



Motueka Tramping Club

Newsletter

January 2020

HAPPY
NEW YEAR



A message from our President:

Dear friends and fellow trampers,

First of all I want to wish all the best to you and your loved ones in 2020. Have a good year!

Another year passed by. Life is going by quickly. Too quickly, if you ask me. Good reason to make the most out of it and enjoy it as much as you can.

It is already more than 7 months since I accepted the position of president of Motueka Tramping club. I had a slow start, being in Europe from the beginning of May to mid October, but I am up and running now.

As a member, and as a member of the committee, I missed the presence of our club on the internet. In my opinion you should be on the world wide web if you want to survive as a club in future. Nowadays people are less inclined to join clubs and are more likely to have their adventures by themselves or in changing groups. So if we want to fill up the declining number of members, inevitable in time due to ageing, we have to attract new members. New residents in our area have to find us. People of our community who want to go tramping also; so for that reason I set a goal for me as president to give our club the internet presence that it deserves.

Ideally would be to have a website with a public and a members area - the member area to be reached using a secured login. The latter was a little too hard for me to do, and too

expensive for the club to have it built. So I made a public site that presents MTC and shows what we stand for and what we do, without showing any confidential information such as phone numbers and email addresses.

You will find us under: <https://www.motuekatrampingclub.org>.

Non members who are interested in our club can contact us easily through the contact form.

I hope you will enjoy it, it is mobile friendly and gives easy access to the trip list (without phone numbers and email addresses).

We will discuss it more thoroughly in the AGM next April.

Best wishes to you all, have a lot of tramping-fun,

Rob Bruinsma

Trip Reports



4-6 October Speargrass/Angelus - Cancelled due weather

13 October Parachute Rock – Cancelled due weather, and replaced with -

13 October - Abel Tasman National Park

The weather forecast for the trip to Parachute Rocks was not good so it was onto Plan B, Abel Tasman National Park coastal track.

Seven of us started out from Marahau. Early on we saw plenty of clematis and bush lawyer in flower. We had morning tea at Appletree Bay, and then enjoyed the beach with very few people around.

We carried on to the turn off at Akerstan where the party divided.

Some went to Observation beach via the newish track, and the other group went to Yellow Point and then had lunch at the beach.



On the return journey there was plenty of botanising - we saw Corybas orchids along the track, and Earina mucronata at the turnoff to Observation Beach. (see photos Biodiversity and other stuff).

Many thanks for a great day to Yvonne H and J, Birgit, Ann Sarah and Polly (a visitor). We also we picked up a Swiss lady on holiday in New Zealand – Beatrice. She joined us for the walk back to Marahau. We all enjoyed her company.

Moppie

Photo: Dedicated botanical photographers. The subject matter was Corybus. Photo: YJ



18/19/20 October Blenheim Weekend

Day 1 – Friday - The plan was to walk Devils Creek Walkway, but the weather was abysmal, so Ian reports as follows:

I've been assigned the task of writing a trip report, for a trip that never happened. I guess that might suggest something about the relationship, or lack of, that I have with the trip leader; or it might tell you something about me. We were supposed to meet somewhere at 10 a.m. but received an urgent email from our honourable leader the night prior saying we were now to meet somewhere else at midday.



After we all gathered at Spring Creek camping ground on a drizzly Friday, and after a suitable period of milling around, it was decided those of us who chose to, could go to the Omaka

Aircraft Museum. Check this out: <https://www.omaka.org.nz/>. I was a little reluctant to pay to see both the WW1 and the WW2 displays because I was not sure I'd have enough time to do justice to both. In the end, I coughed up and very much enjoyed both displays. So much so that Judy and I had two jolly friendly staff tip us out at 5 p.m.

I'm not going to detail the technical specifications of the various aircraft, but it was very apparent that both wars were a boon for the emerging aircraft industry. In particular, during WW1, the development of aircraft raced from a beautiful birdlike monoplane to aircraft that even now, almost look modern. It is a sad indictment on man that it takes the urgent development of killing machines to spur on technology that will later have great peacetime value. It is a shame there does not seem to be the same great urgency to develop technology that might clean up the mess we have created. But that's people for you. Most of us don't give a stuff. Just look along the roadsides as you cycle. The worlds our litter bin.

Cheers, Ian

Day 2 - Saturday

It was a wet night and early morning, so we decided to have a later start at 9am by which time the rain showers had pretty much disappeared and the forecast looked favourable.

The planned bike ride went ahead.

From Spring Creek Holiday Park, we headed past the now non-existent Spring Creek Hotel, across State Highway 1, over the Wairau River Bridge and turned right down Wairau Bar Road to follow down the left bank of the very swollen, brown coloured, fast-flowing Wairau River to the sea. On the way, we stopped and investigated the old pilot house (such small rooms!) and at the river bar we watched several very intrepid white bait fishers almost swimming at the bar entrance in the pursuit of the makings for whitebait fritters.



We retraced our way back to Connollys Road (which had about one km of gravel road, the only gravel all day) and headed towards Rarangi. Near the corner of Neal and Chaytors Road we had a look at the large number of pretty decrepit buildings of the former Chaytor flax mill and sawmill. It was at this location that the word of the day was discussed and decided: "scutching", with several additional useful definitions suggested. (*See Biodiversity and other Stuff for more on this topic*)



On our way again, still all on the flat, we continued on to Rarangi DoC camp ground for lunch. The activities of the boat close in to the coast dragging a net in a grid pattern had us all guessing...scallops - no; fish - but which type?; clams - maybe...another great mystery of the sea! After quick walk up the steps and over to Monkey Bay and a brief look into several caves, we were back on our bikes again.

We returned directly back to Spring Creek via Chaytors Road, with one group sampling the local 4 Square

icecreams on the way.

Total distance biked was 45? km almost all on flat easy sealed roads with little traffic, lovely sunny weather and fortunately without the notorious head winds of the area.

We enjoyed a tasty dinner at the Grovetown Hotel, Japanese cuisine for most.

Very late that evening, three rugby fans got up at midnight to watch NZ break Irish hearts in the 1/4 finals of the Rugby World Cup in Japan.



Margaret

Day 3 - Sunday

There were a few bleary eyes as we set off on day three, as some of our party had stayed up until the wee small hours to see the ABs beat Ireland. We pedalled from the centre of Blenheim on the cycle trail alongside the Taylor River negotiating a steady stream of dogs and owners of all shapes and sizes.

We deviated in search of the Farmer's Market and after inspecting a number of cul-de-sacs we finally found it and were rewarded with great coffee and delicious treats. With the help of our fluoro jackets we were able to regroup to continue our ride.

We returned to the river trail to meander upstream and out of town to Taylor Dam, admiring the drifts of Californian poppies on the way (yes – we know they are weeds!). The dam was busy with wildlife, mainly black swans with their cygnets with a few cobs asserting their dominance. Our males were more laid back. (See pic)



On the way back we stopped at Brayshaw Park for lunch and a look around the heritage buildings and museums.

Judy

The next bit was unknown to the writer for this day, who biked off a bit early, but the remaining group managed to get themselves and their bikes on board the little heritage park train for the journey back to Blenheim city. It was a last minute opportunity and we all scrambled to pack up and get to the ? railway station in time. The kindly engine drivers and guards/railwaymen managed to manoeuvre us and our bikes into tiny carriages and we slowly – ever so slowly – rattled and banged our way via meadows and stream, bridges and gullies to journey's end at downtown Blenheim. It took three times as long as had we biked, but it was highly entertaining, and looking in front and behind my own personal carriage, faces were beaming and laughing, with Jean giving very queenly waves to very disinterested walkers. It was huge fun, and a great finish to the weekend.



Yvonne J

My thanks for all participants for their company and forbearance – Yvonne H, Laurie, Judy, Margaret, Ian, Jean W, Dave W, Ann, Bill and me Yvonne J – trip organiser.

27 October Maitai Cave

Jean J was unable to lead this trip to Maitai Cave, - which was a shame as it turned into our most popular trip this year.

Rob, Gerda, Yvonne J, Heather, Petra, Jan, Ann, Judy, Ian, Muriel, Yvonne H had a very pleasant walk up the Dun Mountain Trail and then onto the cave track. The large trees of the mixed beech and podocarp forest, and large ferns under them, were better than expected while the cave was less than notable.

The number of families on the track was great to see and the bikers were well behaved.

We arrived at the cave just as two about 12 year old boys came out - not impressed, a few of us went in and got very muddy boots and were also not impressed. We left just before a large group of very excited 6 to 7 year olds were to be released into the cave. We had hoped to see the muddy



result as they passed us on the way out, but they clearly stayed longer or walked slower than we expected.

We all remarked on the beautiful crystal clear water of Sclanders Creek. Mr Sclander was an early prospector around Dun Mountain



The following information comes from from "Nelson Trails"

This area is known as Cawthron Park, a 1,000 ha piece of bush gifted to the city by Thomas Cawthron in 1913. This is one acts of the many acts of philanthropy by Cawthron, who was also the founder of Cawthron Institute.

A lovely local walk. Thanks for suggesting it Jean and sorry you couldn't join us.

Yvonne H

October 30 to November 3 St James Walkway

Five delightful days, five raging rivers, five wonderful women, five very varied verses.

Wednesday 30 October - Lewis Pass to Cannibal Gorge hut

With the promise of some rain early in the trip but an improving outlook, and the only DoC alert a goose hunt, we left Motueka very close to the scheduled 8am. We got a bit delayed/waylaid with coffee, cakes and even pies on the way through Murchison. After spending a bit of time organising the car shuttle and storage arrangements at Boyle, we set off on the track deciding to stay at Cannibal Gorge hut if it wasn't too crowded. After a gentle walk through the bush and alongside the first of the five rivers - Maruia - we found a comfortable and totally empty hut for the night.



Thursday 31 October

Cannibal Gorge Hut to Christopher Hut via Ada Hut.

Departed Cannibal 0800.

Arrived Ada hut 0930 for morning tea break.

Departed Ada 1010.

Lunch stop at 1200.

Arrived Christopher hut 1445

(All times approximate).

Walking time - about 6 hours

Distance - $3 + 10.5 = 13.5\text{km}$

Weather - after raining all night while we were snug and warm in the hut (where we had at least three bunks each) Thursday morning dawned fine and not too cold. The rest of the day continued to improve to sunny and warm with a following breeze.

Highlights

Following the Maruia River upstream on the same route used by Maori to get to the west coast to find the prized pounamu.

Crossing the Great Divide at Ada Pass 1008m after an easy 15 mins walk up from Ada hut.

Beautiful views all round of the beech forest and snow capped Spencer Range including the Faerie Queen, named by early explorer William Travers, obviously quite a literate chap, after his favourite poet and poems.

Easy walking through the tussock meadows.

Many, many Canada geese everywhere.

Other birds heard/seen included bell bird, tomtit, robin and ?finch, paradise ducks

Four vehicles in the valley flats, we assumed to be the geese cullers that had been advertised on the DoC website.

A mob of wild horses down on the river flats.

Quick look at the Christopher cullers' hut, glad we weren't staying there.

Meeting Tania and Deb two Aussie trampers and listening to their stories, and Deb's take on 'the best gear' for tramping.

Meeting DoC maintenance man Shea doing hut inspection.



Rivers and elevation
Maruia R. upstream
Ada R. downstream
Anne R. upstream
Boyle R. downstream

Lewis car park about 850m
Ada Pass 1008m
Henry R. upstream
Anne Pass 1138m
Boyle camp 582m

Friday 1 November Christopher hut to Anne hut

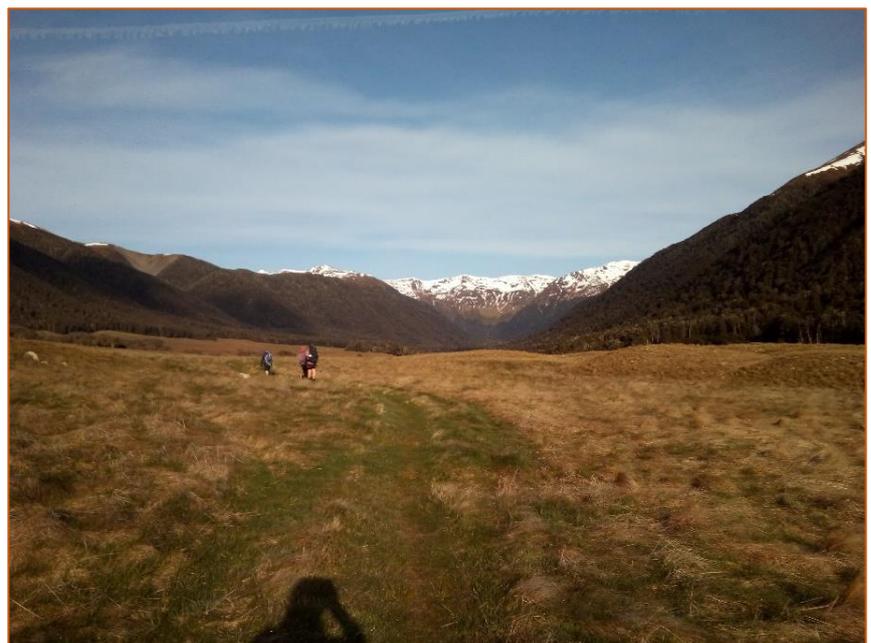


Hump Day**. Started off early...weather a bit chilly but cleared nicely. We left the snow capped mountains behind and spent the day sauntering over undulating grassy pastures. We relaxed in the sun on the grassy bank of a babbling brook for morning tea, and our lunch spot was in the wild horse valley in the mountains.

Beautiful. ** See Biodiversity and other stuff for definition

Saturday 2 November Anne Hut to Boyle Flat Hut

I look out of the window, waking up to a stunning day. Snow glistens on the mountain tops and the grassy plains look vast and wide when... suddenly a small plane is landing near the hut. We joke that they are probably just calling in to use the toilet and sure enough the two blokes head for the toilets, say a quick 'good day',



then take off again for some hunting adventures.

It's our turn now to leave cosy Anne hut (probably the hut in the most exposed position in New Zealand!) to walk 17.5km (according to the sign) to Boyle Flat hut, our last hut on this track (photos attached).

Moppie has been taking off earlier and we catching up with her after an hours walk. Anna and I carry on a bit more while the others have a short rest. We reunite again at a stunning spot with a great mountain and river view.

The track is continuing grassy with many swampy bits and more creeks to cross until it leads uphill into lovely beech forest and up to Anne saddle, our highest point on this track.

From here we follow the track downhill at first, then undulating through the sun dappled forest. Comfy looking mossy patches look inviting enough for a lunch stop. Glimpses of snowy mountains can be seen, and some birds heard while we were enjoying the break. Not long and we leave the bush to continue our walk on the grassy river flats.

There is time for a photo stop at Roebuck Hut, an historic cullers hut, approximately an hour before Boyle Flat hut.

Canada geese seem to love the river flats and can be seen in big numbers. Hunters are currently in the area helping to keep the numbers down. Paradise ducks, wild horses, deer and other introduced species happily roaming the land. Human impact is showing but walking the land is still a great experience.



We wander on for an hour or so until we reach a swing bridge and a sign: 5 minutes to hut and 1.30 hours to Magdalen hut. We are all happy to arrive at our destination at about 3pm. The hut fills up with us, the two Australians and 6 more trampers. Boyle River invites for a dip, coffees and teas are 'on the go' and the rest of the afternoon goes in a relaxed manner. Dinner, hut conversations and off to bed. What a great day!

Sunday 3 November Boyle Flat hut to Boyle Settlement

Our wake up call was a helicopter flying overhead so that meant an early start. We made our way down the Boyle river through the gorge. It was slow going as plenty of mud and roots beneath the beech trees.

Across the river flats we saw the privately owned Glenhope station. Luckily the track was mostly in the shade as by the time we reached the Boyle settlement it was 30 degrees C

We retrieved the car and stopped at Murchison for burgers and coffee.

An excellent walk of 67kms. *(Photos: Birgit, YH)*

Many thanks to Anna, Birgit, Margaret, Moppie and Yvonne H for making this trip a great one.

10 November North Branch of the Graham – cancelled due weather

14-17 November Cobb Hostel with day walks

It was a bit wet, and bit windy, with thunder and lightning thrown in to enhance the experience. However, we got out every day; mostly the mornings were dry and the afternoon damp tending to wet. The wind was always present in high places.

We were: Barbara, Ken, Ian, Judy, Sarah and Yvonne J

The Cobb hostel is extremely comfortable with two bunk rooms, a well equipped kitchen, a lounge room with a very efficient though strange looking fire, a heater, dining table and somewhat saggy sofa. Good place to stay.

Day 1

Six of us travelled over one big hill, and then another, on a sunny day. Sorted ourselves out at the hostel, got fed and watered, then out to walk along the Cobb ridge and down to the swamp, and back again. It was good, though it was a bit wet on the return journey. (Sarah)



Back at base, the fire was lit, we got our gear dry, ourselves warm and had a pleasant evening watching what other people cooked for their dinners.

Day 2 Peel Ridge

We left our comfortable 'lodge' at Cobb dam earlier than we expected, being all organised and ready to go by 8.30. So off we drove to the head of the reservoir on a grey and misty morning. But it was not cold and in fact I found it very pleasant to be outside as we started up through the bush, past Myttons hut and upwards into the beech forest.



The climb was steady and it was cooler by the time we got to the upper edge of the trees so we sat among them for morning tea. After that, it was an enjoyable scramble up a rough route to the crest of the ridge and on a short distance to the fingerboard sign that leans there through storm and sunshine.



By now the gale was pushing us around and I think if Sarah, Barbara and Yvonne were not such grounded people they would have blown away and tumbled down into the valley that drains Little Lake Peel which we could see a kilometre or so away towards the snow line.

Back over the ridge, the wind became tolerable so we had lunch in the trees again and then it seemed a long walk back to the car, particularly for me. However, in the beech trees, it was calm and peaceful with a little bird song here and there along the way. The forest was damp and the green and yellow lichens, the bright green mosses and

the fungi were just beautiful. There is nothing more magical than a damp beech forest in spring when nature is at its most vigorous and I would not be surprised to have spotted fairy folk slipping away through the tangle of fallen branches and undergrowth. (really, Ian – you should leave the magic mushrooms alone).

I've got a little wear in both hips and I'd had enough by the end of the day. In fact, I elected to stay in the lodge and read a good book the following day while I recovered with the aid of Voltaren. I can't help wondering that, if I hadn't such a book at hand I might have just grumbled my way to lake Sylvester. However, I had a very pleasant day with just me for company that passed all too quickly. Contrary to some suspicious folk, I can neither confirm nor deny that I snuck into Takaka to the Wholemeal Café.

Ian

Day 3 – Lake Sylvester



Party of 5 (Yvonne J, Sarah, Ken, Judy & Barbara). Ian decided to take a day-off, stay dry and mind the hostel fire. We five walked from the Cobb hostel at 8.45am, down the road and across Cobb Dam, and up 4WD road to left to the start of Lake Sylvester track.

The 4WD track starts out along above Cobb Reservoir, then climbs uphill with a constant, but not too steep, gradient, through beech forest. We walked along and up the 4WD

track to Lake Sylvester, stopping en-route for morning tea in trackside sun, before reaching the open bush clearings before Lake Sylvester. Our way up through the forest was occasionally punctuated by birdsong (bellbirds) plus visit from one tui and one even more sociable robin. Soon after our morning tea stop, the bush opened out to sub-alpine clearings; the track continues past Lake Sylvester Hut and through the now open sub-alpine vegetation and terrain. We arrived at Sylvester Lake by 11.30am. However, a very unpleasant strong cold westerly wind made any shoreline visit and previous botany plans very brief, before we quickly retreated back to Sylvester Hut, arriving right on 12 noon.

Sylvester Hut lunchtime conversation turned to discussion about spicy food. Our original view of picturesque alpine vegetation and landscape from inside the hut suddenly disappeared with the arrival of wind-driven rain. At 1.00pm, we started our return, venturing out into the wind and rain which kept everyone moving at pace down the track, until rain stopped 20 minutes later. We reached the shelter of trackside trees and returned back down the 4WD track through the



forest and across the Cobb dam, arriving back to the Hostel at 2:35pm. By this time there was a bit of thunder and lightning to make us move faster.

Nearly back at the Cobb hostel, we met the large group of western USA land management and environmental studies students just emerging from Cobb House2, all rugged up for wet weather and being taken out for some exercise and fresh (and wet) air. They were here in NZ for a few weeks to gain some practical hands-on experience related to their university courses back home. They were apparently doing some work for Friends of Flora and some had spent time the previous day lugging traps up the steep Bullock Creek track to Cobb Ridge.

For our MTC 4-day visit to the Cobb valley, weather was very changeable and topical, though it did not stop us getting out on any day, and we all appreciated the better moments. Typical of the previous 2 days, Day 3 weather continued to be intermittently ok, overcast and wet; rain intensity varied between mist and real coast rain, fortunately saving its most persistent downpours for when we were either inside Sylvester Hut or back at the Hostel.

Ken.

Day 4

We did a very impressive hut clean up, stocked up the wood-shed and hut supply of firewood, loaded up the cars (why does the stuff never fit so easily into the available car space on the homeward journey? After all, we had eaten most of our food!)

We walked from the hostel, across the dam wall and past the carpark for Lake Sylvester, following the road to the old quarry. It is quite a pretty walk. We had morning tea there enjoying various views and examining the rock formations. Then a quick look at the trapline track which starts at the quarry and goes through to Lake Lockett. For those who might like to try out this track, information received from Christine and Jeff Salmon says: *"It goes through to Lake Lockett, then as you approach there is a small tarn, so look to your left and spot a red tin lid on a tree. Follow this and you'll find a marked route through to Diamond Lake if you wish to go there - makes a good circuit coming back via Sylvester hut"*. Please refer to Yvonne J if you want more information on this journey. Yvonne J.

You might like to read more about this area in the "Biodiversity and other stuff" section of this Newsletter titled "Quarry Worry" supplied by Ken. See Page 21

All photos: Judy (thank you Judy)



24 November Ben Nevis = changed to Parachute Rock - Cancelled

29 Nov to 1 December Waingaro Forks etc changed to Beeby's Knob - Cancelled

8-11 December Mt Owen – changed to

9-11 December Balloon/Salisbury



As planned the 'flock' left Motueka on 9 December. Actually the term 'flock' does not cover the group that was leaving. We were human and the numbers were only three. So I will rephrase. December 9th at 8.00am Ann and Gerda and Rob stepped into the car to drive to Cobb Reservoir. The road to Cobb Valley was in remarkably good

condition so without any delays we reached the parking spot at the top of the reservoir. From there we had a steady but pleasant climb up to the ridge and further to Peel Lake. The latter part not as easy for all of us because it had some big steps to be taken. At Peel Lake we sat down in shelter from the wind and in the sun to have lunch. No one was tempted to climb Mount Peel, so after lunch we turned our back on the lake and walked to Balloon Hut, well in time for afternoon tea.

In the hut was an Israeli couple having lunch, but it appeared that there were at least 4 or 5 of them, according to all the stuff that was on tables and benches. But they were friendly and decided to move on after a short while. Later in the afternoon a student from Tasman and a Nelson woman arrived, and around 6.30pm another tramper arrived. A young Israeli woman tramping on her own. She told us she had an encounter with a very grumpy, older Kiwi tramper who made it clear to her that what she was doing was above her skills level and she should not be there. She was still more or less shaking of emotions on arrival. She was a good tramper and had covered a long distance, so she was well capable. The only thing was that her map was not detailed enough and her planning was not too well. But the emotions settled quickly and we had a very nice evening, chatting about all kind of subjects.

Next morning we said goodbyes and I went back to Cobb Valley, while Ann and Gerda moved on to Salisbury Hut, Gordons Pyramid and Flora carpark. I had a nice and easy stroll back to



the car, followed by a car trip over the hill (bad luck the Woolshed was closed) and up Graham Valley Road to Flora for lunch and to pick up Ann and Gerda. I should have stopped somewhere on my way, because I had to wait a long time before the ladies arrived. Gordons Pyramid was, as we know, a good challenge and it took a little longer than expected. Nevertheless it was a very satisfying trip for all of us.

Rob. (Photos: Gerda)

15 December Christmas Lunch at Neudorf

The Christmas lunch this year had the best turnout for an MTC event ever - well at least in recent times!

We went to Neudorf again and they set us up in the shaded area, protecting us from the constant sunshine and allowing our banquet to stay cool.

There were 23 members in attendance and we all enjoyed the conversation, very acceptable wine and a great range of Christmas fare.

It was a most enjoyable way to end the year so let's have more people doing it next year.

Yvonne H



22 December Great Taste Trail Belgrove to Kohatu



Spooner tunnel, Belgrove entrance – prior to Great Taste Trail

The Spooner Range railway tunnel, near Nelson, was built in 1893 and has been unused since the railway was closed in 1955.

There were four of us – Ann, Bill, Christine H and me, Yvonne J. Nice sunny day as we bumped our way along the first part of the journey toward Spooner tunnel entrance, stopping enroute for morning tea, perched on the side of the track, and pulling our feet back to let passing traffic get by. School holidays have started, so the trail was pretty busy.

We stopped at the tunnel entrance to put on extra clothing, fiddle with our various torches, and enjoyed the ride through the tunnel without incident. It is indeed very chilly about 200 metres prior to the entrances to the tunnel, and inside. The new-ish bit of track after the tunnel through to Kohatu is very nice and in excellent condition and we were soon at Kohatu café for coffee, and our own lunches perched on rocks by the very fancy bike racks.

The return journey was to re-trace our steps, fiddle about with torches and clothes again, and bump our way back to Belgrove. Three of us stopped for icecream at Wakefield – obligatory really to do so. A very nice day out and away from the Christmas mahem.

Yvonne J

Newsletter Editor: Yvonne J (yvonnejay@xtra.co.nz) who thanks scribes for their written contributions and photographers for lovely photos

Bits of history and bio-diversity:

Editor still seeks contributions to this section and has threatened to put her own holiday snaps herein.

Hump day

Just in case you don't know, and thanks to Urban Dictionary for definition of this term, hump day is "The middle of a work week (Wednesday); used in the context of climbing a proverbial hill to get through a tough week."



Earina mucronata, ATNP Oct 19



Ptrostylis banksia, ATNP Oct 19



Corybubas orbiculatis ATNP Oct 19

More about “Scutching” – thank you Wikipedia. The article refers to cotton, but same process is used with flax.

Scutching refers to the process of cleaning cotton of its seeds and other impurities. The first scutching machine was invented in 1797, but did not come into further mainstream use until after 1808 or 1809, when it was introduced and used in Manchester, England. By 1816, it had become generally adopted. The scutching machine worked by passing the cotton through a pair of rollers, and then striking it with iron or steel bars called beater bars or beaters. The beaters, which turn very quickly, strike the cotton hard and knock the seeds out. This process is done over a series of parallel bars so as to allow the seeds to fall through. At the same time, air is blown across the bars, which carries the cotton into a cotton chamber.

Quarry worry – From Stuff.co.nz February 2013

Naomi Arnold 14:01, Feb 04 2013 Facebook Twitter WhatsApp Reddit Email

Photo: Judy



A proposed soapstone mine in Golden Bay is causing ructions, but the man behind the mine wants to use the stone to produce, eco-friendly, heat-retentive woodburners, reducing CO2 emissions. Naomi Arnold reports.

It takes quite a while to get to the quarry site. It's a long drive up the Cobb Valley, following a gravel road through a deep cleft between the mountain ranges that cradle Golden Bay, past the power station, the boulder-strewn Takaka River

down steep bluffs on your left, and up a steep and twisty gravel road.

You can park at the top near the information kiosk and follow a narrow, rocky path to a trig, where you'll be able to look down into the next valley and see the Cobb Dam and reservoir, its long puddle of water a smooth, bright blue. To your right, across the dried-up riverbed, is a patch of beech forest, windblown now after recent storms. The trees are growing on top of a mineral outcrop of such potential value that it was deliberately left out of Kahurangi National Park when it formed in 1996.

COLIN SMITH/FAIRFAX NZ

Quarry worry <http://www.stuff.co.nz/nelson-mail/lifestyle-entertainment/8259232/Qu...>

1 of 4 20/11/2019, 6:25 pm

LONG-LASTING HEAT: Bruce Geddes of Graham Valley with his soapstone wood burner.

It's scattered with a few lighter patches where several outcrops of talc magnesite, also known as steatite or soapstone, poke their heads above the beech trees. They are New Zealand's most easily accessible sources of soapstone and the subject of Golden Bay's latest heated environmental battle.

It is between Steatite Ltd's owner Gion Deplazes, a Swiss architectural designer who has lived in New Zealand for 20 years, and those in Golden Bay who don't want to see his company quarry the outcrops and their deep roots for possibly the next 40.

Since 2008, Mr Deplazes has owned a mining permit covering this small patch of stewardship land. His goal is to secure a source of rock to build highly heat-retentive soapstone stoves, an environmentally friendly heating technology new to New Zealand but a trade that his grandfather started in Switzerland in 1922.

Those opposed to the plan say quarrying will wreck the peace of the easily accessible Cobb, and the rock's unique mineral composition has created a home for plants and animals that are far too valuable to destroy through quarrying.

Yet the area is nowhere near pristine. One of the outcrops has been quarried before: Mr Deplazes says that from the 1960s onward, under Lime and Marble Ltd, explosives were used to extract magnesium from the quarry for use on tobacco farms until the early 1990s. In fact, if you continue driving down the twisty road to the Cobb Dam, up the valley side, and along a 4WD track, you can stand in the middle of the quarried remains, an amphitheatre-like space with tall soapstone bluffs on one side creating a silent sort of cathedral.

Mr Deplazes plans to use this road to take out the rock, plus build a new one to the outcrops higher up the hill. For several decades, 10-tonne blocks will be cut on site by diamond wire saw and transported one by one down the Cobb Rd. An accommodation block is to be built there, housing workers with their associated plumbing and cooking facilities; he plans to use portaloos and discharge grey water to land.

The area is popular with trampers, 4WD enthusiasts, botanists, birdwatchers, and holidaymakers who find peace and solitude in the community housing near the dam.

The End