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OTMC Bulletin

Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)

Snow Shoes on the Rock & Pillar Range
25-26 July 2026 —photo Tom Kirk

Upcoming Trips

September 6 City to Port Chalmers
13 3 Peaks/Escarpment/Cloud Forest circuit
20 Chalkies
26 Whare Flat (+ dogs)

October 4 Lawrence Daffodils
10-11 Lake Monowai to Green Lake Hut

What is the future of the OTMC?

Another Annual General Meeting is approaching on 27 August and with it comes the smallest number of committee nominations, certainly in the 40 years that I have been involved in the OTMC. With the committee getting smaller each year, the workload becomes greater for those remaining and with no office bearers and just five nominations received for committee going into the AGM, all OTMC club members should be concerned.

There are many reasons why people join the OTMC and over the past year we have heard why the current committee members joined the OTMC. For me the OTMC has always been about the tramping and the people. I joined the OTMC in 1987 because I wanted to go further into the hills than the tracks would take me and joining a club gave me access to the people with the knowledge who could show me how to get into the 'real' tramping country. 'No tracks, no huts' became our motto—look at a map and wonder what it would be like if we can find a way up that gorge then over that pass and is it possible to get back through those bluffs. The party system of three to five like minded people with a similar fitness level, sleeping and eating together meant we had to rely on each other, use our combined knowledge and skills to get us there and home safely. There was no communication with the outside world and only a limited knowledge of where we were going. That reliance on each other, for me, has built life long friendships. It didn't matter if you were fit or not, there was always a trip that suited your fitness. We had some real adventures with some fantastic people. On joining the OTMC, there was always the expectation that everyone would contribute to make the club a better place. It starts off small with writing a trip report onto leading a day trip then a weekend party group before taking the leap of leading a weekend trip and ultimately joining the committee..

The lack of committee nominations is a symptom of a bigger decline within the club. Yes, times have changed and so have the people within the OTMC. The club membership is aging and new members either aren't sticking around long or, for various reasons, don't want to contribute. How do we change this? What is it that people want from the OTMC and what can each club member do to make that happen? How do we grow our membership and encourage contribution because, in short, if things continue there won't be the tramping and friendships that have been valued by so many over the past 103 years.

Debs Pettinger
Editor

Trip Reports

The French Ridge Fridge
27-28 June 2026 By Tom Kirk

The trip was pushed back a week to catch a better weather window, and it was worth the wait. We set off from Dunedin just after lunch on Friday in car load one, with car load two following an hour or so behind. Dinner at Big Fig in Wanaka, then on to the car park.

We walked in along the Matukituki River West Branch in the dark, under a full moon so bright that torches were barely needed. Paradise ducks honked their warnings ahead of us down the quiet valley.

This was my first time back in this valley in a long while — my only other trip here was 16-odd years ago, just after university, up to Aspiring Hut. The hut has since been rebuilt, still with its stone façade and now with big windows looking straight up the valley. We arrived to find it warm inside with the fire going; insulation makes all the difference. Car load two rolled in an hour or so later, and then it was off to sleep.

Day two began with a frosty walk up the valley, the sun creeping slowly towards us while we somehow managed to stay just out of its reach. Hard frosts in places. Then came our first proper view of French Ridge itself — steep and prominent. The ridge is not for the faint of heart: roughly 540 m to 1400 m in about 2 km. I was thankful to my tree friends for the sheer number of roots on offer, all of them handholds, and for the vertical metres they let you gain in seconds. My type of hill, with a bit of a grunt in it, and every step rewarded with more of a view. A lovely photo of Liverpool Hut was taken during what must be its 30 minutes of glorious sun for the day. Out of the treeline we walked in full sun with barely a breath of wind — a fantastic weather window that held for the rest of the trip. At the hut it was time for a rest, or an afternoon snooze in the sun. Tom and Philip carried on an hour higher towards the Lower Quarterdeck — a great photo spot with 360° views taking in Mt Avalanche and around to Mt Aspiring — while I got the ice axe out and the crampons on for a bit of practice. The general lack of snow was very notable for the time of year.

Outside French Ridge Hut (photo Anais King)

Back at the hut we had a full house, and a fantastic bunch of people who all merged into one big group. In true OTMC style we lugged up 1.5 L of mulled wine, which was lovely in the −15 °C air (without wind — we lucked in there). Then out came the candles, balloons and a cake for Alex from Philip (Alex was very chuffed), for a birthday trip missed earlier in the year. We really did have it rough. There were a few comments from the rest of the hut when we 'passed on' all the leftovers.
The next morning was much the reverse, with Alex staying up top to para-glide down in a weather window of his own. Thanks Alex for leading the trip.
Party: Alex Tups, Joe Bretherton, Sharon Bretherton, Tom Kirk, Steffan Rolfe, Rebecca Thorne, Anaïs King, Philip Somerville

Sunset from Pulpit Rock
11 July—By Richard Forbes

This short trip was organised by Rebecca to celebrate Matariki and the New Year. Fingers crossed we could see the sun setting on top of the Silver Peaks. I haven't been out for a while so it was good to stretch the legs and lungs. Seven of us gathered at Woodhaugh at 2pm and we were at the carpark on Semple Road at about 2:30pm. There had been a lot of rain recently and some snow higher up and inland so it would be interesting to see how the track held up. There was nothing to worry about as the Green Hut Track Group have done a superb job keeping the track in good nick On the way we spotted some snow on Swampy, Maungatua, Rock and Pillars and the Silver Peaks. For some of the group it was their first time here so it was great telling them the history of the area and the OTMC's presence.

Matariki Sunset (photo Arshad Ali)

A quick drink and a bite to eat at the old Green Hut site and then a few grunty uphill sections and onto Pulpit Rock where there was a dusting of snow. We got there before 5pm and wouldn't you know it but the clouds cleared enough to see a superb sun-set behind the snowy Rock and Pillar Range inland. It was chilly so we were all layering up for the return trip now that the sun was gone. Then it was back down the hill and we managed to get back to Green Hut site before we needed to put the head torches on, as it's quite dark under the tunnel of the bush canopy. It was great star gazing when we got back to the cars. No sign of Matariki as it is only visible first thing in the morning. A great trip with great company and conservation and something a little bit different.
Richard Forbes for Rebecca Thorne (leader), Shannon Sealey, Leeanne Jack Arshad Ali, Jakob Zavacky and Rachel Easson.

An Epic Adventure shared on the Copland Track
9-13 July 2026 By Tina Anderson

The drive up started with apprehension. Sh85 was still closed due to snow and ice but the trip into town for my driver would add 100km to the clock. Safety first I thought. We would have to drive into town and travel via Milton but the devil on my shoulder kept escorting me through a scenic snow laced Pig Route. After speaking to mates in both Hyde and Omakau, I was still cautious but optimistic and then the road opened. Decision made! The drive was spectacular. Only a few cars on the road and most traveling in the opposite direction. We took our time and just enjoyed our travel day.

Accommodation at Pine Grove Motel was a mere 10mins drive to the Copland Track carpark and meant we didn't have to get up super early the next morning. Our host had the house nice and warm for our arrival. It's basic accommodation, but has all you need and at $40/night (supply our sleeping bags), Thanks Jane Cloete for the recommendation!

Boulder field (photo Tina Anderson)

Walk in day. I woke to 2 degrees. Surprisingly warm compared to the -2 forecast. I cooked up some scrambled eggs and we were off. The team pic at the Copland Track carpark was taken "promptly" at 9am and Ash bolted away from the gate in his shorts. I normally wear shorts but was happy to have longs on all day. A day walking mainly through lush green fern and beech forest. It was a long day. Even what was considered the lunch stop, didn't happen until 1.30 pm. An hour or more later than I had expected and in a spot that had no sun. I think sitting inside Architect Hut was colder than sitting outside. Actually I know it was, but we could at least consult the hut book to see that Ash and Helen had left 20minutes before we arrived. We waited for the other part of the group to arrive and gave them a bit of time to eat and then some of us set off. It was too cold to linger any longer. When we did finally arrive at our destination for the evening, the sky greeted us with soft pink hues and a steamy welcome from the hot springs. Just magnificent. And made the long journey in more than worth it.

I had booked the sole occupancy Sierra room since it was available on the website. It houses 2 bunks/sleeps 4. It has a shower, a gas cooktop and a coal range for heating plus a wee table. Some people book it to occupy a group of

two. I had booked it so I could have 4 on the trip :-) and so I would be warm. What I didn't know at the time of booking, was the hut has had its heating system upgraded. Visitors using the main hut and staying in one of the 4 bunkrooms, are kept warm by a reticulated heating system. You can expect a constant 18 degree heat and the ability to dry clothes by hanging them safely on the radiators surrounding the walls. The system exchanges heat from the hot springs and pumps its water to the hut, then around the walls via wall mounted radiators. Hey presto geothermal heating. It's not advertised on the DoC website, probably because its not 100% reliable. If there is a lot of rain prior to your visit, the cold water automatically reduces the heat in the hot spring and naturally reduces the impact of the heating system. But wow, how great is that!

The following day I decided to do what I never do, go nowhere. I ate breakfast and went for a hot pool session. I then pulled out a puzzle box and sat in the main hut and began reconstructing the image of a lovely landscape. I didn't think I had it in me! Simon watched a video and Sandra rested in the Sierra room. After another laze in the hot spring , I returned to the hut hoping to find other hut loungers engrossed in the puzzle, but it sat on the table awaiting some more attention. My companions returned from their mini day escape up the valley not long after and joined in on the puzzle. I happily left them to finish it. Another soak in the hot springs was followed by a nice dinner. I brought extra food to share and managed to get rid of it all. Even the dehy pudding that I thought would be a treat but didn't taste as nice as I had hoped (a bar of chocolate would have been better!)

Working on the puzzle (photo Helen Emerson)

On the walk out day, a few of us left the hut a little earlier but soon got separated. Fuelled by the thoughts of losing my deaf boyfriend in a national park on his first overnight trip with me, I made it to Architect Bridge in 2hrs. At the hut I discovered he had been and gone,. I had missed him by a mere ten minutes! I didn't dilly dally. I was feeling energized and wanted to press on. I caught a glimpse of him on the rocks but my idea to intercept his path by going up and around in front of him, led to being bluffed and having to retrace my steps. That'll teach me! Walking out the way you come in, gives a totally different experience. Those steps near the end felt steep! I made it back to

the carpark in 5 1/2 hrs and got swarmed by those lovely bloodsucking things we all know and detest. Needless to say the next hour and half were spent inside a vehicle waiting for the rest of the team.
The Copland track to Welcome Flat Hut is full of things I love. Moss covered trees, tree fern, views of snow capped mountains and views of the bluest water ever seen. Easy undulating paths make it accessible to most. You just need to set your own pace and walk carefully.
A big thanks to the club members who managed to join me. You made the trip memorable in sooo many different ways. One of the things I love about tramping in a group, is the different things each person brings to the table. Some are pace setters, some perfection experts ie they know how to enjoy the journey and ignore time. Some bring humour, some bring knowledge and some are just fabulous to be around because of their positive outlook on life.
A special thanks to my buddy Sandra. Sunday started with a good humour moment provided by her. Something I have grown to love about this woman is her ability to laugh at herself. We had just crossed the bridge 5 mins down the track from Welcome Flat Hut and I had already dropped a layer. On asking Sandra if she wanted to take the opportunity to do the same, we found that the dehydrated meal she had safely stored in her top pack, had exploded. Pasta cabonara was generously clumped all over her warm puffer and all over a nice big loo roll. Are you visualizing this? I didn't laugh at the time but on hitting the carpark, exploded into laughter at the hilarity of her trying to deposit hand fulls of the food back into the pouch. Sandra, thanks for keeping me entertained mate and a big shout out to you and everyone else for completing the track. Its not easy completing 17km on a winters day and not knowing how to pace yourself. Especially when you aren't sure what's still to come or how much further you have to go. I had a wonderful group of humans to share this experience with and I'm so pleased we did it together.

The Copland Team (photo Tina Anderson)

Tina Anderson (leader) for Sandra Divett, Gordon Tocher, Hannah & Thomas Baird, Simon Smith, Helen Emerson and Ash Flintoff

West Coast done aka the Copland Track
9-13 July 2026—By Simon Smith

Jeez that was a tough one going in. First a river crossing (not a bridge), so it was interesting to see if my waterproof socks and boots worked. Tick. Then an abseil down a corroded bank with just a rope tied to a tree root. Staggered navigation through wet slippery rocks along the river as far as the eye can see. Up cliff faces making your own path, down more deep banks and up more cliffs. It was tough for a newbie on a track for 'experienced trampers and climbers only' but I'm from Manchester and I got a knife. What could go wrong?

Four hours later we ended up at a frozen hut to gather for lunch, keeping warm while steaming off wet clothes, that was a mission but the hot porridge saved the day. What I thought would be pretty much the same getting to the end was a completely different ballgame altogether. The next 5 hours was just constant up, up, up, up until my legs were giving out. Most likely because I didn't know the route so I couldn't pace myself at all.

A cold Architect Hut (Photo Tina Anderson)

Not once did we catch any sunshine during the tramp and that doesn't work for someone that loves to soak up sunshine aka vitamin D. Eventually Tina said that we were only 1km away now, but that was a lie. It certainly upped my tempo only to crash when I finally got there.

Showered, changed and jumped straight into my sleeping bag for 13hrs.

I woke up refreshed but wondered why everyone in the room I was sharing with, looked pretty shagged and tired. Maybe i shouldn't have asked them why they looked like they had lived 9 lives. They made it quite clear I'm bloody good at something.....snoring!. Oh well....I can't hear it. I'm deaf.

The next day was spent chilling in the geo thermal hot pools and blimey they are super hot and rewarding. Some of the trampers, like me were walking out the very next day, a shame because you need a day doing nothing but spa and rest like we were doing.

Another night of snoring made me realize I'm not the most popular person around, but that's fine because I'm from Manchester and I got a knife!

Anyhoo, Sunday morning arrived, smirking at the weary people who suffered from not a great night's sleep. I thought to myself, should I ask them if they had a good night's sleep or not? I just smiled instead and said good morning everyone! Ducking Runt is what I thought I was called until I worked it out. Packed my bag and set off back.

The track is estimated 7hrs if not more, so was quite pleased to smash it out in just under 5hrs without the 10min porridge break from my steaming flask.
I was first to climb back up the bank we had to abseil down. While I was climbing up, I remembered the names I was called and simply left the rope at the top so it was near impossible for the rest of the group to get back up. Its moments like this when I love the word karma. The last of 3 river crossing was approaching, so I didn't mind getting wet. I steamed right across and pretended I was John Rambo and whipped out my knife as I emerged on the other side. There was nobody there to see it, but I thought it was cool and amusing at the same time until I realized my car keys and phone were soaked also.
On a final note, we drove to Fox Glacier, checked in at the hotel, shit, shower, shave then went to the pub to cause a riot, drink beer and eat food then a good snooze. We complained to the motel that we found pubes in the bedding and there was mould on the bathroom walls.
I told them I have 20 million followers on Google reviews and I'm going to post these photos when I get home. We got a full refund (actually they said we would but didn't receive it) and a full English breakfast. Drove home through torrential rain on the west coast roads into sunny Central and snow capped mountains on the way through the pig route to home. We really do live in a paradise down here and there is nothing that can change my mind.
Oh...fuel at Fox is $3.85 a bloody litre. That's a robbery all right!
Most of this story is true, some of it isn't.
If you read to the end of this, I hope you enjoyed it!
Peace out people, have a great week.
Oh I forgot to mention that Tina Anderson is awesome and did a brilliant job of organizing the trip and putting up with me again.
Simonster

Welcome Flat Saturday Day Walk
11 July 2026 By Gordon Tocher

After our walk in from the carpark on Matariki Friday to Welcome Flat Hut we thought Saturday's magnificent weather was worthy of an exploration up the Copland Valley to check out the surroundings.
The prospect of walking up valley to a sunny spot was a great enticement as the hut gets very little direct sun in winter. After a morning soak in the hot pools adjacent to the hut we set off about 11.30 to explore upstream.
The track follows the true left of the river crossing numerous tributaries and was a rather up and down affair with steeply washed out sides to Sparkling, Creamy, Cragg and Splinter Creeks leading us to abandon the track and walk over the broad dry gravel riverbed. Where there was no canopy the track and river gravel were covered in frost
We found a sunny spot for lunch on the edge of the gravel on the actual Welcome Flat, opposite the junction where the Ruera River joins the Copland. There are tall peaks all around and the sun started to dip over the ridge of the Sheils Peak. There were good views of the Navigator and Aurora Ranges. Behind us lay the Karangarua and Sierra Ranges which had been on our right all Friday walking in from the road end.
Further up the valley is the 8 person Douglas Rock Hut we did not go that far, but we did meet a hunter who had spent the night there; he along with two other hunting groups all walked past us with trophy Thar heads poking out the top of their packs – so there are obviously plenty of Tahr in the area.
After lunch the sun had gone behind a ridge and the landscape further up valley looked the same as that which we had already travelled so we headed back to the Welcome Flat Hut. Nearing the bridge beside the hut gave us a great view of the steam rising from the hot pools which was a great signal that another soak was in order.

Steam rising from hot pools (photo Gordon Tocher)

Gordon Tocher for Ash Flintoff, Helen Emerson, Tom Baird and Hannah Barham.

Phil Cox Hut— 26 July 2026
By Tracy Pettinger

Although it was a very cold morning, the sun was shining and 7 people were at Woodhaugh Gardens ready for the off at 9 am, so we couldn't go home and crawl back into bed. We got into 2 cars and had a beautifully uneventful drive out to the start of the track.

The plan was to go to Phil Cox Hut and return the same way. En route there was discussion about making it a circuit, but that involves walking on the road, and we agreed that we'd rather walk on the track, even though it was crunchy, muddy and sometimes slippery with a few crossing of streams, which at this time of year, nobody wants to fall into.

I had talked my work mate into coming and described a dry track, where we don't get our feet wet, much. Well, it wasn't quite that, as some rocks to cross the streams were slippery and, as I'd misjudged it from memory, I offered to piggyback her across the streams. Fortunately, she turned me down. Sturdy wooden walking poles and also the proper expensive ones helped us to negotiate the crossings and also Richard stood in the middle in his sturdy lace-up gumboots, handing us to the dryish stones and gave us confidence to jump that extra bit to take us to the water's edge and away from a ducking.

Keeping the shoes dry (photo Tracy Pettinger)

Some of us agreed that Phil Cox Hut must have surely been moved a little bit further up the track since the last time we were there. On the bright side, you do enjoy your lunch more when you're hungry. On the return to the cars the crunchy parts of the track had thawed out a bit and had a beautiful, satisfying softness underfoot.

On the way home, some people weren't cold enough and insisted on stopping for ice creams at the shop at Waitati. Maybe they should have had a dip in the stream after all.

Tracy Pettinger (leader) for Richard Pettinger, Wayne Hodgkinson, Lucy Jones, Kath Danaher, Tamara Smee and Tammy Jackman.

Snow shoeing on Rock & Pillar Range
25-26 July 2026 By Mark Stephenson

Thanks to our leader, Steffan Rolfe, for putting this trip together; something a little different for most of us. We stayed at the wonderful Middlemarch Holiday Park on the Friday night, enjoying the ambience of the railway car and open-air dining. Steffan schooled us in strapping on the snow shoes and possible routes were discussed.
The next morning we climbed up the Glencreag track till the snow suggested we put on our snowshoes. Alex had gone ahead and we could see his boot-tracks change at that point. It was pretty fine weather up at Big Hut, clear and no wind. Alex led a jaunt to Stonehenge and back as the evening light faded. Glorious views and colour.
The hut was cold, as promised with -2 degrees overnight in the bunk room, and -11 outside; not a bad temperature gradient really. We warmed up the kitchen at night with snow melted and boiled, a game of Alex's in German, and much breath and blather, as you can imagine.
The next day was a tad cloudy just on the tops, with a fine wind blowing from the W, or SW. Donning snow shoes again, we crunched a traverse below the ridge but above the steep slope to Leaning Lodge. Easy/ medium progress saw us to the 4WD track and then down to the muddy bits to extract ourselves from the snow shoes. Snow shoes were certainly a great way to travel up there. Light to carry, easy to put on, dealing well with ice and moderate slopes, they were more 'ice-shoes' really, or perhaps 'cramponettes'. We came down via Kinvara and made it to the Kissing Gate just in time for tea.

Walking in snow shoes (photo Tom Kirk)

Mark Stephenson for Steffan Rolfe (Leader), Rebecca Thorne, Helen Emerson, Tom Baird, Tom Kirk, Rodger Clarkson, Micah Clarke-Prebble, Mark Stephenson, and Rob Seeley and Alex Tups

Matariki Sunset (photo Rachel Easson)

Taieri River Track to John Bull Gully
2 August 2026 By Richard Walter

Tom Kirk certainly leads some nice trips. This one was a feast of good humour and strange ideas, and we did some tramping as well. The scene was set by Rob telling us at the Clubrooms about a recent observation regarding the Rock & Pillars (something to do with Helen E's brother). As you will soon recognise, "you had to be there" will come to mind hereafter. (Ask Rob if you dare.)

Lovely walking in the bush
(photo Tom Kirk)

The seven of us stomped up beside the tidal river till we heard footsteps closing in behind us. I thought it was someone heading for Allanton, or maybe Outram – since she said breathlessly, "I'm running late". Well, this turned out to be Rachel, intent on joining us for a stint of entertainment the likes of which this Club rarely witnesses.

OK, we did the climbs and the slippery descents and ignored a "Track Closed" warning like only nimble and hardy (foolhardy) types would risk. To reach said Gully, we looked forlornly at the wreckage of a sandbagged bank (was there once a sturdy bridge?) as we executed a delicate river crossing (almost a whole stride)… Lunch was held at the very sturdy table, beneath a skyfull aerial drone flotilla of fluttery fantails, one of which, sans fan OR tail, appeared so randomly awkward as to look like a daylight-blinded, possibly deaf bat. It was here that Rachel demonstrated something quite unnecessary to those calmly eating food. It was something to do with a square of loo paper. Perhaps it was best to know "you did not have to be there". The rest of what happened "stays on the trip", except perhaps we shouldn't forget the stop for (you guessed it) ice-creams in Brighton. Lovely!

Richard Walter, for Tracy Pettinger, Kath Danaher, Rob Seeley, Alison Evans, Lucy Jones, Rachel Easson, and the wonderfully unfazed Tom Kirk.

Burns Track-Rustlers Ridge
9 August 2026 By Lucy Jones

The trip started at a later time as was a shorter tramp. Two of us met with the trip leader in light steady rain at Woodhaugh, to do the Burns Track in a loop coming down a different way, finishing at Leith Saddle carpark.

We were in the bush pretty much all the way so we didn't really get wet and the weather didn't clear all day. We certainly got warm walking up Burns track, which was quite muddy and greasy. I could very much remember last year on Burns trip I saw lots of coloured goats and this time I saw evidence along the track of goat poo. We did not see any goats but thought we heard goats at lunch time.

The big worm
(photo Rebecca Thorne)

Walking along the track in to the open I saw big fat worm. My excitement grew more when I saw quite a bit of snow on either side of the track. We dropped down to cross a stream, thanks for Rebecca help, there were two streams on trip to cross and quite a bit water just over my boots. Up the hill which took us to the top of the junction was our lunch spot, very misty and no view. We went down Rustlers Ridge track. I was in front getting all the rain drops dripping on me, We saw a fantail flying around quite close to us and I saw a little robin. We stopped and heard a tui up in the tree and saw two big wood pigeons. None of us fell over. We took the old pipeline track back to the cars.

Enjoying the weather (photo Rebecca Thorne)

Lucy Jones for Rebecca Thorne (leader) and Tina Anderson

Working/walking up a thirst—16 August 2026
By Richard and Tracy Pettinger

Certain to succeed decades of Silver Peaks for Masochists AKA Unexplored Silver Peaks, this is a trip that could be an important annual tradition of the OTMC's future,
Helen's trip drew about five times the number of the aforementioned on the annual "traditional?" daytrips. And, it was far less gruelling. This really was a pub crawl, involving just one pub, with a very nice walk to get to the beer and the lunch.

Tracy reports, in a cheerful, beerful way:

- It was a cold start to the morning, so I wasn't going to jump through Hoops to get to Emerson's car park early. The spirit of parental Ingrid and Taieri George was in the air – or was that the hint of roasting barley malt?
- Fortunately, this trip was mostly in the shadow of the hill (although we thought we could see the Rock and Pillar); anyway Sunblock wasn't needed.
- At the plateau, we stopped for morning tea and out came the dried fruit and nuts. We weren't going to be Deaf By Chocolate today.
- Sliding down to Ravensbourne by the ziggy zaggy pathways, holding onto the handrail for dear life, I didn't want to end up Hazed and Confused with an Orange Roughy on my bum.
- It wasn't even a full Day Tripper. The walk was finished by noon, with a bit of Chasing [a kind of] Train.

On the Plateau (photo Helen Emerson)

Phew! (You had to be there) It was a wonderful time to catch up with good friends and make new friends and just enjoy being in Lady Helen's presence. About 22 people had set out and we were joined at various stages by other people (had they slept in?). A certain president had decided to walk up the hard way and beat us all to the top, we having leisurely taken the Big Easy ride track from his ex-employer's high school grounds. Soon, we were back to occupy tables that Helen had booked for us. Here, we were tempted by those current beers, whose names Tracy has hidden(?) in her above rambling text. These beers may or may not have been sampled. It was one of those spectacular trips that is such a joy to behold. And I do hope it continues as a regular event. The Club continues to be a wonderful place for social intercourse!

Zig zagging (photo Tracy Pettinger)

Richard (and Tracy) Pettinger, for Helen Emerson (leader), Sharon and Joe Bretherton, Mark Stephenson, Lawrence and Raewyn Prattley, Geraldine Kerr, Mandie Lungley, Ruth Thomas, Sharen Rutherford, Sue Williams, Tamara Smee, Lucy Jones, Tina Anderson, Ash Flintoff, Kath Danaher, Wayne Hodgkinson, Rob Seeley, Sandra Divett, Rachel Easson, with an encore of Jane Cloete and Rebecca Thorne.

Trip reports needed—if you've been tramping lately, we'd love to hear from you. Be it a day or weekend trip, please put a few words on paper and let us know where you went. Include a photo or two if possible and send to otmcsecretary@gmail.com