Sharen Rutherford (Leader), David Firmin, John Tolmie, Sandra Divett and Lucy Jones

GRAHAM'S BUSH – ORGAN PIPES

August 5, 2018

Author: Tomas Sobek

Published in Bulletin 796, September 2018

The trip was E for easy, though I completely failed as a trip leader - I forgot to hand out the trip report assignment! So here I am: Having packed for my upcoming weekend trip I am writing a brief report myself. We had a pretty mixed group. Some were regulars like Lucy, Ken, and Mark. Jim drove over from Oamaru, John just freshly moved to Dunedin, Brendan, also new to Dunedin, came with his two boys, and Roy, who used to be our club daytrip convenor many years ago, came for a visit all the way from the States.



Blueskin Bay from the Organ Pipes

The sky was overcast when we started our wee climb and it stayed that way until the very end. We should have gone to the Peninsula instead but no, up and into the cloud we went instead. Graham's Bush was sheltered as one would expect and the track above the old motorway up to Organ Pipes was sheltered too. Brendan and his boys turned around at that point while the rest of the group went little further. But eventually we decided that we had enough of wind on the more exposed track and no views were about to open either. So we climbed Buttars Peak and turned around too. On the way back we ate lunch in one of those small caves under Organ Pipes. We ended up by the clubrooms by 2 pm, a truly easy trip by length despite the 500 vertical metres climb.

Tomas Sobek on behalf of Lucy Jones, Ken Taylor, Mark Stephenson, Jim Western, John Tolmie, Brendan, Rolam and Reid Penwarden, and Roy Ward

SNOW SKILLS

August 11-12, 2018

Author: Sue

Published in Bulletin 796, September 2018

There's a lot to be said for close to home trips. A small but perfectly formed party of 5 met at Young St at 8 on Saturday morning and headed to Middlemarch. Weather was fine and most importantly CALM. We parked at Six Mile Creek and set off through the gate, past some stroppy-looking heifers and then began the uphill. We had a few breaks on the way up and just as I thought I was going to have a major blister issue, the gradient levelled out. We reached snow poles and a light covering of snow. It was just a short distance to Big Hut and we arrived about lunch-time taking about 3 hours from the bottom. The kitchen was actually quite warm and sunny, but we got back outside and went back down hill a bit to a likely-looking slope. Unfortunately the snow was quite grippy, so it was hard to get sliding. However we spent an hour or two falling down and getting up again.



Big Hut on the Rock and Pillar Range (PHOTO: Wendel Boeck)

The weather was so perfect, we then put on the crampons and headed to the Summit Rock. We had a great time checking out icicles and taking many photos. We all perched on the Summit Rock for quite a while watching the sun begin to set. Absolutely fabulous views to the west and there was a bit of debate as to whether we could see Mt Aspiring or not. As the shadows lengthened and the temperature dropped, we headed back to the hut.

Plenty of food was put away, followed by a few nips, then into the ping pong. Some people have a fairly relaxed attitude to the rules, with quite a few squash shots off the back wall by Rodger. Kerensa was outside taking photos of Mars and the Milky Way (check out the club face-book page). We could hear the wind in the night and in the morning true to form on the R&P, the wind was quite strong. We kitted up and headed over towards Leaning Lodge. The wind wasn't too bad as were below the crest of the range. We found some really good slopes on the way and had a really good practice self-arresting with crampons on. Everyone had a bit of skin tear or some impressive bruises, so after lunch we called it a day and headed back down the hill, to the Lug Creek end of the track. Kerensa had offered to run down the road and pick up the car (what a woman!) . Wayne was a bit wounded and Ian did a great job taking an extra pack down.

We had a quick stop in Middlemarch for goodies and then off to town arriving about 5:30pm. A big thank you to Wayne for organising the trip. Sue for Rodger, Kerensa, and Ian.

MANAPOURI

August 4-5, 2018

Author: Rose Colhoun

Published in Bulletin 797, October 2018

After many aborted attempts at kayaking on Lake Manapouri, this was my final effort. This time my plans were not thwarted because of the weather, but because it is no longer possible to hire kayaks in Fiordland. So plan B it was. I decided on chartering the local water taxi to take us to the places we wanted to go which turned out to be cheaper, less labour intensive, and probably just as enjoyable as kayaking.



On the Monument, Lake Manapouri (PHOTO: Rodger Clarkson)

After shuttling some cars to Rainbow Reach on Saturday morning, we were ready to troop down to Pearl Harbour and meet our boat. Somehow we managed to temporarily misplace a team member before we even left civilisation, but luckily Manapouri is not a very big place, and has reliable cell-phone coverage. Successfully counting all chickens aboard the boat, we set off across the lake, taking photos of the more impressive side of the Monument which we were about to climb. Our skipper Reg dropped us at the beach in Rawiri Bay and after navigating the small headland, we found the track markers to head up the hill. The "chimney" was successfully climbed by all members and we were rewarded with stunning views of the lake. With all the photo-taking and soaking up the views, we had a quick scramble back down the hill to catch up with Reg who had been patiently fishing while he waited for our return journey.

Back on the boat, we relaxed and tried not to look at how glossy smooth and kayakable the lake water was as we were ferried across to our next destination, Moturau Hut. The boat was

not allowed to land at the hut so Reg dropped us off across the bay at Cosy Nook where we had a 20 minute walk on the Kepler Track to the hut. After lunch, everyone scattered as we all chose different options for spending our afternoon. Debbie and Jade headed to Shallow Bay Hut, Greg took his camera exploring around the hut, and the rest of us started out towards Rocky Point in the Iris Burn valley. Along the way, I found the point where the track had been re-routed around a flood-prone section of the track and thought I would take the others on a tiki-tour to follow the old track. However, we soon found that the old track had completely fallen into the river and as Trisha and Sarah were still following behind us, we decided to back track to the hut.



Silhouettes at Lake Manapouri (PHOTO: Rodger Clarkson)

Back at Moturau, Rodger was brave enough for a dip in the lake but although I was tempted, I couldn't understand how anyone could get past the freezing ice barrier that stopped me at my ankles! I was much happier to watch the sunset instead, then we all worked hard to coax a small campfire to life on the beach. A wonderful ending to a wonderful day.

We had a leisurely breakfast on Sunday morning and made friends with a very inquisitive pīwakawaka/fantail flitting around the deck of the hut. Jade and Debbie walked out to Rainbow Reach to make sure Jade would get back in time for the Stewart Island ferry, and the rest of us took a detour to see Shallow Bay Hut. Rodger, Greg and Christine had a wander up to the Waiau river outlet, Sarah tried out the rope swing and Ludo showed off his best stone-skipping skills. Another photo stop at the Kettle Lake wetlands, then back to the cars at Rainbow Reach. A relaxed lunch at Manapouri, then everyone departed in their different directions, homeward bound.

Rose Colhoun for Trisha Geraets, Sarah Chisnall, Debbie Pettinger, Jade Pettinger, Christine Hopkins, Rodger Clarkson, Greg Slui, Ludovic Dutoit and Geraldine Kerr.

GREENACRES – BUSKIN – HIGHCLIFF – BOULDER BEACH - PARADISE

August 12, 2018

Author: Tony Timperley

Published in Bulletin 797, October 2018

At 9.30am in Macandrew Bay on a fine Sunday morning, nine trudging trampers, bedecked in their thermals, set off up Greenacres Street, causing some concerned yapping amongst the local dogs. However, we soon cleared the suburban housing and wended our way up the gravel road to the track through the pine plantation, on the way giving a Scottish wave to the Highland cattle grazing in a nearby paddock.

Following our 300 metre climb up to High-cliff Road, we intended to have our morning drink and nibbles whilst admiring the view over the harbour; however, a cold nor'east wind put paid to that, so instead we walked the couple of kilometres along the road to the Buskin Track. Whilst this might sound like a trudge, most of it is along a grass verge and we were rewarded at first by views over the harbour and then over Boulder Beach on the southern coast of the peninsula.



Greenacres Track / Street, looking towards the harbour and Saddle Hill

On descending the Buskin Track, we looked for a sunny and sheltered spot to have our delayed morning break. It was here that we also realised that we had to find a spot that was free of ongaonga, which was growing in numerous clumps. Whilst we were imbibing in our refreshments, we noticed an unusual cloud formation which began over the Mt Cargill/ Mihiwaka summits, was blown rapidly by the strong nor'easter over the upper harbour, over Mt

Charles and then out to sea, forming a long arm of cloud to the east. Yet here we were, in a sheltered spot, sitting under clear skies and admiring the view.

The next section of the Buskin was the muddiest, followed by our pioneering a new route up the lower slopes of the Highcliff hill. We missed the junction where the Highcliff track joins Buskin, but after passing the small wooden building (but not before having a discussion as to whether or not it had been a toilet) lower down at the edge of the macrocarpa trees, we espied some marker poles high above on the slopes. To reach these, however, meant forging our way through high tussock, across a swamp and up through flowering gorse. When we reached the first marker pole, we looked back along the track and saw where we should have come. Ah well, when we return, no gorse, swamp or high tussock!

We were now able to wend our way up a clearly marked Highcliff track to above the sheer, white cliffs. From an off-track marker we were able to get excellent views of the cliffs, over the length of Boulder Beach (our next destination) and southwest to St.Clair. On our ascent, we noticed that work had been done on the track and the previous vertical track was now crossed by zig-zags, making the descent somewhat easier on the knees. At various points of this descent, Lucy and Tony revived a discussion as to whether they were on a zig or a zag. On emerging from under some large overhanging macrocarpa branches at the Buskin Track junction, we realised why we had missed it previously: these branches obscured the Highcliff Track and the markers further along it.

We continued along the Buskin which descends relatively gently across paddocks to the Inglis Hut (which operates as a remote bed and breakfast) then continued on behind sand dunes to the base of the Paradise Track. Before we tackled this climb, however, we walked through to Boulder Beach for a fuel-up lunch. The beach was just the place for peace and relaxation and to contemplate why, in the words of Fred Dagg, "We don't know how lucky we are". There was a sad note, though: a recently dead small seal pup lying among the boulders.

The Paradise Track is a 320-metre uphill slog and it is best just to get it over and done with - which we did! We then recovered by ambling back along the Highcliff road grass verge and having an easy descent back down Greenacres to Macandrew Bay, again to the canine accompaniment of the yapping local dogs. Little did they realise that we had climbed around 800-900 metres (and descended the same). As long-time OTMC member David Barnes has observed, when tramping on the peninsula you can do more climbing than if you were ascending Maungatua. Still, it was all worth it, with perfect weather and coastal scenery.

Tony Timperley for: Lucy, Leonie, Peter, Ken, John, Mark, Shiobhan and partner.

SNOWCAVING – OLD MAN RANGE

August 25-26, 2018

Author: Tim Russell

Published in Bulletin 797, October 2018

Saturday 25th

Our two carloads of people convened at two separate Roxburgh cafés, before reconvening at one of them for Richard's briefing on our mission for the weekend. Only three of us out of eight were snow caving newbies. It was slightly embarrassing to admit that in spite of being a thoroughly seasoned trumper, I had never been snow caving before. There was less than normal snow cover for the time of year as we headed up Waikaia Bush Rd, using the high clearance 4WD to shuttle packs and persons further up the hill to around the 1100m contour. A shortish walk followed to a likely looking spot, where Wayne checked out the depth of a snow bank with an avalanche probe. It was declared to be suitable, was sheltered from the cold westerly and well placed in terms of morning and evening sun. Also our 4WD was out of sight – it wouldn't have felt right snow caving with our vehicle in full view.



OTMC Snowcaving at the Old Man Range (PHOTO: Rob Cookson)

Richard was keen to try a new cave design, with a single entrance branching into two separate sleeping platforms. Wayne was a little dubious, but happy to give it a try. Next the serious work of excavating a snow cave for eight trampers began. Initially there was only space for one person at the "coal face", creating a common entrance for the dual cave. Next was digging

upwards, followed by starting on the left and right caves, with the floors at a higher level than the ceiling of the entrance, to retain warmth. When the cave spaces became large enough, two people dug in each. This meant frantic relay snow removal for the person responsible for clearing out the connecting space in the entrance, and for the person after that who deposited snow down the hill (or at the side as a wind shelter). Work was completed in roughly 3.5 hours, including taking turns at lunch.



Avoiding the snow – OTMC Snowcaving triop (PHOTO: Rob Cookson)

With our night's accommodation sorted, we went for a stroll further up the hill, marvelling at the snow sculptures created by the wind. We continued to about 1 km past Pt 1333, from where we had a view of the crest of the range ahead of us. With complete snow cover up here, it was hard to figure out where the 4WD road went and my GPS was used to help with that. Back at the snow cave we had chocolate and spicy Indian snacks, while beginning to prepare for dinner. Cooking platforms in the snowbank were created in seconds with a few deft moves with the shovels. We enjoyed our main courses while watching the rise of a near full moon as the sun's rays faded into night. After consuming second helpings, our group agreed to postpone dessert until the café stop on the way home. Everyone seemed to restrict their fluid intake in the hope of avoiding a loo stop in the middle of the night (with the slight risk of a dehydration headache the next morning). Not too far into the night we retired to our sleeping quarters and were very happy with the amount of space inside. There was some discussion about the merits of modern inflatable sleeping mats versus old style carrymats (and maybe a convert or two). An experiment was conducted to check how well electronics performed from

within the cave. Conclusion: the GPS and cellphone would not function; however I managed inwards and outwards texts using an Iridium satellite communicator. Chat continued for a while from the warmth of our sleeping bags, with Wayne and I eventually boring the two young guys to sleep with our talk of huts, tracks and mountains. So effectively does the snow absorb sound, that we could barely hear the other four next door through our connecting communications tunnel. The candle was blown out at 21:30.

Sunday 26th

Wayne was first out in the morning, steadily followed by others, once it had been confirmed that the sun was starting to strike the entrance area. After a while we were all milling around outside, eating breakfast and boiling billies. It was a glorious sunny and mild morning, so no-one was in a rush. Then we spent a good hour or more playing on the snow slope above the cave. Michael and Nicholas had their first lessons in self-arresting with an ice axe. Eventually we packed up and headed down to look at the bivvy rock. This had been elaborately improved from its natural state with the addition of a door, windows, wood burner and bunks. From here it wasn't too far down the road to the 4WD. I drove the packs, Tracy and Paul down to where Richard's car was waiting. We three changed clothes and had some lunch, while the other five sauntered down the hill.

There was a café stop in Roxburgh again, in sunny 18C conditions, where Richard chaired a debrief and we shared the cake/dessert that Nicholas had brought to celebrate his birthday the following day. The drive back was uneventful and everyone would have been home by about 16:30. A big thanks goes to our leader Richard, and to the equally experienced Wayne, for continuing the tradition of imparting valuable snow caving skills. For those of us who wander around mountains in all seasons, this knowledge could one day prove to be a life-saver. And I can put behind me the shame of never having done snow caving before!

Richard (leader), Tracy & Rosa Pettinger, Wayne Hodgkinson, Paul Cunliffe, Michael Stuart, Nicolas Pierson & Tim Russell

BEN RUDD'S WORK DAY

September 1, 2018

Author: Sue Williams

Published in Bulletin 797, October 2018

18 people arrived on Saturday to a foggy start at the Bull Ring and loaded up with loppers and saws we headed up to the property. We had clocked up 94 hours by the end of the day!

There were a variety of jobs tackled: the old skid site right by the track got a thorough make-over, Antony sorted out at least six pines above the fire break track, Paul, Sam and Richard got rid of a big pine we could see from the top. Graeme and Paul from Forest & Bird Wilding Tree Group disappeared and weren't seen again until the end of the day! They took care of some pussy-willow, alders and barberry below the shelter. They have pin-pointed other trees that need to be taken out in future. Significant progress was made on a loop track going past the beech trees.



Debrief after a day's work, Ben Rudd's Property

There was cake, there was beer, and it was very good sitting in the sun at the end of a day well spent. A Big Thank You to everyone and I think everyone had fun as well as making a big difference.

David McArthur, Jim Sime, Rodger Clarkson, Antony Pettinger, Debbie Pettinger, Jim Western, Sandra Divett, Graeme Loh, Paul Smale, Kathy Woodrow, Richard Pettinger, Tracy Pettinger, Leonie Loeber, Nicolas Pierson, Paul Cunliffe, Alan Thomson, Ralph Harvey, Sam Patrick and myself, Sue Williams

BEN RUDD'S APPRECIATION DAY

September 2, 2018

Author: Richard Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 797, October 2018

A small select group visited the property on Sunday to take a good look around and take stock of our property. Not all were members: Nicolas takes his knowledge of land that isn't his back to France with him.

Four set off and were joined later by Kathy who had a pretty good idea where we would be going.

First, we followed the track a trustee's spouse(!) had put in, from the Firebreak through the tussock to the shelter. Leaving our packs, we visited the rhododendron dell and Douglas seat and rediscovered the circuit track. There are a number of new rhodie seedlings coming away from at least one adult tree. The Trust agreement with QEII includes our obligation to stop their spread. Bamboo appears to be spreading. We weren't here today to do any work so ignored these and only clobbered one or two of the Douglas firs.

Back up at the shelter for lunch we chatted about a number of issues and everyone made worthy contributions. We noted how the Mercier and Campbell families had both chosen this spot to remember loved ones and how it would have been very important to them that the land would remain in secure, sympathetic hands for their memorials.

We appreciated the condition of the property as a result of a number of working bees and explored the new track Jim Sime had encouraged us to commence yesterday. At the skid site, a stray bottle of ale was discovered and emptied, then it was over to the walkway and home. We noted how the Flagstaff Scenic Reserve is looking very clear of gorse and broom (at least to the west of the walkway) and decided it would be acceptable to see the view blocked by natural progress to woody species. If only that could happen without the broom and gorse phase!

It was a really good chance to appreciate what we have here.

Richard Pettinger for Lucy Jones, Paul Cunliffe, Nicolas Pierson and Kathy Woodrow.

UNEXPLORED SILVER PEAKS

October 7, 2018

Author: Richard Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 798, November 2018

The usual fun clubrooms-footpath process of finding an unexplored spot was somewhat easier this year, with those new folk who turned up having been to few or no such spots at all. So, it was a quick drive to Leith Saddle carpark, then a walk towards the bottom of Rustlers Ridge, past the bottom of the Burns Track. Here, we found, as predicted, Burns Creek, a nice little inoffensive stream burbling away and minding its own business. Thus, we explored it. Not far up, and with some feet already being wet, we found the former Dunedin City Corporation water pipeline intake grill. It was intriguing to think of the team of keen souls who had planned, surveyed, cleared the bush, constructed and maintained this feature that helped allow the early city to establish. This country is rugged; fit for goats (plenty of them around) and intrepid, fit explorers. There were some of the biggest *Carex secta* grass trees any of us had ever seen, well over a metre tall.



Mt Cargill, from the Leith Saddle Track

It was a typical masochists' scramble, but we were up to it, and pretty soon we were up to the place where the Burns Track crosses the creek, and we were up to having lunch.

There, we spotted a familiar sight – the enemy! Wilding trees that weren't even trying to get away from the kitchen knife extermination process. Their only hope was to make it rain, seeing as they couldn't run away. (They were observed later to be still just standing there, this time possibly quite drenched and putting on more growth.) With the rainy cold front coming on, the

sky darkened, the knife was stashed for next time and we bailed out of following the little river any further in the uninviting wet scrub. We climbed ever upwards, but this time on the top bit of Rustler's Ridge track to the Swampy road, where it was somewhat bleak and equally uninviting.

Nevertheless, we conquered that and de-scended via Swampy Spur track as the rain eased, back to Leith Saddle.

I really enjoyed it. Thanks to the others for coming. It would be a bit boring on my own.

Richard Pettinger for Brendan Penwarden, Deb Nicholas, Mark Stephenson and Tracy Pettinger.

TAKITIMU & APARIMA HUT

October 13-14, 2018

Author: Peter Boeckhout

Published in Bulletin 798, November 2018

We arrived at Princhester hut way before 10pm and settled into the hut. Rose was there before us so was a lone trumper who was only staying the night and got the smoke going inside the hut :-)



We listened to stories of a group of young trampers who just got helicoptered out as Rose was arriving just before dark, with the boy's mother hugging them while they arrived safely back....? I tried to figure out what the problem was, was it that bad up there? Was it better that I cancel the trip altogether? Have I not read the forecast correctly? Am I turning into a "it will be all right" New Zealander? But as I listened a bit closer the whole drama was an act to prevent worse from happening.

I got into my sleeping bag and covered my head, so I did not have to breathe in the smoke that filled the hut for the whole night.

We woke up to a crisp morning frost close to 7am, had a big breakfast and started walking up to the saddle along the Bog burn. There was more and more snow as we gained height. We changed lead as we went along and got off track several times as the track was not really that clear to follow. We reached the Saddle after a good hour tramping and down we went through

snow covered ferns and slippery downhill slides. We got to the clearing about 2.5 hours into our walk. The first thing I thought was oops a bit more snow than I imagined... But just not to show my inner thoughts I put on a stern Kiwi expression and got on with the slog through the wet tussock and snow towards the Becketts hut crossing. FYI, I forgot to bring my gaiters, so I was wearing my rain trousers all day.



We reached the crossing after only 20 minutes and started the uphill battle that is called the Te Araroa trail, which we were on for the whole 8 hours that day.

The weather was as it was forecasted, mostly cloudy with the occasional sun-beams through the clouds. We saw the weather closing in behind us as we went along. We were searching for a “dry” spot to have lunch and it is really a challenge to find a dry spot to put down your pack and sit down to have a lunch break in the Takitimu’s after a snowstorm. Eventually we found a spot, but we moved on quickly as the wind did not really cooperate with our standards. There were a lot of small streams to cross and navigate, more than I remember before. The tussock covered bogs especially became very notorious on our 8 hours snow slog. I heard the occasional bog curse spoken out behind me and I tried to do some Harry Potter cursing at some nasty bogs as well, which backfired straight away by me breaking my walking pole in half, in the very next bog! We arrived at the hut in a very fast time, only 8 hours and 8 minutes. That is seriously fast considering the terrain we went through and 33.33% of our party had never been there before, good job I’d say. We settled into the hut still in full daylight and got into our dry gear. The Cheese and crackers were on the table very quickly and we

made ourselves comfortable. We got the pot belly going with dry wood we could find and used all the coal I dragged in. The hut was nice, food was delicious, company was great and we had our dessert after 9pm as we were so stuffed with all the food. We got to sleep while the rain came down in buckets.

I woke up at 7ish and got the billy going first. A quick look outside did not really match with the vision I had from the weather forecast on Friday night. It was raining and there was snow again? We got into our breakfast routine and packed up slowly. Looked at the map and contemplated the change of walking out via Dunrobin Valley road and hailing an Uber ride but realised that that would be a 45 km detour to our waiting cars :-)

We got going just as it got dry again and the first thing we did was to cross a very gently flowing stone cold river. We raced towards the farmers crib a half hour away to get the blood flowing to warm up a bit. We made good progress, we tramped 6 km in 1.5 hours. We stayed a bit more on the true right side of the Waterloo burn and I like that route more as the other side is more of a wet option with multiple river crossings and much more bogs. We were kinda driving up a herd of cattle until they could go no further up the valley. We did not visit Becketts hut, I found that we crossed enough rivers in one weekend. The weather was actually improving with the sun showing itself now and then. We tramped over the "big sponge" crossed the Waterloo burn and had our lunch just before 12noon. We walked for another 16 minutes to reach the Becketts crossing sign and started to walk back the way we came in. Up and up through the snow with now snow showers coming down from the trees above us. We got to the saddle again and there was a whole lot more bird life than the day before when we heard nothing at all. Good to hear them sing. We moved towards Princhester hut on a very slippery wet track down the Bog burn towards our cars. We did the return trip in under 7 hours and the sun was out now completely. I was looking forward to a hot cup of tea and a warm scone. Nice weekend with great company. Peter Boeckhout for Rodger Clarkson and Rose Colhoun.

ASPIRING HUT

September 22-23, 2018

Author: Martin Eriksen

Published in Bulletin 798, November 2018

Taking off as usual Friday at 6PM we headed towards Raspberry Creek car park for an approximate two hour walk through the valley to Cascade hut. We arrived at the carpark a bit after 11 thanks to Richard and Andrew who drove the van. We started walking about 11.30 in the brightest moonlight. Personally, I had not been particularly looking forward to a midnight walk, but I had to admit I was very wrong in my assumption of what it would be like. The moon and the stillness of the weather made it an amazing two hours with great chat and laughter as we crossed the many little streams on our way. We slept in the eight beds and on the floor of the cute, old, little Cascade hut.



Peaks near Raspberry Creek, including Sharks Tooth, from the Cascade Saddle track (PHOTO: Que Minh Vo)

We got up at 8AM and as each of us got ready we drifted off on our way. From here it was a short 20 min. walk to Aspiring hut where we met the rest of our group who had walked in the day before in daylight.

People had breakfast and reorganized their bags for the day. We were a big group of people who headed up towards Cascade Saddle. It was a long and in places steep walk through forest and across a stream before we made it to the tree line where we were met with snow on the ground. From here we walked only a little before we reached a plateau suitable for a lunchtime

sit down. Here, everyone caught up and had good chat and enjoyed the view before heading down.

Meantime a select few went up the valley to Pearl Flat, enjoying the great scenery and weather, but not so much the sandflies who joined them for lunch!

We all met back at the hut for good chat and food in our individual groups. The hut was packed to the brim and some even had to look for beds in Cascade hut as the hut was all booked up.

The following morning the weather looked gloomy at the Mt. Aspiring end of the valley. Precipitation was in the air. We packed up and headed out the valley - scattered in little groups. Most people were aiming to head up Rob Roy glacier track. As we were walking out the weather front was chasing our heels and so the weather up Rob Roy was not ideal, although the views were better at the second lookout.

Great trip, great people, great weather and great views!

Text and photos by Martin Eriksen for a large crew of participants!

SATURDAY CYCLING

September 29, 2018

Author: Jane Cloete

Published in Bulletin 798, November 2018

Three cycled under sun and clouds that floated high o'er vales and hills, when all at once we saw a crowd, a host, of golden daffodils; on hillsides and beneath the trees, fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Apologies to William Wordsworth! But Maria Hamelink, Greg Collins and I (Jane Cloete) had a very good day on our bike in the Waitahuna/Lawrence area. A cloverleaf trail from the Waitahuna school took us up both sides of the valley for nearly 38k in all. A mixture of tarseal and back roads, but for every 'up' there was a glorious 'down'! Greg and Maria had mountain bikes and I was full of admiration for them, for they never got off and walked! I, with my small-wheeled electric bike, had to walk some short sections: it was the MUD that got me! I'm told that Rotorua mud is good for complexion, but I didn't want to test the Waitahuna mud!

Then back to the vehicles for lunch at Lawrence – we were sure hanging out for some food by then. Hot coffee or hot chocolate finished the meal and gave us the energy for the afternoon ride. We went along the bike trail for a bit, then crossed the road to go up Munro Road, which loops around into Gabriels Gully. Near the top, Maria ran out of water and the next section was the steepest of the whole day, but she and Greg summoned some extra energy and rode all the way up that bit. At the junction with Blue Spur road we had a pause and then the reward: A long downhill run, on tarseal, back to Lawrence. I'd originally planned to finish there, but no, we were gluttons for punishment and went on the extra few Km to Weatherstones – and there we spied the daffodils! We wandered round – Greg hadn't been there before, I'd forgotten just how extensive they are, and Maria took lots of photos. So we eventually left Lawrence, after a total of nearly 60km cycling, at 3.30pm and headed for home

LEITH SADDLE / CLOUD FOREST / ESCARPMENT – THREE PEAKS

September 9, 2018

Author: Tony Timperley

Published in Bulletin 798, November 2018

Six of us left the clubrooms in warm sunshine, but when we disembarked from our cars on the Leith Saddle we were greeted by a strong, cold nor'easter. We also noted that some of the surrounding hills had cloud cover. We were undaunted, however, and sprinted across the motorway before hauling ourselves up on the conveniently placed rope to the start of the track up to the Leith Loop Lookout. Ken spurned the assistance provided by the handy rope, pointing out that there were steps cut into the bank.

We climbed steadily up to the rocky lookout and from there admired the view southward over Sullivan's Dam and over the city and coast, where the sun was shining, whereas we were heading into the Cloud Forest – literally! After a 20 minute descent down the Leith Loop track, we reached the junction with the main Cloud Forest track and climbed up a combination of boardwalk and muddy track to the powerline clearing. Normally we stop here to have our morning drinks and nibbles whilst admiring the view north, but the nor'easter forced us across the clearing to the start of the Escarpment section where we were sheltered.



View to the north from Pigeon Hill

Fully refreshed, we ploughed on through the mud and hurdled fallen tree-trunks. However, one newly fallen tree-trunk had so many lethal spiky branches protruding from it, that we had to risk life and limb to remove it to one side before we could proceed. There were other similar

obstacles in this section which we removed, with one by a heroic effort from John, who also had to fight off bush lawyer, before we finally reached the rocky section climbing up to the lookout point of Pigeon Rock, which gives great views north and west. We noticed that although Flagstaff was clear, Swampy was cloud covered.

From the rock we descended steeply through a remnant pine forest, then ascended equally steeply until we came out onto grassy, open terrain littered with heaped up dead pine tree branches. Here, Tony had to reassure his companions that he knew where he was leading them and was most relieved when he spotted an orange marker pole which indicated the way across the cleared pines towards Cowan Road. On this route we go by another small section of standing pine. As we were entering it, leader Tony was startled by what he thought was a ruru (morepork) on the ground and staring up at him with a beady eye. Unfortunately, it was nothing so exciting; just a large pine cone, although it did have a very eye-like mark on its base which was pointing upwards. (That's Tony's excuse. He assures us he's made an appointment at SpecSavers.)



Looking across to Flagstaff from near Pigeon Hill

As we approached Cowan Road we came again into the cold nor'easter and could see that Mt Cargill was covered in clouds that scudded across its summit. We therefore made the unanimous decision not to go up Cargill and instead found a sheltered spot to have lunch. We did not linger long before we set off down Cowan Road, where we again had views of Dunedin basking in the sunshine. Keeping up a brisk pace we soon reached the turn-off for the 3 Peaks track which wends its way through high gorse and broom. The replanted pine are growing quickly, however, so they should soon be over-topping these weeds.

The sun was now shining on us and we were all pleasantly warming up – but little did we know what dangers awaited us amongst the gorse and broom! Firstly, we were put off our guard by a very friendly golden Labrador, but as we were all patting it we were suddenly ambushed by two large barking and growling Bull Mastiffs. Those of us with poles used our fencing skills to try and fend them off, whilst John tried karate chops. Whilst we were defending ourselves we heard a woman's voice calling the dogs, then she appeared with another equally large ferocious looking dog on a lead. When she saw us fighting the dogs off, she tried to reassure us by saying, as the dogs bared their teeth, "It's all right, they won't bite. They're only being friendly." (Why do dog owners always say this when you are being mauled by their dogs?) "Tell me another!" said John as he shook his fingers. The woman protested that we were the first people she and her dogs had ever seen on this part of the track, so that was why the dogs reacted the way they did. (What about the friendly Labrador?) Anyway, we decided not to hang around and emerged unbitten on to the gravel road.

As Tony had been informed that we would not be allowed to cross the sheep paddocks because of lambing we did not continue down the 3 Peaks track as normal, but instead went along the Sullivan's Bridle Track (aka Fox Road) to return to the powerline clearing. There had been some recent bulldozed gorse clearing on this section, so whether more pylons are to be erected remains to be seen.

From here we turned left to return down the Cloud Forest Track, only to realise at the Leith Loop junction that we had a 20-minute ascent to the lookout (Photo shows the shock effect this realisation has on the "old men" of the party.) before again descending to the Leith Saddle. Gritting our teeth we climbed up and over before using the rope at the end of the track to abseil off it (an experience again spurned by Ken) and sprinted across the motorway to the safety of the carpark. Ah, the benefits of civilisation!

Tony Timperley for: Dave Bunn, Ken Taylor, John Tolmie, Denise Justice, Saskia Bronstring.

SOMEWHERE ON THE PENINSULA

September 23, 2018

Author: Tracy Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 798, November 2018

like to walk on our Peninsula. In small pockets, it reminds me of England, only with fewer pubs, tea shops and quaint villages, but you can't have everything eh. I found it rather challenging to find a walk that wouldn't upset the wee lambs and sheep mums in September. It was almost inevitable that we would have to walk a track that the Club had done recently more than a few times. But the tracks closest to town were the ones that we hadn't done for a while.

Seven of us met at Tomahawk lagoons to walk up the 41-Peg Road track. OTMC member Paul Clark, who owned property around the lagoons met up with us and kindly gave us a quick talk on the history of the area. He has lived there for over 30 years with his wife Sue and together they have worked really hard to protect and enhance the health and biodiversity of the plants and birds that live there. Ken Mason and the kiwi kids' conservation group did some planting over 20 years ago that has flourished and grown. Paul walked with us a little way but had to leave us and get back to work.



Tomahawk Lagoon

The day was beautiful, with ducks and ducklings, swans and signets, sheep with sleepy lambs to behold. At the top of the hill we hung around at the Soldier's Monument to take in the commanding view of both coasts of the Peninsula.

The Peninsula Track leaflet from the Tourist office recommends you return to the car park via Centre Road, but we didn't fancy walking the road, so we descended by the same track. Every

time I tried to take a photo of the fluffy cygnets with their mum, they turned tail on me and swam away, but Roger probably has some lovely photos of their little beaky faces. So cute.

We drove to the start of the Karetai Track and set off up the hill. This is another there and back walk and although it is only 30 minutes, there are some beautiful views out along the cliff tops and over the ocean. We stopped for lunch on a flat spot about 10 minutes away from the cars and watched a southerly front heading our way while we sat basking in the warm sun and still air. We could see the front had hit Brighton and then reached town, steadily marching towards us. The temperature dropped like a stone. The ocean waves blew up and we were off.



Peg 41 Track

We had an afternoon appointment at Grant Braes-football club, (not the school as I had announced). I'm very sorry that I got that information wrong, for the people who turned up to Grant Braes School. The Otago Peninsula Biodiversity Trust were having a workshop on trapping. A few of us went there and learnt about pest control traps and techniques which are useful for our own work on Ben Rudd's and in the Orokonui "halo" project. It was very positive and what they do bodes well for getting native birds and wildlife nice and secure on our lovely Peninsula.

Tracy Pettinger for Richard P, Lucy Gray, Ken Taylor, John Tolmio, Sue Kinley, Rodger Clarkson, (and Paul Clark).

GREEN SPACES IN URBAN PLACES

October 21, 2018

Author: Trisha

Published in Bulletin 799, December 2018

The unexpected Sunday morning raindrops didn't deter the 11 of us who turned up, with Rodger leading the group, to explore the city's green treasures. As soon as we started out on our urban adventure, the raincoats could come off and we quickly warmed up, meandering up and around the myriad paths through the Botanic Gardens. Some of us tried desperately to remember the left and right turns Rodger so confidently led us along, but I for one have to admit that by the time we got down to Logan Park, I was glad to see a Gardens map that indeed would help in any future retracing of steps!

Leaving the glorious colours of rhododendrons, azaleas, and other garden delights, we suddenly hit the noisy road (somewhat unusual trampers traffic) and headed up Ross Creek tracks where we discovered some beautiful, tranquil bush paths and a lovely picnic lunch in the sun. About 12km in total and satisfied with some decent 'forest bathing'. Thanks, Rodger, for taking time in your busy study schedule to show us these green spaces :)

Trisha on behalf of Ken, Carolyn, Jane, Simon, Alan, Shane, Utku, Tugce, Bakir-Demir and Rodger.

ROSELLA RIDGE – CEDAR SPUR

October 28, 2018

Author: Janet Barclay

Published in Bulletin 799, December 2018

Eight of us headed along the Silver Peaks Route with Tony leading and Tomas keeping an eye on us from behind. It wasn't long before he had to holler out to Tony that he had passed the turn off to the Gold Miners Track. This was a new one for most of us and it led on to the freshly dug River Track deep in the bush. I had no idea where we were but felt safe in the knowledge that Tomas had all on record thanks to GPS. Dave entertained us with stories of snake bites and snoring (unrelated) until we stopped for a quick morning tea in the sun somewhere near Cats Teeth Creek. Tomas treated us with some seriously good coconut chocolates, recommended by his girlfriend Jo (she's a keeper!) As we headed on to Rosella ridge a shower of rain saw us donning our rain jackets. Surveying the storm clouds, Tony posed the question "Why on Earth do we go tramping?" "To get out of mowing the lawns" I thought out loud.



The rises and falls of Rosella Ridge

With the steady climb up Cedar Spur I found myself struggling. I haven't tramped with the club all winter, and although I consider myself an active sportsperson in other fields, I realised that doesn't necessarily mean you are "tramping fit". A lesson to remember! My legs felt like lead weights, and I could not make them go faster than a snail's pace up that hill. Rain-soaked trousers were not helping matters so I proceeded to turn them into shorts by unzipping the longs' part. But halfway round the zip broke! I could neither zip it back up nor unzip it completely, leaving a cumber-some gaping split which my tramping companions politely

ignored – I guess the sight of a 56 year olds exposed thigh is best treated that way! Tomas was a very patient leader from behind. We finally lunched under the shelter of trees at the top of the spur (mmm more coconut chocolate!) before continuing along the ridge towards Little Pulpit Rock. Some awesome views were had of the vegetation –clad hills in the mist. It was decided to reassess the return trip as time was becoming a factor (sorry guys), so instead of taking Direct Spur to Possum Hut we headed on to Green Hut site. By this stage the track was quite wet and slippery, and care was needed going down. I was glad to not have to navigate climbing uphill I in wet mud. I somehow managed to get my gaiter under strap caught on a low stump not once but twice, which stopped me in my tracks but I somehow avoided a mud dive. After a quick snack at Green Hut, it was a gentle amble back to Mountain Road and the waiting cars. A great day out.



Upper Rosella Ridge and Pulpit Rock

Arriving home to lawns neatly mowed by Husband and a delicious tea cooked by Son, I asked myself "Why on Earth don't I go tramping more!"

Note to self: Before next tramp- improve uphill fitness, fix a zip, tighten gaiter straps....

Janet Barclay for Ewan Adam, John Tolmie, Ken Taylor, Simon Lin, Tony Timperly, Viviane Dalphin and our leader Tomas Sobek.

NORTH OTAGO WEEKEND

November 3-4, 2018

Author: Jane Cloete

Published in Bulletin 799, December 2018

There were three of us on the overnight trip this weekend – Becky Jones, Caitlin Robertson, and me, Jane Cloete; we were joined for the Saturday by Jim Western, from Oamaru.

The week before the weather forecast was terrible, but slowly that changed from “heavy rain all across the South Island” to “heavy rain for the west and south of the SI” so we crossed our fingers and set out for the Herbert Forest. We took the southern loops of tracks – I thought that the northern track would be just too wet (that route includes a ladder beside a waterfall and a walk up the streambed).

Cold and windy to start with, it only took us 2+hours to get to the top of the tracks. That area has been logged! We could see for miles and miles, and better still there was a big pile of tree stumps and cuttings which made ideal seats.

Going down was a bit slippery – I managed a knee-plant in a large puddle – but we were back at the cars by 2pm. Jim left us there, whilst the three of us had a large ice-cream at Hampden and then continued to the Trotters Gorge DoC campsite. Tiny spots of rain greeted us but we could get the tents up within half an hour of arrival. Caitlin had a new tent – and was very happy with it. Becky's tent had only just arrived (she's just come from UK) but it was excellent. Very light – and her sleeping mat was just brilliant: an inflatable very light weight model with its own inflating bag. The best I've ever seen! My tent is rather old, but comfy, warm and dry!

Then we decided on ‘doing’ the loop track before thinking about an evening meal. That Loop track is s-t-e-e-p and I stopped at one point, but Caitlin and Becky persuaded me upwards – and the view was well worth it.

The DoC campsite is good: very sheltered from the wind and quite pretty. But no tap, so we used the river and Caitlin came up trumps with some wee chlorine tablets to at least make sure that we had clean drinking water in our bottles. She doesn't work for the Water Dept without knowing how to get clean water!

Sunny evening chatting, cooking and eating before retiring to our tents as soon as the sun went down. The dawn chorus of the birds woke us up early on Sunday, break-fast and packing up took no time at all, so were walking by 8.30am, off to find the Trotters Gorge University tramping hut. But I mucked it up. My first mistake was to forget my GPS. Just 15 minutes on the track we passed a picnic ground – “we'll look at that on the way back” – and away we went up the path. A “track not maintained” sign at a crossroads flummoxed us. Tried the left path – I was uneasy – turned back to junction – path seemed a dead end – back to the left path and went on for 20mins until I said “no more” and we returned to the right hand fork. Managed to find a path this time and went along a good track for another 20mins till I again said “no more” and we returned to the junction. Though the 'wrong tracks' had not taken us to the hut we decided that they were worth it for the beauty of the gorge, and for the experience of getting a bit lost! Drink and a snack, then a decision to give up and return to the campsite. Whereupon

we stumbled, almost immediately, into the hut! I just hadn't remembered how close it was to the car park!

We had a go at the Palmerston monument, but the wind was howling and the clouds black and fast, so we only got half-way up before I was again a wimp and again said "No More". To the car, some lunch and back to Dunedin by 1.30pm!

My thanks for a good weekend, to Becky, Caitlin and Jim.

OTMC COMMITTEE (2018-19)

President – Antony Pettinger

Vice President – Joe Bretherton

Secretary – Sharon Bretherton

Treasurer – Sharen Rutherford

Chief Guide / Transport – Wayne Hodgkinson

Bulletin Editor – Barry Walker

Membership Secretary – Debbie Pettinger

Social Convenor – Debbie Pettinger

Day Trip Convener – Tomas Sobek

Day Trip Convener – Andrew McConnell

Committee – Tina Anderson

Conservation & Recreation Advocacy – Chris Pearson

Gear Hire – Joe Bretherton

Gear Hire – Rodger Clarkson

Website – Antony Pettinger

Clubrooms – Peter Loeber

Immediate Past President – Peter Loeber

Hon. Solicitor – Antony Hamel

OTMC TRIP PROGRAMME 2018


Month	Date(s)	Specific Trip	Leader
January	14	Pineapple Track - Flagstaff - Ben Rudd's	Peter Boeckhout
January	20-21	Death Valley & Scott Creek	Ian Billinghamurst
January	21	Jubilee Hut and Back In A Day	Sharen Rutherford
January	21	Silver Peaks - Pulpit Rock Area	Peter Loeber
January	27-4	Beansburn / Routeburn (Five Passes)	Antony Pettinger
January	28	East of Flagstaff	Chris Handley
February	4	Maungatua Summit	Sharen Rutherford
February	10-11	Ahuriri / Dingleburn and Beyond	Richard Forbes
February	11	Victory Beach / The Pyramids	Peter Boeckhout
February	13	Bushcraft 2018 - 1st Evening	Antony Pettinger
February	17-18	Mt Cook Area	Wayne Hodgkinson
February	17	Papatowai Challenge (Fun Run / Walk)	Jane Cloete
February	18	Cloud Forest / Escarpment Track	Tony Timperley
February	20	Bushcraft 2018 - 2nd Evening	Antony Pettinger
February	24-25	Lake Wilson	Ian Billinghamurst
February	25	Bushcraft 2018 - Navigation Day	Antony Pettinger
February	27	Bushcraft 2018 - 3rd Evening	Antony Pettinger
March	3-4	Lake Isobel / Mt Crichton	Tomas Sobek
March	4	Bushcraft 2018 - River Safety Day	Antony Pettinger
March	4	Mitchells Rocks	Peter Loeber
March	6	Bushcraft 2018 - 4th Evening	Antony Pettinger
March	10-11	Bushcraft 2018 - Silver Peaks Weekend	Antony Pettinger
March	11	Tour de Taieri	Peter Boeckhout
March	17-18	Bushcraft 2018 - Silver Peaks Weekend Backup Weekend	Antony Pettinger
March	18	Chalkies Challenge - The Steep Track	Sharen Rutherford
March	24-26	Matukituki / Cascade Saddle / Rees	Nathan McCauley
March	25	Flagstaff with a Car	Jan Burch
March	30-3	Southern Humboldt Mountains	Ian Billinghamurst
April	7-8	Eyre Mountains	Christine Hopkins
April	8	Something On The Peninsula	Leonie Loeber
April	14-15	French Ridge Hut	Joe Bretherton
April	15	Mihiwaka	Tania McMillan
April	21-22	Ahuriri / Canyon Creek	Sue Williams
April	22	Sandfly Bay & Sandymount	Peter Boeckhout
May	29	Timber Gully Waterfall - Lammerlaws	Alan Thomson
May	5-6	Mt Domett	Alex Tups
May	6	Government Track	Sharen Rutherford
May	12-13	Routeburn Crossover	Richard Forbes
May	13	Tomahawk Lagoon	Geraldine Kerr
May	19-20	River Track to Jubilee Hut	Peter Boeckhout
May	20	Coal Creek Circuit (Silverstream)	Wayne Hodgkinson

May	27	Mt Watkin	Kathy Woodrow
June	2-4	Mt Somers - Pinnacles Hut	Peter Boeckhout
June	10	Hare Hill / Hodson Hill	Gordon Tocher
June	17	Sunrise Walk to Flagstaff	Sharen Rutherford
June	23-24	Winter Kepler - Luxmore Hut	Richard Forbes
June	24	Silverstream Area	Leonie Loeber
July	1	Mapoutahi Pa (Orokonui - Purakanui - Doctors Point)	Rodger Clarkson
July	7-8	Unwin Lodge - Day Trips around Mt Cook	Rodger Clarkson
July	8	Leith Saddle - Pipeline Track - Rustlers Ridge - Swampy Summit	Tony Timperley
July	15	Heyward Point - Aramoana	Carolyn Taylor
July	22	Clutha Mouth	Wayne Hodgkinson
July	28-29	Winter Routeburn (Falls Hut - Xmas Theme)	Wolfgang Gerber
July	29	McNally Track	Sharen Rutherford
August	4-5	Manapouri Kayaking	Rose Colhoun
August	5	Grahams Bush to Organ Pipes	Tomas Sobek
August	11-12	Snow Skills - Rock & Pillar Range (Big Hut)	Wayne Hodgkinson
August	12	Greenacres - Highcliff - Buskins - Boulder Beach - Paradise Track	Tony Timperley
August	18-19	X/C Skiing - Pisa Range	Chris Pearson
August	19	South Branch of the Waikouaiti	Arthur Blondell
August	25-26	OTMC Snowcaving Weekend (Old Man Range)	Richard Pettinger
August	26	Mt Cargill	Sharen Rutherford
September	1	Ben Rudd's Property - Work Day	Sue Williams
September	2	Ben Rudd's Appreciation Day	Richard Pettinger
September	9	Cloud Forest / Escarpment Track	Tony Timperley
September	18	Big Hut (Rock & Pillars)	Rob Seeley
September	22-23	West Matukituki - Aspiring Hut	Richard Forbes
September	23	Somewhere on the Peninsula	Tracy Pettinger
September	29	Cycling On A Saturday - East Otago Springtime	Jane Cloete
September	29-30	Five Ridges: Silver Peaks - Jubilee Hut	Peter Boeckhout
September	30	Catlins River Walk	Sharen Rutherford
October	7	Unexplored Silver Peaks	Richard Pettinger
October	13-14	Takitimu Mountains - Aparima Hut	Peter Boeckhout
October	14	Victory Beach	Alan Thomson
October	20-22	Cameron Valley - Ashburton Lakes	
October	27-28	Pearl's Flat - Scott's Biv	Peter Boeckhout
October	28	Rosella Ridge via Cedar Spur & Direct Spur	Tomas Sobek
November	3-4	North Otago	Jane Cloete
November	4	Chalkies Track / Silverstream	Ken Taylor & Sharen Rutherford
November	11	Dunedin Northern Skyline Traverse	Debbie Pettinger
November	17-18	Livingstone Mountains	Joe Bretherton
November	18	Waitati Loop (Leith Valley Rd / Waitati Valley Rd / Mt Cargill Rd	Maria Hamelink
November	25	Logan Park - Signal Hill	Andrew McConnell


December	1-2	Ashton / Upper Windley Hut	Tim Russell
December	2	Rongomai / Honeycomb Tracks	Pam McKelvey
December	8-9	Awakino Ski Field	Andrew McConnell
December	9	Yellow Ridge / Rocky Ridge / Hermit Ridge	Michaela Day
December	15-16	St Bathans Range	Andrew McConnell
December	16	Heyward Point	Tomas Sobek

OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (FEBRUARY TO JUNE)

OTMC BULLETIN



Newsletter of the Ottago Tramping and Mountaineering Club, Inc. # 192 February 2018



February 24-25: Jean van Bellinghove on a tramp to Lake Wilson via Roulston's Lake Harms and the Valley of the Trolls.

February Trips & Events


Maungatua Summit Victory Beach and Pyramids
 Aoraki / Otago and Beyond Mount Cook area Lake Wilson
 Paparoa Challenge Cloud Forest / Escapement Track
 Bushcraft Evenings 1-2-3 and Flagstaff Navigation Day

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OTMC BULLETIN



Newsletter of the Ottago Tramping and Mountaineering Club, Inc. # 193 March 2018



Lunch on Fery-Gill, Five Rivers. Barry Walker


After an 8 year hiatus 17 keen OTMC tramping lovers setting foot and a cycle to complete the classic Five Rivers trip (Pukio Gully, Fery-Gill, Cape Gairdner, Pukio Pass and Supercat Pass). Most of the route is in Mt Aspiring national park, part of it is in Fiordland, and some of the route is through the edge of the Otago wilderness area.

March Trips & Events


Lake Tekapo & Mt Cook Michael's Rocks
 Chalkers Challenge Flagstaff
 Matukuhia/Cascades/Rees (Otago Anniversary)
 Easter TSA
 Bushcraft River Climbing & Silver Peaks Weekend

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OTMC BULLETIN




Newsletter of the Ottago Tramping and Mountaineering Club, Inc. # 194 April 2018



Mount Cook Sunset. Barry Walker

A group of club "seniors" enjoyed a mid-week tramp to Mueller Hut for a couple of days in early March. Great weather, great views, lots of steps to climb, but a very enjoyable trip.



April Trips & Events

Maori's Lake Area Harbour Cone on the Peninsula
 French Ridge Hut Milneoke
 Canyon Creek / Arahuri Sandy Bay & Sandyhook
 Teitua Gully Waterfall

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OTMC BULLETIN



Newsletter of the Ottago Tramping and Mountaineering Club, Inc. # 195 May 2018



Gannoch Valley, Mabels Conservation Park, Canterbury. Barry Walker




May Trips & Events


Mount Donnell Government Track Mount Watkins Roulston's Overlook
 Tumuhake Lagoon Arthur's Track to Jubilee Hut Coal Creek Circuit, Silverstream
 Lunar Quizzes Birthday - Mount Somers - Penzance Hut

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OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (JULY TO SEPTEMBER)

OTMC BULLETIN


Newspaper of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club, Inc.
734, June 2018




Mt Somers, Woodshed Creek, Fennicks Hut - Barry Walker 2017 - see page 6 June Trip


June Trips & Events

Queen's Birthday - Mount Somers - Fennicks Hut
Hare and Hobson Hills - Sunrise Walk to Flagstaff
Winter Keyler - Lumsden Hut - Silverstream

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OTMC BULLETIN


Newspaper of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club, Inc.
734, July 2018




Winter Routeburn Great Trip - July 28-31


July Trips & Events

Mapotahi Pt and Okeana/Purakaua/Doctors Point - Catlins Mouth
Lower Lodge/Kaitiaki Cove - Heyward Point/Aramoho - Mokai Track
Loth Saddle/Pipetown/Suttons/Swampy - Winter Routeburn

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OTMC BULLETIN


Newspaper of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club, Inc.
735, August 2018




Mt Cook and trip - Farnes Glacier/Starkey - Tanya Grant


August Trips & Events

Manapouri Monument - Graham's Bush & Organ Pipes
Snowfields - X-Country Skating - Snowcramming
All over the Peninsula - Walkabout South Islands - OTMC AGM

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OTMC BULLETIN


Newspaper of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club, Inc.
735, September 2018



View of Lake Harris, August Winter Routeburn trip - Barry Walker

September Trips & Events

Ben Hurd's Working Bee and Appreciation Day - OTMC Annual Dinner
Chert Forest - Escarpment Track - Big Hut (Rock and Pillars)
West Makutuku (Aspiring Hut) - Peninsula Walk
5 Ridges in the Silver Peaks (A Jumeir Hut)
Springtime Cycling in Central Otago - Catlins River Walk

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OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (OCTOBER TO DECEMBER)

OTMC BULLETIN

Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club, Inc. # 797 - October 2018



*OTMC 2018 Photo Competition - Overall Winner
Storm Approaching Fata Lake - Ross Hunt*

October Trips & Events

Unexplored Silver Peaks	Aparima hut, Takitimu
Victory Beach	Cameron Valley, Ashburton Lakes
Pieat Flat - Scott's Blv	Rosella Ridge via Cedar and Direct Spur

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OTMC BULLETIN

Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club, Inc. # 798 - November 2018



*Landscape on the Cascade Saddle Track with views up the West Makarewa Valley
Magnificent - opens to Ross Hunt*

November Trips & Events

North Otago - Quakers Track	Dunedin Northern Skyline Traverse
Wairarapa Cycle Loop	Livingstone Range - Powder Ridge
December: Eyns Mountains - Rongoma and Honeycomb Tracks	

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OTMC BULLETIN

Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club, Inc. # 799 - Dec 2018 - Jan 2019



*South end of Dunedin from the Lath Loop looking out the Northern Skyline Traverse (page 5)
Anthony Pettinger*

December-January Trips & Events

Eyns Mountains	Rongoma/Honeycomb Tracks
Social trips: Awakino Lodge and Mount St Bathans	
Yellow / Rocky / Hermit Ranges	Wynyard Point - East of Flagstaff
Taieri Ridge North End	Christians Beach to Toke Mouth
Prater Creek / Roulston	Makarewa - Lochmager Creek

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