

Antics 2016





Antics 2016



**The 56th Annual Journal
of the
Otago University Tramping Club**

COMMITTEE LIST 2016

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Cover: A Mountain and human thoughts (Torea Scott-Fyfe)

Inside cover: Cheeky

Acknowledgements: **Constitution Flat for the vibes**
 All the haters for the extra motivation

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Editorial

Meg Buddle, Tanja de Wilde

The OUTC is smashin'. It has provided an endless supply of gear, a social circle and the awareness that tramping is the true meaning of life.

We knew we loved tramping. We knew we loved the club. And we knew we loved reading the stories of fellow trampers in Antics on those cosy rainy hut days. We also both very much admire our friend Ella Borrie, who happened to be one of our Antics predecessors, so why not try to be more like her by becoming editors too?

When we launched our campaign at the AGM, critics brought up the fact that we hadn't submitted articles to any previous issues....

"Meg and Tanja want to run for Antics Editors?"

"Tell em they're dreamin'!"

(To be fair, Tanja had actually submitted a couple of things to Antics 2015, although they must have been rather bad because they never got published...)

Anyway, we decided that we would use this "inexperience" to our advantage. Over time we'd become adept at avoiding the hassling of previous editors. Therefore we knew exactly how the mind of a non-submitter worked and would be able to exploit that.

It may not have gone quite like that, but there sure was some nagging and pleading, followed by some super swell rewards. Technology almost failed us many times. We almost cried. We almost always laughed. A lot of wine and a lot of tea has been consumed. We just love mugs.

Reading through everyone's articles, poems, pictures, you've reminded us of all the stellar nooks and crannies lurking in our backyard. So much serenity. It's been a reminder to us just how valuable Antics is, a way to share tramping wisdom, trip ideas and perpetuate the vibe of the Club.

The 2016 members have been adventurous and entertaining, and have produced some wonderful tramping stories for this issue of Antics. Thanks y'all.

Opposite page: The editors smashin' it

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editors of Antics 2012,

I would like to complain about Antics 2012. On page 104 there is an article titled “you know you’re a tramper when.” It is attributed to Cleo and me, but neither of us wrote it. The piece is shit and I resent my otherwise ‘good’ name being associated with it. I want it stated on record I had nothing to do with it. Also, the general quality of Antics 2012 is subpar and I hope you do better...

Thanks,
Luke

Dear Editor

I recently turned twenty five years old. Since then, I’ve had uncontrollable urges to reply with unhelpful sarcasm to list emails, particularly those from international students wanting to borrow raincoats and hitch rides to Queenstown. What can I do to stop this?

James

Hallo,

We go to the Fjordlands this weekend. Does anyone heard about the Moraine Creek trail? I want go tramping there with some friends. If you would like to come message me. Additional does any person have a raincoat I can borrow?

Danke
Hans

Dear Editors,

I am sick of people moaning at my sagginess. It’s not my fault if conditions are moist, it’s completely the fault of the person that erected me. I can take you to Paradise if I’m put up properly.

Kind Regards,
A dissatisfied Tent Fly

Dear Editor,

I would like to take this opportunity to address a certain article on the versatile “buff” from Antics 2015. The article titled “Buff-ersatility: 53 Things You Can Use A Buff For” was a rather amusing compilation of buff “uses”. Now I’m employing the word “uses” in a loose sense, because the list contained a number of suggestions that were highly questionable. Specifically, I would like clarification on how one would use their buff as a grater? I’m not sure what you’re wrapping around your head but I assure you that my buff is yet to display grater-like tendencies. I look forward to hearing your views on this.

I particularly liked number #32 and the suggestion of a buff “pet travel top” – is this to restrict movement in some way, perhaps a fun way to truss up your pet up so they don’t attack you while driving? I suggest Miss Buddle and Miss Crisford consult Miss Ella Campbell on this particular matter.

Please note numbers #35 and #36 were duplicated, repeating the “flag” use – while I heartily condone this particular use, a little more editing wouldn’t have gone amiss... doesn’t bode well for Antics 2016.

Number #38 offered the debatable suggestion of a buff “hammock” – admittedly the authors followed this up with **for small children** – which I think was a necessary disclaimer. Parents you have been warned.

Lastly, I must express my disappointment at the author’s photos. While pleasing to the eye, both girls are merely sporting the common buff headband (#2) which hardly seems adventurous enough when considering their list above. That is all.

Yours sincerely,

Imogen Katharine Van Pierce (that’s Katharine spelt with a K)

P.S. Regrettable lack of discussion around “buff fabrics” with regards to functionality – I recommend fine merino wool for those chilly alpine traverses or as a cooler alternative (suitable for trail running and the like), the polyester microfibre buff provides excellent moisture-wicking properties.

Dear Editor,

Recently the new editors of this fine annual were appointed - Tanja de Wilde and Meg Buddle. I hadn’t seen much of their work before, and was interested to learn about their personal style and creative effect that they would bring to the role. I had a read through each Antics from the past three years (encompassing the entirety of their club membership) and could not find a single article authored by either of them. One must question the appropriateness of their appointment - yet another sign of slipping standards in modern print media.

Yours sincerely,

Anonymous

Dear Editors of antics,

In antics 2015 there is an article on page 117 titled 'Young Valley' by Charlotte Crisford. The entirety of the article is this one line "Luke is a bastard. (Basically all you need to know.)" I resent the fact my bastardly activities are not specifically listed and welcome this opportunity to set the record straight.

I remember it like it was yesterday, 12 of us were sitting around a table at 8 O'Clock at night. It was the cusp of winter and it was pitch black outside with frost already settling on the surrounds. Charlotte made the mistake of confessing to the table she had a fear of serial killers in the bush. We all laughed at her, and joked about how ridiculous it was some mass murderer would jump out at her in the middle of nowhere. A plan was already forming in my head. Later, needing to use the bathroom, Charlotte took one of the other people on the trip to keep watch; I saw my chance. I had noted an axe sitting in the woodshed earlier in the night. I crept out of the hut, grabbing my balaclava on the way, and soon found myself crouched in the bush grasping the axe. After what seemed like eternity, I heard the creak of the long drop door opening and swinging shut again. My heart beat a little faster, hands tightening on the axe, waiting to jump out. The crunch of their footsteps on the gravel grew closer and then I made my move, jumping out, axe held over my head yelling, "YAAARGHGHGHGHHG." A high pitched scream echoed around the area as Charlotte's arms shot up in panic, falling backwards, thrusting her friend in front to protect her. I kept laughing for some time. The next day, I climbed a tree and jumped down on several other unsuspecting punters, much to their terror. It was a great weekend all around.

Many thanks,

Luke Gardener

Dear Anne Tix,

WTF??!!

I am shocked to discover you aren't a real person.

I thought you were a real member of the club.

Feeling very betrayed.

Yours,

Henry Ritchie

Dear Editors,

Congratulations on editing Antics 2016. I hope you have been blessed with a bountiful harvest of articles. I also hope you have not yet lost the will to live after spending many hours with Jaz's pirated copy of InDesign.

I am writing to convey a tale of woe: the Printing of Antics 2015. You will be well aware that editing Antics takes a long time (read: it took us a long time and our Antics was moderately late). Before Christmas 2016 our printers provided us with a proof copy of Antics 2015. Lochiel and I spent weeks correcting mistakes and generally improving the final version. The proof was rough; our editorial was literally "we will write something here lol" copy/pasted over 2 pages.

We sent off our lovely final pdf to the printers in February. We set a date for the launch party. We were thrilled the ordeal was finally over. Rowan had some days away from working in the West Coast and came to help me pick up the final copies. But then, tragedy struck! When I was proudly showing off our book-baby to Rowan, I realised the printer had printed 230 copies of the shitty first proof. I would've been mortified if that unfinished version got out into the public.

Thankfully it was the printer's fault so they had to print another entire run of the book. We only just had fresh copies in time for the launch.

I hope printing Antics 2016 goes much smoother.

Love,

Ella

President's Report

Chris Greenan (written by Lottie Armstrong)

Unfortunately Chris isn't available to write this report and has asked me to write it for him. Oh I laughed when he asked. The running joke about which one of us was the true president for 2016 just got a whole lot funnier. Really it's very fitting that I write this, plus, even if he was around to write it ... I would have probably done it for him anyway.

The thought had crossed my mind to take advantage of this situation and write a piss-take article, talking about embarrassing or funny stories just to wind Chris up. I had decided against it but I also figured a few anecdotes wouldn't hurt. I'll start off by saying that being president can make even the calmest person a flip out into a rant and Chris's rants were often a great source of entertainment. There would be the guaranteed comments made after dealing with difficult or annoying people; Chris would often appear composed when talking to them, but once that person had gone it was certain you'd hear a "...useless c**t" being grumbled as a final remark. And then there were the full blown rants and rages, the best being in response to a cocky Scandinavian who publicly complained on the OUTC Facebook page about Chris's emailing, he never let that one go, I feared for the Scandinavians life. I could go on but I won't be too mean because in reality Chris did a great job! After the numerous incidents and accidents that occurred in Chris's time in the club, especially the previous year (see Antics 2015), it was great that his year as President went so smoothly; no helicopter rescues, no serious injuries, no big dramas; overall a jolly good year.

Chris is a man who says what needs to be said and no more. So I'm sure if he was writing this report it would have simple gone something like his AGM presentation: "Paradise - weather was shit, Fiordland - weather was shit, Makarora - weather was shit, Bushball - weather was shit, Copland - weather was shit". Despite how bleak these trips sound, they all went really well.

There were three things that I thought Chris did a really good job on this year. Firstly, Chris decided on running the river crossing course on the Sunday morning of the Paradise Trip in the Route Burn. The rain on Saturday was in our favour and it made the river a good place to teach it. By making everyone on the Paradise trip take part in river crossing it meant we only had to run one more river crossing course on an evening in the following week, freeing up a weekend which was usually used to teach the course. We even had time on Sunday to swim in Lake Sylvan afterwards, definitely a better use of time and money.

Secondly, Chris and I wanted to organise another big club trip in semester two, which always lacks club tramping trips, so we ran a club trip to Copland. We decided to run it at the end of mid semester break, which probably limited the amount of people who were interested but it was still enough for three vans full of great quality people, most of whom went on to join the executive at the end of the year. We think it's a great club trip for future executives to think about doing in second semester.

Thirdly, he stepped up to improve and fix the repeatedly hacked website and on this new website he has added a library of Antics dating back from 1975 to current. So if you're reading this and want to read about the antics that occurred in OUTC a couple of decades ago, check out the OUTC website when you're home (outc.org.nz).

Thanks for leading a great example Chopper King! Feel free to write my report next year.



Chris and Lottie on top of the last pitch of Ravages of Time

Editor's note: while Chris was the "president" in 2016; his girlfriend, Lottie, did a large amount of work behind the scenes. She was then conned into the role of 2017 President.

Patron's Report - Who are trampers: a Bushball speech

Penzy Dinsdale

Last year the Otago University Patron and great trumper, Max Olsen, asked the people of bushball a very important question; "What is tramping?"

Obviously this question is at the heart of a club like ours. It is a defining question of life, the universe and everything. Wise man as he is, Max also answered his question. And no, the answer wasn't 42. It was far more sensible: "Tramping is whatever trampers do." A wise and just answer, which was followed by a celebration of such a great victory in the philosophy of tramping (and also the excellent social officers).

It was only in the grips of the next morning's hangover that niggling doubts started to creep in. If tramping is what trampers do... Then who are the trampers? Where does one find them? And how does one become one? Are trampers found exclusively on mountain tops 'jealously guarding their secrets and trips'? Ah.. No.. Wait.. Those are mountaineers! But can we be both? Does my being a trumper prelude my being a mountaineer, rock climber, hunter, skier or other outdoor enthusiast? Where is the line between all these people and why do I introduce myself as a trumper over other possible titles?

If it's mountaineers on mountain tops, are trampers only to be found in the backcountry and wilderness areas? The Olivine Wilderness Area, just over Mt Aspiring from here, is very dear to the collective hearts of OUTC. Are you a trumper if you haven't heard of the Olivines, or been there? Or are perhaps trampers more common on track? And which tracks? Are people on great walks trampers? What about day walkers? Or those who drive to Queenstown with the best intentions, decide the weather is bad and drive home again?

I once heard a multi-sporter speak about a stupid trip where he drove the length of the South Island for a half day of kayaking. He felt rather guilty about the unsustainability of so much vehicular transport, and subsequently vowed to in future spend more time on the recreational activity than the length of travel time. Perhaps this is a good rule for trampers to subscribe to?

Pro tip 1: If you are actively seeking to destroy the environment, you are probably not a trumper (i.e. if you vote National you are probably not a trumper).

Pro tip 2: Trampers pick up their rubbish.

But this travel:tramping time rule poses a problem for tourists, when they add up flight and drive times. Can tourists also be trampers? Or is "trumper" a word only applicable to Kiwis?

Is the OUTC full of trampers? Does joining a club such as ours automatically confer the title of trumper? Or is there more to it than that? As a former gear officer I say we should revoke the title of trumper from all who misuse the club's gear hire system... That would exclude a few! (cough - committee). Can people become ex-trampers by leaving the club?



Left: Giving her speech at Bushball (Lottie Armstrong), Right: Getting jiggy with it in some valley (Mark Mason)

Or what about those who do not actually going tramping anymore, but talk incessantly about it to anyone polite enough to pretend to listen? Much to the chagrin of their colleagues, fellow students, non-tramping friends, dating prospects and everyone else in the pub! Is there a minimum frequency required to be a trumper? Are you a trumper if you don't find random beech leaves down your bra or in your bed? Or is it a culture and a way of life?

Now I must say this has gone on long enough. It is time to enjoy Bushball, which as Max informed us last year, is also tramping.

The answer to my question, it seems is quite simple. Whether you identify as a mountaineer, hunter, daywalker or pub-talker; are fascinated by the untracked wilderness of Aotearoa or the joy of a jaunt to Aspiring Hut; if you like to hug beech trees or would rather not have leaves in your bed; are a kiwi or not; are a drinker of coffee or tea; are a gear-hog or a gear-freak; we all have one thing in common.

We are all trampers, because quite simply, trampers are people who go tramping!

Akimus

Henry Ritchie, Anna Murdoch, Tim Wareing, Matt Sykes, Leon Billows and Ella Borrie (author).

There were two things I dreamed about when I was in Canada. The first was cheese; sexy edam bubbling on Vogels bread in the oven. The second was beech forest; some secret mossy patch of Fiordland with that singular damp calm smell. I had eaten my weight in cheese when I got back into the country so by the time uni rolled around I was anxious to get into the bush.

It was my first weekend away living in the Choss Pile (aka the Tramping Flat aka Constitution St). I love the Friday fluster of getting ready in that house. The frantic measuring of oats, retrieving sleeping bags drying over the bannister and yelling down the hallway organising logistics as you pack. In amongst this joyful chaos I made a fatal mistake. I found a ziplock bag of tea in my tramping stash and yelled to whoever was listening that I had tea for the trip sorted.

Leaving town had that bubbly feeling of escape. We crammed into the car and sang our way South with the promise of a good weekend ahead. Tim met us at the road end and we walked into the first hut in the dark. It wasn't until the morning that we discovered my major oversight.

I had only brought 8 Dilmah teabags for 6 of us. Matt made an excellent call that the trip was “more like the akimus, because there was no T”. Frankly I am surprised these folk are still friends with me. Despite the tea rationing it was an excellent weekend, full of sunshine, campfires and a nice river crossing. We perfected the science of fitting six people into a two bunk hut. Welcome home.



**Above: How to fit six people into a bunk bed (Tim Wareing);
Opposite page clockwise from top: “No hat no play” (Matt Sykes);
campfire (Matt Sykes); Anna and campfire (Tim Wareing); Henry and
finger (Matt Sykes)**



It's a long way to Tipperary (Fiordland 2016)

Alice, Jeremy H, Lottie, Tash S, Jaz, Jamie and Anna Welch (author)

There is a scale of difficulty when it comes to tramping (as with most things); but what most people, tramping in New Zealand for the first time, don't seem to realise is that Tramping (with a capital 'T') is a sport unto itself. It is not simply walking in unusual places. That being said, an easy tramp is never going to be on the same scale as an easy walk. An easy walk is taking a turn around the rose garden in Dunedin's Botanic Gardens. An easy tramp is, or so I thought until that weekend, the contourless and well-maintained (if slightly water-logged) stage one of the Hollyford from the road end to Alabaster Hut.

We were in Fiordland which meant that it was raining; and since the club had planned a trip, obviously it was raining a lot. After a night of possum visitations in which we were crammed like moist, tepid sardines into the shelter at the Divide, we were woken by Jaz to the tune of, "This is the part where we tell you how illegal this is; so pack everything away asap, before DoC has the chance to turn up." Then we set off for Alabaster Hut along the partially submerged highway which was the Hollyford.

This was my second officially organised club trip, after Paradise two weeks earlier. The original plan of U Pass had been curtailed due to weather and members of the OUTC were now heading out on mass to Fiordland huts in the perpetual drizzle.

Punters being punters, of course one was slower than the rest; and after lunch at Hidden Falls, our group separated. I took the fastest three on to Alabaster, while Alice and Jeremy played tail-end-Charlie with the remaining two.

The rain had, unsurprisingly, failed to stop, so our half of the group set off at a brisk pace and reached the hut mid-afternoon where groups were already waiting. Following a dip in the lake, warm dry clothes were the order of the day. Jaz's group showed up a while later and said the rest of our party were still behind them. Chris's group showed up after that and confirmed that they were still at least an hour away.

About 6pm they finally arrived. We all settled in for the night, made mulled wine – which Alice and I proceeded to drink the better part of. Then some hunters showed up on a jet boat, bringing with them salmon, venison and rum, so needless to say they were well-received.

Sometime in the evening I noticed that several of the OUTC regulars seemed to have disappeared. I soon found them, deep in conference in one of the bunk rooms. The problem? We had a slow punter and we had to be back at the road end by 4pm the next day. Her feet were already more blister than not and her down sleeping bag was currently steaming dry by the fire. Walking out an exhausted, agonized

and soon to be sleep deprived punter was going to be neither quick nor painless. The conclusion was to get her up at 6am and take it in turns to painstakingly escort her out.

So we got this poor girl up in the pre-dawn light and, after much cajoling, Alice and I finally persuaded her to eat something, which she promptly went and threw up behind the hut.

Lottie and Tash S. took the first shift and we wished them luck as we waved them goodbye. An hour later the rest of us set out, catching the first group in no time at all, and relieving our predecessors who set off for Hidden Falls at a virtual gallop.

It was slow. God, but it was slow. I have never been so frustratingly cold in my entire life. This poor girl was clearly having the worst day of her life, tears streaming down her face to mingle with the rain. We were all freezing because we were compelled to walk at a pace that for us seasoned trampers required the expenditure of next to no energy, while she was probably pretty toasty; though I don't think she would have considered it any compensation for the blisters and the miserable weather.

I don't remember at precisely what point I started singing, somewhere after Hidden Falls I think. 'It's a long way to Tipperary' was promptly shut down on account of its dishearteningly relevant outlook. Then 'Always look on the bright side of...' rain and imminent hypothermia, went through several renditions. I asked our charge what her favourite song was, at which point we collectively realised that the titular words are the only one's out of 'Come on Aileen' that anyone can understand, let alone remember.

So it went on: punter struggling away with tears streaming down her face, the rest of us trying desperately to forget how cold and wet we were, doing anything would could think of to keep spirits up. Every so often Jaz would whisper furiously to someone that he couldn't take another minute of this, then would storm off up the track. We'd find him around the next bend, penitent and feeling bad for abandoning us.

Finally the bridge came in sight. Ten hours! It had taken us ten hours. So much for smashing the DoC time: we had more than doubled it.

Moral of the story? It is a long way from Alabaster Hut to the end of the Hollyford Road; and there is an American out there who is never going to go tramping again. I shudder to think what would have happened had the weather been fine enough to allow us to go over U Pass after all.

Fiordland Trip: Poems on the Bus

Written in anticipation of the heavy rain forecast that was to come...

Live Authentic (Winner)

Excited for the trip but have one question,
Where the fuck is the wifi connection?
Forecast is stormy, the sky's lookin sad,
Thank god the hard-drive is full of 'Breaking Bad'.

Not too sure if we're going out tomorrow night,
Heard Gore is pumping; packed my party dress skin-tight,
Straighteners for my fly-aways, Kale for juice,
And a fucking huge tripod for the elusive Fiordland moose.

Friends all at Hyde but can't do it all,
Need some gorgeous new pics for my Instagram wall,
New year, new me and all this new kit,
City girl in the wild, living life authentic.

-Maddy and Libby

Ode to a Goon Sack

Pale-skinned and volumptuous,
She is the love of my life.
She makes me feel gorgeous,
And takes away all of my strife.

She moves like the sea,
And feels icy cold.
But when she is within me,
She keeps me warm and bold.

She's a hot commodity in the tramping club,
Under the sun and under the moon.
She's always keen for a slap or rub,
The life of the party: It's Gwenny the Goon!

-Joylianne

Are We There Yet?

Over the asphalt and through the farms,
To Grandmother's fiords we go.
We ride in a spiffy bus,
But are we there yet? No.

This weekend will be filled with sun!
Just kidding, it's gonna be dumping buckets,
But that's so fun, we'll want to run,
And not simply say, "Let's stop, just fuck it."

Fiords will rise up around us,
Like big, wet mountain fingers,
Creating world-class landscapes thus,
Which in our memories will linger.

Now, let's get excited for,
This trail-mix feuled mountain tour!

-Justin

Haikus by Justin:

Hike-oooh of a 1-track mind

Clif bars and trail mix,
Beef jerky and freeze-dried soup!
... I miss Mum's cooking...

Haikiord

Fiords are really wet,
Which is what makes them pretty.
Soon, we'll be pretty.

Haiku of Optimism

Rain will keep us cool,
And make us smell like daisies.
Positivity!

Life in the Bush

Priorities shift
After tramping for a while.
Where will you poop next?

Disclaimer: The following poem has not been not ethically approved by the editors. The authors would like to highlight that the poem was written before the election, at a time when this was still 'funny'.

By Ritchie and Wockner

Trumps stump, I wanna hump,
Trump, trump, trump,
Stump, stump, stump,
Hump, hump, hump.

D. Trump, oh man we're a fan
Who really cares if he's part of the clan.

Wall, wall, wall
Let's build it tall, tall, tall.

Trump loves China
More than Ivanka's vagina
If she wasn't his daughter,
He'd probably pork her.

Trump, trump, trump,
He's like my dump, dump, dump.

Let's face it when it comes to China,
There's nothing finer,
Even better than Ivanka's vagina.

Meg, Meg, Meg,
Is a peg, peg, peg

Palin, Palin, Palin,
Trump left her whalin'

Oh Trump's steak,
They're pretty appealing to Jake,
When it comes to Trump's meat
There's nothing I'd rather beat...

Oh the world's in shock
By how much Donald Trump is a cock.

-Rupert and Henry

Easter Egg Hunt at Hidden Falls Hut

Tanja de Wilde and Ella Borrie

Due to rain, the Fiordland trip this year meant walking to one of three huts and hanging out for the afternoon. So we made an easter egg hunt for our punters.

Can you guess where the easter eggs were hidden?

(answers at bottom of page)

Clue 1:

You've heard stories of trips gone awry,
Helicopters and rivers flooded high,
Find where someone did write
About your leaders plight.

Clue 2:

"Rain, if I were blind the pores of my skin would open to you" - Hone Tuwhare

Clue 3:

Trampers will boil over in anger if they don't get some of this

Clue 4:

Who am I?
I rock.
Call me Doc.
From Queenie to colony,
To country so free,
I rock.

Clue 5:

Sometimes you feel a spark,
And it warms your body and soul,
And then the spark gets out of control,
And it all gets burnt to the ground.

Opposite top: (Penzy Dinsdale)
Bottom: Paradise weekend (Andrew Mills)

Answers:
1. Antics 2013 page
2. Under the water tank
3. In the box of tea bags
4. Lauren Farmer - OUTC member with PhD in geology,
originally from England, about to visit America
5. In the fireplace



One more Fiordland trip poem...

Subject: Biology, a new tramper again and our wet snotty fiords!

The white lava flows unceasingly,
of speckled ridges to broken bushes.

The white lava flows solemnly,
creation, emotion, and swelling rain.

Spiritual leader, why is it so majestic?
Fiordland oh, you're the jewel of our whenua!

Liberal beauty planted into misty relic,
beside 20,000 years of glacier ridden Aotearoa!

Afar, you look no different to snotty mountains.
Closer, beg me, live I not again less these passions!

-Sasha Cheng

Sheltering at Hidden Hutt from the nice rainy Fiordlands trip.



Above: (Anna Wallenborn)

Opposite: Tanja making her way up Weta Prowl



“Big country, small men”

Landsborough to Mt Cook traverse

Alexis Belton, Rowan Cox, Allan Brent, Lydia McLean and Jamie Gardner (author)

What started as a spontaneous trip for an unemployed beneficiary turned out to be one of the best trips of the year for me. The lead up to this trip began years ago, when echoes of the mystical ‘Landsborough Valley’ came up in conversation within certain circles of the OUTC. Apparently it was a pretty cool place. So when Rowan and Alexis proposed to me a 7 day jaunt trying to get to the head of the catchment, I was in! Allan and Lydia would also join us for the first couple of days.

The 4wd access wasn’t without adventure, and Alexis certainly made the most of his rust-box Rav4. We got the car all the way to Monument Hut, which involved some “creative” off-road techniques. Momentum is key, and don’t stop if superficial accessories (e.g. mudguards) start falling off. Alexis later informed us that he intended to sell the Rav4 off to some unbeknownst international. The remainder of the day was cruisy enough, heading up the Hopkins and then into the South Elcho valley. Allan, Lydia and Alexis seemed to have very sophisticated conversations about politics and such. Rowan and I kept it simple, discussing the strengths and weaknesses of crocs. It turns out even this \$9 Warehouse footwear has its limitations when it comes to boulder hopping.

The next day the terrain started to get a bit more serious, especially with heavy packs. We crossed from the Elcho over into the Landsborough catchment. This involved some steep scrambling, a pitch to avoid a schrund and some serious choss on Mt Dobson. We had been heading for a col further south, but we somehow ended up climbing completely the wrong thing. Oops! The views to the other side were excellent: the near-vertical bulk of Mt Hooker staring magnificently down upon us; Mt Cook glistening in the distance; Mt Dechen and her veils of ice running smoothly off. If only I would be privileged enough to caress those fine slopes one day. And ‘THE LANDY!’ What a valley. Or ‘THE BOROUGH,’ as we also affectionately named her. It was from this point on that an old-time favourite quote of Peter Wilson came out... “Big country, small men.” This certainly was a true statement!

The next couple of days were pretty smooth sailing. Allan and Lydia bid us farewell at Creswicke Flat Hut to get back to work in time. It was excellent to spend a rainy night in the hut, even if it did mean we had to do several involved crossings of the Landy. We were amused to observe a couple of trampers get helicoptered 200m to the other side of the river where we just had been. It did mean however that we got an up-to-date weather forecast, which proved invaluable for the coming days.

Two solid days of bush-bashing and boulder hopping beneath the daunting shadow

of some mighty peaks got us to the head of the valley. Alexis' prowess at moving through rough and challenging country was certainly demonstrated over this time. I'd be walking as fast as practical over large slippery boulders, and he would shoot past and be 50m ahead in a couple of minutes. That river certainly deserves its mystical and powerful reputation.

We arrived after a whole day in the rain and were relieved to finally find the rock bivvy for the night. The valley head was a daunting and humbling place to be: steep walls rising straight into the mist, raging rivers and remoteness. She's big country alright. It took us 5 solid days to get there, and the only way out was going to be the crux of the trip. Getting out was something that we had been mulling over for a while, but the topic had always uncomfortably been pushed to the back of our minds. "It'll be right, we'll make it work." We were privileged to spend a glimpse of our lives there, but that night was a nervous one.

The relative safety of Barron Saddle Hut and the upper Mueller Glacier was only 4km away over the Main Divide, as the crow flies. The plan was simple: climb the known route of Hardies Gut and traverse over Scissors and down to our destination. We awoke to perfect conditions, except for a light dusting of snow on the tops. As we headed up valley we quickly realised the rock had a thin layer of verglas over it, meaning progress up the steep gully would be treacherous. Alexis did well to spot an alternative route from below, which would involve traversing a 1km section of the Main Divide. The climb to get up there involved some hard work on loose choss, and Rowan wasn't feeling too good after nearly being smashed in the head by a rogue block. The view from the top made it worth the effort though. Views down the Rubicon Torrent, the Dobson, and Barron Saddle ever so close. She's big country alright, and we were feeling like very, very small men.

The bowels of the Landy (Rowan Cox)



Traversing the ridge was some of the most exhilarating tramping I've done. From memory, we did 2 abseils, 2 pitches and 3 pack lowerings. With the day drawing on and progress slow, we were temporarily relieved to find a route off the ridge that avoided going over Scissors. I certainly wasn't impressed when I found this required soloing down a 60° ice slope for over an hour in the setting sun. The next few hours felt like a dream, following the encouraging voice of Alexis. I tried to replace thoughts like, "what would happen if I slipped right now," with "I am going to CRUSH sooo much food at the hut". Finally, reaching the hut was amazing. Sheer elation, smashing food and deep sleeping put Barron Saddle Hut straight into my top 5. What a day.

The last day we walked down the Mueller Glacier and over the Mueller Hut track. This was long enough, but it felt so good knowing we were past the crux and could eat the remainder of our food. I love food. It felt strangely surreal arriving back to the 'real' world, only 24 hours away from remote wilderness. Did that all really happen? What is the real world anyway? Thanks Rowan and Alexis for a great trip. Top lads.





Top left: Upper Landy biv (Alexis)

Top right: Camping in the Landy (Alexis)

Bottom: Looking down in to the Landy (Rowan)

Opposite: Descending from the Main Divide (Rowan)

Next page: Rowan traversing the main divide, with Alexis

“She’s biiiiiig country”

-All members, at least 20 times a day







The Quest to The Nuns Veil

Shamini Mahadevan (author) and Tanja de Wilde

Exams had just finished, a rocking time at a Bollywood party the night before, and in the possession of a new inflatable boat, The Nuns Veil was calling us. It had been far too long since we had both been out in the mountains together and we were pumped!

The Nuns veil, Mt Cook, requires a raft across the Tasman lake. No problem for us. We were well prepared, testing the boat on the Dunedin harbour which tested both out strength and our oars, the latter of which appeared to be poor. So with one broken paddle, we decided it couldn't be too hard to fix and we would save that problem for later. Future us problems.

The time finally came. Our arm muscles sufficiently prepped by our vigorous 3hr exams of essay writing, no glacial lake could stop us. Broken oar? No problem.

On our drive from Christchurch to Mt Cook, we popped into mitre ten. A kind man saw us fiddling around with a dodgy cable tie fixing, he took us on (or rather our oar on) as his project. It wasn't long before we had a small trail of curious mitre 10 workers chipping in here in there and coming up with what I'm sure was the least dodgy oar fixing that I've ever seen. Thank-you to the kind man out there who helped us, we don't know your name but you're awesome!

The next morning we lugged our raft and packs, in two trips to Tasman Lake. It wasn't long before we were paddling across Tasman Lake alongside the other tourist jet boaters. The oar endured and we survived the crossing.

Tanja wurkin' it (Shamini Mahadevan)



The slog up gorilla stream was a slog, but one could say a beautiful slog as I got to snap photos of Tanja's bum all day.

It was a beautiful day. After about 8-10ish hours of walking we made it to camp, right below the glacier, at the 'rock bivy' which was really just a large rock with a cool built up rock wall.

The next morning we had a leisurely 5.30 start, neither of us seemed to be in too much of a rush. The climb up was awesome, and we had perfect weather. We reached a plateau near the top, where we had a quick chocolate stop. We could finally see the summit of Nuns Veil, before this it had been obscured. The final step section of front pointing was awesome and the snow was great, it took us nearly an hour to reach the top from our rest spot.

When we summited, I turned on my camera to find out the battery was flat. How typical. We rubbed the battery and raced in for a quick self-timer before the battery died again.

The walk out was cruisey. I swapped to crocs for comfort and Tanja led the way. We mostly talked about what food we felt like and the mystery surrounding The Nuns Veil.. Why is it called The Nuns veil? Someone wisely pointed out to me a few weeks later that perhaps it was because the mountain is shaped like a Nuns veil... but I think the mystery runs deeper.

We rowed across Tasman Lake the next day after sleeping just down from Gorilla stream. Overall it was an awesome trip. The mystery of the Nuns Veil might even lure us back again one day...

One of the many bum shots (Shamini Mahadevan)





Clockwise from top left:
 Last step before the summit (Tanja De Wilde)
 Summit self-timer
 Campsite just below Nun's Veil Glacier, with curious kea
 (Shamini Mahadevan)

Retreat

Retreat, retreat,
The battle is lost.
Out on the hills,
In the teeth of Fiordland.
The cry rings out,
Retreat, retreat.

The rain drives back,
The way we've come.
The trees wave wild,
As we hurry along.
Back to the hut,
From whence we have come.
Today is not for tops,
Adventures or next huts.
Today screams loudly,
With the voice of cold hungry trampers,
Carried on the wind.

Retreat, retreat!

-Penzy Dinsdale

Mist, Scrub and Ultramafic Boulders:An epic in the Olivines

Penzy Dinsdale (author), Katherine Sarcich and Lydia McLean

This trip was planned to be a challenge. The planning was a challenge, the organisation and challenge, finding keen people a challenge, and of course, the planned route was a challenge too. In fact, when the three of us girls set off for our girls-only traverse of the Olivine Range, we all but knew we were unlikely to be completing our set route. What remained to be seen was how much we would have completed when we rolled out of the scrub, scratched and bleeding, fifteen days later.

So Katherine quit the job she hadn't yet started. Lydia negotiated getting leave in advance. Much faster than anticipated, the 16th of January rolled around and we were on our way to the West Coast with an okay but not outstanding weather forecast.

We arrived at Greenstone Helicopters mid-afternoon to the great news we'd be flying in straight away, so after a quick weigh in (we just slipped in under the fly threshold) we were on our way. First doing a car shuttle by helicopter. We landed near Olivine Hut, our first and last planned sign of civilization, and relaxed for an evening of good food and much anticipation.

The first day walking was great - awesome cableway across the river, fantastic weather but way too hot! Difficult, but passable bush-bashing into the Diorite, made harder by running out of water part way up and resorting to squeezing moss. So we were, of course, very excited by the paradise that was the upper diorite, and a very welcome swim.



Penzy on the Olivine Cableway (Lydia McLean)

The next day also started well - the rocks up to Four Brothers Pass were considerably more stable and easier than described. But it started raining an hour after we left camp. It didn't stop. By the time we got to Forgotten River Rock Biv, we were wet



Approaching Forgotten River Col – Penzy Dinsdale

through, and retrospectively that was 'light' rain.

The rock biv was such a palace we vowed we wouldn't leave the next day unless it wasn't raining, so we had a bit of relaxed morning until the sun came out. Then it was time to put on yesterday's wet clothing - I can assure you that no matter how bad you think wet socks are, there is nothing worse than a wet bra!

All was going well, until we stopped for lunch, at which point it started raining again. This became somewhat of a trip theme. The great view we'd had of Forgotten River Col vanished and we ended up climbing in clag, and thus called it a bit of an early night in the hopes it would be better in the morning. Made dinner, it started raining.



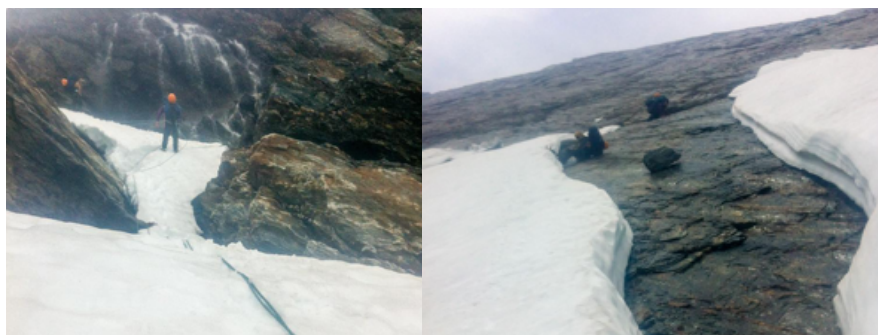
Forgotten River Col (Penzy Dinsdale)

People talk about what a spectacular place the Olivine Ice Plateau is, and you'd better ask them about it. Because I really only have my imagination of what it might have looked like outside the cloud we were in. In good news though, the GPS app I had downloaded for the trip worked really well and we found our way up Little Ark. And we found yet more clag. This was a defining point of the trip, as we'd heard earlier reports of crevasses on the Gyrae Ledge, our planned route. We hinged our decision to proceed on seeing the ledge from Little Ark to evaluate if we wanted to have a crack at it or not. Hmmm, going well.

We decided that while you can GPS your way across a glacier, you can't really GPS your way out of a crevasse that you can't see, so we picked our bail-out option, which had the added bonus of a rock biv in two days time when the really bad weather was supposed to hit. As if to corroborate our decision the cloud lifted locally so we could see the crevasses between us and the bail-out route, but still not the Gyrae Ledge. So we roped up and headed off towards col .1925 below Darkness Peak, which proved to offer highly entertaining options for getting down.

The information I had for this section of the trip contained the words 'you can always abseil'. I would now like to contest this information. Because what we found ourselves on was ever steepening bare slab - not an abseil point in sight. Eventually we got to the point of not being able to continue on the slab and began making our way across to a steep, somewhat broken-up gully of snow, which looked a lot like heaven, even though at any other time I probably would have tried to stay away from it. Getting onto it was another challenge. Lydia tried to dig a platform in the hard snow to get her crampons on one at a time while not dropping anything. Eventually we gave up on this, and finally managed to sort it out by bracing ourselves against the snow edge while trying not to slide under it.

But then we were on our way. Straight down didn't go because of the cut up mess of snow, but we found another less cut up gully further over with a waterfall running under thin snow, so set up a quick snow bollard abseil and were finally on easier ground in time for lunch. In the rain. At 3pm.



Left: Katherine abseils off the snow-bollard (Penzy Dinsdale)

It was straightforward and very enjoyable going from here up onto the Barrier Ledge; despite the very tempting valley campsite we passed. And the ledge was the highway we'd been promised. We set up camp, cooked dinner; it rained. Who actually wants to sit down and enjoy dinner anyway? We rang out for our first forecast of the trip, and not much had changed. The big front was coming slightly later and it would shower before that and a bit after that. All good, would be too hot if it were sunny anyway right?

The next day was a long one and it was supposed to shower a bit. But we woke to steady rain, packed up and I told the others they were in charge of stops today. I can't be trusted to stop regularly in the rain! We headed along the ledge and around to Stag Pass, which involved bush-bashing off a ledged bluff system, just inside the trees. Sure beats the scrub though! On top of Stag Pass it was miserable weather, so no view, no thoughts of climbing Little Red Mountain; just keep walking.

Just above Rata Stream we had a pause and Katherine had some lunch. Then we found a green rock, which then broke apart to reveal fibres. We had found asbestos! Getting on to the spur of descent between Rata Stream and Kea Stream was a good time - asbestos makes great scree and the rain was keeping the fibres on the ground.



Pyke River valley in the rain (Penzy Dinsdale)

Soon we were at the Pyke, and predictably it was running high, so we set off bush-bashing, hoping it wouldn't take too long to find a decent crossing spot. About 20 minutes later we spotted a swimming hole. Maybe we could swim across the river? We found our way around and down the edge of the bluff to it and began sorting out how we would keep everything dry while swimming. I wasn't too keen on getting any more wet than I was so I bush-bashed a further 20m and found an ok crossing right where the swimming hole ended. Wet shorts. That's okay, I can deal with those!

Finally we were on the correct (and right) side of the river, but the going didn't get much easier. We eventually found a small piece of tape which we assumed to be marking the start of the route up to Simonin Pass, so we plunged into the bush only to lose it immediately and pop out of the bush into the wonderful boulders some distance from the intended route.

Maybe you've been there before, or maybe you've just heard of the legendary ultramafic boulders. Fantastic red boulders with an outstanding grip profile, but also a high propensity towards damaging skin 'it's like tramping between cheese graters'. But for whatever reason, I don't know, maybe the damp atmosphere, the boulders were also extraordinarily slippery. This made for careful progress of about 600m per hour and some unintentional blood loss, including chafing. So there we were, scrub, mist and ultramafic boulders.

Then it got dark. Out came the head torch, and the GPS. Eventually around 11pm we found ourselves on top of the rock bivouac symbol on the map, but no rock bivvy. Just as we were about to give up we found a massive cairn in the middle of a clearing. That had to be it right?! It is surprising how big a small boulder can look by the light of a head torch and just how much a tree can resemble a boulder. We had so many eureka moments spotting boulders around that clearing only to be crushed as we approached closer. By 11.30 we were truly disheartened and set about finding a dry patch of the swampy clearing to camp on. At 11.35 we crawled into the tent and had lunch. 11.35pm that was.

We woke to rain. Forecast, rain. But rain nonetheless, I got up and went on a long enough search for the bivvy to get the others worried about me before heading back towards camp in the glum realisation that we would need to head for the camping just below Simonin pass, hoping it was less swampy, and sit out the storm in our tent. On a wild whim I checked out a patch of bushes on my way back and found an uninviting overhang, which clearly flooded from time to time. However, there was a dry end to this where we could maybe light a fire and have a dry-ish spot to hang out.

So we packed up camp and headed the 5 minutes back there and then thoroughly disappointed ourselves with just how average it was and how this must be the 'rock biv' marked. Lydia went for one final circumnavigation of the boulder and came back positively beaming. Around the corner, between our first boulder and the next was a cathedral! Complete with fireplace, running water, table and chairs, as well as various historical artefacts. We had found the fabled bivvy of Simonin Stream a good 150m upstream of where it is marked, at CA10 286 795.

And it rained. And rained. Then rained some more. And then it rained a bit harder and I lost track of time. On about day 3, when it was most certainly meant to have stopped raining the day before, yet the river was somehow even higher than before,

I put on my wet weather gear. I Pulled a plastic bag over the sat phone and climbed over a couple of drowned tussock bushes to stand on what was a now a shrinking island in the flooded river (a few days earlier it had been a lovely terrace) and rang Max. Because I knew he'd be near a computer. The conversation went something like 'Hi Max, It's Penzy, I'm standing on an island in a flooded river and I would like to know when it's going to stop raining?!' I did also reassure him that I was actually safe and at Simonin rock biv, so he wasn't too worried when I cut out a minute or so later. The answer I got? 'Not for another 48 hours'.



Penzy on an island in Simonin River calling Max to find out when the rain will stop (Lydia McLean)

That was the day the fireplace became a prow of land, the river nearly reached the table, some cave weta became stranded on a rock and a plank from a previously deceased stool started its journey to the ocean. Time becomes somewhat surreal in such settings, as do many things. You begin to seriously wonder if it ever will stop raining again. You become amazed by just how heavily it is raining and then enthralled when it starts to rain yet heavier still. You sleep, you get up, you eat, you worry about the dwindling food supply, you make plans to leave tomorrow or later that day, and then realise you get no say in the matter, and again wonder if it is ever going to stop raining.

Logic tells me we sat in the same spot around the table for 5 days, feebly trying to dry our gear by a poor fire in a damp, cold, draughty and noisy biv. I'd say that was the point where I lost track of how many days our trip was. We amused ourselves taking photos, filming, fiddling with the fire, carving in the table, making rock art on the walls and by having Lydia read all 449 pages of *Memoirs of a Geisha* aloud to us.

When we finally left the biv we had been short on food for several days. I also felt profoundly deaf for the first half day, but relished the silence as a welcome change from the undying roar of the river. Halfway up to Simonin Pass I started

to have doubts. We had left in high optimism that morning that in two days time we would be opening up our food drop on Arcade Saddle. We were making slow progress, with Katherine and I feeling particularly sorry for ourselves. While lunch was a welcome break, condiments, of which our lunch mostly consisted, are not in themselves really enough for a meal, and it was from about this point on that we felt our chances of success were really going downhill and we were perhaps just postponing the inevitable call for help.

There was also the Cascade River to be contended with. The route we had taken, sidling around Red Mountain, was described in Moir's as a particularly dry route. This was, however, not our experience. We found water cascading suddenly out of the sides of Red Mountain in high volumes and clearing taking the course not often taken, judging by the drowned looking vegetation in the streambeds. This did not bode well for our crossing of the Cascade.

Sure enough, upon arriving at its banks it was clear the Cascade was still running well above normal, despite Steve's rule that it takes only 12-18 hours after it stops raining to return to normal flows. (I guess 700mm of rain will do that for you). When we failed to cross the river that day, we pretty much knew it was all over. Even if we had been able to cross the river, there's no guarantee we would have been able to haul our hungry selves up to Arcade Saddle the next day, and splitting the group would have been a poor idea in such tiger country, despite its appeal to our hungry brains at the time. By the time we set up camp in another swamp at 8pm, surrounded by more flooded creeks flowing off the Red Hills, we were fairly hysterical. We cooked our remaining fraction of a meal as, of course, it started raining. Good bye to any final hopes of crossing the river tomorrow.

The next day was worse. Well the weather was great. But the combination of hunger and disappointment in ourselves made the bush/scrub/boulder-bashing all the more unpleasant. It took us until lunchtime to go just a few kms to the river flats where we threw ourselves at the ground and walked no further. We had reached the end point. While we could try to go on in utter misery, the risk of doing something dumb or dangerous in our current states wasn't worth it. Our chances of getting out on time were gone along with pretty much all hope of getting there without assistance, so we called the helicopter.

Opposite page clockwise from top left:
Lydia and Katherine contend with swollen rivers (Penzy Dinsdale)
Last supper - hummus plus single peanut (Penzy Dinsdale)
Approaching Simonin Pass (Penzy Dinsdale)



The chopper couldn't make it until the following morning, so we dried our gear and had a swim, both of which were very novel as the last time we'd done either was day one. We finished our condiments and *Memoirs of a Geisha*, worked on our tans, searched for greenstone and were visited by some Blue Duck. We dissected the trip and came to the conclusion that there was virtually nothing we could have done differently to change the outcome. By the time we were picked up, all the food we had left was tea, salt, pepper and olive oil!

But of course it wasn't over just yet. Upon arrival at the car we stuffed our faces with Doritos which had been thoughtfully stowed there before the trip and got on our way, dreaming of the amazing lunch we were going to have in Wanaka. Only to break down just above the Gates of Haast! If we learnt nothing else on the trip it was to laugh instead of cry, so that's what we did. Katherine and I are forever grateful to the lovely Nelson couple who stopped and shared their lunch with us on the side of the road while Lydia was off getting help.

A few months on I'm still not really sure if I am truly laughing or crying about this trip. But as planned, it was a challenge, just not the one we expected, and an epic like I've never had before. I've now put back on the 5kgs I'd lost and just about eaten every food I had dreamed of while in that bivvy. The food drop, on the other hand, is still on Arcade Saddle and it will be highly amusing to see what state it is in when it finally makes it back! A massive thanks to FMC for funding what was simultaneously an incredible trip and an unmitigated disaster! And lastly the only thing left to be said is that I will be back in the Olivines, perhaps with a slightly less outrageous plan, as soon as I have enough holidays (and friends) saved up to deal with such epic disasters again!

Drying out while waiting for the helicopter (Penzy Dinsdale)



A standard mountaineering report from Luke Gardener

Select those that apply:

We were aiming to climb:

Mount Brewster,
Mount Murchison,
Barrier Peak,
Mount Barff,
Mount Aspiring,
Mount Wakefield

The weather was looking:

Diabolical
Marginal at best
Less than perfect
Looking surprisingly good, but is probably going to be rubbish.

This is the _____ time I've attempted the mountain.

1st
2nd
3rd
4th
5th

This time I got _____ of the way up

one quarter
one-third
half
two-thirds
three-quarters
30 metres from the summit

I couldn't get up the mountain because:

Weather wasn't great
Took the wrong crampons
Didn't like the look of snow conditions
Took the wrong route
Was sandbagged by friends on route selection

A Hungry Ascent up Mt Brewster

Lottie Armstrong (author) and Chris Greenan

Like many people in the club, we were hungry to climb Brewster. Little did we know how hungry we would get on Brewster.

The plan:

Day (1) - Leave Dunedin in the morning, drive to Fantail Falls Carpark and walk up and camp bellow Brewster Glacier.

Day (2) - Summit Brewster and walk back to the car.

The Reality:

Day (1) - Left Dunedin 8 hours later than anticipated and slept at the carpark.

Day (2) - Slept in till 1 pm by mistake and then got to Brewster Hut at 4 pm. As we enjoyed relaxing in the afternoon sun by the hut we then accidentally ate all our chocolate and lollies and soon lost the motivation to camp by the glacier. Camped by the hut instead. Realised we have very little food left as we had forgotten breakfast food, we only had food for one night and we now had no snack food left. Dinner that night, breakfast and lunch got rationed.

Day (3) - 5 am: 2 hot cross buns for breakfast. Midday on the summit: 1 hot cross and half of a liquorice piece each. 9 pm: returned to camp and scoffed a packet of noodles each and then headed down to car. My knee became far too painful on the downhill. I wasn't going to make it to the car that night so we bivvied on the track.

Day (4) - 20 min walk to the carpark from where we slept. Devoured a packet of chips left in the car. Quickly drove into service range just in time to tell Luke, our emergency contact, not to call the police.

So it turns out we're really bad at planning food together; no breakfast food, no food for a second night and we have no self-control over the lollies and chocolate. What also didn't help was it had only been 4 months after I broke my knee cap which meant I was going pretty damn slowly, especially on the downhill, making us completely underestimate our timing.

The climb itself was a lot of fun though, scrambling along the West ridge, jumping down and out of the glacial moat, abseiling the last bit of the ridge towards the summit, it was still awesome. We also got a stroke of luck when a research group from Victoria University kindly offered us some snacks as we were coming off the glacier.

From tent to tent on the summit day it ended up being 16 hours on less than 500 calories. The things we put our bodies through are probably borderline torture at times, but most of the time it's totally worth it.

Opposite top: On the summit (Lottie Armstrong)

Opposite bottom: Navigating the ridge (Lottie Armstrong)



Top: On the summit (Lottie Armstrong)
Bottom: Navigating the ridge (Lottie Armstrong)

Easter 2016 - Weta Prowl

Tanja de Wilde and Meg Buddle (author)

- Tanja and I wanted to go climbing. We hadn't figured out where though. We had wanted to go up the NW ridge of Aspiring, but were 100% sure that there would be heaps of snow on the buttress, making it impassable*.
- Settled on doing Weta Prowl, a route on Steeple Peak in the South Temple Valley. Then planned to head to Fiordland and wait out the rain for some sweet granite climbing.
- We didn't have a car. Had planned to get a ride with Chris and Lottie as far as Cromwell, then would hitch to the Temple roadend from there. Asked C&L to wait til Tanja had finished class in furtherance of this.
- Frantically packing bags at 5pm. Alexis shows up at the flat to pick up Rowan, who's accompanying both Alexis and Jamie on a trip to the Landsborough for the Easter break.
- Alexis asks if we're getting a lift with them, as they're driving right past the Temple roadend. We pause.
- Call C&L numerous times; but don't get through, so have to text that we're really sorry to have screwed them around for four hours, they can leave to do Brewster now as we don't need a ride from them anymore.
- Get an enraged call from Chris. Leave C&L some Easter eggs at flat for when they come 20 minutes later to pick up some gear. Are not hopeful about the effect of these eggs.
- Cram our gear into the back of the Rav4 with the Landy Lads and their gear.
- Get dropped off that night at the roadend.
- Get up at daybreak and start preparing for the trip in the carpark; suspect that one of the other parties in the carpark is also intending on doing some climbing in the area because of the clinking sounds coming from their gear.
- Interact with the other party (of eight, from Wellington), who are also planning on climbing routes on Steeple and Bruce Peak.
- Walk up above the tree line and make camp near the start of the route (along the way I frequently substitute a 20 minute estimate of time for what should have been one, two, or four hours respectively).
- Wake early the next morning and walk "20 minutes" to the beginning of the climb.
- Climb Steeple Peak via Weta Prowl. Lovely line. Have some Easter treats at the top.
- Decide not to walk out that night; instead to revel in the beauty of the campsite looking north towards Mt Cook and east over the McKenzie Country, and to swap war stories with the friendly Wellingtonian climbers.
- Spend much time hearing and telling of choss. Unanimously decide that the chossiest route of the day was Kea Arete, climbed by the two American women.
- Head down to the carpark and arrive around lunchtime. Manage to secure a lift

- from the carpark by looking desperate.
- Hitch to Cromwell that night and are welcomed into the Borrie household with food and a warmed kiwitub.

*Months later, talked to some random on the lift at Treble Cone, who had been at Colin Todd Hut over Easter 2016. Confirmed with said random that the buttress had not had snow on it, and had been incredibly passable.

Top: Summit Smiles with easter bunny (some rock on Steeple Pk)
Bottom: The view from the campsite (Meg Buddle)



Observations from an Easter in Fiordland

Tanja de Wilde, Meg Buddle, Tash Spillane, Tim Bright, Claire Cannon, Maria and Ella Borrie (author)

- Easter was early this year, so it fell right after our Fiordland weekend.
- Unsurprisingly, it rained.
- In that fortnight we spent so much time “drying” in the Divide, we thought we had moved in.
- Meg and Tanja did some climbing. I don’t know, maybe as antics editors they can write about it* (see bottom of next page)
- Tash and I frolicked around Fiordland.
- One drizzly night in Maria at Lake Marian.
- Then a drizzly morning walking into McKellar Hut from the Divide. The weather cleared in the afternoon. Harrah!
- At the hut we meet five American exchange students who were studying in Sydney. They had a three person tent and two sleeping bags between them. Agast, I forced my way into their conversation and taught them how to cross rivers properly.
- Serendipitously, the one perfect day was the day we walked Livingstone Range. Exemplary views of the Caples Valley, Milford Road and Mt Christina. A new perspective on places familiar to me.
- Got to look down into McKellar Saddle. The Greenstone-Caples was my first tramp when I was 16, and at the time McKellar Saddle was the hardest thing in the world. Pretty singular to look down from a trip that required more skill and literally see my improvement.
- Met Meg and Tanja in the evening and set up camp in a riverbed, uummmmm, nowhere near Homer Hut. I remember eating some fucking good gingernuts and tea, but maybe I am just imagining this.
- Camping in Fiordland is one of my favourite things ever. When it’s dark you can’t see the surroundings, but you can sense the hulking density of the mountains where the stars aren’t. It’s so peaceful; the folds of the land and impenetrable moss separate Fiordland from everything else in the world (I am writing this as a newly minted Wellingtonian and am feeling particularly homesick for the South Island)
- The next day we tried to go up Gertrude Saddle. We met Tim and Claire coming down, they came back up with us. Good bunch of people.
- Got up to the lake. I freaked out about the rain (I know the granite is super grippy and amazing, but also, I REALLY wouldn’t want to slip down there). Was feeling nervous about the forecast, and the prospect of coming down on slick rock. So we turned around. Thanks for being gracious Tim, Claire, Tash, Tanja and Meg.
- One of the growing number of trips where I have carried crampons/ice axe and not used them. One day, one day.
- More family time in the wet, dreary Divide.



Tash looking over Lake McKellar (Elluh Burrur)



Waetford looking over Lake Erskine on a finer weather trip in Fiordland (Rowan Cox)

****Meg and Tanja's Easter climbing in Fiordland***

It rained, we drank tea in the Divide shelter.

We started climbing Bowen Allan Corner. The rock was wet. We came back down.

It rained, we drank tea in the Divide and waited to meet Ella and Tash



A Lament of Spaniards

Oh why must that horrible Spaniard be?
It stabs me again on my sore, bleeding knee.
Not only my knees, but my hands and my fingers,
The stab of the Spaniard, it lingers and lingers.
It stabs me in places I'd rather not mention.
No wonder I view it with such apprehension.

I delight in the thrill of the Spaniardless plain
Where I find that my language is much less profane.
When the Spaniard it wounds me, I curse and I swear;
And am glad that I don't risk attracting a bear.
It's a problem, this Spaniard, something must be done,
Before it's foul daggers have cut off my thumb.

-Anna Welch

Opposite top: The squad on Getrude Saddle in the rain (Ella Booray)
Bottom: Somewhere with more choss than Fiordland (Bruce McGee)

From: Max Olsen <papatowai@gmail.com>
Date: Thu, Aug 5, 2010 at 8:54 PM
Subject: [outc] **Deep Water Solo Ice-Climbing Trip to Tasman Glacier**
To: outc@lists.otago.ac.nz

Meetings Mon & Fri 12:30, Tues 5:30, Otago Room, Clubs and Socs

If anyone else is interested, we will be pioneering deep water solo ice climbing this weekend. We will be climbing on the seracs which occasionally fall into Lake Tasman at the end of the Tasman Glacier. These range from vertical to severely overhanging.

Deep water soloing usually refers to rock climbing without a rope, with deep water underneath for protection. This weekend, we will try the same thing, but with ice-climbing. To my knowledge, this will be a world first.

For those who are keen, we will head to Taiaroa Heads tomorrow to practice falling into water from significant heights with crampons and two ice tools, before heading up to Mount Cook National Park to put our skills into practice. We intend to use inflatable boats at the terminus of the Tasman Glacier to retrieve fallen climbers. With current water temperatures, estimated survival time after falling in Lake Tasman is around 2 minutes, however, a wetsuit could extend this to as long as five minutes, so it should be pretty safe.

No rope skills are necessary, as we won't be taking a rope.

Costs for the trip will be around \$50 per person, plus \$15,000 insurance.

Places on this trip are limited, so you'll need to reply quickly.

to UNSUBSCRIBE from list go to
<http://lists.otago.ac.nz/listinfo/outc>

HAPPY HOUR - Every Tues, South Bar 6pm
See you there!
<http://www.outc.org.nz/>

Note: the deep water ice soloing sat in the pipeline until October 2016, when a group went to stay in Unwin Hut for the weekend with various supplies to entertain themselves:

Photos courtesy of Jaz Morris







Stewart Island: North West Circuit

Luke Johnson, Luke Manion and Anna Welch (author)

Two days before departure on my longest trip to date: finally finalised who is actually coming; just booked the ferry and someone suggests that maybe we should meet up to discuss what we are going to eat for the next ten days of our life. Despite all the last minute organisation and the fact that I was heading out into the wilderness with two complete strangers, the North West Circuit turned out to be the tramping highlight of 2016.

Luke J. asked me later if I had been trying to scare people off with my three-paragraph long facebook post about slogging through mud for days on end. “No...” I replied defensively. Well...maybe I was...just a little bit.

We left Dunedin on Saturday at a cruisey half 12, stopping at pak ‘n’ save to buy an inordinate amount of food. An hour and a half later: “guys it’s 2pm, maybe we should go...” Ferry leaves at 5pm: out come the expletives. Half past four, still not in Invercargill and I’m on the phone to the Bluff ferry terminal explaining to the very nice receptionist that no, we will definitely not be arriving 15 minutes before departure.

We made it. Of course we did; I wouldn’t have written an Antics article about how I almost went tramping on Stewart Island. Well...maybe I would have.

We must have looked like absolute goons when we got off the ferry an hour later. Not only were we carrying clothes and gear for ten days, but we also had our tents and a box, yes a box, of food (good ol’ pak ‘n’ save), and a fishing rod.

I had located a campground a couple of kilometres out of town for the first night and so there we proceeded to walk, weighed down as we were and taking it in turns to carry the box. We made camp, then wandered back into town for some fish and chips, a pint (I can highly recommend the pub, not there was much choice in the matter) and unsuccessful Kiwi spotting at the airport.

Following our Easter breakfast next morning, we divided the food, leaving our tents and all the gear we had decided we could live without (including, unsurprisingly, the box) with the campground manager, who was kind enough to store it for us.

We were off. Taking a shortcut through the bush, we passed the last of the settlements and began our trek northwards.

The first part of the trail follows the great walk track of the Rakiura Circuit. We stopped at Port William Hut for lunch, thankful not to be paying \$50+ dollars for a

bunk in the already crowded hut.

As soon as we left the highway of the great walk, the mud began. We had been warned about this. The first thing anybody had said to me when I mentioned my plans was ‘Make sure you bring your gaiters: there’s a lot of mud’. This, as it transpired, was not an understatement; unhappily, however, for Luke M., who had somehow managed to forget his gaiters...

About 6pm we reached Bungaree Bay, and were treated later to beautiful sunset. Four occupants were already in residence, but it wasn’t to last long. The two hunters were staying on at Bungaree; and the French couple who set out with us for Christmas Village, in the downpour the next morning, only made it half way before turning around. “We didn’t really bring enough food anyway” was their reply to our half-hearted protests. I could have called this article: ‘French people with inadequate food supply’; it turned out to be another running theme that week.

That night at Christmas Village we had the hut to ourselves and used that as an opportunity to turn it into a Chinese laundry for all our wet gear to steam dry. In fact we had every single hut to ourselves until we reached Mason Bay. The skies had cleared – and were destined to remain so for the rest of the trip – so we stood outside and stargazed, using an app Luke J.’s phone to map out the constellations.

We did debate a side trip up Mt Angelus next day, but the remaining cloud from yesterday’s rainstorm spoke of no view and, judging by the comments in the hut book, it would have meant staying an extra night at Christmas Village. So we pressed on through the Manuka scrub, dipping down into the bays as we went. Each one was different from the last: some carpeted with golden sand, others raw and grey. On yet others we had to scramble laboriously over uneven rocks.

Left: Kiwis here we come; Right: Leaving Long Harry (both Anna Welch)



Soon after boldly and unnecessarily linking up to cross a flooded stream, we came across the only other traveller we were to encounter for most of the track: a French woman – surprise, surprise – chewing meditatively on a gingernut. Insufficient food she said? Whatever can she mean? Well it came to light later that she had turned around due to the fact that she had barely any food at all and that the aforementioned gingernut had been given to her by another group of trampers.

Along with warnings about the mud, I had been told there was good fishing to be had, so armed with their newly acquired Warehouse fishing rod – it was fated never to return to the mainland after an unwitnessed encounter with what we assumed must have been a low branch – the boys went out to the head of the estuary at Yankee River to try their luck, while I scavenged the rocks for shellfish. We all returned empty handed, though the sandflies had enjoyed themselves at our expense.

The sandflies... Have I mentioned the sandflies? Well they were certainly mentionable. The most horrendous plague of them that I have ever encountered inhabit the coastlines of Stewart Island; and for ten days we were their unwilling prey.

The fishing might have been unsuccessful, but Luke J. spotted the trip's first Kiwi that night, although he had taken flight (presumably not literally) by the time I went out to look.

What's more, I discovered, sitting innocently in the meat safe, an entire block of butter. Yes, butter! Obviously we took the better part of it with us and proceeded thereafter to fry absolutely anything and everything we could think of in its creamy, fatty deliciousness, including our porridge, which turned out to be a scrumptious innovation (see recipe below).

We did have more luck with the fishing at Long Harry, however. I wish I had a picture of the two guys standing on the rocks. The sandflies were the worst yet and they looked so comical standing there with their fishing gear, while clad head to toe, including gloves and mosquito headnets.

I got out my snorkel and hunted around for paua, and fish-spotted for the boys. I stayed in a bit too long and clambered victoriously up to the hut shivering violently and mumbling hypothetically about the shellfish I had found. But we did have such a feast that night...

After Long Harry we headed inland to East Ruggedy and Big Hellfire huts. The route took us sinking two steps forward and one step back over huge sand dunes. Approaching Big Hellfire, we came out on to a ridge of sand dune – higher than I ever imagined a dune would rise. To the west, we saw the Tasman Sea stretching

out ahead of us and thought how there was nothing at all but ocean ahead of us, except perhaps the tip of South America. To the east, the saddle looked down upon the centre of the island, a breath-taking, sprawling valley of scrubland.

We had been looking forward to the long stretch of Mason Bay, and we came slithering down a mud slide of a hill on yet another glorious day. A reeking whale carcass awaited us in the shallows, trails of white blubber floating lazily in the water while the seagulls feasted on its decomposing flesh.

We had been hoping to hit the bay at low tide, but we were just too late off the mark. We discovered this when we reached a high outcrop jutting out into the sea. We could have turned back and taken the actual high tide route, but of course that seemed far too much like common sense. Instead we decided to scramble over this steep, crumbly outcrop.



Left: One of the locals using the facilities; Right: Sunset at Dungaree Bay (both Anna Welch)

Going up was fine. Going up is always fine. It's going down that you suddenly remember that you are petrified of heights and that the only thing standing between you and grievous bodily harm is your precarious and sweaty grip on some crumbling sandstone.

For the second time in as many months, I reasoned that such a descent would be easier without my pack. I only meant to drop it a few metres and then slither down to get it, I swear I did. The pack had other ideas... Down it went, clattering sickeningly onto the beach below. But fortunately nothing was broken, and I came slithering, rather less hastily, after it.

A game of frisbee with Luke J's plate followed a swim before we headed up to the hut. We had been fortunate in having the huts to ourselves, but when we reached Mason Bay, the fellow travellers came out in droves. We met the gingernut saviours and a lovely couple who gave us blue cheese and crackers, and who promised to

buy us a pint at the pub when we got out – which they did.

I went on a kiwi spotting mission that evening and saw four, one of whom took a great interest in my toes.

We were expecting an easy day after Luke J. had told us about the “endless boardwalks” between Mason Bay and Freshwater Cove, so we took out time sunbathing outside Mason Bay Hut the next morning, before proceeding on to Freshwater Cove in the afternoon. There we met a Frenchman, this one equipped with no cooking apparatus, but a nauseating supply of PB and J.

Our final day was the longest, skipping North Arm Hut and heading straight for Oban. When he walked the Southern Circuit, Luke J. had heard from a local that there was a shortcut to North Arm across a tidal inlet. We reached the tidal inlet – unfortunately with the tide still in it – but it was only about calf deep so we thought why not get our feet wet, it was a nice day after all. Out fifty metres on and the water was now mid-thigh, but we persevered. Halfway across the inlet Luke M. and I were in over our waists. Luke J. had staunchly gone ahead on a scouting mission and was up to his chest with his pack held above his head. As the water was only getting deeper, the cry went out of “Abort mission, abort mission!”.

This, however, proved to be more difficult than it sounded. Of course we didn’t back track and climb out where we had climbed in, that would actually have made sense

No: instead we waded around aimlessly (still waist deep in the water) for a bit longer, until we found a steep bank, failed to climb it, found a slightly less steep bank with a rotting branch hanging out of it. Luke M. slipped and nearly fell in the water. But we got back up to where the track was...or rather, to where the track was not. The track? Oh bugger, we’d lost that, along with all sense of self-preservation.

After some spikey bush-bashing (it wouldn’t have been a tramp without it) we managed to locate the trail and headed on to North Arm for lunch. From there it was a doddle down the well-maintained DoC highway.

It started to rain just as we were coming out, all but skipping under the lighter weight of our packs as we collected our tents (and the ever-important box) from Alan’s campground and proceeded to Halfmoon Bay where, much to the astonishment of the locals, we peeled off down to our undergarments and jumped in the ocean.

The promised pint was waiting for us in the pub. It was the perfect end to an hilarious, muddy adventure. Then we got back to Bluff and discovered that the car’s battery was dead...

Opposite top: Little Hellfire Beach
Bottom: Endless boardwalks (both Anna Welch)



Porridge Pancakes :When you find a WHOLE block of butter in a hut

Ingredients (serves 1 hungry tramper)

1 cup rolled oats (with a teaspoon of baking powder added if you wish)
1 rounded tsp sugar (or to taste)
1tsp milk powder
Dried fruit (optional)
Water
Butter (for frying).

Method

1. Mix all the dry ingredients and add enough water to form a thick batter.
2. Leave to soak for 5-10 minutes and add more water as necessary.
3. Grease a frying pan with plenty of butter and drop dollops of the mixture onto it.
4. Cook one side until golden brown, then flip and repeat.

Mt Titiroa

Sarah Martyn

All trip plans are stimulated by something or someone. And then we require the factors of free time, reasonable weather predictions and a good crew of capable/competent trampers - as many minds are better than one.

On reading previous Antics, there were two trip reports that caught my attention over the past five years. I had heard stories of a mountain climbed down near Manapouri that required a boat to access it. After seeing it advertised by the OTMC but having a more exciting trip option for that weekend I vowed I would have to organise it myself...

In January Anna Welch, Leon Billows and I were eager to get some time in the hills, so time off work was arranged so we could have a three day weekend. Some last-minute trip organising involved looking at the southern alps photography website to see Danilo's trip route and transport arrangements and reading Moirs guide. After contacting the Manapouri boat man we were booked in for 8am so we would have plenty of daylight hours. After sleeping at Princhester Hut we had an early start as a bike had to be dropped by the Borland lodge to make return transport easier. We could have paid for a car shuttle but that would have cost extra and some spontaneity is good to avoid being locked into plans.

At Pearl Harbour in Manapouri, we packed last minute items into packs and went down to meet the boat man, after a short stretch of water he dropped us off where the Waiau river meets lake Manapouri and we started our walk through the marsh lands. Our aim was to beat the "DOC time" to Hope Arm Hut, which we did. From here we had a long steady climb up towards the Garnock Burn. The stream is very pretty and it was here that the track ended. So carefully re reading Moirs information and consulting the map we estimated where we wanted to climb up through the bush. We knew at point 915 there was a nice campsite where we planned to spend our first night in our quest to climb Mt Titoroa. Going upstream 300m, and aiming to climb up the true left of a creek up to point 915, we started our last gut-busting climb for the day as we were at 450m altitude. We made it just on sunset and had a wonderful view out across the lake.

Next morning appeared fine and we wandered up through grassy clearings onto the picturesque white rock and sand which from a distance looks like snow covering the mountain tops. On reaching the ridgeline we were faced with bitterly cold wind and sleety showers - "typical southland" - but hoods were pulled up and on we travelled. Impressive rock tors stood out at the summit with views of myriad tarns. After half an hour of travel the ridge got gnarly and more exposed, so we opted to drop down into the basins after point 1537. A steep decent down a rock gully, brought some tense moments avoiding knocking rocks onto Leon who was

below and giving Anna advice to lower her pack down first if she was feeling uncomfortable. Next moment a pack went cartwheeling past down the hillside coming to rest 20 metres on, nothing significant damaged. Anna had been reluctant in accepting help and I had envisioned a gentle lowering of her pack where it may have slid 2 metres so thoughts can easily get miss construed. With relief and tiring leg's, we reached the basins where travel was straightforward, we considered camping here but decided to push on and stay at the North Borland Hut about two hours away. We started descending near point 1159 and began bush bashing towards the valley floor, popping out 1.5km up from the hut to catch the last of the sunshine and have a quick dip.

We had a pleasant walk out down valley which was bathed in the sunshine. Then I hopped on my bike and rode the 10km to the end of Lake Monowai Road and managed to hitchhike from Blackmount to retrieve the car.

Top: Ascending the ridge; Bottom: The team (both Sarah Martyn)



A serious trip report: Otehake Hot Pools

Penzy Dinsdale

So for once a serious article about a trip! Written because it was an awesome trip and other people should do it too. It was the Easter holidays and I met up with my friend Sarah in Arthur's Pass late at night. Was interesting trying to figure out which tent was hers showing up in the dark at Klondyke Corner, but I eventually figured it out and crashed for the night. Then next morning we parked one car, hidden in Arthur's Pass – I wasn't about to risk getting it broken into for the second time in 4 months.... We then parked up the second car, with nothing valuable in it, and headed off up the Edwards River.

Cruisey first day to Edwards Hut, which is a lovely place to hang out and climb the surrounding ridges from. Finding a decent swimming hole took a little bit more work, but eventually found one downstream of the hut and had a lovely brisk swim with some blue ducks! We enjoyed a lazy dinner of quesadillas that night - you should try it sometime as it's a great and tasty way to spend an evening.

The next day we headed over Taruahuna Pass. It's a pretty cool pass, being a large pile of rubble that fell off one of the surrounding mountain tops. It's pretty easy-going on the way up, but the route becomes far more indistinct the moment you cross over the pass and the terrain is noticeably different. You have to pick your way through some scrub and rocky streambeds, before making your way down a river gorge. Several river crossings were required, which would not be recommended in bad weather.

Eventually we emerged on the banks of a larger river, with one final river crossing, ironically one of the easier ones. From there it was just a short walk to Otehake Hut, which was a charming hut with an open fireplace and plenty of wood to be collected in the surrounding forest.

The next day we tackled a section of track with a fearsome reputation. And it very much lived up to that reputation. It took as long as the DOC time said and it was very much 'track marker to track marker' navigation. It would be a very easy track to loose and is therefore only recommended for people experienced in the New Zealand outdoors. It really was pretty rough going, and then it started raining...

But eventually we made it out of the woods and could see the hot pools steaming away in a dry branch of the riverbed... on the other side of the river. A big scary looking river. But those hot pools... So we linked up and made an attempt to cross over. Surprisingly we were successful, so we checked out the hot springs and the camping on the 'island' between the river and the hot pools.

It's a really nice campsite that is well established, including a fireplace and shovels for digging out the pools. However, as it was still raining, we decided it would be better to camp on the other side of the river. Crossing below the island was still deep and looked challenging, but as it turned out, it was actually pretty easy. On that side too there was a lovely campsite complete with a fireplace.

After setting up camp, it was time for a soak in the hot pools. It was fantastic. You just have to watch where you sit as the springs are very hot!! And control the temperature with rocks to allow more or less hot water it. In my experience these

hot pools are nicer than Copland, it's likely you'll have them to yourself and the gravel is much nicer to sit on than the mud of Copland. Anyhow, the route we took to get there was a four-day trip in some challenging terrain.

So what I actually suggest is to go in and out the same way, which is the route we took on our last day. It was a beautiful walk, through some very unique forest with some amazing trees and a beautiful little lake. And not too much time on the farmland. Lots of sandflies at lunch though! We had to eat and walk....

Then a crossing of the Otira River near the road, which we were lucky, was not running too high after it rained all night (although there was a bridge that we could have walked to if necessary). (Although I'd suggest if the Otira isn't crossable, it wouldn't be possible to cross the river near the hot pools, and ergo not work doing the trip!)

Top: Sampling the flora (Penzy Dinsdale)
Bottom: How's the serenity. (Sarah Churton)



Tubing the Waiohine : How to have an epic in the Tararuas

William Haarhoff, Peter Gardner, Jason Gardner and Jamie Gardner (author)

Ah, the Tararuas. What fine tramping country, probably my favourite actually. Many an avid New Zealand trumper will be familiar with this delightful area of the North Island. Renowned for their steep bush-clad slopes, sparkling rivers and accessibility from Wellington, it goes without saying that the Tararuas see a lot of traffic.

I was home in Palmy for Christmas, and my high school mate and two brothers wanted a real Tararua adventure. But how were we to achieve a remote and punishing experience amidst a dense network of DOC tracks and huts? Tubing of course! This involves floating down ‘extreme’ rapids on old car tyre inner tubes wearing wetsuits for warmth and protection. We also made it harder for ourselves by several decisions we made. Please see below for a checklist that we used to ensure the trip was a real adventure.

To access the upper Waiohine catchment we traversed up over the tops of Cattle Ridge, Bannister and Arete. We dropped down into the river from here and boulder-bashed down until it became tube-able. We had to cut the river short and head out over Mt Holdsworth because we ran out of time. In the end we spent 3 days accessing the river, 1 day travelling down the river, and 1 day walking out. It certainly was an adventure!

The Team rearing to go



Checklist/ to do	Original theory	What actually happened
Old sneakers	Lightweight and fast over river boulders. Doesn't matter if they get damaged.	Sneakers completely disintegrated - William almost had to walk out in bare feet. I used dental floss to repair mine. Numerous near ankle breaks.
Tent fly	Lightweight = faster	Blew away in wind on tops. Worst sleep of my life, sleeping bags got saturated during night.
Limited food	Lightweight = faster	We got hungry! 2min noodles don't quite cut it.
Tubes	Use for floating down the river	Heavy to carry for 5 days when not actually that essential.
Dumbo the crash test dummy (a large soft toy)	Testing river conditions for group safety	Increased weight by 500% when water-logged. Blew around in my face in the wind.
1 sleeping bag to 2 people	Lightweight = faster. How cold can it possibly be?	Cold. You can only get so warm by spooning.

Mid-trip Musings

Frazer Attril

“I fucking hate cairns. Cairns are LITERALLY the shittest way-markers invented by any sentient being. You know like, somebody builds a cairn, and they just build a cairn wherever they go, and then other dipshits come and follow the cairns, enough times for it to look like an actual track for 50 metres, but eventually you realise you’re trying to get through the most horrendous terrain in the whole valley ... The shit thing about cairns is that you don’t know if they’re going to connect up with anything.

Like because a cairn is there doesn’t even mean that the person that built it survived the trip! Someone could have built it and then instantly walked off a bluff! And the worst ones are the ones in Moraine Creek, they’re fucking terrible! If you ever get stuck in that boulder field, do NOT follow any of the cairns, ‘cos they’re all built by COMPLETE fuckwits!

Mostly, I just smash them when I see them ae. I fucking smash them. Actually normally I smash them on the way back; ‘cos on the way back you know like, the good route. All of the other ones can just go fuck themselves. There are heaps of cairns that are clearly trying to get you to go somewhere that is ABSOLUTE BULLSHIT. I’ve got NO time for them. Except when I’m kicking them over and throwing the remains into the matagouri.”

**Bottom: The author contemplating the potential for cairns. Ugh
(Meg Buddle)**

**Opposite top: As seen in Welcome Flat Hut book (Cara-Lisa
Schloots)**



Great walk & gorgeous hot
pools. Will be back.

I waited for the heavens to erupt,
For the sky and valley to scream
and shout for glory. In vain were
these assumptions as Mighty Mountains
and tranquil river queens gave me
passage ~~to~~ the presupposes of
Paradise. Thanks all and Floose
Ma croose

“Hi, I’m calling from the Rescue Coordination Centre” - the other side of the PLB system

Old Crusty

Disclaimer: This article is in no way intended to deter you from using a PLB in an emergency. Nor is it intended to deter you from tramping beyond your limit. ‘Good judgment comes from experience – experience comes from bad judgment.’ Get out in the hills and go hard.

Let’s explore what happens when you, dear Chris Greenan trumper, set off your PLB. I truly hope this never happens to you – the causes, whether they be a tragic accident, a series of events that can be summarised as ‘fucking up,’ or getting shafted by Huey, are fun for no-one, and neither are the consequences.

The theory:

Hirer rents OUTC PLB, completes email form with intentions, various people receive email. Campus Watch (staffed 24/7) receive the email too and are the primary PLB contact. In the event of activation, they are expected to simply relay the key info from the form to Rescue Coordination Centre/Search and Rescue, and if more info is required, they/RCC/SAR are given a list of OUTC people to try and contact. One of those people is usually me.

Situation #1:

~40 y/o male trumper breaks humerus at northern tip of Milford Sound after ~10 day transalpine trip and requires helivac. PLB activated early afternoon.

“Hey man, I’ve just got a call from RCC about an OUTC PLB going off. They don’t have any details except the number and that it’s in Fiordland.” Within 10 mins the PLB going off, RCC were in touch with Campus Watch, who couldn’t find a relevant PLB form and hence couldn’t give any details. All they knew was the PLB number and that it was set off in Fiordland. Angry calls from CW/Proctor to various people on the OUTC exec demanding info. OUTC Pres calls me, I immediately suspect M Olsen and co.’s trip to the Transit. Cue worrying. Scour emails – ascertain MO was the last person to rent that PLB a couple of months earlier. Give full details to RCC within 5 mins. Angry calls from Proctor demanding to know why MO hadn’t completed form. Response from RCC – “female with broken arm rescued.” ??? Female??? No females on trip. Full confusion in Dunedin as to what must have happened. Later, ascertain “female” is Danilo. Spend days appeasing Campus Watch, who threaten to pull the plug on the whole PLB form business, plus assuring a confused and inept OUSA that MO didn’t need to be put in the stocks for his appalling one-off mistake in failing to complete the PLB form.

Situation #2:

20 y/o male tramper becomes separated from party descending from Fiery Col on Easter Five Passes trip. PLB activated in the evening.

“Hey man, an OUTC PLB has gone off – any idea who’s on Chris and Lottie’s Five Passes trip?” This time RCC had the trip plan but didn’t know the full punter list. No-one in Dunedin fully knew who was on the trip except that it was Lottie and Chris’s group. Various phone calls and texts put the pieces together. Somehow the group list forms. We find out ‘Rob’ is in the group. I say to my flatmate “oh fuck of course it will be Rob” and he says, “yeah exactly what I was thinking.” RCC want to know the next of kin for all people. For everyone but Rob this is no worries, as they are on the OUTC 2015 membership database under ‘emergency contact info.’ Rob has helpfully put his own contact info in this form (and on the 2014 form, and on his University enrolment forms). Presumably he wants to be told in the event that he is involved in an emergency (missing the point a little perhaps?). 11pm - we go to Rob’s flat to try to find anyone who might know his parent’s details etc., as by this point the pilot Sir Hannibal Hayes has flown from Te Anau to meet the group using night vision gear and has found out that indeed Rob is the one who is missing. They don’t find him even though NVG will pick up a candle in the bush. Back in Dunedin we throw stones at Rob’s flatmate’s window (clearly the flatmate is home) but no one answers the door/stones. Go to bed. Discussion the next morning about what to tell SAR about Rob given that they are now planning a big ground search. Remembering the legend of Reinhard who hid from helicopters, the phrase “someone who would actively hinder a search” is used and SAR massively change their strategy and widen their search radius with the chopper. Cue Rob’s discovery miles down the wrong valley (see Antics 2015).

Situation #3:

21 y/o male climber dies descending Mt Aspiring after ascending the South Face. PLB activated at night by deceased’s climbing partner.

No phone call. Campus Watch had the intentions and the group list, so on this occasion they didn’t bother to call anyone from OUTC. Maybe that’s fair enough. Hannibal flew in with NVG and pulled out the victim and his climbing partner out around midnight in an efficient manner, due to perfect weather and the survivor flashing his torch at the helicopter. Next morning, 10 am - the worst few minutes of my life. I get back to the lab after a 9am meeting and turn on Radio NZ news. Climber dead on Aspiring. Oh, fuck. Check my phone and realise I missed a call from an unknown number while in the meeting. Oh, fuck fuck fuck. Call Campus Watch. “Was a PLB belonging to the OUTC activated last night?” Cue CW meathead: “Um, hang on, yeah, nah.” (Instantly my rock-bottom hopes are lifted slightly). Seconds go by. CW: “Oh wait, um. Yep. PLB activated, one 21-year-old

male deceased. Is that what you were after?" I hang up the phone. My mate and climbing partner is dead. My other good mate is presumably in a world of trauma. The worst part of being a mountaineer.

Situation #4:

A party of three experienced trampers abseil onto a remote Fiordland glacier but is unable to proceed with the intended route due to difficulty of terrain. They are unable to retrace their route. PLB activated 8am.

"Hi, I'm calling from the Rescue Coordination Centre." When a PLB is activated on a trip that involves only your ex-girlfriend of 3 years, your flatmate of 7 years, and your good friend of 8 years (and former boss), it's fair to say you're in for a shit morning. The train of thought was that a PLB activation at 8am on a good weather morning means one thing: a fall while climbing on firm, early morning snow. The location: Mt Parariki, northern Darrans. When you know that this is the top of NZ's biggest cliff, the Kaipo Wall, your imagination is unhelpful as you try to keep your shit together and wait for further news. Basically, your brain says: 'which one of several of the most important people in my life just fell 1500m and is now dead?' When it turns out all is well and they simply fucked up their route, go have a mid-morning scotch, and write off work for the rest of the day.

The price to pay for being a gossipy old crusty who knows most people and roughly what trips are on is several hours of serious trauma every few months when a PLB goes off. Is the job worthwhile or necessary? In the world of working PLB forms, maybe not, but I can say confidently that rescue times are reduced by having first-hand info. I know Rob was found as soon as SAR took on board our advice. 'Back when I joined the OUTC' when we had 121.5 MHz PLBs, rescue response time was 6-12 hours with no GPS fix on the beacon (they find you using Doppler shift from the signal – and in fact they still do in the final part of the helicopter search). Nowadays with 406 MHz PLBs, 2 hours for a chopper is about normal in good weather. Geoff Shanks got to Danilo in 30 minutes (despite our slowness to respond with details – then again, flight time was 3 minutes). But, we can't be too reliant on the GPS fix and become complacent. If you are in a deep gorge you might not 'see' the geostationary satellites that receive the instant GPS coordinate. Additionally, certain terrain types can bounce the PLB signal. A recent CUTC trip with an injured punter nearly had to wait several hours longer for a rescue after being found only minutes before the chopper would have had to return to refuel due to flying time lost due to misleading signal bounce. This means your PLB signal might be picked up many minutes or hours before you get a good GPS fix from one of the other elliptic orbiting satellites (or you might simply not get a good GPS fix), in which case good intentions and a suitable contact back home might get a chopper in the air sooner. Use the system, people, and you make life (for RCC, and this old crusty at least) a little easier in the hopefully unlikely event of an accident.



Makarora Trip: Brewster Glacier

Tanja de Wilde, Ruben Storr, others ...Gabrielle Lawson (co-author) and Asia Brownlie (co-author)

The Brewster tramp began with no problems; good weather, heavy packs and high spirits. After a couple of hours of uphill, we emerged above the cloud cover to see Brewster hut bathed in sunlight. After reaching the hut, most groups could celebrate and relax, but we had a further two hours of walking towards the glacier, with some height phobias discovered along the way.

The glacier itself was beautiful, and the icy blue lakes surrounding it were stunning. Everyone (even height-phobics) were in agreement that the trek had been worth it. We walked around the glacier, and then decided to set up our tents a few metres from the lake. It was a lovely evening, with pesto pasta, banter and in a tip top setting. We all went to bed, exhausted but content, ready for a good night's sleep. Sheltered from the rain in our nice warm tents we all dozed off happily.

As it turns out, tents might protect you from the rain, but aren't so good at keeping out the moisture when your whole campsite ends up in the glacial lake. We woke around 2am to the strange sensation of being partially submerged in water while still cocooned in sleeping bags. A frantic scramble ensued as we realised that the rain had created a small river flowing from the glacier and through our humble campsite. The glacial lake had expanded exponentially and we were now having an early morning swim in its icy waters.

Tents were unpegged and carried to higher ground where we re-set camp. Back into the tents we scrambled. Lying there, in our soaking wet sleeping bags, sleep was hard to come by. Eventually the cold turned to numbness, which is slightly better but still isn't the best thing to be feeling. We wondered if this was how it would end. Though to be fair, death sounded warm, and so a decent option at this point.

Nevertheless, we rose again later that morning, packed up the campsite and were relieved to be heading off, or at least to be moving (moving=warmth). A thick fog had settled over the hills and it was hard to see further than a few metres in front of you. Spirits were once again relatively high though, and they remained this way until we had been walking for over two hours, with no sign of the hut.

Once we had been walking for three hours, we decided that perhaps we were lost. We were definitely lost. We looked longingly into the fog to try and scout out that little red hut, but our searching was in vain. Suggestions of just heading down were met with the prospect of falling down valleys of rock to our certain deaths. It was safer to stay where we were.

One of the leaders/mountain goats ran off to try and determine our location. As he

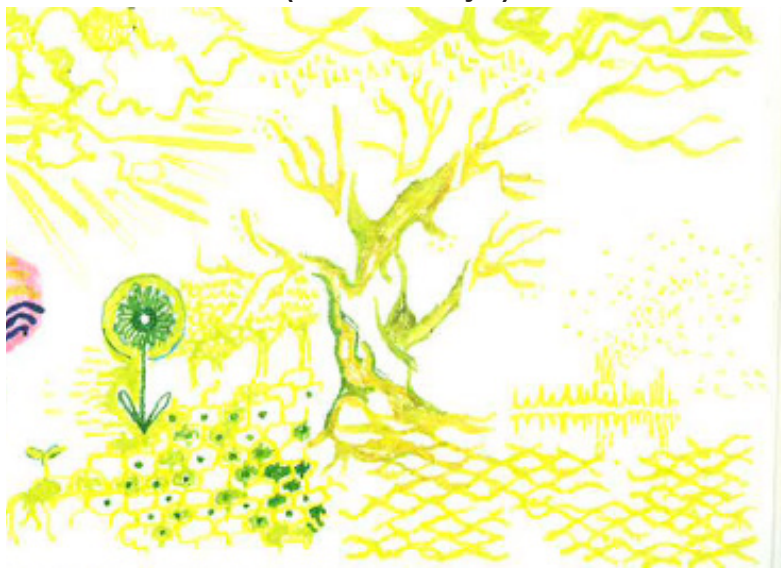
ran off up the hill and into the thickening fog, we wondered if we would see him again. We sat lost, and longed for our freezing Dunedin flats, which by comparison were cozy and warm. A few members of the group were approaching hypothermic levels so we boiled some water and filled drink bottles to cuddle, whilst reminiscing on the great lives we had all lead. Luckily, mountain goat Reuben returned and we carried on.

We had overshot and he thought we should go back the other way. As we descended, the fog thinning, there was the marvellous, beautiful, Brewster hut. Turns out we had gone a good 3 hills too far and had got surprising close to the summit of Mt Armstrong. Our celebration at the hut was brief but heartfelt- but the excitement wasn't over yet. We only had an hour or so before darkness to make it down the steep hill from Brewster hut.

Thankfully no one managed to injure themselves or otherwise slow the group and we smashed out the walk at top speed. The group emerged, tired and sore, but elated, just as it got dark. A great point of discussion on the way had been whether or not anyone would have waited for us, so we were relieved to see the van and a few stragglers. They announced they were "20 minutes from calling search and rescue" and bundled us into the vans for the long drive home.

Soon we were defrosted and sharing (potentially exaggerated) stories of our adventure and dramatic escape from the fog. Tiredness and fear were quickly forgotten in the wake of the realisation that we had gained a fantastic story, and now felt like true members of the tramping club.

(Torea Scott-Fyfe)



Mt Balbi

Rebecca Vella-King

After two years of uni I decided it was time to mix things up and jumped on a plane to Bougainville, an island in Papua New Guinea. My mission for the year was to work as a volunteer within the Autonomous Bougainville Government's Environment Bureau (I should mention that this was organised and paid for by VSA as part of their univol programme – Cheers VSA!). Now Bougainville isn't the biggest of places, at 9318km² it's only about three quarters the size of Fiordland National Park and the vast majority of the land is held in customary ownership. This makes organising a tramping trip significantly more troublesome than it is in New Zealand, although thankfully it's not impossible (just time-consuming and expensive). In fact the only reason going on a multi day trip into the hills is possible at all is because of an amazing group called Rotokas Ecotourism who negotiate with chiefs and landowners, arrange for guides and generally ensure the trip goes as smoothly as possible. So if anyone ever happens to visit Bougainville be sure to look these guys up, your holiday will be improved out of sight. Anyway, the following is an account of my first foray into the Bougainville jungle.

The trip commenced on a Friday morning when a small group of expats staggered out of their various homes bright and early to get a banana boat to the main island by 6:45am. The boat was ready and waiting (a minor miracle in Bougainville, especially on Good Friday) and we were on the other side by 7am, so it was rather unfortunate that the vehicle we had organised didn't arrive until 8:45. After driving to Togarau village it was necessary to sort out some confusion with various people who were uncertain whether or not it was really ok for us to be doing the walk, and completely convinced that we had arrived a day early regardless. Eventually a chief was found and approval was given – it was 2pm and we were ready to start. Our group was really quite large, I think around thirteen expats and of course our guides and the assorted curious spectators who had come to witness the crazy white people climbing a mountain for no discernable reason. It was more route than track and rather steep, but there were plenty of young men with machetes to combat the discomfort of bushbashing and, it later turned out, to build us a shelter for the night.

Head guide Luke led the way, followed closely by the NZers and Aussies, and we arrived at the camp just before dark and got a fire going. It was then a long wait for the rest of our group to arrive. When they finally did trail in everyone looked exhausted and one of the Austrians (who apparently hadn't realised how much uphill walking would be involved) dissolved into a panic attack, possibly at the thought of having to continue tramping the next day. Everyone made it though (much to Luke's surprise, he'd been expecting at least part of the group to give up halfway) and the Austrians even recovered enough to stay up half the night singing round the campfire, much to the disgust of the rest of the group. At this point I had been in Bougainville for about a month and foolishly hadn't considered the fact that

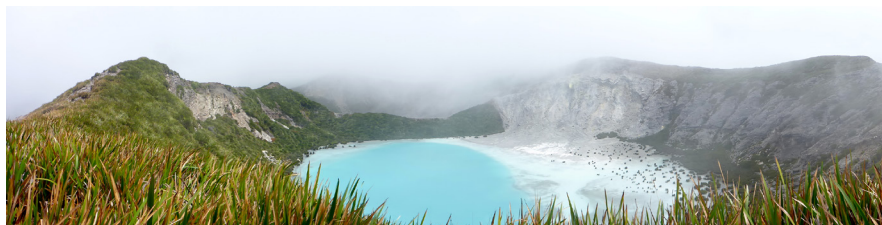
the ridiculously hot temperatures wouldn't be quite so hot at approximately 2000m. Without a sleeping bag or mat, and only wearing shorts, it was a fairly chilly night and probably the only time in 10 months that I was properly cold. The majority of the group were in the same situation and at one point in the night someone declared with great conviction "Someone needs to cover my legs, URGENTLY!" This was possibly the most rational sleep talking I had ever heard and it resonated with me on a truly deep level. I shivered my way through most of the night and then gave up at about 4am when Neelum and I noticed Luke stoking up the campfire.

A few members of our party decided reaching the top of Mt Balbi probably wasn't worth the effort so it was a slightly smaller group that reached the large expanses of volcanic rock late the next morning. After leaving the trees the landscapes were stunning. We set off to the ridgeline from which the lake would be visible, admiring the thick white clouds billowing from a yellow rimmed hole in the mountainside, but we were almost foiled in our plans to reach the top when the same clouds spread across the route we were taking, stinging our eyes and burning in our throats. A gust of wind partially cleared the area above us and I took the opportunity to dart further up for a closer look at the hole causing us all this trouble. I was followed by Jared who mistakenly thought my intention was to battle on through the sulfur, and we were both followed by a rather alarmed guide who made the mistake of telling us the lake would be visible from the top of the ridgeline above us. In the following discussion Jared was adamant we should continue, I was very indecisive and our guide obviously didn't want us to go and just as obviously wasn't going to tell us why not. After receiving his grudging acceptance we scrambled up the scree, tee-shirts over our mouths in an attempt to filter out the sulfur, gasping for breath every time the wind blew the clouds away. Towards the top of the ridge the scree gave way to chin high flax-like plants before leveling out and offering a spectacular view of the vibrant baby blue lake below.

Unfortunately we didn't have time to follow the ridge up to the true summit of Mt Balbi, which at 2715m is the highest point on Bougainville. We skidded back down and met our guide just as we reached the border between the flax and scree. As we descended he explained that the reason he didn't want us to go up was that there are little people (about waist height according to his gestures) who live high up on Balbi and will sometimes steal people away. Apparently it is believed across most of Bougainville that special or sacred places are defended by little people who are virtually undetectable right up until they get you over the back of the head with a rock. To avoid their attention some people wear sprigs of plants in their hair (on a side note: I tested the effectiveness of wearing a large leaf in my hair on a subsequent day walk, but was disappointed when we returned to our car to discover that our two rear tyres had been punctured - clearly this technique doesn't work for foreigners).

Early into our trip down the mountain a solid rain started up and turned the track

to mush. We had acquired an escort of roughly six or seven young men who spent a lot of their time laughing – most likely at us for spending more time skidding down on our bums than we did on our feet. By the time we reached the bottom it was dark and we had been walking for 13 hours. After a rather ineffective bucket bath and a well needed sleep at the Togarau guest house we made a quick detour to an incredible waterfall, ending an already stunning trip on a high.



Things Rebecca and Torea wonder while tramping

Do all creatures with exoskeletons shed their skin? Also do they bruise? Is it because of their size that they can survive long falls?

Why was that snow pink? It wasn't even consistently pink, it was patchy pink, why was it like that?

What do you reckon this place would have been like 500 years ago? Do you reckon there were Moa in this area? Did Moa even live outside of forests?

How do mountain/valley winds work again? I can't remember...

Would you die if you tried to paraglide off that cliff?

Why do some Black Backed Gulls come inland while others don't?

Do humans require iron to build muscle? Is that its purpose? What does it do??

Do rivers run down valleys because the valley exists and is the lowest point or are valleys created by rivers? What came first, the river or the valley?

How do nuts and seeds work?

How would our parents react if we got tattoos?

Opposite page from top:
Where the "little people" are (Rebecca Vella-King)
Volcanic activity (Rebecca Vella-King)
Track clearing 101 (Rebecca Vella-King)

Kilimanjaro

Tanner Agar

Climbing Kilimanjaro is a dream few realize, but for \$4,000 and a week of walking you too can realize you need a knee replacement. With proper planning and training, or in our case blind arrogance and will, 35,000 people annually attempt to reach Uhuru peak at a height greater than 18 Sky towers and half the cruising altitude of a 747.

Having eschewed the normal planning and training I arrive to meet our Maasai guide - name and personality both Frank - college friend Marco, and the nine heroes it takes to get two people up a mountain. While rapidly deteriorating tourists struggle over rough terrain the porters skip. They sing and carry 90% of your gear, tents, a stove, and for those who don't care for squat and drop facilities, a toilet, strapped to their backs and heads. I soon realise I'd owe all my success to these endlessly positive men.

Top: The far-off summit (Tanner Agar)

Bottom: African Skies (Tanner Agar)



The Lemosho route, one of several, offers panoramic views and fewer people. The hiking is lovely. An adorable monkey steals muffins while chipmunks gobble up the crumbs. I walk through jungle and Martian-like craters, drink from streams, and chat with naïve innocents. We sit at night over excellent meals and laugh about old times. The mountain motto is “pole pole”, slowly slowly, and while Frank says it a thousand times he mushes us like sled dogs. It was challenging but in a fun, rewarding way, until summit day.

The summit is brutal. After completing a normally two day hike in seven hours we don the marshmallow winter suits for a midnight ascent. The six hour climb at -20° features gusts that pinball you off chattering hikers and presents an inability to breathe, like being smothered by a small but motivated child. The worst is the Lord of the Rings ending: ten false summits and grown men in tears. My thoughts drift between “this is the worst recreational activity of all time”, margaritas, and “I hate you Frank you bully”. I wonder if I would join the half of climbers that fail, or the half a dozen that die. Then dawn breaks underneath illuminating the crater ridge.

I’m above the clouds and above the sun as the first golden light illuminated that glorious signpost at the top. My pace quickens and my pain disappears. I watch incoherent Marco, supported by Frank, reanimate. Here at the roof of Africa the able take thumbs up photos or wave their fraternity’s flag. We promptly remove all our clothes and pull on floaty wings and dive masks for a laugh. Frank is not impressed and Marco is immediately escorted down. I remain while an amazing sense of accomplishment washes over me. I shed a couple tears, hugging the assistant guide.

Marco and I victorious on the summit (Tanner Agar)



The climb down is uneventful, save Marco spewing from both ends. He will not have sensation in his nose or fingers for three days and will have no memory of the moments so hard won. I guess I was lucky. I have only a bloody ankle, clicking knee, and Frank's reminders of how slow I am, to plague me. At the bottom unshowered tourists, faces beaming with pride and powdered by dandruff, drink beers. We sing with the porters in celebration as the vacancy drains from our eyes.

In a few months I'll probably be like everyone else with selective memory urging my friends up the dormant volcano. Marco is certain he won't be. I don't know if I would do this again. I do know Ururu means freedom and at the peak there was freedom for every soul standing in triumph over African skies.

(Tanner Agar)



Beauty Beta

Emma Kluge

We've all had those outdoor adventures trips where you drag yourself out of the mountains and into that early morning Monday class, sunburned, bruised, bug bitten, and half dead. And nothing you say to your fellow classmates or professor or mental health counselor can convince them that you're anything but crazy. Then again, we've all had those trips where your tanned, fit and alert physic has your city-static friends begging to know just how you do it.

So, what gives? How exactly does one manage to stay beautiful in the bush when, let's be honest, you've never been so grateful for a lack of a mirror, and wouldn't take your eyes off that next peak / pitch / picture perfect view to bother looking at it anyways? Well, here are some tips to keep in mind, especially when your adventure buddy turns out to be banging hot.

Okarito Oil

Not only does it deter sandflies and consequential itchy bites and splotchy red skin but Okarito Oil is a true bush beauty product. In addition to providing function as a perfume / tanning oil combo, it also prompts a well moisturized and healthy skin (this is not a hangover) glow.

Mud Masks

Who doesn't just love late night tramping party mud masks? The poultices pull out skin contaminants from those ever so delicate facial pores to reduce blemishes. Other uses include bug and venomous snake bite treatment and camouflage. To use, apply liberally to all desired exposed flesh. There are different types of mud for those who, like me, must be a snob about everything. I personally prefer fault clay. Fine grained and that quintessential mud coloring, it's hard to beat! Just mix with some river water and you're ready to start slathering! A special mention to Fiordland bog mud. Also fine grained for smooth application, it is full of organics and microbes - for you hippie au natural folks out there.

Blood Blush

For you harder core trampers and climbers, put those scrapes and bush lawyer kisses to work! Take a finger dab from said laceration and apply evenly to face to return that rosey blush to over unscreened or panic paled cheeks.

Note - only use your own blood.

Whiskey Mouthwash

After a few fun filled days in the bush, who doesn't begin to neglect their dental hygiene? For those who forgot their Listerine, just remember that whiskey is also a disinfectant and theoretically that doesn't stop being true when it's in your face. For optimal effect do not dilute. Swallowing is encouraged. Also good for wound care. Tequila is a satisfactory substitute.

Peppertree Lemonade Tree Breath Freshener

Bad morning breath from a long night of whiskey dental hygiene solution consumption? Don't lose your chance of potential chemistry with that cute boy/girl who finally caved to weeks of badgering for that two person tramping mission! Try Lemonade Tree Breath Freshener!

Simply identify tree, pluck leaf and pop it into that 'ol oral cavity for both instantaneous and long lasting "refreshing" effects!

Recommended - making out asap after chewing to share tongue tingling effects.

Not recommended - swallowing.



The Story of Maria

Ella Borrie

This article is dedicated to all the haters who said my tent wasn't fly enough.

I love my tent, but not everybody does. She's a summer girl, roomy with plenty of ventilation, perfect for a festival but not for the backcountry. Maria is not made for tramping, but she does it anyway. Her namesake is Maria from *The Sound of Music*^[1], another persistent lady who does things she isn't equipped for. Maria's main failing is her incomplete fly. Please see the attached picture of a similar model for reference.

Despite this major design oversight Maria is fairly waterproof - you can have a mostly dry night in steady Fiordland drizzle. Like the character Maria, my tent has a proclivity to get into hilarious situations. I lost her during Bushball 2015. It was sleeting when I was setting her up, and as I was too lazy to peg her down properly I left her set up under the shelter. When it came time for bed, Maria had disappeared. I remember tipsily searching for her and wondering why someone would steal my tent. I sheepishly came back to the hut after "losing my tent" and had to sleep on the floor. In the morning, Sophie found her quite easily down in the trees where she had blown. How do you pitch a tent like Maria? How do you catch a fly and peg it down?

Maria had a chance to prove her worth at the following Bushball. This year we were having immense trouble setting up camp at the Raspberry Flat Carpark in gale force winds. Penzy, however, was confident that her new alpine tent would be fine as it was rated for "100 km/per hour" winds. Low and behold Maria and her shitty fly survived the winds untorn, while the alpine tent did not. I have confidence in you Maria.

Opposite top: Cu-ti-PIE! She's been getting some good beauty beta.

Imogen Van Pierce below Talbot's Ladder (Luke Gardener)

Opposite bottom left: Ella and her gurl (Max Olsen)

Opposite bottom right: Fig 1. How Maria is supposed to look (the Internet)

¹ I would like to make it very clear that she is not named after Maria from *West Side Story*. While the story is a modern version of *Romeo & Juliet* and Maria and I did win the *Romeo and Juliet* Award this year, I do not want to be associated with this particular Maria. WWS Maria makes some very poor decisions (your bf murdering your brother should be a dealbreaker). *The Sound of Music* Maria is a much better role model and namesake.

Shrimps on Ice

Jaz Morris

I've lost count of the number of hours spent perusing Danilos'^[1] website after his return from some exotic, traumatic or merely remote location. Sometimes his detailed photos of obscure corners of the Alps reveal a faint promise of a mountaineering route or a traverse to bank in the ever-expanding store of future ideas. One morning, gazing absent-mindedly at an album of photos of a trip in Cameron Creek, one photo taken near Mt Shrimpton stopped dead my casual scroll of the mouse. To the uninitiated, the photo, of a low angle tussock and snow slope ending in a rather chaotic cliff (its base hidden tantalisingly by a foreground slope in the frame) might merely be a photo of a moderately interesting feature on a fairly uninteresting mountain. To me, on a January day thinking longingly of winter, it promised ice. It looked south facing, high altitude, and big. The slope above held low-angle snow in multiple small drainage, essential to form climbable ice. The only problem was that it was a photo of early summer, no ice was in sight, and I didn't know anything about the area.

Google Earth and the topomap soon had the spot located. The altitude was right, the cliff looked 200m or so in height, and it looked like deep in a sheltered valley underneath Mt Shrimpton. If the hunch was right, this might be one of New Zealand's best chances for an international-quality ice climbing crag.

Approximately 6 months of excited emails between me and Allan Uren later, we were both so convinced that AI arranged a fixed-wing to fly past the spot late in August.

The dream beginning to take off (Jaz Morris)



Suddenly my internet daydream was very real. In spite of a highly marginal forecast, two days after the fly-by we were standing in the head of a tributary creek below Mt Shrimpton staring at our pile of gear. Harvey Huttons chopper was gone and the surreal purity of silence that follows a helicopter flight was starting to sink in. Me, Al, Milo Gilmour and Craig Adams had wasted no time after Al's preliminary flight – the ice was there and it was big.

We pitched camp for later, geared up and set off giddy as children with the keys to the candy store. Ice was everywhere. Big routes, steep routes, easy routes, ultra-hard routes. Bigger waterfall ice than anything else climbed in NZ so far and only \$125 each and five short minutes from Makarora. Now for the cons: avalanche death-on-a-stick on the approach slopes, and temperature hovering ominously around zero. We knew we were gambling with conditions; despite my exuberance and metaphorical tail-wagging, the “gentlemen ice climbers” persuaded me that attempting one of the bigger routes was not on the cards for the day. “Plenty of time next season” was the call but we decided conditions would permit a short easy route at the upper end of the cliff.

We crossed an avalanche-scoured gut and embarked on two pitches of joyous easy ice in a stellar location. Set against the huge ice cliffs all around, Allan declared we were “shrimp's on ice” and the quality of the cliff was confirmed. By now, it was raining and clearly time to go. A couple of abseils and a nervous sprint away from the avalanche-threatened terrain and we set off back to camp feeling slightly little robbed (wed climbed a mere 90m route – the biggest route there was staring us in the face and is easily 250m) but with grandiose plans for the next winter.

Regretting our decision not to arrange a heli-vac from Harvey, we packed up our now pointlessly-saturated camp and decided to push to Cameron Hut downvalley. Moirs Guide histrionic warnings of doom in the intervening gorge had been written off in a fit of hubris, so it was fitting that Huey and the gorge conspired to give us a good spanking. It pissed rain. We waded to our thighs in the freezing river. Scrub, avalanche debris-covered boulder fields and treacherously slippery rocks repeatedly threatened to stop us dead. We ran the gauntlet in a deep canyon under rapidly thawing hanging daggers of ice, which would periodically crash into the stream ahead or behind (think Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom). To avoid a swim, we risked literal death in a combined jump/pack-lower to a boulder splitting the flow of the creek at the edge of a 30m waterfall. Converted now to the Gospel According to Spearpoint we climbed out of the gorge at the anointed location and bush-bashed our sodden carcasses in the gloaming. Dreaming aloud of Swedish tourist girls waiting for us in the distant hut we ground down the final sections of gorge to sweet deliverance at the gentle river flat near Cameron Hut.

Smoke was thick in the air – the hut was occupied, not by svenska kvinnor but a couple of local hunters. No worries - the fire was going and they were generous with their beer. Despite six in a small hut it was a relief to dry out and thaw out after a “full value” day. The next day, rain chased us downvalley - about five hour’s of undulating gorge grovel, at least this time with a track. We’ll be back.



Top: Milo and Craig sampling the fat fat ice (Jaz Morris)
Bottom: The frigid descent through the gorge (Jaz Morris)
Opposite page: Chris' final straw



Mar Tin

24 August 2016



Avalanche awareness tonight;
I have not been able to get hold of a ticket. I've tried several times to make my interest clear; amongst those sending two emails to [Chris](#), but with no reply. Is it still possible for me to go?

4 Comments



Like



Comment



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Jaz Morris Hey Martin, like most things with OUTC, you'll miss out if you don't go to the meetings. You can understand that with a club of 500 people, a volunteer President studying full time can't offer one-off service to members when there are already two weekly meetings to offer those services. The thing tonight is organised by Bivouac/Outdoor - give them a call!

Like · Reply · 5 · 24 August 2016 at 12:31



Cara-Lisa Schloots And your beanie is at the gear room! Come pick it up!

Like · Reply · 24 August 2016 at 12:32



Chris Greenan I sent you email on the Thu, Aug 11, 2016 at 12:58 PM telling you come to a meeting to pick one up.

Like · Reply · 4 · 24 August 2016 at 12:35



Chris Greenan That was 2 weeks ago which has given you 4 meetings to come and get one.

Like · Reply · 24 August 2016 at 12:37 · Edited



Chris Greenan "Several" times is bit of stretch... you've sent me a total of 2 emails and the first one was a reply to mine.

Like · Reply · 1 · 24 August 2016 at 13:10 · Edited



Chris Greenan The second email was 2 days ago saying how you hadn't showed up to any of the meetings and was still wanting to come(which you still had the opportunity to come to the Tuesday meeting the following day to get one)

Like · Reply · 24 August 2016 at 13:08 · Edited



Chris Greenan You had also entered you email address incorrectly into the google forms when you expressed interest so all email about the night and reminders to you bounced.

Like · Reply · 24 August 2016 at 13:09 · Edited



Jaz Morris Maybe worth sending that privately Chris?

Like · Reply · 1 · 24 August 2016 at 13:35

Barrier Peak

Luke Gardener

It was the first weekend of April, and there was a definite feel of winter in the air. Daylight savings had finished, it was dark by six; the mornings and evenings were particularly chilly, with frost threatening. Wading through a hated Masters topic in Dunedin, an escape was required. So when a family member said they were driving to Te Anau for the weekend and could offer transport, I jumped at the chance. My plan was to do a quick day trip of Barrier Peak. Anna was also going to hitch a lift, but do Talbot's ladder, meeting me on Gertrude Saddle.

Leaving Dunedin at 6pm, before long we were on the Milford Te Anau highway, being slowed down by big rental trucks servicing the film set of the Prometheus sequel, which was being filmed at Milford. Frustration aside, it was with great delight that we finally drove past Falls Creek, and got to Monkey Flat; winding tree tunnels giving way to the open valley, a great bowl, surrounded by the towering peaks of the Darran Mountains. It was a cloudless night, and the surrounding peaks created a frame for the canvas of stars. I never get sick of this view. And standing there, dwarfed by surroundings, I always get a sense of both being very small, but also of being home; this is New Zealand, and this is what I think of when I'm away.

We arrived at Homer Hut at the weirdly early time of 9pm. Our driver returned to Te Anau, leaving us in the darkness to sort out our gear. It soon became apparent that the tent fly that had been retrieved from the gear room did not have any pre-cut cord attached. To compound matters, we had also failed to bring poles, and without a car to attach one side to, we were left to finding a suitable camp in scrubby, hilly bush. Luckily, we both carried emergency cord; however, we couldn't do much about the terrain. We eventually found a place that was both reasonably flat, and devoid of the toilet paper and human waste that tourists had left in the area, constructing possibly the worst tent fly set up of my whole time in the club. I didn't really care however, as I had a bivvy bag; Anna was the one who would get wet! It was already very cold, and despite enjoying the beauty of the stars above us, Anna was concerned that the freezing level would be very low, and potentially cause part of Talbot's ladder to freeze; we crossed our fingers for a bit of light cloud.

We woke up in the morning and realised that it was oddly warm. Turning on my light I was to see that we had been given a bit more than light cloud. Swirling misty rain surrounded us. This wasn't in the forecast, and we had high hopes it would lift by midmorning. I got my things together and was walking just after first light, at 7am. I sped up Gertrude Valley, a walk I can't say I still enjoy, and made it to the saddle by 8:30. The cloud had still not cleared, and it was now raining. Visibility was down to ten metres, so I decided to climb to the top of Barrier Knob and follow the whole ridgeline to reach Barrier Peak, hoping the weather would

clear sometime along the way.

The permanent ice sheet was in terrible shape, with large gaping cracks (crevasse would have been a bit too generous) leading up the slope. It was with surprise that within 10 minutes of being on the ice I was on the top of Barrier Knob; the ice sheet had receded far more than I had imagined. There was of course no view, and I began the walk to Barrier Peak, sticking to the southern side of the ridgeline to remain in crampons. Before long I ditched the crampons and hopped onto the beautifully grippy Fiordland granite, which was great because it was still raining. I had heard all about the ridgeline to Barrier Peak, and the cheval section, so when I came across one or two of these, I assumed I was most of the way to the summit. I finally came to a flat spot on the ridge, and it looked like the ridgeline dropped away again. I thought I had reached the summit. I bet my chest like a gorilla and let out a deep bellow, which came out more as a high-pitched squeal. It didn't matter; it felt great to be alive. Dunedin, university work, and personal life, all left far behind. Then the wind created an opening in front of me, I could see a bit of the ridgeline ahead of me and it continued climbing, quite a long way, to the true summit. It was the only view I got the whole day.

Feeling a bit deflated, I continued along the ridgeline, and quickly found far more challenging sections. I hate heights, so the swirling mist was actually quite good. I could pretend that below the cheval I was holding onto was a beautiful wide ledge, just out of sight. Definitely not 1000m drops on either side. If someone else had been in the area they would have heard intermittent swearing; 'Luke, What the F*#k are doing? It's pissing down, you're by yourself, and you're shit scared' followed by loud singing of songs from the Lion King, "Naaaaaaaaaaaaants, ingonyama, bagithi baba," which made me feel better. After much swearing and singing, I again reached a point I thought was the summit. Sure enough, the ridgeline descended sharply in two directions on the other side. I was stoked, but this time there was no bellowing and beating of the chest; I knew I had to get back down. I had a quick lunch and started the descent at 11:30. I was still scared, but was able to turn all of the problems and make it back onto the ice.

I arrived back at Gertrude Saddle, in even worse weather, if possible. I semi-jogged down the rock and saw three figures below me, one of whom was Anna. After asking multiple questions about their trip, and just getting laughter, they eventually admitted they hadn't climbed it, and had come for a walk up Gertrude Saddle instead. We had a pleasant walk out, and the two Americans she had picked up on the way gave us a ride all the way back to Te Anau – perfect! All in all, despite the weather, a great trip that I found personally challenging. I will have to do it again in good weather though. (Thanks mum for the ride down)

Three Kiwis, an American, a German, and a French Ridge

Julia Leman, Jake Tholen, and Katie Snowden (author)

Easter was approaching and adventures needed to be had. As two carless trampers, we were overjoyed at the addition of an American exchange student with a car to the tramping group, whom we had strategically befriended at Paradise. Plans began being generated in the depths of the science library. We decided on somewhere in Mt Cook, and naturally ended up going somewhere completely different.

Fast forward to Easter...It was Good Friday, and a lovely Christian group had kindly delivered hot cross buns to my flat as a treat for the adventure. Julia and I approached the uni flat of the energetic American with all our gear in tow, ready for the adventure ahead. What happened next was filled with total hilarity and complete misunderstanding, followed by utter sadness. You see, after arriving at Jake's flat we began to walk out to the road and at the footpath we stopped dead with all three of us hopefully looking around for the car. Jake announced "so which car is yours?" How curious, I thought, wasn't he the one with the car? A look of disappointed confusion jumped through all of our faces. Oh dear.

It turns out Jake shared a car with his flatmates and had leant it to them for the weekend because he thought we had a car. Ha! What a conundrum. Desperate pleas went out to car owners all around the Dunedin area. No luck. We decided to rent a car, but being a holiday they were all taken, so we would have to wait until Monday. In the meantime we decided a pre adventure-adventure was needed to lift our spirits and headed out to Long Beach for a spiritual Easter Sunday awakening in the cave.

We were finally away, and after stopping for some greengage plums in the land of stone fruit, had arrived at Raspberry Creek ready to walk as the sun began to slowly set. Along the way to Mt. Aspiring hut a curious German fellow carrying the contents of his life upon his back began to walk with us. Nicolas turned out to be a marvelous musician and we spent the night in the Mt. Aspiring shelter jamming mellow mountain tunes on the guitar and singing three part melodies from his book of songs, which would later inspire a great Spotify playlist for future trips.

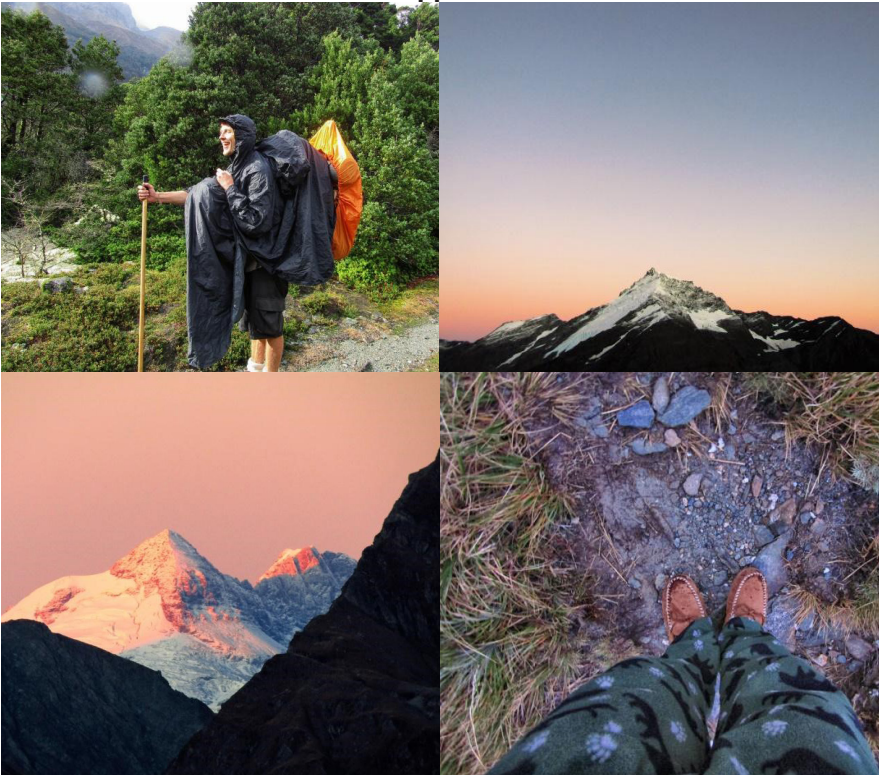
The next day we began walking up the valley, and parted ways with Nicolas as he headed up to Liverpool hut looking like Alice the camel (in the months to come, our German friend would come to stay with us in Dunedin and prove himself to be disturbingly good at cards against humanity).

It was a very wet and truly freezing day, and following true Mt. Aspiring style it was rooty uphill goodness all the way to the ridge. Once up on the ridge, the weather was hectic and we were looking forward to some whiskey whiskey whiskey in the hut. On arrival to the hut we found a poor wee soul whose face lit up at our arrival. On appearance, this young man seemed to have been shopping in the old

lady section of the opshop; his multi colour woolen hat was truly wonderful. He had been there all day, clearly desperate for some good old human interaction. After showing us his sad attempt at a puzzle, we invited him for a round of cards. A fellow former student of Arana (fuck Arana), he had decided to take a year off to live free in huts around the country by escaping DOC (tut tut! Pay your hut fees everybody!). That night we:

- Created a meal that would live on forever as the most beloved tramping meal of all time: pasta, cheese cut into cubes, peri peri tuna sachet and surprise! peas. Do try it!
- Got very toasty warm from whiskey hot chocolate
- Drew a picture of how the next day would turn out which included sun and clear skies and would end up being incredibly accurate
- Discovered that Jake has interesting fashion sense

Clockwise from top left: Nicolas the cammel has three humps; pretty mountain; another pretty mountain; Jake modelling his pajamas and slippers



In the morning we awoke to stillness and I had the feeling our weather forecast had become reality. We raced outside full of hope, and we were not disappointed. As the rosy pink tinge typical of a Mt. Aspiring/Wanaka sunrise greeted the mountains, we watched in awe, Jake exclaiming in his newly acquired scarfie slang “Guys I’m fzzzzzzzzing over this sunrise”.

It was off into the sunshine this time. A quick descent and lunch at Mt. Aspiring hut in the rather warm sun had us all in high spirits. We followed this up with a swim in the river, a sunbathe on a rock, and listening to Jake recite word for word that song that goes “You and me baby ain’t nothin’ but mammals, so let’s do it like they do on the Discovery Channel”.

Have you ever noticed that cave in the playground at Roxburgh? On the drive back to Dunedin Jake, being a lover of caves, noticed it indeed and made us pull over as he whipped on his head torch and out of the car into the cave. We sat in silent bewilderment as we watched him navigate the various and surely challenging routes. What a scene to behold.

Moral of the story: never assume people are on the same page as you, always make friends with exchange students and people in huts-they are usually very interesting, invest in a car.

Below: The range of emotions experienced on the trip (Katie)



Opposite top: A beautiful day on Mt Titiroa (Luke Gardener)
Opposite bottom: Barron Saddle Hut (Rowan Cox)



I'm Lichen it!

In which five hardy pioneers enjoy a weekend in the snow (on the Routeburn)

Aylin Klarer, Freya Priestnall, Luuk Wijering (author), Ben Armitage and Per Fuchs

Starting at Lake Mackenzie Hut we awoke in time to see the sun rise at 7am. Under the bright stars we watched the sky slowly turning blue. The lake was frozen over and we discussed walking across it instead of around. The wind was strong and chilly. Each of us wore four layers; two polypro layers, a fleece, and a down jacket. We all had our feet wrapped in at least two pairs of socks. The cold still cut through.

We heard kea calling, and when we threw a stone on the ice a cracking ringing sound disturbed the silence, bouncing off the shadowed mountains above us. With just our ears open we could have easily been by the sea. The stones on the ice sounded like a sea lion mating call and the wind in the sparse trees like the waves lapping on the beach. We decided it was God sending us an omen; telling us to tramp around the lake. However, the ice was thick and being atheists we chose to cross the lake the hard way.

We fitted our crampons, ice axes in hand, pondering the origin of lichens and whether algae were plants or eukaryotes. This short cut saved us nearly four hours, giving us the opportunity to go foraging. We discovered huhu grubs, also known as peanut worms once pan-fried, and two different types of snowberry; white and dark pink. The white ones tasted rather like frangipane. To wash it all down we finished with the white ends of tussock as a palate cleanser.

As the sun came up the ice started to melt. We put away our crampons and ice axes. Water dripped down off overhanging grass and rock making icicles as it re-froze in the shadows. Being brave young souls or just utterly stupid we climbed up icy slopes trying to grip the rock under slippery overhangs and reaching high up to get at the largest. Some icicles were nearly three metres long.

In an instant two knights appeared with drawn swords. They began fighting to become king of Ocean Peak. Unfortunately their swords broke after the first hit. Icy shards littered the path. The leftovers, now small daggers, turned out to be the perfect murder weapon; daggers that melt without leaving a trace. We went further with five of us. We dipped the remainders of the icicles into raro and tried not to stab our tongues on the sharp pointy ends.

The sun was now high in the sky. The raro made us feel energetic and we were excited to keep going. Some were enjoying the trip so much they forgot about the others. Behind the leader, two were in the middle marching, laughing, being silly,

and making Kea sounds, and the two at the back were frantically trying to take photos of birds they heard calling in the area. Now and then they had success. They saw wood wrens, mohua, and rifleman, but despite hearing the evasive kea, they saw none. The distance between party members got larger the more miles we walked. The person at the front dropped chocolate buttons to mark the way home.

We met up again at Harris Saddle where the leader was already eating a lunch of eggs, bacon and salami. We fed on ridiculous amounts of food. Two people ate too much and had to wait till their stomachs were a bit emptier. Therefore, our group split. Two remained at Harris Saddle and the others went up Chronicle Hill.

Climbing the hill made us warm, so we took off our layers. Almost naked, we reached the top. The views from there were spectacular; we could see all the way down the valley to the village of Gunn's Camp and across to the peaks of the Darrans. We sat and discussed the cost of houses in 1912 and how one could acquire four, amongst many other questions that were waiting until civilization was reached again to give an answer. Others came and went wearing crampons and wielding ice axes, whilst we sat at the top. Adults, swaddled like babies in innumerable layers of winter clothing, were better prepared than us and you could tell by their faces they were confused by the sight. Why, for God's sake, were there some wildlings sitting almost naked in the snow with their gear usefully strapped to their packs. One of them looked at us suspiciously. After what seemed like ages, he finally seemed to relax and started to trust us. He asked if we could help him celebrate his climb in the only acceptable way; photos.

After the photo session, we ran and bum slid down the snow covered hill. Ice was collecting between our packs and backs and wedging up under our gaiters and melting in our shoes. The track was treacherous; snow had fallen down and some icy crusts made it slippery. The sun was going down. The air became colder now, and where before there had been streams, there was black ice; glassy, glittering and difficult to see. We walked past an orange patch of snow and we were disgusted to think someone had weed right on the path, but turning the corner we found a pile of broken icicles and we realized it was just raro.

Meanwhile the other two had left our lunch camp and they had headed back. Misunderstood, they found some chocolate buttons on their way and picked them up. They enjoyed the creamy warmth as it melted in their mouths. They took many pictures and, now and then, they rested for a while enjoying the views on their right. After a long walk they finally reached the hut again.

They were suddenly very hungry and started cooking. The hut warden came in and told them Kea had been seen around. They had to see them now, but how to attract them? Kea adore shiny stuff, so they took their ice axes and tied them to a pole outside the hut.

The clouds turned pink as the sun dipped slowly over the horizon. The sun had set now. Clouds were blowing into the valley, a freezing fog was starting to settle over the track, and ice crystals were growing out from every surface. Still three of us were out there. We started to walk a little faster. Winter was coming and it was still a long way south. Soon the night had withdrawn the colours and it was hard to tell what was snow and what was ice. The chocolate button trail was lost somehow and we were left to wander aimlessly hoping we were walking in the right direction, always in search of the next trail marker.

Suddenly we were surrounded by tall dark shadows. Trees, still now that the wind was gone. Underneath the trees it was easier to stay on the track. Kea calls guided us to the hut where we discovered three kea trying to remove some ice axes that had been left outside. We warmed up with macaroni cheese and creamed rice, drank beer out of pots, and played cards by a fire. After a great day with great people, we didn't have to tell each other how contented and full of life we were. We could just tell by our bright shiny eyes ...

A view from Carrington Hut (Penzy Dinsdale)



My year of tramping

Cara-Lisa Schloots

After managing a mere ~30 trips throughout the course of 2016 I suppose I should write an article.

Mt Tyndall

2016 started off pretty good for me. I woke up at about 4:30am on top of Cascade Saddle and went up Mt Tyndall. It's nice up there. I headed back to Raspberry Creek and hitched to Dunedin. Got back at about 22:30 and got questioned by the police outside my flat about someone walking around North East Valley in green pyjamas.

“Working”- Motatapu and Cardrona

A few days later I was in the Motatapu Valley “working” with Torea and the French volunteer, i.e. walking around with a bit of photographing and sampling of cool plants. We headed up to the top of a ridge one day, and up Knuckle Peak another day. You get some sweet views of Lake Wanaka and the huge expanse of tussock that the Motatapu is so famous for.

I headed out about a week later to help a Masters student out by Cardrona, so ran up Mt Cardrona in the afternoon. You get free food if you volunteer to help students with field work.

I had to go back to work in the Motatapu the week after that. Resurveying vegetation transects near Macetown. Anyway, the French volunteer chick and I finished work early so went for a walk over Mt Soho. Pretty easy. Plus there were raspberries and currants and gooseberries. Got dropped off in Waiholā on the way back and a few people doing hardcore stuff near Milford gave me a lift to Mistake Creek.

Consolation Peak

Headed up Mistake Creek pretty early, managing to miss another group of OUTCers heading to Lake Erskine by like an hour or two. Saw some whio in Mistake Creek, and heaps of rock wrens further up. Went to the awesome glacial lake at the head of Mistake Creek. Then took a totally bullshit route to get up into the valley below Consolation Peak. Found a mean campsite pretty much on the saddle below the peak. Headed up the peak in the morning and then took another totally bullshit route down and through bluffs to get to Falls Creek. Had a shit time with the shitty hook grass all along the track. Hitched back to wait for the others. Hung out with the Homer Hut bunny rabbit until they were ready to leave.

Hunting – Bush Stream

Managed to convince Rowan to take me hunting up Bush Stream. Only just managed to cross the river. All the Te Araroa walkers were too pussy so we had the

hut to ourselves the first night. The second night like 20 others turned up after being stuck on the other side. Rowan got two Tahr. We had some for dinner.

Scott Creek / Paradise trip

Led a trip on Paradise with Torea. Managed to convince some poor punters to come up Scott Creek. Ended up losing the track within 5 minutes. Found it again. People who were on the track when we refound it were impressed with our hardcoreness. Got to the end of the track. Weather got worse. Decided to go out a different way. Found a pretty lake and little caves. Made it over the ridge. Finally got into forest again. Didn't really give a fuck at this point, just wanted to go home. Headed pretty much straight down. Dodgy bluff descents. Followed shitty deer trails to farmland. Climbed the deer fence just as it got dark enough for headlamps. Penzy was fucking happy to see us when she drove past. Would not recommend as a first tramp. Sorry Sean.

Ran the Routeburn the next day with some fast guys. Was the slowest. By like over an hour.

Wye Creek

Went climbing with some people at Wye Creek. Had two car loads. Waited for Rupert's car in Roxburgh. Texted Rupert. Rupert had driven to Clinton. We drove to Rafters Road to camp. Like 100 cars there. Shitless campsites difficult to locate in the dark. Pancakes for breakfast. Go to Wye Creek. Climbed/did that assignment I had due on Monday. Second day I headed out to the Remarks via Lake Hope. Nice as.

Fiordland in the rain

"Led" a trip on Fiordland with Rowan. Packed Crampons and Ice Axes. Left them behind. Walked to Hidden Falls Hut along the Hollyford instead. Went for a run in the pouring rain to Little Homer Falls. Walked out the next day.

Orienteering St Arnaud Range

Went to Orienteering Nationals in St Arnaud. Ran up the St Arnaud Range in the pouring rain after a race in my t-shirt. Lightning storm happened. Coolest experience ever being in the clouds when there is thunder and lightning. Was fucking cold.

Takitimus

Went to the Takitimus with heaps of people. Traversed from Spence Hut to Upper Wairaki Hut. Was windy as fuck. An education on tree chopping was attempted the next morning. This was unsuccessful. Jamie fried dog roll luncheon to "make it like bacon" for lunch. He insisted it was greatly improved.

Mt Somers

Went to Mt Somers for rock climbing. Climbed some rocks. Learned to second

people. Rowan got sick during the first night and had to run outside to vomit. Spent the entire second day feeling sorry for himself [Rowan: “Because I felt shit!!!”]. I went for a run to Woolshed Creek Hut in the morning. Went into the hut. The fifteen people inside all ignored me. Ran back. Climbed some more rocks. Walked out early the next day. Ran up to Staveley Hill. Saw the forest and bird guy, who I’d met before New Years in Dart Hut, who was real nice.

Bealey Range

Led a trip with Rowan for Makarora over the Bealey Range. Group went up Mt Ramsay. I ran to Mt Earl. Had recently cut a bit of my left thumb off so that was painful and bandaged. Fell over while running and sliced a good bit off my right thumb. Kept going to Mt Earl. Thumb wouldn’t stop pissing blood. Came back to our cool campsite near the lakes. Both thumbs now bandaged. Made rice pudding for dessert. Woke up to shit weather. Forgot gloves so both thumbs hurt like a bitch. Vaguely walked towards Daisy Spur. Got into bush. Got stuck in bush lawyer. Rowan decided to go towards Cringe Creek. Shitty idea. Had to climb/slide down some real steep vegetated slope to drop into the creek.

Mueller Hut / Mt Wakefield

Went to Mt Cook. Decided to go up to Mueller Hut and maybe camp up there somewhere. Walked to Mt Ollivier. Some German guy decided he wanted to walk back down with me. Subsequently I carried my overnight pack for a day trip. Followed ridge to Kitchener. Went down bluffy ridge. Went down shitty slope into the creek. Got dark. Followed creek out with one headlamp. Went to Unwin where the others were. They decided to go up Mt Wakefield the next day. Decided I’d go along. Was fucking scary. Was really fucking fun. Ran down scree slopes.

Navigating choss and cheval on Wakefield (Meg Buddle)





Arthur's Pass

Took like 5 attempts to come up with a trip plan. Settled on Mt Murchison. Arrived at Hawdon Shelter. Christchurch crew was late because there was some party last night. Mt Murchison abandoned. Decided on Tarn Col instead. Headed towards Hawdon Hut. Went ahead to take photos of people. People in question stopped to have lunch somewhere. Got bored of waiting so went to the hut and had lunch alone. Others arrived. Walked over the snowy tarn col the next day. Was not disappointed: there is a tarn on the col. Went to Edwards Hut. No plans for the next day. I chopped some firewood. Left pretty late and then headed home. General lack of decision making throughout entire trip.

Big Hut

Headed up to Big Hut in the evening. Got there in the dark. Door was locked from the inside. No people. Rowan kicked the door open. Got inside. Was fucking freezing. I defeated Rowan at table tennis. Had banoffee pie for dessert. Walked back down the next morning.

Wanaka / Mt Armstrong

Did some rock climbing in Wanaka with Rowan. Decided to go up Cameron Creek and traverse the Young Range. Cameron Creek was too high to cross so that was a waste of time. Went up to Brewster Hut instead. Delivered an excellent cookbook to the hut along with copious Antics. If you decide to take a lamb's head to Brewster Hut, fear not, there is a recipe for that in the cookbook. Went up Mt Armstrong the next morning. Walked out.

Little Mt Peel

Walked up Little Mt Peel with Rowan with the intention of going to Mt Peel. Got to Little Mt Peel and decided we couldn't be fucked so went back down.

Single Cone

Heaps of people wanted to go ice climbing so Torea and I decided to try Single Cone. A little bit scary but heaps of fun. Met some guides up there who freaked out cos we were wearing shorts and didn't have a rope. Had to wait like 2 hours for them to get out of the way so we could get down. Walked to Wye Creek ice climbing and had a shit time in the shitty snow. Camped with the others then checked out the ice climbing the next morning. Headed up under a frozen waterfall. Apparently a pillar broke off that afternoon. Headed back up to the Remarks from there then drove home.

Opposite top: The Author and her staff with Aoraki beyond (Meg Buddle)

Opposite bottom: The Bealey Range (Rowan Cox)

Adams Range

Went to the Adams Range with the intent to climb Mt Adams with Rowan. Camped at base of track. Walked to bushline the next day. Weather was cloudy. Decided it looked shit. Went back.

Copland Hot Pools

Did Copland with heaps of OUTCers. Was shit weather. Hot pools were hot. Albi the racist dragon no longer stays inflated. Photo shoot featuring Albi and chicks in bikinis is carried out regardless the next morning as the weather clears. The walk out is much nicer. Lunchtime involves ball games and more photos.

Palmer Range

A walk up to the Palmer range with Rowan. Saw millions of caterpillars everywhere to the point where it got risky to sit down. Eventually gave up on avoiding them and squished anything in our paths.

East Matukituki

Decided to do a solo trip up the East Matukituki. Hitched to Wanaka. Some lovely guy pulled over to tell me “You won’t get a ride up the Matukituki this late”. Thanks asshole. I also got a high five from a cyclist. Then I got a ride to the Matukituki. Headed to Glacier Burn and camped. Walked up past Ruth Flat the next day. Saw no one. Did a day trip up to Rabbit Pass (almost) then over Lois Peak and Aspinall Peak. Twilight Peak looks seriously cool. Headed down towards camp. Got stuck in the shitty low bush/scrub for like 2 hours. Saw no one. Walked back to Glacier Burn the next day. Saw no one. Weather turned to absolute shit overnight. Walked about 20 km down the road from Cameron Flat in pouring rain. Saw one car going the wrong way up the road. Some farmers took pity on me and took me inside, put the fire on and gave me lunch. Then one of them drove me to Wanaka. Pretty stoked. Got home that night.

Mt Erebus?

Not sure why we went to try Mt Erebus after a massive storm. Decided that the Old Routeburn Shelter was safe despite the large tree lying on top of it. Headed up the Routeburn the next morning. Had to climb multiple trees to get to the start of the track. Then had to climb about 50 more. Multiple bridges were “closed” by DOC. Got to Routeburn Falls. There was a lot of snow. Continued to Lake Harris. Saw a few avalanches. Sarah fell in a hole. Leon rescued her while I photographed it. Had lunch. Another avalanche came down a little closer than you would like. Decided to get the fuck out of there. Went to Routeburn Flats and stayed there then headed out the next day.

Opposite top: Girdlestone Peak, Ruapehu (Cara-Lisa Schloots)

Opposite bottom: End Peak (Cara-Lisa Schloots)



Bush Stream

Got a ride to Bush Stream in the Ben Ohau Range. Started feeling like I was getting a cold. Saw some hunter I had met in the Silver Peaks Easter 2015. Walked up to the top of the ridge. Pretty cool moraine ridge to follow. Snow was shit. Saw heaps of giant black spiders. Walked back and found a rock bivvy. Got a ride out with the hunter and his mate the next day. Was feeling pretty sick. Got a good picture of a rifleman while I was waiting for them by the road.

French Ridge Hut

Went up to French Ridge Hut. Met some cool people who were struggling a bit with the walk. Surprised the guys with a mean pesto pasta dinner. They were stoked. Snowed pretty good overnight. Went for a bit of a walk up French Ridge the next morning. Helped the cool people down the snowy parts of the track. Then went home.

Mt Barff

We forgot sunglasses so dropped into the \$2 shop in Alex to get some. Decided to get matching team sunglasses. Realised we'd all purchased children's sunglasses. Went to KFC and ate a Party Pack. Went to Raspberry Creek and walked up to Liverpool Hut. Woke up. Couldn't see anything. Went to have a look at Mt Barff after lunch. Was a nice walk. Saw a lot of avalanches. Went back to the hut. Made pesto pasta in front of about 10 people with backcountry cuisine. Woke up the next morning. Uncertain if there was condensation or just no view. Turns out there was both. Walked up the Matukituki further. Tried to find Scotts Bivvy. Couldn't. Went back.

“Working” - Motatapu

First work of the summer field season. Did a walk looking for rare plants towards Coronet Peak. Found some rare plants. Got some good views. Went up the Motatapu Track, then walked back along the Arrow. Pretty easy river to walk down if you don't mind wet feet and there hasn't been heaps of rain. Pretty too. Couldn't have pesto pasta cos Torea is allergic to dairy.

Hokitika

Had great plans for New Years. The Garden of Eden via the Wanganui and out the Clyde. Tom lost a crampon about 30 minutes in. Each person walked the track twice until we gave up and walked out to the car. It was pissing with rain. Went back to Hokitika and got some Chocolate Explosions. Camped at some lake. Tried to make plans. Eventually decided to go up the Styx and do something there. Got to Grassy Flat Hut. Laura felt kinda sick. Slept there then headed out the next day and drove back to Christchurch. Motivation had been lost.

Black Birch Stream

Decided to go for a hunt/walk up Black Birch Stream with Rowan for New Years. Shot a tahr on the walk in. Didn't leave the stream early enough and got stuck in the gorge. Had a shit time. Crawled up a cliff. Got to the Dog Kennel late. Lost my cup on the walk in. Had pesto pasta with back steak for dinner. Went for a walk/hunt the next day. Saw not much. Went onto the ridge behind the Dog Kennel. Shot an old tahr. Headed out the next day via the actual route.

Top: Pool party with Albi the Dragon at Copland (Anna Wallenborn)
Bottom: Tarn Col (Rowan Cox)



‘Twas the Night Before Bushball

Lottie Armstrong aka Mrs. Claus

‘Twas the night before Bushball, when all through the hills
Every creature was stirring with the sound of shrills.
The punters arrived to the West Matuki in fear,
Hoping that their tent fly would not shear.

No punter nor Kiwi were snug in their beds,
With visions of tents collapsing in their heads.
Met service warned of 85 km/hr gale
Yet here we were, forcing everyone to prevail.

When out on the lawn there arose such natter
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
A broken pole from a Nordisk alpine tent,
Penzy woefully began to vent.

With cries of “This is fuckin SHIT” from Frazer Atrill
The chances of sleeping were pretty much nill.
Over porridge at breakfast Lauren did decree,
About how and where to take a poo and pee.

No drink stops on the way as the rain kept pouring,
But once at the hut the good moods were soaring.
Out came the sleeping bags and the punch,
Worm wrestling was good way to entertain this bunch.

Lauren on food and the room decorated,
It was time for everyone to get fucking slated.
Now sausages! Now mash! With Christmas crackers too!
Now on to dessert of trifles and tiramisu!

Santa walks in with a bag full of toys,
Giving out gifts for all the girls and the boys.
The room stopped and listened to a speech from Santa
The alcohol was flowing as well as the banter.

Bushbox fell silent and up came Jake and Dan,
“Easy fix mate” with tinfoil and ciggy in hand.
Despite no sleep from the night before,
Aspiring Hut became a roaring dancing floor.

Stress levels dropped as the night went by,
The anxiety of organising gone with a sigh.
Snow Men, Candy Canes and Elves danced away,
One by one people started to hit the hay.

Jake sprung to his quadbike and to Dan gave a whistle,
And away they drove along the Matuk like a missile.
But I heard him exclaim, ‘ere he drove out of sight,
“Happy Bushball to all, and to all a good-night!”

- Mrs. Claus

Following spread clockwise from top left:
Christmas Dinner (Penzy Dinsdale)
Mr and Mrs Clause
Torea the Christmas Star (Penzy Dinsdale)
Santa handing out gifts
Happy with their presents (Penzy Dinsdale)







Penzy's Punter Bingo:
Table 1

Someone forgot boots	American jock thinks he's fitter than you, fails on the first hill	Someone forgets their rain jacket	Sleeping mat blows away in the wind
Tent blows away in the wind	Punter sprains an ankle	Slept a night in a car	Sex in the gear room
Hook up with international student	Punter doesn't understand the need to bring a sleeping bag	Punter doesn't bring a rain jacket	Punter intends to swim home (bonus point if in 7 degree lake that does not lead back to the car)
Under sized tramping pack	Plastic bag as a rain jacket	Aquanaut sinks mid-trip	Lack of pack liner leads to punter's gear getting soaked

Opposite page clockwise from top left:
Candy Canes Tanja and Tim (Penzy Dinsdale)
Frazer the Dirty Reindeer (Penzy Dinsdale)
Charlotte the Present (Penzy Dinsdale)

**More adventures
of
Torea and Rebecca
Episode 5:
Wye Creek**

Rebecca Vella-King

We are going on an Adventure
... But not just yet...



First we'll sleep



Oh no!

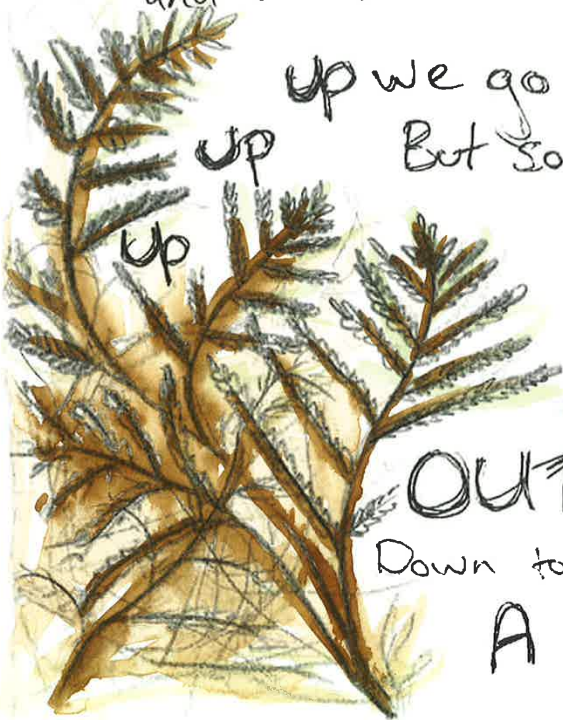
What's the time? The morning's past,
and we should be off.

up we go

up

But so so sooooo SLOW

up



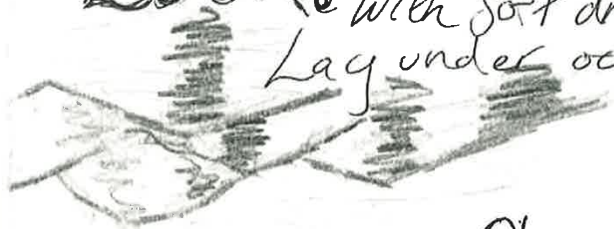
OUT from the bracken
Down to the river
A deer!



This is better!
A riotous river to follow
But watch out for the spaniards



LOOK! The perfect camping spot
With soft dry tussock to
Lay under our tent



Oh what luxury

WE are going on an ADVENTURE
But were tired from too much study
So it's not the early morning sort



The valley turns
The rocks grow larger
And we scramble higher
Ice along the river bed
Snow in the hollows
Brooding grey clouds above

And stretching out
before us, ringed
by unnamed peaks

LAKE HOPE
frozen into stillness

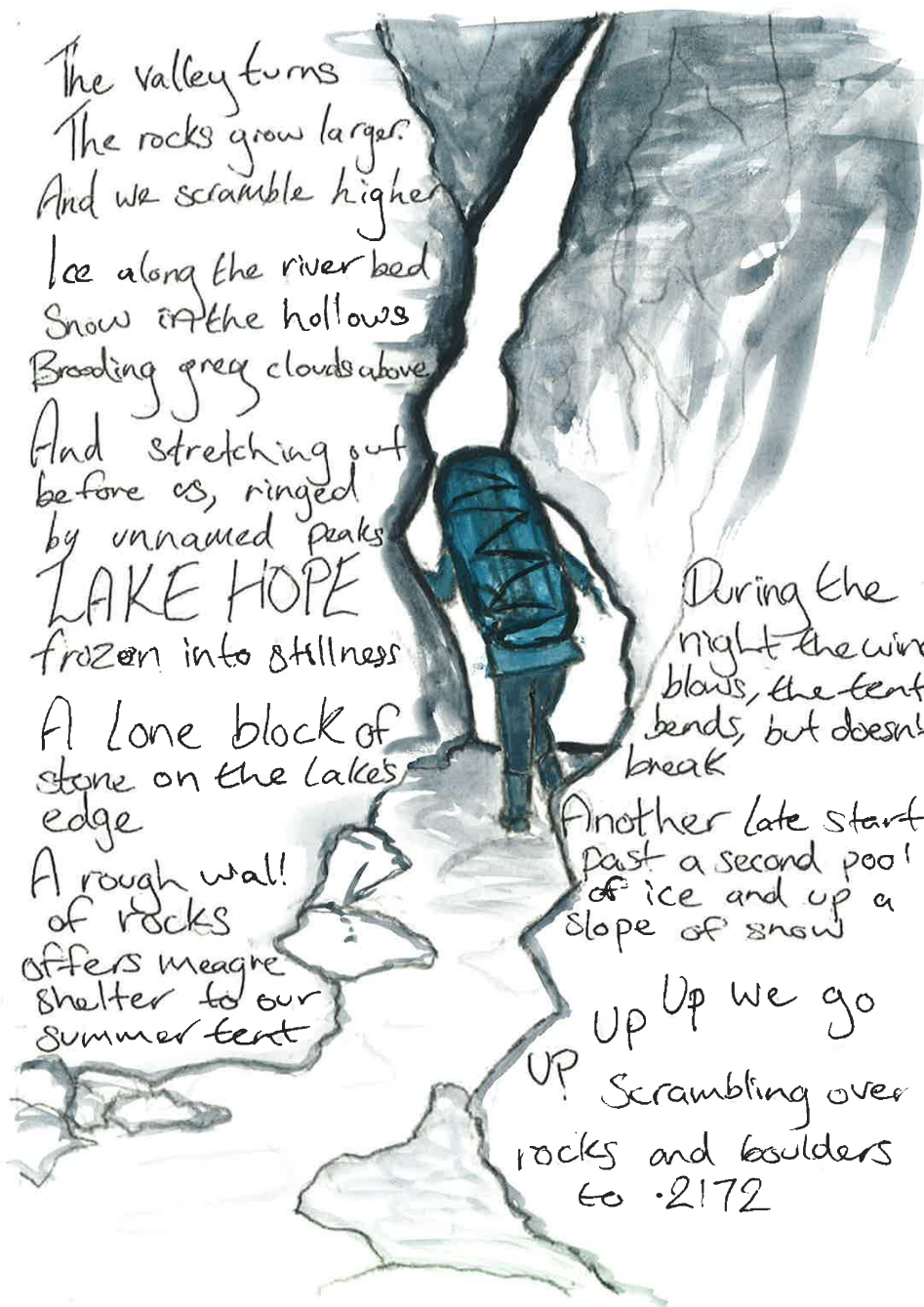
A lone block of
stone on the lake's
edge

A rough wall!
of rocks
offers meagre
shelter to our
summer tent

During the
night the wind
blows, the tent
bends, but doesn't
break

Another late start
past a second pool
of ice and up a
slope of snow

UP UP we go
UP Scrambling over
rocks and boulders
to 2172





A partial descent

- But our hair is full of
twigs and tangles whipped
into our eyes by the wind.

THAT'S IT! I've had
enough!
Off it comes, **THANK GOD** for nail
scissors.

But the wind is cold so we abandon
our task half done, tossing our hair
to the wind.

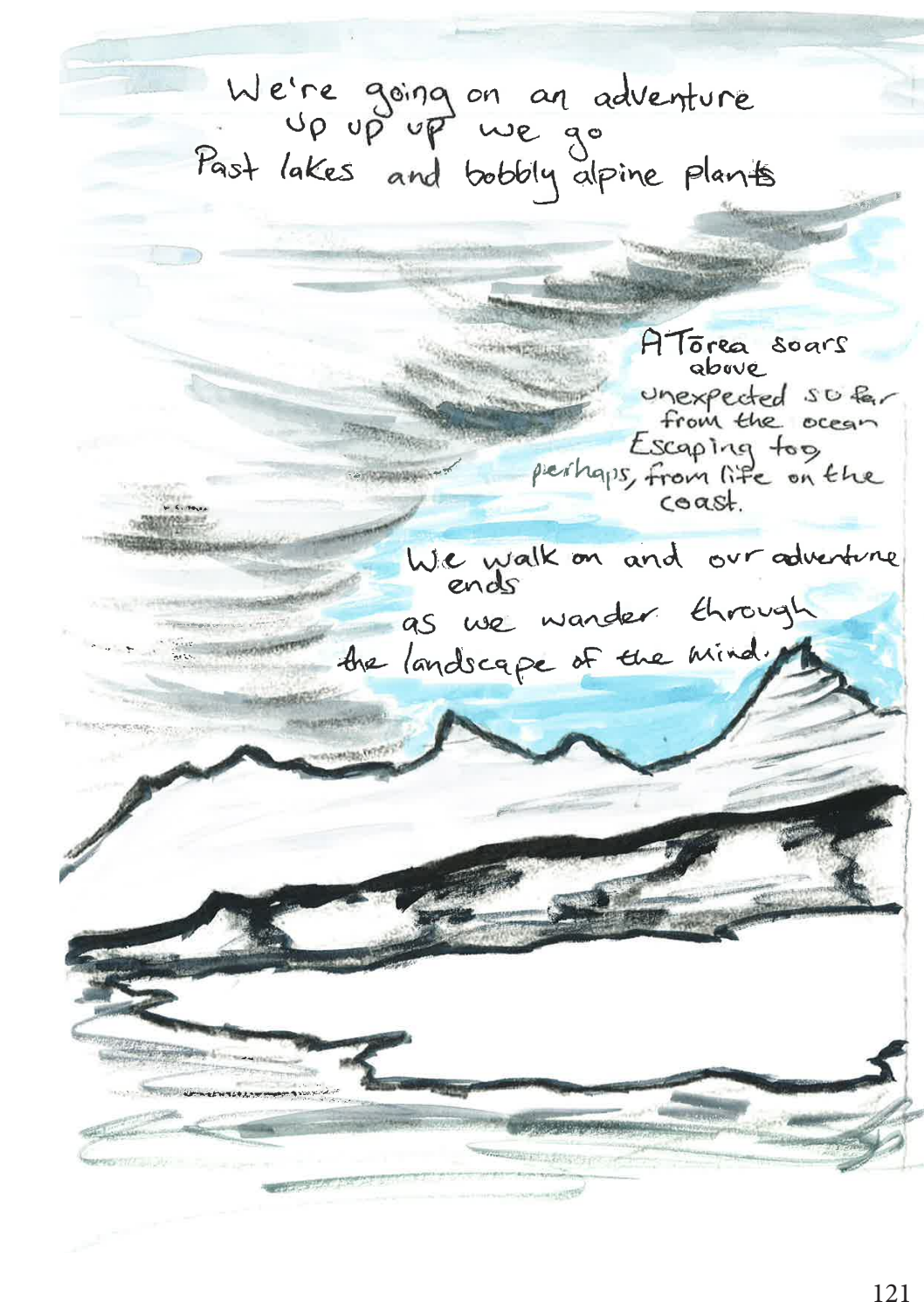
Perhaps it will line a
bird's nest
Our sacrifice to the mountains
and wind to keep the storm at bay.



In the snow we spy a little moth
All fluff and delicate wings
perched on the cold ground



Again the wind howls
- But our tent
survives another
night.



We're going on an adventure
up up up we go
Past lakes and bobbly alpine plants

A Torea soars
above
unexpected so far
from the ocean
Escaping too
perhaps, from life on the
coast.

We walk on and our adventure
ends
as we wander through
the landscape of the mind.



We are going on
an adventure...

The cloud comes
and goes
But the wind is persistent.

Along the ridge

Above the valley

The wind bowls us over as we hop from rock to rock.

We angle
down
and pause midway

We have haircuts to complete.

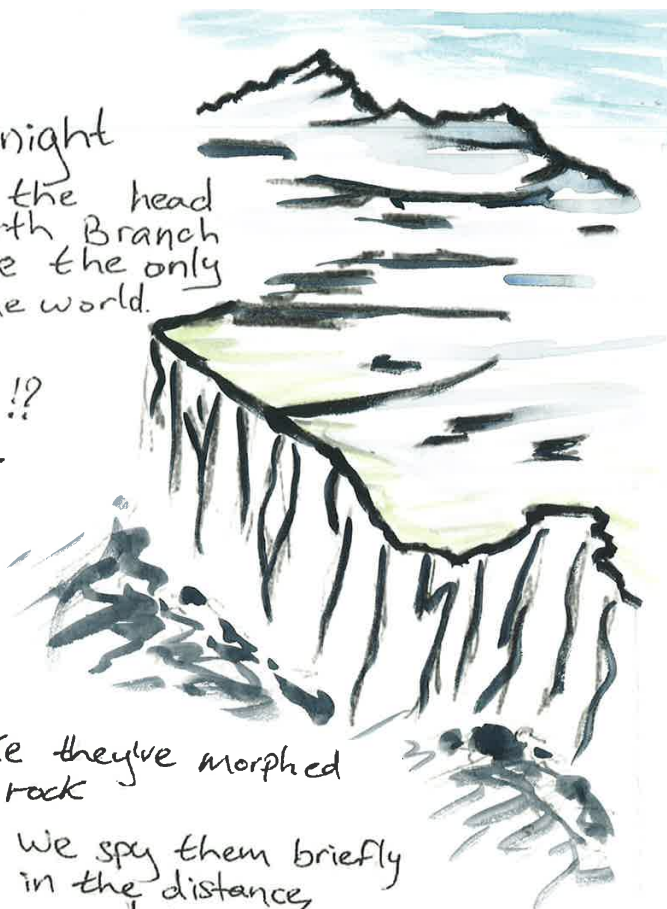
One last night
we camp at the head
of the North Branch
we could be the only
people in the world.

Except...

What the - !?

Are those...

PEOPLE???



It looks like they've morphed
out of the rock



We spy them briefly
in the distance
and then they're
gone striding
down the
valley





49 Golden Years

Meg Buddle

Our Christchurch counterpart, CUTC, organises a competitive walk every year. To describe it properly I stole the following wording from the official TWALK website, which bears the byline: “none of this silly sleeping business”:

“TWALK is a twenty-four hour orienteering event. It is split into five legs, each around 15-20 kilometres long. Each leg has around 10 – 20 controls, which will be hidden on features marked on a map and described by a cryptic clue. You will be given an event map at the beginning of leg one and a list of cryptic clues.

The first leg is compulsory, as it leads from where you are dropped off to the Hash House. From there, competitors may choose to participate in as many or few legs as they choose, leaving when they like (there is a compulsory 30 minute break between legs). Legs two – five form loops which end up back at the Hash House, and can be cut short if required.”

While “twenty-four hour orienteering event” is one way to describe it, I’d also use the words masochism, matagouri, blundering, darkness, deliriousness, what-the-fuck-is-a-re-entrant, matagouri, rabbits, blisters, bush-lawyer, cluelessness, spaniards, sadism and matagouri.

A rhyme developed by a delirious team member on my first TWALK still rings in my ears:

“I’ve got prickles in my toes and prickles in my thumb,
I love matagouri up my bum!”

Every year the OUTC sends a few teams to battle it out for the student division title against the CUTCers. Can’t say for sure who usually wins, but would say that matagouri-prickage remains a constant. When May rolled around the Club loaded up vans with willing participants and trundled up to Canterbury. It turned out the event was held around Lake Heron, and that the weekend was going to be clear after a mid-week snow. A few of us raced under the team moniker: “Matt, Gary and the Bush Lawyers”. The rest of the details are fuzzed and blurred but I’m pretty sure matagouri was the winner on the day.

Opposite top: Aesthetically pleasing, and highly practical - one of the many costumes displayed on the first leg (Micheal Campbell)
Opposite bottom: Team members catch some shut-eye (Micheal



The Fellowship takes on TWALK

Katie Snowden

To have fun is our objective

Hash house

Eating, eating, eating

Follow whoever's in front

Onwards and downwards

Lost team member

Lentil lasagne is yummy in our tummies

Oh dear it's dark now

West, East, North, South

Search and rescue mission

How did Scott get lost?

Is this sunrise real?

Please can we sleep now?

Opposite top: Competitors run from the starting line (Micheal Campbell)

Middle: The Fellowship from left - Sam/Will Jowsey, Sauron/Scott Bourke, Random extra/William Buckley, Elf/Lucy Patterson, Galadriel/Katie Snowden, Frodo/Julia Leman, Bilbo/Jake Tholen, Random extra/Nicki Shaw (Micheal Campbell)

Bottom left: The trophies on display (Micheal Campbell)

Bottom right: Matt, Gary and the Bush Lawyers (Micheal Campbell)

The Strange Mind of a Trumper

Tanja De Wilde

You wake up at some dark absurd hour,
And peer out the tent to a dreadful shower.
Now you must get up, and you're on the brink,
But before that, you just can't help but think...

Think of the aching joints,
Sore muscles at all points,
The hunger and the thirst,
Exhaustion at its worst.

Think how the fierce wind whips,
Dries skin and blisters lips,
How the rain soaks you through,
Till your fingers turn blue.

Think of blisters on the heel,
Or toes you may not feel,
Dirt, mud, or, better yet,
The rotten smell of sweat.

OR...

You could just close your eyes,
Forget and fantasize,
Of a day in the tent,
Being warm and content.

You could sit and drink tea,
A drink of pure glee,
So simple and sweet,
The perfect soothing treat.

You could finally read,
sing, cook, or even indeed,
Write something fantastic,
To go into antics.

BUT,

You choose to get up, get colder and damper,
Because you are tough; you are a trumper.
So trampers must wonder; what's wrong in our heads?
To make us get out of our feathery beds?

Some may say, "You've caught mountain fever",
Where you seek the highest views to be an achiever.
Some may call it "true passion for nature",
For every bird, tree and creature.

Some others will say "it's the challenge I like",
Hardship and pain is the best of the hike.
Each reason alone: unbelievable,
But together, its something feasible.

For the bigger the challenge, the more you'll see,
In each ray of sunlight, each plant and each tree.
As the group tires, the more amazed you'll be,
At the simple joy of laughter, or a cup of tea.

SO,

Next time you struggle to get through the door,
Just remember, that as you get sore,
Colder and sicker, tired and wetter,
The tea will taste better and better.

Editor's note on Lake Truth

In December 2015 several keen OUTCers set off to do a rather adventurous trip in the North Darrans. They had all the normal gear befitting a trip of that distance and variation. All went well until the fourth day, when they found themselves up on top of a ridge in a bit of a pickle. The snow slope they'd climbed up was pretty sketchy on the ascent alone, rather steep and soft, and they didn't fancy descending it with their heavy packs. But alas, the other side of the ridge didn't look to appealing either, or in fact very passable at all. It was possible to set up an abseil however, so abseil they did and reached flat ground, just.

They're worries were only beginning at this point. The flat "haven" they'd arrived on was in fact a glacier with no easy way off ... and unfortunately they couldn't upclimb what they'd just abseiled. The poor souls were stuck.

What to do?

Since a front of bad weather was moving in, and they're were pretty darn sure they were unable to navigate a way off the glacier, they decided to act preemptively. The PLB was pulled, dignity and pride was lost, and they were picked up safe and sound. Good on ya guys, the alternatives could have been much worse.

We tried for several months to get a first hand account from the three involved, but kept getting this reply:

"You don't know the truth. You can't handle the truth. I decide your truth handling abilities... Actually the truth is we couldn't handle the truth."

Opposite: (Max Olsen)

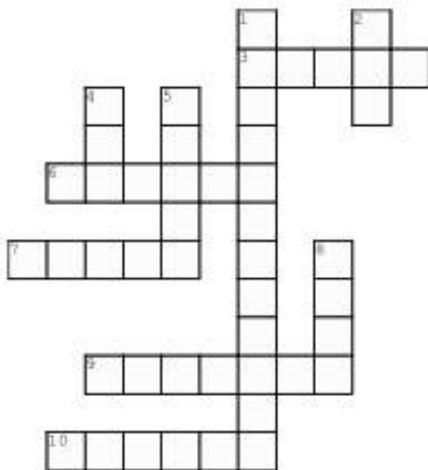


Penzy's Punter Bingo:
Table 2

Tent gets destroyed in the wind	Slept a night in a tramping club van	Follow international student home to their country	Punter doesn't bring a sleeping bag
Punter cries walking on a well-formed track	Tent fly comes down in bad weather	Punter asks about the alternate way home	Poncho as rain jacket
Punter insists on not needing pack liner	Run out of food on trip	Tim tam slam	Punter lies about their experience to get on trip
Successful rice cooking on tramping stove	Punter uses rain cover	Sleeping bag strapped to the outside of the sleeping bag	Punter asks about the feasibility of getting a helicopter

Antics crossword

Need help? Answers to clues can be found in articles of antics 2016.



Across

- 3.** Has also been used as a boat by worried OUTCers
- 6.** Frazer Attrill's pet peeve in the hills
- 7.** Beloved tent
- 9.** Rock Biv where members sat out rain for 5 days
- 10.** Fantastical creature at Copland hot pools

Down

- 1.** Chopper King
- 2.** You'll find a lot of this on Stewart Island
- 4.** Tramping necessity
- 5.** Artist of Antics 2016 front cover
- 8.** Fiordland trip

Interview with an ex-OUTCer living in Auckland

Interviewee: SM. Interviewer: Tanja de Wilde

Disclaimer: This interview has been somewhat exaggerated for entertainment purposes

So tell me, when you arrived in Auckland, what did fellow students tell you about the uni tramping club?

That I should join the climbing club instead.

And why is that?

Because there isn't any fun tramping tramping around Auckland, they just go simple walking. Apparently I would be disappointed and everyone in AUTC just wishes they could be in the South Island. If I actually wanted to do anything cool I was told I should join AURAC because they are more hardcore and do extreme things that are actually fun. AURAC and AUTC are a bit competitive, and everyone know that AUTC totally loses.

And knowing this, did you join AUTC?

Yes

Really, why?

I was just sad and so hopeful. I loved and missed OUTC so much and thought it might be similar.

Oh, sorry for your loss. How did the new club go for you?

Well, it didn't really. I haven't gone on any of their trips. In fact, all the tramping I've done since moving to Auckland has been in the South Island.

But on the bright side I won the AUTC photo competition! (By entering a real mountain photo from the South Island). Scored a \$40 Bivouac voucher so at least that made up for the cost of membership.

So does the AUTC even do any trips?

Ummm, well yes. But they do walks. Not tramping. Mostly in the Waitakere ranges for a couple of hours each day. Or just day trips. To be fair, it is really pretty there, but it's just not that proper OUTC-wild-adventurous tramping.

They also do a lot of social trips with a short and way-too-easy walk and whole lot of drinking. But not even with the feast and the band and the costumes that we have at bushball!

Then how do you go tramping when you live in Auckland?

Well a lot of my tramping has reverted into trail running instead. It keeps me fit so that I can go tramping when I go back to the South Island. I've also picked up other hobbies that involve nature, like surfing and rock climbing. AURAC is really good, we go climbing a lot.

That's great. Doesn't sound like tramping to me though...

Yeah

So what is it that you miss most about South Island tramping that us OUTCers need to remember to be grateful for?

- The people.
- The wilderness. Here in the North, even in nature it doesn't feel like I'm in the depths of the wild like you get to be in the South.
- That extreme, harsh environment, where we go tramping and feel like we are getting through something tough together and then feel really successful afterwards. Here in Auckland the beaches and bush are beautiful, but its too easy- makes them softies.
- Another thing, I miss drinking delicious fresh river water in the mountains. You can't drink the water up here! There's too much farmland and I have to be really careful.

Oh, I just keep dreaming about the South Island.

Wow. Yeah, it is great here. I hope we all remember to appreciate it when we are out there in the weekends.

Any advice to fellow South Island trampers who are forced to move to Auckland?

First of all, ask yourself, "do you really want to go?" If the answer is truly yes, then:

- Sign up for **grabaseat** now, check everyday for South Island flight deals and start booking.
- Take up **new hobbies** such as climbing, surfing and trail running.
- Join **AURAC**.
- Maintain close contact with your **OUTC friends**.
- I guess if you like simple softie walks you could join the uni tramping club.
- Finally, make sure you have long term goals for future tramping. **Create a detailed action plan for how to get back to South Island as soon and as much as possible.**



Meg Hut Haikus: Meg Hut via Roaring Meg Pack Track

Anna Wallenborn and Ella Borrie (author)

losing mojo fast
neverending electric
road winding upward

Pisa is Rohan
rocks interrupt rolling gold
Let's hunt some orc!

musty musterer's
hut Barry Crump haunts crockery
spainaird garden

French couple please don't
have sex in the hut we can
hear hanky panky

slow morning, reading
fresh raspberries on porridge
out via a lazy creek

downhill spirits rise
over smooth Central hills
home to Christmas

Opposite: Tanja and Sham on Rolleston (Sham's Cousin)

Tramper to the Max

Jaz Morris

I don't think Max made too much of an impact on the OUTC in his first year, back in 2008. Then (as now) a long-haired, Catlins-born hippy with a penchant for the correct use of apostrophes, he commendably lacked the ego and abrasiveness of some other members new to the club that year. His style was simply to go tramping, and to shun the allure of shiny gear and pointy summits. Instead he would grind out classic transalpine trips in his certain style, always to return safe despite apparently deliberate attempts to maximise the risk of a Darwin Award-type accident. It took some time for tales of his ability to levitate up desperately vertical Fiordland clunge, his ludicrous antics and his unholy amounts of cheese consumption to spread to the masses and cement Mr. Olsen's worthy place among other OUTC legends such as 'E39', 'God' and 'Big Daddy'.

Max's tramping exploits are well-known and require little elaboration here. A favourite haunt of his is the valleys and peaks west of the Arthur River, where Max has pioneered numerous routes to the Transit Valley, made the first ascent of the Poison Dagger, and even undertaken weekend trips to the distant and fearsome Terror Peak. Key to the success of one trip, finding a new way out of the Castle River, was 'The Olsen Traverse,' a mossy ledge which might have turned Andreas Hinterstoisser or Bill Grave green. Not all trips involve the imminent risk of death – but all involve high class and numerous cups of strong black tea. Whereas on one trip he might be scrambling such vertical moss slopes with an impossibly heavy pack, the next he might be relaxing, pulling trout from the deep green rivers at the foot of these same mountain fastnesses. One weekend he announced his intention to take a limit bag of trout (8 in total - 4 per day) from the lower Joes River. Having dispatched the swim or aquanaut to Sandfly Point (his record is over 10 trips across Milford Sound in such fashion in a single season) he duly caught his limit, simply taking the hook off the lure when the day's total was reached, enjoying the sport and returning home to fill the freezer.

Aquanauting, an OUTC tradition developed by Messrs Lloyd and Hegg, has been continued in fine form by Max. While his trip across a half-frozen Lake Truth in the northern Darrans in an Explorer 100 ultimately resulted in an uncharacteristic extraction by SAR [reference Lake Truth Article], his nautical exploits on the Transit River and in the Mackay are noteworthy, as is his discovery of the utility of icebergs as flotation aids, such as on the lake below Mt Heim (see Antics 2011, cover), or on the Tasman Glacier terminal lake. Abseiling is another refined skill; his 'first descents' include a dangerously crumbling sea-cliff on the Otago Peninsula, and a memorable abseil down from our first-floor balcony (the anchor was equalised off our toilet and a bed) past an enraged, screw-driver wielding and certifiably insane downstairs neighbour. Max has tramped extensively abroad, making ascents of Nevado Sajama (6500m) in Bolivia with a backpacker-colleague

who had never used an ice axe before, climbing the second highest peak of New Caledonia, and undertaking various trips in the hills of Kurdistan (notably avoiding wolves and landmines, see Antics 2013), to name but a few.

Despite his vigorous denial of any climbing prowess, Max has climbed such peaks as Rakiroa/Mt Tasman, made a solo ascent of Aspiring, trotted casually up 22s at Shotwell Slab (smooth Fiordland granite being, after all, a speciality of his) and even had a brief stint as a crack-climber, dispatching the classic ‘Uno’ (21) at Mt Somers. His humility (but natural talent) is well-known and his solo transalpine trip record is not to be overlooked – his strategy for being found (in what state, he didn’t elaborate), should he fall into a crevasse on the Derivation Nêvé or the Olivine Ice Plateau, was to trail 30m or so of orange flagging tape behind him, so that some might remain on the surface to be spotted later. Apparently, this made quite a sight for a passing party, which included the then-FMC President, as he was also wearing pyjamas, which are of course a lightweight and breathable way to avoid sunburn on the ice.

Whereas I am a notorious gear freak, a notable characteristic of Max is his strategy for buying gear. It goes something like this: 1. Decide you need a sleeping mat. 2. Buy a cheap knock-off Thermarest brand that no-one has heard of as a cost-saving experiment. 3. Rapidly break the mat or realise that it’s shit. 4. Repeat 2-3 up to three times. 5. Buy a Thermarest after all. 6. Declare that it is awesome. His room is thus full of eclectic gear, ranging from the Malaysian ‘Fire Maple’ stove (an MSR knock-off), to various \$50 Trademe packs, to the surplus stock from a briefly lucrative spell as an on-seller of Russian titanium ice-screws. These represent the successes and failures of the strategy, which although seldom money-saving in the long run, has always provided me with amusement.



Peter Wilson: “We want Max to be happy”

Jaz: “I don’t, I want him for myself”

In fact, this formed one of my first impressions of tramping with Max, when at Port William Hut in Easter 2008 he inadvertently froze solid a small shrub with the leakage from a canister of gas, designed for a thoroughly obsolete style of puncture-cooker. This foreshadowed an unrelated incident, in which we nearly burnt down the Clubs and Socs building while attempting to demonstrate to a punter how to light one of the Club's ageing Coleman cookers. The Fire Service were not amused.

His contribution to this organisation has chiefly been one of grammatical correction of email's sent via the list. Doubtless this tribute will contain a misplaced comma or apostrophe, and I will get hell for it. Max has been our Vice President, organising a successful (i.e. injury/helicopter-free) Fiordland trip, has been Antics editor, and has been Patron(ising). His Patron's Speech at Bushball 2015 was a well-received summation of the club ethos ("tramping is what trampers do"). He is always a contributor of well-considered ideas and is a stalwart trip organiser and heckler at meetings. Often lurking behind the scenes, Max would frequently wind up discreetly in a relationship with only the most attractive of the female exchange students, or other club members, before anyone else even had a chance. This is in spite of his notorious ability to consume (and convert to gas) cheese, his personal best being the consumption of 2kg of Budget Tasty on a 10-day mid-winter trip to Mt Dechen.

Max's consistent cheerful attitude persists even in the face of adversity, a tendency to forget critical trip items, and blatant bullying from me. When I once disallowed a return home to get his sleeping bag (we were already in Caversham having taken a frustrating 2 hours to leave town) he shivered the night away at Big Hut and doesn't appear to hold a grudge. His happy attitude motivates exploits that include driving a station wagon to Carey's Hut, supplementing shortages of food/beer/feather pillows on various trips by gaining access to various Great Walk private huts (the Statute of Limitations applies here), accidentally making a highly illegal visit to a restricted area of the mountains (the Statute of Limitations applies here), pioneering the sport of deep-water-solo ice climbing, and leaving a 150m long knob stamped in the snow of the Fox Glacier névé. Non-tramping events complete the picture: the time he wired me \$13000 from Iraq (the bank was rather concerned); his \$150 car (a much better investment than his Subaru Leone); the successful hitchhike through Europe with a Polish truck driver – they communicated through their mutual knowledge of a few words of Russian; his beloved pet donkeys Ambrose and Angus.

The world is a finer place for having such people in it. May ye carry on in such spirit – to the Max!

Opposite clockwise from top left:

Max and the Author, with Mt Tasman behind (Jaz Morris);

Max is in his favourite stopmping ground (Jaz Morris);

Max and the Author on the Tasman Glacier (Jaz Morris)



Quite the Palace

Emma Kluge

It was early August and I had just returned from a trip to California. Most of the Southern Hemisphere winter had been spent on the hot rocks of the Sierras, and a two whole weeks had elapsed since my last crippling injury. So when a friend postulated a ice climbing trip to Upper Wye my first weekend back I'd no qualms about inviting Josh and myself along. Climbing is climbing and a lack of non-car, snow camping experience never crossed my mind as a problem. As with most things poorly organized and communicated, we ended up packing at the last moment unexpectedly on a Thursday or Friday night (I can't even recall), standing on the side of the street at 9:00pm on between two cars, tossing things between the two boots while we simultaneously hashed trip logistics to the sound of The Smiths. "Some girls are bigger than others...." Hey, are we planning to take this tent? That tent? No tent? "Some girls are bigger than others...." Hammock? Hammocks? Hammock? Where to pitch? "Some girl's mothers....." Behind the Iron Curtain? Is there any pro back there? Cams? Wind? Sleeping pads? What about a snow cave? "Are bigger than other girl's mothers...."

At this point I need to clarify something. I'd never really gone ice climbing, or, as I said before, done any true snow camping. I'd gone day ice cragging, and once or twice set up hammocks in the snow near my car in Yosemite when climbing the lower walls. My climbing experience has been almost entirely bloodying dry rock and sleeping under the stars. Regardless, when it comes to snow and ice, or really anything I haven't mastered yet, I find that the "what the hell" attitude has served me best.

So, that night, after a haphazard packing spree and definitely-not-our fault late start we set off for Queenstown and the comfort of Ben Dare's living room floor. Early start the next morning, I outfitted in some hard shell pants, single layer of polypros and a thin puffy. My last trip to Alta had me sweating on the ice at high noon and I wasn't going make the same mistake twice. Up and over the Alta saddle on our rented snow shoes. Bluebird day if I recall.

We dropped into the creek and did a few pitches to warm up before deciding to go and get this snow cave going before it got too late.

Josh and I had both looked over snow caves instructions and diagrams from Freedom of the Hills, independently of each other and both without too much deliberation.

Still, I remembered the schematic from my 1986 Fourth Edition copy looking something like this:

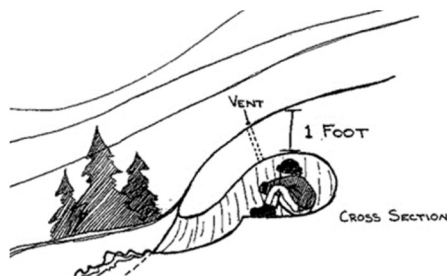


Fig 1. Blueprint recollection in cross section

As compared to a cave that we actually would have liked to sleep in, which would have looked more like this:

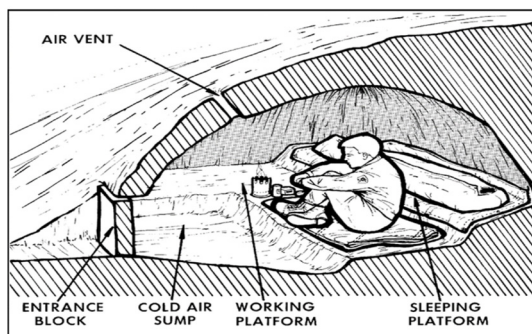


Fig 2. Cross section of what a two person snow cave should look like

We found the biggest handy snow bank and started digging a wee tunnel, taking turns with the snow shovel. The person not shoveling had to sit there and try and stay warm. When it was my turn to sit I reckon I started getting the beginning symptoms of hypothermia. After the third round of sitting in the snow I started shaking pretty bad and my speech started getting a tad slurry. Best to hurry up and get the damn thing finished!

Unfortunately the biggest snow bank wasn't actually very large and it wasn't long until we hit frozen dirt. So we dug along the slope as far as we were tall. A nice long ice coffin. Still, we were pretty proud of our handy work. All 2.5 x 1.0 x 0.75 m of it.

Getting in was the tricky bit. We outfitted the cave with sleeping pads and bags and I got in first. For one person it would have been perfect but it was worse than sharing a DoC hut bunk with two. Arms at your sides. There wasn't even enough vertical room to lie ON your side. Good thing I'm not claustrophobic as I was

pinned in there with ice inches from my face. Still, Josh could squeeze in there too, and covering the door with the bags we were almost immediately warmer.

How disappointed were we in the evening when Jonas and Jaz came over to inspect, accompanied by a flask of whiskey. Departing their crowded tent and expecting a comrade's haven and all we had to offer was a solid custom made ice coffin for two. #Themomentwhenallyourhopesofimpressingyourmatescomescrashingdown.

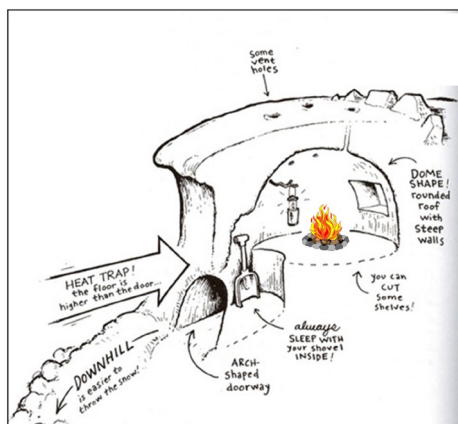
Scoot back.

I can't, it's....

Wait, is that all? How big is that thing?

Big enough!

I think this is what Jaz was hoping to find:



Still, I slept really well. Especially since I had Josh's inflatable Thermorest, which had been put on the far side of the coffin. I mean cave. When we woke up the next day we could see the morning light glowing through the snow. In the night our warm breath had carved out another foot of ice above us. Somehow none of it had dripped back down onto our faces (I think all the ice water went straight to residing beneath Josh, as he was pretty soggy) and we could see layer on layer the snow depositions, like tree rings, in the dome over our heads.

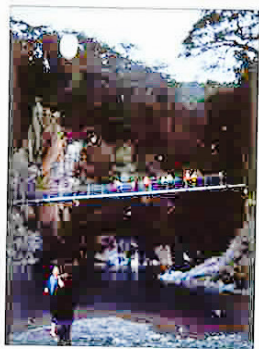


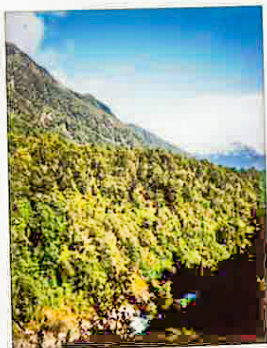
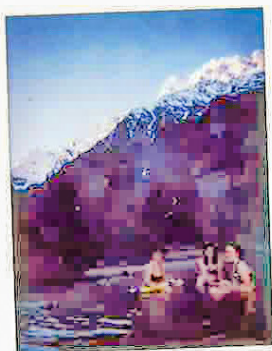
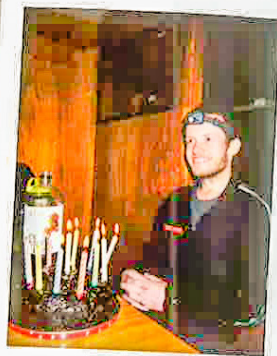
Copland Hot Pool Trip

Ella Borrie

Leaving Dunedin for a trip is an excellent feeling. The stirring of escape, possibility of adventure and the assurance that time will pass differently in the hills. At the end of mid-semester break we packed the vans with punters, life jackets and inflatable dragons. Torea instigated swimming (and jumping!) in the Blue Pools. We cooked dinner at Lake Paringa huddled under the information sign. Tragic sodden tent flies in the morning. There was a West Coast drizzle on the walk in, hot pool philosophising and a birthday cake for Grandpa Chris. Blessed with proper sunshine on the last day, waking up with snowy mountains (that were obscured by cloud the day before) and a dip in the hot pool. On the walk out the ferns and dew caught the sunlight. Freeform volleyball at lunch time – a perfect moment with class act people. I've had worse days. Kai in Wanaka, then exhausted crawling into bed. A lovely, mellow trip.

**All polaroids taken or organised by El Bozza
They're going straight to the Pool Room.**





There was a very naïve lass
Who set out on a tramp.
She wore a cotton shirt, alas,
And it became quite damp.

She shivered and she said,
“I am getting cold, I fear.”
She mumbled and her feet felt dead.
“It can’t be hypothermia!”

This lass, alas, was all alone:
She had done another foolish thing
And neglected, while at home,
To give her friend a ring.

To tell him where she planned to go,
How long she planned to be,
To say, “Be back by Sunday, bro.
Make sure you check on me.”

So no one knew this lass was lost
– She had wandered of the trail –
While she was finding out the cost
Of wearing cotton in a gale.

At length she found a river bed,
An orange marker on the other side.
She waded in with little dread
And that was how she would have died.

But just before the current caught her,
A band of trampers came along;
A jolly bunch of OUTCers
Who said, “Stop! That river is too strong.”

They fished her out. They dried her off.
They gave her marshmallows and tea.
She had developed quite a cough
And was quaking at the knee.

The trampers were concerned that she
Might get the wrong idea in her head,
About what a tramp was meant to be,
And stay at home in bed.

So “Don’t be glum,” they said.
“A tramp can be such fun.
Just join our club instead.
We’ll show you how it’s done!”

- Anna Welch

Stewart Solo - Mud, Rats and Kiwi

Anna Wallenborn

Walking the (in)famous North West Circuit - all on my own. Less than nine months after my first ever overnight tramp. While I was packing my pack, the day before catching the ferry, I really wasn't so sure anymore that this was actually a good idea. Fitting 12 days worth of food in my pack, plus my sleeping bag and a set of dry clothes of course, definitely didn't allow me to take my camera anymore. Being a photographer, no camera wasn't an option of course - so I just got a new tiny one, a minute before the store closed. At least one problem sorted (and everything fitting in the pack after all!).

The ferry crossing the next morning was a bit rough. Ah well, just the Foveaux Strait living up to its reputation ... I was glad when we reached Halfmoon Bay and I could get to the hostel and relax one last afternoon before the big adventure started.

Day 1: Lee Bay to Bungaree Hut

My pack is incredibly HEAVY. But that's the way it is. I can either give up already, or just set one foot in front of the other. I choose the latter, of course. The first part is easy anyway - the Rakiura Great Walk is a highway and makes for very easy walking. And it offers nice views too - the sea is turquoise and so clear that it makes me think of some Pacific Island. The rivers are incredibly brown however because of all the tannins - I have never seen anything like it before! It really looks like tea flowing down a creek bed.

Even with the heavy pack, I arrive at Port William Hut for lunch, sooner than I expected. And after a check of my map, I wonder whether I really already walked past the turn-off for the North West Circuit. I soon found out why: walking on the highway that is the Rakiura Great Walk, it's easy to overlook the wee grassy path that branches off it. And within less than 50 metres, the infamous NWC fully lives up to its reputation: I'm stuck in knee-deep mud, and there is knee-deep mud in every direction. Well, deeper in some parts. Walking poles become an essential piece of equipment - they are doing an awesome job as mud-poking and depth-testing devices! And I definitely can't say I didn't get an early warning of things to come; because from now on the mud will barely stop for the next nine days. From now on, there is mud, and there are roots, and mud, and steep climbs, and mud, and steep descents, and mud, and constant up and downs, and mud.

Finally, I get to Bungaree Beach, with the hut sitting at the other end. A perfect location for a hut, looking out over the beach and the sea ... Sadly, it's full of rat-sign, which makes me fear them eating my food. I make sure to pack it up really well so I should at least hear them! At Port William Hut there was a baseball bat, now I know why! I spend the evening wondering what the hell I got myself into and

why I ever thought it was a smart idea to start this. On my own. For 10 days. On a pretty much deserted track. Whatever ...

Day 2: Bungaree Hut to Christmas Village Hut

I wake up to find myself and, even more important, my food, rat-free. A good start to the day! I finally got my mind around the fact that I'll be walking this track for another nine days, and so I start walking. Again, just one foot in front of the other ... The day starts with a climb, but it's over quickly enough, and the usual constant up and down follows. Why even bother routing a track around a gully if people can just as well climb straight down into it and back up again? The forest is beautiful though, ferns, tree-ferns and mosses everywhere and massive rimu towering above.

I soon get to Murray Beach, which makes for some nice and easy walking along the hard-packed sand. Just after the turn-off I come across a pretty new hunter's hut where I can have my lunch without being eaten alive by sandflies. The next bit of track is quite flat - but flat also means swampy. Some boardwalk has been removed, so I get the chance to find out first hand why it was there in the first place. The mud here is really sticky, tough to walk through, and it's everywhere. I'm almost glad when the usual up and down starts again, at least this means a few slightly drier spots on the track ... I am relieved when I finally get to the turn-off to Christmas Village Hut, and surprised to have the company of two French trampers at the hut. They'll walk in the opposite direction though, so I'll probably be alone again the next day. I still wonder whether this whole thing was a good idea, but for now I'll distract myself: time for dinner!

How to add some fresh stuff to your dinner when you're on Stewart Island:

- pack a hand-line and some hooks
- find a shellfish to use as bait and stick it onto the hook
- climb on a big rock somewhere along the beach
- throw the hook into the sea
- wait about 45 seconds
- pull your dinner out of the water

So it was some wonderful fresh fish with garlic and spaghetti for dinner... I could get used to eating this while tramping!

Day 3: Christmas Village Hut to Yankee River Hut

The day immediately started with a decent climb - I really wouldn't want to walk up all the way to Mt Anglem on a track like this or even worse! It gets easier to avoid the worst bits of mud though: brown mud is bad (deep and soggy) mud, grey mud is good (firm) mud. I get to Lucky Beach later than I thought, but at least I finally have a windy and thus sandfly-free lunch spot. I'm not alone though: a rat



waits for a moment to steal some of my food - before a stone thrown in its direction makes it dash for safety.

The track goes on through beautiful bush, but of course it's not easy walking. I start to like root ladders though ... they make for a nice diversion from the usual rhythm and keep the walking interesting. Still, I am relieved when I finally arrive at the turn-off to Yankee River Hut, a fair bit later than I thought I would. The hut is in a beautiful spot, and it sports a cupboard full of proper plates, cups and even wineglasses. I manage to get the stove going so well that it heats the hut - a first! After dinner I go out to see whether I can spot a kiwi, but I only hear a few calls.

Day 4: Yankee River Hut to Long Harry Hut

A pretty short day for a change - only five hours to get to the hut. Of course there is a climb again first thing in the morning, and the biggest yet too. But walking back down, I get my first glimpse of Smoky Beach: the first big expanse of dunes. An incredibly beautiful, wild, untamed beach. But before I can actually walk along it, there's a little fitness test waiting for me: at the bottom of the track, there's a massive dune I have to climb over. It's all loose sand, and it's incredibly steep! With my heavy pack, I barely make any progress scrambling up, because every step also means sliding down again. Finally, I get over the dune and can enjoy the landscape. It's some easy walking too for a change, as the tide is out and there's nice hard-packed sand to walk on. At the end of the beach there's a surprise waiting though: an orange triangle on the opposite side of a really wide creek mouth which doesn't look too deep, yet turns out to be more than thigh-high! Supposedly there's a bridge slightly upstream, but without markers in that direction I didn't try to go find it. Fortunately there's no current whatsoever, so I make it across safely (dripping wet though of course). Luckily it doesn't take too long to Long Harry Hut anymore. It sits high above the sea and overlooks a wonderful bay with some pretty big waves rolling in. Turned out it was also a perfect location for watching the sun set, just sitting inside the hut (and away from the sandflies!).

Day 5: Rest day at Long Harry Hut

A new reason for waking up during the night: kiwi calling so loudly that they actually woke me up three times during that night (and my sleep is usually bomb-proof). Amazing to know they are around!

This day is just for relaxing, reading a little, relaxing a little more, and basically doing absolutely nothing (except for throwing rocks at the rats sitting outside the hut). I couldn't resist going out in the evening and looking for kiwi again in the evening, but without any luck. They are calling close by, but all remain well hidden. I decide that if I still don't see any tomorrow, I'll have to go out longer at night until I finally get to see one.

(All photos by Anna Wallenborn)

Day 6: Long Harry Hut to East Ruggedy ‘Ritz’

How to demotivate people: make them walk for almost two hours, up and down, through gullies, over root ladders ... and then let them look back from a viewpoint just to see the hut they just started from sitting right there! Luckily I'd been warned about this, so it isn't a bad surprise.

The track starts to climb again through some manuka shrub when something rustles in the bush next to the track. At first I think it's just another rat, brownish as it is, but it turns out to be a bit too large for a rat. And then it comes running past me on the track: my first wild kiwi, passing less than a metre from me! I'm stunned to have seen one. It almost walks back into the shrub to forage for some food. But it comes closer again, slowly, and finally stops about 80cm from me, eyeing up that strange creature that is standing in front of it. It stands so still that I can have a really good look at it too and also manage to take a decent photo. I am absolutely stoked to finally have seen a wild kiwi, and at 11am too for that matter! Walking on feels super easy after that, elated as I am.

Down at Boulder Breach the fun part is over. The beach makes for tricky walking, with very large pebbles and small boulders. And in the middle of it I am stunned by a small rock outcrop which totally blocks my way. There is absolutely no way I'll climb along it next to the wild surf. I have to get over it somehow - but how? After several minutes I finally spot a wee trail going up the side. But climbing that track almost makes me despair. It's really, really steep, with very few firm hand or footholds. And I am on my own. What happens if I fall off this? Climbing over this rock outcrop really scares the shit out of me. The surf is too close, too wild, that wee path is too steep ... I'm so afraid I almost want to turn around and just walk back. Finally I made it to the other side somehow and the walking over those massive pebbles and small boulders suddenly seems easy. Until I come to the climb up and away from the beach: it's really steep again, and so eroded that it's quite slippery too. I have to get up there somehow because there is no way I'll climb back over that rock outcrop! Just mustn't look down ... after one faceplant and covered in dirt I somehow find myself at the top. The usual muddy track with its roots almost feels like walking on a highway now. Arriving at the lookout over East Ruggedy Beach and the Ruggedy Islands, the rain finally gets strong enough to warrant putting on a rain jacket for the first time. Even in the rain, the view is beautiful - it must be incredible in sunshine!

After a steep descent to the beach, the probably most infamous river crossing of the whole North West Circuit awaits. It has a reputation for soft drift sands that swallow boots or even legs... but after a good look on where best to cross, it's really straightforward and easy, no soft sand at all. Walking on to the hut deck, I almost get a fright when suddenly another human being turns up. He's a possum trapper

staying at East Ruggedy for a few weeks. The hut is wonderfully warm, really welcome after the rain out there. And it's nice to have some company for a change.

Day 7: East Ruggedy Hut to Big Hellfire Hut

In slightly different fashion, the day starts nice and easy with a flattish stroll to West Ruggedy Beach. The track leads through some really interesting dunes - they're more like a mix of dune and rock. The walk along the beach offers some beautiful views over to Codfish Island/Whenua Hou before the track turns back inland and leads towards the Ruggedy Range - but not before climbing through a whole tree lying on the track. Now the real mud starts. The climb is very steep, basically 150 vertical metres of root ladders. And it's incredibly muddy, so muddy that it makes the rest of the North West Circuit seem dry. Every hole in-between the roots is filled with mud. Or just mud- coloured water. And if anything the descent is even muddier... I don't really know how I managed to get there, but despite my heavy pack and all the mud and roots I finally stand on the beach of Waituna Bay. From Waituna Bay, I can enjoy a beautiful panorama with the Ruggedy Range and its weird rock outcrops on one side, and the sea and Codfish Island/Whenua Hou on the other side. Yet I don't have time to linger, as it's still a fair bit to Big Hellfire Hut, and I have to climb up all those meters I just descended. Reputedly the worst mud of the whole circuit is between here and Mason Bay. And it definitely is muddy, yet not nearly as bad as I feared. When I see the sea again through the thick bush I know it can't be far anymore. In a short time I am indeed standing on the top of Hellfire Pass, a full 250m high - with a narrow dune running down all the way to the sea. I enjoy seeing the sea on one side and Freshwater Flats on the other, with a rainbow arching over the flats and views all the way to the hills on the other side of the island. For a moment I even wonder whether I should go down to Big Hellfire Beach, but the thought of having to climb up those 250 vertical meters of sand quickly has me moving on to the hut, just a few meters past the top of the dune. The day ends with enjoying views down to Freshwater Flats from the hut.

Day 8: Big Hellfire Hut to Mason Bay Hut

The last big day of walking, already ... I find it hard to believe that time passed so quickly. Today once again starts with a climb, but I'm really used to that by now and don't find it particularly hard anymore. Having eaten a lot of the food in my pack of course helps, too. The track soon flattens out on top of Hellfire Ridge - where it's actually dry. Unbelievable. Unfortunately, I'm pretty much walking in a cloud and thus miss out on the probably beautiful views from up here. After all, at almost 400m, it's the highest point on the North West Circuit.

Seeing Little Hellfire Beach is almost disappointing, as it means that the nice, dry part is over. The descent to the beach is really steep and I have to hold on to manuka wherever I can as there's not a lot of grip either. Looking along the beach I can

already see Mason Head, and after an easy stroll along the beach, the track turns inland and starts climbing one last time. It's steep and muddy, but nothing worse than I've already had; and I wonder where Mason Head got its reputation. I soon get to the top - marked by a fishing buoy with a smiley cut into it - and start the descent. And then I know. This is the most difficult, slippery, muddy, plain horrible descent I've ever seen. There are absolutely no footholds or anything to hold onto in some places, and I'm definitely too short for the "steps" in some parts of the track. It's 280 vertical metres of trying to not end up bumsiding. Unsuccessfully, by the way. I feel like the North West Circuit is testing whether I've learned enough about mud and steep slopes in the last days... But it seems that I developed enough courage and resilience and finally, I manage to end up at the bottom of the hill and at the start of the massive beach that is Mason Bay.

At first, it's not easy walking yet because there are big pebbles all across the beach, but soon it's just flat, hard-packed sand. Wonderful, fast walking after all that mud and roots and hills! Yet it's also a long way until Duck Creek, where I can finally turn off the beach and get to Mason Bay Hut after another 20 minutes. I'm relieved to be at the hut, yet also sad because the challenging walking is now over.

In the evening, I meet some more people as a group from Invercargill arrives from the Southern Circuit. They're taking a water taxi back to Oban the next day, and I wonder whether I should walk out early with them. But I don't want to leave the quiet wilderness yet, so I'll stick to my own schedule.

Day 9: Rest day at Mason Bay Hut

I'm having a lazy day. A sleep-in, then some reading while I wait for a few showers to pass. Finally, the sun comes out and I go and climb Big Sandhill. It's an easy walk up the dune, and the views are amazing. Seeing Mason Bay stretched out both sides makes it even more obvious just how massive it really is. Also the inland stretch of dunes is impressive: nothing but dunes between me and the sea, and after all Big Sandhill is about 2 kilometres from the sea!

Getting back to the hut I'm welcomed by a smoking chimney - a group from Christchurch arrived while I was exploring. They've been behind me for all of the last days, and now finally caught up. We'll be on the same water taxi tomorrow.

Day 10: Mason Bay Hut to Oban

Today starts with some cultural history at the old Island Hill Homestead and woolshed. It's interesting to see how people managed to live and farm in such a remote setting. The track itself continues pretty much all flat, completely root-free, mostly even and almost completely dry. Until the chocolate swamp, that is. There are a few deep mud patches before it, but I get through all right. Luckily there's

an elevated boardwalk across the actual swamp - otherwise it would be almost impassable as there's water everywhere.

After the swamp, the track continues in a perfectly straight line along a ditch. It's a long way to the bridge crossing Scott Burn, and it's one of the most boring stretches of track that I've encountered on Stewart Island. I'm glad when I finally get to the bridge, as it means it cannot be far to Freshwater River and the pick-up point anymore. For the first time since I started, I feel really tired while walking - maybe because I know I'm almost there? I can't really be more exhausted than before, after all I had a rest day the day before.

Turning around a corner and seeing Freshwater River right before me makes me feel relieved, but also sad. This adventure is almost over. After a nice lunch in Freshwater Hut, the water taxi arrives. It is way bigger than expected, and looks out of place on the river. The ride down Freshwater River is spectacular though, especially the bends. And there are many of them ... We also get a scenic ride up the South West Arm of Paterson Inlet and the Rakeahua River, all the way to Rakeahua Hut. There we drop a DOC worker who'll be trapping feral cats on the Tin Range in the next days.

Getting to Golden Bay feels strange. After 10 days, I'm back in civilisation - mobile phone reception, cars, people everywhere ... Little Oban feels like a metropolis now! I am glad for the loooooong shower and the pizza at the pub. But I could already start all over again.



Bird (Torea Scott-Fyfe)



Mount Barff Trip

Henry Ritchie (author), James Waetford, Meg Buddle, Sophie Bicknell, Penzy Dinsdale, Leon Billows, Rupert Wockner, Shamini Mahadevan and Kris Sweetapple.

Sham, Rupert and I had been talking about the need for all of us to get together and do a trip into the mountains while Sham was around. What better way to spend a weekend with friends than up the Matuki. James, Penzoid and the Megatron were pretty keen to fit some ski touring in, so Mount Barff seemed like the perfect choice. It was also a good chance for the less experienced of us to gain some more confidence on a relatively basic climb.

Penzy met us early on Saturday morning at Raspberry flat and we made our way up the Matukituki, making it to Liverpool Hut mid-afternoon. We chilled out in the sun for a bit and then had a play around in the snow, practising some self-arresting and having a look around. The skiers went off for a few hours before returning for some delicious dinner cooked by Sham and Ru. We thought Leon must have been eager to get some sleep before the long day ahead of us. But oh how wrong we were. When James remarked on Leon's readiness for bed, given that he was already "tucked up in bed", we discovered that Leon has a defensive streak. He exclaimed "I AM NOTTTTTTTTT - HENRY IS." Definitely one of those stories you had to be there for, however it was very funny. At this stage I was also ready with the PLB to get James airlifted out of Liverpool as he had a sore finger and seemed to be taking it very seriously.

Sore finger and all, we rose for an alpine start and made our way into the icy cold darkness to make our way up Barff. The conditions were pretty good and the sun rose to reveal a perfect day. We made it up to the "shoulder" of Mount Barff by about 9:30am and had supreme views of the beautiful Matukituki Valley, Mount Liverpool, Mount French and the north- and south-western ridges of Mount Aspiring. At this stage, many of us decided to stay at the shoulder, as the run out and exposure up to the summit was a bit more than we wanted to negotiate with.

While James, Meg and Sham climbed to the summit, we had a play around in the snow and soaked up the sun. Rupert started a snowball fight and snowballed me in the face a few times, which he soon realised wasn't a very good idea when he "got cold" after I threw a single snowball at him. Once Meg, James and Sham got back down to the shoulder we started to make our way down to the hut. For me at least, coming down always seems far harder than coming up - especially in the snow. As I delicately made my way down, Meg, Penzy and James shredded past us on their skis. They were waiting at the hut with lunch when we arrived a few hours later. After a bit of banter we made the long journey back down the Matukituki Valley to the road end.

The problem with being a slack-arse at writing Antics articles is that you forget all the funny things that happen. A cautionary tale for all.

Aspiring to forget less

Tanja de Wilde (author) and Meg Buddle

Meg and I had just ditched our friends in Fiordland because we got sick of the rain, and driven back to Dunedin. I checked MetVuw and messaged Meg from bed at midnight... Shall we go to Aspiring tomorrow? ...Yeah sure? Perhaps I can blame the spontaneous decision-making and fast packing for some of the following disorganisation.

Being summer, we had decided to take tramping boots for the rock scramble up the north-west ridge, and club crampons and single axe for the expected 60m or so of snow/ice-cap at the top. So when we saw loads of snow around, covering the nw ridge, we got a little worried that we were not prepared, and started wishing for our hard boots and second axe.

Arriving at Colin Todd Hut in the afternoon, the hut was packed! 16 of us there that night, with 11 intending to climb the next day, and quite a few guided parties. And a lot of gear in the hut! The other parties all had full ropes, multiple ice screws, snow stakes, plenty of rock gear and fully rigid boots. Plus the guides all spoke about the ice cap being very very hard at the moment... We were feeling rather worried about our bendy tramping boots. We also discovered on the walk in that one pair of the club crampons were extra-long size, and were far too big for my boots (let-alone Meg's). So I was only relying on knots in the crampon straps to keep them attached to my boots. Please ice, please soften for us, please.

The next day we woke early and left at 4.30am. In an attempt to keep snow out of our soft boots, we walked up the rocky shipowner ridge. After about an hour we reached the top of the ridge. Here we met another party - a friendly family of 3 - father, son and son-in-law - that we got to know quite well that day. They were looking for a place to rappel down onto the Therma glacier (which wasn't an option for us with our 15m emergency rope) and we soon found a good spot to downclimb. Still feeling good about ourselves... for now.

So we're on the Therma and it's time for crampons!..... Crampons.... There's ego-crusher number one. Meg "the 'tron" had left her crampons at the hut. Great. (Sorry Meg for telling the world). After a moment fussing about what this would mean for our chances of success, we decided to run back.

But first we had to climb back up what we down climbed. Fine for Meg, although for me it seemed to be harder to climb up than down!! Meg had to pull my entire weight up, and the friendly father had to hold Meg. Ego-crusher number two.

So Meg ran back very quickly. I followed some distance, until I gave up and sat down to eat as the sunrise lit up the awesome views around us. The detour took us

an hour. Meg told herself, “At least I’ll never forget my crampons again”.

So back on route, now in daylight, we continued up the Therma and back onto the ridge. On the rock buttress we scrambled past most of the other groups, as many were using ropes which was a lot slower. Phew, some self-esteem recovered again...

Just in time for ego-crusher number three. At the top of the buttress we reached snow again. It was unbelievable. How could this happen a second time? Meg had left her crampons at the bottom of the rock buttress!

As we scrambled back down the rock buttress, we suffered endless teasing from the other groups, “Really? Again?”. Or “You’re just trying to show off how fit you are”. Ha. Sure. Detour number two also took an hour.

As I have publically embarrassed Meg here, I should also admit that I had forgotten my raincoat for this trip, and we had to stop in Cromwell on the way to pick up Ella’s one. Ego-crusher number four.

Back on the snow, tired, with sore egos, we plodded up the snow towards the summit for what felt like a very long time to me. The ice cap was in perfect condition- nice hard snow but not too icy. My crampon stayed on most of the time, with an occasional kick to get the toes back into place. However, I did get some worried looks from the friendly father - ego crusher number five.

Aspiring from the air (Anna Wallenborn)



As we plodded we started to think of excuses for what had happened...
we wanted to give the ice cap time to soften in the sun?,
we wanted to check we could down-climb before continuing up - for safety?,
we wanted to experience the buttress twice because we like rock so much?,
we wanted to wait for the wind to die down?,
we wanted to let the guides in front to cut steps for us?
Just below the summit some of the other parties were coming down. They laughed,
“was too easy for you so you had to do it again ay?” Hmmm, we’ll try to believe
that excuse then.

We met our friends, the family of 3, on the summit. It was stunning up there!
That day the entire South Island had fine weather so we could see mountains for
miles in every direction. I tried to convince Meg to get a summit photo holding her
crampon- but she chose not to take it off, for fear of forgetting it again.

We were first back to the hut in the afternoon so recovered a little self-esteem. Just
as the others arrived back at the hut and the jokes began. “So are you girls going
back up again now?? Left something on the summit?... Car keys?”. Ha. Ha. Ha.

Not wanting to endure any more teasing, we got ready to leave. But oh I was
hungry. To pack light we had only taken a small amount of couscous and oats for
dinner and breakfast, along with a few muesli bars. The friendly family felt sorry
for us and gave us crackers and chorizo (ego-crusher number six?), however by this
stage I was ready to eat 2 pies, 10 cows and 5 chocolate brownies.

We motivated ourselves to walk out with the inspiration of chips and noodles in
the car. We got back to the car at 10.30pm and fell straight asleep, exhausted - I
mean, we basically climbed the mountain twice right? Perhaps we’ll aspire to be
less forgetful next time...



Penzy's OUTC Bingo:
Table 3

Punter not capable of walking let alone tramping	Burnt Porridge	Cooking chocolate bought as substitute	Punter doesn't use pack liner
Ski jacket as rain jacket	American jock thinks he's fitter than you, fails on the first hill	Punter asks about the alternate way home	Punter cries walking on a well-formed track
Tim tam slam	Aquanaut sinks mid-trip	Someone forgot boots	Poncho as rain jacket
Punter asks about the alternate way home	Successful rice cooking on tramping stove	Punter insists on not needing pack liner	Tent fly comes down in bad weather

Opposite page: M & T on the summit FINALLY (the lovely dad from the friendly family)

Anywhere you can see ...

For the motion

James Waetford

I stood upon the summit of a mountain. Surveying the surrounding lands, I pondered where to go. Beneath me laid rivers, lakes, fields, forests, oceans. All were attainable, for I could see them and had an entire day to walk there.

Some will tell you that this is a myth, but I assure you it's true. Cast your eye out - what do you see? With an entire 24 hours, you could walk there. I discovered this phenomena one April morning standing underneath the Tasman road bridge. From there we could see the summits of Aoraki/Mt Cook and surrounding ranges - all easily within a day's travel. There was also the other side of the bridge, which would undoubtedly take some time and struggle to get to.

"Aha, but what about from those summits?" the naysayers cried. Well, I say, from Aoraki you can see the Tasman and the South Pacific - the borders of New Zealand. Touristic Caroline Bay in Timaru is approximately 25 kilometers from the high peak of Aoraki. Heading "as the crow flies" - not along the plebeian roads - you could go from our highest peak to a white sandy beach with a fountain between lunch and dinner. Some people say you can see Mt Tutoko from the top of Mt Cook. I'm sorry, but you must be mistaking it for another mountain. You couldn't walk there in a day, therefore you can't possibly see it.

On the subject of things you can't see, you'll often find that you can't see very far because of clouds, trees and corners obstructing the view. This really limits how far you can walk. My opposition knows - I heard he tried to walk the length of the South Island but struggled because he could never see very far in the rain. See, you can't get very far if you can't see where you're going. I reckon you could walk to Auckland from Dunedin if they'd build the Sky Tower a few kilometers higher. Although, who'd want to walk to Auckland? We should build a tower in Dunedin so that people can walk here instead. Extensions like that add a lot of value to a place, y'know. In fact, I might just pop up to Mt Cargill now and do just that. After all, I can see it from my flat.

you can walk there in a day

Against the motion

Alexis Belton

This preposterous hypothesis was advanced by James on a daytrip up Mt Wakefield in early May 2016. Despite getting roundly ridiculed by the rest of the party, James stubbornly stuck to his guns.

You need only think of those expansive mountain-top vistas that occasionally encompass half of The Mainland of Aotearoa, or the fact that from range front peaks in the Himalayas you can see sometimes for hundreds of kilometres across northern India, to conclude this. Because the statement is so easily disproved, I anticipate that James will have shifted the goal posts monumentally. The argument will have shifted from the absolute, to a nuanced discussion of the relative frequency with which it is and isn't possible to walk to anywhere you can see.

This then begs the question of context, and geographic setting, among other things. Are we limiting the scope of the discussion to the Southern Alps, New Zealand, or even planet Earth? Other considerations will include fitness, walking speed and, of course, weather. In thick fog, you can walk anywhere you can see in a few paces.

If this seems like silly sophistry, it's meant to be. But let's keep it in good faith. Let's restrict the discussion to New Zealand, clear weather, a 24hr walking day and a decent level of fitness.

One way to settle the this vain 'debate' would be to use a GIS software. Here's how you'd do it. First, agree on a maximum distance a human could walk in 24hrs. At 4kph, that would be 96km on open and flat ground. Realistically, you'd use a much lower average because of bush and topography. Next, integrate all land that is in line of sight from about 1.7m (average human eye level), apply a buffer of $v(\text{avg}) \times 24$, and calculate the proportion of land that you could and couldn't walk to. Repeat for all locations across the whole country.

By this calculation you would feasibly be able to walk to most places you can see in a day, especially in the mountains where the majority of the land area is in closed valleys or in cities, where buildings are in the way. On the other hand it wouldn't be the case for vast tracts of open lowland such as the Canterbury Plains and the Westland coastal plains, where you can see the top of Aoraki/Mt Cook from Okarito.

But let's not fruitlessly debate the general. Why not try it locally? My challenge: to walk to Karitane from the Albatross colony on Otago Peninsula in a day.

History of the Annual Dinner Awards

The Fraser Brown Award for Adventurer of the Year is given to the leader of a trip who either intentionally or otherwise takes their punters on an outrageous trip they were unprepared for. In 2014 Fraser did this at both Paradise and Fiordland. On the former he took his group off track based on the information from a map with contour lines for every 100m instead of every 20m, causing the group to be forced to do five river crossings and a sidle around some cliffs. On the latter, Fraser got his group up at 3am because it started raining and he had told them if it rained a little they would begin walking because of the risk of the river rising and cutting them off. They got out to the road end by 7.30am to discover an uncannily brilliant Fiordland day with blue skies and sunshine.

In 2015 Fraser took a girl who couldn't swim in an aquanaut across Lake Marian. The aquanaut began to sink, at which point Fraser told her to try to inflate it while he kicked the boat across the lake, all the while saying: "Keep blowing Joy, keep blowing".

The Peter Wilson Flashing Red Light of Navigation is awarded to someone who has shown the most navigational incompetence. In 2003, Peter Wilson and his group severely misjudged the route on a crossing of Cascade Plateau. Dropping down the wrong creek from the plateau, the group arrived at Teer Creek far inland. Another group had carried the fly and cooking equipment to the coast, so Peter's "B team" were forced to follow Teer Creek four kilometers to meet them. Five hours of boulder bashing and a group member tantrum later, travelling by the light of three torches and a flashing red bike light, the eight trampers arrived at the beach to a cooked dinner and roaring fire.

Luke Gardener Bastard of the Year is named after Luke for the sheer number of times he has won the award. This year he was presented an oversized wooden spoon with "world's largest stirrer" engraved on the handle.

The John R. Williams Piton of Almost Certain Death hangs around in the lockable gear cupboard and can sometimes be found in the box of trad gear. This relic dates back to the early nineties, when a group of trampers descended to the West Matukituki from Bevan Col. Arriving at the gut section, things were looking not-downclimbable-in-the-direst-sense. They had nothing left to rap on, but fortuitously found a rusty piton pre-placed by a previous party. The entire group abseiled from the piton, some four or five people. Finally, the rope was retrieved with a tug - and the piton came down with it. So the Piton of Almost Certain Death is awarded, not for endeavours in climbing, but to a trip on which there was almost a complete disaster.

The Steve France Helicopter Rescue Award is awarded, unambiguously, for the most scandalous helicopter rescue of the year. In his time with OUTC Steve France was involved in no fewer than five helicopter rescues, most of which weren't really his fault. Chris "Chopper King" Greenan now equals Steve France's record.

The Black Bra is a symbol of sexual mystery. In 2004, after a wild weekend, Peter Wilson and Amelia Moody drove the Critic van home from Bushball. As Peter pulled out of Raspberry Flat, he lowered his sun visor, and the black bra fell into his lap. And so without knowing its owner, or whether it has been washed since that day, we award the bra to a romantic enigma.

Penzy abseiling through the worst of the bullshit on the approach-ridge to Terror Peak (Max Olsen)



Annual Dinner Awards

Lightweight Trampler

Nominations:

Jaz Morris - 5 people, 2 sleeping bags

James Waetford - just in general; but also for his packing to run into the Catlins: a PrimaLoft, a can of baked beans, and a bottle of scrumpy instead of sleeping bag.

WINNER: James Waetford

Armchair Trampler

Nominations:

Anna Murdoch

Jaz - never goes tramping.

Lauren Farmer and Max Olsen - for basically bringing the armchair to Paradise and using it to drink much tea across the fence from the real trampers sitting in the ground and practicing river crossing

Luke Gardener - suspiciously absent from most trips this year.

WINNER: Lauren Farmer and Max Olsen



Lauren and Max enjoying a brew (Anna Murdoch)

Gear Freak

Nominations:

Meg Buddle – for buying a huge amounts of gear since she started getting sweet staff discounts at Bivouac, and hitching to Christchurch to buy skis.

Jaz Morris - have you seen inside his room!

Luke Gardener - buying new Swannndri and gumboots to try and fit in at MPI.

WINNER: Meg Buddle

Monica Lewinsky (for scoring the president)

Lottie Armstrong – while she should officially get the Monica Lewinsky she was in effect the President due to all work done on Chris's behalf.

Chris Greenan - we all know who was really running the show...

WINNER: Chris Greenan

Romeo and Juliet

Nominations:

Jackie Foster and Jessica Redden - for going on a 'honeymoon' together.

Sham and Rupert - for being sickeningly cute.

Chris and Lottie

Ella and Maria - for Ella's blind devotion to her silly tent

WINNER: Ella and Maria

Terrific Transport

Nominations:

Max Olsen - running the Routeburn, then managing to hitch to Wanaka by dinner time.

Jake Schonberger – words cannot describe how transporty he is.

Chris Greenan - getting all the way up to Aspiring Hut and nearly back to the sealed road before the tail-light fell off the trailer at Bushball this year.

WINNER: Jake

Speed Freak

Nominations:

Max Olsen – for running the Routeburn in 4.5 hours, in snowy conditions, and (as above) getting to Wanaka by dinner time.

Jamie - for winning the 3 Peaks race, and being an absolute crusher.

WINNER: Max Olsen

Mountain Goat

WINNER: Max Olsen - simply is one. He's also got the beard.

Drunken Stupidity

Nominations:

James Waetford – for getting that drunk in a remote location (Catlin Clears, Tiff's leaving do).

Hamish Sturmer - Bushball (general drunken yarns and clumsiness). Return trip in the van from Copland (the lone drinker, drunk in the van and spinning some outrageous yarns). Silver Peaks (drunken yarn-spinning, putting almost a whole tree on the fire and then passing out beside the fire).

Sasha Cheng - for doing scrumpy hands on the walk out after Plan A trip was rained off.

Cara - wandering off at Tiff's leaving party.

Imogen - for throwing up on Copland.

WINNER: James Waetford

Drunken Ability

Nominations:

Hamish Sturmer- for his skills of building the hugest campfire ever seen.

Everyone involved in organising a search for Cara at Tiff's leaving party.

James Waetford - for managing to walk from the Clears out the next day.

Jaz Morris - for his ability to devise a strategic plan on how to get the extremely slow punter out of Lake Alabaster Hut, whilst being rather drunk, thus resulting in him saying things like: "we can even tie her up like a hog roast if it comes to it."

Torea – for dancing and speeches at Bushball.

WINNER: Torea



The morning after at the Clears. If you look closely you might see James throwing up (Meg Buddle)

Most Enthusiastic Trumper

Nominations:

Ella Borrie - for making friends with everyone, and making everyone's tramping experience fantastic. She is seriously the happiest trumper we know.

Penzy Dinsdale – "it rained on me almost every tramp this year!! And I haven't mentioned it once!"

Joy Claypoole – for shouting with excitement every time waterfall appeared. There are a lot of waterfalls in Fiordland.

Lucy Patterson - for always been ridiculously happy whilst tramping and pointing out beautiful things in nature along the way.

WINNER: Joy Claypoole

Most Pessimistic Trampler

WINNER: James Waetford - becoming a punter cynic.

Golden Shovel for Spade Work (persistently chasing a guy/girl)

WINNER: Anna - much Tinder usage.

The Black Bra

WINNER: Lottie - when asked at camp after why Chris was still wearing a harness at 9pm, she replied words to the effect of “that’s for later.”

The Piton of Almost Certain Death

Nominations:

Jonas Meerstetter - climbing Sabre, for constructing a hanging belay with almost all his weight on one small wire, then proceeding to bounce around on it, to the terror of his second climber

James Waetford and Tanja De Wilde - fell asleep at the wheel.

Tiff Stephens, Peter Wilson and Max Olsen - for climbing up something they couldn’t climb down then abseiling something they couldn’t climb up before getting stuck on a 1 square km glacier and having their tent nearly taken out by an ice block in an area they thought was ‘safe’.

Lottie - for making the near fatal mistake of sitting beside someone who was giving Cara a hard time. Ended up narrowly avoiding having an axe lodged in her chest after Cara lost her temper.

Meg - for giving Luke a hard time for attempting Aussie Abseiling; but walking through the train tunnel at Doctors Point.

Max’s aquanaut on the Terror Peak trip - the tow rope attached to the aquanaut ripped out, along with a big chunk of the plastic wall causing it to hiss and deflate rapidly while carrying two packs and several thousand dollars’ worth of gear during a crossing of Deepwater Basin. Thankfully the boat was 2m from shore and at the very end of a 1 hour paddle, so there was no great loss; but the occupant of the aquanaut and owner of one of the said packs saw her life flash before her eyes.

WINNER: James Waetford and Tanja De Wilde

Quote of the year

Nominations:

Chris Greenan - Ella: “It isn’t tramping till you get your feet wet”

Chris: “....Or you get picked up by a helicopter”.

Penzy - “This tent can withstand wind gusts up to ... ” just before her tent broke in the wind.

James - “Anything you can see you can walk to in a day”.

Anna Murdoch at the AGM - “I RAISED Rowan!” to demonstrate Rowan being too young to run for patron.

Penzy (after doing 8+ hours of vertical bushbashing in Fiordland on Terror Peak trip, addressing the vine she’s entangled in) - “You cunt, you bastard, you fuckwit

you asshole!!!”

Tanja (in disturbed voice) - “Penzy, you’re scaring me!”

WINNER: Anna Murdoch

Stephen R. France Helicopter Rescue Memorial Award

Nominations:

Penzy Dinsdale, Lydia McLean and Katherine Sarcich - getting flown out of the Olivines due to lack of food, after spending five days in a rock biv.

Max, Peter Wilson and Tiff Stephens – for getting rescued from Fiordland after abseiling to nowhere and being unable to retrace their steps...

Chris - because he’s still known for it!

WINNERS: Penzy Dinsdale, Lydia McLean and Katherine Sarcich

Driving Award

Rowan – for leaving his car parked on an icy hill and then getting out, only for it to slide backwards into an oncoming vehicle. With his girlfriend inside the car.

James Waetford - falling asleep at the wheel and driving into ditch.

Penzy - for driving off Milford Rd almost into the ditch.

WINNER: Rowan

The Luke Gardener Bastard of the Year

Luke Gardener – because who else?! And for honking at a funeral procession because it was blocking the road.

Jamie Gardner (during the Mt Aspiring ascent) - for grabbing the drink bottle off the back of Chris’s pack while descending Mount Aspiring and sculling the last of the water he had been saving, without asking him. Then, eating the whole packet of group biscuits leaving Rowan and Chris with nothing to eat. Also for pooing in front of the tent.

Chris Greenan- for making Lottie do half of the president’s work

Rowan Cox - for, amongst other things, climbing with Cara. Cara led her first climb at which point someone asked, “Aren’t you going to congratulate her” to which Rowan replied, “why? It was only a 15...” Which was rude. Also for car mishap described above.

Tim Wareing - for ditching his only role as Vice President.

WINNER: Jamie Gardner

The Rob Daley Good Bugger

Nominations:

Max Olsen

Tim Wareing

Chris Greenan - for being president, vice president, web officer, safety officer and making a new website for the club. Pretty good work (minus the long rant to the Scandinavian guy on FB)

Tash Spillane - for being such a good natured and hard-working treasurer, especially

having to do the last semester by herself.

WINNER: Tash Spillane

Epic Tramp of the Year

Nominations:

Penzy, Lydia and Katherine - five days in a rock biv with no food in the Olivines (if that actually counts as tramping).

Jaz Morris and Jonas (and non-OUTC friends) - for climbing Sabre in a weekend. Got to Homer Hut from Dunedin at 11pm, left Homer 3am, got to the bottom of the route on Sabre at 10am, 12 pitches of rock climbing carrying 3L of water each, bivouac near the summit on small ledge with two sleeping bags for five people, then traverse Marian and Barrier Peaks to get back to Homer Hut the next day. Almost 30 hours of climbing/scrambling in a weekend.

James Waetford, Meg Buddle, Penzy Dinsdale climbing and skiing Mt Barff.

Alexis, Jamie and Rowan - Landsborough trip.

WINNER: Alexis, Jamie and Rowan

Tramper of the Year

Nominations:

Cara-Lisa Schloots - for tramping most weekends and even disappearing from field-work to pointlessly climb random mountains.

Anna Wallenborn - 10 months ago she'd never been on an overnight tramp and now she's climbed mountains and used ice-axe/crampons. If she wasn't at annual dinner it'll be because she was cramming in more tramps before she left the country.

Penzy Dinsdale - photos from photo comp speak for themselves. For going on a ridiculous number of tramps to awesome places.

WINNER: Anna Wallenborn

Dark Horse (for someone who "lurks in the shadows")

Nominations:

Leon Billows - for seeming quiet and nice but actually saying some horrifically nasty things.

Katherine Sarcich – ditto

Charles Leaper

Rowan - for what happened on Tiff's going-away Catlins trip.

WINNERS: Leon Billows and Katherine Sarcich

Beauty and the Geek - award for person dating web officer

Nominations:

Sham and Rupert

Chris and Lottie

WINNERS: Chris and Lottie

The Peter Wilson Flashing Red Light of Navigation

Nominations:

Julia Leman - for her inability to find the start point of tracks, and getting lost on the way to big hut.

Rupert - whilst driving to Queenstown for rock climbing, we were waiting for Rupert and his car load to meet us in Roxburgh or Alex as they had left slightly after us. I thought it would be funny to send a txt saying “where are you, Gore?”, to which Rupert responded “almost ...”

James Waetford, Meg Buddle and Shamini for going up Mt Barff by a more difficult route than necessary, and trying to get everyone else to come up with them.

Alexis, Jamie and Rowan - for going to the wrong col on are Landsborough trip.

WINNER: Rupert

Garbage Disposal Unit

WINNER: Jamie Gardner -

He eats anything and everything. No matter its history. Never lets anything go to waste. Would rather eat it than see it thrown out.

Despite being less active with the club this year he should still be nominated to get the GDU award, or alternatively have the award named after him. One member will never let him forget that time he secretly took a bite out of her block of butter then denied it.

We propose the Garbage disposal unit award be renamed “The Jamie Gardner Garbage Disposal Unit” as no one will ever deserve it more than him.

Culinary Skill

Nominations:

Chris and Lottie - while camped in the snow at Wye Creek. Dinner was sausages and white bread. Attempts to cook the sausages resulted in repeated burning of fingers and the outside of the sausages, while achieving very little internal temperature gain in the flesh itself. Quote Lottie: “tramping meals aren’t our strong point.”

Also Chris and Lottie for climbing Brewster on four hot cross buns and nothing else.

Lauren, Anna and Henry - for the trifles at Bushball.

Sasha and Katie - for making nearly 1kg of yummy rice pudding at Snowcraft.

Max Olsen - always outstanding food no matter how difficult the trip.

Alexis and Co – for efforts to dehydrate three months of gourmet dahl for their Southern Alps traverse.

WINNER: Lauren, Anna and Henry

International Trumper of the year

Nominations:

Jake Tholen - for outstanding fashion sense on every tramp.

Jessica Redden - for being camp mum and organising the kiwis.

WINNER: Jessica Redden

Best trip leader

Nominations:

Beth Walker - for being so incredibly patient and enthusiastic. For instance at Bushball, seen packing a punter's pack when he couldn't do it himself.

Max Olsen - always patient and understanding.

WINNER: Beth Walker

Costume of the year (e.g. Bushball, BYO, TWALK)

Nominations:

Torea at Bushball

Candy Canes at Bushball

Anna Murdoch's stripey polypro

WINNER: Candy Canes

Most ridiculous prop (carried on a trip)

Nominations:

Katherine Sarcich - Albi the dragon on Copland

Jaz Morris - for carrying the inflatable kiwi, Wayne, to the summit of Alpamayo (5947m) in Peru.

Ella Borrie - putting safety first and carrying a life ring to Copland - that thing is heavy.

WINNER: Ella Borrie

Ella and Max at Annual Dinner (Jaz Morris)

Camper of the year

Nominations:

Charles Leaper - for hating the tramping but loving the camping aspect.

Penzy -- for having a brand-new \$1000 tent break while camped at barely 400m altitude.

In Raspberry flat carpark!

Hazel Nissen - for pitching Penzy's tent which subsequently broke.

Frazer Attrill - for his bomb-proof tent and for being an ass about it!!

WINNER: Frazer Attrill

Dramatic injury of the year

WINNER: Lottie Armstrong - rarely takes any falls rock climbing but when she does she breaks her patella or peels all the skin of her fingers.



Of all the lessons learned this year,
In whitened place and mountain air
Where travel slow and light is sharpest,
One of these was learnt the hardest.
That rent the neck, the lips, the chin
For days on days I cowered in,
The only shade that could be trusted,
The hut of Empress, the myth, the lusted.
With lizard skin, with swollen mouth
Twas lesson learned without a doubt.
The blazing sun will show no mercy,
If you fuck up it will be hurty.
I've learned this thing, I can't unlearn it
Never again shall my cover, be less than perfect.

- Meg Buddle

**Opposite top: Frazer wishing he'd brought a higher SPF as the sun
rolls in (Meg Buddle)**

**Bottom: Getting absolutely toasted on the way to Empress (Tanja de
Wilde)**



Toyboata Hilux

Torea Scott-Fyfe, Tash Spillane, Lottie Armstrong, Sophie Bicknell-Young, Frazer Atrill and Ella Borrie (author)

Lord, grant me the strength to romanticise the behaviours I cannot change, the courage to ignore the underlying concerns I have about the overall efficacy of this approach & the wisdom to pretend it isn't happening

- Hera Lindsay Bird

It was early December and those of us stuck in town decided to take a trip. Dasler Pinnacles was decided upon as a midpoint between Dunedin and Christchurch. I was feeling particularly apprehensive when packing for the trip (grumpy from poor sleep, completely over Law School and sick of a month of washing dishes in the bath). I remember buying a new packliner (a wise move) at Biv and telling Sarah that a tramp was exactly what I needed to blow out the cobwebs.

We meet Frazer in labyrinthine Twizel and the six of us squeezed into Jason, Lottie's champion station wagon. Spirits were high, despite Frazer having neglected his muesli duty. Now, the Hopkins Valley doesn't really have a road end, just a 4WD track of decreasing quality. Around midnight, after a valiant effort, Jason could go no further. We were getting ready to start walking and set up camp further down the road when we met some hunters. The boys consisted of Cam (The driver who knew Rowan and Finn Cox), Jamie (very talkative and a bit drunk), Ramen (yes, that's how you spell it) and Ramen's dog Tussock. They were driving a Toyota Hilux loaded with six big tires (for burning) and three crates (for drinking). They kindly offered us a ride to the Hut and as Frazer said, it was "too good an offer to pass up".

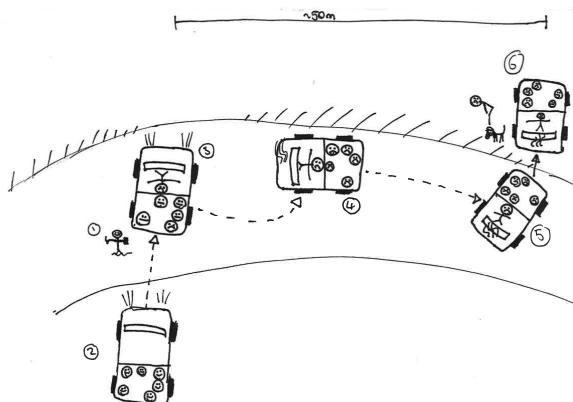
So the six of us and our packs piled on top of an already loaded tray. We were stacked pretty high, and there wasn't much to brace ourselves on. Jamie leaned out the window and had a yarn to us, telling us about their misadventure last weekend when they floated a different ute down a river. Haha. They gave us a can of Ranfurly Draught which we passed around while staring up at the clear night. Sophie's croc was in danger of falling off, so I took it off her foot and quickly stashed it in a tire, in a reverse Cinderella. I'm a bit of a scardeycat so the combination of bumps and nothing to hold onto made me a bit nervous, but it was mostly great to be outside on an adventure with my pals.

At this point in the story, I'd like to mention, it was now the early hours of my 23rd birthday. Right before Red Hut we came to one last tributary. A proper Fuck Off river.

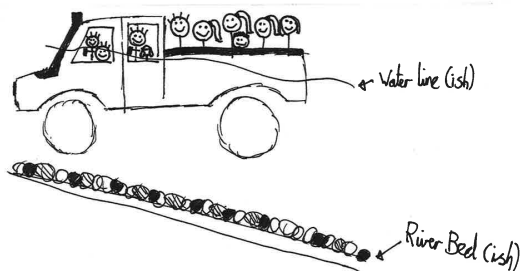
Jamie got out of the ute and tested the current. He got about halfway across the river and looked a picture of rural New Zealand in his stubbies, redbands and norsewear. Then he dropped his durries in the river and scurried back to the bank. Later he would say “maybe if you can’t wade [the river], you shouldn’t drive across”.

There were some mutterings about getting out and crossing the river manually at a better place. But there was no deliberation, and the vehicle suddenly revved ahead.

We were heading steadily towards a nice exit point on the other side. The ute was $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way across, then the river got deeper.



Instantly, the back of the ute was at the front and we were floating downstream. The river bank was too high to get out of easily. Frazer was on top of the cab coaching us all to “not jump yet”. We froze. The water was a beautiful milky-blue colour, but certainly not “swimmable”. I remember untangling my feet from the tire I was bracing against so they were free. We floated for 50-80m. Water was at the level of the tray and had started to spill in. It was unreal and horrible. Happy Birthday to me.



As suddenly as it started, the back wheel caught the riverbed. The bank was low enough and Cam had the presence of mind to reverse reverse out. The Hilux was out of river, on the the other side.

Cam got out of the ute and dry retched. We started shaking. Miraculously (not a word I use lightly) everyone was safe.

We arrived at Red Hut at about 3am and had tea and birthday cake. I was in a state of disbelief and I don't think anyone got much sleep. The information panel in the hut said it was built in 1916 as a stopover for motor tourism. Haha.

The rest of the trip was comparatively uneventful. We had two bluebird days and a fun night in two-bunk Dasler Biv (good thing none of us are tall!). There were great views and good kai. We spend a lot of time chuckling uncomfortably about our boating trip. When we arrived back at Jason on the last day we found a note from Cam, with a special message for Tash. ;)

When I got home a very sunburned Meg and I swapped weekend stories and I crawled into bed exhausted, too tired to shower. What a memorable birthday.

I would like to pre-emptively nominate this trip for the Piton of Almost Certain Death Award at Annual Dinner.

Afterward

In March 2017 Cam and Tash become a Facebook Official™ couple. You could say that Toyboata Hilux was a good pick up truck!

**Opposite clockwise from top left:
The Note (Ella Borrie)
On the walk out. River looking deceptively nonchalant
The crew at Dasler Biv**

Ray White.

Hope you all had fun walking
out. Sorry we tried to drown
you all on the way in, turns out
my truck makes a good raft.

P.S Green singlet feel free to
flick me a txt at some
stage, might take you on a
rafting adventure again if your
keen!

- Cam and the Boys



Anne Tix [antics2016@gmail.com]
Inbox:

Hello!

I was in NZ last semester on the tramping club and I have tried so many different things and emailed a few different people and I can NOT seem to get off of this subscription list! Can someone please go in and manually delete my email (sumo4085@colorado.edu) from the list? All attempts to unsubscribe have not been working!

Thanks
Susan

.....

Hi' Anne,

I am no longer living in New Zealand, therefore it does not make sense to send me anymore mails, and please if you can tell all people you know, that sends mail out relating OUSA, not to send me anymore mails, could that it be great.

Kind regards

Heidi Stengaard

.....

Hello Anne,

Unfortunately I do not attend University of Otago any more and tried to unsubscribe from OUTC but it hasn't worked. Could you please unsubscribe me from the mailing list?

Thanks and have a wonderful year,
Alex Magoon

.....

Opposite page: Kea and Aoraki (Anna Wallenborn)





Warning

We are not liable if you fuck up.



Department of Conservation
Te Papa Atarahai



Warning

We would have the money to restore this hut if you all stopped voting for that dork John Key.



Department of Conservation
Te Papa Atarahai

Please do not defecate in our National Parks. Heavy duty tramping nappies are available from all DoC visitor centres free of charge, and DoC hut wardens carry an emergency supply. Toilets in conservation areas are strictly for urination only.



Department of Conservation
Te Papa Atarahai



Warning

Children conceived in this hut are the property of the Minister of Conservation.



Department of Conservation
Te Papa Atarahai



Warning

The execution of snorers is permitted under the Backcountry Activities Act (2006).



Department of Conservation
Te Papa Atarahai

AUTHORISED PERSONNEL ONLY

Bitte nicht die kea füttern

非常に名譽

יחסים תא בהוא אל יא

хорошие суда

Tu sors, putain



Department of Conservation
Te Papa Atarahai



Warning

Nudist Hut ahead. Pants are optional beyond this point.



Department of Conservation
Te Papa Atarahai



Warning

This hut is believed to be haunted by the spirit of 1880s gold miner Sifty Dave.



Department of Conservation
Te Papa Atarahai