





# ANTICS 2012

published 2013

The (mostly) annual publication from New Zealand's oldest university tramping club



*Keeping the crate cold enroute to Welcome Flat hot pools  
(Josh Brinkmann)*



“...Full Nakedness! All my joys are due to thee,  
As souls unbodied, bodies unclothed must be,  
To taste whole joys...”  
- John Donne



*Front cover concept and photos by J.Vincent and J.Brinkmann.  
Made a reality by J.Morris*

## Contents page

6	Committee members 2012
8	Editorial
9	2012 President's Report
12	2012 Patron's Report
14	Attempts at poetry
18	Mount Sisyphus, Mount Armstrong, Brewster Hut, and Isthmus Peak and Roys Peak
20	Tramping in the Glaisnock Wilderness
24	Moon Lit Nav in the Snow
27	Rain
28	Livingstone Ridge - Fiordland
32	Presidential Murder Attempt
34	A wee email list interlude.
36	Mt Huxley
38	How to choose a spoon
40	Milford Organisational Flow Chart
44	Response to Milford Organisational Flow Chart
44	The Milford Rap
45	Welcome to the Milford
52	Port Craig Trip
53	Tim Bright's Swimming Philosophy
54	A Swedish Girl and Kiwi Hospitality
57	A Keg and the Copland Valley 1 <sup>st</sup> – 5 <sup>th</sup> July 2012
58	In Defence of the Cold
59	Peanuts
60	Annual Dinner Awards
62	Email controversy following annual dinner...
64	NZ Fauna and Their Noises
66	Mt Campbell 3-4th November
70	Riddles
73	Mt Aspiring: an amble up the NW ridge

78	3 Passes/Poor Mans Routeburn
80	Little Domett
83	Tramping Comic
85	A climb of Tasman and Lendenfeld
88	Lost? Never Fear!
89	Attempting to get ANTICS articles
90	Why we didn't do the Rees/Dart
92	Mt Ollivier
94	Thomson – Olivines
96	Rees-Dart Route Information
100	How to play cards
104	You know your a trumper when...
105	Things you don't want to hear while tramping
106	Why can't I come on the Fiordlands trip?
112	A Tour of the Hunter Headwaters
114	Attempts to cajole people into writing articles

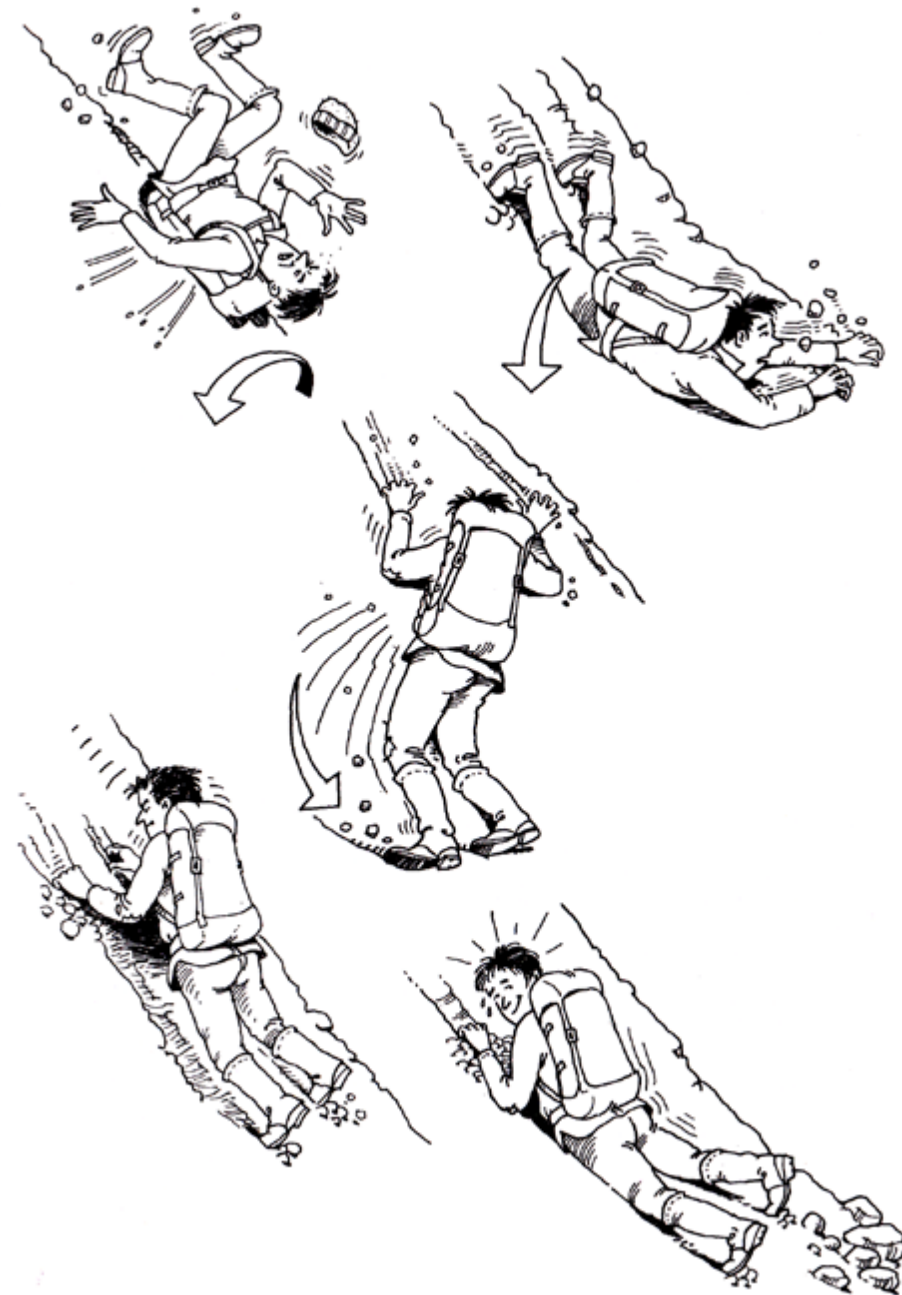


*"Beware of digging an oversized toilet hole..."  
(Bushcraft Guide 1995)*

- 128 Trip ideas:**
- 128 Brewster Hut**
  - 129 Mt Titiroa Area**
  - 130 Green Lake Hut**
  - 132 Luxmore Hut, Kepler Track**
  - 133 Glade Pass/ Dore Pass**
  - 136 Gertrude Saddle**
  - 138 Brodrick Hut**
  - 140 Hopkins Valley**
  - 141 Staircase Hut**
  - 142 Clears Hut/Tautuku Biv**
  - 144 Mueller Hut**
  - 145 Routeburn Falls Hut**
  - 146 French Ridge Hut, Matukituki Valley**
  - 147 Canyon Creek**
  - 149 Big Hut**
  - 150 Long Beach Rock Climbing**
  - 151 Copland Hot Pools**
  - 153 Pouakai Plateau - Mt Taranaki**
  - 156 Tararua biscuits**
  - 157 Some cooking tips from the NZFS**



*"Aquanauts on Milford Sound" (Penelope Dinsdale)*



*Different methods of descending a steep slope  
(Bushcraft Guide 1995)*



## Committee members 2012

<b>President:</b>	Penzy Dinsdale!
<b>Vice-President:</b>	Jaz Morris
<b>Secretary:</b>	Cleo Davie-Martin
<b>Treasurers:</b>	Tom McKellar and Claire Cannon
<b>Gear room guardians:</b>	Tim Bright and Marshall Palmer
<b>Membership manager:</b>	Julie Blommaert
<b>Safety sucker:</b>	Jaz Morris
<b>Social scene:</b>	Jennifer Forret and Kate Stewart
<b>Training:</b>	Cleo Davie-Martin
<b>Environmental:</b>	Tiffany Stevens and Tim Bright
<b>Patronising patron:</b>	Cleo Davie-Martin
<b>Web wizard:</b>	Jaz Morris
<b>Transport:</b>	Peter Wilson
	(Removed from office mid year, term incomplete)
<b>General:</b>	Ronja Kemnitz, Laura Doughty, Minh Ha, Nick Plimmer and Paul McCarthy.
<b>ANTICS EDITORS:</b>	Joe "Statler" Vincent Josh "Waldorf" Brinkmann



© Otago University Tramping Club (Inc.)  
84 Albany Street  
Dunedin 9016  
New Zealand  
[www.outc.org.nz](http://www.outc.org.nz)

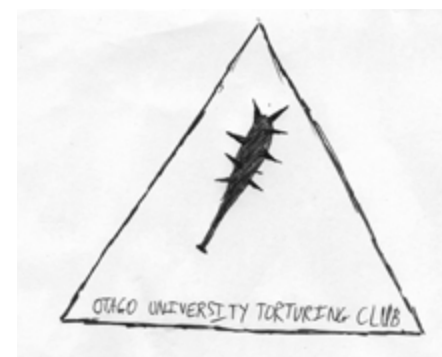
This publication and the material found within remains the property of the Otago University Tramping Club (Inc.). Apart from any fair dealing for the purposes of private study, research, criticism or review, as permitted by the Copyright Act 1994, no part of the publication may be reproduced in any form or stored in a retrieval system without prior written permission from the copyright owner.

## Editorial ~~ass-covering~~ Disclaimer:

While the majority of spelling mistakes and such like have been caught there are some that creep through, our apologies. All attempts have been made to credit the right people.

Some of the content may offend, if it does then try to laugh about it. Do remember that during the AGM in 2011 you put a couple of muppets in charge.

Statler and Waldorf  
(Joe and Josh)



*What OUTC really stands for  
Drawn by Tom McKellar*

---

The views expressed in this publication may not be those of the Otago University Tramping Club

## Editorial rant goes here

Traditionally this section is a nice wee rant from the editor telling people to do more tramping or mountaineering.

We'll go for something slightly different.

A big thanks to everyone who was involved with story writing and submitting pictures. The year has been a load of laughs for us while composing emails to subject the list to. Hopefully you all found them amusing because we thought they were piss funny. Yes they are included.

The idea of being the editors started off over a cup of tea one day when Joe suggested to Josh:

"shall we edit antics this time around?"

Josh agreed with the tradition answer of:

"yeah alright, how hard can it be?"

Later on that week the antics 2012 email address was created. This was about May 2011. At the AGM Josh talked about how they work together then Joe interrupted by stating they already had the email address so you have to let us do it now. It was then off to The Bog for a celebratory pint of Guinness and skip the rest of the AGM.

How ANTICS2012 works, there are all the usual stories and photos but at the end there is a special section devoted to trip ideas. As far as we know it's the first attempt to have a devoted trip suggestions section in antics.

Some parting words:

Don't take yourself too seriously. For example, when you find yourself slightly misplaced and walking around the wrong side of a mountain the best thing to do is have a wee chuckle, then find the correct side.

Do try to use some understatement in life too, it is a fine New Zealand tradition and long may it endure.

Very little in life is better than telling someone "Yeah it was a bit damp and a bit cold that trip" for them to later find out it was waist deep water and the helmet straps were freezing up.

Kind regards

Statler and Warldorf

You're not always the butt of our jokes. Please write a trip story.

Ta



## President's Report – 2012

*Sitting in Dubai Airport, just under halfway home from an epic winter in Switzerland is not where I imagined I'd be writing my president's report. Not that I've really given it that much thought thus far, but apparently it's due the moment I touch down in Dunedin. So I guess half asleep in an airport in the middle of the desert is as good a place as any.*

My year as president started in sufficiently similar circumstances. Me, in Switzerland, having a fantastic time, while sending email instructions to everyone back in Dunedin, who I'm sure were also having a reasonably fantastic time, trying to get everything organised for the start of the year. And so the year got off to a good start. With both Paradise and Fiordland being well attended and as well organised as normal, aside from Albi the dragon and his friends being left behind in the gear room. I was successfully rivered [sic] as per usual for the president, but not before making a dash for it halfway across the campsite and not being as woosy [sic] as previous presidents, not wearing a wetsuit or climbing into the hot tub after.

And that set the tone for a great year. With trips ranging from easy to mountaineering on the tramping front, as well as numerous ski and rock climbing trips. Living up to our start of the year promise and my goal for the year of having trips every weekend of semester as well as a couple



in the holidays. Of course all of them in a wide variety of exciting places, one of my favourites was the Milford trip, which including aquanauting across Milford Sound (but maybe that just because of the excessive amount of organisation that went into it. See organisational flow chart in this edition of Antics).

This year we also saw the inaugural Silverpeaks trip. The aim of the trip was to encourage the kiwi membership base, in an effort to encourage more trip leaders and look after the future of the club. So we subsidised the trip and had it in a nice local location. The trip cost just \$20 and was enjoyed by all. Including Jaz, George and Alexis' Team Misery. We are already enjoying the benefits already, by welcoming a 2<sup>nd</sup> year to the committee for 2013, and hope to see and increase in our kiwi membership next year too.

I know plans are already underway to run the Silverpeaks trip again. In accordance with concerns about the rising cost, Bushball was successfully reformatted this year and the cost lowered. Which resulted in it being much easier to sell tickets (we sold out entirely at the first meeting of semester although there was a larger number of people pulling out than normal, but luckily we had a waiting list to cope with it). We also ran a slideshow evening that doubled as a pre-meet on clubs and socs day, which was very successful. With just a few minor adjustments, Bushball will hopefully now continue to be sustainable and enjoyable in the future. Of course it also helps if the Social Officers are able to attend the event they are organising.

On the social front we had several well attended slideshow nights, set ourselves up in the second semester with a highly successful Happy Hour of Tuesday's at The Church, with a great cheap drinks deal and free food. Of course when The Church became an India restaurant part way through the semester, this became a \$7 curry deal. Yum. Photo Competition was held at one such Happy Hour and was a hit with a record number of entries and some neat prizes coming from Bond & Bond, after RnR's new management meant they couldn't help us out anymore. This has led the club to move to Bivouac Outdoors for sponsorship in the upcoming year. Massive thank you to social officers for running the night and sourcing prizes.

---

Josh to Penzy at the photo comp night.

"Hey Penzy, Are you pretending to be a plumber?"

"No, why?"

"Cos you've got heaps of ass crack showing"

As for training the usual training courses went ahead, what with some changes in leadership. We also reinstated a leadership training on the same day as river crossing with the hopes of encouraging new leaders to lead and co-lead on Fiordland. With some success.

All in all I've tried to keep this report short, sharp and not too boring. So I'm going to end now by saying thanks to everyone on the 2012 committee for being a great team and thanks for the opportunity to be club president. I had a great and not too many out of hand email battles. Think most of you had a pretty great time too. If not tough bikkies.

See you all in 2013.

Penzy Dinsdale



*Penzy Dinsdale - doing press ups on the way to Lake Adelaide.  
(Cleo Davie-Martin)*

## 2012 Patron's Report

*Cleo Davie-Martin*

*Like many a Patron before me, my report consists of the speech I gave at Bushball 2012...*

Good evening everyone and welcome to Bushball 2012. I hope you are all enjoying yourselves! I'm Cleo and as the OUTC Patron, it is my job to bore you all with a speech!

For those of you who don't know me... there are really only two things you need to know... one: I hate dressing up and two: I hate giving speeches. So this is pretty much my worst nightmare – but we'll give it a go...

Another thing you should probably know is that like many of you; this is my first time at Bushball. So I talked to a few 'old timers' to find out what a Patrons speech should entail...

First, I was told that one of the previous Patrons had dressed in a sack, then stripped down, and gave their speech naked... BUT, I wouldn't bet on that happening tonight!

Next, I was told that at last year at Bushball, Nick spun a wonderful yarn... about gumboots, yup, gumboots! Well, unfortunately I don't really have an item of tramping attire that I am particularly fond of... BUT what I do have is an Antics article outlining the merits of wearing a plastic poncho instead of an expensive Gortex raincoat. So, if you are feeling poor (excuse the pun), have a read of Antics 2009.

Another clever sod (Joe!) suggested I quote New Zealand's 2011 Rugby World Cup acceptance speech and just change the rugby words to something tramping related. It sounded like a reasonable idea... Well, I did do a quick Google search, but the only thing I found was an 'inspirational speech' given by the All Blacks coach after NZ lost to France in the QUARTER finals four years ago... so we wont go there.

And last but not least, I was told that I absolutely MUST be patronizing. I'm not sure I really like that idea but what I can do is tell you my tramping philosophy...

---

Cleo while talking to Lizzie Sharp on the drive home: "Yeah I'd bat for your team"

Now most people probably think I'm a boring, work-a-holic – and they would be absolutely right (five out of seven days a week). I think a more accurate description could perhaps be tramp-a-holic. Yup, my philosophy is to work as hard as possible during the week so that I can get away into the mountains as often as possible on the weekends. And I think for the most part, I have achieved that and in doing so have seen a lot of the country. And with such a beautiful playground at my doorstep, why wouldn't I? I happen to think it is a pretty good philosophy to have.

So before I finish, I would just like to say thanks to the committee and the club for voting me in to the position of Patron (against my wishes I might add). I think it started with Jaz addressing the Annual General Meeting with something along the lines of "you should all vote for Cleo... she's very... clean"... well, yes. In all seriousness, it is nice to have achieved that certain level of respect within the club. The only downside is that fulfilling my role as Patron obviously means I have risen to 'old crusty' status within the club... and I'm not quite sure how I feel about that...

And finally, I think we should all give a big round of applause to JJ in particular and the rest of the committee for all the time and effort they have put into organising Bushball. They've done a fantastic job.

Cheers  
Cleo



*The Patron after forgetting to bring sunglass to Mavora lakes.*



## Attempts at poetry

### Understanding a PhD in Two Minutes

*Cleo Davie-Martin*

Imagine a bare agricultural field,  
With pesticides added to increase crop yield,  
Alas, on the field the pesticides don't stay,  
For they evaporate and get blown away.

This troublesome process is called vapor drift,  
And the problems it causes are not a nice gift,  
The application efficiency is substantially diminished,  
And so the growers' finances are almost finished.

Not to mention the effects it can cause off-site,  
To non-target organisms; we should consider their plight,  
Pesticide toxicity and persistence in these ecosystems,  
Causes unintentional damage to sensitive organisms.

So how can we prevent this phenomenon?  
And help all the neighbors to get along,  
The simplest approach, which is most preferential,  
Is to screen for pesticide evaporation potential,  
By identifying those who are most likely to drift,  
Preventative action can be made, nice and swift.

For my PhD thesis I developed a technique,  
To predict evaporation loss in a way that's unique,  
Because pesticide interactions in the real environment,  
With the water, air, and soil sediment,  
Are accounted for within the calculations,  
Without the need for field observations,  
This approach is something rather new,  
That current European screening methods don't already do.

Another thing about predicting these emissions,  
Is we can look at the different environmental conditions,  
For example, we can see what sort of effect,  
Occurs as the soil gets increasingly wet,  
Or what happens with an increase in temperature,  
Or changes in the carbon fraction of the pasture,

Are the pesticides more likely to evaporate?  
Or will they all suffer a different fate?

The best thing of all is that the results can be  
plotted,

On coloured maps where each pesticide gets  
slotted,

Into its own individual position,  
Where the map colour changes for each new  
condition,

On the maps red means more and purple means  
less,

Evaporation potential that pesticides possess.

So using this technique it is very easy to find,  
The conditions in which pesticides are much more  
inclined,

To evaporate and vapor drift a long distance,  
When spraying should be regulated with much  
more persistence.

The pesticides that show the highest evaporation,  
Can be monitored more closely before  
authorization,

It's a nice and simple visual screening combination,  
That authorities could implement for pesticide  
regulation.



River crossing fun  
(Joe Vincent)

### **A Christmas Ditty**

*Cleo Davie-Martin*

Because we are having such horrible weather  
today and my flatmates are huddled inside  
studying and I'm busy baking, another quick  
ditty.... To the tune of "Let it Snow" Christmas  
song...

Oh, the weather outside is frightful  
But the heat pump is so delightful  
And because exams are tomorrow  
Let it rain and hail and snow

When studying ceases at night  
How we love wrapping up nice and warm  
With our hot water bottles hugged tight  
All the night long we'll be warm

Etc etc, you get the idea.

### **Poetry from the Dusky Track**

*Tom McKellar*

"When hitting the old Dusky Track sprinkle soup  
mix through your pack.  
When you next stop to dine  
(Whether deluge or shine)  
You'll find a pre-prepared snack."

We met an old chap called Allen  
And many a tail he was telling.  
He had a screw loose  
(He was looking for moose)  
And Tea he did drink by the gallon.

Misery is: When the mud depth is greater than the  
height of my gaiter.



The editors putting on a fine display of "team green" at Mt. Ollivier  
(Ronja Kenmnitz)

---

Claire Cannon trying to console new members of the committee who were  
worrying about not having a meeting prior to Paradise, "We usually have  
an extensive email meeting prior. It lasts all summer."

---

Unknown punter at happy hour:  
"Who the hell are Statler and Warldorf? The emails are usually a mix of just  
silly and sometimes funny."



## Mount Sisypus, Mount Armstrong, Brewster Hut, and Isthmus Peak and Roys Peak

*Luke Gardener*

Cleo once again organised what looked like an amazing trip for a couple of days but this time was foiled by avalanche danger. With an hour to go before heading to the Matukituki with plans of climbing Mount Sisypus, we got an email from someone who had been in the area saying that due to the late Winter Snow, avalanche danger was still a tad high. Instead we decided we would do Mount Armstrong.

We got to Cameron Flat just after midnight where we spent the night in a not so waterproof tent. However, more concerning than the apparent lack of waterproofness was the discovery in the morning that hordes of sandflies had descended upon us. Sandfly diversion tactics then occurred and I think it could safely be said that we looked like either a) an upright lizard getting electric shocks or b) a bit of weird art. Alas, despite our best dancing efforts and pants tucked into socks, the bastards still managed to bite me all around my forehead.

With encouragement from the sandflies we quickly set off across the Makora river, which was a tad nippy, and began the 1000m climb to Brewster Hut. We were surrounded in mist for most of the walk but had hopes that it would clear by the time we reached Brewster. Buuuuuuuuuut it didn't. We decided to chill out for the rest of the day and climb Armstrong in the morning if it was clear. It was looking like it was clearing in the evening and we thought we might even see the meteor shower in the north, but 15 minutes later we were completely engulfed in mist again.

We woke up to find that the view was still pretty much mist and after umming and aahing for 30 minutes or so we decided to give up, head back to the car, and climb Isthmus Peak instead - which has good views over lakes Hawea and Wanaka. In the continuation of our great luck we got to the start of the Isthmus Peak walk to discover it was closed for Fawning. So we ended up doing Roys Peak instead.

Roys Peak is a 1300m climb from the lake front, and we did it during the hottest part of the day. We ended up very dehydrated but were rewarded with stella views from the top over a blue skies Wanaka day. The trip down was made enjoyable by throwing rocks at the numerous rabbits until Josh hit one of them and they all turned around and ripped him limb from limb with their big front teeth. Not a loss really he always was a bit of a ....

That concludes a true and accurate account of the weekend.



*Josh Brinkmann and the author enduring the view atop Roy Peak  
(Luke Gardener)*

---

We didn't know whether we'd weather the weather,  
We didn't know whether the weather would wane,  
Where the weather was worst, that's where we were walking,  
Wherever we went, the weather was rain.

T. M. & M. O.

---

Neville, while talking about feeling sick from exhaustion:  
"A couple of nights ago I had dinner, then 2 pieces of pumpkin pie, a glass of milk, a clove of garlic then a spew."

## Tramping in the Glaisnock Wilderness

*James Thornton*

Party: Tom Mckellar, Max Olsen, Nina Dickerhof, George O'Sullivan, Alexis Bolton, James Thornton

During February myself, Tom Mckellar, Max Olsen, Alexis Belton, George O'Sullivan and Nina Dickerhof went for a tramp in the Glaisnock Wilderness area. The trip was made possible by a grant from the FMC which covered the boat ride to and from the hills west of lake Te Anau, allowing us to get into an area of New Zealand's conservancy I normally wouldn't consider for a tramping trip. I had been on the edge of the Glaisnock wilderness on a trip the previous summer to Lake Quill and Sutherland Sound, and had been keen since to get back in the area. It's beautiful, steep, rugged, wild, wet and remote country. The plan for the trip had been to travel up the Castle river, a tributary of the Worsley, find a route out of the head, climb Barrier Peak, cross to the Dark river, travel south and end up somehow at the mouth of the Glaisnock and the north fiord of lake Te Anau. The Castle river runs roughly parallel with the famous Clinton valley of the Milford track and is quite similar in character.



*Barrier peak from the Castle  
(All photos Nina Dickerhof)*

---

“This is fine country for the waterproof explorer”  
- Richard Henry describing Fiordland in 1896

With 12 days supplies we took a boat across lake Te Anau and made our way up the Worsley, camping that night at the Castle river confluence. Rain, heavy packs and a flooded river slowed us down considerably in travelling to the head of the Castle. With a forecast of some rough weather coming through over the next couple of days, we spent the next morning scouting. We managed to get through a bluff which barred access to gentler slopes above the Castle cirque. The bluff involved a couple of pitches and a nasty wee traverse across a steep, wet vegetated water course. Dark clouds were brooding to the west, and with an unsure decent we decided to head back down to our camp early afternoon. We spent the next couple of days in our tents as some rough weather came through.



*A wet day in the head of the Castle*

On the third morning after arriving at the head of the Castle, with a single good day of weather forecasted followed by 'drizzle about the fiords' for the foreseeable future, we decided to set off with day packs and have a crack at Barrier Peak, a prominent peak lying between the Castle, Worsley and the Dark rivers. It was named by the early explorer William Grave's party as it represented for them a barrier to travel further west. Drizzle and poor visibility prevented us from climbing out of the castle cirque until about midday. After a miserable lunch we decided to give the bluff a go.

---

Success is 10% inspiration and 90% last minute changes.



The rock was getting reasonably dry, although visibility was still quite poor. It was only once we were above the bluff that the sun began to pierce through the murk. Barrier Peak is a classic Fiordland peak, with steep valley walls which give way to more gently angled terrain, before a final steep summit pyramid. We climbed the south east ridge of the peak, which although at first looked rather imposing, turned out to be an enjoyable scramble on solid granite, arriving at the summit around six in the evening. There was a piece of string tied around a summit cairn rock which turned out to have been left by a friend of ours, Danilo Hegg, who was also in the area.

With only five days left, and a poor forecast out to the west, we headed back down the Castle with plans to spend our remaining time traversing the Franklin mountains south to the Glaisnock. We travelled up Saints Creek and spent an afternoon climbing the highest peak of the Franklin mountains, point 1785, via the north east ridge, from a camp by an unnamed lake below Mt Kane. The lake, which we began referring to as "Turtle lake" has an island in the middle which looks remarkably like a giant turtle swimming about. Max and Alexis swam out to the island from opposite sides of the lake, and a race ensued as they each attempted to be the first to the top of it. The following day we climbed point 1709 and Mt Kane, before travelling south west along the tops. That night we had a lovely campsite beside a couple of tarns on the tops between Newton and Nitz creek. On the last day of our trip we headed down into the Glaisnock, arriving at Glaisnock hut around lunch time. We spent the rest of the day being driven slightly mad by the heat and the sandflies. A pleasant boat ride the next morning down lake Te Anau's north fiord, through the famous 'Narrow's' was a nice way to finish a splendid tramp.



*OUTC banned from fires at Paradise after the 1997 trip*



*Sunrise from turtle lake camp  
(Nina Dickerhof)*



*After the dissolution of the Mario Brothers  
Mario found a job guiding on the great walks.*

## Moon Lit Nav in the Snow

*Loren Kennedy*

First weekend of July hols. We're heading for winter solstice in Chch & tag on a tramp. Casey Saddle - Binser Saddle in Arthur's Pass. Easy as. Someone mentions snow. My DoC friend Nic says she's impressed we're attempting a winter tramp. I'm a newbie: I don't know what they're talking about so I smile; take the compliment.

10 mins north of Dunners my car breaks down. Towed back to town, we sit glumly over cups of tea pondering our options. Beg a car from a sympathetic buddy, so on our way early next morn. We don't reach the start of the track until 4pm. Beech forest covered in snow then onto a wide basin between mountains with a foot of snow over the river & track. High on snow-sparkle, I frolic. Suddenly: no markers. Our deputy leader & night nav-man, Julian, tells us to get our red light on. He's beaming: his inner map-nerd at full throttle. We trek 1-2 hrs in snow that has 1000 times more sparkle than Edward Cullen's lame-as skin, nav-ing off mountains all round us, a three quarter moon glinting. We crack sheets of ice like rural delinquents smashing glass. A cup of tea on rocks between icy streams, we spot a marker. Three more hours in the dark forest on glacial track, we haul into the hut at 11pm. As team leader I crank up the fire 'til we're stupefied; semi-catatonic from exhaustion & food in our bellies.



A new day right? Back on track by 8am, no one mentions aches & pains. We have nine hours to go: gotta reach the last 1km descent before dark. Following the Waimakariri riverbed, the rocky snow-laden, sun-scorched, mountain-rich landscape is too beautiful. We climb to a saddle & walk into Narnia. Two feet of snow, trees drooping with white powder, one brush with our packs & we're covered. Our Jamaican team member, Zach, gleeful & delighted, regains lost energy & sings inane pop songs as he falls through powder. The intricate crystallized snowflakes, as big as desert spoons, crunch satisfyingly under our boots.

We reach our last descent & slide down, emerging from bush at twilight, complimenting each other on timing. Except for one thing. The walk back to the car/shelter is the longest 1/2 hour in existence. I'm stoned with cold, my mind uncooperative. I use a mantra to get my body to the finish line "One foot in front of the other." Not original. But it works. Just. My legs so sore I can't even break ice-glass with the same relish.

Andrew's shelter: basic, no fire & concrete floors. We huddle over cans of beans on burners like Alexandra Supertramp & smother ourselves in wool, thermals, fleece, anything knowing by morning the world around us will be frozen. We find out later it was -15 degrees in the night. Our boots freeze. We defrost in the car & leave Arthur's Pass but not before we see a Magic Tractor, (its driver grinning), which we all know in the tractor game is worth an overwhelming amount of bonus points.



*Huddled in Andrew's shelter  
(Loren Kennedy)*





*A game of statues at Arthurs pass in full swing*



*Crunching through calf deep snow  
(Loren Kennedy)*

## Rain

- Written under the bunk at Lk. Roe Hut on the Dusky track.

It rained and rained and rained  
The average fall was well maintained  
And when the tracks where simple bogs  
It started raining cats and dogs

After a draught of half an hour  
we had a most refreshing shower  
And then the most curious thing of all,  
a gentle rain began to fall

Next day but one was faily dry  
Save for one deluge from the sky  
Which wetted the party to the skin  
And then at last the Rain set in...



*"River of Time" (Woody Bruce)*

---

If you are going to try cross-country skiing, start with a small country



## Livingstone Ridge - Fiordland 15-17/3/12

*Ronja Kenmnitz*

Trip Members:

Minh, Ronja, Briar, Lauren, Will, Madeline, Amandine and Maria

Fiordland - a land of mountains, trees, lakes and environmentally protected sandflies. Livingstone ridge was the perfect trip to experience a little bit of everything, with one exception: due to continuous wind and rain showers we missed out on the wonderful experience of the native sandfly. Mountains, trees and lakes were stunning though.

It was a dark and foggy Saturday morning. At 6 a.m. Minh, happy to be released from his cold bivouac, got up from his spot behind the van in the car park. He had lost his cosy sleeping site underneath the shelter to one of the seemingly hundreds of people gathered at the Divide shelter, it was the second official tramping Club trip after all. 6 a.m. He decided is the right time to boil a pot for a cup of tea. 20 minutes later he was joined by the rest of the team, everyone equipped with a headtorch, which is proven to be a valuable tool for consumption of one's breakfast in the dark. It seemed that daylight had a sleep in this morning. The team finished breakfast in the dark, sitting on the ground, ready to go, waiting for the sun to rise. Everything looked a little bit suspicious in the upcoming twilight... Was there thick fog on the top of the mountains around us? The team leaders made a backup plan for bad ridgeline conditions just in case.

The sun finally rose, fog luckily vanished and the team started walking. After a few stops of photographic importance we ascended the top of Key Summit wondering about the piles of stones in every corner of the track. For no significant reason we started to add one rock each to the piles every time we walked past one. Some of us thought it's some spiritual, luck bringing tradition... hm. Key Summit offers various attractions in form of pretty little ponds, swamps and a view point, after that Livingstone Ridgeline starts. This is the point where I have to admit that Minh and I have been on many tramps, but never actually lead a trip ourselves before. A little bit too precautionary, indeed, we consulted the map quite a few times on the trip, probably every 15 minutes as it seemed to me, in an unsuccessful attempt to get certain information from it. Our current position on the ridgeline was one puzzling question for example, we were unable to answer it most of the time.

We kept our map reading struggle in secret, it didn't matter anyways. Livingstone Ridgeline was directly in front of us, even a blind squirrel would have managed to find the right way. Everyone enjoyed the view on the surrounding mountains circumnavigated by fragile looking, fluffy, white clouds. Wind blew too. Into ears, nose and eyes, reviving the trampers system like an extra strong mint chewing gum and keeping away the native sandfly with its powerful breath. The wind's powerful breath, not the sandfly's of course.

We had lunch, one of the most important times of the day, in a sheltered spot, between some rocks. I'm guessing we were about half way along the ridge line. But of course no one knew for sure. Cold hands are terrible to use and even the simplest of tasks turn into a cruel and shocking act. This time it was the cheese who caused the bloody crime. It defended itself unexpectedly and returned the knife attack to the surprised, cold handed cheese cutter person. This person had to stop cutting the cheese immediately, sit down and suck on the bleeding finger to stop the red flow from contaminating the rest of the lunch ingredients. A good hearted, warm handed person however, picked up the knife, overpowered the reluctant cheese and handed over some tasty bits for everyone to put on their bread.

The finger never really stopped bleeding until Minh wrapped seemingly 500 g of bandage around it. Bloody cheese.

After the highest point (1543 m) of the ridgeline was climbed and photos were taken, the team started to descend from the hills. Destination McKellar hut, which we were able to see from the top. Scary looking downhill were waiting for us, in my mind conspiring against us. I expected a sheer cliff in every second, but luckily all what we had to deal with was an incredible steep tussock hillside. Which was terrifying enough. Looking back from the bottom to where we had come from, the ridgeline resembled a massive giant lying on his back, I was impressed by the fact, that we had managed to walk along the top of his body.

We arrived at McKellar hut after 9 hours, red faced from being exposed to very strong wind and climbing up and down tussock hills. We had chick pea curry and biscuit with jelly and custard for dinner. Minh, as the person in charge of the desert, left his undeliberated mark on the floor of the hut, by applying purple pink jelly on the wood. Every one helped cleaning up the accident but we still could see and feel the sticky spot where the jelly had dropped out of the container when we left the hut the next day.

The way back was, as Will from Hong Kong described it, an easy minus minus track. We got to Lake Howden hut in no time, had a quick lunch and basically ran through pouring rain to the famous Earland falls. It took us about 1 hour and no one had a dry piece of clothing left on their body by the time we got to the falls, however, the falls made up for every feeling of uncomfortableness. Intensified by the rain, enormous quantities of water fell down from the 174m high cliff, throwing drops at us saturated visitors. We were stunned by the impressive picture this waterfall created, but every attempt to photograph this natural spectacle ended up in something indistinguishable grey and blurry. Minh's camera even stopped working in these conditions... hope it changed its mind again.

We got back to the divide in time. 3:30 as was written on my hand in black marker was half an hour away, so there was time to get changed into dry clothes and gather all the leftover food together for a picnic on the bus. On the way to Gore Minh remembered that it had been his birthday the day before, he'd forgotten about it in all the excitement on Livingstone Ridge. Happy belated Birthday Minh! I know you enjoyed the day on Livingstone Ridgeline ! =)

All in all, I really, really liked the trip. Fiordland is a beautiful part of New Zealand, with mountains, trees ,lakes and sandflies . Livingstone Ridge offers all of these attractions, even though we missed out on the fauna this time. With less wind, however, I'm sure you can make your own personal encounter with the lovely native insects. Taking photos of the animal might be a little bit difficult though...



*Easy access compartments are not very useful while tramping*



Hey, we climbed Mt. Alfred, it was an easy-moderate trip but for this urban weakling, the challenge sufficed. Enjoyed some sublime vistas of the Southern Alps and Lake Wakatipu. We had a chill team and Tom was a splendid leader, really loved it overall! The only reservation I had was the perplexing rice-less burritos we had at the campsite afterwards. I'm a big Mexican food connoisseur, you see. (In Tom's defense, he later won the cooking competition with chocolate fondue.) Couldn't have asked for a better time. I send attached a nice Kodak moment if you're interested.  
– Ola Leszczyńska

---

Tom McKellar after an abortive trip up the Old Man in heavy snow “oh it wasn't that bad, as long as you kept walking you didn't get too cold. From a scale of 1 to blizzard it was only blizzard-ish”  
Note, the Old Man range was receiving 5cm of snow per hour and strong winds at the time.

## Presidential Murder Attempt

*The following is an email received by the president shortly after his election at the end of 2012. It is a dangerous job being at the top. Luckily for Tim, this Kuwaiti murder agent doesn't know where NZ is. Otherwise, presumably, Tim would be dead. Either that or his grammar skills failed him on his entry visa to NZ.*

From: Sadiq Assan <sadiq\_assan@hotmail.com>

Date: Thu, Dec 13, 2012

**Subject: I HAVE BEEN HIRED TO KILL YOU**

To: president@outc.org.nz

DEAR,

I am a Murder Agent, am from Kuwait i've no other job than to kill to survive...

you have been betrayed by some one very very close to you.he paid me to kill you.and i don't know what you did to him and i don't care to know.. but the person wants you dead and right now your life is in your own hands..you have just 6 days to live after that me and my men shall come for your life..

My men monitors all your movement in and out.  
my men are well surrounding your house right now watching you and if you do anything stupid you shall receive a gun shot from them.. but i can help you if you will pay me double of what he paid me.....and i can also tell you who ordered us to kill you..but that will be after you have paid to save your life..your life is as stake now....

I await your immediate response as i do not have time to waste.

BE WARNED DO NOT TELL ANYBODY THIS AS YOU DONT KNOW WHO TO TRUST NOW.....

---

“There's no such thing as bad weather, only unsuitable clothing.”

- Alfred Wainwright



“Aoraki”  
(Luke Gardener)



Midget only tramps are no longer a part of the OUTC clulture



## A wee email list interlude.

*Sent to the club list:*

### [outc] Unsubscribe query

*Anna Harris h\_azza1@hotmail.com*

Hi all,

I wanted to unsubscribe from this list so I asked my boyfriend Rowan how to do this. He suggested I email the list to get committee approval to leave this inspiring institution. He also suggested that sending the same email multiple times would get the job done faster. So here we go.....

Thanks,  
Anna

\*\*\*\*\*

TO UNSUBSCRIBE FROM THE LIST GO TO

<http://lists.otago.ac.nz/listinfo/outc>

FOR INFORMATION TO HELP YOU UNSUBSCRIBE

[http://www.outc.org.nz/?page\\_id=345](http://www.outc.org.nz/?page_id=345)

\*\*\*\*\*

### [outc]RE: Unsubscribe query

*Penzy Dinsdale penziedout@gmail.com*

Hi Anna and Anyone else who wishes to unsubscribe,

There is a link at the bottom of the every club email which you can follow to unsubscribe. Should you find this process confusing there is another link which you can follow which gives you step by step instructions.

Regards  
Penzy!

\*\*\*\*\*

### [outc]RE: Unsubscribe query

*Antics Twenty Twelve antics2012@gmail.com*

Hi Anna,

The most efficient way to get off the email list is to simply make a new

email address. Could we suggest "h\_azza2@hotmail" in your case?

If you dont want to do that then for a small un-subscribe fee of \$100 we can ask a guy we know, he'll get into the servers under the central library and get your name and email off the list.

This is one of those cases where even moving to South America still won't help unfortunately.

Hope this helps

- Statler & Waldorf -  
Editors 2012



*Always wear pants if your the only female in the group*

If your feet smell and your nose runs, you're built upside down.

## Mt Huxley

*Jaz Morris*

*Team: Max Olsen, James Thornton, Tiff Stephens and Jaz Morris*

It was a frosty morning in May when at 5am Curtis Mayfield's *Superfly* blasted through the Temple Shelter. Following much grumbling the usual trip preparations began; James and Max gulped back tea like it was air while Tiff and I cooked our breakfast steak over the primus. Following much debate about where to leave the car and several ensuing pointless drives around the carpark, we set off up the South Temple valley.

Only a couple of hours later we reached South Temple Hut and had a quick break while Max rummaged for food. Having forgotten snacks, he was pleased to score a slightly rusty can of Watties baked beans.

By midday we paused for lunch in a very picturesque setting at the head of the South Temple, under Gunsight Pass and Bruce and Steeple Peaks. After the inevitable brew of tea we departed greenery in favour of the general scree terrain which dominates the area. After a scree grovel to the Temple-Ahuriri Col we groveled on further scree before groveling down nasty steep scree from V-Notch Pass. Scree-groveling is never a fast job and we were all tired and in need of a brew by the time we reached a somewhat sloping campsite at around 1600m. We were surprised to find avocado skins remaining from James' previous camp there (so much for decomposition eh).

Way too early the next morning our alarms went off and we set off up tussock and scree slopes to the South East ridge of Mt Huxley. Appallingly loose slutty scree crap turned Tiff around while James, Max and I scratched our way up following chamois poo towards a nasty band of bluffs that forms the crux of the route. The bluffs are steep, exposed and constructed out of very poor quality rock. I wouldn't recommend them.

After carefully climbing this pile of weat-bix we emerged on better ground at the foot of the glacier below Mt Huxley. Max powered up on his can of baked beans and James and I ate chocolate. At this point cloud was coming in and out, but we got a view of the summit and began to plod up the ice in its general direction. After an hour or so we were forced to sidle around to the north-west of the summit pyramid before climbing a blocky ridge to the summit of Mt Huxley, where we had a deserved

lunch. Cloud out west made the summits of Hooker, Dechen etc poke like islands out of a white sea, a rather pretty phenomenon.

After lunch we descended to the ice, briefly pausing to allow Max to return to the summit to fetch his helmet. Later it turned out he'd forgotten his African-dictator sunglasses too – most unfortunate. After jogging down the snow we delicately lowered ourselves step-by-step down the bluffs to rejoin the slightly better scree below. Only a couple of hours after leaving the summit we were back at camp, where we packed up and had another brew of tea. After tea we set off downvalley, with the aim of reaching South Huxley Biv that evening. We managed this with a small amount of daylight remaining, which was fortuitous as it allowed us to actually locate the hut – a well-known optical illusion ("the only object that doesn't get any bigger as you get closer to it").

After a brew of tea I was criticized for deciding to eat a can of unspecified fish found in the hut. Claiming unreasonable hunger my normally high food standards were relaxed and the bottom-feeding suction eel (or whatever it was) was devoured in addition to a large dinner.

Waking the next morning to a hard frost and confusing human tracks leading in several directions downvalley, we walked out to Huxley Forks Hut for an extended lunch. For some reason we were all disproportionately hungry on this trip and little food remained to support the remaining walk out to Monument Hut. We drew straws and made Max jog downvalley to get the car – then it was a matter of putting pedal to the metal to reach Dilaans before closing time.



*Breaking into a bank robbers tent and sleeping bag is harder than it looks*

## How to choose a spoon

*Jacob Schonberger*

Many people come to me to ask for advice on difficult problems or decisions, here I will write about one of the more commonly asked questions. Time and time again people have asked me about my thoughts on “whether to bring a plastic spoon, or, a wooden spoon, when going away on a tramp” This is an excellent question and it was one I once had difficulty with myself until recent years. Making your dinner out in the bush is no easy task and the correct choice of spoon can do wonders for happiness and productivity at the outdoor kitchen.

Basically the spoons on their own are quite similar; each does offer its own pros and cons. A plastic spoon can be easier to clean and maybe a little lighter to carry, but can may be a little vulnerable to heat and flames when cooking with gas stoves. A wooden spoon may be a little harder to clean when out in the bush and can sometimes soak up smells and odours from the previous meal, but is a little more robust against heat while cooking. But also a downfall is that they can soak up water and be a little heavier when carrying out of the mountains.

These points above are not really enough to give a satisfied decision on which one to take, so here are the main reasons that helped me make my decision. These points may not make the decision for you, but will certainly help you make a more informed choice.

To me the things that mattered were not the simple things you would expect such as my points mentioned above, but I felt the real importance of a spoon was what you could actually do with the spoon once you had finished cooking with it. Below are some alternative option for each spoon which you can decide which would suit you better. After long nights of thinking (usually enjoying several whiskeys) I finally came up with what the best uses for both versions are.

The wooden spoon should be cut up or broken into several small pieces and placed into an old biscuit or cake tin. Put on the lid and carefully stab a few holes into the lid being careful not to pierce the bottom of the tin. Simply place the tin on top of your gas stove and heat up the spoon oven, eventually thick smoke should come out the top which will turn in flames when it gets hot enough for the expelled gas to ignite. Once these flames go out take the tin oven off the stove and allow it to cool for a few hours, this is a good time to go exploring and take a few nice scenic

nature photos of wherever you have found yourself, either purposely or accidentally. By now the contents of the tin should be a nice cool charcoal, these can be broken up again into smaller pieces and place in a small cloth or rag.

You have now made yourself an outdoor water filter. This can be a handy item out in the bush as none of us really enjoy small particles of muck or grime in our drinks. You will find that the clean drinking water will be a great hit amongst your tramping group, and you may in future be invited to many more outdoor adventures with your new found skill.

Now for the plastic spoon was a little more difficult to come up with an idea but a lot simpler to make. Simply place the spoon in a small steel pot and put on your gas stove and turn onto a medium heat. After a while this should start to melt, you need to keep an eye on it and stir it regularly until it is more or less a liquid. It is tempting to touch the mixture at this point with your fingers, but it is advised not to do so as it will burn you badly but can also affect the mixture. Once this has melted and is evenly spread in the base of the pot, take it off the stove and place the base of the pot in some cold water such as a lake or a rivers edge, alternatively it just can be left to cool but this takes longer and most people, including myself, are too impatient and cannot be bothered waiting. Once it is cool to touch turn the pot upside down and bang the base hard and repeatedly until the plastic spoon mixture falls out.

You will now notice that you have a funky wee plastic coaster. This is fantastic to use underneath your hot steel eating bowl or hot cup of bush tea, most effective when wearing stubbies with your vulnerable uncovered upper legs. This will also look very desirable and will be an essential item in your tramping kit.

So now I have outlined all the important points on the differences between a wooden or plastic cooking spoon, the basic question to wonder is do you want either, safe clean drinking water, or instead a nice coaster to save your skin from uncomfortable heat from hot cutlery. I hope this has helped make it an easy decision for yourself, in future feel free to inquire about any other difficult decision you, or your friends, have to make in life.

---

Josh Brinkmann on the matter of whats important in life:

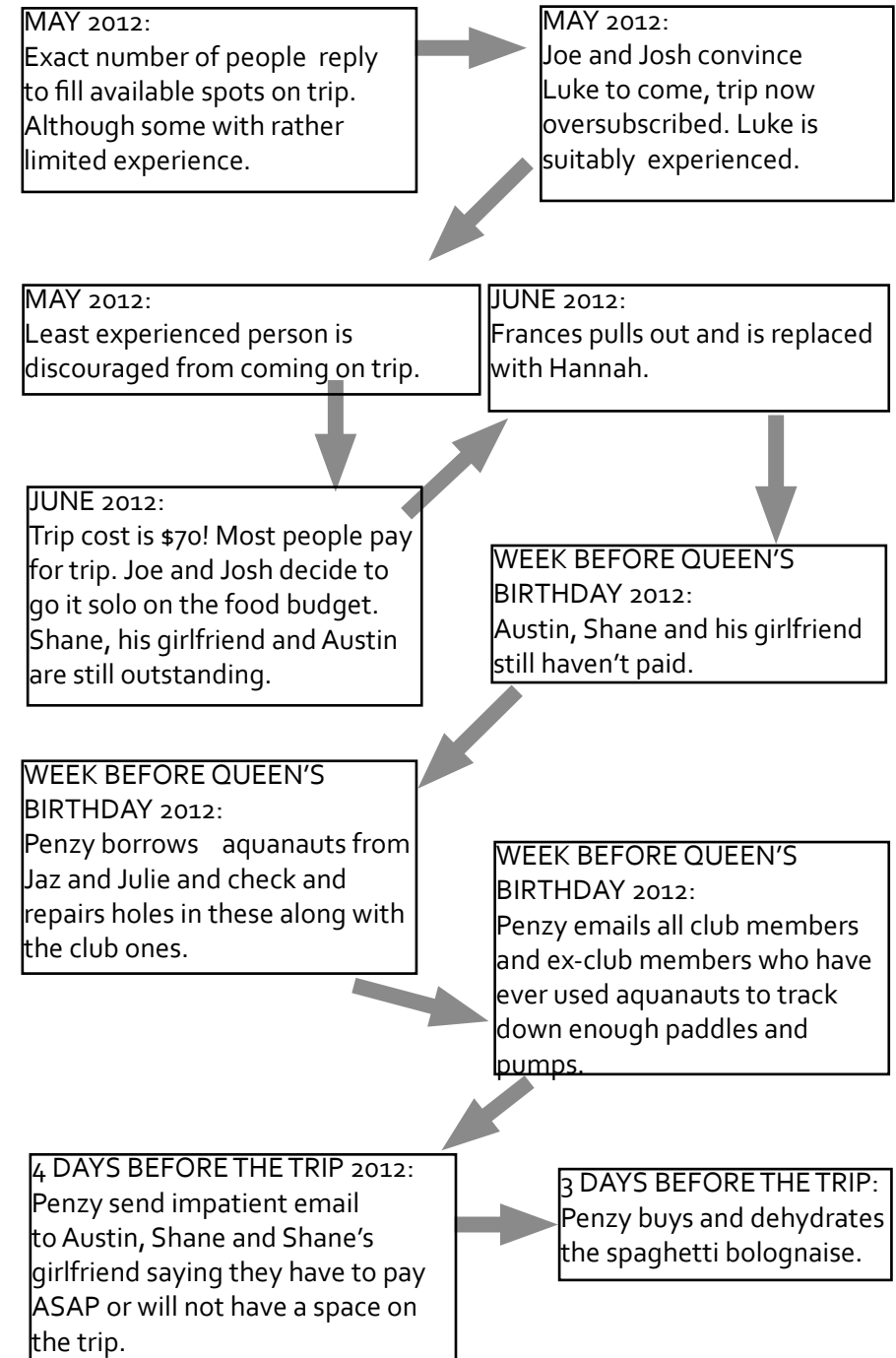
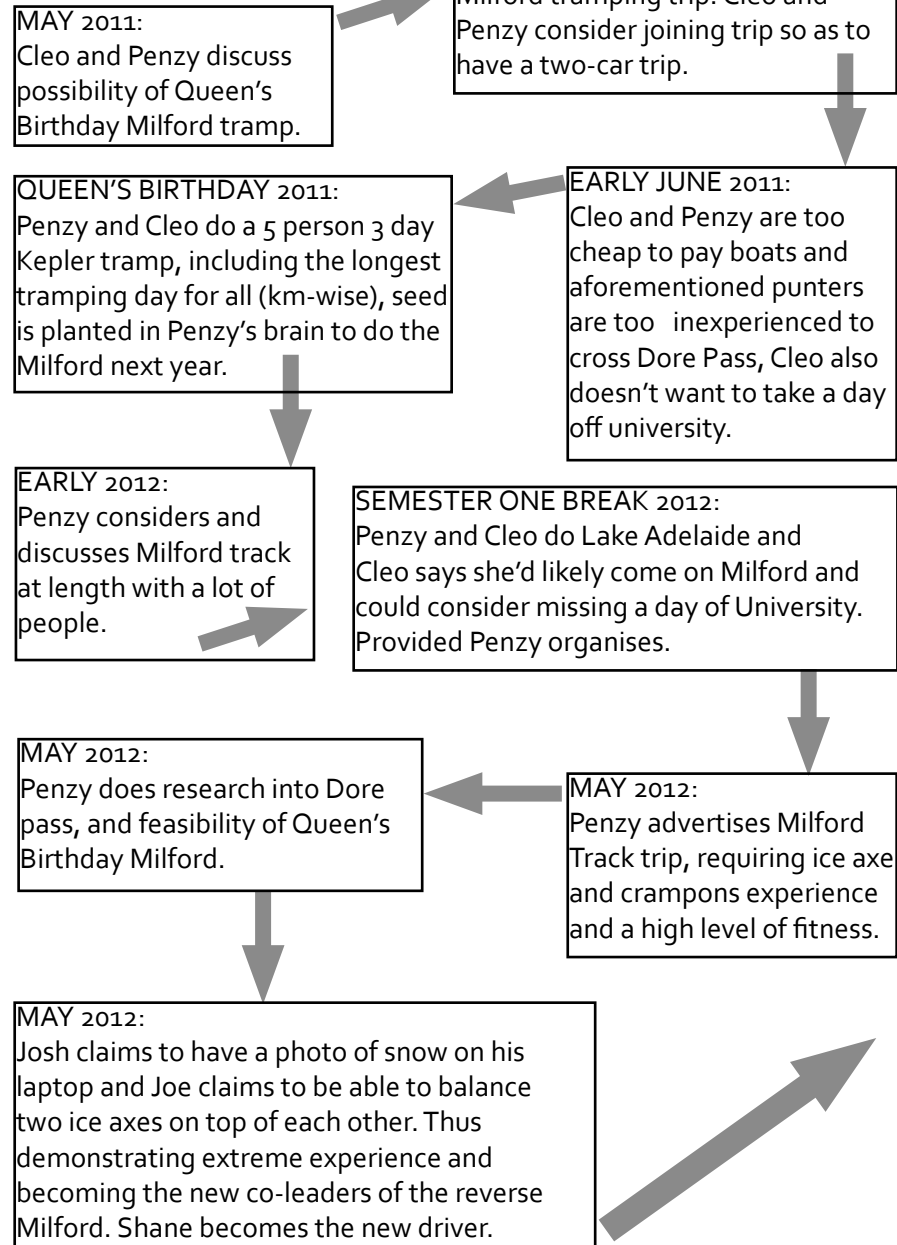
Just remember that presidents come and go but ANTICS goes into the national archive forever.



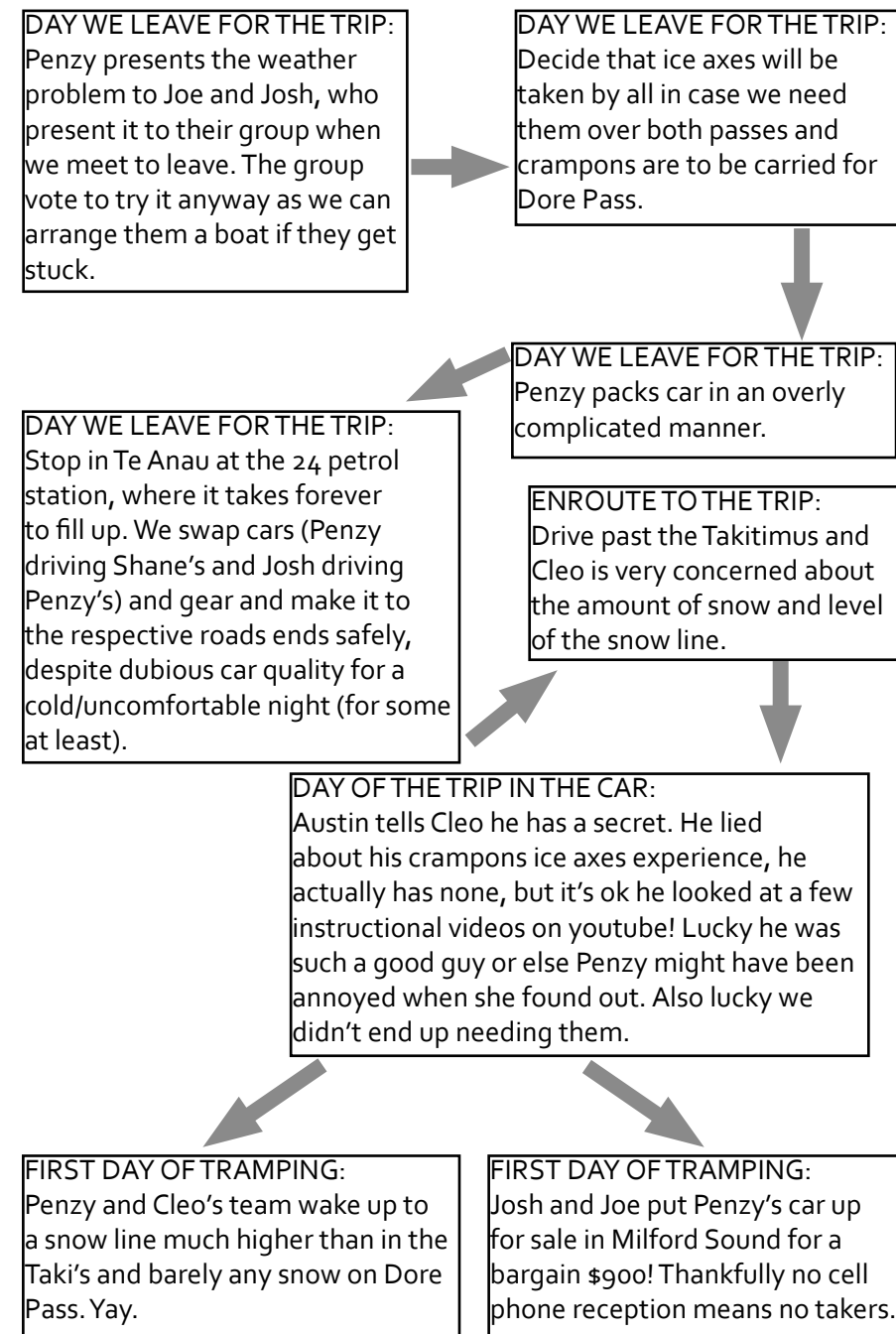
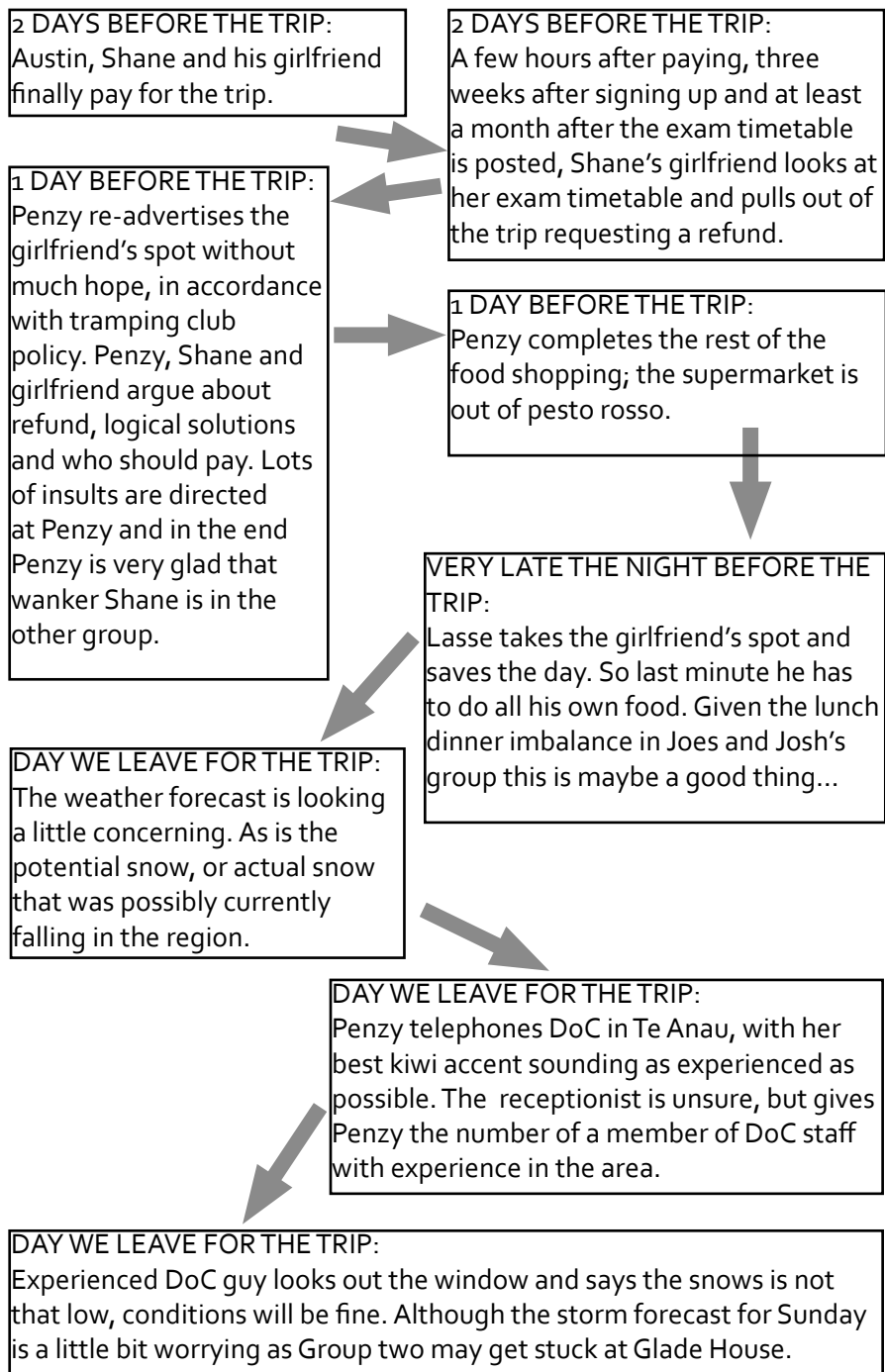
# The Milford trip subsection of ANTICS2012

## Organisational Flow Chart

Penzy Dinsdale



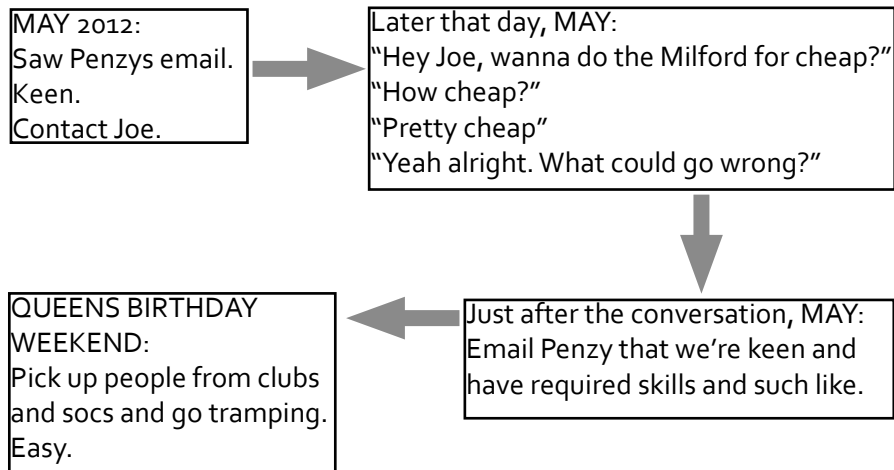
Continued next page...



SO STARTS THE ENJOYABLE PART OF A SUCCESSFUL MILFORD TRIP.

## Response to The Milford Trip Organisational Flow Chart

Josh Brinkmann



## The Milford Rap

Austin Reiter

Walking down the path on the Milford Track,  
Feelin' a bit hungry so I could use a snack,  
I'm pretty lazy and it is still in my pack,  
So let's just have some fun and talk some smack.

Penzy is our leader, and took us over Dore Pass,  
All I could think was "When did I talk to my Mom last?"  
Hannah is the Kiwi with the crazy hair,  
If you see her from afar you may mistake her for a flair!

Hanging around the table about to eat some dinner,  
Better move quick to get your fill tonight,  
'Cause Phillips in sight with a massive appetite!

Floating in a raft across Milford Sound,  
Cleo's rowing and sitting up front,  
Bitchin' at me for being a slow cunt.

---

"That dinner was about 2 out of 10. Maybe 1 1/2. The addition of white spirits did nothing to bring out the other flavours of the mice I feel"

- Tom McKellar

## Welcome to the Milford

Luke Gardener

You know what would be a great idea?  
Rolling a tractor tyre down this hill?  
No, doing the Milford in the offseason.  
But we'll still have to pay an outrageous sum of money for the boat ride across.  
Na, we'll just row across in an inflatable warehouse aquanaught™!  
Great Idea! What could possibly go wrong?

So Josh, Joe, Lassi, Shane and I found ourselves early one Friday morning on the shores of Milford Sound pumping up a couple of cheap inflatables (boats, not the other sort) to row the 2km across to the start. Well, the finish if you do it the normal way, of the Milford track. Two staunch West Coast fisherman watch on with their arms crossed and you just know that they are thinking, "We are going to have to rescue these idiots." Josh placates them by saying, "Don't worry, we're very experienced." Famous last words I wonder.

We discover that the smallest boat has a leak and decide that I will go in that one because I'm such a good fellow. We make a plan that I will row alongside one of the bigger inflatables which will act as a safety boat. Good plan. For some reason, immediately after agreeing on this plan I completely disregard it and start rowing across the Sound before the others have finished pumping up their boats. For a while I can row happily, admiring the stunning Milford Sound morning, but then I feel a bit of water beginning to slip into the boat. That's weird I think to myself, oh it's because I'm sinking a little. OH I'M FRICKING SINKING!!! PANIC! Luckily I was able to beach myself on the nearby island and re-inflate the boat before finishing the final KM.

We leave the boats in the Sandfly Hut shelter for Cleo and Penzy's group, who were starting at the other end, and begin our first leg. Pretty uneventful really, even Josh and Joe fail to come up with a 'better' straight line than the track itself. We arrive at the hut for the night and discover that it is more than a little bit chilly. Luckily there is a wee fire box to light and Josh has kindly brought along a Wilderness magazine that he found along the way and had carried along for a wee few kms. So while he goes off to study for his upcoming exams, I think I will help him out and accomplish two very important tasks:



1) get a nice fire going  
2) remove any items that may distract Josh from his studious study.  
LIGHTBULB! By burning his magazine I will accomplish both my goals at the same time, the old kill two birds with one stone trick.

1800: one magazine, no fire.

1815: no magazine, no fire, hut filled with smoke.

Josh seems a tad F'd off. Gees, talk about kicking a gift horse in the mouth, what an ungrateful prick.

Waking up on day two, we discover that it is more than a little wet. In actual fact I could probably stay drier by jumping into the river. The rain makes the possibility of a view from McKinnon Pass non-existent but at least we do see about half of the Sutherland Falls. Josh thinks it will be a good idea to test the waterproofing job he did on his jacket by trying to get behind the falls. Waterfall 1; Luke 1; Josh 0.

He still seems a little pissed off about the magazine so I decide not to bring up the possibility of using his notes for fire attempt take 2 when we get to the next hut. Luckily

for him, unluckily for the part of me that needs to be a malicious bastard, another party already has the fire roaring when we get to the hut. Turns out they are a bunch of old friends from Dunedin, what are the chances? A night of good yarns and good food, thanks to Josh and Joes cooking, leave us in high spirits despite the dire warnings from Penzy's group about Dore Pass. Apparently it is horribly awful with a narrow path with a complete drop directly below it. Visions of that scene in the Fellowship of the Ring when they are trying to cross the path in waist deep snow come to mind. Rumours that it will take us many many many hours to cross.



*Reflection in tarn shortly before Joe threw a rock in it. (Luke Gardener)*



*The "A team" on Mackinnon pass monument. Milford track (Luke Gardener)*

We decide to have a sleep in and wake up at 10am the next morning. After having a yarn to a lovely couple we were talking to the night before, we decide to leave our packs and have a quick wee jaunt up McKinnon Pass since the weather has turned stella. We almost leap up the pass after dropping our packs and get more than a little bit of satisfaction to come across Penzy's group just as we reach the top. "Didn't you guys leave at 8?" Oh Presidente you so fun to wind up.

For some reason a couple of our group feel the need to become one with nature and take a few calendar photos. It must have been pretty cold... A quick jaunt back to the hut for lunch and then we start the bit of the walk we are actually supposed to be doing today. Pretty good blue sky day, we make it to the hut right on dark at 6pm and quickly get a fire going. Josh still seems pissed off at the suggestion that we should have used his notes. What a selfish bastard. Joe again cooks up not a bad meal leaving us full to bursting and ready for the pass of DOOM doom doom the next day....

---

Jake: 'I've got the full kiwi experience packed in here'



We wake up at 0530 in the morning and are out of the hut by 0600 to ensure we make it over the Pass before dark. The last bit of the main track is pretty easy in the dark though everything is frozen. The last bridge is completely frozen and the river underneath completely still, the stars are perfectly reflected in it and as the sky lightens, we can just make out the pass that we are aiming for. We head off the main track and onto the rough bush path up across the Pass. It's more than a little challenging in the half light and it takes us a ridiculous amount of time to go about 2km. It ends up in quite a steep climb and within a reasonably short amount of time we emerge from the bush to be rewarded by spectacular views down onto Lake Te Anau. No pass of doom as of yet.



*Looking over Lk. Te Anau from Dore Pass*

We get to the top of the spur and begin walking along the side of the ridge. It's poled but it's a pretty rough track with sections of thick ice covering metre to two metre sections. I think the word dodgy would be an appropriate one to use but perhaps not LOTR Gandalf pass crossing. We get to the top and have a well-deserved lunch and I discover that blackberry jam and cheese is not a great combo, believe it or not. Two or so hours later we get down past the last crap bit of the pass and get out to the road at 2pm where for the first time on the entire trip we were mobbed by sandflies. Lucky we got up super early to ensure we didn't run out of daylight based on the advice we were given.

Now the trip wasn't a competition but I think it is important to state that we well and truly beat the other group... by a few hours...



*From left to right: Joe, Lasse, Shane, Josh.  
( Luke Gardener)*



*"Cloudmaker Lake" (Jaz Morris)*

## Email Response regarding Milford track questions

Joe Vincent

On Thu, May 24, 2012 at 3:17 PM, Joe Vincent <vincent@gmail.com> wrote:

Hi guys. We are A group. The A team I like to think of it. Like Penzy! said in her email you need a proper pack and boots etc. etc.

**Shane**, you just have to pay the \$50 fuel to the club then you'll get reimbursed. Josh and I will do food slightly cheaper as we know a few places to get a deal so just pay me back.

**Jess**, just sus your own food like agreed and it'll easier to everyone.

**Luke**, cant think of anything really to say but didn't want you to feel left out.

I'm well looking forward to the trip. Do keep in mind that we will start with a cold paddle over Milford sound so having the 2nd packliner will be pretty key to keep your gear dry.

If there's anything else you want to know/need to know get in touch with me.

Chur

- Joe (who doesn't like using exclamation marks)

---

On 24 May 2012 15:24, J Brinkmann <brinkmann@gmail.com> wrote:

I've got a question Joe:

Can you please calculate the compound interest on the angle of refraction of the parabolic circle travelling at the speed of light past 3 men who took 4 days to mow a lawn of 6 acres?

Thanks!

Josh (Who uses exclamation marks from time to time)

On 24 May 2012 17:24, Joe Vincent <vincent@gmail.com> wrote:

Righto:

Calling the compound interest **You're** to make it easier later in the calculation.

Take into account the angle of refraction caused by solar interference and the Rayleigh scattering among the boson particles. Constant = **Di**

Once you've done that you need to calculate the constant of the speed of light, taken to be  $300 \times 10^6$  m/s. Abbreviate this to **C**

The rate of grass growth will come into effect due to the period elapsed between T1 and T2. This variable is **K**

Presumably the men are the NZ average of 1996 they will be 32 years old with poor to moderate fitness and a walking speed of 3.2kph on flat terrain. This is **He**

Area to be mowed is **A**

Using a Briggs & Stratton RC-30 hand mower of 1.3Hp the constant of that is **D**

Putting it all together you get the answer of **You're = DiCKHeAD**

- Joe

---

"If you find yourself lost in the woods, f\_\_k it, build a house. Well, I was lost but now I live here. I have severely improved my predicament!"

- Mitch Hedberg





## Port Craig Trip

*Jaz Morris*

- Sifty but friendly locals let us stay in their paddock with a big bonfire.
- Endless cups of tea.
- A bit of rain.
- Nice hut and good food.
- Three goons and ginger wine.
- Watermelon conversation.
- Nice weather on Sunday.
- Gathering pawa and throwing the guts to Hector's dolphins.
- Nice beach.
- Catch with a kelp dildo.
- Kelp dildo fight.
- More walking.
- Buffalo Springfield and the Rolling Stones in the carpark.
- Electrified van with an electric fence.
- Brief tour of Invercargill.

Choice!



*George and Jaz battle it out for alpha male  
(Tiff Stevens)*

## Tim Bright's Swimming Philosophy

*Tim Bright*

You must always go for a swim at the end of a tramping day for the following reasons.....

1. To wash off sweat so that you smell like daisies and sunshine and rainbows and unicorns.
2. To get your shirt off for the ladies/guys (or be completely naked).
3. To get intimate with the aquatic wildlife.
4. To gain epic respect from the group because you seem real tough.
5. To stop yourself from sticking to those plastic covered DoC Mattresses  
(I can't be the only one who does this).
6. To tighten your pores and have skin as soft as a lightly poached egg.
7. To evaluate/contaminate the water source.
8. To detect moose presence.
9. To reduce swelling and aid in muscle recovery.
10. To hide from sand-flies.
11. To learn to float.
12. To blow bubbles.
13. To look at rocks underwater (bloody geologists).
14. To lick or check for didymo.
15. To milk Koura (similar to milking a cat).

*If you heat the water that you are bathing in any way you are weak and should not be reading this Antics*

---

While camping in the snow at the head of Routeburn north branch  
Matt "your pack straps are frozen up"  
Dave "Hmm you're right. That IS less than ideal"

---

Penzy "we don't have so much humor, its more sarcasm"  
Josh "Thats a bit shit isn't it? You cunt! - oh sorry. Still working on the delivery of that sarcasm"

## A Story About a Swedish Girl and Kiwi Hospitality

*Linn Rönns*

So yeah, I am the stupid Swedish girl in this true story. Well, I am not normally stupid, I like to think of myself as pretty smart. But I was being a bit stupid on the day that our story takes place.

It was a cloudy day in late November 2012. I had been on the road with a friend named Sofia and a campervan named Ragnar for a couple of weeks, after finishing my year of exchange at University of Otago. We had gotten practically as far north as you can get on the North Island, the Far North. Up there is Te Pahi sand dunes - an area of huge, steep dunes. Since New Zealand is well known for adventure sports, this place included, the plan for the day was sandboarding. We rented boogie boards and started to surf / go sliding down the dunes. It never occurred to me that it could be dangerous ...



*Benny, Harold, Sofia and Myself*

We had a great time, me, Sofia, and two guys from Germany and Belgium we had met at the camp the day before - Benny and Harold. But then it happens. Sitting on the boogie board on my way down the highest, steepest dune just when the speed is at its highest, I fall off. I hit the sand hard, tumble a couple of times and eventually land on my shoulder.

When I try to move my left arm it feels like I have dislocated my shoulder. Everything feels loose inside. Furthermore, it hurts like hell. I grab my elbow with my right hand and try to keep the arm still. Meanwhile my friends are shouting worriedly, asking if I'm okay. No, I yell in response. We are so far out in the middle of nowhere that nobody has cell phone reception. Harold runs down to their car and drives off to the closest petrol station to call an ambulance. Sofia and Benny go and get blankets and other things to keep me warm. As I lie on my back in the sand, a light drizzle and sandy gusts of wind slap my face. After waiting half an eternity (or 45 minutes) for the ambulance, we are told that it will not come. I have been brave up to this point, but now I cannot help but start crying. I am scared to move without someone who knows something about medicine telling me I can, but no one will come.



*Myself and Sofia, moments before falling off*

At this point, three other people our age have appeared. It turns out they too are students from Otago. One of the guys, Dave, has been on exchange at Uppsala, my home university! Sometimes the world is quite small. Dave says that because he is from the area and familiar with the roads he can drive me, so it will be faster. It still takes nearly an hour to get to the hospital. But the worst thing is trying to stand up. Even the tiniest movement in my neck or arm increases the pain. With a lot of help, including a boogie board to hold up my head, I manage to stand up. Leaning against Benny, I slowly get down to the car.

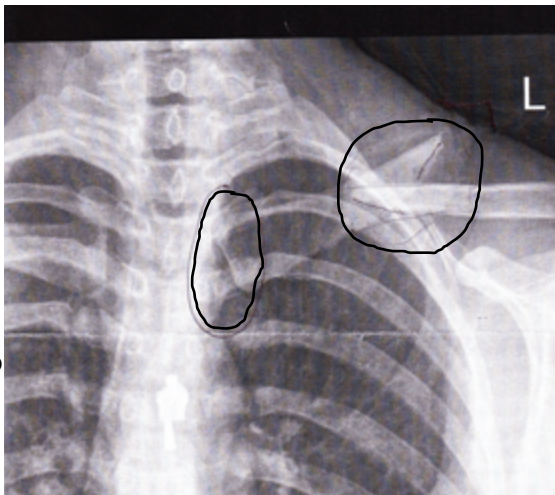
---

Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana.



It feels really nice to have six people coming with me to the hospital in Kaitia, even if I don't even know all of them. When I get to see my x-ray, I am shocked. There is nothing wrong with my shoulder but my collarbone is broken: it is completely off and one end is almost about to go through the skin. But the only thing they can do is to give me a sling to keep my arm still and lots of painkillers. Apparently, it should only take six weeks for it to heal. I am told that the collarbone is the most painful bone to break, but also the one that heals the fastest.

My injury did in no way ruin my adventures here in the other side of the world. I have been partying, sightseeing, going to beaches, feeding kangaroos in Australia, walked in a kauri forest, baked lots of Swedish Christmas stuff, helped cut down a Christmas tree, met so many cool people and seen so many cool places. And I got to see the world premiere of the Hobbit! That was almost worth breaking my collarbone for. It has really shown me people's best sides, everyone is so incredibly kind and helpful! Many people I meet offer to help me without me even having to ask. Like the man who carried my bag all the way through the airport because he saw me struggling with it, and the guy who carried my food tray to the table, and so many others. And the incredible people who have opened their homes to me! Dave and his family let me stay there for two nights, I got to stay with Isla (my flat mate Matt's girlfriend) and her family for twelve real nice days in Wellington, I had an awesome week in Brisbane staying with Olly (an orienteering friend) and his two roommates, and one more great week in Wellington with Anna (a friend from the tramping club) and her family. I also got to know this really amazing guy. How stupid to start dating someone who lives about 17432.14 kilometres away from me... Well, that is just another reason to return to this beautiful country that I have fallen in love with.



*Ouch. X-ray showing extent of damage  
All photos Linn Ronnols*

## A Keg and the Copland Valley 1<sup>st</sup> – 5<sup>th</sup> July 2012

*Joshua Brinkmann*

Seeing as the crate keg caper of 2010 was more or less a success, we decided to have another bash up the valley. This time, with a crate! Of Tui no less. To cut a long story short, it was a bloody good 5 days away. We modified an old A frame pack, and strapped a crate of Tui to it. The weather was far from terrible, but quite nippy. The temperature hardly got above 0 degrees the whole time we were away. Joe and I took turns carrying the crate as this was the most enjoyable way of getting it up the valley. i.e – it was more enjoyable to try and get the other person to carry it.

They say a picture speaks a thousand words, so instead of rambling on, here are some pictures.



*Josh trying out the Mk I crate  
(Joe Vincent)*



*Joe taking a turn with the crate and  
laughing at a rock most likely.  
(Josh Brinkmann)*

---

While talking about the Pisa Range:  
Josh - I'm sure there's a bread with Pisa in it.  
Joe - Pita bread?  
Josh - Ahh yeah that's the one.



## In Defence of the Cold

*Rachel Alter*

I know I've been complaining a bit of late about the cold, but believe me, I'm much happier now than I would be in the dead of summer. Society isn't fair to winter. It seems rather arbitrary, no? That when extreme heat and extreme cold are both considered unfavourable conditions, cold, in any quantity, is less favourable than heat for most of us.

But I'd like to make a case for the cold. To me, there are few things more pleasurable than the feeling you get when you open the door to the season's first snowfall, the ground blanketed in fluffy white powder, no longer brown and harsh, but clean and refreshing. The smell of fire burning in the distance is unrivalled. But obviously, not all of you are in agreement regarding the majesty of the cold. So here we go: I am going to sell you the winter.

1. There is no sweating in the cold. When you climb a mountain in the heat, or even in the warm, you can be sure to soak through your shirt. But in the cold, sweating is minimal.
  - Corollary: less sweating = less smelling
  - Corollary 2: less smelling = less avoidance of those around you
  - Corollary 3: less avoidance = formation of stronger bonds
2. Heat makes you angry, lazy, and short-tempered. "Go away, don't talk to me, don't touch me!" you bark at anyone who does anything remotely annoying. Cold, on the other hand, encourages teamwork and camaraderie, the feeling that "we're all in this together."
3. The sense of accomplishment you feel that you're actually surviving. Hardly would you consider it "surviving" to pass a day that reaches 100 degrees F (38 °C). All you do is drink a lot of water and stay in the shade. You're probably pretty sluggish too. But when you're faced with snow and wind and the temperature falls below freezing, you actively need to survive. You need to go out and find firewood. You need to keep the fire alive. You need to stay moving, lest you freeze inside-- and the internal shivers are the worst. Truly it is a case of (wo) man vs. wild. And what a feeling it is.
4. Perhaps TMI, but true nonetheless: snow makes for excellent toilet paper.
5. No humidity = you can be friends with your hair.
6. You only need to carry one litre of water as opposed to two. And that is a whole kilo lighter. And the water always stays chilled!

7. Refrigeration is a non-issue. I made jello a few nights ago by sticking a bowl that wouldn't fit into the refrigerator outside.
  8. Have I convinced you yet? Here are some more.
  9. You can turn yourself into a steam-breathing dragon. Or breathe steam rings! How cool are you??
  10. Blankets. Lots and lots of blankets.
  11. You can always put on more clothes, but you can't take off your skin if you get too hot.
  12. No mosquitoes.
  13. If you happen to overheat, you can eat some snow.
  14. You burn calories faster when you're cold, so you can eat more.
  15. Hello, footdance.
  16. You don't need to wear makeup. Your cheeks are already pink.
  17. It gets darker earlier, so you can sleep longer.
- So please be kind to the cold. It's not as bad as you think.
- 

## Peanuts

*Tim Bright*

Stefan: "Can we use a different knife for the jam and for the peanut butter?"

Tim: "Why?"

Stefan: "Because I'm allergic to peanuts".

Tim: "What?!! You should have told us this before the trip!"

Stefan: "It's not so bad".

Tim: "Will you die?"

Stefan: "No, when I first eat it, it feels like I want to rip out my tongue because it's so itchy. Then I break out in rashes and hives, then I start shivering uncontrollably and my muscles start contracting. But that's not the worst part... when I start digesting my stomach cramps and twists itself into a knot."

Tim: "Wow".

THE NEXT DAY...

Frances: "Here's some group biscuits".

Claire: "Yum, they're peanut brownies".

Stefan: "Nooooooooooooooooooooo!"

THE DAY AFTER...

Will: "Whose idea was it to make a spoon the peanut butter knife?"

Tim: "Mine, because we have a peanut hating German and no more knives."

## Annual Dinner Awards

### Quote of the year:

*Nominee:* Jaz Morris

*Quote:* Max Price: "What do you need ice axe protection for?"

Jaz: "Stops the Ice getting Pregnant"

*Nominee:* Cleo

*Quote:* Cleo, while talking to Lizzie "yup, I bat for your team"

*Nominee:* Lauren Farmer

*Quote:* "Well this is a fun van ride so far. I'd much rather be looking at dikes"

(imagine referring to a rock intrusion not someone who "bats for the other team" as Cleo would put it)

***Winner:*** Cleo Davie-Martin

### Golden Shovel for spading:

*Nominees:* Neville Thorn and multiple girls, Jaz, Tiffany

***Winner:*** Neville Thorn

### Peter Wilson Flashing Red Bike Light of Navigation:

*Nominees:* Jaz, Alexis and George, Terrible terrible terrible route choice down misery gulch on the Silverpeaks hence not getting to camp till after dark.

***Winner:*** Jaz, Alexis and George

### Gear Freak:

*Nominees:* James, Impossible to get gear off. Also lost a club helmet. George O'Sullivan.

***Winner:*** James

### Driving:

*Nominees:*

Paul McCarthy - Crashing a van at Fiordland,

Tim - most stalls in OUSA Van.

Josh - changing his mind after identifying the road kill target as a deer.

***Winner:*** Paul

---

"The weather is changing, I can feel the cold in my skin" - Neville

### The armchair tramper:

*Nominees:* JJ, Peter, Tom McK

***Winner:*** JJ

### Drunken Stupidity:

***Winner:*** Tim, What goes on exec trip stays on exec trip

[this explanation defeats the point of presenting an award. Ed]

### Drunken Ability:

*Nominees:*

Claire, beer pong abilities on Exec Trip.

Tim for mopping the table with his bum at committee meeting and the invention of the goon gun

Joe – getting elected vice president at the pub.

***Winner:*** Claire

***Monica Lewinski:*** (For sleeping with the President)

*Nominees:* Nick Plimmer, Gerry Brownlee

***Winner:*** Nick Plimmer

### Romeo and Juliet:

*Nominees:* Neville and Danni, Tim and Claire

***Winner:*** Tim and Claire

### Dark Horse award:

***Winner:*** Neville, going after Camilla and bushball and beyond when we thought he was long distance with Danni, or at least missing Danni

### Beauty and the Geek (for scoring web officer):

***Winners:*** Jaz and Tiffany

### Speed freak

***Winner:*** Jake Schonberger, Walking out from Copland hot pools in 3hrs 15mins. Normally it takes 5-6hrs

### Lightweight tramping

***Winner:*** Jane Spencley, "forgetting" to take her pack out of the van on the Silverpeaks trip forcing another group to bring it in.

### The "cratest" tramping team

***Winners:*** Josh and Joe - Josh carried the crate into welcome flat hut Copland.

### Bastard of the year

**Winner:** Luke, burning Josh's wilderness magazine half way along the Milford track (See Page 45 for the full story - Ed)

### Rob Daley Good bugger

**Nominees:**

Tim,  
Cleo,  
Paul

Luke - first tramp with Josh navigating and still came back for more trips.

**Winner:** Paul

**Photo champ:** for the people's choice award and winner of Kathmandu cup

**Winner:** Jaz

### Tramper of the Year:

**Nominees:** Cleo, Tiffany, Penzy – been on 21 club trips since the start of the year

**Winner** – Penzy

---

## Email controversy following annual dinner...

*On Fri, Oct 12, 2012 at 12:05 PM, Jaz Morris <Patron@outc.org.nz> wrote:*

Alas!  
No epic of the year!  
Does the club not do epic trips? Or do we simply forget to record them?

I hereby retrospectively nominate in my honourable capacity as Patronising Officer:

1. James' FMC-funded junket to the Castle River - 5 nights camped in the same place.
2. Max's FMC-funded junket to the Transit River - abseiling through scrub and possible rediscovery of kakapo on the Mainland.
3. George's solo mission to Lake Victoria in the Iris Burn.
4. Any trip to start up the 80 y/o Awakino generator (which presently requires the use of a large spoon to bridge the electrical contacts). Each trip might be your last.

Results:

Patron, by the grace of god of the Honourable Otago University Tramping Club, to our trusty and well beloved James Michael Thornton and company.

Greetings!

Whereas we have sought fit to nominate you for the honourable award of the OUTC Epic of the Year.

We do so grant unto you this esteemed title.

Presented this, the 12th day of October in the 60th year of our Queen Elizabeth's reign.

*By the Patron's command*

Jaz Morris

---

*On Fri, Oct 12, 2012 at 12:45 PM, Nick Plimmer <plimmer@gmail.com> wrote:*

In my honourable capacity as a past patron of the Otago University Tramping Club

I demand a judicial review of the decision of this award to be held. It diminishes the reputation of the Epic of the Year Award, the OUTC Annual Awards and the Otago University Tramping Club, to award such a prestigious title to one, namely J. M. Thornton, who, by way of reparation, owes the Otago University Tramping Club no less than one Petzl Ecrin Roc Helmet (red), in exchange for one Petzl Ecrin Roc Helmet (red) which was lost by the aforementioned while in his possession, under his control and signed out of the gear room under his name.

- Nick Plimmer

\*\*\*\*\*

i wish to withdrawl my well crafted award drivell of the demand for the judicial review of the decision of the award epic of the year, appears he has replaced it. mea culpa.

- np



## NZ Fauna and Their Noises

*Josh Brinkmann*

After spending quite a lot of time in the bush, I have come to know and identify many types of New Zealand fauna. To make your time in the bush much more enjoyable, it is great to be able to identify the fauna by sound alone. Below is a list of fauna and what they sound like.

**Albatross:** If you can hear one of these from the bush, then you may want to look at trimming some of the plants on your boat.

**Bellbird:** Sounds like someone trying to breathe through their nose with a mouth full of whistles. Or as Captain Cook described it, 'Like small bells exquisitely tuned.'

**Cicada:** In NZ, there 42 species of Cicada which I won't go into here. But their general sound is one of an ADD baby with a rattle on fast forward.

**Eel:** Found in rivers. Identified by, 'AH FUCK THERE'S A FUCKIN EEL!'

**Falcon:** Depending on the model, either a deep V8 rumble, or more of an easy V6 sound. Falcons are most often found near road ends and the beginning of tracks.

**Fantail:** A 'cheet cheet' sound. Sounds like a Toyota Prius which won't start, but will turn over.

**Kaka:** Imagine someone hoiking up a massive bogey from deep inside their throat and nostrils just before they spit it out.

**Kea:** A high pitched 'Keeee-aaaahhh'. Can also be identified by a sliding sound down corrugated iron. Similar to that of car keys sticking out of your pocket when going down a steel slide.

**Kiwi:** 'Keee-weeee'

**Morepork:** These are to be avoided while in the presence of pigs. They have an insatiable hunger for the animal which can never be filled. Evidenced by their sound of, 'MORE PORK!' These birds were also found in Mecca, but died out fairly quickly due to lack of food.

---

Eagles may soar, but kiwis's aren't sucked into jet engines.

**Possum:** They don't understand English, or at least not the Kiwi version of it. If you can catch and kill a possum, they go great on toast. Be sure to remove the fur first.

**Penguin:** Not to be trusted. Have a penchant for Aerosmith. Safest not to airdrop potato chips in as they have been known to hijack entire planes just for a bag of chips. Good at Bollywood style dancing en masse. Don't engage in conversation.

**Rabbit:** The distinctive sound of, 'Gadunk gadunk.' If hit by the front wheel only, then a single 'Gadunk' sound is heard.

**Rifleman:** 2 types – 1 with guns dressed in camo. They generally only make grunts. The other is a small, weighing only 5 or 6 grams and make a sound like a squeaky soft toy.

**Sandfly:** Silent. Like an assassin. Unless it's deep in your ear canal – then it's a humming noise. Still can't identify which song they're humming.

**Tui:** If the bottle has been shaken up, then the Tui is identified by a pshhhh sound followed by a visual presence of foam. If it's not been shaken, then a crisp, 'chhhhh' sound can be heard. Tui are generally found together in packs of 6, 12, 15, 18 or 24.

**Weka:** Sounds like a hungry seagull. Can be enticed out of the bush with a call of 'Weka weka wooo' with an upwards inflection on the woo.

**Weta:** Crunch crunch crunch. Unless you boil it first, then it's more of a mooshy sound.

---

Rates of travel along the Dusky Track, in order of speed:

Bush bashing - Slowest

Bog Slogging - Slow

Scree Crawling - Up

Marsh Marching - fast going

Highway hiking - while on track

Scree Skiing Down - fastest

## Mt Campbell 3-4th November

*Luke Gardener*

With my exams finishing on the Friday, the perfect way to celebrate was to go on a good weekend tramping trip. We had decided to head to the Mavora lakes where we would climb up to the Thompson Mountains, climbing Mount Campbell before continuing along the ridgeline and spending the night in Careys hut before a nice gentle walk out on the Sunday. Unfortunately the weather bomb that was supposed to have passed over the South Island on the Thursday was delayed with a reasonable amount of snow expected to fall on Friday night. Due to this Cleo, Jim, Minh and I didn't leave for the Mavora Lakes until Saturday morning, meaning we planned to do the gentle walk along the lakefront to Careys hut on Saturday and climb the mountain on Sunday.

We arrived at the Mavora Lakes just in time for the snow having to take shelter under the trees where we discovered that we, by which I mean Cleo, had forgotten half of the food, including all the spreads for lunch. Gotta love that dry plain bread! Despite these horrible events we somehow found the determination to continue, beginning our walk along the lake. Despite frequent snow showers, it was still quite warm. The only real hazard was having to skirt around the edge of the lake which was roughly 2 metres higher than normal.

Reaching Careys hut by 3pm we discovered it had been taken over by a bunch of the most horrible, disgusting creatures ever to walk the face of the earth.....a bunch of Invercargill teenagers. This meant that were only two bunks left so two of us would have to sleep on the floor or in the tent that they happily handed over to us. Having them in the hut did however have its advantages. Have I mentioned that Cleo forgot half of the food? The Invergargilites gave us a whole lot of eggs which went down pretty well. There was initial panic that there would be none left over due to the invercargilites using them in a giant slingshot. Not only did they give us eggs, but we also got some of the brown trout they had caught and a bit of the crayfish they had brought in. This combined with the damper we cooked meant that the very bland pasta actually wasn't so bad in the end, Cleo getting off the hook this time.

---

“We need to leave a legacy with the club,  
Luke Bastard Gardener isn't a very good one.”

- Josh Brinkmann

We woke up on Sunday morning to a perfect blue sky day and left the hut by 8am. We followed the track back along the lakefront for a bit before beginning our ascent to the ridgeline up, what looked like, the least steep bit of mountain side. We took quite a leisurely pace up the side, slipping regularly on the snow and snow tussock and seeing some Chamois near the top of the ridge. Having reached the top we began walking along the ridgeline which was reasonably easy - though did involve consistent stretches of plugging holes in around a foot, sometimes more, of snow. Alas, this was about the time that Cleo realised she had forgotten something else. Her jacket was sitting back in the hut and therefore we decided to split the group. Cleo and Minh descended from the ridgeline a bit further on to head back to Careys and get Cleo's jacket while Jim and I continued on to Mount Campbell.

In hindsight perhaps it would have been better if we had all followed Cleo back down to the lake. By 11 the wind was reaching gale force and the snow was being blown off the ridge back and around and into our face even when we dropped slightly below the ridgeline to avoid the worst of it.



*Author posing for a photo on Mt. Campbell  
(Josh Brinkmann)*

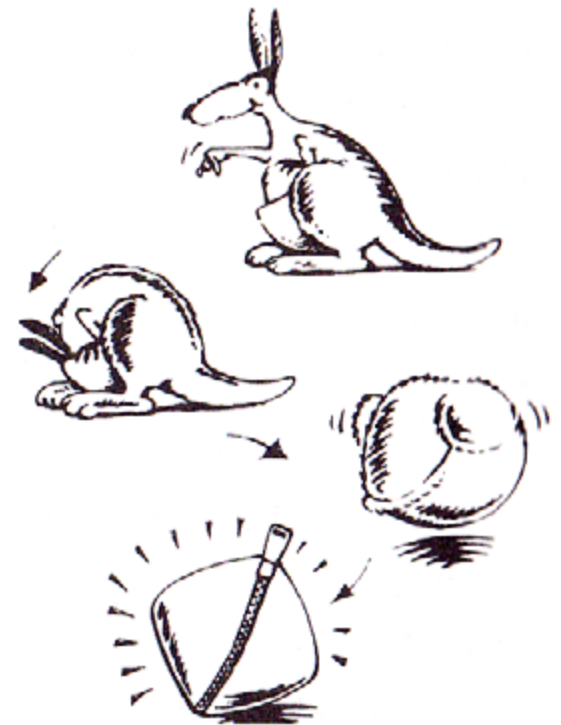
Nevertheless Jim led the way and managed to pick out a fairly good route involving a bit of a scramble in places but avoiding the worst of the snow drifts and the wind. We managed to reach the summit at about 1pm, driven on by the thought of the amazing lunch that awaited us. That dry bread that we didn't have any spreads for because Cleo forgot them! Have I mentioned that already? I forget. Anyway, sitting completely dead on our feet on the summit looking out 360 degrees, and getting a complete view of the lakes below us, made the hard slog through the snow, waist deep in places, and against the strong winds completely worth it.

Alas, if there is one thing I hate about climbing a mountain it is that after using all of your determination and excitement of reaching the top to help you get there, you then still have to descend the same height back down to the car. On this trip, this was a reasonably shit experience, at least initially. There seemed to be no obvious route down from the south side of the summit. Well, no obvious route that didn't seem to pose an avalanche danger, or a very very quick trip back down to the lake below. So in the end we used the classic mountaineering technique of the bum slide and managed to get down from the summit and into the far better situation of thigh deep snow. Excellent! The snow shoes weren't carried for nothing, we got about 100m of use out of them before getting onto rocks again. At this point we had the option of ascending another 150m again up to the next highpoint on the ridge before it began its gradual descent back to the lakes or the much less tiring option of running down the very steep scree slope that would bring us down 600 metres. Jim: "Yeah this will get us down, the only problem is if it bluffs out but I'm sure that won't happen this time." Me: "What do you mean this time?" Jim: "A story for another time, like at the bottom of this scree slope."

To cut a long story short we got down the 600m scree slope in 10 minutes, it only bluffed out a little and we managed to find our way down a reasonably gentle spur and through the Beech forest to the lake. Unfortunately, we had not bet Cleo and Minh back and they, anticipating that we were going to descend further along the main ridgeline, had driven the car another 10km along the road... Finished completely exhausted but stoked at completing such an awesome weekend trip. Thanks to Cleo for organising it, and since it was so good she can even be partially forgiven for her horrible negligence with the food supplies.



*From Mt. Campbell looking North West over north Mavora lake.  
(Luke Gardener)*



*Australians, more more portable than ever!*



## Riddles

### *Penzy Dinsdale*

#### The Wet Man:

Seven people are on their way to church, they are outside and it begins to rain, 6 of them run and get wet. One of them stays still and stays dry. Why?

#### Elevator:

A man lives on the hundredth floor. Everyday, on his way to work, he takes the elevator down to the ground floor. On sunny days when he comes home he takes the elevator to the 70th floor, gets off and takes the stairs. On rainy days he takes up to the 100th floor. Why?

#### God:

What's greater than god and worse than the devil, poor people have it and rich people need it?

#### What have you got?

What do you have that everyone else uses more than you?

#### Music:

The music stops, she dies.

#### Legs:

What has 4 legs in the morning, 2 legs at noon and 3 legs in the evening?

#### The Bear:

A bear at point A walks 1km south, turns and walks 1km east, turns and walks 1km north and arrives back at point A. What colour is the bear?

#### Trees:

There are 5 trees that must be planted at an equal distance from all the other trees. How is this achieved?

#### Blue House:

You build a house with 4 walls that face south; a bear walks past the window. What colour is it?

---

#### Diver in the Forest:

There is a burnt forest and in the middle of it there is a dead scuba diver in complete dive gear. How did he/she get there?

#### Romeo and Juliet:

Romeo and Juliet are dead on the floor; there is broken glass and a puddle of water on the floor beside them. The window is open and there is table in the room. How did they die?

#### Hanging:

There is a man hanging dead in an empty room, on the floor there is a puddle of water. How did he die?

#### Who's Legs?

No-legs lay on one-leg; two legs sat near on three legs, four legs got some.

#### Sequence:

1:

1

11

21

1211

111221

?

#### Simple Maths:

17621=1

88250=5

61282=3

12345=0

72345=0

65738=3

99896=6

64894=?

#### Devoured:

This thing all things devours:

Birds, beasts, trees, flowers;

Gnaws iron, bites steel;

Grinds hard stones to meal;

Slays king, ruins town,

And beats high mountain down.

#### Never Growing:

What has roots as nobody sees,

Is taller than trees,

Up, up it goes,

And yet never grows?

#### Eyes:

An eye in a blue face

Saw an eye in a green face.

"That eye is like to this eye"

Said the first eye,

"But in low place

Not in high place."

---

All power corrupts. Absolute power is pretty neat, though.

Alive:

Alive without breath,  
As cold as death;  
Never thirsty, ever drinking,  
All in mail never clinking

Thirty White Horses:

Thirty white horses on a red hill,  
First they champ,  
Then they stamp,  
Then they stand still.

Cannot:

It cannot be seen, cannot be felt,  
Cannot be heard, cannot be smelt.  
It lies behind stars and under hills,  
And empty holes it fills..  
It comes first and follows after,  
Ends life, kills laughter.

Treasure Chest:

A box without hinges, key or lid,  
Yet golden treasure inside is hid.

Something Less:

Voiceless it cries,  
Wingless flutters,  
Toothless bites,  
Mouthless mutters.

*answers are on page 160*

**GAMES**

One person reads the game description below. Continue the game until all playing have solved it.

Bang Bang Boom:

The person who knows the rules shoots a varying number of people at random with either a bang or a boom. And then asks 'Who died?'  
The first person to speak is the one who died.

Paintbrush:

The person who knows the rules does random actions with a paintbrush, and then passes the paintbrush on to someone else. If the person who receives it says thanks regardless of their actions, they have done correctly.

I'm Going to the Moon:

The person who knows the rules starts saying 'I'm going to the moon and I'm taking ..... ' The rule for the two words to fill in the gaps is that both must have double letters in them (or some other rule) ie green trees.

---

"My legs are complaining and want to give up, but they can get stuffed.  
I'm the boss" - Jake Schonberger

**Mt Aspiring: an amble up the NW ridge**

**18 Nov to 21 Nov**

*Tiffany Stephens*

Trip Members: Tiff Stephens, Marc Riedi, Sina Thu Randulff, Matt Price

Luckily the NW ridge is well described by many sources and relatively straightforward because our focus didn't last long. The order of events for trip planning went like this:

Beer > maps and Moir's > beer > discussion over the expense of girls > wall traverses > balloon juggling > paper airplane competition (using copied guidebook pages) > Hole in the Wall bar > dancing with strange men in feminine clothing.

After a quick run to Queenstown to purchase plastic boots (what a steal!), I met the team in Cromwell and we made our way to the West Matukituki. Amazingly the plastics fit inside my 52-litre pack and I was spared the agony of a valley approach in plastics and instead utilized running shoes. The walk up-valley was sunny and mellow and Aspiring Hut provided a good rest. As we pulled out snacks, there was a glimmer from one of Marc's accessory bags; I amusingly discovered that Marc had packed a condom! Because of the little space it requires and almost-zero weight, he could not come up with a reason to not bring one and remarked that, "It's one of the most important things to have. Once I was in a situation when I really wished I had one...and since then I take them everywhere." Indeed, we speculated Marc wouldn't pass up an opportunity with the DoC ranger at the hut. Outstanding. After the intermission we continued towards Pearl Flat. At the base of the track leading up French Ridge we pitched the fly and built a small fire. Because of the short walk in, we allowed ourselves to carry an extravagant dinner of meatballs in a creamy brown sauce (*a la Sina*) and brown rice.

We woke at 5:30am to allow for a long slog to Colin Todd Hut. Snow started just at French Ridge Hut, which provided a smooth transition into my plastics and allowed me to leave the running shoes behind to pick up on the return. Past the hut, the snow crust was frozen enough for Sina and me to prance on top of it, this was a bit more of a slog for the heavier-framed men of the party. Kea landed and conversed with us for a spell on the knob above the hut. Above the knob and up the Quarterdeck all party members were subject to breaking through the ice crust so we

took turns plugging deep, slow steps. Otherwise, the Quarterdeck was in fantastic condition as all crevasses were filled in. Reaching the top of the Quarterdeck was a bit of an anti-climax because the Bonar Glacier was shrouded in clag; a typical phenomenon for the glacier. After sitting for 30 minutes the clag didn't ease so we pulled out Marc's GPS, pre-programmed with appropriate waypoints, and headed across (cheating... yes). We got occasional views of the SW ridge and summit and then two-thirds of the way across we finally got a shot of Colin Todd. We would have been relieved at the site of this lovely hut but throughout the day we had heard and seen and least four different helicopters, therefore suggesting that Colin Todd, a 12-bunk hut, might be full. I'll admit that I got quite a bit anxious at this prospect because (1) it was getting late in the day, (2) huts are typically first-come-first-serve, and (3) we had left our tent fly and sleeping mats in the valley to save weight. We were reliant on our self-righteous 'we walked in and we get bunks' attitude, perhaps a stupid call. Indeed, upon arriving we discovered that there were already 22 people at the hut, with three or four of them planning on sleeping outside. We were immediately asked about our tent situation and received not-so-impressed expressions from the guides; I could only think, "This hut is NZAC, not an exclusive Aspiring Guides hut. You all flew in and are flying out, why not bring tents yourselves?" In two-hours time, three more people walked in. It was very crowded but somehow I managed to score a well-crammed bunk while Marc, Sina, and Matt were awarded floor space. I found this ridiculous because there were other people in the hut with inflatable mattresses, but they chose to use them on top of hut mattresses!

2:00am, time to get up! Originally we planned on climbing the ramp to gain the NW ridge, but heavy snow loading from two days prior had turned it into a death trap and not one of the 25 climbers in the hut had the 'cajoles' to ascend via this route given the conditions. Instead we learned of a route called the Kangaroo Patch and agreed that it was the best remaining option. We were the second team out the door, and eventually found our way to the beginning of the route – after a bit of disgruntlement about being too far up the ramp. We made it onto the buttress and continued up to the ridge using slings around rocks as runners when appropriate. The snow was in good condition this time of day and we continued past the buttress and up the snowy NW ridge of Aspiring in haste. We were blasted with a fair bit of wind during the ascent of the last 150 metres, but once on the summit there was not a breath. A stunningly amazing summit day, no cloud or clag existed. We

looked down onto the Bonar and could see our footsteps going across – quite an excellent route we had picked to miss icefall during white-out. After enjoying lunch and snapping mandatory summit photos, we hesitantly left the peaceful bubble knowing that the difficult half of the climb awaited.

Descending from the summit to the beginning of the buttress took 15 minutes, descending the entirety of the buttress took about four hours. The good snow conditions had degraded in the warm sun and we hit a speed-bump (or speed-slide) during the first down-climbing section. We were tied into one rope, a debated version of ridge travel, with me leading the route and Marc in the back serving as a human anchor. During the first down-climb (with a big bluff below us) I assessed the snow conditions as 'getting shitty' and informed the rest to be aware of snow balling up in crampons. I got two-thirds of the way down when Matt started to follow; four things then happened simultaneously: (1) because of a combination of snow conditions and relative newness to mountains, Matt's footing gave way and he slid two to three metres. (2) I grimaced upwards at crampons coming towards my face and jumped to the right. (3) Sina reacted by throwing the rope around a rock horn [good girl]. (4) Marc reached for his knife in case things got serious. Sina won that round. After the slide we slowed down and put more gear into the mountain than probably needed...but no one got injured!

Near the end of the route we allowed a team to pass us at an abseiling station, as there were only two of them – ultimately a big time mistake. This team had originally turned around in the morning because the first three metres of the ascent onto the buttress looked dodgy. First of all, we waited at least an hour for them to descend five metres and then achieve one abseil. What we witnessed during that time was painful, cringing amusement and not too dissimilar to the feeling you get when watching an episode of 'Peep Show'. The girl was left alone, whining, to set-up her abseiling device and couldn't do it without our help. Later, I heard shrilling outcries from the girl and was relived to see no drama when we passed over the same rock step. We escaped the rock buttress and crossed over a wee crevasse now barely exposed at the bottom of the ramp, which Sina tried avoiding but still fell into it (butt first) while jumping across. At Colin Todd we ate foods and then went to sleep. This time everyone received bunks as there were only 14 people present.



The next morning we had another early start to get back across the Bonar before it softened too much. I put my running shoes back on at French Ridge Hut and jogged down the ridge. The heat of the day was hitting hard and we all got semi-naked on Pearl Flat and enjoyed a post-Aspiring high. Matt even scored a piggyback ride across the Matukituki River because he replaced plasters BEFORE the crossing and needed to keep them dry. It was a short walk to Aspiring Hut, where we spotted a parked DoC ute. We quickly schemed that we should get them to take our packs out for us. After seeing five DoC workers (of the male variety) come out of the bush, Marc and Matt sent Sina and me over for persuasion. Success! We found our packs in the carpark and made a B-line for a beer in Wanaka, then back to rainy Dunedin.



*Marc and Matt share a tender moment during the ascent of French Ridge.*

*Facing page:*

*Marc and Sina get amongst the kea above French Ridge Hut.*

*Piggy Matt accepts a shuttle across the Matukituki.*

*All photos Tiffany Stephens*



### 3 Passes/Poor Mans Routeburn

Josh Brinkmann

Members: Josh, Joe, Jo Ooh La La Frenchie, Hanakin Och Eye Gibbs.  
Here is a trip report written entirely in the field! Hence why it's short.

#### Day 1:

2 hours in. Haven't got lost yet. Still have plenty of food. Spirits are high (lol). Routeburn Flats hut warden Liz Phillips is wonderful! She boiled the kettle when she found we were OUTCers. She is an ex-OUTC Antics Co-editor. Let's hope this continue.

#### Quotes:

Hanakin: Stick bread on my nipples with peanut butter and make a boob sandwich. Cos I'd eat that!

At dinner time, pot is boiling over. Jo: 'WOMAN!!! It's boiling!!!'

Jo: Ooh La La!

#### Day 2:

Got misplaced/Took the non-direct scenic route: Joe & Jo = 3 times. Josh & Hanakin = 2 times.

Got over North Col without too much trouble. Skipped Park Pass by cutting down a 800m scree slope. Some stunning views so far. Jo swam in Lake Nerine when we eventually got to it. Had a look at the back side of the wrong peak. Josh threw the billy in the Rock Burn then had to jump in after it before it got washed away.

#### Quotes:

Hanakin: I can't fit another sausage!

Josh: A good campsite is hard to find.

Everyone: LAKE NERINE!!!!

Jo to Hanakin: Put some grass in your tea. It won't keep you awake but it'll taste like shit and remind you of England.

Joe looking at the map: "So all we have to do....." interrupted by Josh, "Haha this'll be a good one!"

Joe and Hanakin: Blah blah blah geology, blah blah blah rocks, blah blah blah.

Hanakin: To prevent your sleeping bag getting damp, you should insulate it with lettuce.

Jo: Ooh La La!

#### Post trip:

Nothing was written on Day 3 but we climbed over Sugar loaf pass and took another short, but non-scenic, detour. Yelled at tourists in Queenstown on the way home. Transported a bloody piglet that Hanakin bought from a farm 20km south of Milton. Stupid thing then shat on the back seat of Joe's truck much to his annoyance.



*Jo showing the French method of river crossing to avoid wet shoes  
(Josh Brinkmann)*

---

If you can smile when things go wrong,  
you have someone in mind to blame

## Little Domett

Paul McCarthy

Members:

Paul McCarthy, Erwin Testard, Chris Kwak, Sofie Aabo, Lisa Strohfeld

Here is the advertising email to lure punters onto the trip:

*Greetings friends,*

*This saturday, I am going to attempt a speed ascent of the formidable Mount Domett, in the St Mary's range, just a couple of hours north of Dunedin. Room for three people in my car, cost will be about \$10 to cover petrol. BYO lunch and snacks.*

*The plan is to leave early on saturday morning, around or before 7am, and get back to Dunedin in the evening, before velvet burger closes. If you would like to come, you will need an ice axe, crampons or snow shoes (the latter is probably more appropriate), and a head torch.*

*You don't need to be too fast on your feet (I'm certainly not), but you will need to be fit, comfortable walking off track and on snow, and prepared for a long day. You will also need to be content with the strong likelihood that we will get lost, attacked by wild pigs, and/or shot by hunters, possibly all at the same time.*

*Cheers,  
Paul*



*Boring looking approach  
All photos Paul McCarthy*

Here is what happened:

I literally found Mt Domett via a random search on [www.topomap.co.nz](http://www.topomap.co.nz) I was looking for something high (i.e. covered with snow), not too steep (no avalanche danger), close to the road and not too far from Dunedin (achievable in a day). The location and topography looked perfect. So I sent an email out, looking for people to with whom to share the ride and the trip. I later found out that Mt Domett is a reasonably popular tramping peak, with the route I'd picked being one of the common approaches. Hey, I know how to read a map, good for me.

The day started innocently enough ... and actually ended the same way. A perfect peak for a day trip. We left Dunedin at 7am, had a coffee stop in Oamaru, and hit the trail at 9:15. We made it up to the slightly-but-not-much smaller Little Domett at about 2pm via a leisurely walk on 4WD tracks, through snowgrass, and about an hour of snowshoeing. I was all for heading on to the slightly bigger Mount Domett, but common sense, and the beer that we'd stashed in a stream near the car, enticed us back down for a sensibly early 7:30pm return to Dunedin. Great trip with a great group.



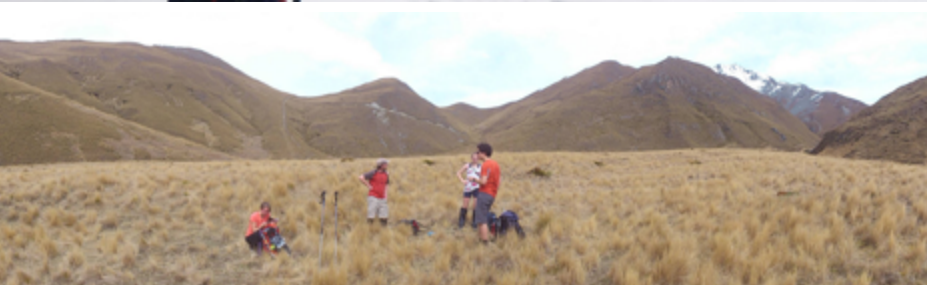
*Avalanche assesment on Little Domett snow slope  
More photos on following page*



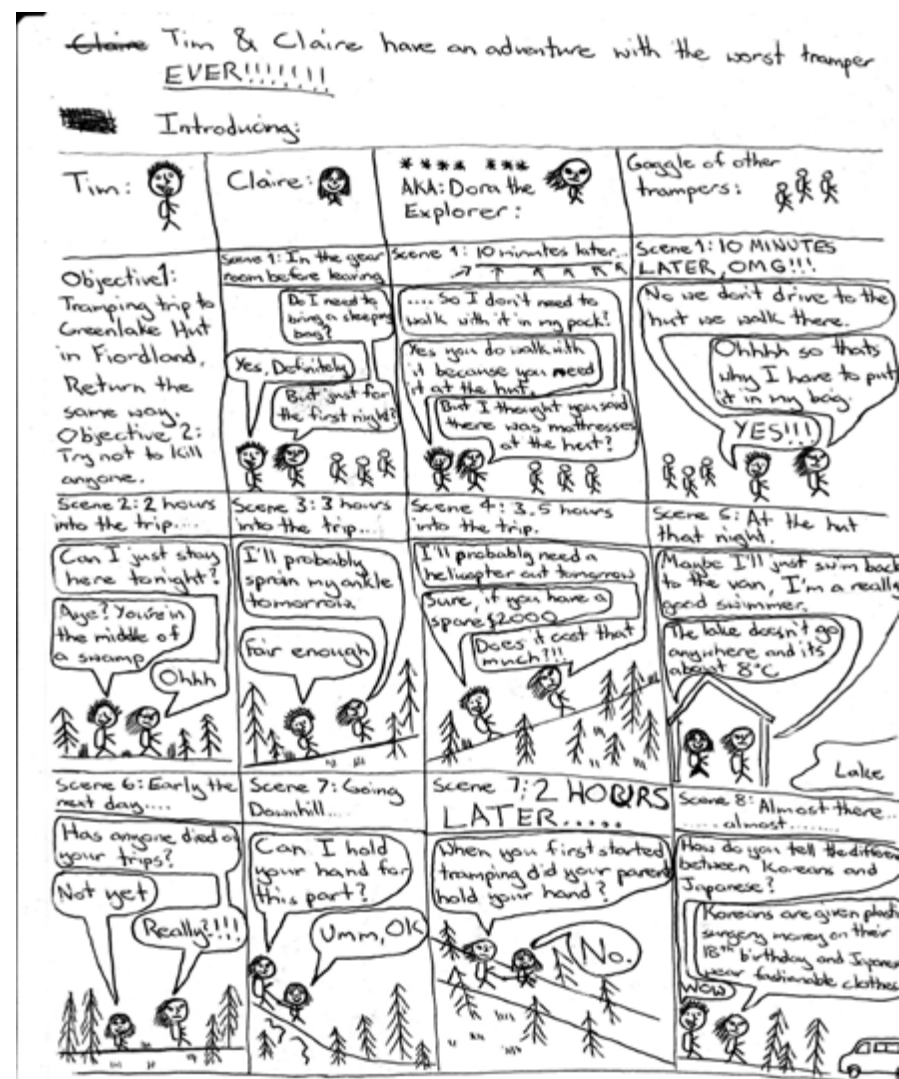
Right,  
Carlton Cold is  
suprisingly good,  
despite being cheap.  
And Australian made.



Below,  
Kohurau, highest peak  
on St. Mary's Range,  
as seen from Little  
Domett



## Tramping Comic Tim Bright



Tim: "we need trip leaders for Paradise"

Josh: "Mt. Xenicus please!"

Josh: later while looking at the map: "ohh shit, that is quite a long way"

Early nuclear experimenters discovered the element of surprise.

After winter, the trees are relieved.

A man fell into a upholstery machine in South Dunedin last week. He is fully recovered now.

I once heard a joke about amnesia, but I forgot how it goes.

Your very last breath will be a fatal blow.

What kind of tree grows on your hand? A palm tree.

Yesterday I slept on a battery; it was a good power nap.

Organ donors put their heart into it.

On the other hand, you have different fingers.

Oxygen and Potassium went on a date. It was OK.

Two rights do not make a wrong, they make an airplane.

Broken pencils are pointless.

Jokes about German sausages are the wurst.

If this Antics had stories about anti-gravity you wouldn't be able to put it down.

# These are tearable jokes

## Helicopters, Nudity and a 150m Penis, a climb of Tasman and Lendenfeld

*A. Nonymous - 2012*

**Disclaimer: The author of this work disclaims all knowledge of, or responsibility for, the theft of chocolate from Fox Glacier Guides Limited (FGGL), the impersonation of paying customers of the FGGL, the erection of a 150m penis on the Fox Glacier, public nudity or indecent exposure towards staff and customers of FGGL.**

It is 5am at the 'Knights Point Scenic Lookout,' a tourist spot on the Haast-Fox Highway. The shrill dawn song of kaka, bellbirds and tomtits pervades the still morning air. Three sleeping climbers hear the faint sounds of a fourth climber opening the car door. Rustling ensues.

ALL OF A SUDDEN!

*"Feel so good, side by side, don't want to move."*

With no warning at all, Sly and the Family Stone's timeless track 'Luv N' Haight' pierces the morning chorus. The volume is cranked up and three cranky climbers emerge from their pits. After a brew and a lengthy discussion about how many ice screws to carry, the quartet departs and heads for Fox. The driver wears a bogan hat and drives at 120 km/h to try and fit in on The Coast.

The climbers leave their car beneath a 'no overnight parking' sign at Fox Glacier and haul their giant packs to the glacier terminus. Passing Glacier Guides cutting the day's track, one climber contemplates appropriating a pile of Black Diamond ice screws the guide company has left scattered. Climber restrains himself.

After suffering Suicide Alley, the team finds more guide company detritus at Vic Flat – numerous large plastic barrels containing gear for the 'Guided Overnight Fox Glacier Experience.' The substantial chocolate content of said barrels is confiscated in reparation for what is deemed to be littering writ large. The chocolate had expired anyway. There are lots of helicopters around and they all get mooned. At lunch climbers look in awe at the massive phallic salami one member of the party is carrying. Groveling to Chancellor Hut with a heavy pack in plastics is universally



declared to suck arse. Climbing party torn about staying at the hut or pressing on. Determined Italian insists on progress. The 'trough' at the foot of the Neve is reached in low cloud after further grovel and camp is set during an annoying rain shower. More helicopters are mooned.

Climbers awake to see VERY LARGE glacier. Climbers cross glacier. Mt Tasman, Haast and Douglas poke out of the glacier. The glacier is as hot as a sauna, and mushy. 5 km takes 9 hours. Many slotty crevasse things impede progress. All skin not covered is burnt to a crisp.

Fortunately arse does not get burnt in the brief time required to moon helicopters. The team avoids Pioneer Hut and attempts to gain Marcel Col via Haast Corner. Another extra large slotty thing cuts the route and the climbers bivvy below the Heemskerck Face of Tasman at 2600m elevation. One climber does a poo literally the size of a pea.

1.30 am and the climbers awake to a shrill Italian wake-up call. They set off on mercifully frozen snow and gain Marcel Col about 4.30 am. Here two climbers elect to climb Lendenfeld while the other pair tries for Tasman. The summit of Lendenfeld is reached before dawn and the climbers observe other climbers traverse the Gunbarrels of nearby Mt Cook. Photos are taken. Too early for helicopters now. Back at camp by 7am, Team Lendenfeld melts water and is in turn melted by searing sun. During a rummage for dinner items, a large stash of essential climbing hardware belonging to the non-Italian member of Team Tasman is found at the bottom of that climber's spare bag, otherwise containing broken gingernuts and sundry damp socks. This leaves Team L rather concerned for Team T. 12 hours later Team T is spotted slowly descending Engineer Col. At 11 pm Team T reaches camp after long hard climb with insufficient gear and is immediately fed dinner and water and congratulated. Team L is jealous.



**SALAMI!!**

*All photos credit to author*

Reassembled the next morning, our intrepid quartet retraces their steps down the overly hot glacier towards Fox and moons many helicopters. A penis approx 150m in length is left stamped in the snow for helicopters to navigate with and tourists to photograph. Chancellor Hut is gained, and plants and birds are sighted once more. Trivial Pursuit is alternated with mooning helicopters, which begin to buzz the hut.

The next day tracks are again retraced. One climber wins a bet for chocolate by finding the cap from an ice screw of another climber lost days prior in the Suicide Alley moraine. More 'copters mooned. Near the terminus, the climbers impersonate Glacier Tourists and fall into single file behind a guided party of Japanese and American tourists paying \$200 each to be taken for walkies. Glacier Guides enquire if the climbers are "the ones who were up at Chancellor?" Climbers agree and note that their antics are famous. They run away from the guides and back to the car.

However, a large pond of glacial blue water near the carpark proves alluring – three climbers wash themselves while the fourth takes photos. Fourth climber remains smelly. Tourists are bemused. Climbers rock Fox Glacier's little world. Beer is purchased and whitebait consumed. Driving home they pass Knight's Point, and just like Sly Stone they "feel so good."





## Lost? Never Fear!

### *Statler and Waldorf*

Sometimes when you go tramping in NZ, you may happen to find yourself in a survival situation.

However we, your editors, have compiled our knowledge along with Flight Lieutenant B. Hildreth (RNZAF) 1962, to ensure you can survive should the situation arise.

### **What it takes to survive:**

Of all the factors, the most important is the determination to live, or as it is often called "the will to survive". The first requirement for survival is above all a mental one. Natural hazards must be overcome, but the driving force to see it all through is the will to survive. Whatever the situation, it is some comfort to remember that people have intentionally gone there or even chosen to live there. Your problem is the fact you don't intend to be there.

Your chances of coming through in good shape are increased enormously if you **relax**. It is easy to **say** that you have to relax however what you really want to know is **how**. Face the fact you are on your own and whatever happens is completely up to you. Tell yourself that you have suddenly been put back in time a few hundred years and you are facing the type of conditions that your hardy ancestors had to put up with. They apparently didn't do too badly or you wouldn't be around, so tell yourself that you're not going to "let them down".

### **Stop and sit down:**

If you are reading this in comfort then it may seem like common sense. Men on the verge of panic are not noted for this commodity however so it can not be ignored. If you have lost your bearings, if you are at all confused, if you are suddenly on your own then **stop and sit down**. If will clear your mind, drive out panic and enable you to retain your rationality.

### **Food from the land:**

Possoms: They are one animal that can be relied upon to be present in most bush. They are notoriously difficult animals to kill but if one is caught it should be firmly grasped by the tail with the front feet on the ground. A stout killing stick approx 1" thick and 2 Ft long is best to use with a sharp blow between the ears and eyes. The throat may then be cut and carcass hung by one leg to drain the blood out.

All seaweeds are edible. It must be eaten in moderation however or violent purging of the stomach may be brought about. Seaweed is rich in vitamin C and other minerals. Care should be taken while collecting to only take fresh plants as seaweed spoils quickly when out of water for any length of time.

### **Useful plants:**

The jelly from the base of flax bush leaves may be used on blistered or bruised feet, the jelly and flax leaves are antiseptic. For burns the flax jelly can also be used. To extract the gel cut the flax off down very low with a knife and split the leaf in half, the gel can then be scraped out and used immediately.

A dessert spoon of boiled inner bark from a manuka tree is a general sedative and promotes sleep easily and safely.

There you have it. Not a complete list but a good enough guide to get you going. Happy tramping.

**S+W**

---

## Attempting to get ANTICS articles

*Nick "soon" Plimmer*

Hurro Mr Statler and Mr Waldorf

Indeed I did take some people walks up the Maungatuas earlier this year, and indeed I did write a book about it. No it's not an impossible task to write a story about it for antics, and yes, indeed I will. I'm going to do a write up about it for FMC bulletin in the next week or so, and I'm sure the same article will fit nicely into antics. Two birds, one stone. You will even get some pretty pictures!

Regards

Mr Nick

---

*W - What was that Nick just sent?*

*S - That was called the medium article.*

*W - The medium article?*

*S - Yeah it wasn't rare and it certainly wasn't well done!*

Image stolen from internet



## Why we didn't do the Rees/Dart

Tim Bright

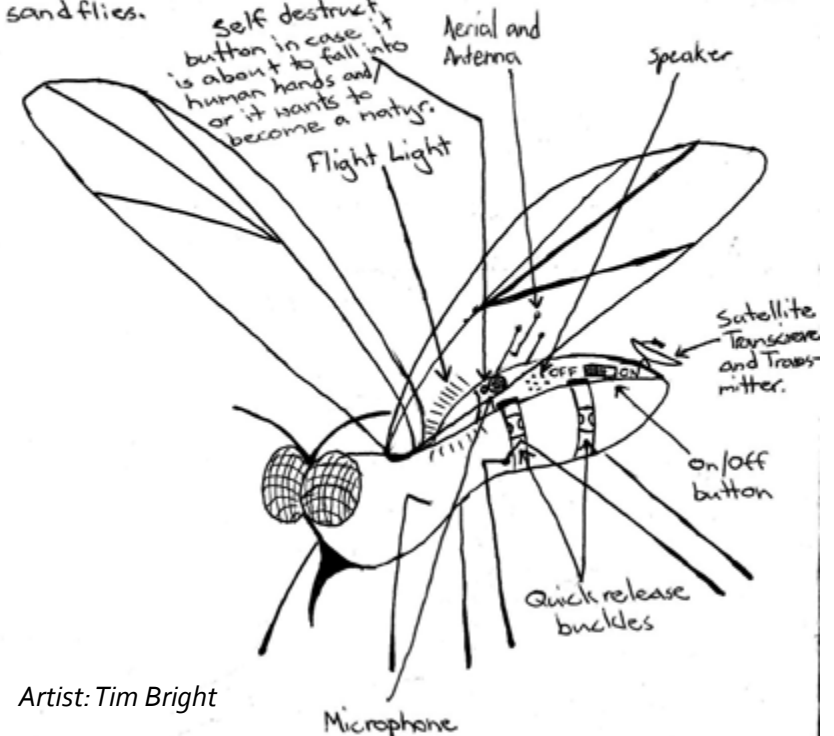
1. There was considerable avalanche warning and...
  2. We had no avalanche gear.
  3. A huge storm coming through halfway through the trip.
  4. The hour (or so) it would take to shuttle the cars when we arrived at midnight.
  5. Snowy creek bridge is removed in winter.
  6. We didn't want to get our boots wet from the river crossing because
  7. It was winter (if you haven't already guessed).
  8. There could be flooding at cattle flat.
  9. If we became stuck because of flooding we may have run out of food (worst fear, I would rather be slowly eaten by a crocodile).
  10. We could have been killed by rock falls triggered by Moose, Sasquatch and or Iguanas.
  11. The group suffered from entophobia; the fear of those Lord of the Rings trees that move around (should not be confused with entomophobia).
  12. The wind came from the North and because I would be at the front of the group, my farts (lactose intolerant) would have destroyed the rest of the groups olfactory senses as I would have had milk powder\* with my muesli in the morning.
  13. Three of our group had Ankraophobia.
  14. There is a 1111010110110100010001110% chance that this would make sense in binary code.
  15. Fear of Friday morning earthquakes (this happened anyway on, you guessed it, Friday morning).
  16. A Taniwha would have chewed on our legs as we were walking.
  17. Our blisters would have become gangrenous and we would have to self amputate.
  18. Because Will would have brought his speargun (open to imagination).
- Sand-flies have recently developed the most advanced communication system in the animal kingdom. If they see a person stop for more than ten seconds, a high frequency sound is sent from a vibration of their wings which then runs through a miniscule backpack amplifier which is then transmitted through our radio, cellphone and T.V. networks via satellites to other sand-flies in a one hundred kilometre radius to converge on the spot simultaneously to have a bit of tucker at the humans expense. Sand-flies that you have experienced so far have not yet acquired this technology and they are still bloody good at finding you,

so you can imagine our complete terror when we heard that they had developed this system in the Rees/Dart valleys and were using it to tear the flesh off poor unsuspecting trampers and then using their pools of blood to teach their offspring in a highly effective learn to swim program. They use blood because it is more buoyant than water and they do not have to get out of it for lunch (a bit like us swimming in orange juice, sticky yet satisfying).

\*Milk powder IS just milk in powder form! Do not try to dehydrate milk in a dehydrator, it does not work!

### Sandfly Communications Device

- This device has been wind tunnel tested for maximum aerodynamics.
- It has a nuclear power source that will become unstable and explode (do not crush), chemical warfare is now the preferred weapon of choice to combat these sand flies.



Artist: Tim Bright

**Mt Ollivier\*** 26<sup>th</sup> – 28<sup>th</sup> August 2011ish

**\*It started off with going to the Claytons.**

**But that turned out to be farmland. Oops**

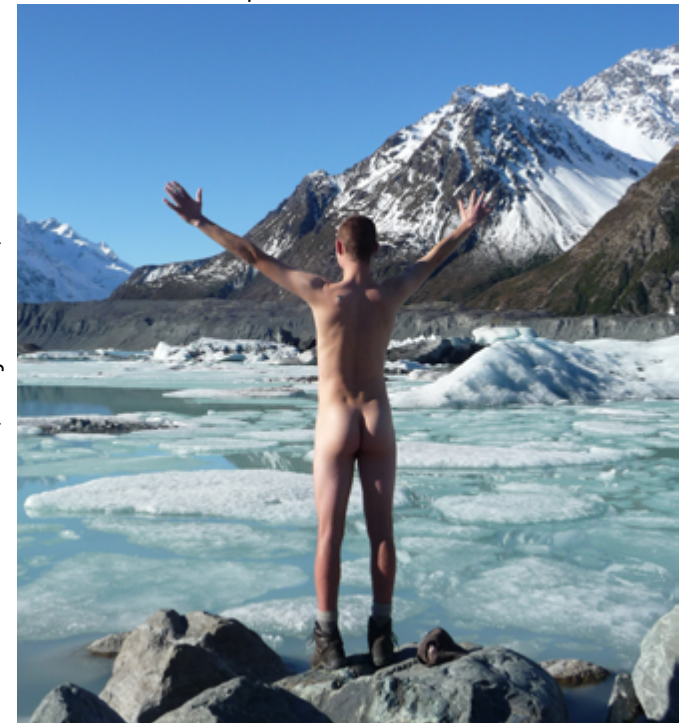
*Joe Vincent*

*Group members: Josh Brinkmann, Joe Vincent, Marsh Palmer, Ronja Kemnitz*

Initially this was going to be a proper trip report but then I got lazy and made a bullet point list.

- Josh taking 50kms to open a bottle of beer. Tooo fizzy.
- Hehehehe... "that's what she said."
- Met some drink driving Mckenzie locals.
- 33% of McKenzie locals are pricks. The other 66% are pretty friendly though.
- Farmer, born and raised in the highlands told stories about Americans getting lost and dying. Not a funny story though....
- Said farmer couldn't walk in the dark. World's first solar powered farmer it seems.
- Camping at Lake Opuha with ducks flying around at night and barking like dogs.
- Tent fly strung off the side of Toby (the 4x4).
- Talked to farmer #2 friendly chap who didn't own the land in question.
- Changed our mind half way down the road en-route to the start of the 4wd track.
- Decided to try for the 2 thumbs range.
- Changed mind again en route.
- Headed to Tekapo, as the prospects of beer where much better.
- Germans like Ronja go to visit Lake "Take-apoo" which we think is near to Lake Tekapo.
- Got beer.
- Headed towards Mt. Cook to go up Ollivier.
- Picnic lunch alongside Lake Pukaki on the Mt. Cook road.
- 4x4 drive down a super dusty forestry track.
- Heard shooting, drank beer in the sun.
- "Ronja would you like a beer?" "Nein." "Well you're only allowed one."
- Went to visit Tasman Glacier.
- Threw rocks at the glacier.
- Got naked.
- Ate some of the glacier.

- Threw some more rocks at the glacier.
- Sun started going down. Remembered the wise words of the farmer not to walk in the dark.
- Headed back to the truck to make camp for the night.
- Stayed in Mt. Cook village. Managed to take over a 80 person shelter with just the 4 of us.
- Bloody lights didn't go off all night.
- Should have slept under the tables to provide some shade.
- Brought snow inside to insulate the beers in the sink.
- 'Broke In' the Shitster 4000 portable toilet because the normal toilets were closed for winter.
- Went up Mt Ollivier.
- Saw some views and stuff.
- Had lunch in Mueller Hut.
- Went down Mt Ollivier.
- Mountain had its revenge:
- Josh fell in a hidden waist deep snow hole.
- Joe fell in the hidden waist deep snow hole.
- Ronja avoided the hidden waist deep snow hole.
- Marsh fell in the hidden waist deep snow hole.
- Drove home.



*Admiring the scenery at Tasman Glacier  
(Ronja Kemnitz)*



## Thomson – Olivines

*Thomas McKellar*

*Group members: Tim Bright, Claire Cannon, George O'Sullivan,  
Neville Thorne, Thomas McKellar*

After exams in November, we had five days available for a trip. The weather was mediocre on the first, and on the sixth there was a critical meeting in Dunedin to discuss the future of the gear room. So we spent that first day driving out to the Jackson Road, scoring free pies and talking to Emily on the way. Our trip was planned among the Thomson and northern Olivine Ranges. We were to follow a Moir's loop closely, except for the "five or six day" prescription.

The first day was a grunt up Carl Creek. We strayed rather too far to the left and ended up bashing through the widest part of the scrub below Mt Jackson. It was ferociously thick, too. But after only a few tears – of bed rolls, that is – we emerged onto the tops, and the grunt had all been worth it. The Coast out west, the Divide to the east, the Olivines to the south, and above them all shone a resplendent Aspiring. What a sight! We passed Lake Clarke on its west side and camped on the south beach of Lake Leeb. Then a disaster: I spilt most of the dinner. We had to pinch some dahl from another night's ration.

The route for the second day traversed a bush ridge to the northern tail of the Olivines, then the Olivine Range itself to a head basin of the Martyr. Moir's description of the bush ridge, "Travel here is through scrubby Comprosa on boulders under beech forest, but is reasonable", is exactly right. Neville, in front, startled some deer at the bush line, and Tim exchanged barks with them when the rest of us caught up. The next stretch of ridge heading south, on boulder strewn tussock, was a real treat. We crossed a pass into the northern Martyr basin and camped on a ledge near pt 984. I almost spilt the dinner again.

On day three, we bog-slogged our way into the south branch of the Martyr, scaring a few more deer on the way. Then followed a steep climb to the ridge between pts 1449 and 1462. I dropped my mug from our lunch spot on top. It reminded me of the time I dropped my ATC on Mt Barth: I was fiddling around with climbing gear, then heard a "ting- ting- ting- ting- ting-" and turned around to see it slide into a crevasse. Luckily that time I had a spare in my bag, and luckily this time the mug stopped a few dozen metres below where the snow shallowed.

- 96 -

We descended into the tussock basin on the other side of the ridge. It was cut by some deep, impressive gorges, but they were nothing that couldn't be traversed around. A great campsite was found to the south of Martyr Hill, on ultramafic ground among stunted bog pine. It would have been a superb spot for one of those games like Spotlight, with little blocks of trees and scrub separating mossy alleys, nooks, and glades. Maybe Go Home Stay Home on Martyr Hill could become an annual OUTC event? A feature of the meals at the campsite was the amount: it turned out we'd carried an extra dinner and breakfast. So we pigged out on both, regretting the unsatisfying dinner of two nights before.

The route out was down Martyr Spur. It was a claggy morning so views came and went, asynchronously with the cloud. On the whole, travel was quick, and we reached the Martyr by mid afternoon. Neville and Tim didn't renege on their offer to jog 10km to pick up my car – thanks guys! Before long we were rocketing along home, reflecting on a brilliant trip. But it came with a sting in its tail; soon, a rock flicked up and smashed the gauge that reads the fuel level. The sudden drop of the fuel dial brought about a bit of bother, which lasted until we confirmed the tank itself was undamaged. However, the Jackson Road reconciled itself with us by being very, very kind to me and George in January 2013. Apology accepted.

*Oh! The moss was so green,  
Of merit uncommonly seen,  
Such lively wet zest,  
Oh boy, it's the best,  
My bum's never felt quite so clean.*

T. M. & C. C. (first line)

---

While discussing the merits of hobnail boots for tramping  
"Back when Men where Men and pansies where something the grew in the  
garden" - Dave Kinghorn

---

My grandmother started walking five kilometres a day when she was sixty.  
She's ninety-seven now, and we don't know where the hell she is.

- 97 -

## Rees-Dart Route Information

*Jaz Morris*

The newish (2009) Aspiring guidebook attempted to include the Rees-Dart climbing area. It's unclear why. The route descriptions are completely useless, and all graded 1. Here is some better information for the Bedford and Earnslaw area.

### Access to the Bedford Valley from Kea Basin

From about the 1900m contour on the route to Wright Col from Kea Basin (just above the enormous cairn), begin a climbing sidle across loose scree to the NE ridge of O'Leary Peak below Pt. 2170. Climb the ridge to Luncheon Col, dump packs and climb O'Leary Peak from here. Descending from Luncheon Col, descend steep scree before sidling left to gain the N ridge of O'Leary at about the 2180m contour. Descend the rotting ridge to Shepherd's Pass, turning any difficulties on the Bedford Side. From here, access to the Bedford Valley is straightforward, but gaining the Frances Glacier is more difficult than the map would indicate and it is generally better to approach from downvalley (see Sir William Peak notes).

### O'Leary Peak

10 minutes wander on scree from Luncheon Col. Other routes from the Esquilant Biv area are generally on loose scree. Grade 1.

### Sir William Peak – North West Ridge/North Face

Access to the Frances Glacier is straightforward from the Bedford Valley just NW of pt 1688. Access from further up the valley, including Shepherd's Pass, is becoming more difficult due to recession of the glacier. Climb gentle snowslopes to gain the level section of the NW ridge of Sir William Peak at the 2300m contour. After turning a few minor gendarmes on the ridge, follow an obvious ledge onto the North Face of Sir William to avoid a major prow jutting out from the NW ridge above. From the ledge zig-zag up ledges and minor bluffs before regaining the NW ridge about 50m below the summit. There is massive exposure down the North Face, to spice things up. The rock is appalling, and helmets are mandatory. 5 hours return from the Bedford. Grade 1 – no pitching (you couldn't if you tried!).

---

I like long walks, especially when they are taken by people who annoy me.



*Endless choss on Sir William Peak  
(Jaz Morris)*

### Pluto Peak - Standard Route

Sidle easy scree ledges visible from Esquilant Biv to Pluto Col. Viewed straight on from the biv these ledges look impossibly steep – but they aren't! From Pluto Col climb loose scree to the 2400m contour of Pluto, where an improbable 2m wide ledge will be found from the SW ridge leading all the way around to the NW side of Pluto and an easy manky gully which leads directly to the summit. Grade 1+. Massive exposure on the ledge.



*Ledge on Pluto Peak*



## Rees-Dart Route Information cont.

### Descending Pluto Col to Spaniard Valley and Chinaman's Bluff

From Pluto Col sidle SW towards the West Peak of Earnslaw, descending very gradually. On the true right of the largest stream in the vicinity descend NW down gullies draining pt 2402m, at CA10 337 484 / E40 438 101. This route is steep and not always obvious – care is required. Spaniard Valley is a delight and contains fewer Spaniards than the name suggests. 1.5-2 hours from the Col.

Follow the level valley to before sidling NW into the forest. Follow the spur to Valpy's Pass, tending on the south side of the spur to avoid bluffs. Valpy's Pass is boggy and often unpleasantly vegetated. Find a stream and follow it as it eventually becomes the unnamed stream, which can be followed to where it forms the large ford nearest the Chinaman's Bluff carpark. 3 hours to carpark.

In reverse, care (and possibly a compass) is required to navigate the level section of bog and forest near Valpy's Pass to avoid walking in circles. 5 hours to Spaniard Valley.



Ledges to Pluto Col denoted by white dashes

### Earnslaw Burn

The Earnslaw Burn is well worth a visit. You can stay in the rock bivvy marked on the map, or at a better one on the true left at the base of some bluffs, CB10 363 428 / E40 463 046 about 10 minutes beyond where the track exits the bush. From here travel upvalley is easy and there are plenty of places to camp with a view of the 2km high glacier on Mt Earnslaw. Yep, it's impressive.

### Lennox Pass and Lennox Ridge

Lennox Pass is gained from the head of the Earnslaw Burn by climbing a loose but ok gully, generally with better terrain on the true right of the stream. It is possible to traverse the entire Lennox Ridge from its eponymous pass. 8-10 hours, no water en route and a tricky section around Pt 1808, where it is generally best to drop 200m vertically from the ridge on the Earnslaw Burn side before sidling to reach easier ground beyond.



*To navigate in the outdoors just follow the big arse arrows.*



## How to play cards

### 500, a great game for 4 players:

**Pack:** 43 cards: Ace – 5 in each suit, red 4's plus one joker.

**Ranking:**

Joker is the highest card. If misère or open misère is called then the joker becomes the lowest card.

Second highest is the jack of trump suit (called the right bower) the other jack of trump colour is the left bower and 3<sup>rd</sup> highest card.

Ace to 4 in decreasing order

**Dealing:** Each player receives 10 cards with 3 in the middle (the kitty).

The dealer gives each player 3 cards, one to the middle, 4 to each with one to middle, then 3 with last card into the kitty.

**Bidding prior to play:** no trumps, hearts, diamonds, clubs, spades (lowest) Each player in turn, starting with dealers left, may pass or bid. Each bid must be a number of tricks and a suit to become trumps. The exception is misère where all tricks must be lost with just one player of the pair. Open misere is the same with the addition the bidder must lay their hand on the table and allow the other players to see.

The winning bidder takes the kitty and rejects 3 cards from hand face down.

Scoring table for tricks					
Tricks	6	7	8	9	10
Spades	40	140	240	340	440
Clubs	60	160	260	360	460
Diamonds	80	180	280	380	480
Hearts	100	200	300	400	500
No Trumps	120	220	320	420	520
To lose every trick is Misere, 250 points					
To loose every trick with your hand on the table is Open Misere, 500 points. Both are played without your partner					

### Texas Hold Em' Poker

Poker? Barely know her.

### Hearts

**Pack:** Full pack of 52

**Object:** Don't win any tricks containing hearts or the spade queen (black lady)

**Ranking: 1**

Ace is highest and 2 lowest.

Spade queen is worth 13 points

Each heart is worth 1 point.

**Dealing:** Equal number of cards each dealt one at a time.

**Play:** Whoever holds the 2 of clubs begins the play with that card with each player following suit if possible. The trick is won by the highest card of the lead suit. Hearts can not be lead until "broken" by playing on a previous trick. The winner is the player who has the least points when some other player reaches 50 (or some other pre appointed score)

### Spoons

**Pack:** For each player in the game, you need four cards of the same rank from the deck. For example, with 5 players you could use the Aces, 2s, 3s, 4s and 5s.

**Object:** To be the first to collect four cards of the same rank. If an opponent beats you to that goal, to not be the last to realize it.

**Dealing:** All cards are dealt out in a clockwise direction. Each player will have 4 cards.

**Play:** Players simultaneously choose one card from their hands, pass that card to the opponent on their left, and pick up the card they've received from the opponent on their right. Each player can never have more than four cards in his hand, so it's illegal for a player to pick up a new card before passing one to the left.

When a player collects four of a kind, as subtly as possible, they take a spoon and place it in front of themselves. When one player does this, every other player must do likewise as quickly as possible. The last player to grab a spoon is the loser.

---

While playing cards:

Kerry, "You shouldn't have played that one bro"

Neville "I'll play my cards how I please thank you Kerry"

\* moments later \*

Nev "oh shit. I'm fucked now"

### **Southern Snap by Cle-i-e-i-o**

This is a more entertaining and confusing version of normal snap. In normal snap the pack is dealt evenly among participants (jokers should be removed) and the cards are left face down. Everyone takes turns at placing one of the cards face up in a pile in the center. When two cards of the same number show up directly after one another you slap the pile. The person who slaps the pile first keeps those cards and the winner is the person who ends up with all the cards at the end.

Southern Snap follows the same general formula, however, in this version the aim is to be the first one to LOSE all your cards (and to cause as much physical pain as is possible with a hand slap to the other participants - jewellery and fingernails are highly recommended for this purpose). Thus, everyone must slap the central pile because the last to do so gets all the cards. The complexities are listed below:

#### **The Rules:**

1. The LAST person to snap gets all the cards (all participants must slap the pile).
2. Slap when two cards of the same value are placed face up directly after one another.
3. As you go around the circle, you must count up through the cards (i.e. player 1 says 'Ace', player 2 says 'Two', etc. through 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, J, Q, K - then it starts back at 'Ace').
4. Counting Ace through 9 should be said aloud.
5. Counting 10 through King should be silent (keep a record in your head).
6. If the number said (aloud or silent) matches the number on the overturned card, everyone must slap the pile.
7. If an 8 is turned over at any time, everyone must slap the pile BUT with their palm face up.
8. When someone makes a mistake, they get the cards in the pile (e.g. saying 10, J, Q, or K aloud; forgetting to restart counting at 'Ace', accidentally slapping the pile when there was no slap moment, placing your palm the incorrect way up for an '8' or otherwise).
9. The first person to make a mistake gets the cards in the pile (e.g. if a '8' is played and the first person to slap the pile puts their palm the wrong way - no matter how slow or incorrect anyone is after them, they must pick up the cards) - this is the punishment for trying to be too fast!

### **Egyptian Rat-Screw**

The third and final version (to my knowledge) of snap. Egyptian Rat Screw follows all the rules of Southern Snap with one additional complexity. Where two cards of the same value sandwich a different card, everyone must slap the central pile (e.g. player 1 turns over a '4', player 2 overturns an '10' and player 3 overturns another '4'. 4-10-4 = slap sandwich).

### **Scum / Presidents and Arseholes**

**Pack:** Full pack of 52 + 1 joker.

**Object:** Get rid of all your cards first.

**Ranking:**

One joker beats everything

Two is the highest, followed by Ace, King, then sequentially down to three.

**Dealing:** All cards are dealt out in a clockwise direction.

**Play:** The player with the club 3 starts. Play continues in a clockwise direction, with each player putting down a higher card than the one before it. If you can't beat the card on the table, or you don't want to play a card, you can pass. If you pass, then you cannot put down any further cards for that round.

The round ends when no one can beat the card that's on the table. The winner then starts the next round with any card they like. Doubles, triples or quadruples can be used to start a round, then the next person must also put down the same number of cards.

If 3 cards are put down in a row, e.g. 5,6,7 and the third player calls 'consecutive', then the following cards must follow in order i.e. 8,9,10. If you cannot play a consecutive card, then you pass. The person who gets rid of their cards first wins and is called the president. The last person to do so is called the arsehole/scum.

After dealing the next round the scum gives two highest cards to the president and the president gives any two cards to the arsehole. Scum then starts the play.

**Variations:** Depending on the number of players, there can be vice president and vice scum who exchange one card each. Can impose rules on the scum like no talking, makes cups of tea, general slave etc.

## You know your a tramper when...

*Luke Gardener and Cleo Davie-Martin*

1. You only eat with a spoon
2. A pocket knife lives in the kitchen
3. You can cook a one pot wonder for dinner in 20 minutes flat
4. Long johns and shorts are perfectly acceptable to wear around town
5. Your more comfortable in your sleeping bag on bed than between sheets and blankets
6. If its super cold you just pitch your tent in your room and sleep in that
7. You don't ever wear jeans or own them, cotton kills!
8. You own more micro fleece/polypropylene than collared shirts
9. Your tramping boots are your most expensive and prized footwear
10. Saturday morning sports are something that happen to other people
11. Your school bag contains all you need to survive in the bush for a night should the need arise
12. If you cant find your uni bag then you pack is a perfectly good replacement.
13. You look forward to snow days in Dunedin because it reminds you of tramping.
14. When a suit is generally used as a novelty item rather than a business necessity.
15. You enjoy bad weather because it is a legitimate excuse to wear your outdoor gear.
16. You can say you were on a tramp over the weekend and not think about the object with springs used for backflips.
17. The wall covered in topographic maps in your bedroom is the envy of all your friends.
18. The thought of not showering for 3 days doesn't bother you in the slightest.
19. If possible you will avoid walking around town and try get a ride.
20. You're on first name terms with the staff in outdoors shops.

---

Newbe from USA looking at a proposed route (of certain death)

"oh yeah, that looks alright"

*- Editors note, and people think we're muppets!*

---

"I've never been to an AGM where the talking and voting keeps on on being interrupted by an indian bloke calling out ""Rogan josh? Chicken tikka massala? anyone order a tekken massala?"" Will T-J

## Things you don't want to hear while tramping

*Claire Cannon and Tom McKellar*

1. Hut tickets please.
2. Hmmmm, I don't remember this bit from last time I was here.
3. Righto, follow me!
4. I think we've fallen off the map.
5. All we need to do is walk over that...
6. Waaaa... My feet hurt
7. Waaaa... Its raining
8. Are we there yet??
9. You get exactly 1/57th of the cheese for lunch today because I'm a food natzi
10. Boring people telling boring life stories.
11. People getting text messages
12. We do have another roll of toilet paper with us ay?
13. Look at all these rocks!
14. I've forgotten the cheese/sausages/bacon/gas cooker/all of the above.
15. How hard can it be?
16. It should be just over the top of this hill.
17. You guys do know how to get to the start of the track ay?
18. In America.....
19. Hey ah, you know that map.....
20. Day 2: Ok let's reshuffle the food so that everyone has an equal amount of weight.
21. Trust me, I've done this before.

---

*"Silverpeaks raincloud" Joe Vincent*





## Why can't I come on the Fiordlands trip?

*Alex vs. The President*



*Alex the punter*



*The President  
of OUTC 2012*



Penzy,

Normally I wouldn't make a big deal about missing out on a trip because it's full but tonight I was turned down from Lake Alabaster (Nick's group I believe) JUST BECAUSE I'M AMERICAN! Quite honestly, I'm pretty fucking pissed! I know it's not your fault and I don't blame you but I'm really struggling to contain myself in this email and keep my composure, shaking from anger as I type each key. I was the SECOND PERSON in line for the Lake Alabaster trip, which I know had at least 9 spots and was an easy level tramp, so it's not like I was not qualified for the trip or anything like that. Nick asked, "Who's from North America?" and we raised our hands, then he asked, "Where is everyone else from?" and proceeded to hand slips to non-Americans. Canadians received slips. US students were denied. It's one thing to be denied from a tramp if you cannot handle it. I know my limits and choose tramps responsibly, taking into consideration the rest of the group. The fact that I was denied simply because I'm american is complete fucking bull shit!

I know there are a limited number of spots on any given trip, however, could you please make an exception given the circumstances and try to squeeze me into Jeremy's group (I believe it was Lake McKenzie), or possibly the other easy tramp? (I can't remember the name but I'm almost certain it was one of the lakes)

- Alex D

Hi Alex,



I have talked to Nick, and he realizes what he did was wrong and is prepared to apologize to you in person. There isn't a lot we can do about it now as all the trips are full and our spots are limited by the number of seats on the bus so I really can't squeeze you into any groups also especially not without the approval of those leaders. The best I can do is put you at the top of the waiting list in case someone pulls out, if you would like me to do this please email me your cell phone number.

If you wish to take further to take further action against Nick, you can get in touch with our secretary and ask us to consider temporarily banning him from leading trips at the next committee meeting.

Truly sorry,  
Penzy  
OUTC President



Hi Penzy,

Thank you. I would like to be placed at the top of the waiting list, preferably for one of the easy tramps. (I have bad knees so I usually need to stick to easier ones) But please let me know if anything opens up in moderate as well, and maybe we can discuss the difficulty? I know there is a group planning to go themselves. But I think they want to do the Livingstone track and possibly Lake Marriem as well. My only concern is that they mentioned they were moderate tracks. I just really don't want to go along with them only to end up holding them up. Do you know how either of these tracks compare to Conical Hill maybe? I tried to do Conical Hill at Paradise but ended up only making it to the falls. (that was my first tramp ever so I didn't really know how to gauge myself)

*Continued next page...*

Also, if worse comes to worst, do you think I should just show up on Friday when we leave just in case there are any last minute pull outs?

As far as Nick goes I'm willing to just let it go as long as this hasn't happened previously in the past and it doesn't happen again in the future. We all make mistakes, and I know I've made more than my fair share of them in the past. But has this ever happened before? I think if this is something that's recurring it should be dealt with. I really love the tramping club and what you all do. It's an amazing opportunity to meet all kinds of people and see some of the most beautiful parts of New Zealand. I don't think anybody (US citizen, other foreigners, and Kiwis alike) should be denied the that opportunity because of where they come from.

Thank you again.  
Alex

Hi Alex,

I have put you the waiting list for our easy trips. If you couldnt get to conical hill without a full pack, you won't want to try a moderate trip and might even have struggled on Nick's tramp.

As for the group going alone, you would probably be ok going to lake Marrian, but there is no such thing as livingstone track. So either they are thinking of livingstone ridge (off-track and much harder than conical hill) or the track to Lake McKellar (easy, but with a pack youll find it as hard as conical hill). I would confirm with them where they are going though and whether they want to go fast or are wanting to do slow and easy trips, before deciding to go with them.

There is no point in you showing up on Friday as this trip is very difficult for us to organise in terms of the transport, very likely we wont know of any last minute pull outs because we'll be to busy organising who is going in which vechicle and where their pack is going so everything arrives at the correct spot at the other end. Also as there are only two easy trips which would be appropriate for



you, the liklihood of last minute pulls outs on the correct trip is also low.

As far as I know this has never happened before and I will do my best to make sure it doesnt happen again during my time in the club. While no one should ever be denied the opportunity to go on a trip based on their nationality, you must realise we are not a guiding company. So cannot always be completely unbiased as we have to constantly find and encourage new leaders who are going to be around longer than 6 months.

Regards,  
Penzy!



I went to conical hill with a full pack. I don't have a day pack. Is there any possibility of asking Jeremy or the other easy group if he/they would be willing to take one more with them in their group? I'm just thinking if it's a matter of transportation and ultimately up to the group leader how many go, maybe I could go with them even if someone from a harder tramp leaves, just so I have a seat on the bus. Does that make sense?

Hi Alex,

Yes that makes sense. However, at this stage there are no seats on the bus and by the time/if one does become available it is very possible that the leaders will have already have bought the food for the trips involved so the trip you were on wouldn't have enough food for you and another trip would have too much food and it wouldn't be readily interchangeable as we don't all camp together.

Besides we also take vans and as we don't all start from the same spot transport is complicated. The numbers on certain trips reflect their transport method so for some trips changing the numbers just wouldn't be possible. Essentially of the two easy trips you could go on theres is only one I could add numbers too and someone would have to pull out of a transport appropriate trip by the end of today as many leaders will do their food shopping tonight as we have gear buy night tomorrow night.



The safety officer also needs to approve any changes made to the trip numbers.

Did you carry all your sleeping gear with you at paradise then? There will also be group gear on this that can be heavy.

Regards,  
Penzy



I took everything but my sleeping bag and mat I believe also, Emily, one of the people organizing the separate trip, discussed possibly letting me do lake marrian with them, splitting up, and then rejoining later. Do you think lake marrian would be a reasonable tramp for me?

Alex

Lake Marrian would probably be ok for you. My only concern with that plan is what you'd do while they were tramping elsewhere as they would probably have to drop you off at a campsite which might be a little out of their way. It is illegal to camp at the side of the road in New Zealand you must use designated campsites.



Alternatively if they are going where I think they are there is a Lake Howden hut along the way which you'd be fine getting to. However, it is on the Routeburn track and therefore requires booking so you'd have to get in touch with DoC to see if there is still space in that hut this weekend.



It doesn't matter now. Emily just sent me a text saying they're not going now. Apparently the car was too expensive.

Oh thats a shame, there will be other weekends with other trips though.



yeah, but Fiordland seemed too awesome to miss. Especially since there's a chance of seeing aurora borealis. I've always wanted to see that.

You are unlikely to see aurora borealis you'll be in the trees or cloud. And it is very rare to see in nz. There will also be other trips to fiordland later in semester just because this is the one with 80 people doesn't make it the be all and end all.



Also aurora borealis is the wrong hemisphere for fiordland.



Yeah. Oh well. I guess at least now I'll have a good opportunity to put in some work on my 100 pint Guinness card at The Bog.

And I just assumed that aurora borealis was used to describe any phenomenon like that. Although I guess the fact that they call aurora borealis "The Northern Lights" should have been a good clue as to what hemisphere I should be in. lol

Thanks for everything Penzy. Maybe I'll see you tomorrow at R&R.

*Then on Thursday late in the afternoon.....*

Hi Alex,

Someone pulled out of Julie's easy trip to lake marrian so please let me know if you are still keen to go.



Regards,  
Penzy

---

"This pre meet is the biggest waste of time since learning how to fold undies."  
- some punter at the paradise pre-meet



## A Tour of the Hunter Headwaters

*Thomas McKellar*

Group members: Penzy Dinsdale, Neville Thorne, Thomas McKellar

With a good weather forecast and a few free days, Neville, Penzy, the bushbox, and I packed ourselves into Nev's little Starlet and zoomed off to the Hunter Mountains. Over three days we walked a loop that toured the three headwaters of the Borland Burn as well as the Garnock Burn, starting at Borland Lodge and finishing at Borland Saddle.

A morning of track bashing took us to North Borland Hut, then an afternoon of river flat bashing took us to the head of the river. From there we climbed a spur to a wonderful tussocky plateau above the Garnock Burn. Terrible windfall threatened to slow us at the bottom of the spur, but a little trail ducked and wove through it all. The plateau was a sublime spot to camp, and clearly someone else had thought so too as there were large logs lying among the tussock. They must have been carried from the bush several hundred metres away. They made great anchors for the fly guys.

Around lunchtime of that first day, Neville and I indulged in some tree-rocking. What a game! Find a dead-and-rotten-to-the-core-tree a give it a few shoves. It will start to rock at its resonant frequency - or one of them. Recommence the shoving, but resonantly this time. With enough effort it shouldn't take too long for the tree too splinter to pieces, leaving you filled with glee and grinning like a lunatic. Some can be challenging, one especially tall trunk took several minutes with both of us working simultaneously.

At 6am on day two, the sun beamed beneath the edge of the fly straight into our eyes. What a glorious awakening! It didn't take long for the frost to melt from the fly, and it was too bright for a sleep in anyway, so we rose and had an early start to the day. Travel down into the Garnock Burn and to its head was only a little rougher than "fine". Neville proved his excellent eyesight at lunchtime, when he asked "Is that a bird?" of a tiny, unmoving white smudge hundreds of metres away. It must have been, it flew away some time later.

We plugged up snow to a pass between the Garnock Burn and the Mid-Borland, and that was alright. Then came the crux of the trip: sidling on

steep terrain high above a lake at the head of the valley. That was fine too, really, as long as you didn't let go of the tussock. It wasn't hard to find a route that went, and before long we were down in the river bed below the lake. It took some hunting to find a dry campsite. It turned out there were plenty where the river swings east, just south of pt 949.

Day three began with a walk down the Mid-Borland. Happily, Moir's was right in that the big gorge is easily traversed by a ramp on the true left. There's a stunner of a waterfall in there. From below the gorge it was straightforward to cross into the South Branch and follow the valley south, so we did. But not far downstream we decided to regain the tops to the west, rather than follow the river. We reached a lake at 1140m, and came across something spectacular: swarms of little black insects weaving and cycling, forming swaying, tornado-like high-density pillars. I have no idea what they were. They were bigger than sandflies, and didn't look much like dragonflies. The downwind edge of the lake was thick with dead flies and scum. They didn't bother us much, so we sat for a while watching the bugs careen chaotically while the towers wandered sedately around the lake shore.

From the lake, the main spine of the Hunters led south to Borland Saddle. It was worse than expected, to be honest. It was fine, but a descent of steep tussock loaded with dry leaves needed special care. Before long we reached the Saddle, where there was a fresh-ish deer carcass and the sound of quad bikes zooming along the Borland Road. Ah well. Neville kindly offered – for the second time in a week – to fetch the car. Cheers.



*"Dawn" (Jaz Morris)*

## Attempts to cajole people into writing trip articles

*Statler and Waldorf*

The best of the emails sent to the list in an attempt to get articles.  
Pictures included.

---

*AnticsTwentyTwelve <antics2012@gmail.com>*

*Sun, Jan 1, 2012 at 11:13 PM*

[outc] **Welcome to 2012!**

Hello boys and girls.

This year will be one for the history books. We are writing the history book so can say that with certainty.

We hope you have all had a wonderful Christmas and New Years holiday are are still enjoying your summer job or student hardship benefit as the case may be.

If you've got any tramping trips planned for the remainder of the summer take along a pencil and notebook to jot down a few of the more memorable moments so that later on you can write a wee trip report then email a copy to us for Antics Two Zero One Two.

We look forward to hearing from you.

*- Statler & Waldorf -*

---

*AnticsTwentyTwelve <antics2012@gmail.com>*

*Sun, Feb 19, 2012 at 2:20 PM*

[outc] **Become Famous!!!**

Hi all,

We have our first trip report of the year!!!! So come on, you can't have all been sitting in your bedrooms twiddling your ???? over summer have you?

So get typing and send us a trip report, or some lies if you haven't. It'll probably get published.

*- Statler & Waldorf -*

*AnticsTwentyTwelve <antics2012@gmail.com>*

*Wed, Feb 29, 2012 at 1:42 PM*

[outc] **Are you famous yet?**

Hello boys and girls.

Jolly good show on joining the OUTC, now comes the part where you do something for us.

Next time you go tramping/hiking, take a few notes and even some pictures of the scenic places you walk about in, over and through. Email them to us and we'll put them together in a full on published book called ANTICS with your name immortalised forever in print. (A copy even goes to the national archives so it really is forever). If you're from overseas, then if you pay for postage, we'll even send you a copy of the book when its published next year!

Trip reports can be written any way you please. Funny, romantic, drama, family, etc. whatever you think is best. We even accept pictorial accounts of your Antics.

If you're heading away to Paradise this weekend then give it a go and take a few notes then send them in to us.

*- Statler & Waldorf -*

---



*"Greenstone Saddle" (William Tait-Jamieson)*

Antics Twenty Twelve <antics2012@gmail.com>

Fri, Mar 9, 2012 at 2:58 PM

[outc] **An email that isn't trying to sell you something and is tramping related**

Dearest punters,

Well by now a lot of you would have been to paradise and back. There must be stories aplenty that are fizzing at the bum to get out and be told to an audience larger than your flatmates. Perhaps you all are suffering from "The Stranger" (1) and are unable to type. This is no good to us!

So put hand to key board, get off facebook and send us a recount of your trip and be immortalised forever! Fanky you prease.

- Statler & Waldorf -

1. The Stranger: (Source, Urban Dictionary)

*The act of sitting on one's hand for 20 minutes to make it go numb, and proceeding to jerk off with that hand. This will give the feeling of a hand job from someone else.*

---

Antics Twenty Twelve <antics2012@gmail.com>

Mon, Mar 19, 2012 at 2:05 PM

[outc] **Free beer (For real!)**

Good afternoon boys and girls!

For a lucky 78 of you the wounds of Fiordland will be fresh and the memories even fresher.

Now you should write a wee account of what happened and **email** that to us.

(Now the reason why you opened this email) We have **2 CRATE BOTTLES OF CRAFT BREWED BEER** for the **FIRST 2 PEOPLE** who get a Fiordland story to us (or one person who writes 2 stories).

---

A clear conscience is usually the sign of a bad memory.

The beer wasn't brewed with the tears of unicorns but with the sparkling clear water from the Speights brewery up Rattray street. The light refreshing taste and pure sparkle will bring a tear of joy to your eye and you can revel in the joy of a story well told and enjoy the play of tastes over your tongue.

So get writing or typing and let us know how your trip went. You'll be famous, or drunk depending on your tolerance.

- Statler & Waldorf -

---

Antics Twenty Twelve <antics2012@gmail.com> Tue, Apr 17, 2012 at 1:45 PM

[outc] **If you can't dazzle them with Brilliance, you can baffle them with bullshit**

Kia Ora Ow!

Easter was nice wasn't it! Good weather and all that jazz. At least it was here in Dunedin. Dunno about out in the hills though.....

THIS IS WHERE YOU COME IN!

For those of you who were out in the hills, write us a story about it. Or a poem. Or a drawing. Or a soliloquy. Anything.

Otherwise Antics 2012 will just be full of our advertising emails and blank pages.

- Statler & Waldorf -



"View from Dore Pass" (Josh Brinkmann)



*Note of context,  
this email was sent just after the uni had rolling powercuts during the day  
that disrupted lectures and labs*

*AnticsTwentyTwelve <antics2012@gmail.com>*

*Tue, May 1, 2012 at 5:35 PM*

[outc] **Civil Defence: Power Outages - Get Ready, Get Thru**

Dearest punters,

If a disaster happened right now, would you be ready?

If there is another power cut today then we, your editors, have come up with some methods of getting thru.

1. When the power goes out, immediately open all the doors and windows. This will begin to simulate the feeling of being in a cold hut.
2. With the doors and windows now open, it should start to attract the sandflies. This will increase the feng-shui of the room by replicating the great outdoors.
3. Rush to the nearest bathroom and fill your shoes up with water. This will simulate wet boots. Then take your shoes off to enjoy the feeling of having dry feet inside the hut.
4. Leave said wet boots by the door, the resulting wafting smell drifting in will have a calming effect.
5. Find the oldest magazine you have in the house and scatter them over the table or floor, if these are dated from about mid 1990 then you'll be fine.

When the power comes back on, get on your laptop and write us a story about it. There's a good tramper. Away you go now, tea's getting cold.

*- Statler & Waldorf -*

---

*"Some people walk in the rain, others just get wet." - Shuan  
This is a fine example of an American getting all philosophical and stuff.*

*- Ed*

*AnticsTwentyTwelve <antics2012@gmail.com>*

*Wed, Jun 6, 2012 at 3:28 PM*

[outc] **Trying to keep warm and stressing about exams?**

Brrr!

Cold outside isn't it!?!? Probably far too cold to go tramping. Instead, to warm up, write us a story about a time when you did go tramping!

What a great idea! We'll go do that now - so should you. It will be better that studying for that exam anyway.

Until next time kiddies.

*- Statler & Waldorf -*

---



"Copland Frost" (Erin Spillane)

AnticsTwentyTwelve <antics2012@gmail.com>

Sat, Jun 23, 2012 at 10:24 PM

[outc] **Easy/Moderate trip Weds-Thurs**

*Hollyford, lots of bird life with nice bush and good views. Camera a must!!*

Haha just kidding but now that you've opened the email best keep reading.

Now that exams are done and dusted, some of you will be thinking of heading back to where its nice and warm. i.e America, Northumbria, Spain, Narnia, Mexico\*, Mordor, Woolworths, etc.

Same thing as the other emails have been about this year. You write us some stories about tramps you've been on and we'll stop sending you emails over a list that you have no way of unsubscribing from apart from making a new email address.

Or if you send us \$100 in unmarked bills to an undisclosed address, you'll achieve the same result. Maybe.

You have been warned.

This is your mag, so it's up to you to make sure the content is 'above the bushline'. We have backup articles we can use but they're mainly pictures.

- Statler & Waldorf -

\* reminds me of a funny Mexican joke:

Q) What do Mexicans put under their carpet?

A) Underlay! Underlay!

For a slightly more racist Mexican joke...

Q) Why are there no Mexican in the Olympics this year?

A) Because any of them that can run, jump or swim are already in America.

---

AnticsTwentyTwelve <antics2012@gmail.com>

Fri, Aug 3, 2012 at 11:41 AM

[outc] **Nice day to be inside. Writing stories for ANTICS**

Oh hello, we didn't see you there.

Looking out the window, the weather is decidedly rubbish. So rather than sit inside thinking about the good old days in cold weather, we thought we'd tell you a tramping story from when we were young..... Come in close now, watch the fire....

Friday night - Met up with the rest of the group and piled into the holden kingswood for the drive to Fiordland. Bloody boring drive.



*Holden Kingswood*

Decided to pass the time by finishing off a crate of beer and throwing the bottles at signs as we went past. Stopped the car to chase after sheep just out of Balclutha. Animal fell down the bank into the river. Oops. Had a near miss just by the last road turnoff and took out a fence.

---

Day 1 - Had porridge for breakfast under the tent fly courtesy of the Swedish Chef. Statler was being a silly bastard and landed on his head while doing a backflip. That'll slow him down. Ha. What a muppet. Headed off into the bush. Looked at the map then turned around and headed off in the other direction. Took the map off Fozzie bear.



*Fozzie Bear*

Had lunch. Threw stones at a tree until one bounced off and hit Stalter on the nose. Never did find out what he was doing up the tree. Dinner was chocolate mousse. The Swedish Chef did a good job of hunting the Fiordland mousse.

Day 2 - Similar to day 1, except in reverse. We did it that way cos we had leftover dinner for breakfast. Ended up back at the Kingswood.

See how easy it is to write a trip article?! Even a bunch of muppets can do it! So go on, write us a story and send it through to us. Off ya go now, see you soon

---

*Again a note about context, this was a day or two after Mt Tongariro erupted resulting in local evacuations. See page 125 for brief news story of the event.*

*AnticsTwentyTwelve <antics2012@gmail.com>*

*Tue, Aug 7, 2012 at 10:08 AM*

[outc] **North island tramping over break**

Hello boys and girls.

If you were planning on doing the Tongariro crossing over the mid sems break then we would advise the following:

- Helmet with gas mask.



- Over trousers and jacket





- Corrugated iron shield made from a bit of fence



- Some way of updating where you are, facebook or twitter so we can still get a antics story even if the volcano does blow up.

Just to recap, as well as the usual tramping stuff you want some **volcanologist gear**



Looking forward to your stories!

- Statler & Waldorf -

7th July 2012 Stuff.co.nz:

The volcano rumbled into life at 11.50 last night, sending ash and rock a kilometre into the air, prompting a potential threat warning for central North Island regions.

The "small scale" eruption was a total surprise, with the volcano last erupting in 1897, GNS Science said.

Though there had been no escalation in background seismicity today, the mountain could blow its top again depending on what is causing the unrest, GNS scientist Brad Scott said at a press conference in Taupo this afternoon.

Ash samples will determine what is driving the activity, he said. "It's really just a watch this space scenario."

There were no visual observations to confirm or deny whether anything happened.

"The only thing that's really come to light that's a little bit exciting is a photograph on a Facebook page taken by some alpine guides on the Tongariro Crossing this morning just on dawn and that shows three vents active in the Te Mari crater area.

"They all appear at this time ... to be new vents. So we're not dealing with a single vent that's been in eruption."

No one was found injured or dead during a police search of all huts and tracks around Mt Tongariro, Conservation Department Ruapehu-Whanganui area manager Nic Peet.

"The track into the hut has got boulders of up to a metre in cross section that have landed on the track and caused impact craters and the hut itself has holes through the roof, the floor and the bunks inside it."

People could have been injured or killed had they been inside it, Mr Peet said.

AnticsTwentyTwelve <antics2012@gmail.com>

Wed, Nov 14, 2012 at 2:01 PM

[outc] **We're all going on a summer holiday**

Hello team, its us again. Just when you thought it was time to chill out after exams and forget about uni there is an email from us.

We really do need some stories for this wee pubrication so if you could please send some in to us that would be great.  
Nick Plimmer said he was going to write 2. If he can then it really can't be all that hard....

Kind regards

- Statler & Waldorf -

Note, Nick "soon" Plimmer never actually did get around to writing anything for us.

---



"Pot of Gold" (Clement Boixel)



Anna Seybold (L) and Jaz Morris (R)  
climbing trees with excessive safety  
measures  
(Jaz Morris)



## Trip ideas

*There are many fantastic trips that can be done but often the key is knowing about them. Here are a few ideas to get you started.*

*Many thanks to all who have helped to compile this list.*

S + W

### Brewster Hut (Mt Aspiring National Park)

**Grade:** Moderate

**Time of year:** All year round, but beware of winter snow conditions

**Accommodation:** 12 bunk, serviced hut, no fireplace but very nice.

\$15.30pp/night or an Annual Backcountry Hut Pass.

**Friday night:** Camping at Cameron Flat on SH 6 just past Makarora, toilet facilities and running water, \$6.10pp/ night an Annual Backcountry Hut Pass

**Route:** 3 hour tramp straight up 900 meters. The trip starts with a river crossing (2minutes in) but it is sometimes possible to keep your feet dry. The track to the hut is easy to follow but there is some exposure above the bush line.

**Directions:** South on SH1 until just past Milton, turn right onto SH 8 and follow through Alexandra and on until just past Cromwell, turn north onto SH 6 and continue through Wanaka and on towards Haast until you reach the car park (just over Haast Pass), which is on the right side of the highway at Fantail Creek. Takes around 4.5 hours.

**Related trips:** Mt Armstrong: behind Brewster hut, a good beginner mountaineering trip will need to use ice axe and crampons in winter (sometimes in late autumn through to early summer).

Mt Brewster: more advanced mountaineering trip. Check a guidebook for advice and route.

---

An example of trip Planning with Josh:

Josh: Hey Luke want to go see what the top of Mitre peak looks like?

Luke: Isn't that quite technical and you need ropes and stuff:

J: I dunno. Is it?

L: Yeah think so, have a read of this.

J: Hmm. Do you want to lead the trip?

### Mt Titiroa Area (Fiordland National Park)

**Grade:** Summit = hard, campsite = moderate, Garnock Burn = easy

**Time of year:** You'll need a full summers day to summit, but the terrain is fine year-round. Ice axe and crampons are required in winter and spring.

**Accommodation:** Hope Arm Hut, 12 bunks, \$5.10 pp/ night or an Annual Backcountry Hut Pass

**Friday night:** Friday night: Princhester Hut, just off SH94 that you can drive right up to (6 bunks, \$5.10 pp. night or an Annual Backcountry Hut Pass). But those looking for a longer day would be better to camp at Pearl Harbour (Lake Manapouri) or even on the track across the Waiau River.

**Route:** To cross the Waiau River you'll need to arrange to hire a boat from Adventure Manapouri (approx. \$30 for the weekend). On the other side, follow the track for 2.5 hours to reach Hope Arm Hut. A party travelling further will need to camp. The track continues on for another 2 hours to Garnock Burn, which has excellent camp sites and would make an awesome and relaxed weekend trip. The route up Mt. Titiroa crosses the fallen tree over Garnock Burn and climbs directly up the steep, but very open bush. Reasonable navigation is required here. A broad, sandy saddle at the bush line is the best campsite on route to the summit. There are no streams beyond this point. The summit is about 2-3 hours further up the ridge.

**Directions:** Take SH1 to Gore (about 2 hours) and then turn right onto SH94. The turnoff to Lake Manapouri is well marked about 2 hours further. When you arrive in Manapouri, follow the main road to Pearl Harbour.

**Related trips:** Titiroa Traverse: From the summit, continue south dropping to the west into the North Borland Burn when feasible. Good navigation required. You'll need to park a car at the Borland car park and arrange to be ferried across the Waiau instead of hiring a boat. Requires a long second day from the campsite.

Garnock Burn: As described above (easier grade)



## Green Lake Hut (Fiordland National Park)

**Grade:** Easy

**Time of year:** All year round (but Borland Road often closed during the winter months)

**Accommodation:** 12 bunk standard hut, with a fireplace. Situated on the lakefront. \$5.10pp/night or an Annual Backcountry Hut Pass

**Friday night:** Camping at Lake Monowai at the end of Lake Monowai Road, toilet facilities only, water from lake (although supposedly there is a water tap there), \$5 pp/ night or an Annual Backcountry Hut Pass

**Route:** From Borland Road: 2.5 hours undulating through bush and tussock flats (may be muddy at certain times of the year). Does involve a section of reasonable uphill and then downhill to the lake shore.

From Lake Monowai: 6 hours total. The track follows Roger Inlet Track and is relatively flat for 1 hour before the turn off onto the Green Lake Track. From there it is about 4 hours of gradual uphill (with some steeper sections) to the saddle, followed by half an hour of steep downhill to the lake shore, then another 30 minutes around the lake edge to the hut.

**Directions:** South on SH1 until Gore (2 hrs from Dunedin and a good takeaway stop), turn right onto SH 94 towards Milford Sound and follow through Lumsden and Mossburn. There is a shortcut road on the left at The Key called Blackmount-Redcliff Road, which will take you straight to the Lake Monowai/ Borland Road turn-off. If you miss that, there is a turnoff to Lake Manapouri just before Te Anau onto Hillside-Manapouri Road. Turn left onto this and then left onto Weir Road (which turns into Blackmount-Redcliff Road).

If you find yourself in Te Anau, don't worry; turn left onto SH 95 (the Manapouri-Te Anau Highway), which will take you to Manapouri. Then take Hillside-Manapouri Road, Weir Road and onto Blackmount-Redcliff Road. The Lake Monowai/ Borland Road turnoff on the right is well sign-posted (Note: road becomes gravel). If you reach Blackmount or Wairaki, you have gone too far. If you stay on Lake Monowai Road, it will take you to the Lake

and car park. If you are using the Borland Road entrance, the turnoff is on the right about 10 minutes down Lake Monowai Road. It will take an additional 30 minutes to get to the Borland trail head (it is recommended that this is not done in the dark). Takes around 4.5-5 hours.

**Related trips:** Mt Burns Tarns: 45 minute side trip from Borland Road up to the tarns below Mt Burns, great views, potential to continue along ridge line or up to Mt Burns

Mt Eldrig: 4-5 hr return trip from Borland Road, track less well marked, muddy in places, fantastic views over Green Lake and Fiordland, nice camping spot above bush line on gravel

Rodger Inlet Hut: Leaves from Lake Monowai, 6 hrs, see DOC website for more information

For more trip ideas see: <http://www.doc.govt.nz/upload/documents/parks-and-recreation/tracks-and-walks/southland/lake-monowai-borland-road.pdf>



“Hoiho” (Jaz Morris)

## Luxmore Hut, Kepler Track (Fiordland National Park)

- Grade:* Easy
- Time of year:* Anytime (although you may be wading in snow above the bush line in the winter months)
- Accommodation:* Luxmore Hut, 53 bunks, during peak season (October to April) you will need to book through DoC, either by ringing, emailing, or visiting any regional office. Price is \$51.10 pp/ night (peak season), or \$15.30 pp/ night (off peak season). Annual Backcountry Hut Passes can be used during the off peak season or to obtain a discounted rate during the peak season. Anyone under 18 years of age is free, but still required to book during peak season.
- Friday night:* You can camp at Brod Bay if you get there early enough. It is 1.5 hours from the Control Gates car park (5.6 km). Alternatives include a fly at the road end (this is illegal, so you do so at your own risk), a hostel in Te Anau, or Princhester Hut, which you can drive right up to (6 bunk, \$5.10 pp/ night or an Annual Hut Pass, situated about 30 minutes drive after Mossburn along SH94, after the Mavora Lakes turn off and before The Key, at the very end of Princhester Road, turnoff is on the left, approximately 15 minutes drive on a gravel road crossing private property).
- Route:* Follow the well-marked track from the Control Gates along the lakefront for 1.5 hours to Brod Bay (a nice swimming/ lunch spot). The track then begins to ascend up through the bush. The climb to the bush line takes 3-4 hours. From the bush line the track follows a wide, relatively flat ridge line to the hut.
- Directions:* From Dunedin take SH1 south to Gore (2 hours) then turn right onto SH94 and follow through to Te Anau (another 1.5-2 hours). As you enter Te Anau, take a left turn on SH95 and follow for about five minutes. The turn off to the Kepler Track, Control Gates car park will be on the right and reasonably well signposted. NOTE: there are two car parks for the Kepler Track – another further south at Rainbow Reach, so if you find yourself at this car park, you have gone too far (Luxmore Hut can be accessed from either car park, but the walk is 2-3 hours

longer from Rainbow Reach).

- Related trips:* Luxmore Cave: the entrance to the limestone caves is situated about 10 minutes from Luxmore Hut and is well signposted, although the caves extend for a few kilometers underground. Take your head torch/ phone/ back-up light source.  
Kepler Track: 3-4 day Great Walk. Requires caution during the winter months, particularly the alpine section, as it crosses a number of avalanche paths.
- Other:* Bev's Tramping Gear Hire, 16Homer St. in Te Anau is the place to go if you need to hire anything tramping related.

## Glade Pass/ Dore Pass (Fiordland National Park)

- Grade:* Hard- Very Hard
- Time of year:* December- May
- Accommodation:* Rough camping under flies or tents
- Friday night:* Camp at the start of the track (in the car park)
- Route:* Start walking as soon as it gets light (7-8am) following the marked route up Hut Creek. Once you have come to the base of the Earl Mountains take a left and head up the only stream/gorge that is presented to you. Once you get to the bottom of Glade Pass look for the green bushes (on the left) that will lead you on the only way over the pass (green goes). Great views are seen from the top. On the way down keep to the stream for 2-4 hours until the stream (gorge) opens out and you can see Lake Te Anau, then look to the right for a path that is not well marked, and when found, head down that (20 seconds) until you get into the trees where there is good place to camp. Failing that, Saturday night is spent camping on rough ground that is clear where possible. On Sunday, go back up the path and cross the stream directly where the path comes out. Locate the path that goes directly up the hill (hard to find). Follow these markers all the way to the tussock line and then follow snow marker poles that will start traversing across to Dore Pass (poles are hard to find and you climb above the pass before you start traversing across to it) Beware

of bluffs when traversing. Walk over Dore Pass head down towards the stream (the route is difficult to find but is on the left of the stream as you are going down) and follow the route that is marked on the attached picture until you see orange markers. Follow these markers that will lead you out to the Milford Road. There is a river crossing just before the road. This trip should not be attempted if there is a lot of rain reported for the weekend that you will be attempting it, or for rain in the days prior to attempting it as river levels will rise quickly especially for the last crossing. Hard trip with 6-8+ hours each day but the rewarding views are incredible

*Directions:*

Head south on SH1 to Gore (a good place for takeaways), which takes about 2 hours. Turn right onto SH94 towards Milford Sound and follow to Te Anau. Stay on SH94 heading north to Milford Sound for about another hour after Te Anau. The car park is on the left hand side and is signposted as the Eglington River (and potentially Mistake Creek/ Hut Creek). If you pass the Routeburn Shelter, Hollyford Road, or end up at the Homer Tunnel/ Milford Sound, you have gone way too far.

*Related trips:*

U-Pass: Another difficult trip that goes up Hut Creek, up and over U-Pass and back down Mistake Creek to the car park. Requires a careful waterfall traverse up/ down steep rock/ tussock terrain, but affords excellent views and a comfy camping site above the waterfall. Shouldn't be attempted after heavy rain (or if it is forecasted), as there are a number of river crossings.

---

OUTC crustie – like a booger in your nose you can't quite get rid of. You can feel it, touch it, and it is very annoying, but you just can't get rid of it!



"Fringilla Coelebs" (William Tait-Jamieson)



"It is socially acceptable to get mexicans to carry all the group gear"  
(Bushcraft Manual 1984)



## Gertrude Saddle (Fiordland National Park)

*Grade:* Moderate

*Time of year:* Can be done all year round but, the Te Anau-Milford road is often closed due to snow during the winter months so find out about this before embarking. The area is also avalanche prone during winter and spring. Caution is also required in very wet weather as there is a river crossing at the bottom of the valley and the rocks nearing the top of the saddle can be quite slippery.

*Accommodation:* Camping on the top of the ridge, there are some decent places to set up camp, with little rock barriers made by earlier trampers to shelter from the wind, it is very exposed and can get very windy on the ridge.

*Friday night:* Either camp in the car park at the start of the track, \$10 pp/ night, or stay in the NZAC Homer Hut, located just to the side of the car park to Gertrude Valley, \$25 pp/ night a night for non-members, \$15 pp/ night for members, 30 bunks.

*Route:* Approximately 4 hours up, and 3 hours down (although it can take longer), from Gertrude Valley car park to the top of the saddle. It is an additional 2 hours up and back to Barrier Knob. The track is fairly easy walking and flat for the first 40 minutes along the river valley. Then the track climbs steeply but fairly easily technically speaking for a bit until crossing the river below the waterfall. After this time follow the rock cairns up to Black Lake, parts of this are very steep, over rocks, and good fitness is needed. A steel wire is bolted into the rock just above and below Black Lake to assist you, i.e. it is very steep! The rock slabs can also get very slippery and treacherous when wet and icy. From the head of the Valley climb up through big boulders to the top of the saddle, where you will hopefully be greeted by beautiful views down into Milford Sound. Height at Gertrude Saddle: 1460m, and the starting height at the car park is about 800m. Barrier Knob: 1879m. Take the same route down, again being very careful of the steepness of some of the rocks, especially down the side of Black Lake, use the steel wire for stability.

### *Directions:*

Follow SH1 south to Gore. At the main roundabout in Gore turn right onto SH94 towards Te Anau, continuing through Riversdale, Lumsden, and Mossburn. Once you reach Te Anau continue to follow SH94 on the Te Anau-Milford Road, towards Milford Sound. Follow the road for about 1 hour- 1 ½ hours until the turn off to 'Gertrude Valley, Gertrude Saddle, and Homer Hut' on the right, just before the Homer Tunnel. If you get to the Homer Tunnel you have gone too far, but only just. Leave about 5 hours for the journey.

### *Related trips:*

Barrier Knob: Follow Gertrude Saddle along to the North. It is a steep and steady climb up, using ice and snow skills, about 1 hour 40 minutes round trip. Snow caving possibilities, and some snow skills practice are all possibilities.

Mirror Lakes is a short 10-minute return trip just off the Milford-Te Anau highway about halfway along on the left heading towards Milford Sound. It is well signposted and a nice place to get out and stretch your legs and get some beautiful views of the Earl Mountains.

Tutoko Valley: 5 hours return trip. Continue down the Milford Road through the tunnel about 10 minutes before you reach Milford Sound, lookout for the Tutoko bridge on the left of the road. The track is fairly well marked and follows the river for 2 ½ hours, then becomes less well marked and includes river crossing, continue as far as you like up the riverbed. Return the same way.

### *Note:*

Ensure you have enough fuel to get from Te Anau to Milford **and back**. Distance of approx 240km. The Fiordland trip in 2013 had a case of a van driven by a former president running dangerously low on fuel.

---

While holding down a table for a table traverse:

Tom "where do I hold?"

Joe "You're doing an honours in physics, you'll figure it out"

## Brodrick Hut (Ruatanuiwha Conservation Park)

*Grade:* Easy – Moderate

*Time of year:* All year round, however, avalanche run out zones can reach the valley floor in the Huxley from May to November. Brodrick Hut itself is potentially in an avalanche path after heavy snowfall. Check [www.Avalanche.net.nz](http://www.Avalanche.net.nz) for the latest on snow condition if in doubt.

*Accommodation:* Brodrick Hut, 6 Bunks, \$5.10 pp/ night or an Annual Backcountry Hut Pass, has a fireplace and plenty of wood.

*Friday night:* There are two options depending on the condition of the road up to Monument Hut: 1) 2WD road end by Huxley Lodge where there is a gate and DoC intentions book. Pitch a tent or a fly, although this can be a pretty bleak and windswept place. For running water, a creek runs just by the south side of the lodge. One of the huts that are a part of the Huxley Lodge complex is usually left open. It is the first one on your right as you go up the driveway to the lodge. 2) Monument Hut, 6 bunks, \$5.10 pp/ night or an Annual Backcountry Hut Pass, a very nice old forestry service hut about 2 hours walk from the 2WD road end. Whether one can drive to it depends on the current condition of the road. 4WD vehicles can usually get to the hut relatively easily, although navigating the last 300m or so in the dark could present difficulties as it meanders over the braided river. The hut is on the same side of the Hopkins as the road, so if you stick to the true right you should be fine. It's set slightly back from the valley floor where the beech forest begins on your left as you travel up valley. It could be preferable to spend Friday night near Huxley Lodge, and try and drive to Monument Hut early the following morning.

*Route:* Starting from Monument Hut, an easy-to-follow track meanders through beech forest up the valley, 10 to 30 m above the valley floor. Once out onto the Hopkins Valley floor, continue up the valley 300m. Before the Huxley River, a DoC sign indicates the start of a track that leads to a swing bridge over the Huxley (1 hour 15 minutes to the swing bridge). Once across the swing bridge, either

follow the high water track up valley on the true left, which climbs above the valley floor in places, or travel up the valley floor crossing the Huxley as required. Huxley Forks Huts (9 bunks in total, DoC category 3) are at the bush edge on the true left of the Huxley where the valley branches (Monument Hut to Huxley Forks takes 3 hours). From here, cross the swing bridge over the North Huxley and follow the track up the valley. A large washout has necessitated crossing the river on the way to Broderick Hut. This normally shouldn't present a problem although crossing the Huxley after heavy rain could be difficult. In this case, a high sidle above the washout could possibly work. Brodrick Hut is located on a terrace 80m above the river on the true right. For more information, refer to Moir's Guide North (Geoff Spearpoint).

### *Directions:*

Travel north on SH1 to Oamaru. About 15 minutes or so past Oamaru, turn left onto SH83, which will take you up the Waitaki valley (if you cross a bridge over the Waitaki here, you've missed the turn off). Follow SH83, passing through Kurow, Otematata, and onto Omarama. From Omarama turn right onto SH8. Follow this for 30 minutes or so, where a large sign on your left should indicate the turnoff to Lake Ohau. Follow this road (it turns into a gravel road) until you reach a gate, with a DoC intentions form box 10 m to the right. This is the end of the 2WD road and Huxley Lodge is on your left. From here to Monument Hut the road is a bit rough. It can sometimes be reached with a 2WD vehicle, but really depends on the condition of the road.

### *Related trips:*

Brodrick Pass: About 2-3 hours from Brodrick Hut. Good campsites, a large tarn for water. Mt McKenzie is a relatively straightforward climb from the pass with agreeable views across the Landsborough valley towards Mt Hooker, Dechen, and other pretty peaks on a clear day.

South Huxley Biv: In the South Huxley, 3 hours from Huxley Forks. The biv is like a chicken coup, sleeps 2, has a fireplace, and is a Doc category 4 hut, free. Getting there requires crossing the south Huxley, which after heavy rainfall can be difficult

## Hopkins Valley (Ruataniwha Conservation Park)

*Grade:* Easy - Moderate

*Time of year:* All year around but Dasler Pinnacles could be dodgy under snow

*Accommodation:* Monument Hut, 6 bunks, \$5.10 pp/ night or an Annual Backcountry Hut Pass; Red Hut, 12 bunks, \$5.10 pp/ night or an Annual Backcountry Hut Pass; Dasler Biv, 2 bunks (could squeeze 5 people if necessary), free; Elcho Hut, 12 bunks, \$5.10 pp/ night or an Annual Backcountry Hut Pass; Culler's Hut, 4 bunks, \$5.10 pp/ night or an Annual Backcountry Hut Pass

*Friday night:* Takeaways in Oamaru, spend the night at the Temple Valley Shelter (tent, fly or stay on the concrete floor of the shelter) where there are toilets and running water (river).

*Route:* There is an unlocked gate at Ram Hill and you can continue several kilometres further up the valley by car. 4WD vehicles can make it to Monument Hut and possibly beyond. It is approximately 2 hours by foot from the Ram Hill gate to Monument Hut. The Huxley confluence is a little way up valley, with a swing bridge allowing access to the upper Hopkins valley if the Huxley is too high to cross. From here, a sparsely poled route up the true right of the Hopkins leads to the Alpine Club's Elcho Hut (4hrs from Monument Hut), and dingy Culler's Hut is another half an hour across Elcho Stream and up Apricot Flat. If Elcho Stream is uncrossable, there is a swing bridge but it takes an hour-long detour upstream. All travel in the valley is easy (euphemism: 'pleasant'), and a weekend trip to Elcho Hut may be a bit unfulfilling. The best country in this area is another day's travel upstream. As for the true left, historic Red Hut is two hours walk across the valley and up from Monument hut, but you'll need low river levels to wade the Hopkins. An hour north of Red Hut is the Dasler Biv turn off, and the Biv itself is another two hours up a steep bush track. There are some campsites above the bush line. The Dasler Pinnacles look intimidating but can be scrambled on the north side (reasonable topographic map navigation is required here). Apart from the Huxley, this is probably the best weekend trip in the region.

*Directions:* Travel north on SH1 through Oamaru, and then turn inland towards Kurow on SH83 (about 1.5 hours to the junction). Drive to Omarama (a further 1.5 hours) and turn right to head onto SH8. Turn left at the Ohau turn off – there is a huge "Ohau Skifield" sign; you've missed it if you reach Twizel. The Ram Hill gate is some distance beyond Lake Ohau, probably another hour or so from Omarama. The Temple Valley turn off is found on the left hand side a short distance before the gate (as you head in) among farm buildings.

*Related trips:* Temple Valley Loop  
Maitland Valley  
Freehold Creek  
Huxley Valley

## Staircase Hut (Wainakarua Conservation Area)

*Grade:* Easy

*Time of year:* All year round, but beware of wild sheep ('bushy')

*Accommodation:* hunters

4-6 bunks (two have rat poo), open fireplace, and lots of firewood, pots, cutlery etc., free, take batteries for the radio if you like Kahu FM (optional). This is a really excellent hut that no one goes to, except the odd hunter. N/A. Leave on Saturday morning.

3-5 hours on a well-marked track through manuka forest. Descend from the car park to the Mid Waikakarua River. Follow UP the river (often wading) for 10-15 minutes until you see orange triangles marking a track steeply uphill on the true right (left looking upriver). Follow the undulating track to the hut. The forest is nice and similar to the Silverpeaks, but much better and wading up the river is really beautiful.

*Directions:* Drive north from Dunedin on SH1 for approximately 50 minutes (go past Hampden). Two minutes before Herbert turn left on Mt Misery Road and follow this for 10km or so until you see a DOC car park on the left, just after the pine forest ends.



## Clears Hut/Tautuku Biv. (Catlins)

*Grade:* Easy

*Time of year:* Any

*Accommodation:* Clears Hut, 4 bunks (room for 3-4 extras on the floor), free, and set in a beautiful location in a natural tussock clearing in the largest area of native forest in the East of the South Island. The hut has a reasonable stock of cookware (rough pots, plates, and cutlery), so just take the bare essentials in case some idiot has removed the hut's stocks.

*Friday night:* It's easiest to leave Saturday morning (after the Silverpeaks and Big Hut, the walk to Clears Hut is one of the closest and therefore cheapest trips around). If you decide to leave on a Friday night, there is a great DoC campsite at Purakaunui Bay (about 20 minutes off-route, most likely \$5.10 pp/ night) or alternatively there is a good free campsite at the Tautuku Bay car park (2 minutes off-route).

*Route:* Walking time is 1.5-2.5 hours. Follow the well-graded track towards McLeans Falls for about 50m until you reach a point where there is a gap in the vegetation on the left, and you can look through to a fenced farm-paddock. You will notice that the grass here is slightly trodden down. This is the start of the track to Clears Hut. Follow the fence along to your right until you reach either orange, triangular track-markers or a sign warning you about pest control involving firearms. Don't worry about this sign. From here, the route to the hut is a well-marked but fairly rough track. The first half-hour of track climbs to a bluff from which you can see the sea on fine days, and from here you follow a flat, gentle ridge for around an hour before descending to the hut, which is situated in a clearing on the north side of this ridge. There is no fireplace inside the hut, but the outdoor fireplace is great for cooking on and there is plenty of manuka firewood available. If you have reasonable route-finding skills and a map and compass, it is worth spending 3-4 hours wandering to the next two tussock clearings, which you will see on the map, to the northeast of the hut. To reach the first

of these, head to the most downstream end of the hut clearing and follow the various bits of coloured blaze tape that lead to the next clearing. The route can be a bit confusing, due to several parties having marked their own tracks. If you make sure you start heading left and downhill from near the really big rata tree, you should keep to the right route. Time: 15-30mins. To reach the next, and largest clearing, cross the creek at the far (north) end of the second clearing where there is a gap in the scrub beside the creek. If you look around for a few minutes on the far side, you should pick-up the start of another blaze tape trail. The time to the large clearing is 20-30 minutes. The tussocks in this clearing are huge, make great lunchtime armchairs, and are great for hide-and-seek.

*Directions:* Driving time is 2 hours. Drive south from Dunedin on SH1 until Balclutha, where you take the turn-off to the Catlins. Follow the main road through the Catlins, passing through Owaka, MacLennan, and Papatowai. 10-15 kilometers south of Papatowai, you will reach the turn-off to McLeans Falls, on your right - don't get confused by Matai Falls, 25km earlier. Follow the gravel road to the McLeans Falls car park, where you will leave your car.

*Related trips:* It is possible to make a crossing right through Tautuku forest to the farmland on the Tahakopa Valley. This could probably be done in no more than eight hours. The route would take you through a fourth clearing and then down onto a farm belonging to Marty and Adrian Stott. Call them on (03) 418 4646 to gain permission to access/ cross their property.

---

I never drink water because of the disgusting things that fish do in it.

## Mueller Hut (Mt Cook National Park)

*Grade:* Moderate, 5.2 kilometers

*Time of year:* All year around, but beware of winter snow conditions. The track crosses avalanche paths (that aren't marked), so talk to DoC first. Snow often covers hut/ toilet facilities so it would be a good idea to carry a snow shovel. Allow 8 hours return.

*Accommodation:* 28 bunk serviced alpine hut at 1800 m, \$35.70 pp/ night (or \$30.60 for NZAC members), pay at Aoraki/ Mount Cook Visitor Centre beforehand. Mueller Hut is very popular, especially from mid-December to mid-March. A place in the hut is not guaranteed

*Friday night:* Camping at the White Horse Campground just past Mt Cook Village. There is a massive shelter with comfortable tables to sleep on for free if there is no DOC warden. Otherwise camping is \$6 pp/ night

*Route:* Follow the signs from the campground. Much of the 1000 m climb is not on a track, but up a route marked by rock cairns and orange markers. These can be hard to find if the weather deteriorates, as it can, rapidly, at any time of year. Both track and route sections are steep, demanding 3-4 hours of almost continuous climbing from Aoraki/ Mt Cook village to the hut

*Directions:* Leaving Dunedin, take SH1 north to Oamaru, and then shortly after turn left onto SH83. Follow this road to Omarama, then take a right onto SH8 and follow that through Twizel. Shortly after, make a left turn onto SH80 and follow the road to Mt Cook Village. If you reach Pukaki or Lake Tekapo, you have missed the turnoff to Mt Cook.

*Related trips:* Mt Olivier (1933 m) is on the ridge up behind the hut and is a half hour rocky scramble in summer, or 20 minute snowy ascent in winter. You'll get amazing views of Mt Cook and the surrounding area. There is also Mt Kitchenier beyond this. Check a route guide for details.

*Other trivia:* Sir Edmond Hillary climbed Mt. Olivier in 1939 at age 20 before going on to become the first person to summit Mt. Everest at age 34.

## Routeburn Falls Hut (Mt Aspiring National Park)

*Grade:* Easy

*Time of year:* Anytime. Track is usually very busy in the summer months due to its great walk status. Caution should be taken in the winter months due to avalanche danger crossing the track at the creeks near the hut i.e. Emily creek, Israeli creek.

*Accommodation:* Routeburn Falls Hut, a large modern hut with flushing toilets, cooking (peak season only) and heating facilities (all-year), 48 bunks, \$51.10 pp/ night during peak season, \$15.30 pp/ night off peak season or an Annual Backcountry Hut Pass (hut ticket discounts available during peak season), bookings are essential during peak season.

*Friday night:* Stay at the Lake Sylvan Camping Ground (5km before the start of the track, \$5 pp/ night, long drop) or at the road end shelter, 500m further down the road past the track end. This is a stone building with toilets and a fireplace. Overnight camping is prohibited.

*Route:* An easy womble up the Routeburn Track on a well-graded, wide track. Start at the start of the Routeburn track and work your way up to the hut, approx 2 hours to the Routeburn Flats Hut and 3 hours to Routeburn Falls Hut.

*Directions:* Take SH1 south to Milton, turn right onto SH8 to Cromwell, and then take SH6 to Queenstown. Go through Queenstown, straight at the Fernhill roundabout, and then follow signposts to Paradise/ the Routeburn Track. Approx 450km each way, 6 hours drive.

*Related trips:* For a trip extension walk further up the Routeburn into Valley of the Trolls and beyond, with many options for exploring off-track (Lake Harris, Conical Hill, Mt Xenicus, Emily Pass etc.)

## French Ridge Hut, Matukituki Valley (Mt Aspiring National Park)

<i>Grade:</i>	Moderate-Hard
<i>Time of year:</i>	Extreme caution required in the winter months and will require crampons and ice axes, and probably skis/ snowshoes. The hut is generally the tramping limit for most people, but you can probably go further, up to the bottom of the permanent ice of the Quarterdeck in summer.
<i>Accommodation:</i>	Hut sleeps at least 30 people, no gas, and will cost about \$25 pp/ night (less for NZAC members because NZAC owns this hut). Annual Backcountry Hut Passes DO NOT apply.
<i>Friday night:</i>	Mt Aspiring Hut, 30+ bunks, approximately \$25 pp/ night (less for NZAC members) or camp at Raspberry Flat car park that has toilets and water.
<i>Route:</i>	7 hours each way from Mt Aspiring Hut. From Raspberry Flat car park, walk up the 4WD track to Aspiring Hut (Annual Backcountry Hut Passes DO NOT apply), approximately 2 hours. From Aspiring Hut, either follow the track directly across Cascade Creek below the hut, or take the bush track to the National Park boundary behind the hut (this crosses Cascade Creek on a bridge - good if the rivers are up). The tracks join up on the lightly forested hill before the bush edge. It is about an hour from Aspiring Hut to Shovel Flat, and then another 20 minutes through to Pearl Flat. Ford the river here (look for the marker on the other side). There is a bridge over the Matukituki further upstream, but this take 30 minutes, as well as across Liverpool Stream. Take the track directly on the other side. It is 2 hours to the bush line, and is quite steep. There are several rocky sections just before the bush line that require care when icy or wet. From the bush line it is another hour to the hut, and potentially more if snowy. The track is marked with snow poles, and you won't see the hut until you are almost there.
<i>Directions:</i>	Drive to the Raspberry Flat car park, where all the best trips start or end. Take SH1 south from Dunedin. Just after Milton, turn right onto SH8 to Alexandra (good

takeaway stop) and on to Cromwell. From here take SH6 to Wanaka. Continue through the main street in Wanaka (following the lake shore around to the left. This road turns into the Wanaka-Mt Aspiring Road. Stay on this road until the very end, where the car park is. NOTE: although this road is usually fine for 2WD vehicles, there are several fords along Wanaka-Mt Aspiring Road and caution is required (particularly in wet weather when the rivers are up).

*Related trips:* Cascade Saddle: check DOC and guidebooks. Experience and good judgement required.  
Rob Roy Glacier: a 3 hour return side trip on the way to Mt Aspiring Hut, easy grade, makes a good day trip from Raspberry Flat car park

## Canyon Creek (Ahuriri Conservation Park)

<i>Grade:</i>	Moderate
<i>Time of year:</i>	All year around in the valley, but be wary of snow and avalanche conditions from June to November (ice axes and crampons may be required on the tops or to get up to the head of the valley)
<i>Accommodation:</i>	Canyon Creek rock biv, free, (situated at the upper head of the valley), camping in the lower valley just inside the bush, free, there is an excellent campsite with a perfect rock face for a fire, up the main Ahuriri Valley there are numerous other huts, most of which are \$5.10 pp/ night or free with an Annual Backcountry Hut Pass.
<i>Friday night:</i>	Camping and toilet facilities are located at the road-end. The 4WD road passes by Ahuriri Base Hut, relatively small, six bunks, \$5.10 pp/ night or free with an Annual Backcountry Hut Pass. This hut can generally be reached in a 2WD assuming there have been no wash-outs on the road (but don't count on it)
<i>Route:</i>	Begins with a bit of a climb on a well-marked track through mountain beech forest and then levels out alongside the river. Backcountry tramping experience will be needed for those wishing to continue on to the Canyon Creek rock biv at the head of Canyon Creek. There is a route marked by orange poles and rock cairns that heads up the true right of the waterfall nearing the



*head of the valley.*

*Directions:* Take SH1 north from Dunedin to Oamaru (good takeaway stop). Just passed Oamaru is a turnoff on the left to Omarama on SH83. If you reach the Waitake Bridge or Glenavy, you have gone too far. Continue to Omarama and turn left onto SH8. About 15 minutes further (maybe a little longer) is a right hand turn onto Birchwood Road. Continue down this road to Ahuriri Conservation Park (another 30-45 minutes). From SH8 (south of Omarama) it is approximately 45 km to the Ahuriri Conservation Park boundary, which can be negotiated by 2WD vehicles. From the boundary to the road end car park 4WD vehicles are required. However, recreationalists may decide to mountain bike instead. Total travel time is approximately 3.5-4 hours.

Ahuriri Valley (main): there are a number of huts only a couple of hours apart (Shamrock Hut, Hagens Hut, Top Hut)

*Related trips:* Snowy Gorge Hut: there is a marked route up a side valley coming off the Ahuriri. It is also possible to cross over to Lake Ohau through this route. Consult DOC, as permission from the landowners is required to do the complete crossing.

Mountaineering: Mt Heim or Mt Barth – both require technical mountaineering equipment and skills. Consult guidebooks and/ or club members.

---

## Big Hut (Rock and Pillar Range) Otago

*Grade:* Easy - Moderate

*Time of year:* All year round, but beware of strong winds and exposure, especially if the weather deteriorates quickly

*Accommodation:* Big Hut, 20+ bunks (bookings required for groups >10), \$10 pp/ night and gold coin for day use (pay cash in envelopes to honesty box at the hut), no fireplace. As the name suggest, it is a very roomy (cold) hut, which sports a ping-pong table and amusing posters about its past.

*Friday night:* Leave Saturday (only 1.25 hours drive from Dunedin)

*Route:* A day trip or overnight. 2.5-3.5 hour trip involving a direct 900 m climb from the road end so reasonable fitness is recommended (downhill time is around 1.5 – 2.5 hours). The route is marked by orange snow poles the whole way to the hut. The last 20 minutes is very exposed. The Rock and Pillar Range rises out the Otago Schist peneplain. It is a relatively flat-topped, tussocky range, marked by its rock tohr outcrops, which are good for bouldering and make good lookout spots. Although access is through farmland, and the country is open, the Rock and Pillar Range is very exposed to weather, and blizzard conditions are frequent in southerly weather.

*Directions:* South on SH1 to Mosgiel then take SH87 (Pig Route) through Outram to Middlemarch. 4 km north of Middlemarch on the left side of the road (at the intersection of SH87 and McKinnon Road. The entrance is marked by a green DoC sign labelled as the access way to the Rock and Pillar range and the car park is about 2 minutes down the farm road. It is important that all gates on this farm are left as they are found.

*Related trips:* Other attractions of Rock and Pillar Range are: it's suitability for cross-country touring (there is another hut a little further along range, called Leaning Lodge) and Big Hut itself.

*Other:* Some scenes from "The Hobbit" where filmed on the Rock and Pillar Range near Big Hut.

## Long Beach Rock Climbing (Dunedin)

*Grade:* Easy – Hard, all abilities

*Time of year:* All year round, but not recommended when the rock is wet (raining)

*Accommodation:* Small cave(s) can sleep 15+ and big cave(s) can sleep 60+ (located at the North end of the beach). Make sure you bring your own fresh water as no streams are nearby and also wood for a fire as driftwood is sometimes hard to come by. Day trips are preferable as it is only 20 minutes from Dunedin. If you take a saw, branches from the macrocarpa trees at the cliff base can be cut down.

*Route:* Great climbing area with grades all levels including top roping, sport climbing, lead climbing and trad climbing. Located in the northern third of the beach, the cliffs and rocky outcrops offer a wide variety of climbs for all ages and abilities. Park at the northern most car park and take the track to the beach for the easiest access to the climbs.

*Directions:* Follow SH88 out to Port Chalmers. Follow the signs to Long Beach (left onto Blueskin Road, right onto Purakanui, follow through Mihiwaka, right onto Mihiwaka Road and then you reach Beach Road and the Long Beach car park). At Long Beach, turn left and follow to the car park. You'll have to carry your climbing gear for a minute or two along the grassy track to reach the beach. Within 100 m is "The Pinnacle", Dunedin's best and most popular rock climbing site.

*Note:* For more information and details see 'Dunedin Rock', by Dave Brash, which can be found in the OUTC gear room. For longer days climbing or overnight trips there is a 20L water container for hire in the gear room.

## Copland Hot Pools (Westland National Park)

*Grade:* Moderate

*Time of year:* All year round, but beware of heavy rainfall. The valley gets very heavy frost during winter.

*Accommodation:* Welcome Flat Hut, 31 bunks, serviced hut with fireplace, \$15 pp/night (NOTE: Annual Backcountry Hut Passes are not valid for this hut). Alternatively there is a nice rock biv 50m away from the hut for \$5 pp/night.

*Friday night:* Camping at Copeland Valley car park. Alternatively, you could camp at Cameron Flat about 30 minutes out of Wanaka and before Haast Pass (along SH6 on the right hand side of the road) if you wanted to break up the drive and get an early morning start, cost is \$6 pp/night or free with your Annual Backcountry Hut Pass (there are toilets, picnic benches, and running water)

*Route:* 17 km (average time is 7 hours). The track starts by crossing Rough Creek. If this creek is running high there is a flood bridge located 45 minutes upstream from the car park, if Rough Creek cannot be crossed safely then all the other creeks on the track will also be high, while all the major creeks are bridged there will be smaller ones that you'll get wet feet in. After crossing Rough Creek, the track continues at the orange marker and follows a very well-formed path through the forest. The track is marked across open areas and river crossings by orange triangle markers on trees. From the confluence of the Karangarua River to Architect Creek, the track alternates from rocky riverbed to forest, with occasional grassy clearings. There is a bridge over Architect Creek and beyond this the track climbs towards Palaver Creek and Shiels Creek. Beyond Shiels Creek the track continues through fuchsia/ribbonwood forest then emerges into a clearing at Welcome Flat.

*Directions:* South on SH1 until just past Milton, turn right onto SH 8 and follow through Alexandra and on until just past Cromwell, turn north onto SH 6 and continue through Wanaka and on towards Haast then continue up the West Coast. The turn off to the start of the Copland Track is situated just north of the Karangarua River bridge at the "Copland Valley" sign on the right. The car park is

---

Penzy: Last time I did this trip I ran into a cow. Nick did one other time too.

approximately 150 m down a gravel road. Coming from the north, Copeland Valley is situated 26 km south of the Fox Glacier township.

*Related Trips:*

Douglas Rock Hut: 3 hours, 7 km further along the Copland Track. The route is slightly more difficult as all streams are unbridged. Navigation may be required as the track crosses a number of slips, and you are advised to carry a map.

Copland Pass: more advanced mountaineering trip. Check a guidebook for advice and route.

*Note:*

If doing this trip it is advised to allow 4 or 5 days to really enjoy the hot pools and spend some time there. It's a long drive for just a weekend trip.

At time of publication for ANTICS2012 DoC where in the process of rebuilding the Welcome Flat Hut, presumably to be closer to a great ~~wank~~ walk standard. Much to the annoyance of the editors. Expect more visitors and higher hut prices in the future.

## Pouakai Plateau - Mt Taranaki (North Island).

*Grade:* Easy to hard (depending on what your mates are carrying).

*Time of year:* Summer, pick a clear day to get the spectacular views of Mt Taranaki. The Pouakai ranges can get a little bit of snow at the tops in winter, which can be nice too (provides a good cooler for beers).

*Time:* Regular trampers should be able to get up Mangorie Rd track in under two hours and down in less than one. If you're carrying 140kg worth of trampoline parts amongst the group, allow about 2.5 hours up and 1.5 or 2 down.

*Friday night:* N/A

*Route:* The Mangorie Rd track is very close to New Plymouth. The track is well maintained, having recently had wooden boardwalk put in the whole way. This is due to its popularity and the fact that otherwise when it rained it was like walking up a creek (for those specifically seeking this experience, try kahui track in a downpour instead). The average gradient of the Mangorie Rd track is close to 1 in 4, even more in the middle.

If you've chosen to make it a tramp tramp, make sure to keep to the "leave no trace" ethic: Don't leave litter, don't interfere with the terrain and place the trampoline on firm ground. Maybe even pitch in and collect some of the broken glass left by less considerate sorts. Definitely share the trampoline with all comers (shoes off of course). The key to tramp tramping is many hands. A good sized trampoline (eg 2.5m by 5m) will require 15 or so people. Each of the two length-wise poles will need to be carried between two trampers, and padding will need to be attached. Each of the two pairs of width-wise poles can be carried between two trampers. The mat, rolled up, will fill most of an 80L tramping pack. Don't forget the 30kgs of steel springs, share these out between people who aren't already carrying something. Have some trampers in reserve to sub in as the carriers get sore arms and shoulders. If you want to top the tramp tramp, dress like homeless people to make it a tramp tramp tramp.

"Baby" (JJ Forret)



**Considerations:** The plateau and trig are above the bushline. Always take good footwear, water and a rain jacket - the weather can go from bright and sunny to wet and windy very quickly. One group I know of decided to run from the hut to the trig with no shoes or shirts one winter. Whether they fully regret their actions or not, they certainly learned a lesson when it clouded in suddenly. They found themselves picking their way back to the hut very carefully in the near white-out, trying not to lose the track between route poles.

**Related trips:** If you'd rather take the path less travelled (and a lot less clearly formed) and don't mind the longer drive from New Plymouth, try the Dover track. From the Dover and Carrington Road intersection follow the Dover track up Dover Spur and past Pouakai trig. The track continues on to the Pouakai Plateau. Pouakai hut is a couple of minutes down from the plateau. It has 16 bunks, a fireplace, toilet and tank water. The deck has good views of the Kaitake ranges, New Plymouth and the coastline. From Pouakai Plateau the track also goes down to the iconic tarns. Many photos have been taken of Taranaki's shapely cone reflected in these (though the reflection is often broken by wind). Before leaving the track for your photo opportunity, do note that the swampy ground here is very easy to damage. Standing atop a rock at the plateau might be better. The track continues to Maude and Henry peaks and as far as North Egmont Visitor's centre (a nice exit point if you can arrange a car-shuttle).

**Possibly true:** Mt Egmont was named for an Earl who never saw the mountain (though he promoted Captain Cook's first voyage). Coincidentally Egmont means sharp peak (Eg = Eigre = Sharp), which is quite appropriate. The Maori name, Taranaki, probably means shining mountain, a reference to how it looks when its bare upper slopes are covered in snow each winter.

I hope this silliness inspires someone to visit and enjoy our wonderful mountain. It really is plenty of fun, even without a trampoline.



*Flipping out over the view on the Pouakaia Plateau  
(Un-nammed Taranaki local)*



*"Shot of a shot" (Linn Ronnols)*



## Tararua biscuits

Joe Vincent

Tararua biscuits are steeped in tradition, (nothing else will soak into them). They are not haute cuisine and not for the feeble-jawed.

However, they were developed by an unknown trumper many years ago, specifically to survive the rigours of being stashed in a pack for two weeks alongside crampons, billies & primuses. They will generally survive any attempted attack by possums, rats or other vermin.

Seriously though, they are a useful item on which to base a tramping trip lunch. Spread with whatever takes your fancy. Stories of people having to use ice axes or rock hammers to break them should be ignored and only testify to the lack of judgement on the part of some would-be chefs ...

**DON'T OVERCOOK THEM!** Recipes vary, but here's one of them that I have found to be quite good:

- 500g butter
- 3 cups brown sugar
- 1 tin sweetend condensed milk
- 4 cups Flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 4 cups rolled oats
- 1 cup desiccated coconut

Melt butter, sugar and condensed milk together in good sized pot. Add flour, baking power, rolled oats and coconut.

Divide up the mixture, spread each part out on a oven tray so it fills the tray about 1cm thick.

Cook at 150 deg C for 10-15 mins till golden brown. Cut up while warm!! Or it'll be hard and a pain later on. If you want to make them into rock biscuits put them back in the oven when its turned off for another 5mins to crispen up. When I say rock biscuits I'm not joking.

They do freeze quite well until your ready to use them. Not cooking them for quite so long makes them come out nice and soft. You can do half the recipie but using half a tin of condensed milk is just silly.

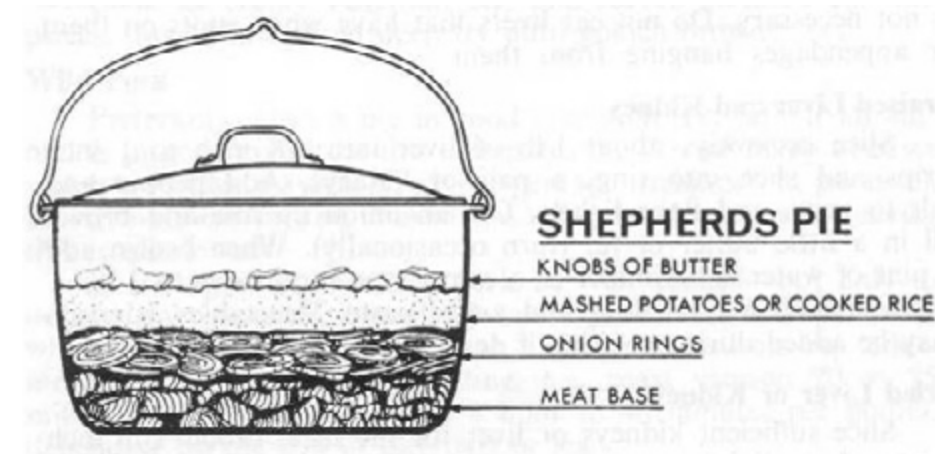
## Some cooking tips from the New Zealand Forestry Service - 1986

Don Cowlin

**Cleanliness** is most important in good cooking. One cannot expect a loaf of bread to be a success if the mixing bowl was used the day before to wash a pair of socks in. Likewise, clean hands and fingernails are a must when handling foodstuffs. Many harmful bacteria which the hands carry around are not destroyed during cooking and can cause serious stomach upsets.

**Serving** is also important. This may sound ridiculous in the bush, but an attractively laid out plate looks much more appetising than one where everything has been piled up together. It takes little time or effort to neatly arrange potatoes and vegetables on a plate, and believe me this is appreciated by even the most hardened back country men.

D.M Cowlin  
NZFS  
Hokitika



*Cross section of Shephards pie from the NZFS publication "Camp Cookery"  
Drawing by I.Lyall*

## **Blank page for your friends to sign**

If you have no friends here are 2 signatures to get you going

A handwritten signature in blue ink, featuring a large, stylized 'B' followed by a long, sweeping horizontal line.

Josh Brinkmann

A handwritten signature in blue ink, featuring a stylized 'J' followed by a series of loops and a final horizontal stroke.

Joe Vincent

## RIDDLE ANSWERS

Questions are on pg 70

**Wet Man:** He's dead and in a coffin.

**The Elevator:** He's a dwarf and can't reach the 100th button. On rainy days he uses his umbrella to push the button.

**God:** Nothing

**What have you got:** Your name

**Music:** She's a blind tightrope walker; she follows the music to walk the rope. When it stops she thinks she's at the end and falls off to her death.

**Legs:** Human, metaphorical time, crawling, walking and walking with a cane.

1: 312211, 13112221. At the start there is a 1. So the next number is one 1, ie 11. Then there are two 1's, hence 21 and so on.

**Simple Maths** (Clue  $88888=5$ ): add the number of inclosed circles (or spaces within the numbers. Could also be done with letters, and with less success with symbols.

**The Bear:** White, only possible at the North Pole.

**The Trees:** 4 trees at 4 corners and the 5th tree raised up or down to equal distance.

**The Blue House:** White, you built your house at the South Pole.

**Diver in the Forest:** A monsoon bucket picked him up while collecting water to put out the fire and then dropped him in the forest..

**Romeo and Juliet:** They are goldfish; dog knocks the bowl off the table.

**Hanging:** He stood on a block of ice and got hung as it melted.

**Who's Legs:** Fish on a one-legged table, man at table sitting on a three-legged stool, the dog gets the bones.

**Things Devoured:** Time

**Never Growing:** Mountain

**Eyes:** Sun shining on daisies which are growing in a field.

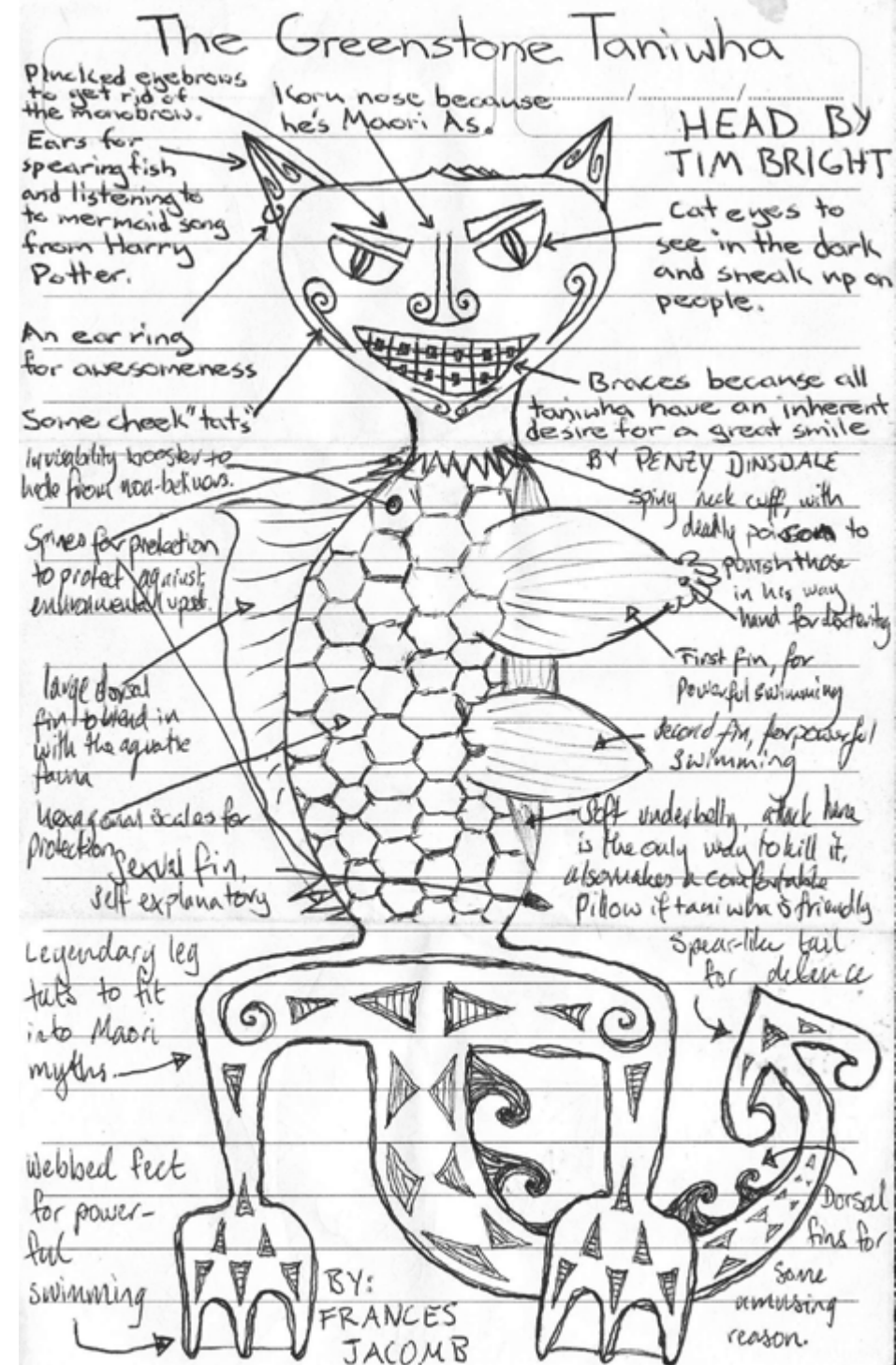
**Alive:** Fish

**Cannot:** Dark

**Thirty White Horses:** Teeth

**Treasure Chest:** Egg

**Something Less:** Wind





While using a compass it pays to keep looking where you're going.

## The parting shot of ANTICS 2012



"MILFS" (Jaz Morris)