

# Antics 2013





# **Antics 2013**



**Annual Journal of the Otago University Tramping Club**

## THE COMMITTEE OF 2013:

President	Tim Bright
Vice President	Joe Vincent
Secretary	Anna Murdoch
Treasurers	Claire Cannon, Laura Doughty, Chris Bernhardt
Antics Editors	Cleo Davie-Martin, Tom McKellar
Gear Officers	Penzy Dinsdale, Ashley Chin
Membership Officer	Cleo Davie-Martin
Web Officer	Luke Gardener
Social Officers	Jennifer Forret, Camilla Kruize
Environmental Officer	Meg Buddle
Patron	Jaz Morris
Training Officer	Tiffany Stephens
Transport Officer	Lauren Farmer
Safety Officer	Alexis Belton
General Committee	Josh Brinkmann, Anton Jackson-Smith, Ella Dangerfield, Jake Schonberger

**Front cover Kea Scrap (Tiffany Stephens)**

**Inside front cover Will Hulme-Moir hangs out near Mt Turner (Rowan Cox)**

**Title page Mt Aspiring from the west (Tom McKellar)**

**Inside back cover Top: Anna and Hadley aquanaught on Lake Marian (Ella Borrie). Bottom: George, Fraser, Claire, Tim, Ingerid, Neville, and Tom in the Turnbull at Easter (Ingerid Zeiner)**

**Back cover Gear explosion at Big Bay Hut (Alexis Belton)**



**© Otago University Tramping Club 2014.**

This publication and the material therein remains the property of the Otago University Tramping Club (Inc.). Apart from fair dealing for the purposes of private study, research, criticism or review, as permitted by the Copyright Act, no part of the publication may be reproduced in any way without prior written permission from the OUTC committee.

## Contents

<b>Editorial</b>		5
<b>President's Report</b>	<i>Tim Bright</i>	6
<b>Patron's Report</b>	<i>Jaz Morris</i>	9
<b>2013 OUTC Membership Report</b>	<i>Cleo Davie-Martin (Membership Officer)</i>	10
<b>Committee Trip to Big Hut - September 2012</b>	<i>2013 Committee Group Contribution</i>	11
<b>A Trip to the Marion Ice Plateau featuring Geoff Spearpoint</b>	<i>Jaz Morris</i>	20
<b>Snowdrift Range - January 2013</b>	<i>Peter Wilson</i>	25
<b>Our Victorious Day</b>	<i>Cleo Davie-Martin</i>	28
<b>Mueller Hut</b>	<i>Luke Gardener</i>	31
<b>Golfing in Mt Aspiring National Park</b>	<i>Josh Brinkmann</i>	33
<b>Mt Sisypheus (East Matukituki, Mt Aspiring National Park) - 15<sup>th</sup>-17<sup>th</sup> February 2013</b>	<i>Group Contribution</i>	38
<b>The Inaugural OUTC Open</b>	<i>Luke Gardener</i>	40
<b>Mt Xenicus: Paradise Pun Trip</b>	<i>Joe Vincent</i>	47
<b>The Great Fiordland Pre-Meet Stage Production</b>	<i>Anna Murdoch</i>	48
<b>Fiordland Adventures (and Why to Avoid the Esperance River During Rain)</b>	<i>Joe Vincent</i>	50
<b>Karma</b>	<i>Editor's note</i>	52
<b>Fiordland Fiasco</b>	<i>Laura Doughty</i>	53
<b>Fiordland Weekend Bus Poetry Competition</b>	<i>Group Contribution</i>	54
<b>The Dampest Place I've Ever Been...</b>	<i>Amy Moser</i>	57
<b>Henry</b>	<i>Anna Murdoch</i>	59
<b>Ball Pass</b>	<i>Luke Gardener</i>	60
<b>Souter Peak (2035 m)</b>	<i>Neville Thorne</i>	65
<b>A Tramp With No Fly</b>	<i>Anna Murdoch</i>	68
<b>I'd Even Trade an Easter Egg for Some Toilet Paper!</b>		71
<b>Five Passes - Easter 2013</b>	<i>Anna Murdoch</i>	72
<b>Time Capsule Collection</b>		73
<b>Tramping Between Weather Bombs</b>	<i>Penzy, Robina, Lydia, and Emma</i>	86
<b>Mt Ruapehu - January 2008</b>	<i>Cleo Davie-Martin</i>	88
<b>Field Assistant Needed</b>	<i>Alexis Belton</i>	91
<b>Old Man Woes (Nicholsons Hut, Old Man Range) - June 2013</b>	<i>Cleo Davie-Martin</i>	92
<b>Old Man Range: A Dog's Tail</b>	<i>Joe Vincent</i>	95
<b>How to Extort Money from Trip Members</b>		96
<b>Cool Cats Bashing Bushball</b>	<i>A Happy Camper</i>	101
<b>But What If There Are Ten Wolves?</b>	<i>Max Olsen</i>	102
<b>Annual OUTC Photo Competition</b>		107

<b>Rodger Inlet Hut (Lake Monowai, Fiordland National Park)</b>	<i>Group Contribution</i>	111
<b>From the Poetry War, 2010</b>		115
<b>From the Poetry War, 2012</b>		115
<b>Putangirua Pinnacles (Wellington)</b>	<i>Loren Kennedy</i>	116
<b>The Alphabet Poem</b>	<i>Penzy Dinsdale</i>	119
<b>Annual Dinner Awards 2013</b>		120
<b>History of some Annual Dinner Awards</b>		123
<b>Sporking the Hoards</b>	<i>Anna Murdoch</i>	124
<b>Mount Armstrong (Finally) - November 2013</b>	<i>Luke Gardener</i>	127
<b>Bus Banter</b>	<i>Jacob Schonberger</i>	129
<b>Cascade - Big Bay</b>	<i>Tom McKellar</i>	130
<b>Red Hills Trip</b>	<i>Anna Murdoch</i>	134
<b>How to Eat a Vole and Live to Tell the Tale...</b>	<i>Cleo Davie-Martin</i>	138
<b>Going Solo in Aoraki/Mt Cook National Park</b>	<i>Jaz Morris</i>	143
<b>Name and Shame</b>	<i>Y. F. G. O.</i>	146
<b>A Criminal's Apology</b>	<i>Josh Brinkmann</i>	146
<b>A Journey to Lake Daniell</b>	<i>Anna Murdoch</i>	148
<b>"Bogus" DOC signs</b>		149
<b>The 1st Annual OUTC 'Most Adventurous' Car Competition</b>		
- I'm a Real 4WD	<i>Penzy Dinsdale</i>	151
- On Rental Vehicles	<i>Josh Brinkmann</i>	154
- Toby	<i>Joe Vincent</i>	155
<b>Cooking Corner</b>		
- Date and Chickpea Stew		159
- Hedgehog Slice		160
- Snickerdoodles		161
- Dahl Curry		161
- Your Takeaway Guide to the South Island	<i>Claire Cannon and Tim Bright</i>	162
- Post Mavora Lakes Pot Luck Dinner Challenge of 2009	<i>Cleo Davie-Martin</i>	164
- Pasta 101		166
- Rice 101		168
- Tramping Cuisine	<i>Claire Cannon</i>	172
<b>Locator Beacon Love</b>	<i>Joe Vincent</i>	173
<b>Annual OUTC Paradise Cooking Competition</b>	<i>Paradise Leaders</i>	174
<b>Alaskan Adventures - July-September 2013</b>	<i>Cleo Davie-Martin</i>	177
<b>Poetry War 2013</b>		199
<b>How not to treat your rented club gear this summer...</b>		200
<b>2013 Trips List</b>		201
<b>Signing off with the OUTC</b>		206

## **Editorial: The Importance of Antics**

It's in the nature of any student club that things will be forgotten. Trampers are rovers by nature, so perhaps OUTC is especially prone to amnesia. Every few years the membership cycles completely, and those who recently were Freshers must lead. Well, fair enough – we members should move on. But we carry skills and knowledge which must not.

Skills, transmitted only by instruction or direct osmosis, transfer through courses and (more commonly) through trips whose members have mixed levels of tramping experience. Some knowledge is passed on by osmosis too; stories around the campfire, for example. But most isn't. We need to remember great places for trips, how to deal with the logistics of Fiordland, how OUTC members have learned from hardship and tragedy... And it's evident that sometimes this essential knowledge is lost.

This publication, Antics, is the answer. In his foreword to Antics 2002, Steve France writes "Antics is all about dredging up old shit and immortalising it on paper". This is how it gains its value for the current members, but there's more to it. It's where our experiences live on, for ourselves and others. It's where we're inspired and reminded of what is possible. It has been such a shame to see a loss of interest in this valuable, personal compilation. For three years now, Antics has been published late – very late. Perhaps we continue to publish it out of a sense of duty, rather than a sense of legacy.

We owe it to ourselves to revive an interest in Antics. The Otago University Tramping Club is great, our stories are great, and a look through just a few old editions of Antics shows that our ability to entertain and inspire is great. We have a history of grand expeditions, explosive weekends, and complete insanity. Kelvin Lloyd writes, in 45 Years of Antics, "OUTC is the best tramping club in the world!"; maybe, maybe not. But we're still worth writing about. Antics needs to be published, for prosperity's sake. And it needs to be published on time, for the sake of the students who aren't going to wait around for over a year to get their copy.

Tramping teaches many things worthy of comment: "Don't mistake comfort for happiness", "The Cascade Gorge is no place for a road", "As long as there is wilderness, there is hope". But it's "The Importance of Antics" this time round. Tramp hard, OUTC, on trips worthy of remembrance – and pass those experiences on to the OUTC members of the future.

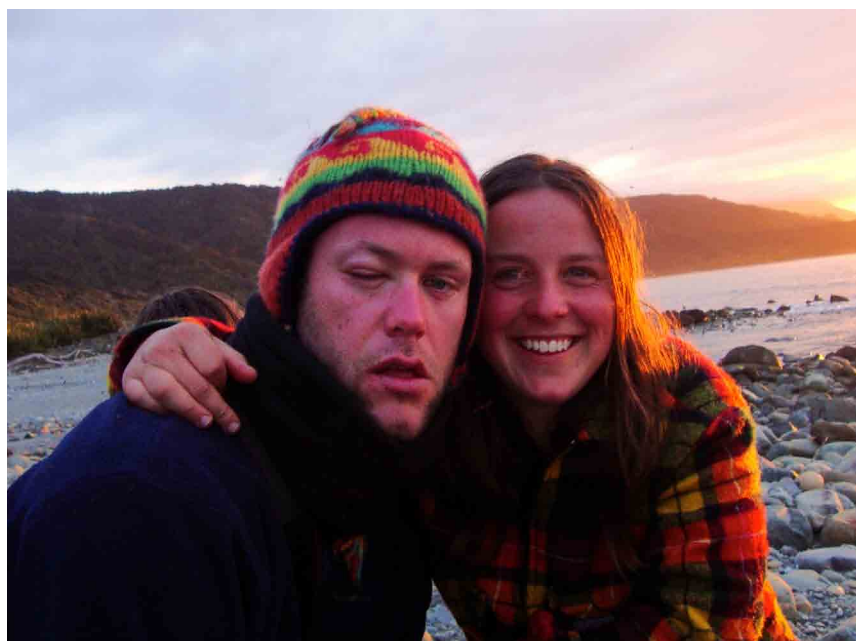
Finally, obligatory thanks: thanks especially to Jaz and Joe, for the advice and software (not respectively!). Thanks to everyone who contributed, intentionally or not. Here it is, Antics 2013! We hope you enjoy it.

## President's Report

*Tim Bright*

I was sitting in a geography lecture at 5.10 pm, Friday March 1<sup>st</sup> listening to a lecturer rambling on about statistical analyses of data. I checked my phone and it showed four missed calls and two txt messages, one txt was from Jaz Morris saying "The van is fucked" and the other was from Claire Cannon saying something about how Jaz had crashed the van into the New World Supermarket and that I should call him. I had a nervous chuckle and then proceeded to quickly exit the lecture theatre. I gave Jaz a ring and he told me how he had tried to park the 2.4 m high van in the 2.2 m high centre city New World underground carpark. Luckily he had only smashed in the skylight and scraped and dented the roof. After he had realised his mistake he put the van in what he thought was reverse, (actually 1<sup>st</sup> gear) and proceeded to shove the van into the carpark even more.

In his defense it was a very easy mistake to make (weird American gears), and I've also had my troubles with vans, such as my infamous petrol/diesel mix up in Cromwell which occurred when Jaz was President. He ended up taping down a yellow packliner over the hole in the roof and off we went to Paradise for a weekend of tramping, drinking, worm wrestling, and swimming. There were 15 separate trips lead at Paradise with a total of 96 people attending. Luckily OUSA had window insurance and so the excess for the van crash was only \$120 (bargain!).



**"Luhk, Clah, thumwunth takuh na thoto..." (Penzy Dindale)**

The big Fiordland trip occurred over the weekend of the 16-17<sup>th</sup> March. Those trips that were run to the east of Homer Tunnel generally had good weather on Saturday with a bit of rain on Sunday while those to the west of the tunnel had rain the entire time. There was another big turnout of 85 people and *almost* everyone had a great time. One of the groups did require a helicopter rescue but as there is an article devoted to this (page 50) I won't go into the details here.

Our PLB contact systems were reviewed after this event. This prompted the setting up of an online registration form that included sending automatic emails to the University Campus Watch and other senior exec members. In this way they can now access all the relevant information about a group in the field as soon as they are told by the RCCNZ that a PLB has been set off. Thank you to Penzy Dinsdale, Paul McCarthy and Anton Jackson-Smith for setting this system up.

An emphasis was placed on getting new up and coming club members into the hills for training in navigation and trip planning. This was spearheaded by Peter Wilson and multiple groups did trips in the Five Passes region over the Easter break.

Thomas McKellar organised a bus load of people to go tramping in the Makarora region towards the end of Semester 1. This was a huge success and I recommend this to all future committees.

The next big OUTC trip was Bushball at the start of Semester 2. This went without a hitch, with 64 people attending and only a light rain on the Saturday walk in to Mt Aspiring Hut. The newly constructed 'Bushbox' blasted out dance music all night and everyone had a great time. Camilla Kruize and Jennifer Forret (Social Officers) organised this with me helping out in the wings.

Snowcraft was run in late August above the Remarkables Ski Field in Queenstown. Jaz Morris and Tiffany Stephens reported that the Remarkables are an excellent place to hold such training as long as relatively cheap accommodation can be found. The only hiccup was a suspected contaminated water source while camping on the first night which resulted in a few members of the group voiding the contents of their stomachs. Bushcraft was organised by Joe Vincent in the Takitimus. Eight people attended the trip and survived everything that Joe threw at them over a 48-hour period.

2013 was the year in which I set up the OUTC Google Drive account. I feel this helped immensely with membership, trip planning and the general organising and running of the club. This would not have happened without the OUSA Clubs and Societies (Recreation) Centre installing WiFi at the start of the year. As a result we cut down the Membership Officer's job hugely as she could then access the membership database anywhere in the world, which she did from Alaska for a time.

We had been told by OUSA at the end of 2012 that they wanted to remove our gear room to build a better entry into the Clubs and Societies Building. As you can imagine we weren't too happy about this. Through the collective efforts of Penzy Dinsdale, Jaz Morris, Peter Wilson, Nick Plimmer, and myself, we managed to negotiate another gear room (slightly smaller) with OUSA. We have kept our front-of-house positioning and also acquired a purpose-built drying room for tent flies at the back of the building.

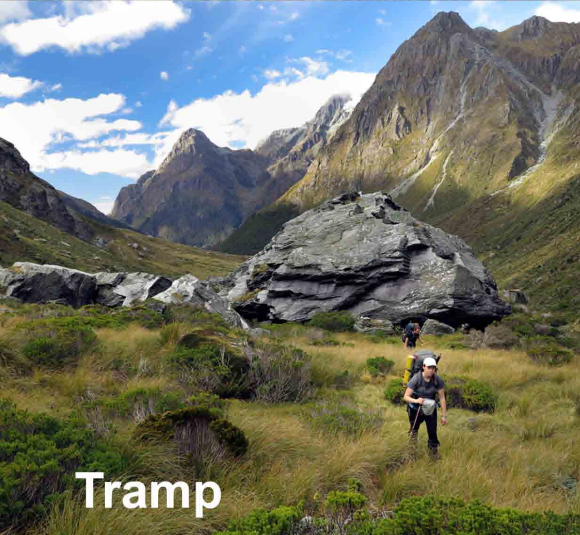
The big club trips throughout the year were made extremely cheap by Jake Schonberger who was a General Exec member at the time and drove trucks and buses for a living. Jake was able to use his contacts to move us around the South Island at extremely cheap rates, saving us thousands of dollars. This resulted in trips such as Paradise and Fiordland coming in at \$60 and \$65 per person respectively (normally \$80). This price would not have been this cheap for over a decade and we owe him a great deal of thanks. It was only proper that we made him Transport Officer for 2014 so that we could exploit him further.

I struggled this year to convince the executive to spend the money that we take in membership fees at the start of semester. There was the constant argument that "just because we have the money, does not mean we have to spend it". I couldn't disagree more. I feel we have an obligation to spend the entire sum of membership takings for that year within the course of that year, unless we are saving for something in particular. Before we even took any membership fees at the beginning of the year the club could have completely destroyed three rental vans and called in seven helicopter rescues before we would even begin to think about our finances (we donate \$1000 per chopper rescue to LDART). As such, I took the matter into my own hands and made sure that every big club trip that I had full or partial control over ran at a deficit. The exception was Bushball, which I figured would make a deficit (as it always does) if I tried to run at cost price. We ended up having an \$80 surplus from Bushball (whoops!).

We offered a cheaper 6-month membership in Semester 2 to reduce our membership fee intake for the year. To my frustration we still managed to make a surplus at the end of the year of approximately \$3000, despite the drop in membership and the deficits on the major trips. In response to this the 2014 exec has dropped the membership fee considerably, which has my full support.

I can appreciate that a student's mindset is geared towards saving money. As the OUTC is a non-profit organisation, we must try to overcome this mindset and actually spend the money that we have taken from club members on the members. What exactly to spend this money on has always been a contentious subject within the executive and I say good luck to all future committees in trying to decide.

# PATRON'S REPORT



**Tramp**



**Climb**



**Mountaineer**



**Relax**

# 2013 OUTC Membership Report

*Cleo Davie-Martin (Membership Officer)*

As of 2nd September 2013, there were 470 members signed up.

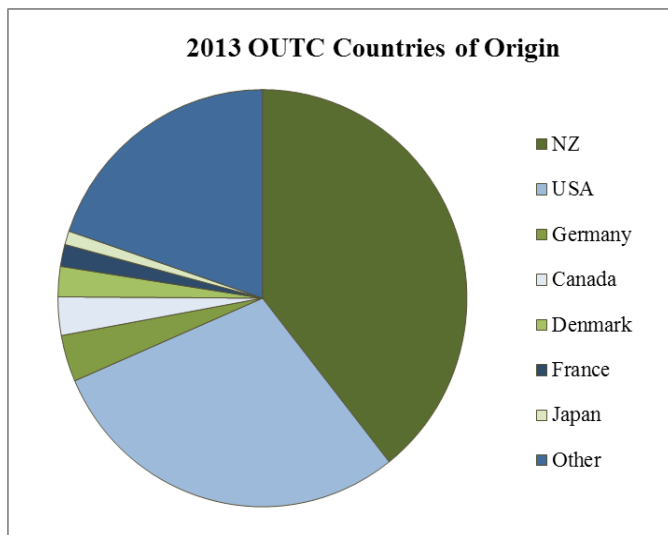
Below are some statistics:

## OUTC Countries of Origin

39.4% NZ  
29.1% USA  
3.6% Germany  
3.0% Canada  
2.3% Denmark  
1.7% France  
1.1% Japan  
0.9% Netherlands  
0.6% Singapore, Austria, Sweden  
0.4% Spain  
0.2% Iran, Mexico, Malaysia, Brazil, China



The 15.5% of 'Other International' is made of countries I missed or people from the great 'Countries' of 'Texas' or 'Illinois'!



## OUTC Eating Habits

81.1% Eat everything (apparently)  
11.3% Vegetarian  
1.5% Vegan  
6.2% 'Other' (those with allergies, lactose intolerance etc.)

## **Committee Trip to Big Hut - September 2012**

### *2013 Committee Group Contribution*

Party: Tim Bright (Mr President), Claire Cannon, Tom McKellar, Anna Murdoch, Penzy Dinsdale, Minh Ha, Cleo Davie-Martin, Julie Blommaert, Ella Dangerfield, Lauren Farmer, Anton Jackson-Smith

- 09:50 The 2012-2013 OUTC Committee begins to convene outside Clubs and Socs. The weather is fine, the sunglasses are out, and everyone is pretty chill.
- 10:00 86% of the committee has arrived and begins loading gear into the brand new, bright green OUSA van.
- 10:08 All eleven committee members present try to figure out who the one missing committee member is...
- 10:13 Those present still cannot figure out who is missing (proof that they are in need of a team-bonding experience). Now they start going through the various committee positions one-by-one to try to determine who is missing.
- 10:18 Having still not discovered who is missing, Penzy checks her emails on her phone.
- 10:19 Ashlea (the beloved and completely anonymous Environmental Officer) is missing! Tim carries out his presidential duties and tries to call her but she doesn't answer. The committee makes an executive decision to wait a few more minutes so everyone dills around.
- 10:22 Tim texts Joe to get Ashlea's address and the decision is made to try and locate her "blue and white" house "somewhere on Warrender Street".
- 10:24 Everyone piles into the van. They are off to a reasonable start; only one (wo)man down!
- 10:25 Penzy stalls the van.
- 10:26 The group arrives at the first set of traffic lights. Penzy stalls the van.
- 10:27 The van veers onto Warrender Street and everyone remains alert and on the lookout for an Ashlea and/or a blue and white house.
- 10:29 Tim evacuates the van and starts running around knocking on the doors of blue and white houses in search of Ashlea. Two people down...

- 10:29 Penzy stalls the van trying to turn around.
- 10:30 Penzy starts to back blindly down the street in the brand new OUSA van.
- 10:31 Penzy stalls the van trying to pull back out onto the road (apparently the brand new OUSA van has a touchy clutch).
- 10:32 The decision is made to park up and wait for Tim.
- 10:32 The group spies a blue and white house with an old man outside. Could this be it? Tom goes knocking to find out. It isn't.
- 10:33 Not yet defeated, Tom goes in search of Tim. The committee is getting smaller by the minute! Three people down...
- 10:34 Penzy rings Clubs and Socs to see if for some reason Ashlea is now waiting outside there. She's not.
- 10:35 Tim and Tom return out of breath and without Ashlea.
- 10:36 Tim calls Joe and finds out Ashlea's *actual* address.
- 10:36 Joe begins Google Maps street view and checks Ashlea's address.
- 10:37 Tom goes a knocking. Ashlea is not there. The decision is made just to go.
- 10:38 Penzy stalls the van (she is trying to beat Tim's record).
- 10:38 Penzy stalls the van again.
- 10:39 (Most of) the 2012-2013 OUTC committee finally begins making their way towards Middlemarch. Everyone is in good spirits and happiness fills the van as the presidential DJ gets to work.
- 11:42 The van makes it to the car park in Middlemarch in one piece and everyone disembarks.
- 11:49 A spontaneous game of hacky-sack begins. It is not successful – trampers should stick to tramping!
- 12:01 With packs on back, the ascent to Big Hut begins.
- 12:09 Eight minutes in, Penzy remembers the money for hut fees is still in the van and turns back to fetch it.

- 12:12 Tim realises that Penzy might not know the trick to locking the van properly so turns back to help.
- 12:47 Everyone collapses for lunch (~100 m of elevation down).
- 13:06 Packs are donned and the uphill march continues.
- 14:52 The sun hides behind the clouds, the wind picks up, and it starts getting cold. The group continues.
- 16:03 The last of the committee members staggers into Big Hut. Everyone congratulates one another on making it this far.
- 16:31 Committee team building exercises begin. First up is the Human Knot.
- 16:33 Everyone forms a circle and holds hands (aw, team bonding). The knot is formed.
- 16:38 The awkward phase passes as everyone begins to untangle themselves.
- 16:45 Attempt one is a failure. It is not physically possible to untie the committee knot (that is how tight-knit they all are)!
- 17:01 Attempt two is also a failure.



**The committee in a bit of a tangle (Cleo Davie-Martin)**



**Looks like you are getting closer team... (Cleo Davie-Martin)**

- 17:03 Cleo steps out to play photographer and capture the madness that is ensuing.
- 17:10 The committee are getting faster at untangling and are beginning to work well together.
- 17:13 The committee successfully untangles itself! Woo hoo!
- 17:18 The decision is made to try Human Knots with eleven people again.
- 17:32 This attempt also fails. The committee comes to the conclusion that Human Knots will not work with eleven people.
- 17:40 Table Traverses are next on the committee's agenda. There is limited success.
- 18:12 A select few decide to attempt Human Traverses. Tim is the human.
- 18:14 Claire makes the first attempt and fails.
- 18:17 Cleo makes the second attempt and fails.
- 18:21 Claire makes a second attempt and gets off to a good start.

- 18:23 Tim is grunting and pulling faces.
- 18:24 Claire has made it up and over and is attempting to get under.
- 18:25 Claire's face is in Tim's crotch. Tim is pulling a face and trying not to fall over.
- 18:27 Claire is very close, but unfortunately does not make it back up again.



### **Human table traverses anyone? (Cleo Davie-Martin)**

- 18:28 Tim needs a rest.
- 18:42 The iPod comes on and Big Hut is a-rocking! Tom's bowl makes for an excellent speaker.
- 18:47 Dinner preparations get underway.
- 18:50 Cleo cuts the carrots 'paper' thin as instructed most emphatically by Penzy.
- 19:00 The drinking begins.
- 19:20 1 ½ cups of wine down and Tim's face goes numb. Tim is drunk.
- 19:23 Lauren has to scull. The game: Table Pong (table tennis + beer pong).
- 19:24 Claire has to scull. Claire is now empty and needs a refill. Tom's goon is looking decidedly low...
- 19:48 Dinner is served.
- 19:50 Cleo serves Tim's dinner for him before he tips it *all* on the floor.

- 19:52 After Tim's almost-failed attempt at carrying a plate, Cleo carries Tim's food to the dining table for him.
- 19:53 Everyone sits down to eat, some more effectively than others.
- 19:56 Tim, still drunk, crawls under the table and eats pasta off the floor.
- 20:01 Tim 'projects' his mind to have a look at how drunk he is...
- 20:07 Table Pong continues.
- 20:09 Tim has a new revelation; ping pong balls don't taste nice. He starts spitting them across the room.
- 20:14 Table Pong continues in all seriousness now. Claire is proving to be particularly skillful considering the quantity of alcohol that has been consumed.
- 20:28 Tim attempts to explain how alcohol actually improves his hand-eye co-ordination with Table Pong; "you see, the ping pong ball is *all* that matters."
- 20:33 Lauren scores an own goal in Table Pong. This is a definite scull!
- 20:35 Tim is missing. A search party is sent to find him.
- 20:38 Tim is located flat on his back stargazing out in the frost and mud.
- 20:42 A dance party involving a broom starts up in the hut.
- 21:01 Tim decides that an athletics stadium should be erected in the middle of Big Hut, including a high jump (involving a broom, chairs, and many mattresses).
- 21:15 It is time for dessert. Tim Tam Slams all around.



**Tim shows us the benefits of being able to dislocate your shoulder..  
(Cleo Davie-Martin)**



**Minh struts his stuff on the high jump (Cleo Davie-Martin)**

- 21:18 Tim advises everyone that it is all about the ‘Tam in the Tim’ (while consuming his Tim Tam Slam).
- 21:26 Tim succeeds in performing a Tim Tam Slam Dunk (dropping his biscuit in his drink).
- 21:28 Penzy tells everyone about the time she did Tim Tam Slams in Rangers with Coca-Cola.
- 21:30 Tim is horrified that Penzy doesn’t like chocolate.
- 21:41 Tim finally succeeds at scoring in Table Pong and forces Claire to scull.
- 21:59 Silliness continues to ensue in Big Hut.
- 22:14 Tim spills his Table Pong alcohol.
- 22:15 Tim licks his Table Pong alcohol off the table tennis table. Committee members watch in amusement.
- 22:17 Tim attempts to consume the ping pong ball itself. His eyes bulge.
- 22:18 Tim spits his ping pong ball across the net to Claire, who returns it to score forcing Tim to scull.



**Table Pong at its finest (Cleo Davie-Martin)**

22:31 Things start to become a bit fuzzy. Some people fall asleep, others continue to party...

The following day is much more subdued and sensible. After a late start, the committee split up, with half heading across the range via Leaning Lodge and down to the car park and the rest heading straight down to the van from Big Hut. For the return journey to Dunedin, Tim is in charge of the van. A stalling war begins between Penzy and Tim... No one knows who won and even if they did, they wouldn't put it in Antics for fear of the retaliation they might receive. The weekend was a great success! The committee bonded well and realised what a wonderful(ly entertaining) leader they had picked to run the OUTC.



**Our stealthy president (Cleo Davie-Martin)**

---

Anna Murdoch showed us what to carry in our survival kits and claimed that the condoms in hers were, *"used for carrying water..."*

Luke Gardener in Big Hut: *"I've leaked a significant amount of water onto the floor"*

Jake Schonberger: *"I became a bus driver so that I wouldn't have to die alone - but that won't be happening today"*



### **Your 2012-2013 OUTC Committee (Cleo Davie-Martin)**

---

Jaz, at the August committee meeting: *“In the minutes of the previous committee meeting, there is a sentence to the effect that Penzy is not to be laughed at. I motion that sentence be struck from the minutes.”*

Jaz Morris: *“Antics 2011 is here! For those of you who were members in 2011, our irreverent and entertaining yearbook Antics will be available for the first time at tomorrow’s meeting. Sorry for the delay...”*

Nick Plimmer: *“20 months late! New high score! Woo!”*

Soon after the election of the editors of Antics 2013 in September 2012:

*The email account [antics2013@gmail.com](mailto:antics2013@gmail.com) has been created.*

*Password: aspiring*

*Have fun,*

*- Joe*

## A Trip to the Marion Ice Plateau featuring Geoff Spearpoint

*Jaz Morris*

Party: Geoff Spearpoint, Danilo Hegg, Peter Wilson, Tiff Stephens and Jaz Morris

Peter had mentioned something about the hut at Diamond Creek being on a rather flood prone spot, so at least it wasn't a total surprise to find the Fish and Game Hut he had arranged for us a foot deep in water. This wasn't an issue as the hut is on stilts, but it did highlight the amount of rain that had fallen and was continuing to fall.

We dragged all our gear into the hut, and with the aid of Mac's Sassy Red and a pair of electronic scales we began the task of neatly dividing the food and group equipment. Danilo, half Swiss, paid close attention to ensure totally equal load allocation – Peter on the other hand made grunting noises and offered to carry anything that others turned down. He wound up with the mountain radio and the food items deemed most unbreakable (as it turned out he broke a plastic peanut butter jar by lunch on the first day).

The rain continued to fall and general expressions of nervousness about the trip plan were made – Danilo thought that with the forecast we had it was unlikely we'd find our new route into the Joe River and climb out via Destiny Ridge to the Olivine Plateau. Geoff hadn't turned up yet and we decided to wait and hear his wisdom.

Geoff arrived late and it wasn't till we awoke on a fine morning that he gave his sage opinion – take it as it comes, deal with problems as they arise – no point worrying about something weather-related which hasn't happened yet. The Spearpoint doesn't totally trust doom-and-gloom forecasts. Similar to the gospel of E39 – “forge ahead regardless” (see Antics 2011).



**“The Spearpoint in his natural environment” (Jaz Morris)**

After further packing concern we set off from Chinaman's Bluff with the inevitable heavy packs. The Dart was its usual self: half-flooded, sandfly-infested and immensely pretty – especially with fresh New Year's snow down to bushline. The plan for the day was ambitious – bushline above Cattle Flat. In the end we settled for the Cattle Flat rock biv – an excellent rock, but lacking in views. Geoff had a fire going in minutes, and proceeded to introduce us to the ingenious concept of the 'brew-bag' – a small bag kept in the top of the pack with teabags, coffee, milk powder, and a lighter for making a brew with ease.

The next day the plan was again fairly ambitious – reaching the head of the Joe, or else somewhere in Victor Creek – but it was not to be. Grovelling up the steep but fairly open bush near Pass Creek, Geoff gained the lead. He was carrying a frameless canvas pack from the '70s but his methodical step, no slower or faster on any particular terrain type, was the proverbial tortoise to my or Peter's hare. Danilo brought up the rear and Tiff kept pace with Geoff. We arrived at bushline and sidled into Pass Creek towards O'Leary's. Pausing for lunch the Pass emerged momentarily from the cloud – revealing plenty of winter snow still clinging to its bluffs and scree.

A monumental grovel up shit snow later we gained the Pass. It was a fitting entrance to Westland – no visibility, cold, Geoff in the lead cutting steps with the casual style of Peter Graham on a final icier slope. It was late in the day and an air of nervousness pervaded the group. Danilo was unhappy – feeling uncomfortable and with weight on his mind. He declared his intention to return down the Dart alone – he didn't like the weather, and was nervous for our prospects. The group, who wanted his company, rejected his plan and a compromise was made – we would dig in to the snow on the Pass and camp, and see what the next day brought. The mountain radio foretold tales of the apocalypse and my cooker developed uncharacteristic unreliability and it was several hours before we had dinner and a dram of Laphroaig to settle in to sleep.

Unexpectedly and to the relief of all concerned the next morning dawned fine with a stunning view of Tutoko, Destiny Ridge and Victor Creek dropping precipitously to the Joe; our intended route lacked appeal even on a bluebird day. It was decided that the Marion Plateau would make a fine Plan B for a poor forecast and allow us to make use of this lovely day. We set forth sidling easy snow to the Plateau, a blinding sunbowl with unrelenting heat. On Boys Col I repaired the cooker and we made lunch and melted water before wandering up Mt Lydia – at 2500 m and at the epicentre of all my favourite mountains this was a long-held goal. Lydia has to have one of the best views of any mountain – 360 degrees of Mt Aspiring, the Olivines, Snowdrift, Barrier, Forbes, Richardson and Darrans Ranges. Most other mountains have at least one side showing boring farmland, or Canterbury (or both) – but not Lydia!

Back on Boys Col we pondered the option of camping high but a poor forecast

sent us down towards Key Dome instead. With the bridge at the Whitbourne washed away, our only way back over the Dart River was the bridge at Cattle Flat. This meant a visit to the remote and seldom-visited Blue Duck River – a hanging valley above the Dart and below Mt Ian. Unexpectedly this turns out to be one of the coolest places in the Alps! There were no cairns, signs of campsites or anything to suggest previous visitation. Sadly there were no blue ducks either. We spent a large amount of time selecting a “10/10 campsite” and settled in, expecting the weather to pack it in at any moment.

Waking up to yet another bluebird day was, for once, annoying. We’d wasted our hard-fought vertical metres and no-one wanted to haul full packs to Boys Col (again), Mt Ian, or into the Whitbourne Valley. Laziness won the day and we elected to explore the remote valley and Key Dome with empty packs. Geoff headed off to the Key Dome-Whitbourne River route he put in Moir’s Guide and proceeded to improve the quality of the ‘deer trail’ with his ice axe. Later, walking back to camp, he announced that he can “never walk past a good tarn without jumping in it” and we left him to his swim – but he still caught us up.

The mountain radio promised heavy rain again the next day but at this point no-one really believed it. And, lo and behold, we got another fine day (we could have gone to the Olivine Plateau after all). At 1.5 kg, and \$50/week – what’s the point in a radio that gives you inaccurate weather forecasts and that diminishes the wilderness experience?

We packed up and bade farewell to the Blue Duck River. We climbed up a dry creekbed from the lower flats in the Blue Duck to about the 1600 m contour and sidled south in the general direction of Pass Creek. Just north of the bridge at Cattle Flat an obvious spur drops down to the Dart River – this was easy going and makes the route into and out of the Blue Duck straightforward, with no scrub and easy bush. We reached the river in time for lunch and made an enormous fire for a brew of tea. Then it was back to the Cattle Flat biv to complete an easy day. I insisted on making use of the heretofore-useless rock climbing equipment and abseiled off a tree past the overhang of the rock biv.

We’d consumed endless tea before we eventually left the biv the next morning for the easy walk down the Dart River. We had more brew-ups over fires on the way out and so concluded an excellent Plan B trip.

---

Jaz: *“Yeah, a lot of bullshit can happen between a 20-m contour line.”*

---

#### **Facing page**

**Top: At camp on O’Leary Pass. Bottom: View of Victor Creek, the Joe River, and the Olivines from the Marion Plateau (both Jaz Morris)**





## Snowdrift Range - January 2013

*Peter Wilson*

I will always recall my first experience and encounter with the Olivines, even though it was many years ago now. I was 15 years old, sitting in the old Dart Hut with friends from high school, on a pit day, on my first big multi-day tramp; the Rees-Dart circuit. The previous day we had headed up the stunning Upper Dart valley, amidst the delicate flowers spread out across the old moraine, and the not-so-delicate icefalls clinging to the mountains above. But the red cirrus in the sky sounded a warning, and our group beat a careful return to the hut. The next day, amidst flooded rivers, flashes of lightning and peals of thunder, I studied the map on the wall, an old copy of E39 simply titled “Aspiring” and was struck by how small the little black square of the hut was against the huge ranges behind it; with names like Barrier, Snowdrift, and further back, protected by its outer defenses, the mysterious-sounding Olivine Range itself. The small hut seemed at the mercy of the landscape, but all I wanted to do was head west and explore that last great upwelling of peaks and ranges of the Southern Alps squeezed between Fiordland and Mt Aspiring.

Fast forward 12 sometimes tumultuous outdoor years to 2013, and a group of us set out from Chinamans Bluff on a dubious Metservice forecast for a rather ambitious trip - to traverse the Barrier and Snowdrift Ranges from O’Leary Pass to the Marion Ice Plateau, then to drop into the head of the Joe via a semi-plausible route on a spur on the true right of the Victoria icefall, and then to send Destiny Ridge to the Olivine Plateau itself, returning to the Dart via the new Blockade Stream and Derivation Neve route.

Geoff Spearpoint, Moirs Guide North editor, and long-time Olivines enthusiast had kindly agreed to join us, and to have him onboard was an inspiration. Geoff had long looked at a feasible route from O’Leary Pass to the Marion Plateau, and was also interested in checking out an alternative line up Destiny Ridge, which is increasingly becoming threatened by schrunds in poor snow years and in late season in recent years. Geoff also came with the best advice about weather I have yet heard - to just print off the MetVUW predictions, and see if what Old Hughie delivers sticks generally to that pattern, and only to get worried if Hughie changes his fickle mind. Wise advice, especially with the doom and gloom that the mountain radio was to give us each and every night on the trip.

Day 1 up the Dart River was fine and uneventful, as we headed up the nearly-empty valley due to the heavy rain in previous days. The river was in full flood, but the side-streams had dropped and offered no challenges. My pack lived up to

---

**Facing page Top: Peter applies zinc on the Marion Plateau (Jaz Morris)  
Bottom: Blue Duck river flats from the campsite (Danilo Hegg)**

its reputation, by bending and denting a practically indestructible jar of peanut butter within the first few hours, to all-round hilarity. The last few hours of track haul from Daleys Flat to the Cattle Flat rock biv were hard on us all, and we were all pleased to reach the welcoming rock biv, where Jaz and Geoff wasted no time in swinging the billy over a decent fire. A decent dusting of snow fell that night, making for a crisp start in the morning.

The Dart was still high in the morning as we crossed the long Cattle Flat swingbridge, a seriously valuable asset (as with the one at Daleys Flat and hopefully a replaced bridge above the Whitbourne), giving access to and from Olivine routes at critical points. A stiff climb through the bush had us above the bushline on the true left slopes of the Pass Burn by lunch time, and then spurred on by the tussock slopes and the blocky crest of the Main Divide above us, we climbed on, higher and higher, to the foot of the snow slopes leading up into the mist blowing over from Westland. Encouraged by Geoff, we pressed on up the reasonably soft snow in old style, with no crampons, and cut steps up the last steep pinch to stand on the crest of the Barrier Range, shortly before dusk. When in rhythm, step cutting is a beautiful exercise of balance and timing on a steep mountain slope. Tiff got the privilege of stepping into Westland first. Entries overland into Westland are always exciting and memorable.

Visibility was low and conditions were cold so we opted to camp on the first ledge below O'Leary Pass itself, rather than to push on to a higher site near our intended route onto the Marion. The mountain radio forecast wasn't promising either, with talk of strong winds increasing to near hurricane force over the next three days. The sun came out briefly, but we opted as a group, with some disappointment, to cancel the Olivine component of our trip and focus just on the Snowdrift part. It was one of those tough 50/50 calls, especially hard with Destiny Ridge glistening in perfect conditions opposite us, shining the way up to the Plateau itself.

But it was going to have to wait for another year and another forecast.

Day three dawned fine and unexpectedly calm, and made for perfect conditions as we traversed our way under the side of Mt Ian and above the Victor Creek Lake on a high sidling traverse to the Marion Plateau. Geoff had been along part of the route years ago whilst working for the Mt Aspiring National Park Board, and reckoned it would go. And go it did, with two ribs to cross and a high sidle, in perfect snow conditions, we were on the Marion plateau by lunchtime, with scarcely a crevasse in sight. We got a look over to the rock ledges dropping into Victor Creek from O'Leary Pass, and Geoff and I are convinced that there is an all-weather, all-season route in there somewhere which would open up the area to more trampers. The crux is a last 20-metre bluff complex before Victor Creek itself, but there has to be a way down. It's all sitting there waiting for another party with the time and forecast to explore, and I will be back.

A quick draught of water from the rock pools above the plateau, and then we were into the frying pan that is the Marion on a sunny day. Geoff opted for a quick recce up an unnamed peak above the Victoria icefall, whilst the rest of us commenced our long hot slog up the Marion Plateau towards Boys Col. The slots were tiny, so we didn't bother with roping up. We were glad to get there, sunburnt and parched, slugging whatever water we could get from the rocks around the Col.

Another hour of climbing had us on top of Mt Lydia (2600 m), which has to offer the best all-around view of the area. Simply stupendous country, in a full circle all around, with the watchful eye of Aspiring to the North. Careful to avoid the cornice, we took photos of the four of us, then headed back to the col to wait for Geoff who was making great time as a little dot getting bigger across the vast expanse of the Marion plateau.

A few puffs of wind warned us that the approaching "hurricane" warned by our little yellow box of doom (the mountain radio) was on its way, and so we took a wistful glance at the high peaks and the silent snowfields, still waiting to be trodden for the season, and turned for the valley below. The route down from Boys Col to Key Dome is like a wilder version of French Ridge, and no less spectacular in late afternoon, with a setting sun behind you and the high peaks of the Whitbourne Glacier to the north.

Our intended route was down into the little-known and even-more-seldom visited Blue Duck Valley, which is not easily accessible from the Dart due to it being a hanging valley. Jaz and Tiff, with their endless energy found a route down into it from above Key Dome, first on steep snowslopes, and then gradually tapering to a scree gully with a last few morainey slabs down to the valley floor itself. The valley itself was astonishing, a real alpine Shangri La, with a remnant glacier and waterfalls gurgling at the head, a mini braided river, and a field full of flowers in front of a nearly flat campsite. It was nearly 9 pm by the time we reached it, making for a 12-hour day, and we sat in silence, soaking in the feel of the place, not wanting to leave. The "hurricane" had failed to arrive, although the mountain radio again assured us it was on its way and the temperatures remained high.

We didn't leave straight away, heading up for a day trip to Key Dome the next day. Geoff wanted to do some "gardening" and reairing on the Key Dome route from the Whitbourne, which is an awesome line, but prone to falling into disuse if deer fail to use it. The line is almost impossible to see until you are right on top of it, and there is literally no other easy option. A few people had a swim in a tarn, as the eye of the "hurricane" was delivering us obviously high temperatures, and then it was back to the peace of the Blue Duck campsite.

Danilo took some awesome night photographs of tents and the valley that night whilst the rest of us slept.

In the morning, a climb and sidle through tussock ledges and a small amount of scrub on the south side of the valley had us out of the Blue Duck and back onto the true right of the Dart River, above the bushline. The scree faces of the Barrier Range between here and the spur above the Pass Burn are easily traversable, and we were back near the Cattle Flat swingbridge after about 5 hours of travel, in time for a late lunchtime fire.

And then, all too soon, we were across the bridge and back on the other side, on the Dart Track, in the rock biv, and our sojourn in the Olivines cut too short by the forecast. But I will return; that country grabs a hold of you and it's always there, in the map on my wall, and in your mind.

---

## **Our Victorious Day**

*Cleo Davie-Martin*

(6th February 2013)

Party: Luke Gardener, Margaret Gardener, Anna Hoek-Sims, Cleo Davie-Martin, Nanna Gorm Jensen

Another Waitangi Day has come around  
With no open shops to be found  
But there was no reason for us to frown  
It was a great chance for us to leave town

We had no need to go very far  
Just a wee jaunt to the Peninsula  
The Paradise Track and Boulder Beach  
Were most certainly within our reach

So off we went with a hiss and a roar  
Around the corners we did soar  
At last we arrived with anticipation  
Until Luke cried out 'ah, damnation'

Alas, our walk was not to be  
For the track was closed temporarily  
The penguins were playing on the sand  
So we had to stay off their precious land

For us it was a bad stroke of luck  
It just keeps on happening and boy does it suck  
Last time it was lambing and the time before fawning  
What could possibly be next? Perhaps frog spawning...

We shrugged and moved on to super Plan B  
A white sandy beach by the name Victory  
We were back winding along the high country road  
When suddenly the traffic dramatically slowed

We cannot turn due to road works you say?  
You'll have to go round the other way  
Well indeed, this really wasn't our day  
Luke's patience looked like it was beginning to fray

After taking a rather triangular route  
And unpacking our belongings from the boot  
We began to meander out towards the sea  
With the sun shining gloriously

We hoped we would stumble upon some good luck  
After crossing the path of a Paradise duck  
On to the grand Pyramid rock spires  
The view from the top was greatly admired

Then out to the beach for a stroll in the sand  
The wind whipped its way around the headland  
Margaret decided a swim was needed  
But instead we just watched as the tide receded

In the distance we saw a dark mound on the shore  
We crept closer and were met with much gore  
A dead bloated penguin; it did not move  
Its wrist band we recorded and sent DOC as proof

A terrible disease had been going around  
That summer many dead penguins were found  
For the yellow-eyed birds it was such a shame  
Let's hope their numbers can recover again

Then the wind began whistling colder tunes  
So we turned and headed back into the dunes  
Home again on our merry way  
Until the next Waitangi Day

---

Cleo: *"I take 99.9% of my photos on 'P'."*

---

**Overleaf Top: Mt St Bathans (Sara Boucher). Bottom: Luke Gardener and Anna Hoek-Sims aquanauting the Taieri River (Anna Hoek-Sims)**



## **Mueller Hut**

*Luke Gardener*

(January 2013)

Party: Luke Gardener, Anna Hoek-Sims

“I don’t want to go to a wedding in Christchurch, I hate Christchurch,” so said I to Anna leading up to the date of one of her friend’s wedding. To cut a long argument short, I was bribed to go with the suggestion that we drive back to Dunedin via Mount Cook and Wanaka (clearly the most direct route back to Dunedin), I being the amazing partner that I am said “I would love to go to your friend’s wedding in Christchurch with you”. The wedding was at an exceptionally irritating pleasing time, 11 am, with the bride showing up late resulting in the delay of the wedding until 11:30. I was already clock watching as we were hoping to leave Christchurch as quickly as possible so we could get to Mount Cook with enough time to climb to Mueller Hut and spend the night there. Alas, by the time the wedding had finished and we had got everything together it looked like we might not make it. I was enjoying the wedding so much that I forgot all about the trip to Mount Cook so I was surprised to discover that time had slipped away and that we might not be able to climb to Mueller Hut that evening.

The drive to Mount Cook was pretty spectacular with no clouds in the sky, no wind and a balmy temperature hovering around the 30-degree mark. Lake Pukaki was reflecting all of the surrounding mountains and the surreal turquoise water was looking picture perfect. We got to the White Horse Hill campsite just after 18:30 and not knowing how well the track was marked from Sealy Tarns onwards nor how fast we were likely to go in the still ridiculously warm temperature we decided to stay the night at the White Horse Hill campsite, get up at 3 am and begin walking then so as to catch the alpine sunrise.

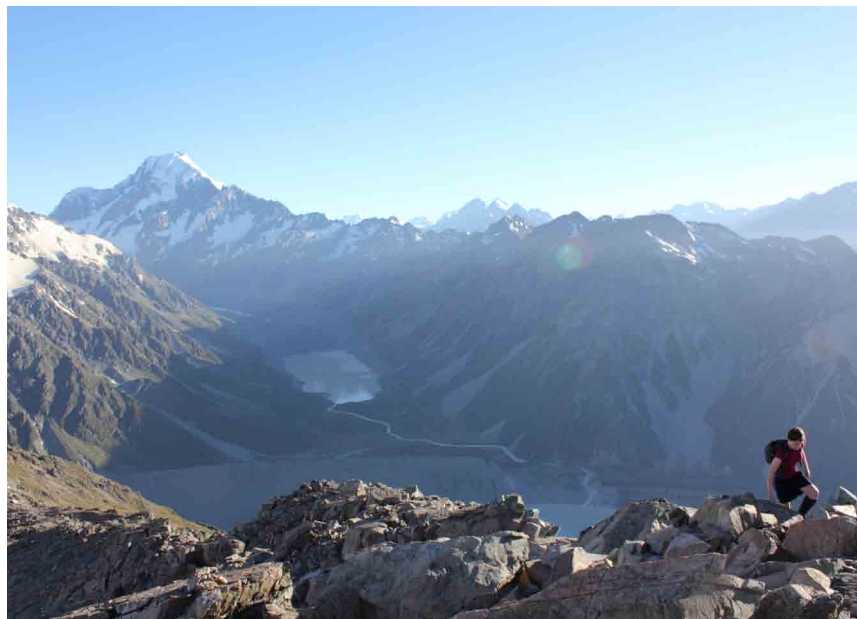
Waking up at 3.30 am and exiting the tent to discover that it’s still at least 16-20 degrees is an odd experience in New Zealand, made even more amazing due to the full moon lighting up the surrounding mountains, including Mount Cook, in a pale white light. We began walking at 4 am along the highway of a track which, when combined with the moonlight, meant we didn’t need torches and were never at risk of falling off the side of a cliff. After climbing for an hour we spent about 20 minutes attempting to capture the mountain splendour around us with long exposure times but despite resting our cameras on rocks and trying various combinations we later found out that despite some of the photos looking very good on the camera, when shown on the computer they were mostly awful.

We began climbing again but were still 200 m from the top of Mount Ollivier when the sun began to rise. Nevertheless it was still a pretty spectacular view. Nothing quite beats the first rays of sunshine peeking through the surrounding mountains hitting the peaks above you turning them from pink to purple to

orange. After admiring the view for a while we continued up towards Mueller, making reasonably quick progress but having to stop almost every 20 metres for a photo because the view was just slightly better than the one 20 metres earlier. We finally made it up onto the ridge, curving around the other side, up past Mueller Hut and doing the quick scramble to reach the summit of Ollivier. There is something quite amazing about sitting on the top of a mountain, albeit a reasonably small one, without a single breath of wind in the air, eating breakfast while watching, and listening to, avalanches tumble down the mountains in front of you.

We began our descent at 09:20-ish and made quick progress back down; however by the time we reached Sealy Tarns again the sun was out in full force and it was easily 25-30 degrees. We had both run out of water by the time we reached the valley floor and were very glad to be back at the campsite.

We finished off the trip by heading to Wanaka on our way back to Dunedin, spending an extra day reading in the sun, swimming in the lake (once again not a breath of wind to be found) and walking along the outlet track. It was with much regret that we made the trip back to Dunedin which, as is always the case, had had amazing weather while we were away but was now experiencing torrential rain. Why did we leave Wanaka again?



**Anna Hoek-Sims climbing the last 10 metres to the top of Mt Ollivier  
(Luke Gardener)**

---

Anna Hoek-Sims: *"Do most futs have hire places?"*

## **Golfing in Mt Aspiring National Park**

*Josh Brinkmann*

Party: Luke Gardener (L), Cleo Davie-Martin, Josh Brinkmann, Joe Vincent, Penzy Dinsdale

In January of this year, I had the great privilege of being asked by DOC to open a new golf course. As an aspiring golfer myself, it seemed appropriate that I was asked to formally open the Mt Aspiring National Park Golf Course. The date had been set for Sunday the 17<sup>th</sup> of February when the first ball would be struck from the first tee, atop Mt Sisyphus. This gave me only a few weeks to choose my finest golfing attire and rally some of the finest members of OUTC to accompany me for this auspicious occasion. The fellow dignitaries were Joe Vincent, Luke ‘Smelly Pirate Hooker’ Gardener, Cleo Davie-Martin, and Penzy Dinsdale.

We decided to make a weekend of it. I thought it would be very unprofessional if we were to show up to the top of Mt Sisyphus late on Sunday, when tee off time was scheduled for 10 am. I didn’t want to make a bad impression, otherwise it may hinder my chances of being invited by DOC to future high ranking, green-tie events. We left Dunedin on Friday night, with the goal of starting walking on Saturday morning. Early on Saturday, in the pre-dawn hour, it slowly dawned on me that today would be a bright one in the history of OUTC. We ran into some morning cow trouble up the East Branch of the Matukituki where one of our members was harassed, most needlessly, by a member of Farmer Brown’s cows. It almost spelt disaster for our group, but with the lure and promise of great glory, we continued.

A particularly cheerful moment took place alongside Rainbow Stream around lunchtime. Joe had found himself a particularly nice rock with which he was going to commemorate the event by. He handed it to us all to inspect and admire, which we did. When it got to Luke ‘Inconsiderate Prick’ Gardener, he promptly threw it over his shoulder, to land amongst the thousands of other rocks. Joe’s precious find was gone in an instant, now lying, indistinguishable, amongst all the other rocks. The atmosphere was tense. I thought that may have spelt the end of the trip for us and we would have to turn around. Again, the lure and promise of great glory beckoned us on, and we continued.

Eventually, we reached our salubrious accommodation for the night on Wilmot Saddle. Unfortunately, the organisers of the event had failed to reach the location before us, so we had to set up our own tent fly. Nature treated us to a great rock fall off the cliffs below Fastness Peak and Rainbow Col. We were fortunate to be on the saddle to view this great event, as only a few hours earlier we were walking where the rocks were falling. If it had have occurred earlier, we would not have had a great view of the rockfall and the show would have been wasted on us.

The big day was fast approaching and the pressure was getting to members of our team. Joe developed a case of the ‘Crookies’ on Saturday night and was so nervous that he couldn’t eat. Even the food that had previously passed his lips made a reappearance. I believe it had been told about the rock show but were too late to witness it. Luke ‘I’m an Expert Photographer’ Gardener lost all sense of how to use his camera. He took great pride in carrying up a tripod to help capture the perfect shot on tee off. His role on the team was to be the official photographer. When questioned on his photography skills prior to the trip, he assured me that he had used a camera and tripod before. My suspicions were aroused on Saturday evening when I caught him using his tripod. He had attached the camera to the tripod and then proceeded to hold the camera in his hands, in front of his face, taking photos in the usual manner. I queried him on this unusual technique of using the tripod in this way. He became agitated and threatened to practice his golfing technique on my face. I left him to his photography, hoping that this episode wouldn’t derail the entire trip.

As per Saturday, Sunday dawned on us bright and early. This was the day. The excitement was palpable. All that stood between us and great glory was a short ascent of 177 vertical metres. Over breakfast, we speculated about how we would be received back in civilisation and how this great day would change our lives forever. Joe had regained his appetite and Luke was still in a bastardy mood. He was fixated on the lure of bounty and buried treasure, which he was convinced was atop Mt Sisyphus. I asked him if the photography story was just a cover to get on the trip. He replied by saying, “I’ll cleave you to the brisket and feed you to the fishies if you get between me and my dubloons you scurvy dog. So watch out or I’ll jam me cutlas up your rin’ piece if you don’t walk t’ plank.” Fair enough I thought, hopefully the TV coverage for the day is on a delayed feed, otherwise he will embarrass the entire OUTC with his antics.

The 177 metres disappeared quickly as we strode towards our fate. I was in my finest golfing attire, as was Joe. The first tee beckoned! Luke ‘Old Salt’ Gardener showed his true colours shortly after reaching the top. He pulled out a pirate hat, eye piece, dagger, and pirate flag from his pack. He donned the gear and thrust the pirate flag into the top of the mountain screaming, “For Davy Jones!!!!” A brief but bloody battle ensued. I, in my finest woollen vest and collared shirt, against this pirate. He was armed with a dagger and I only with a golf club. With Mt Aspiring watching in the distance, I overcame this scallywag, much to the relief of everyone present. He would pose no danger to us for the rest of the trip. Luckily he didn’t cut my pants, otherwise I would have had to bring out my spare set. I brought along two just in case I got a hole in one.

---

**Facing page Top: Luke’s unconventional photography technique (Josh Brinkmann). Bottom: The battle for Sisyphus (Cleo Davie-Martin)**





The rest of the day was your usual red carpet affair. The glitz and glamour of opening the country's newest golf course was fitting to its status. There were interviews for the golfers monthly and plenty of champagne. No matter how you putt it, the day was a success. One of the interviewers was a bit of an odd fellow. He came out of nowhere and later confided that he suffers from premature ejaculation. What that's got to do with golf has me beat, but you could tell he was green with envy. Everyone overlooked the fact that the course itself was a complete shambles. DOC had clearly created the course purely for a tax dodge. The greens were covered in rocks, there were no facilities, the holes were near on invisible, the fairways were rough as guts, and the shrubbery adorning the perimeter of the course was actually very dense bush. As a dignitary, our party did not have to pay green fees. This was fortunate as any sane person would have refused to pay them just on principal. You can't go charging \$5 a head and expect people to happily pay it when the course looked like it hardly existed. However, the view was nice and Mt Aspiring provided a welcome distraction from the state of the course. Our party all had a go at completing the first hole. This proved harder than it looked as each ball that we drove off the tee disappeared into the distance and off the side of the mountain. This meant that we took a penalty point as well as having to tee off again. We continued in this vein until the sizeable supply of golf balls had all gone.

The promise of being choppered off the top of Mt Sisyphus to the 19<sup>th</sup> hole where we could celebrate our successes proved to be a lie. We were forced to walk back to the car park, 8 hours away via point 1723, then following the ridge to the southwest through the damn-near impenetrable bush. I would not recommend this way to an amateur golfer unless they want to fast track their way to being a professional and have a penchant for getting very scratched up.

Since that memorable day, the fame and paparazzi attention has diminished, but our memories still stay strong. My advice for any other OUTC'ers asked by DOC to attend any similar events, would be to do your homework on the event first. This may save some embarrassment when it turns out that your event is not actually as glamorous as DOC makes it out to be and that in fact you have to arrange your own chopper ride courtesy of an EPIRB. But in saying that, I would not trade my experience for the world, or the lifetime membership I received as payment for my time there.

# **Mt Sisyphus (East Matukituki, Mt Aspiring National Park) - 15<sup>th</sup>-17<sup>th</sup> February 2013**

## *Group Contribution*

*(compiled by Cleo Davie-Martin)*

Party: Luke Gardener (L), Cleo Davie-Martin, Josh Brinkmann, Joe Vincent, Penzy Dinsdale

### **1. Favourite view**

Luke: Sunrise on top of Wilmot Saddle as all of the surrounding mountains turned from pink to gold.

Cleo: Pink sunrise over the backside of Mt Aspiring from Wilmot Saddle with not a cloud in the sky.

Josh: Leaning over the edge of the cliff on Wilmot Saddle looking across the valley to the East at the other high mountains.

Joe: Looking out to the east while the sun was going down and the vivid purple and pink streaks in the clouds above Ruth Ridge.

Penzy: Backside of Aspiring.

### **2. Most interesting rock or rock formation**

Luke: My favourite rock/s would probably be the kind that were best for rolling down the hillside as Cleo tried to tell stories.

Cleo: The scallop-curved rocks on the summit of Mt Sisyphus.

Josh: The one that was put in Luke's pack.

Joe: I'm glad you asked! It would be a toss-up between the beautifully uniform dipping schist while on the approach to Wilmot Saddle. The consistent high-grade (Textural zone IV) over the size of the exposure is fantastic to see as it's often covered with scrub and rubbish. The other part I really liked was the highly deformed schist on Sisyphus Peak itself. The macro- and micro-fold structures exhibited there are all indicators of really high strain rates causing fully plastic deformation of the rock. I would estimate it was a fairly shallow deformation (5 km depth or less) as garnet facies were not observed in the field. Cross-cutting quartz veins over the fold axes where in turn deformed, although not to the same extent.

Penzy: The wrinkly bit that Luke destroyed up top.

### **3. Highest high**

Luke: Sunrise on top of the Wilmot Saddle.

Cleo: Finally reaching Wilmot Saddle and seeing over into Ruth Flat and more big, snowy mountains.

Josh: Teeing off at the Mt Sisyphus golf course 1<sup>st</sup> hole.

Joe: Smashing golf balls off Sisyphus Peak with a \$5 #1 wood.

Penzy: Swimming in the Matukituki River.

#### **4. Lowest low**

- Luke: Missing the best bit of the sunset because we were looking for water.  
Cleo: About 200 m below the saddle, heat-exhausted, legs of lead, and ‘plodding’ according to Joe.  
Josh: Seeing the state of the fairway upon reaching the first hole. DOC will be receiving a very strongly worded letter.  
Joe: Getting slightly tangled and a bit stuck in the scrub due to having a \$5 #1 wood poking out the top of my pack.  
Penzy: Crossing the flat farmland alone at the end.

#### **5. Favourite quote**

- Luke: Just about every one of us at some point; “He’s a bit of a caring understanding nineties type”.  
Cleo: Luke; commenting on the crappy nature and length of the scrub/bush bashing we had just completed, “Well, seeing is different to believing” (after previously being told that the south ridge of Sisyphus wasn’t a particularly nice route to take).  
Josh: “False economy?”  
Joe: After four hours of bush bashing down the hill: Luke, “You’re right Cleo, that may not have been the best way down”. Cleo, “Yeah well, I did tell you that”. Luke, “Hearing and believing, and seeing and believing are two different things though.”  
Penzy: Luke; “I don’t get sarcasm” every time something sarcastic was said.

*AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST...*

#### **5. Sorest body part(s) come Monday**

- Luke: Everything! Almost every part of my body had been attacked by sandflies...  
Cleo: Well, I couldn’t straighten my legs (couldn’t squat down fully either)... yup, my legs were pretty dead.  
Josh: My quads. Must be getting soft!  
Joe: Shoulders where a touch sore; I put that down to having to take out the extra loaf of bread that didn’t get eaten.\* Legs where all good though.  
\* Said loaf did make some bloody delicious garlic bread the next day as part of dinner though.  
Penzy: My left heel. I have since discovered a blister under it.

#### **6. Post-trip photo swap – Folder titles used for swapping photos on USB...**

- Luke: Golf trip  
Cleo: Cleo’s Mt Sisyphus  
Josh: Mt Sisyphus 15-17.2.13  
Joe: Moments captured with the cunning use of lenses shaped to exact specifications combined with digital methods of capturing the refracted light that results

## The Inaugural OUTC Open

*Luke Gardener*

Party: Luke Gardener (L), Cleo Davie-Martin, Josh Brinkmann, Joe Vincent, Penzy Dinsdale

With the start of semester coming frighteningly close, there was time for one last weekend tramp. A couple of us, Josh, Joe, Cleo and I, had been looking at Sisypheus since the end of semester in 2012 when our plans to climb it were scuttled by the high avalanche danger due to late snow (see Antics 2012 for the riveting account). This time however, there was no fresh snow to fall on us and the weather wasn't looking too shabby either, meaning that the greatest risk of injury would probably come from listening too closely to Joe and Josh's suggested route (a straight line).

We planned to leave on the Friday before classes started, with a car load of five. Alas, our 5<sup>th</sup> pulled out and we were stuck doing a last-minute plea to the list. Luckily, Penzy answered the call, helping to keep the cost down; students are all about the economy. We began driving around 6 pm and got to Raspberry Flat around 11 pm, haphazardly constructing a tent fly/car bivvy that appeared decent enough to last 'til morning.

We woke to a mild morning with a bit of high cloud around and the possibility of an odd shower, but otherwise the weather looked good. We drove back to Cameron Flat and began the morning with a crossing of the deceptively fast and strong Matukituki River East Branch. On the other side we discovered a herd of vicious four-legged killers just waiting for hapless members of the OUTC to stumble out of the river before launching an attack with hooves as hard as diamonds and fangs as big as steak knives. Yes, the humble cow seemed to look like this to Penzy, judging by her reaction as one wee heifer approached her as she tried to put her boots on. She also wasn't too amused when it began licking her pack. I'm afraid, Penzy, that is what happens when you crumble a salt lick all over your pack - bit of a silly thing to do really... oh wait, that may have been me; hard to keep track sometimes isn't it?

After the cow had finished leaving a nice saliva present on Penzy's pack we began the slow plod up the East Matukituki; the first hour or two spent crossing farm paddocks, with the odd glimpse up to the glaciers above. We reached Junction Flat sometime around 11 am and proceeded to have an early lunch there, busting out the classic OUTC techno dance move: 'the sandfly'.

After lunch we began our walk up towards Aspiring Flat where we would then branch off up Rainbow Stream towards the Wilmot Saddle. This whole bit, Junction Flat to Aspiring Flat, looked quite flat on the map but in reality it was a wee bit different; the track constantly went up and down. Despite this unbearable

hardship we got to Aspiring Flat and crossed the four or so rivers (actually the same river), and began the off track section up Rainbow Stream by about 12 pm. We made reasonably good progress at first, lots of nice rocks to clamber over, with some cool ice fall to distract us (see what I did there?), but by 1 pm it was getting pretty warm and the nice gentle incline had suddenly become a tad steep; funny that – when you are climbing a peak...

We stuck to the left spur and followed a pretty definite line up towards the cliffs below Fastness Peak. As we approached the cliffs the terrain got a bit sketchy. Small bluffs and slopes of loose schist did not make for particularly easy climbing. In fact, it was so crap it made for quite an unpleasant experience. There had to have been a better way, perhaps following a line on the second spur from the left and sticking to the right. It definitely looked better from the top of the saddle.

When we finally did get to the saddle we were rewarded with pretty stellar views of the surrounding mountains: Mount Aspiring, Fastness Peak, Glacier Dome, to name a few, as well as very impressive views of Ruth Flat 1000 m below us. As an added bonus, the wind had dropped completely and meant that a camp on the saddle was looking like an epic option. We didn't get the best campsite as a DOC kiwi locator and her partner had beaten us up (as in to the saddle, not assaulting us) – possibly from choosing a better line through the bluffs. Ah well, they were good sorts who provided a decent bit of banter so we didn't decide to move their tent, or better yet, move into their tent while they climbed up Sisyphus.

We awoke the next morning to a stunning sunrise, with Fastness and Aspiring lit up pink and then orange around us. It was pretty mighty and I don't think I have ever had a better alpine sunrise. The DOC folks were forced to enjoy it as well, courtesy of Joe's 'outside voice' - 130 decibels (i.e., the equivalent of a jet taking off).

After a quick breakfast we began the remaining ascent to Sisyphus; a very easy climb that took about 15 minutes, if that. Once again, we were rewarded by stunning views and could only think, 'what a perfect place to start the Inaugural OUTC Open'. Joe got out the driver and the biodegradable golf balls and started the Open off with a shocker of a hit. His swing did, however, get better and as much as I hate to admit it, was far better than the rest of us. I was, however, wearing a pirate hat, so scored extra points. Why you might ask? It was a pirate-themed mini golf open on a large scale, are you thick?

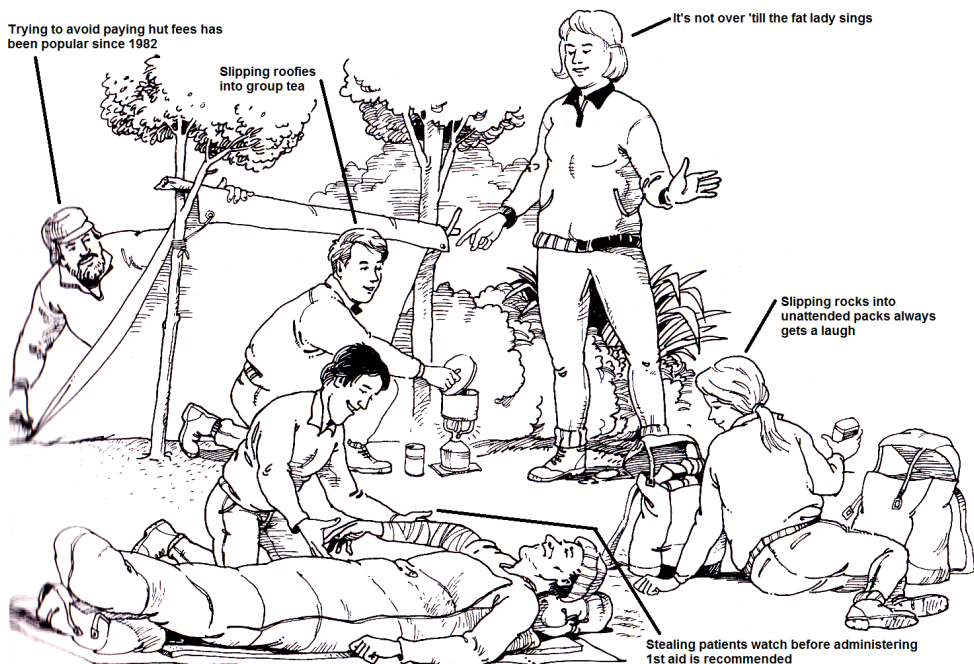
After we finished driving the last of the balls, we began our descent along the clear southern ridgeline. This was pretty easy going and made for pleasant walking until we reached the bushline. What we had assumed was going to be clear and open beech forest was, how to describe it? CRAP! Awful scratchy scrub, sharp staby branches, and foliage that seemed determined to impede us as much as possible for 2 km. It would be safe to say that this was not the most enjoyable bit

of the trip. However, we eventually and very happily made it to the bottom, a bit more cut up then we had expected, but otherwise unharmed.

We then made a cracking pace back along the river flat and out to Camerons Flat where three of us had an amazing swim in the frigid water. Overall, a pretty epic trip that I would highly recommend to anyone!

---

### Group dynamics (Joe Vincent)




---

### Paradise photos

**Page 44 Top:** Tent fly city at Paradise again (Jaz Morris). **Bottom left:** Margot, Emma, Sam, and Tom on Emily Pass (Margot Kelly-Hedrick). **Bottom right:** Sarah, Laura, Ashley, Mary Kate, Izzy, and Connor perch on Turret Ridge (Jaz Morris)

**Page 45 Top left:** Penzy and Julie worm wrestle at Paradise. **Top right:** Party Tim on the slackline. **Bottom:** Tim dominates Marshall at worm wrestling (all Jaz Morris)

**Page 46 Top:** Andrew, Katherine, Julie, Jake, Abby, and Zach in Scott Creek (Julia Loman). **Bottom:** Another beautiful day... swimming at Lake Sylvan again (Margot Kelly-Hedrick)

camp

tramp

climb

travel

The best New Zealand and  
international brand outdoor  
clothing and equipment

**bivouac/outdoor**

COMMITTED TO ADVENTURE



**PRESENT YOUR OUTC MEMBERSHIP CARD IN STORE  
AND RECEIVE 15% OFF YOUR PURCHASE**

**PROUDLY**  
NZ OWNED for  
**25**  
**YEARS**

171 George Street  
(03) 477 3679  
dunedin@bivouac.co.nz  
[www.bivouac.co.nz](http://www.bivouac.co.nz)



Discount is off RRP, not to be used in conjunction with any other special or offer.







## **Mt Xenicus: Paradise Pun Trip**

*Joe Vincent*

*Party:* Joe Vincent, Josh Brinkmann, William Hulme-Moir, Henry Brockway.

Paradise weekend of 2013; that annual trip at the start of the year that you either love or you hate. Personally, I like leading a trip; it gives you a good opportunity to meet some new people and find out who's good value and who is just a sad sack. The two lads that we picked up at the pre-meet were firmly in the 'good value' range. If they were eggs, they'd be number '8's. Both Henry and Will had the innate ability to start cracking some eggcellent jokes right from the very start of things.

The trip was up to the summit of Mt Xenicus from the Lake Sylvan carpark; a round trip of about 10 hours. At 6 am on Saturday we got up and piled into the van with Penzy's team who were going up Ocean Peak. It turns out they got up at 5 am to have brekkie before leaving. At the track start by the Routeburn Shelter they take off. We had a brisk stroll down to the Routeburn Flats Hut for a civilised 7 am breakfast and a cuppa tea. Leaving some stuff there, we then set off to Routeburn Falls hut at a good speed. On arrival, we stopped for smoko #1 and to have a good look around the hut. The warden there was a very nice chap and gave us some good pointers on access to Xenicus.

Up the hill we went, enjoying the views down the valley and generally taking our time. We had youth and fitness on our side so there was no need to rush things early on in the day was there? Half way up the hill Will found some snowberries: time for smoko #2!

Top of the hill and base of the final scramble we decided to fortify ourselves by having lunch. At this point Henry got stuck into making peanut butter sandwiches; he nearly cried with disappointment when I told him the group the jam was left back at the camp (#where's my bloody jam).

After lunch we went for a look at the southeast face just below the summit, but decided to give that a miss on account of it being on the vertical side of steep. We wandered around to a more non-east face and that was a very easy scramble to the top. Looking down onto the Routeburn Track and Ocean Peak we saw Penzy's group descending; dunno what their hurry was - the sun was shining and the conversation was flowing.

The trip back down to the track, then down the Routeburn was completed in short order and waiting for us at the Routeburn Shelter was Lauren in the van. Only a 10 hour day and enjoyed every moment!

# The Great Fiordland Pre-Meet Stage Production

*Anna Murdoch*

## Characters:

Trip leader (Anna)

Co-leader (Ella)

Punter 1

Punter 2

Punter 3

Punter 4

Disgruntled Punter

## Act 1.

Scene 1.

*Trip Leader (Anna) and Co-leader (Ella) sitting forestage, gathering punters names on green slips into a billy. Far too many punters mill around, squished onto centre and wings of stage.*

*Punters approach Anna and Ella with hope of being lucky enough to join the Lake Marion aquanauting adventure. Only the best and fairest process of selection ensues for the four available spots on the trip.*

*Punter 1 approaches.*

Anna: Do you know the song Wagon Wheel?

Punter 1: Yes, it's one of my favourites!

*Punter 1 puts named green slip into billy and steps aside as Punter 2 approaches.*

Anna: How do you feel about sing-alongs?

Punter 2: Sounds like my kind of trip!

*Punter 2 speaks as she puts green slip into billy. There are now 2 green slips in the billy. Ella and Anna appear happy with the company so far.*

*Punters 3 and 4 approach.*

Punter 3: Is this a hard trip?

*Ella smiles welcomingly as she replies.*

Ella: No, it'll be tonnes of fun as long as you like ukuleles and blow-up boats.

Punter 4: Keuw-ol!

Ella: Sweet, pop your names in the billy then.

*Punters 3 and 4 add their green slips to the billy. There are now four names in the billy. Anna and Ella are pleased with Punters 1 to 4 and hope there will not be any more as to avoid the dreaded turning-away of hopefuls.*

*Disgruntled Punter walks across stage and puts her slip into the billy.*

Anna: Hang on, got a question for ya first. How do you feel about country music?  
Disgruntled Punter: **FUCKING HATE IT!**

*Disgruntled Punter snatches her bit of paper out of the billy and marches off to another group, thus solving the issue of over-subscription to the awesome trip.*

*Punters 1 to 4 are happy, as are Anna and Ella. All is well.*

---

Found by Anna Murdoch on the Internet:

**You Can Tramp All Day**

 You can do the hardest work or play without strain, chafing or pinching if you wear a **Separate Sack Suspensory**. The S.S.S. has no irritating leg straps, no oppressive band on the sack, no scratching metal slides. It is made just as nature intended.

**Price \$1.50**

 (Note illustration.) 

With the S.S.S. you always have a clean suspensory every morning. Each outfit has two sacks, you can clip one fast to the supporting straps while the other sack is cleaned.

All sizes. Mailed in plain package on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Send stamp for booklet.

**MEYERS MANUFACTURING CO.**  
65 Park Place                      Watertown, N. Y.

## **Fiordland Adventures (and Why to Avoid the Esperance River During Rain)**

*Joe Vincent*

Party: Josh Brinkmann, Danny Oseid, Julia Loman, Abi Bishop, Tanja de Wilde, Joe Vincent

*The Grave-Talbot route up to Mt. Isolation.*

The initial track getting up to where we wanted to set up camp was overgrown and the track was bush-bashing rather than a track. Rather than 3 hr, it took us 5.5 hr. The fitness of the group was suitable for the track; it was just on the overgrown side of things, to say the least. After much bush-bashing from marker to marker and checking our progress on my GPS we stopped for lunch at the 3 hr mark, with half of the track still to go... Bugger. Started to think that we weren't going to get up Mt. Isolation on this trip.

We did pop up to the top of Grave Talbot Saddle and looked down onto the Milford road. 900 m cliffs are fine to read about but when you look down them it's quite different. Poor Danny found out he didn't like heights at that point. Not the normal, "this-is-a-bit-scary; better-be-careful-not-to-fall-off" dislike of heights. More the, "Oh-dear-God-I'm-going-to-die-think-I-should-sit-down-and-not-look" dislike of heights.

On Sunday we needed to get across the Esperance River to get onto the true left where the 'track' started from. After bush bashing down from our campsite for 1.5 hr we reached the river which was still rising from fairly light but constant rain. After looking at several locations for crossing we opted for one that looked the best and linked up.

After several small shuffles forward the river deepened up to chest deep on me and pretty much from then the entire group was floating into the river. Josh was on the upstream end and yelled out "Shit! I'm floating," then shot past me at speed in the centre of the current. At this point I was quite worried and stuff happened really quickly.

The group broke apart in the river. From here I'm not sure of the details of the others as I was getting bounced down over rocks trying to get face up and feet downstream. It surprised me how clearly I could think, considering the situation. The thought of "ok, try get face up" was first, once I got that sorted the thought of "bugger I'm going head first, try turn around" was a close second.

I ended up on a rock in the middle of the river about 30 m from where we first entered and saw the rest of the group on the other side looking shaken and

worried but with no immediate injuries visible.

With the water still rising up the rock I set the PLB off as Julia had bashed her knee and couldn't carry a pack out. It's a bit tricky getting the aerial folded out and turning the PLB on while your hands are numb and shaking. The combination of cold and starting to go into shock will do that though I suppose.

I found a way to climb off the rock and crawl/scramble through the river back to the original side of the river, still feeling a wee bit shaky. The same feeling as being weak in the knees after running a long way or feeling really sick.

The rest of the group went up to higher ground above the river and I went upstream and eventually found a place to climb across using hands and feet. I re-joined the group as they were setting up the fly to keep the rain off and we settled in, getting into warm, dry-er clothes and putting the billy on for a drink of warm soup. Once everyone was in warm gear again and had a drink we started to feel better about things. Abi wasn't warming up so to prevent hypothermia development it was into a sleeping bag and bivvy bag with a drink bottle filled with warm water held against her.

About 2 hr after setting the PLB off we heard the chopper coming up the valley and the feeling of relief was imminent to say the least. I got the pilots attention by waving my highlighter yellow rain coat at them and a crew member was winched down to us. After several radio calls back to base they confirmed they could only transport injury patients. So off to Te Anau went Julia with the bashed knee and Abi, who was Stage 1 hypothermic. The other four of us had to walk out back to the van. Bugger.

After the chopper left Josh, Danny, Tanja and I bashed down for another hour to the bush edge and set up camp for the night; on the track as it was the only flat-ish spot without large trees growing in it. Dinner was a small yet fancy affair of left over rice and emergency pasta from my pack with a good garnishing of sping onion.

Monday morning dawned fine with only a little bit of high cloud about the place. While packing up camp there was a massive rock fall on the other side of the valley that really put the shits up us. The crunching and rumbling gave us all the feeling that the valley didn't like us and the sooner we left the better.

Walking out to the van took us about 3.5 hr this time around and we went into Milford for a hand basin wash and to get into clean gear. Tanja took this one step further and proceeded to wash her hair. I called up Te Anau police from the café in Milford and let them know we were out safe and got told to come in for a debrief.

We met up with the others in Te Anau at Bev Thorne's house. Josh and I were interviewed by the police in Te Anau and they didn't realise at the time of the rescue that we had all been swept down the river. If they did know that then it's quite likely that we all would have been lifted out to Milford with injured patients going to the Te Anau medical centre.

The moral of the story is to tell the crew everything and to look sad with low morale. This will increase your chances of getting a free chopper ride.



**“Trying to bludge a chopper ride in Fiordland” (Joe Vincent)**

---

## **Karma**

*Editor's note*

Danilo, hearing of this adventure soon afterwards, had a relevant comment to make. Before his time, OUTC approached DOC and asked to take responsibility for a track in Fiordland National Park. It was agreed they'd maintain the Grave-Talbot Route from the Milford Road to bushline. And as far as he knows, not a thing was ever done! Touché, Esperence...

---

Abby, beatboxing after a rescue at Fiordland: *“Boots-and-cats-and-boots-and-cats-and-buns-and-cheese-and-buckets-of-baguettes- boots-and-cats-and-...*

## **Fiordland Fiasco**

*Laura Doughty*

It was your typical Fiordland weekend trip, walking along Livingstone Ridge, dropping down to McKellar Hut, with an easy walk out on Sunday. Our group included the usual spectrum of punters, from the hare (who ran up each high point along the ridge) to the tortoise, the health-freak (always sneeze into your elbow everyone) to the one who picked at their toe-nails over dinner (yum).

Saturday offered atypical Fiordland sunshine, but Sunday more than compensated and led us to lunch and shelter in a very packed Howden Hut. The rather large '3.30' written on my hand encouraged us to face the rain and head towards the Divide Shelter. Joe and Josh were due to pick up half of the group at 3:30 pm. 'Be out on time' they said, 'we want to make a quick escape on the drive out'. We popped out at the divide and changed into dry clothes in preparation to jump into Joe and Josh's van. Before long a van pulled into the divide. Much to our disappointment it was Anton and Penzy saying 'hi' on their way out. The next van to pass through and get our hopes up was Lauren, Thomas and Tim. By that stage we thought it necessary to complain of Joe and Josh's lateness – our misfortune was only to be laughed at. Not far behind was the bus, relief for half of our group and all of our packs (to give us room in the van). Farewell to the bus and the four remaining settled down to wait.

Where was the van? They were a fair bit late now. The traffic at this time was fairly constant and we were happy enough debating whether the poster advertising Bev's rental shop referred to a Bevan, Beverley, or Beaver? Little did we know.

Meanwhile, two trampers, Julia and Abigail, had been lifted out of the Esperance, where Joe and Josh were spending the weekend, and were making contact with Bev Thorne in Te Anau who would help them out till OUTC knew of their rescue. Thankfully Bev knew the OUTC fairly well and called the local fish'n'chip shop. 'Is anyone from OUTC there?' 'Ah, yip..?' was Tim's surprised response. Thankfully the shop was full of hungry trampers and the queue was slow-moving.

Around this time, on the bus, Cleo was contacted by Erin (Joe's emergency contact) and informed that Joe and Josh would be late out and that the two girls were at Bev's place. Cleo attempted to contact Tim with the realisation – oh, shit, Ella and Laura!!

Back in Te Anau: Damn it, there's no room in the van for the girls – a group would have to wait for Joe and Josh to walk out the following day. 'Lauren, are you happy to take a van-full home to save us all waiting? Let's call Anoton and Penzy and say you want a co-driver.' 'How are you in Gore already!?! Anton, you best get out and wait!' Plan sorted, off you go – but wait – oh, shit, Ella and Laura!

Meanwhile, at the Divide it was starting to feel like a very long wait and Ella and I got the gut feeling that they weren't going to get picked up any time soon. Ella and Johanna decided to hitch out to Te Anau and try call the others. Amy and I were to wait, just in case. Another half an hour and it was getting dark and cold. I was feeling lost without my pack – no food, no cooker, no raincoat, no more warm clothes. The traffic was slow – no chance of hitching. Thankfully, we had made some friends at the Divide and had arranged some mash and blankets – if it really came down to it.

In Te Anau, Tom and Tim hopped into a van ready for a 'rescue mission'. Almost there, probably should have filled up with petrol though – the gas station in Te Anau closes pretty early. They successfully picked us up. 'So, we guess Ella got the message to you then?' 'Ella? Nope.'

At this point Ella and Johanna were in the car of some over-cautious tourists crawling along the road at half the speed of Tim and Tom with the heaters blasting but the windows wide open.

With fingers crossed we made it to the petrol station, which was thankfully still open. And finally, with more hot chips in hand, all (except those still in the bush) made it to the Bev headquarters. Lauren left to rescue Anton from a pub in Gore and Ella won the bet as Bev turned out to be a Beverly. The next day Joe and Josh made it out of the bush to find a note on their van informing them that the group who was meant to pick them up would be delayed out...



---

## Fiordland Weekend Bus Poetry Competition

### *Group Contribution*

[Eds. We held a poetry competition with two muffins as prizes for the winners].

A poetry challenge; the theme – 'this weekend'

On your contributions Antics will depend

If you want to be the victor this time

You'll need two lines and they really must rhyme! (Anne Tix)

There lived once a girl named Jill  
 Who was always keen to kill  
 So, she first murdered her mother  
 Then fried her brother  
 On an extremely hot grill

*(S. G.)*

Upon this tramp, this weekend dreary  
 I shall wander, weak and weary

*(S. N.)*

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
 Over Fiordland vale and hills  
 Then all at once I had a doubt  
 And wandered what was in those pills?

*(Henry Hawkins)*

Muffin, muffin, where art thou muffin?  
 Get in my belly, so my tummy be puffin

*(Catherine Barth)*

They say this work must rhyme  
 I don't have any thyme  
 How will our pasta taste good?  
 We could flavour it with wood!

They say beauty is contextual  
 Lies! The definition may be flexible  
 Lack of study makes this trip glorious  
 The scenery will be nice too

The weekend spent outdoors  
 Is sure to cleanse our pores  
 But it's not the reason we go  
 We go because the wilderness is not our foe!

So to nature this weekend we toast  
 In Fiordland, fun we will find the most  
 Friendly happy tramping  
 And also happy camping

Man oh man I want a muffin  
 Please oh please don't give me nuffin  
 On Gertrude Saddle I'll be puffin  
 So please give my tummy stuffin

*(Ben)*

To write a haiku in seventeen syllables  
 Is very diffic-

*(Henry Brockway)*



**Appropriate Fiordland  
 wet-weather attire  
 (Anna Murdoch)**

*(Lochiel McKellar)*

Sorry guys I can't really rhyme  
I didn't have a lot of time  
I'm starting to fall asleep  
Because I've been counting sheep

*(Kelley)*

To thee oh lovely rain, I'd like to talk  
So thou shall hear my voice and go to Auck-  
Land instead of wandering in the land of Fiords  
So we all stay dry and warm in our shorts

*(Markus Plack)*

Gonna go on a tramp  
And yeah, we're gonna camp  
Under a shelter that has no walls  
Maybe see some rushing falls  
Get drenched in the rain  
And mosquito bites we will gain

*(Johanna)*

I'm going to Roberts Lake  
No fake  
The reason why I am here  
With all my gear  
Is someone cancelled participation short time  
And that is the end of the rhyme

*(Josephina)*

Lots of large rivers to cross  
And many lives may be lost  
A long weekend tramp  
In the wet and the damp  
Just stay safe and don't eat the moss

*(Chris B.)*

**\*WINNER\***

Our first time with the tramping club, not sure what it's like  
Hoping for some good views after a ten-hour hike  
But with so many exchange students and some truth or dare  
The weekend might end with a foreign affair

*(Kayla and Allegra)*

**\*WINNER\***

Upon this tramp we wander  
Fear, apprehension is all asunder  
With chins up and heads high  
Our Otago glory we will fly  
Camaraderie, courage all to gain  
Our wild sides will be unchained  
Within the wilderness, us young ones  
Alongside nature we'll all have fun



**Fiordlander!!! (Anna Murdoch)**

*(A. G.)*

## **The Dampest Place I've Ever Been...**

*Amy Moser*

*From her blog, 'New Zealand Adventure is out there!'*

If you've ever been to a rainforest, you'll know exactly what I'm talking about. If you haven't – come to New Zealand – and I'll take you to Fiordland National Park.

This past weekend I went on an OUTC (Otago University Tramping Club) trip out to Fiordland National Park on the southwest coast of the South Island. I have never been anywhere quite so damp in my entire life. Fiordland is essentially a temperate rainforest, a direct effect of the mountains that run up and down the west coast of the South Island. When air approaches the coast from the west, the mountains cause the air to rise, cool, and condense, causing significant rainfall on the entirety of the South Island's west coast. Basically, this means Fiordland is awesome.

We left from the University around 6:15 pm on Friday night, and arrived at our "campsite" near midnight. We slept under a shelter at the end of the Routeburn Track (NZ Great Walk...if you don't know about them you should probably look them up), which totally is not meant to be used as a sleeping shelter but shhhhh don't tell. At 6:45 am the next morning we woke up to get organised and begin our day on Deadmans Track (sometimes it's better not to know). After a wonderful breakfast of muesli (granola) and yogurt (and marveling at the sun rising on the mountains) we set off on our adventure! Three Kiwis, a German, a Canadian, and six Americans altogether in New Zealand's largest National Park (12,519 sq. km). Yup... it was awesome.

So the second I stepped on the trail I was like, woah, there's so much moss. Literally all of the trees and rocks are covered with moss... you can't even see what the rocks are!! There were a handful of times when when I lost my balance and fell into a tree... but it was completely OK because there was about four inches of moss covering every tree to cushion any falling.

When we started out, there where hardly any clouds in the sky, and we could just see mountains EVERYWHERE. Climbing up through the forest meant that we were only able to see glimpses of the mountains before we got above the bushline, but everything we saw was incredible. Unfortunately, we got out of the trees just as the clouds decided to roll in, so we didn't really have any views from the top (I was super bummed). It was so awful to know that if the clouds would only clear I'd easily be seeing the greatest thing of my life!

We began our tramp around nine in the morning, and we settled into our ridiculously far-off-the-trail campsite around 4:30 pm (we did a bit of bush-

bashing), and it looked like we could have easily been in a clearing in the middle of Fangorn Forest (if you haven't seen/read LOTR you wouldn't know). The rest of the evening consisted of an amazing pasta dinner, some very silly campfire games, and my feet getting eaten alive by sandflies (now I know better anyways).

It rained overnight, but luckily we all stayed dry, and it wasn't raining at all when we woke up. But man, it sure didn't stay that way for long. Once we were moving on the trail for a bit, it started to rain pretty good. Not really a pouring rain, more like a pretty steady rain that will completely soak you if you have to climb down a mountain in it for five hours. No harm done though, we all got dry eventually.

Shout out to Tom and Lochiel, our fearless leaders for guiding us through it all! I'm pretty sure I'll be back to Fiordland at least two more times while I'm here in New Zealand, and I can't wait to see more of it!



**The dampest place... (Amy Moser)**

---

Pick-up lines with Jake Schonberger (2013 Golden Shovel Award Recipient):  
*"I have three pick-up line apps!"*

*Did you just fart? Because you blew me away!*

*You turn my software into hardware!*

*You're on the right track, but the wrong train.*

*Can I take a picture of you? That way I can show Santa what I want for Christmas.*

# Henry

*Anna Murdoch*

The aquanauts we carry  
are heavy as fuck,  
so I'm glad we made friends  
with a big giant duck.

Henry's his name  
so don't you be shy,  
it's a hundred times faster  
and comfier to fly.

Just jump on his back  
he can take all us six,  
across to Lake Marian  
for some beautiful pics!

Look down at the valley  
it's glacial for sure,  
a steep sided U-shape  
with a lake to explore.

Duck with our cous cous  
for tea would be nice,  
but eating our Henry  
I'd have to think twice!

I don't want to carry  
our aquanauts back,  
it's a silly idea  
agreed the duck with a quack.

And so from now on  
you'll never catch me,  
going tramping in Fiordland  
without my Henry.



**One of those “heavy as fuck” aquanauts, about to be used on Lake Marian  
at Fiordland (Ella Borrie)**

## Ball Pass

*Luke Gardener*

(Easter/April Fool's Day trip 2013)

The week leading up to Easter was full of constant checking of the weather forecasts. Unfortunately for us the best weather was the Wednesday/Thursday, with the weather taking a turn for the worst for the Easter Weekend. In the end we decided to leave it. However, when checking the forecast again on Sunday morning, it became apparent that there was a 32-hour weather window that might make Ball Pass, with the cloudless sunrise we wanted, possible. At 13:00 we decided that we would leave; however, this meant that trying to find a PLB and a few other food items that we hadn't got yet was a bit of a hard task, it being Easter Sunday. Luckily, an urgent plea to the list yielded a PLB from the Alpine Club (thanks Paul!) which we picked up on the way out of town at about 17:15.

The drive to Mount Cook was pretty uneventful with our effort to help New Zealand's pest problem being rather poor with a total of only two hedgehogs run over accidentally, the rabbits being just too close to the drain on the side of the road to risk aiming for. We arrived at 22:30 to very strong winds, which we knew were supposed to die down in the morning, but still had the dilemma of deciding whether to pitch a tent during the night or bivvy down in the DOC kitchen. In



**Clement, Erwin, Luke, and the Caroline Face (Luke Gardener)**

the end we decided to pitch the tent as it being so early there was a chance that DOC would fine us for sheltering in the kitchen area. Alas, after getting maybe 20 minutes of sleep between the three of us between 22:30 and 01:00 and having the tent being blown onto our faces, we decided to pack the tent up and make a run for the DOC kitchen. We were not the only ones with that idea; most of the people camping were packing up their tents inside before getting into their cars and driving off to who knows where. We got out our sleeping bags, while the wind's howling outside seemed to increase in intensity, comforted by the fact that we had made the right decision, especially when 40 minutes later some loud Americans came in complaining that their tent poles had snapped in half. They were soon joined by an even louder German who proceeded to talk at about 80 decibels despite the fact it was now 2 am. I restrained myself from getting up, slapping the table, and yelling NEIN NEIN NEIN NEIN NEIN (in reference to the scene from Inglorious Bastards), instead opting for the less enjoyable but perhaps more understandable, 'it's two in the morning, do you mind?'

We woke up at 07:30 to a completely perfect Mount Cook morning; not a cloud in the sky, and the wind was already dying down. We were slightly concerned as Sunday's forecast predicted that there would be rain until midmorning, and wondered whether this good weather meant that the next front was moving faster than we expected, and would hit us the next morning while we were still on Ball Ridge instead of in the afternoon when we hoped to be well on our way along Ball Road. However, when we checked in at the DOC centre at 08:30, we were welcomed by a forecast that was better than Sunday's and showing us that the wind should have died enough in the evening to camp on the pass itself.

We set off at about 09:20 and made very quick progress along the Hooker Valley track. While there is no DOC track from where the old swing bridge crosses the river, there is a very well formed climbers' track, and it looks as though DOC are creating an almost 'great walk' style walking track along the true left side of the valley, mirroring the established track on the true right side. We followed the climbers' trail steadily, losing it every now and again on scree slopes, and completely where the older track has dropped into nothingness with the collapse of the Moraine wall, before reaching the bottom of our ascent gully at around 12:10 - the DOC time being fairly accurate. We had a quick lunch before beginning our ascent up the shingle fan. The first part of this wasn't the most pleasant activity as far from having large rocks to scramble over there is only very fine shingle and of course every two steps you took you slid one back. However, we were assisted by a reasonably clear trail, an advantage of going so late in the season and the fact that no sun was shining in the fan so we didn't expire. We reached the Playing Fields by approx. 14:30, and had a quick breather and route finding break. I can understand why people rave about the Playing Fields; even if you don't want to go all the way up to Ball Ridge, it has stunning views up the upper Hooker Glacier, Mount Sefton, and a number of other prominent peaks.



### **Luke and Erwin climb to Ball Pass (Clément Boixel)**

Having identified what we believed to be the ‘Z’ that you follow to get between the bluffs around the base of Mount Mabel, we restarted our ascent. Once again it became apparent that there was a fairly well defined trail from previous climbers, which allowed us to progress quickly without having to worry too much about the route; something that I’m not sure would have been the case at the start of the season. We took quite a leisurely pace and slowly wound our way across large scree slopes and the odd boulder field before reaching a point where it made more sense to climb onto the glacier than scramble over bluffs. After receiving a quick lesson from Erwin, Clément and I followed him onto the ice trying to avoid the classic rookie error of catching one foot as you lift the other forward. It was a reasonably easy climb, however, and we reached the top of the pass in about 40 minutes, at 17:30. The total time to the top including all of our breaks was 8 hours, not bad considering how slow we were going, though undoubtedly aided significantly by the clear trail.

After all three of us took the mandatory photos from the exact same spot of the exact same mountains, we began looking for a place to spend the night. In the end we settled for a spot just north of the pass that was clear of snow and ice, and began to build a rock wall to shelter us from the wind which, although light, was still quite cold. We then headed back up to the pass, Erwin climbing Kaitiaki Peak, to see the sunset, which wasn’t too shabby.

Dinner, where to begin? It was a bit of a disaster. I’ve now decided that rice

risotto is simply not a good meal to take tramping if you are not using a non-stick pot. I'm unsure of how you are supposed to constantly stir it to keep the rice from sticking to the bottom but at the same time keep the heat in so that it cooks at a reasonable speed. The stirring process was not helped by the fact I forgot to bring a wooden spoon, instead having to rely on a tent pole. The concoction that resulted while edible, got significantly worse the further you dug into the pot and I was left having to carry out a significant amount of inedible risotto. Later, while sitting comfortably in our sleeping bags digesting the burnt risotto we got treated to an amazing display of stars. I don't think I have ever seen the Milky Way so pronounced before and perhaps because I'd been to quite a few amazing places around the country lately, I found the stars bordered by the towering peaks around us left far more of an impression on me than the mountains themselves in the light of day.

After a pretty decent sleep, we woke up at around 06:45 as it began to get light. We put the pot on for a morning hot chocolate, which we then carried back to the pass and drank while the sun came up; a guided party getting a bit of a surprise to see us sitting there with our mugs waiting on the sun. The sun, when it did come, was fairly nice, the top of Mount Cook and her Caroline face beginning to turn pink as the first rays of sun peaked over the distant mountains.

After breakfast we began our descent towards Ball Ridge, only needing crampons for a horizontal stretch of around 150-200 m. The route down the ridge was reasonably straightforward; once again a partial trail guided us, though it was easy to lose and sometimes it was hard to ascertain whether it was best to climb over the top of high points or whether to skirt around the left or right. Nonetheless, travel along the ridge was reasonably straightforward; the only bit that was slightly more challenging was the steeper terrain directly above Caroline Hut. We stopped for a quick break at Caroline Hut, a lone feather the only sign of any Kea, before continuing down Ball Ridge. Once again the route was quite straightforward, though in places the old track had collapsed and dropped away into the valley below and some care was needed in choosing a route around the collapse.

While not finding the route off the ridge and down to Ball Shelter exceptionally difficult to discover, it wasn't marked so clearly that it was impossible to miss and in bad weather it would be quite easy to walk straight past it, following the old track which now bluffs out. Likewise, the route down, while very clear in some places, often branched off going in three directions, none of which would lead you too far astray but would consume time as you back-tracked to avoid cliffs. Proceeding, we made it to Ball Shelter about 13:15, just beating the approaching front that had begun to throw the odd rain drop at us as we moved off the ridge. After lunch we began the very monotonous and boring walk out along the old Ball Road. Once again, due to the collapse of the moraine wall the old road has, in places, been washed away so the route is slightly rougher than it was, but still

an easy walk out.

Because the car was parked back in the Hooker Valley, we decided that I would speed ahead to try get out and hitch a ride back to the car so two of us weren't stuck waiting for a long time at the Blue Lakes carpark. As I got close to the carpark I managed to catch up with some people who I then had a friendly conversation with; this had absolutely nothing to do with the fact I was angling for a ride (read as a cynical approach to tourists for my own self-interest). Anyway, the three French tourists drove me all the way back to where we had parked the car even though it was out of their way, I didn't even have to bring up the fact that they owed us one for blowing up the Rainbow Warrior - what a bunch of good sorts!

I got the car, picked up the others, and we headed back to Dunedin looking in the rear vision mirror to see that Mount Cook was now completely covered in cloud and rain. We had timed the weather perfectly! Cheers Erwin and Clément for the awesome trip, you French ain't so bad!

---

**Mum and Dad take blind son and monkey daughter tramping**  
(Joe Vincent)



## **Souter Peak (2035 m)**

*Neville Thorne*

Party: Claire Cannon, Ingerid Zeiner, Frazer Attrill, Thomas McKellar, George O'Sullivan, Tim Bright, Neville Thorne

Arhh... Well son, back when I was fit and able...

Weeks before the Easter break, the excitement in the flat increased a lot. Two trips to the Turnbull River on the West Coast happened, with three exploring further (Tom, George, and Nev). Everyone started together staying at the shelter at Pleasant Flat. The first night it rained, and with colossal packs we tramped slow from a gate on the Turnbull Road, slowed by “damn good” berry picking. We passed a small hydro power station and followed the intake pipes back. We then followed a 4x4 track that dug into the hill which lead us to the Turnbull River, this is all not far from Haast on the West Coast. We followed this track and its ancestors up the Turnbull, camping on grass beside the river.

On the third day we aimed up Souter Peak. That day was a beauty! When should we turn up the hill? Well, when we find that spur. So an hour or so from our second camp we turned straight uphill. Up we went through some patches of thick fern, we had short rests, forehead to foot sweat, arms and legs were trembling, under and over trees, it became thick indeed when the trees turned to scrub. Open tops greeted us with sun and we soon set up a tent beside a tarn. Tramping light, we youthfully tramped on, aiming steeply up for the top.



**Souter Peak from the Turnbull River (Tim Bright)**



### **Putting on crampons for the snowfield (Neville Thorne)**

Up at around 1100 m, maybe, we couldn't quite convince Ingerid and made for Souter Peak without her. Everyone seemed to know their way up, they just had to walk it. Navigation was an issue, rocks sunk and towered above in the landscape. We decided to press on at a speed, no absent thought or glance at the beautiful bluffs opposite us. "Check out those bluffs" everyone said many times, they were the bluffs on the side of Mt Harris and Mt Franklin. It's a lovely view up Mt Souter folks! Check it out some day? It has wonderful views, woohoo we were lucky! We needed crampons for the last 500 m snow field.

Next day, more awesome tramping. Everyone said their sweet goodbyes at the bottom; see you in month, good luck, I'm having burgers tomorrow and a shower. I missed nothing, my holiday had more than enough. For the three of us, Tom, George and me, the campsites continued! After picking up our food stash, we carried on up Ossify Creek while the others walked down the Turnbull again. There was some talk about where we would like to go. We chose forward! We chose Commotion Creek, and, after getting separated, we chose to do it together. After a hot fire and sleep by the river, we headed for this fairly random spur on the map hoping it would lead us up to the tops. A grand mossy spur it was, through thick bush with caves, bones and lemon trees, we sidled a ledge to get around the bluffs, and then eventually a route around was found. Then up to the sun. Up and down navigating steep fault gaps over to an unnamed pass. We walked over some stunning foliations. We camped at a tarn under the saddle, then next day we ditched the packs and went around the east side of Mt Harris in the morning. It was something special walking on flat rolling rock and scrambling



**Top: Tim and Claire empty their boots. Bottom: Neville, taking a selfie in the Turnbull (both Neville Thorne)**

up steep scree to the top, lovely views of below. Picking up the camp gear after the side trip, we went around and suddenly steeply down to Franklin Creek. I flew down, as one would on such a gradient with mass behind them, dropping down several sections 3 m or more. It was awesome tramping not knowing if we would be bluffed out below and especially exciting as the day grew to a close. We crashed down the last of the extremely thick and awesome sections! The next day we got totally mislead and lured up into some unfriendly bush! After some very awesome bluffy terrain, we met up with a hunter, then carried on tramping down the Okuru until we finally agreed on a soulful campsite. The fire was burning hardwood.

After the possum screeching at 5:30 am we got up early for some reason, we stomped down open valley floor, sometimes following cattle tracks in the jungle. We stopped the march for a swim in a sunny, sandy location beside the river; it was colder than your usual refreshing drink temperature. We were smart though, we had a giant burn up of the nearby trees, which were warming indeed to stand beside after a swim. Getting back to the road, I didn't want the trip to end, but it did, and these trips will end before you know it.

So next trip of yours, enjoy it like your last. Whatever I imagine before a trip, the real adventure always impresses me. Thanks for the great trip everybody.

Thanks OUTC!

---

Neville: *"My new pack gobbles everything."*

George: *"I think my pack's bulimic."*

Hunter in the Okuru: *"Tramping at this time of the year? You're game."*

# A Tramp With No Fly

*Anna Murdoch*

*A song to the tune of "A Horse With No Name" by the band America*

We walked up the long Beans Burn.  
Not a wilderness, with orange DOC markers,  
I counted seven tri-angles at once.  
The first night I spent, was a comfortable one,  
Under a fly, playing cards.  
Ella found some shoes in the rock biv nearby,  
And the radio gave us some fun.

I've been Five Passes on a tramp with no fly,  
It felt wet to be out in the rain.  
But you need not always remember a fly,  
'Cause Penzy's group'll share one for to keep you all dry.

La, la, la la la la, la la la, la, la  
La, la, la la la la, la la la, la, la

After two days, over Fohn Saddle,  
The rock began to turn red.  
Yes it's 5 minutes more down from Fiery Col,  
To the flat of Cow Saddle and bed.  
And the story we told, about our tent fly we found,  
We laughed and Penzy's group shook their heads.

You see I've been Five Passes on a tramp with no fly,  
It felt wet to be out in the rain.  
When you're tramping, it's really nice to be dry,  
So if passing Jaz's group you should borrow their fly.

La, la...

After three days, the other group ran free,  
'Cause the plan of North Col they would keep.  
We fought through some scrub while they took the scree,  
And the climb up to Park Pass was steep!  
A thunder-stormy night down in Theatre Flat,  
Marshmallow Easter eggs on the fire.  
Peter told a story and in pack liners we slept,  
We were cold - but our group's still the best!

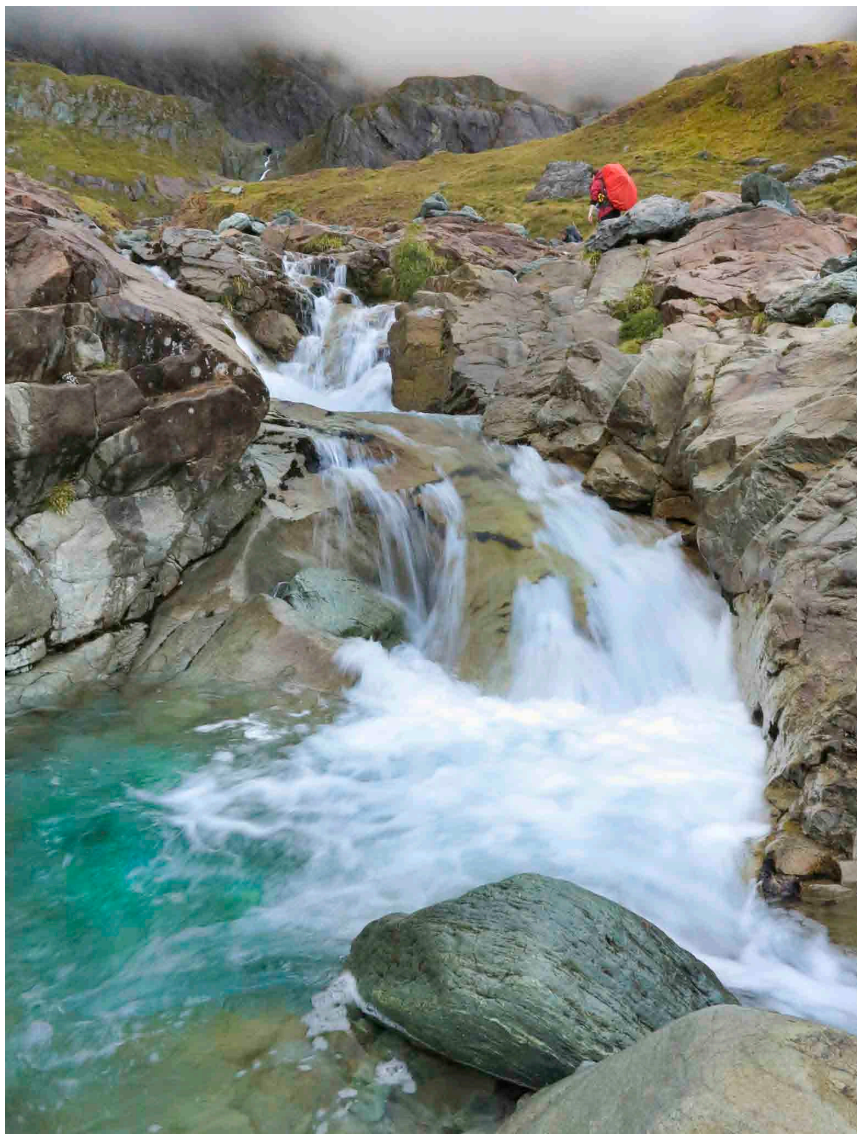
You see I've been Five Passes on a tramp with no fly,

It felt wet to be out in the rain.  
When you're tramping, you should remember a fly,  
'Cause it's quite useful for to keep you all dry!

La, la...

---

**This page** Near Fiery Col (Jaz Morris)  
**Overleaf** Top: Mt Franklin from Mt Souter (Tim Bright). Bottom:  
Aquanauting on Lake Marian at Fiordland (Ella Borrie)





I'd even trade an easter egg for some toilet paper!

- 5 Passes, Easter

Friday morning the other 30 or so people from the veranda at Wika Flats took off - tramping or something. We figured perhaps we should play with our packs a bit and look active. After 20 minutes or so of walking the Routeburn track, (pleasant though it was) - we figured it wasn't on our list of intentions.

After a little backtracking we found the appropriate turnoff to Sugarloaf Pass. A couple of hours on and pass 1 was conquered - great views of Wakatipu, Mt Earnslaw, etc. Thought we should do some overtaking and bag the best campsites at Theatre Flat before Carnarvon TC arrived. Theatre Flat is aptly named with great slabs of sheer, greasy rock lining the valley walls.

During the night it rained, blew, thundered and lightnigred - yet the day dawned fine. OTC were feeling damp and hung about to dry off - but with a ~~late~~ late start and morale booster we headed off. Later that day saw us up at Park Pass (great rock bin) with views back down the Rock Burn and of the route ahead in Hidden Falls Creek and up to Cow Saddle.

We fumbled a little with the track down to HFC - stuck to the northern side of the spur to avoid bluffs.

Easter eggs, blisters and defaecation dominated Easter Sunday. Any conquering of minor obstacles called for an easter egg stop. Bryce's bowels seemed to be in continuous motion with about 5 trips to the bushes each day. Anyone would think easter eggs weren't part of his normal diet. Blister problems were also Bryce's - a problem child really.

The rocks/soil around Cow Saddle and Fiery Col are very red and gritty. For once, though, there were no geologists on the trip to tell us all about it. We

climbed high up the stream from Cow Saddle and scrambled up rock ledges to Fiery Col. Thought about laying some easter eggs on the col for Dave's group - but what if OTC got there first!

We passed Dave's group down on the Olvine ledge and tried to keep quiet about our easter eggs.

Camping on the ledge was great - a stirring sunset

made the ledge vegetation appear very golden.

The next day we were over John Saddle and into the Beans Burn. Bryce was still having potty trouble. 'Hey guys, I'm down to my last few sheets - please bail me out!'

Late afternoon we camped in a clearing well down the Beans Burn. At least we thought it was 'well down'. 'Well down' enough to make it back to the landcruiser by 2:00 pm next day.

Next morning - 2 hours down the track we reached the spot on the map where we thought we had camped the night before - OOPS, sorry Dave! Guess we are in debt - -

Kerry Gentleman, Richard Dunn, Bryce New,  
Lisa McIlwraith.

## Five Passes - Easter 2013

Anna Murdoch

We couldn't be bothered writing a trip report ourselves, so we just took the applicable parts of the one we found in the Time Capsule. Everything written here did actually occur on our trip. There happened to be an amazing number of similarities!

"- 5 Passes, Easter"

"Theatre Flat is aptly named with great slabs of sheer, greasy rock lining the valley walls. During the night it rained, blew, thundered and lighteninged - yet the day dawned fine."

"Easter eggs, blisters and defecation dominated Easter Sunday."

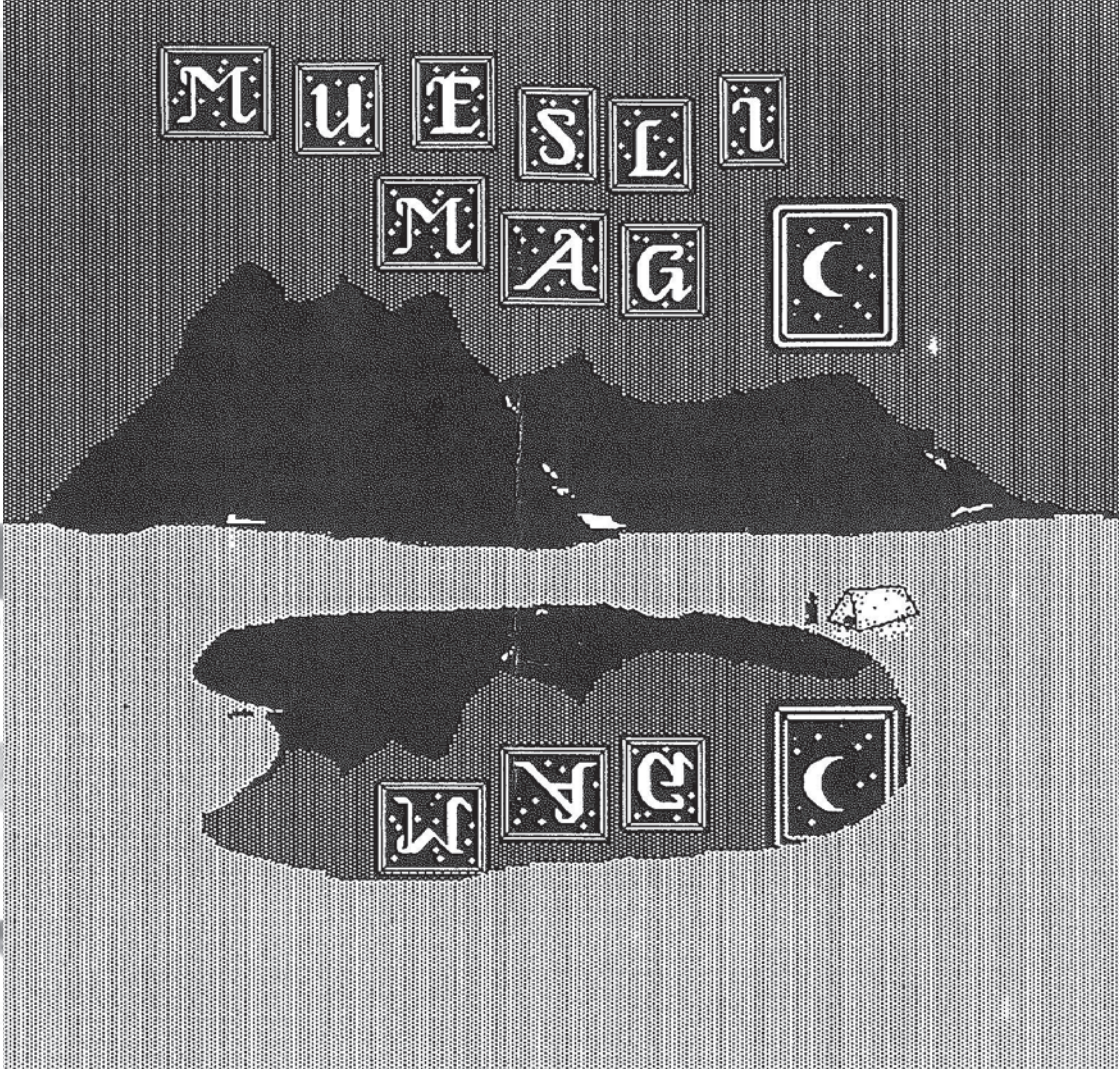
"Bryce's Peter's bowels seemed to be in continuous motion with about 5 trips to the bushes each day."

"The rocks and soil around Fiery Col and Cow Saddle are very red and gritty. For once though, there were no geologists on the trip to tell us all about it."

P.S. Upon re-reading and counting, I became aware that some people may not classify 5 similarities as an "amazing number." To cater for these unfortunates, I developed a calibrated system for quantifying the magnitude of both coincidence and amazingness of each similarity (numbers listed are out of 10, respectively).

3.2, 6.3, 2.5, 8.1, 5.7

Therefore, there is actually a sum of 25.8 similarities between the two trips. See? Amazing indeed!



## Time Capsule Collection

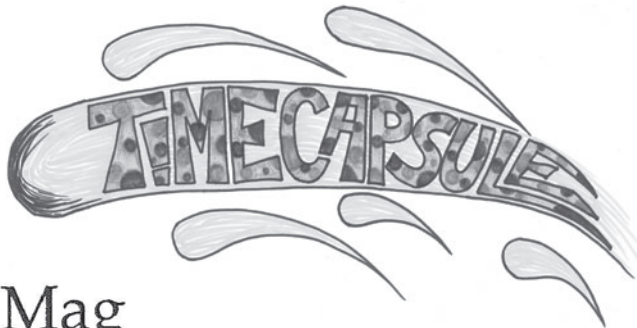
Late in 2013 as the gear room was being cleared out for the Clubs and Socs renovations a dusty “Time Capsule” was found deep in one of the cupboards. It contained a full proof of Antics 1988, handwritten articles submitted for a later Antics, Muesli Mags, and Snowcraft newsletters. The highlights of the Time Capsule are included here for historical interest. It’s funny how some things change - and how some others don’t.

**This page and page 74 from Muesli Mag, August 1991**

**Pages 75-78 excerpts from Muesli Mag, February 1992**

**Pages 79-82 excerpts from Muesli Mag, April 1992**

**Pages 83-85 Flyer for Snowcraft participants in 1989**



# Muesli Mag

Hello there, Oh no it's here again the dreaded third term but we all know there is nothing better for your work than a day off here and there and that's where we come in. We have planned a couple of weekend trips for the start of the term to old favorites such as the Takis, Makarora and Fiordland then for latter on some day trips - rock climbing, day walk somewhere close to Dunedin.

So what happened last term? Unfortunately we had a number of trips cancelled including what is usually one of the highlights of the term, Bushball. This was a great disappointment to the organising committee who hijacked the prez into taking them to Mt Luxmore where they drowned their sorrows in a glorious weekend of sunshine. Seriously it seems that people don't have much money and can't afford to go away on trips every weekend. We've learnt our lesson, next year bushball will be straight after bursary.

A full van went snowcaving to the Remarkables and by the sounds of it they made a fantastic snowcave (big enough for everyone) in a snowdrift spotted by Rodney.

A group of hardy souls made a valiant attempt to go cross-country skiing on the Rock and Pillers on Aug 3<sup>rd</sup>, however were forced to return to Dunedin after being nearly blown off their feet. They were back again on Sunday, when they made it to Big Hut and spent the afternoon taking in the view, trying to telemark, bumsiding down the hill and generally having lots of fun. Thanks to Chris for taking us up there.

Snow craft - Well, sounds like the weather wasn't ideal but people still managed to learn something. Quite a bit of rockclimbing was done, they even had to go into Christchurch one day to find somewhere to climb. Thanks a lot to the instructors and cooks for their time.

**Antics - "I want those articles now."** Also any good photos, drawings etc that you would like to contribute. Give Phaedra a ring if you have any questions about writing articles. They can be hand written or (even better) typed onto a Mac disk.

# Otago University Tramping Club

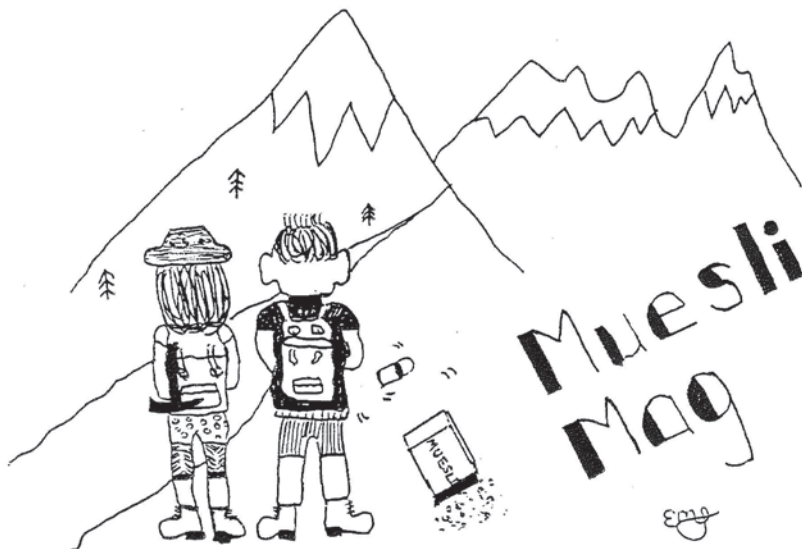
Box 1436, Dunedin, New Zealand



*Muesli Mag* Issue Number 1 February 1992

**Howdy** and welcome to O.U.T.C. for 1992. It's going to be a great year to get out into the hills, away from the pressures of Lockwood, into the southern (and slightly more northern) wilderness areas.

We've got a terrific line up of potential trips to gain that explorers edge over extensive terrain. You'll get a fair idea of what the club's about from the programme in this mag. By coming along to the first few events you'll meet heaps of really keen people and find out there really is life in the south beyond Dunedin.



Almost every weekend of the varsity year there is a trip out of Dunno going somewhere exciting. There's also a range of social events and instruction courses to look out for. The club essentially is a group of generally enthusiastic students ranging in experience from those who have spent little time in the outdoors to individuals whose knowledge and leadership are a tremendous asset to the club. If you're keen on an event or trip come along to a meeting and meet other enthusiasts.

The Garden Party at Woodhaugh Gardens (that's the park just upstream of where Leith Stream goes under George St) is the first opportunity for everyone to catch up, meet others and talk about the mountains and valleys. The club will provide the sausages, bring yourself, a drink, a ball and have some fun.

**MEETINGS:** EVERY MONDAY AND FRIDAY 12.50pm, Otago Room, Clubs and Societies Building. See you there!!

## Club Gear

Adjoining the Otago Room is the club gear room, guarded by two friendly bouncers. Their job is to be distinctly unfriendly when club gear remains in your hands for too long. Crossing their palms with a small amount of money will get you some gear (that's hire) and you'll also have to temporarily give them a lot more (a deposit) which they'll give back when the gear comes back. A deposit cheque can make its way back and forth between you and the gear officers quite happily for 6 months.

ITEM	HIRE FEE	DEPOSIT
Crampons	\$4	\$50
Ice Axe	\$2	\$50
Primus	\$2	\$50
Fly	\$2	\$50
Bash Hat	\$3	\$50
Tent	\$2	\$50
Pieps	\$5	\$50
Rope	\$5	\$50
Dehydrator	\$5	\$50
Billy	\$2	-
Fuel Bottle	\$2	-

These prices are for a weekend with hire being available to **club members only**. Special arrangements can be made if you want to hire stuff for more than a couple of weeks. Gear must be issued by the gear officers or in their absence, a committee member. You can pick up gear and return it at the Monday and Friday meetings. Be nice to the gear officers, take care of our gear and be prompt in getting it back for others to use.

To accomplish great things, we must not only act, but also dream; not only plan, but also believe.
----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

## OTHER WISDOM

**Muesli Mag** This newsletter will be published and sent to club members when you least expect to get some mail (so don't be surprised when it arrives). It lets people know what trips are coming up, what's been and what the goss is.

Keep this edition for reference about club policies, the phone list and club gear info. If you have any articles, ideas, items you've lost, want to buy, or sell, phone or see Richelle Dann or pass on your message to a committee member at a meeting.

**Antics** This is the clubs annual magazine, a great collection of the years events which is issued free to all members. Last year Phaedra tried (and is still a potential candidate) to break the record for the latest **Antics** ever to be published (possibly set by Mike Brien in 1990). Rumour has it the mag has really been sitting at the printery since before Christmas, so 1991 members, it should be in your hands soon!

Your help is essential in creating this magazine. Write articles soon after your trip and hand them to a committee member.

**Address** If you shift flat/hostel/house during the year, please let us know. (So you can get this newsletter.)

## Trampers Guide to their Galaxy

- 1 Think ahead; put your name down on the **green trip list** pinned on the wall in the Otago Room or organise a trip yourself. If places are restricted, make sure you're on the green list!
- 2 On the week of the trip (see this newsletter for info. or notices around varsity) go along to the meeting on Monday (preferably) or Friday or ring the organiser, fill in a **pink form** with details about you and give the treasurer a sum of money to pay for transport and food (usually between \$40 - \$55).
- 3 Find out when and where the van or bus leaves. It's usually at **6.00pm on Friday** in front of Clubs and Socs.
- 4 Pack you gear, the club gear list gives a good indication of what you'll need, or check with your trip leader. Don't worry about the hairdrier, we only carry a generator for bushball.
- 5 Arrive at Clubs and Socs on Friday **on time** for a quick pack-up. Bring along some money (70c for the Gore Piecart if down South!) for tea, sit back, relax, sing if you must and pray that your leader has bought the food for the rest of the weekend. Most trips arrive back in Dunedin late on Sunday evening.

### WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT A.B.C.??

When a person is hurt in the bush, the role of the first aider is not to diagnose injuries or illness, but by systematic assessment at the scene to recognise life threatening problems, or those likely to become life threatening, and to take the appropriate action.

#### *Examining the patient: Primary Survey*

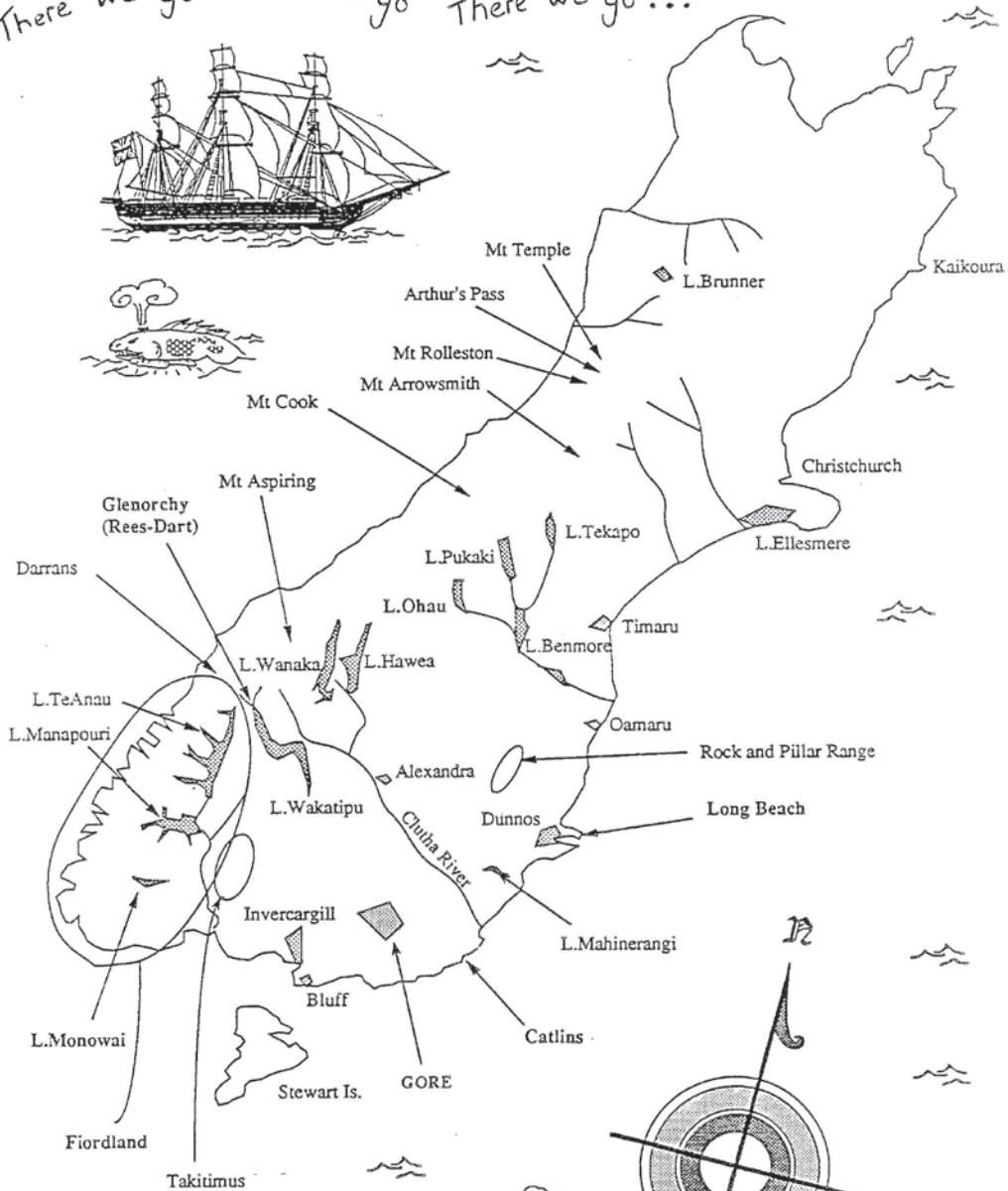
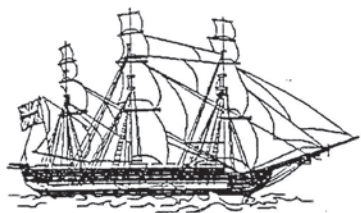
Check for responsiveness - shake and shout.

Send for help, writing down appropriate information.

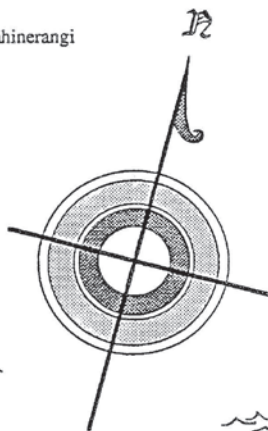
- 1 **Airway** - Is it clear? Open the mouth and look inside clearing the mouth of all obstructions before tilting the head back. Once the airway is established, it will take constant care by a rescuer to maintain it.
- 2 **Breathing** - Look, listen and feel to determine if the patient is breathing. If not breathing, begin rescue breathing.
- 3 **Circulation** - Check that the patient has a carotid pulse. If no pulse, commence C.P.R., a ratio of 15:2 with breathing for single rescuer or 5:1 for two person rescue. Check for life threatening bleeding.

The Mountain Safety Manual *Outdoor First Aid* is a good reference as well as the smaller handbook *Safety in the Mountains* published by FMC. Look out for the *OUTC First Aid Weekend*.

There we go There we go There we go ...



OUTC Mountains & Survey 1991





# OTAGO UNIVERSITY TRAMPING CLUB

Box 1436, Dunedin, New Zealand.

Muesli Mag

Issue Number 2

April 1992

Hi there. This second edition of Muesli Mag has a good line up of trips to join in on. **Easter** is the biggie coming up. There's also a **First Aid** weekend and the **cAVE PaRtY** to finish the term off with. Term two of course has the **Bushball** as well as the odd tramping trip (every other weekend). Why not try it? Have a break one weekend, come along with the club, meet some people and have a terrific time in some awesome terrain.



## MUESLI!!!

Servings:

Weight:

Ingredients:

This makes 13, 3/4 cup servings

1 kg

1/2 cup bran

4 cups rolled oats

1 cup crushed peanuts, or

other nuts or nut mixture

1/2 cup coconut

1/2 cup sesame seeds - optional

1/2 cup melted honey

Directions:

1 cup sultanas or other dried fruit

Mix bran, rolled oats, nuts, coconut and sesame seeds in large flat oven dish. Pour melted honey over mixture and stir well. Bake in oven for about an hour at 150 degs C (300 deg F). Stir 2 or 3 times during cooking. Muesli should be dry and very lightly browned. Cool thoroughly and add sultanas or dried fruit.

Ideal for tramping as there is no wheat germ, milk powder or oil to go bad.



**MEETINGS:** EVERY MONDAY AND FRIDAY 12.50 pm.  
Otago Room, Clubs and Societies Building.  
See you there!!

# \* What's been and gone? \*

## → THE GARDEN PARTY BARBY 29 FEBRUARY

A good afternoon at Woodhaugh, return of the Hermites and friends made for some exciting entertainment. (The poor ducks had never seen the like before!) And was that Ian who for some split seconds was hanging leg bound up a tree??

## → FRESHERS 7-8 MARCH

Always a great trip, beaut weather once again and introductions for many people to club activities with Paradise living up to its name. No-one lost anyone, Mike got his just deserts, people made it to the top of Xenicus for the second year running and generally a great time was had by all. Dave Cogger made a welcome (!?) return to the club with a party on the bus all the way to Queenstown.

## → OHAU 14-15 MARCH

it was a marvellous trip. OHAU Ian's group went down the Temple and into the Huxley. OHAU Ian's MSR went for a melt-down. OHAU Mark's group conquered Broderick Pass and gazed into the Landsborough (foggy though it was). OHAU Rodney showed he had no flies on him when he contemplated staying at that beaut moss patch Ian had talked about (and discovered the tent fly was in the van). Altogether it was a successful trip and a great weekend away in the Temple/Huxley/Hopins and Elcho valleys. (And the van made it to Monument!!).

## → RIVER CROSSING 21 MARCH

The Taieri has never been colder! A bus load of keen people learned to cross rivers in various ways then were thrown in to practice pack floating. After half an hour in the water the bonfire was wonderful. (So say all of us...)

## → FIORDLAND 28-29 MARCH

The land of rain, rain, snow and some more rain. A couple of groups looked at the rapidly rising rivers and decided that Bill's bus in Milford would offer the best accommodation on Saturday night. Those going up Mistake Creek had a rather damp night then on Sunday found that RIVER CROSSING skills are important - especially knowing when not to cross. Thanks to Mike, Howie, Alan and Rob the crew eventually made it across. A quick walk in the dark then 'a few more than there should be' in a van back to Dunedin, making it quite a long weekend.

## → BEN LOMAND: TREE CULLING 4-5 APRIL

(All for a good cause!)

A combined project with DOC and the landowner, together with lots of chainsaws and slashers. Vast numbers of pine trees on the upper slopes of Ben Lomand were dealt with by OUTC'ers (who indeed got a free chopper ride!). Thanks heaps to everyone who came, a really good job was done.

## → COMMITTEE MEETING MONDAY 6 APRIL

Discussion was held regarding gear, (as usual!) two flies and two sets of poles will be purchased, our two pieps fixed, cookers maintained, safety of climbing harnesses to be investigated, also replacement of some ice-axe shafts and ice axes is to be investigated.

A T-shirt officer was appointed,

If you would like a T-shirt see Anne, cost price at \$16.

It was decided that drivers of the van(s) (at least 2)

must be pre-determined before a trip (by transport officer) and these people must be aware of their responsibilities as a driver of a van.

Event calendar was set. To save money it was decided (as a trial) that this Muesli Mag will be distributed by members (as a paid job).

And the meeting finished at 8.55 pm. Good one Mike.



#### YET ANOTHER TARARUA BISCUIT RECIPE

Makes 50 biscuits, 1.1 kg weight.

Ingredients:

- 250g butter
- 1 1/2 cups (250g) brown sugar
- 1/2 tin (200g) condensed milk
- 2 cups (250g) flour
- 2 cups (190g) rolled oats
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 cup (45g) coconut
- 1/2 cup (60g) chopped nuts - optional
- 1/2 cup (75g) currants

Melt butter, sugar and condensed milk together in large pot. Add flour, rolled oats and baking powder. Divide in half. Spread each half onto a greased tray - spread with a knife into 30 X 30 cm square, repeat with other half. Cook at 150 deg C for 10-15 minutes till light to golden brown. Cut each tray into 25 biscuits - 5 X 5 cm. Gently loosen, move and leave on tray. To harden biscuits a little more, return to oven which has been turned off - leave for another 5-10 minutes.

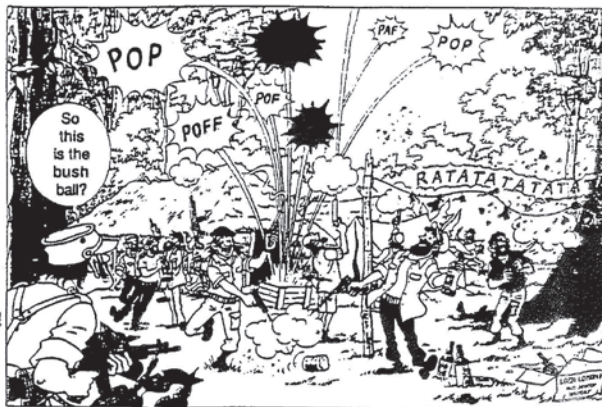
**T-SHIRTS for Sale**  
**\$16 - cost price**  
**White**  
**Club Logo plus**  
**Aspiring on Back**

## Bush Ball

Mystery location, (different to the past??!). A must for the unusual, different, unique way of experiencing the SI wilderness. See info in trip Itinerary. Bus, drink, cocktails, food, generator, music,... company provided... what more could you ask for??



Two hardy bush ball souls....  
and aren't they having fun??!



## ANTICS ARTICLES

A memorable trip?? An epic?? A poem?? A song?? You want your name in print?? You just have to write an article for **ANTICS** the club magazine and pass it on to Megan.

Record: Phaedra has beaten Mike Brien with a probable win in the section 'latest ever ANTICS'.  
(YES it's still coming...)

IF YOU HAVE BORROWED, TAKEN, HIDDEN, HOOKED, MORTGAGED, PANNED, COLLECTED, FILCHED, BURGLER, MISAPPROPRIATED, PILLAGED, POCKETED, PURLOINED, SWIPED, SEIZED OR RIPPED OFF ANY GEAR THE CLUB OWNS THEN... PLEASE RETURN IT.

## Reading Weather Maps... (plagiarised from Dave G.)

### Lessons:

- 1 Weather systems go W to E.
- 2 Winds go clockwise around cyclones (L's),  
and anti-clockwise around anticyclones (H's).
- 3 Wind goes parallel to isobars.
- 4 Isobars close together indicate strong winds.
- 5 Large pressure differences indicate severe weather.
- 6 Wet weather occurs on the ranges facing winds coming directly off the ocean. This is because oceanic winds are moisture-laden. Hence nor'-wests mean rain for the Alps and easterlies mean rain to the east (and all but an E or NE wind means rain in Fiordland!).
- 7 A passing front has NW wind (ie from the NW) and rain followed by W or SW cool winds.
- 8 The coldest (snowy) weather comes from the SW, S or SE
- 9 Watch for stationary H's; when they're off-shore they can stall a front right on top of NZ for ages.

DESIGN A T-SHIRT!!  
IDEAS AND DESIGNS WANTED  
WIN A PRIZE!!

What on earth would humanity do with themselves if something did not stand in their way?



# Snow Craft 89

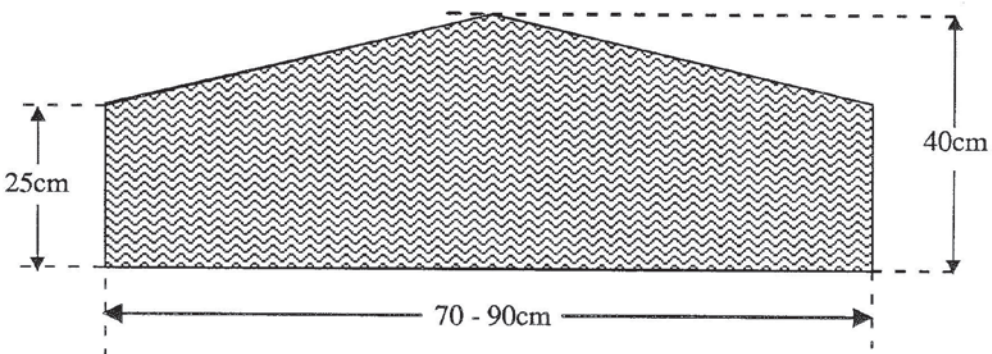
## - Information Sheet -

- Where:** N.Z. Alpine Club Hut at Arthur's Pass.
- When:** Leaving Clubs & Sox at 8:30 am Sat 5th August. Return sometime on the 11th. The first meal will be served Saturday night.
- Transport:** Room for 8 people in van (if we've got one). Otherwise you've got to **make your own way** there - by rail or by bus arriving on Saturday night.
- Cost:** **\$190.** This includes instruction, food, and hut fees.  
If you need to hire a helmet, crampons, ice-axe etc., then ask Karen to put your name down for those items. We will try to have some 25mm tape and pruisk-cord for sale from the gear room
- Overboots:** It can get very cold in the snow. Not just a cool Dunedin day, but like -15°C. People have been frostbitten on SnowCraft in the past, and may we assure you - this is an experience to be missed.  
Wet leather boots can promote frostbite. We have found that simple home-made PVC overboots can prevent this. If you have a pair of leathers, make yourself some from the pattern (sewing-machines help no end).
- Fitness:** Climbing is heaps safer and more fun if you're fit. Go on as many runs or bike rides as you can before the course.
- Priorities:** when in the mountains:-  
1) The safety of **you** and your **partners**.  
2) Having a good time (we do this for fun right?)  
3) Getting to the summit

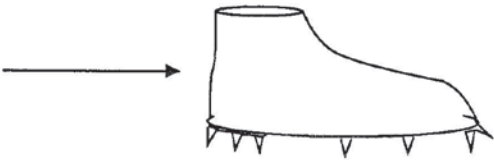
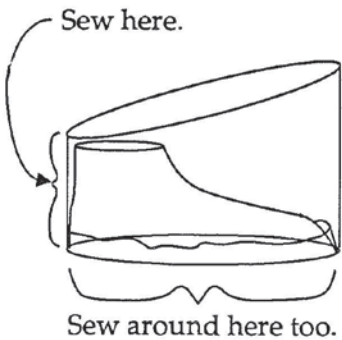
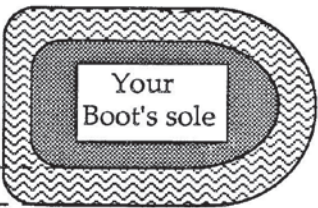
**- in that order!**

# Pattern for making PVC Overboots.

The necessary tent-floor-like material can be got from McGrath's (Gt King St.) This takes longer than you'd expect, so make them as soon as poss.



Remember: you need two of both of these!



Final result = toasty toes!

Put your boot into it's overboot, and attatch your crampoons over the top of them.

# SnowCraft-Gear

## Essential

Pack  
Boots, Woollen Socks  
Water bottle (one litre+)  
Balaclava/Hat  
Raincoat (long)  
Scrog (Choc-peanuts+)  
Underpants, Bra etc  
Shorts

Wool Jersey  
Sleeping Bag  
Over trousers  
Your first aid kit  
Sewing Kit  
Lighter  
Any Medication  
Torch and Batteries

Sun Block, Pink Zinc  
Long Johns  
Wool Mitts/Gloves  
Overgloves  
Foam Sleeping Pad  
Knife, Spoon, Mug, Bowl  
Harness  
1.5m Tape Sling

Ice Axe  
Prusik Loop - 1.0m diam.  
                                    - 0.6m diam.  
Crampons  
Helmet  
Snowstake  
Karibiners - 2 plain  
                                    and > 1 screwgate

Overboots (for leathers)  
Gaiters/Putties  
Sunglasses/goggles  
Plastic Bags  
Thin Polyprop Gloves  
Teatowel (I mean it!)

Tick



- Polypropelene can be used instead of wool.
- With sleeping bags, the warmer the better.
- Put tape on before you get blisters.
- Put name-tags on gear you want to keep.
- There is rumoured to be showers at the hut now.

## Desirable

T-Shirt  
Running shoes, Jandals  
More dry clothes  
Camera, extra film  
Windbreaker  
Sun Hat  
Book, Cards  
UTC Song-Book  
Crampon Allen-Key  
Towel, toiletries  
Emergency bog-roll

Tick



## Possible

Hacky Sack  
Ski Gear (Temple Basin!)  
Lip-Chap  
Tampons + applicator  
Walkman + Talking Heads  
Moist Towlettes  
Toe-nail Polish  
Cellular Telephone  
Yak (to carry above gear)

Tick



## Tramping Between Weather Bombs

*Penzy, Robina, Lydia, and Emma*

*Cass Lagoon Saddle Track*

Weather Bomb One: Flooding through most of the South Island. Lots of unexpected surface puddles all along the roads. Snowing at Queenstown, so scratched original plan two hours before trip. Cast frantically around for new trip. Snow along the route of new trip, very pretty, laid back enjoyable trip.

Weather Bomb Two: Massive snow dump arrives nearly two days early, up to several metres in places. Skifields avalanche their own utilities. Central Otago sheep are trapped, Porters and Arthurs Passes shut, Porters with more than a metre of snow. Last day of tramp, wake to sea of snow. Swim down valley in mounting avalanche danger. Cold and wet. Road shut, no hitch. Start 13 km walk to car in initially-scenic-and-subsequently-just-bloody-cold snow, fingers and feet freezing. Car buried, darkness falling. Chain breaks driving into Arthur's Pass. Road opens 3 pm next day. Make dash for Dunedin. Home. Bed. Warmth. Sleep. Multiple people in need of thanks.

Dear **Fulton Hogan** folks,

Thank you unreservedly for picking us up in your ute half way to our car just out of the thriving metropolis of Cass. The sight of your trusty red 4x4 motoring towards us through the snow was like Christmas come early for four frozen-footed trampers, though when you continued on past us with a promise to pick us up on your way back, our joy was somewhat tempered. However, you were true to your word, and after another hour of trudging we squeezed gratefully into your chariot of cosiness and you dropped us off near Bealey Lodge. Your mild amusement at finding us out in such ridiculous circumstances lightened our spirits just as much as your heater warmed our cockles, even though as med students we are unsure where the cockles actually are. Thanks for fitting us all in in one go and our packs too. As it turned out I wouldn't have been able to get the car out myself and come back for the others...

Thanks also for the repairs to my chain that broke as we drove to Arthurs Pass that night. Although Robina was convinced she could MacGyver a fix with a piece of cord and 3 cable ties, she grudgingly admitted that the metallic solution you came up with when we tracked you down in the store the next day was probably more durable. As it turned out we ended up needing chains on the way home on the roads through the back of Canterbury. We probably didn't have enough cable ties to make it back to Dunedin, so you really saved our bacon.

Speaking of roads, thanks to the whole team for working all night to make the road over Porters not just passable, but entirely snow free. Was most definitely a

fantastic effort and no doubt much appreciated by all trapped motorists that day.

Very much in your debt,  
Penzy, Robina, Lydia and Emma.

Dear **Farmer near Bealey Hut**,

When we climbed over your snowy gate, snuck past your dogs and knocked on your door on that dark winter evening, we were hoping for some help but were blown away by your response. You must have been very surprised to find such scruffy, soggy, semi-frozen trampers on your doorstep interrupting your dinner, but you rose magnificently to the meteorological challenges and cleared the road not just once but twice! This meant we didn't have to wade through thigh-high snow for hundreds of metres to get to our car, and also allowed us to escape to Arthur's Pass for a nice warm night rather than risking hypothermia in a fire-less Bealey Hut. The road was fantastically cleared and we did not get stuck or do any damage. Your road-clearing thus spared us a day (or two, or three.) of huddling in Bealey Hut, subsisting on Penzy's beloved instant noodles and entertained only by amusing Peter Wilson anecdotes. We are forever in your debt for this.

Thanks again most enthusiastically,  
Penzy, Robina, Lydia and Emma.

Dear **Mountain House Youth Hostel**,

What a haven you are for the frozen and footsore! Thank you very much for opening up for us in the middle of the night in the middle of winter. After having a snowstorm close the road after our tramp and scupper our plans to hitch back to our car, and after being picked up by a Fulton Hogan hero on this way back west, and after having the local cocky clear two roads for us so we could get our car out, we thought the drive to Arthur's Pass would be a walk in the park. Of course, the universe gave to throw just one more spanner in the works, and about halfway to from Bealey Hut we heard the unmistakable clunk of one of our chains breaking.

Fiddling round on your hand and knees underneath a car in the snowy dark is not as hilarious as it sounds, especially when you are completely sopping and about a quarter frozen and just a tantalising few kilometres from hot water. Eventually we decided to just limp into Arthur's Pass on one chain. And what a paradise we found at Mountain House! Warm beds in a warm room, even warmer hospitality (including your mild amusement at finding a bunch of trampers on your doorstep late at night in a snowstorm when the road had been shut all day), hot and clean showers and a drying room. Tea, unlimited porridge (genius idea that), gorgeous kitchen to cook our instant noodles in, a cosy sitting room full of books and comfy sofas, good chats. It was almost sad to leave after a fun time the next day

of screeching at your local keas and building snow fortresses waiting for the road to open, but we'll be back for sure. Hopefully in slightly less inclement weather.

Warm and friendly thanks,  
Penzy, Robina, Lydia and Emma.

---

## **Mt Ruapehu - January 2008**

*Cleo Davie-Martin*

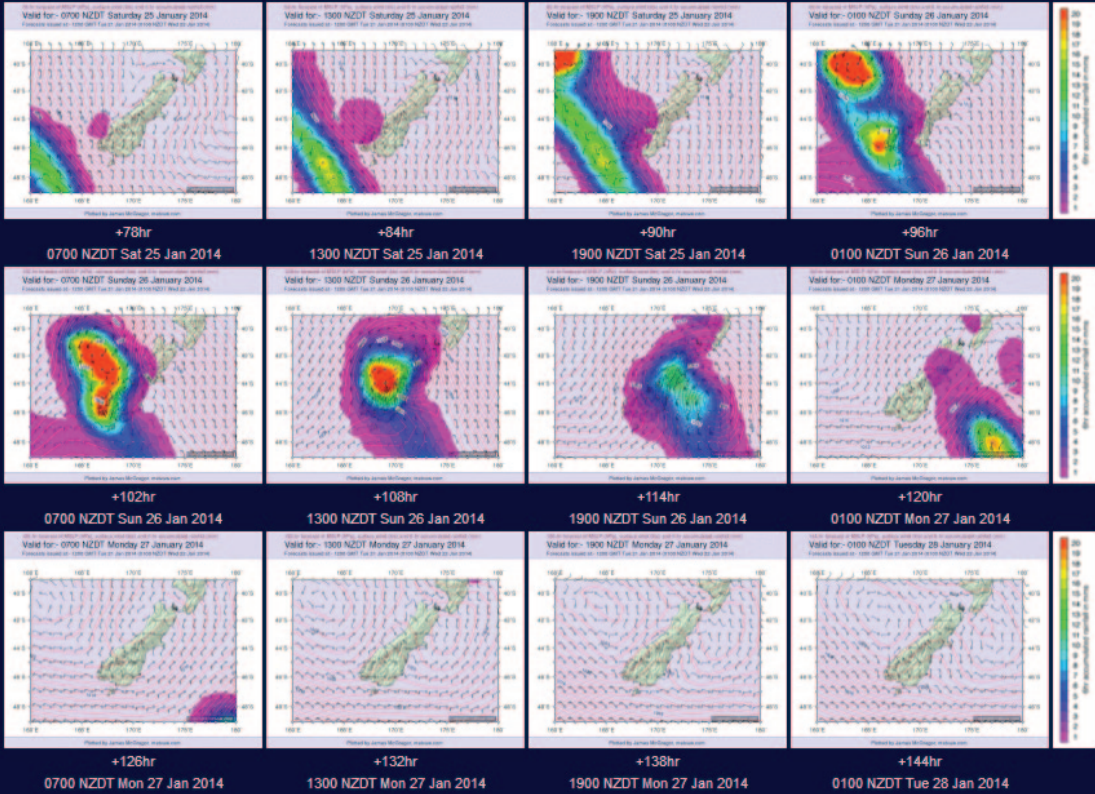
I went to Mt Ruapehu, Tongariro, and Ngarahoe in the central North Island for a couple of days tramping during my summer holidays. The first morning we had planned to do a short day walk to the Tama Lakes near the base of Mt Ruapehu, but when we woke it was such a fabulous morning that we raced up the Bruce to Mt Ruapehu and decided to climb to the summit.

There was a group of five of us heading up there. First of all, we caught the chair lift up 2/3 of the mountain, which was a nice easy way to gain altitude. The weather started to look a bit dodgy with huge banks of cloud engulfing Mt Ngarahoe and Tongariro. After a brief whiteout at the top of the chairlifts the skies cleared and we decided to continue to the top.

The walk was fairly straightforward and after a short while we had made it to the snowline and started to plod on up the snow. Soon we were above the clouds and could see all the way across to the West Coast of the North Island and down to Mt Taranaki/Egmont. Although beside us, Mt Ngarahoe and Tongariro were completely enclosed in a thick blanket of cloud. We were amazed that it hadn't quite made it up and over Ruapehu.

As we neared the top the wind was blowing a bit of a gale, which kept us at a comfortable temperature under the hot sun. We reached the summit after approximately two hours and sat down on the sheltered side of the mountain for lunch. We had a quick squizzy around the Crater Lake and hut that had had its floor smashed in a few months prior by an eruption. Looking out towards the East Coast, there was a huge bank of cloud lingering around the side of the mountain and it looked as if we could just step off the side of the mountain onto this solid blanket of cloud.

We begun to get a bit cold and decided to start our descent in which our leader took us down an alternative route. This involved a *lot* of snow; so out came the black plastic rubbish bags and raincoats, which we sat on and slid down. Talk about making quick work of the downhill section! It was great fun speeding down there on our backsides, dodging rocks and wiping out all over the place, resulting in clumps of icy snow going down our backs! We were down the mountain in less than half the time it took to go up. What a great little day trip with superb weather! It's worth a visit if you're in the area.



**Top: Weekend weather bombs are the bane of the OUTC (courtesy of Metvuw)**  
**Bottom: View from the top of Mt Ruapehu with huge banks of clouds covering Mt Ngarahoe and Tongariro in the background (Cleo Davie-Martin)**





**From:** Alexis Belton

**Subject:** [outc] Field assistant needed on the west coast for 4-5 days (iMoM dispatch)

Hey guys,

I am looking for an assistant(s) (a fieldie) to help me with some geological fieldwork in the Collie Range, near Lake Paringa on the West Coast.

You will need to be fit, patient, and accustomed to rugged terrain and bush. You will also need to be able to carry a decent load as your role will largely consist of carrying rocks and helping me out when I am in awkward positions on an outcrop by jotting down occasional notes. In brief, the job will not be glamorous but here is why you should consider doing it:

- I would cover all the expenses of the trip including beer and good food in the evenings.
- Kudos (How often do people just bash up a random range, never getting above the bushline?)
- You'll see cool bush and probably get to see lots of cool bird life (last time we were followed by cheeky kaka fooling around for a good hour).
- We could do a trip on the way back to Dunedin (probably just 2-3 days).

There is a 'slight' hitch in that at this stage I've yet to secure a car for the trip. So if you have a car that would be a bonus. But otherwise I should be able to sort that out.

Alexis Belton

---

**From:** P Wilson

to Alexis, OUTC

If you want a view, take a ladder.

---

**From:** J Brinkmann

"Kudos (How often do people just bash up a random range, never getting above the bushline?)" *My answer, too bloody often on my tramps...*

---

**Facing page Top: Green Lake in May (Maria Mikhisor)**  
**Bottom: Before TWALK, members of Where's Fast-ish Wally hide among members of To Be Confirmed (Laura Doughty)**

## Old Man Woes (Nicholsons Hut, Old Man Range) - June 2013

*Cleo Davie-Martin*

Party: Cleo Davie-Martin (L), Joe Vincent, Erin Vincent, Valentin Rougé, and Carly the dog

I had been hearing more and more of the Old Man Range nestled away in the back blocks of Roxburgh, Central Otago and decided it was high time I paid a visit. The area appealed because of the short drive from Dunedin (only two hours), the famous rocks (the Obelisk), and because there was a hut to keep out any foul weather (you'll see that this point is particularly important).

Last year, I went on a trip to 'Nicholsons Hut'. Well, that was the plan... until we bailed! In all fairness, the weather forecast was not really that good (it looked like a swarming mass of bright red covering the majority of the South Island could create a bit of turmoil on Saturday). But our judgement was only a little impaired by the perfectly clear and sunny forecast for Sunday. What did it matter if we had to walk in the wet and cold one day if we were treated to spectacular warmth, sun, and views the next? Well, it mattered! We left the ominous clouds of Dunedin and headed inland on the Saturday morning, arriving to steady drizzle at the carpark. We piled out of the cars and prepared ourselves for a slog uphill in the rain. Within 100 m of the car, the rain turned to snow. An hour later the snow was falling with enthusiasm more befitting a blizzard and it had settled to near on ankle deep. Things were getting progressively worse, very quickly and with at least another 500 m more of elevation left to gain and group members starting to get cold, we decided it was time to turn around with our tails between our legs. Whose silly idea was this? Then we had to barge in on Tom's family and bludgeon some of their shelter to eat our lunch and recover ever so slightly. Well, that was the tale of how we drove to Alexandra for the day, just so we could eat some lunch before heading home...

But that was last year. This year was going to be completely different! It was with an 'average' forecast that I suggested to a few that we tackle that Old Man Range again. And it really was just average (not horrific); a few showers were predicted for Saturday (the blue to purple kind on the Metvuw forecast chart) and Sunday looked like it would be a tad overcast, but a bit drier. I'd managed to convince my French intern, Valentin, that he should give tramping a go, so after loading him up with all our spare gear and clothing, we piled into Toby the truck with Carly the dog squeezing in by the skin of her teeth. By the time we got to Roxburgh it was indeed raining and that was about the point when we realised we didn't bring a spare raincoat for Valentin. So we made a slight detour into Alexandra to find one of those handy \$2 ponchos, had a quick bite to eat, and then headed back up the road.

This time around Toby the truck was able to carry us further up the track than our

feet had managed the previous year and it wasn't until we hit the first remnants of snow sprinkles on the ground that we parked up and took to our feet. There was a bit of snow about but not enough, we decided, for snow shoes. It was blowing a bit of a gale and there may have been a few sprinkles of rain or snow, I forget which. I was most concerned with whether or not Valentin would enjoy trudging through snow in sneakers with his poncho flapping wildly about him. Oh well, we were here now. By the time we reached the top of the main ridgeline, conditions were pretty grim. It was almost a whiteout. Almost. But I managed to follow the odd marker pole and the faint line of the track beside a row of bulgy tussocks that were just managing to poke their noses out through the snow. Coming down the other side of the range to Nicholsons Hut was actually rather pleasant, slipping and sliding all over the place in the snow-covered tussock. After a quick plunge across the river at the bottom, we snuggled into the hut just as the snow started to fall in earnest. What felt like a decent walk actually only turned out to be about 3-4 hours, but it was enough and we set about making dinner and warming up in the hut.

Nicholsons Hut is a very quaint little tin shed. There is no fireplace or running water (the river is just over the bank), but the bunks are nice and wide and there is a decent stash of books. There are a few holes in the roof and the toilet doesn't have a door, but there is a nice front doorstep in the entrance way to the hut. All in all, it had character, which is exactly what you want in a hut! That night with our bellies full of banoffee pie, we crawled into bed, thankful for the walls surrounding us. The snow did nothing to calm the wind, which whipped and whistled around the hut keeping us in a constant state of 'not-quite-warm-enough-for-our-liking', with the exception of Valentin, who was freezing his butt off and didn't appreciate the pile of snow that was dumped on his head through a hole in the roof in the middle of the night. The snow continued to fall all through the night and by morning there was an extra few inches around the hut.

By this point I was a little concerned about our return journey. It had been hard enough to follow the track the previous day without the worsening conditions. It was very windy and very snowy (not at all what the forecast had predicted). I guessed that a few inches of fresh snow around the hut meant close to a foot of fresh snow on the top of the ridge line, which proved to be correct. Joe comforted me with the fact that he had his GPS and we would be able to find our way back to Toby even if the snow had completely covered the track markers and there was no visibility up top. In the end we figured it was only 3 hours walking; we might be cold and a bit miserable, but we could make it back to the truck. And with this optimistic thought, we wandered off into the swirling weather.

I can honestly say I had never experienced a complete whiteout until that day. It is unbelievable how disorienting it can be – you hear stories about whiteouts and struggle to believe that it can really be that bad. But I guess it isn't until you're stuck in one that you can really comprehend. We had to use the GPS the

last 200 m or so to the top of the ridge and down the other side because there was absolutely no way we would have got anywhere useful otherwise (except back to the hut). By the time we reached the signpost at the top of the ridge (and I think I speak for all of us when I say we were rather impressed that we came straight upon it – good ole GPS), Valentin's poncho was keeping maybe 1/10th of his body dry, Joe said he was pretty buggered (I don't think I've ever heard Joe say he's buggered and actually really mean it before), Erin had a brave smile plastered on her face, and I was rather cold but more worried about everyone else, but was otherwise finding the experience quite exciting. Having got the hard part over, we didn't muck around and booted it back down to the truck. The last couple of hundred meters downhill were most enjoyable. The wind had abated just a tad and it had stopped snowing enough that we found the energy to prance and glissade and slide our way back down. It's funny, when it's been so windy you can hardly hear yourself think and then it suddenly stops, you get engulfed by an eerie sort of silence that is only broken by the faint patter of snow on the ground. And everything is calm and peaceful. After our somewhat traumatic morning, it was quite a relaxing end to the trip. And what a relief it was to sit down to a hot drink in Roxburgh and change into some drier clothes!

So all in all it was a pretty interesting weekend! Joe would say we found a fair whack of experience up in the Old Man Range. I would have to agree. Valentin, well – he never went tramping in NZ again, but to his credit, he still showed up at work on Monday morning with a smile on his face! So my advice to you if you are heading into the Old Man Range: if the forecast is horrific; believe it! If the forecast is average; you probably want to multiply the average-ness by a factor of worse-than-imaginable before you believe it. Then hopefully you'll manage to avoid those Old Man woes.



**View from Nicholsons Hut (Cleo Davie-Martin)**

## **Old Man Range: A Dog's Tail**

*Joe Vincent (with finishing touches by Cleo Davie-Martin)*

Party: Cleo Davie-Martin, Joe Vincent, Erin Vincent, Valentin Rougé, and Carly the dog.

I'm black – just to get this story off to a good start. I'm also short; only come up to the boss' knee. I'm long though; about 1.1 m from my nose to the end of my tail. I'm also a dog.

There seemed to be a lot of activity in the house; the boss was moving stuff around and putting things in a funny smelling sack. I thought I'd go help by giving him a quick face wash, but I got pushed and told to "go away". Ungrateful prick! That's alright, I will try again later.

Hey, there's that noisy, stinky thing I have to jump into sometimes; this should be fun. Aah, OH MY GOD! WALK TIME!!! It's my lead – time for a walk!!! Oh bugger, we are only getting in the truck... Hey, I remember what this strange girl smells like; a mixture of cloves, lemon, eggs, and orange. I better lick her face to say "hello". What a boring drive it was – I ended up having a sleep.

Now the buggers have kicked me out while they have lunch in the warmth of the truck; I only wanted a little taste... Hey what's this white stuff coming from the sky? It's alright to walk through; a wee bit cold underfoot, but it makes good tunnels if I push my head into it.

Finally, they are emerging from the truck. Let me see if I can find some leftovers... It looks like they are all getting dressed up for something. One of them has a big, clear flappy thing covering him. They all carry smelly sacks on their backs. Boy, they sure walk slowly. I had a sniff about some of the rocks and plants the boss was looking at; boring things – I don't see what the big deal is with them really.

There is quite a bit more white stuff the further we walk uphill. If I run and dive, I can almost completely disappear! I tried to get the others to join in, but they don't seem very enthusiastic. The one with the French accent did a bit of a dance and sat down at one point, but he won't play hide and seek in the snow.

We started going downhill. What was the point of the boss making us walk uphill if he's just going to make us walk back down it again? I'm kind of glad though; that wind up top was turning my ears inside out. I had a walk around in a river just now; some of those rocks get bloody slippery! Hey, look at this; it looks like our back shed. It's got a few more holes in it though.

I guess I got a bit wet from the white stuff and the river. The boss keeps fretting over me and wraps me up in a blanket. At least now he lets me clean his face;

tastes kind of salty. Ooh, what's that? It smells milky, but looks like the fluffy white stuff from outside. Maybe if I sit still and stare at it politely, the boss will let me have some. Eew, it tastes like banana and caramel; what are they eating? I'll stick with my crackers thanks.

Everyone started dressing in puffy worm clothes because it was getting darker and colder; it must be bedtime. Thankfully, the boss made me a nice possie on the floor of the shed; it is quite windy outside and there are a few whistles where the peep holes are in the shed. Well, that was a pretty good day!



**Jake Schonberger:** *"Look everyone, sunbathers ahead!"*

---

## How to Extort Money from Trip Members 101

From: Jacob Schonberger  
To: Cleo Davie-Martin  
Subject: Re: JAKE - petrol costs

Fuel came to about \$45 each, it was quite a distance into the Skippers that we travelled, 01 1234 5678910 987 is my account. No super urgency, but remember **I know where you all live.**

I have a few mates from Russia visiting. I might send them over for a cup of tea if I can't afford tea of my own...



OUTC PRESENTS

# THE GREAT GATSBY

## BUSHBALL

WHERE: MT ASPIRING HUT, MT ASPIRING NATIONAL PARK

WHEN: WEEKEND OF 27<sup>TH</sup> – 28<sup>TH</sup> JULY

COST: £85 A TICKET

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT CLUBS DAY AND MEETINGS THEREAFTER









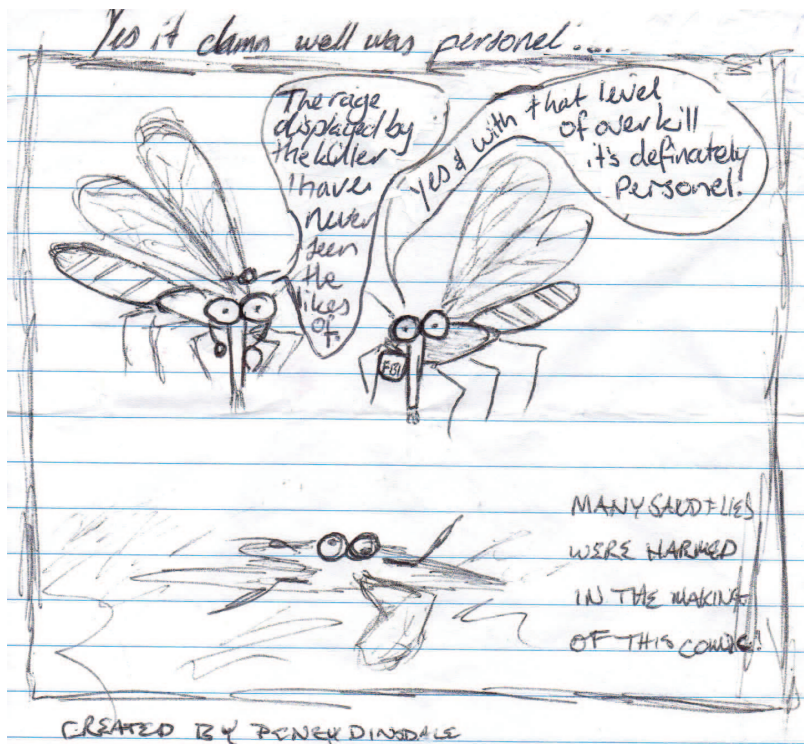
## Cool Cats Bashing Bushball

*Published in Critic, issue 19, 12/08/2013*

Dear Critic,

The tramping club recently had their annual Bushball. It was the most fun I have had at Uni. Many thanks to all the cool cats who made it happen. OUTC is such a gem. They deserve some loving.

- A Happy Camper



Anna, at Bushball: *"And then I accidentally chopped off my eyebrow!"*

**Page 97** Top: Ticket to Bushball 2013. Bottom: Drink stop at Wedderburn (Ella Borrie)

**Page 98 and 99** Photo credits, clockwise from top left: Eva Duncan, Tim Wareing, Henry Hawkins, Ella Borrie, Ella Borrie

**Facing page** Top: Bushball hangover. Bottom: Bushball hangover cure (both Ella Borrie)

## **But What If There Are Ten Wolves?**

*Max Olsen*

*An attempt at Mt. Halgurd, Iraqi Kurdistan.*

You might not think of Iraq as a land of mountains, or, for that fact, as a land of anything other than desert and violence, but the semi-autonomous Kurdish region in the country's north does its best to buck the trend. I'd been living in Slemani, one of the the region's major cities, for a few months when I decided the time had come to have a look at some of the region's bigger mountains. I'd previously climbed the city's local mountain, Pira Magrun (2700 m) and ever since I'd been itching to have a go at Mt. Halgurd (3700 m), which lay just a stone's throw from the Iranian border, several hours' drive from Slemani.

The weekends in Kurdistan run over Friday and Saturday, so it was after work on Thursday that I ducked out of the university where I was working, catching some strange glances as I stood by the dusty street trying to hail a taxi with an ice-axe strapped to my pack. Eventually I was picked up and in the city centre I transferred to a shared taxi heading for Lake Dukan, the first major stop on the road to Mt. Halgurd. I chatted with a Kurdish triathlete as our taxi raced up the motorway to Dukan and by the time we reached the small town that lay at the outlet of the lake, I'd been invited to stay the night in a bunkroom at the town's sports centre.

Next day, I was up at first light, and after thanking my hosts, I headed out to the road to begin hitching. It was spring and the hillsides were a fantastic green in the morning light, broken by impressive red cliffs and rocky chasms. At first a couple of trucks rumbled and clattered past without stopping, but then a ute pulled over for me. Throwing my bag on the deck, I climbed into the back seat. The driver was a security policeman heading home for the weekend and the other passenger was another hitch-hiker, a seventy-year-old wheat farmer from a village further down the road. We chatted as much as was possible, but the farmer's country accent proved quite a challenge, and I was often forced to ask the driver to interpret into a more standard Kurdish.

Two more rides saw me on the famous Hamilton Road. This road, which winds its way though a series of canyons and passes from the Kurdish capital, Erbil, to the Iranian border, was in fact built by a New Zealander, Hamilton, in the 1930s. It being Friday, the road was busy with ute-loads of families out for a Friday picnic in the mountains, weighed down with intricate kebab-cooking gear, picnic rugs, teapots, hookahs, and even the odd car-battery-powered sound system for after-lunch dancing.

Where the road finally emerged from the last canyon to enter Choman, the village below Mt. Halgurd, we stopped at the military checkpoint and two AK47-

wielding soldiers ordered me out of the car and around to behind their hut. It was normal for soldiers to check my residency card, but not for them to order me out of the car – what was going on? Was I going to be turned back? Strip-searched? No. Around the corner, where the light was better, out came the smart-phones – photo time. I took a couple of photos of us with my own camera too and I was soon waved along.



**“Photo time” (Max Olsen)**

I decided I was now close enough to start my enquiries about the thing that worried me most about the mountains in this area: landmines. During the Iran-Iraq War in the 1980s, Saddam Hussein’s troops laid literally millions of mines through the Kurdish mountains to deter Iranian troops, and also to cause problems for the region’s Kurdish rebel movement, the Peshmerga. Today, over two million mines remain in Iraqi territory, most of them in mountainous border regions like the one I had just entered. I started with my driver, whom I’d already told I intended to try climbing Mt. Halgurd.

“Are there mines on Mt Halgurd,” I asked in the clearest Kurdish I could manage. His answer betrayed the worryingly casual attitude that so many people in the area seemed to have to this sort of mortal danger.

“Mines? Yes, there are mines. But only a few. It’ll be fine.”

Only a few? I couldn’t help dwelling on the fact that one mine is really all you need. One will do the job quite sufficiently. Despite this, however, I was still keen to try giving it a go, and I knew from my experiences tramping closer to Slemeni, that the best people to ask about mines were not the people driving through the valleys, but the shepherds who grazed the flocks on the mountainsides everyday. I thanked my driver and got out.

The only topographic map I’d managed to find of the area was a 1980s Soviet map, which was fine apart from the fact that the Cyrillic script had to be deciphered in order to understand any place name. This isn’t as difficult as it sounds, though, and I was soon headed down the road on the far side of Choman, pretty confident that I was going in the right direction. Not far out of the village, a group of mechanics working on petrol tankers by the roadside called me over. Where was I going? Where was I from? Did I know what a long way it was? Did I need a ride

up the jeep track? I stayed and talked a few minutes, while the youngest of the group, a boy of probably only 14 or 15, Ahmed, did his best to persuade me that my best option was to give him \$10 and for him to take me up the jeep track on his beat-up Iranian motorbike. Eventually, I relented, and we set off bouncing up the jeep track with me and my pack precariously balanced on the back of the seat.

Soon after leaving the main road, we passed through a tiny village of scarcely ten houses. Goats and chooks abounded, but, it being midday by this stage, there was no-one to be seen. It was time for Friday prayers and the men were off to the tiny village mosque, while the women and children were at home or out at a picnic spot preparing lunch.

The track consisted of switchback after switchback as we gradually gained altitude. At one point, when we passed a couple of young guys walking up the track, the going got so steep that I had to get off and walk with the pack, while my chauffeur coaxed his bike up the slope. I decided to take the opportunity to try asking about landmines again. Their answer inspired me with just as much confidence as the previous answer.

“Inshallah (Godwilling) there won’t be any in your path.”

Great! Very true, but I wasn’t really too keen to take the chance that Allah might will there to be landmines on my path. Still, I had yet to encounter any real locals who could give me advice, so it was still worth keeping going. Back on the bike, the road continued to deteriorate and by the time we reached a little house near a particularly rough switchback, even Ahmed had to admit that this was perhaps as far as he could take me. A group of women were preparing a picnic by a creek less



(Max Olsen)

than a hundred metres off, so Ahmed and I wandered over to see if they could give me any advice on routes to the summit, which I had so far not even seen. The men, they told us, would be back from the mosque in twenty minutes, so if I waited around, I could ask them for advice. In the

meantime, I proved an object of amusement for the numerous children running around near the creek wanting to have their photos taken.

In a short time, a Hilux came careering around the corner and stopped just next to the picnic spot. I introduced myself and before I could even get a word in, I was invited to lunch. We sat down cross-legged around the picnic rug and were served a banquet of stuffed vine leaves, salads, flat bread, and tomato and lamb stew. Over lunch, I managed to get in my questions about mines. The oldest of the men in the group said that if I made straight for the top, I shouldn't have a problem with mines. He did, unlike the previous people I'd asked, seem to know something about the area, so I decided to take him at his word.

After lunch, I said my farewells and started on up the now fairly rough jeep track. After twenty minutes, though, the family whom I'd just eaten with caught up with me in the Hilux, the deck of which was now loaded with children, and said they'd give me a lift further up the mountain. We zig-zagged for another 10 or 15 minutes until, coming around a corner, we entered a snowy, boggy, alpine basin above which rose the summit of Halgurd, still around 1000 m above us. A couple of turns further up and the road was totally blocked by snow. I thanked the family for their help and started up the snow, but not before being given further landmine advice. The best thing, they said, was for me not to leave the track at all. This probably meant I wasn't getting to the summit, but it was still nice to be in the mountains, and there might well be some nice campsites.

I continued following the jeep track through scree, snow, and rockfall until it faded to almost nothing. Here, on the downhill side of the track, at around 3000 m, I noticed rough dry-stone walls thrown together beside rock outcrops. Stepping gingerly, and making sure to stand on bigger rocks, rather than the gravel and dust that could hide mines, I clambered into the complex. The ground here was littered with .50 calibre bullet casings and when I peeked over the wall, I could see why. The position offered a fantastic view over the two or three kilometres that lay between me and the Iranian border. This place had certainly seen some action, but whether, back in the 1980s, it had been occupied by Saddam's Iraqi forces, the Kurdish Peshmerga rebels, the Iranians, or different groups at different times, I couldn't know. One thing I did know for sure, though, was that all groups had the habit of protecting their hide-outs with a ring of landmines – perhaps the time had finally come to turn around.

I perched a while on a rock gazing at the view of the high Zagros to the east, picking out the summit of Cheekah Dah, on the Iranian border. Then, feeling somewhat disappointed, I picked up my pack and tiptoed back to the track to begin the descent. Only a few metres on, my eye was caught by a tan-coloured, toothed rick of plastic sitting on the edge of the road. Yup, a mine, or at least a now innocuous piece of an exploded one. I picked up what was left and popped it in my pack, now feeling completely vindicated in my decision to turn back.

Some way down the road, I spied an overhanging rock above a patch of grass. With my bivvy bag, this would certainly do for the night. As I set up my stove to cook some beans, a Hilux pulled up a couple of hundred metres down the track. I soon smelt smoke and, looking up, saw three men sitting cross-legged around a tea-fire, all wearing the local jili kurdi, tied at the waist with a silk sash. I quickly finished my meal of beans and wandered over to talk. We exchanged greetings, and then the conversation turned to more pragmatic matters. Was I really planning to stay the night there? By myself? What about the wolves?

Surely an ice-axe would take care of a wolf... wouldn't it? I brought mine over to show the group, but they seemed unimpressed. The axe might be OK for one wolf, they told me, but what if there were ten wolves? Now I was feeling more than a little concerned. Did I have a damaancha they asked. I didn't even know what one was, I answered. Damaancha, they repeated, and I answered again that I didn't know the word. Then the man to my right worked out how to explain the meaning, he reached into his silk waist-sash and drew out a shiny silver pistol – damaancha. Well, there was no misunderstanding that. No, I didn't have one, I smiled.

The men looked at each other.

"In that case," started the man opposite me, taking the tea off the fire, "you'd better come with us. You can stay with Sarkash tonight," he said, nodding at the man who had shown me the pistol.

After the threat of mines and now wolves, there was little hesitation in my acceptance. We drained our syrupy tea and soon we were bouncing down the hill towards the village. Sure, I hadn't climbed Mt. Halgurd, but a night of Kurdish hospitality was a pretty good consolation prize.



**Mt Halgurd  
(Max Olsen)**

# **Annual OUTC Photo Competition**

October 8<sup>th</sup>, 2013



**Above: Outdoor Landscapes Winner, Tasman Glacier (Tiffany Stephens)**

**Below: People's Choice Winner, Trambastical Turnbull (Tim Bright)**





**Above: Hut and Camp Life Winner, Candlelight Philosopher, Erin Vincent (Joe Vincent). Below: Native Flora and Fauna Winner, South Island Robin (Ben Drinkwater)**





**Above: OUTC Winner, Aspiring Pirate Golf Wars (Penzy Dinsdale)**  
**Below: Below the Bushline Winner, Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Queenstown (Meg Buddle)**





**Above: Historical Winner, Lake Wakatipu Jetty (Jamie Gardner)**  
**Below: Above the Bushline Winner, Mount Campbell, Mavora Lakes**  
**(Luke Gardener)**



## Rodger Inlet Hut (Lake Monowai, Fiordland National Park)

### *Group Contribution*

23<sup>rd</sup>-25<sup>th</sup> September 2011

Party: Cleo Davie-Martin (L), Carl Olsson, Ronja Kemnitz, Jenny Long, and Will Tait-Jamieson

### *Quote of the Trip*

Enter Gore (of course): Hoon drives past with music blaring (who knows how many times they've been around the roundabout), girl sticks half her body out the window and yells at Will (dressed in a bright yellow, slightly sack-like woollen jersey); **“Oi, David Bain just called and he wants his jumper back!”** You must admit, that's pretty humorous for a Goron (a person who hails from Gore).



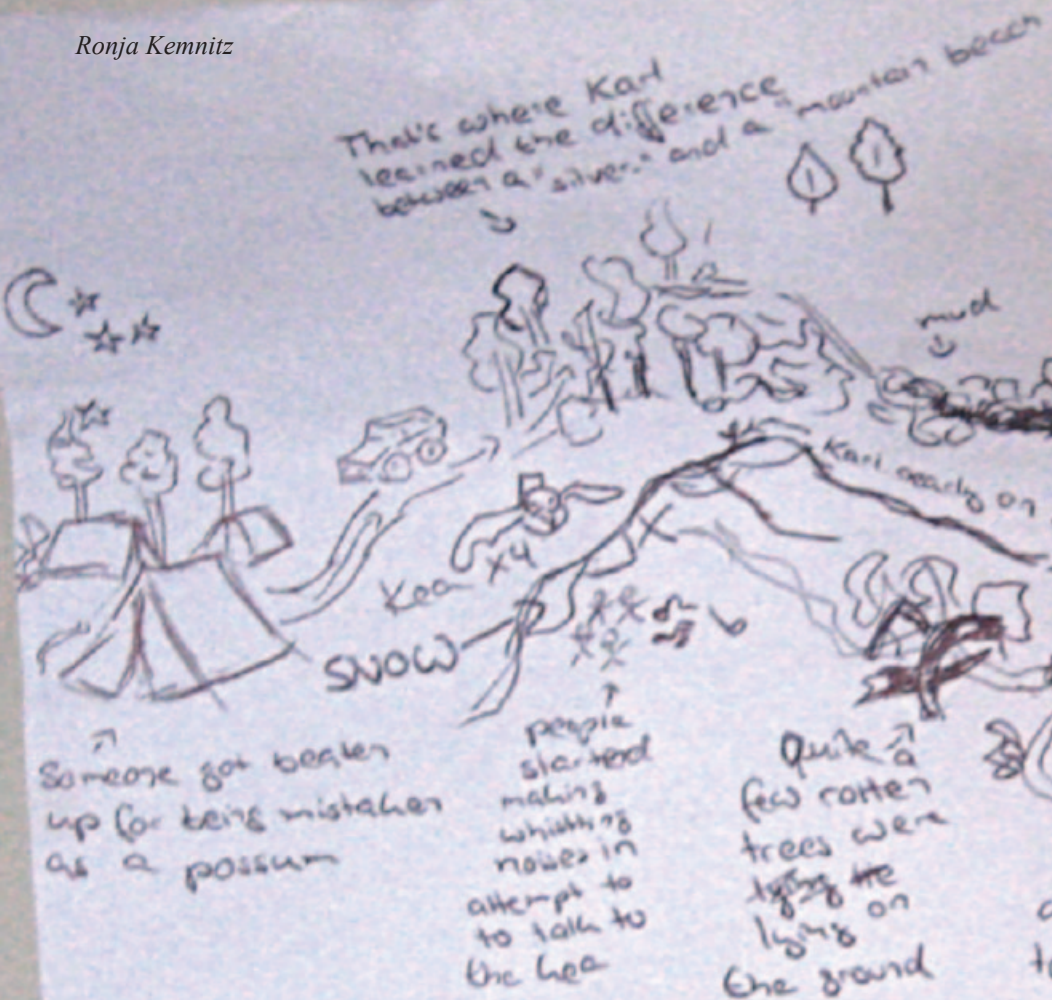
**Will Tait-Jamieson impersonating David Bain on the shores of Lake Manapouri (Cleo Davie-Martin)**

The following is a compilation of works completed en route by all the group members. Enthusiasm was lacking at first, so I bribed them with a competition for the last Tim Tam; still grumbles were heard all around. Then I just forced them. I have to say, they performed pretty well under duress...

---

Jason Grieve driving through Cromwell: *“You’ve never looked at an apricot and thought, now there is a bum?”*

Ronja Kemnitz



Will Tait-Jamieson





Lauren Farmer after her nomination for the Driving Award at Annual Dinner:  
*"There was a slight incident with the hand brake – but nobody died."* and upon  
 Jaz's nomination for the Gear Freak Award: *"I don't know much about ice axes,  
 but I'm pretty sure you don't need nine of them."*

*Cleo Davie-Martin*

R Rain-free day  
O Orange triangle markers  
D Deadly purple mushrooms  
G Glorious sunshine  
E Extrovert Kea clan  
R Roaring fire

I Icy wind and snow (above bushline)  
N Never-ending mud puddles  
L Lake Monowai  
E Evening by torchlight  
T Ten-hours walking

H Hut brand-spanking new  
U Up, up, up, to the bushline  
T Thankful to be sitting

*We arrived at Lake Monowai  
Underneath the starry sky  
Buried amongst tall Beech trees  
We pitched our tents with ease*

*Through large mud puddles we waded  
With time, their fun soon faded  
Our boots engulfed in slime  
On to the hut for lunch time*

*We awoke and were aghast  
As despite the weather forecast  
We had remained completely dry  
And barely a cloud was in the sky*

*After our brief stop for refuelling  
We climbed up the hill; it was gruelling  
Will took off his shirt in the heat  
Just as it started to sleet*

*We followed the orange triangles  
And admired the moss that dangles  
Through scratchy ferns we passed  
And beech forest until, at last*

*Up high above the dark lake  
Leaving mud puddles in our wake  
At the bush line we had a rest  
Perched on a soft tussock nest*

*We came across a river  
And stood there in a dither  
The track just disappeared  
We've lost our way, we feared*

*Grand mountains all around  
Out of the wind on the ground  
The view was great from up high  
Down over Lake Monowai*

*But alas we found the marker  
As the skies started getting darker  
We continued through the bush  
The wet turned the track to mush*

*The Kea they did screech  
From up in the Mountain Beech  
And the snow it swirled around  
Before settling on the ground*

---

A hunter at Big Bay: "That fishing rod is mine, I stole it fair and square."  
"I'm off to shoot something up the Pyke... maybe a hot German tourist".

*Carl Olsson*

R Rain was almost absent, although forecast  
O Outran the rest of the group uphill  
D Dinner consisted of mashed potato, salami, onion, and cheese  
G Greasy fish and chips in Gore on the way  
E Everyone is quiet after dinner (because Cleo forces us to write for Antics)  
R Rimu is a new species of tree that I learnt  
  
I Interesting reading in the hut book  
N No shirt when snowing (Will)  
L Lancewood  
E Entertaining kea talking in a tree  
T Thirsty when walking up the hill without water  
\

*Jenny Long*

See Antics 2011, pg. 58.

Thanks to all the trip members. You guys were excellent – it was great to have a group where things just got done and I never had to ‘lead’. It made for a very relaxed and enjoyable weekend. And thanks again for humouring me and writing for Antics – I guess you’re famous now (only 2 years late...)!  
  

---

## **From the Poetry War, 2010**

She who climbs from a chopper,  
will quickly come a cropper.  
A kea, you see,  
will fly from his tree,  
and then, in the cockpit, he’ll top ‘er.  
*Max Olsen*

I was up early this morning at first light  
My plans are almost ready to take flight  
My mood is one of much delight  
Because...  
I am going away tramping tonight  
*Cleo Davie-Martin*

---

## **From the Poetry War, 2012**

Year after year,  
When winter is here,  
Tramping club doth turn to type.  
We bash the keys with all our might,  
Write poems of a stormy night,  
The wild river and trampers fright.  
So write odes and join the fun,  
The poetry war shall never be done.  
*Penzy Dinsdale*

Snow in May, will never stay  
Snow in June, it’s still too soon  
Snow in July, will go awry  
Snow in August, always on the forecast  
Snow in September, won’t be remembered  
Snow in October, she’s all over...  
*Peter Wilson*

## Putangirua Pinnacles (Wellington)

Loren Kennedy

An hour and a half or so out of Wellington along the coast near Aorangi Forest Park are the Putangirua Pinnacles; a distinct rock formation created by some geological activity ages ago. I decided to take some English friends and explained that the location was used in 'The Return of the King' when Aragorn went to look for the army of the dead. Not being huge LOTR [Lord of the Rings] fans this didn't mean much to them, so I showed them the clip on YouTube to trigger some anticipation. We waited for a misty, drizzly day to suit the mood of the scene; but being in Wellington, not Dunedin, all we got was scorching sun. Oh well.

We took the scenic route and got lost three times (out of GPS range) - my English friends were enthralled to see so many 'real life' NZ farms. In fact, we had an authentic kiwi moment when a flock of sheep crowded the road and the farmer, who had a child slung across her shoulder and three dogs on the back of her quad, told us to drive on through beeping our horn. I was a shepherd! The locals gave me the thumbs up as I forced the woolly blighters off the road. I pretended it was no big deal but inside I felt joyful and accomplished.

Walking up towards the Pinnacles, we followed the river bed and then uphill surrounded by the rocks towering on either side of us. There were a lot of European men with their tops off, but of no distraction of course, as we were so occupied with how Aragorn must've felt at the time.

Taking the loop track to the lookout through the forest was a chance to leave the sweltering, not-Dunedin sun and we even saw little baby quails running through the ferns away from us. Shame, damn tender on the barbie!

All in all a rather successful Kiwi adventure and the loos at the starting point were remarkably sanitary (thanks to the South Wairarapa Rotary). Well done chaps!

---

Classic Josh banter:

In response to a trip advertisement: *"Shit the bed. That's gold. I laughed so hard I weed a little bit."*

*"As woger wabbit would say, getting wost in a white out is white out of the question!"*

*"I've paid for my annual hut pass, this place is basically my house now"*

While Joe was doing a crossword from 1986: *"You know you can put 2 letters in some of those boxes ay."*

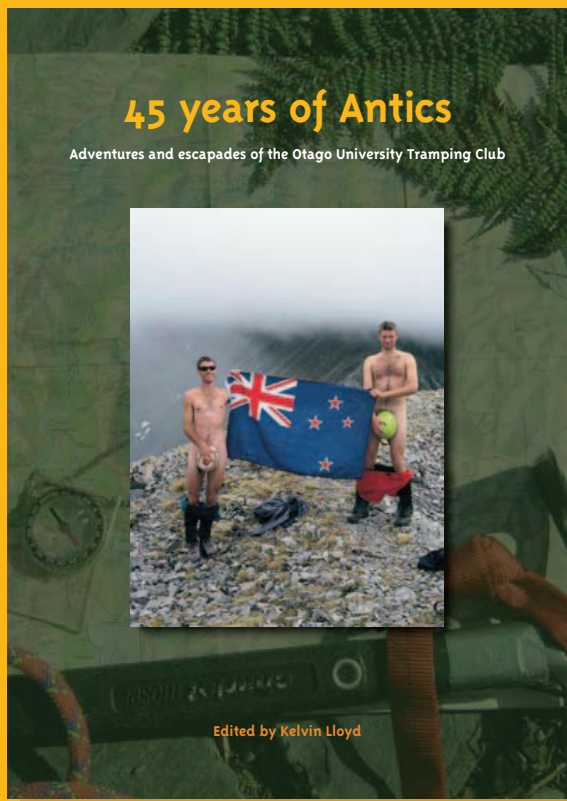
---

**Facing page The Pinnacles (both Loren Kennedy)**



# Ever traversed Fiordland in a toy boat?

**45 Years of Antics**  
is a compilation of  
hilarious tales and  
extreme adventures  
selected from  
*Antics*, Otago  
University Tramping  
Club's irreverent  
annual magazine



Over 200 pages and 120 images,  
printed in full colour.

See [www.outc.org.nz/45years](http://www.outc.org.nz/45years)  
or email [45years@outc.org.nz](mailto:45years@outc.org.nz)  
for further information.

## The Alphabet Poem

*Penzy Dinsdale*

*Jaz and Penzy go for a trip to Mavora Lakes to find Jaz's glasses that he lost a few weeks before. Allison and Amy go for a nice wander up to Boundary Hut.*

Americans Amy And Allison  
Bounce Boundlessly to Boundary Hut.  
Climbing Carefully Close to Carey's Hut,  
Dangerously Dodging Dive-bombing robins. Dirty  
Eroded route, Energetic Elevation. Eventually,  
Flat Fun-Filled tussock Flops, Found  
Glasses! Great Galumphing Gargoyles!  
Hugs and Hugs, Hooray Hooray!  
I see In the tussock I-glasses, Inconceivable!  
Jubilant Jaz Jumps for Joy!  
Kwickedly Klimbing Krappy Mt Kampbell,  
Little Lake Left Long behind.  
Making camp in a Marginal Marsh, Much Madness,  
Nor-east Neige Nearing Nastily,  
Outdoors, Out-towns, Out-tent, O-degrees.  
Penzy's Poetic Prose, Possibly?  
Quirky Queer Questioning Queens, in my dreams.  
Raro, Rest, Rise, and Rapidly climb.  
Stag Spikes, Scree Scrambling, and Snowflakes.  
Two cups of Tepid Tea, Tall Tops.  
Undulating Unnecessarily Up Ungulate trails,  
Violated by Various Vicious Vegetation.  
Wild Wind Whistles and Whorls,  
Xtremely Xagerated trip Xert. Xpire  
Yawning down Yonder Yellow road. and Yet  
"Zoom Zoom Zoom in Ze car."



(Penzy Dinsdale)

## **Annual Dinner Awards 2013**

### **Gear freak**

Nominated: Matt Price, for giving club gear 5 years of use in 6 months.

Runner up: Jaz Morris, for buying excessive amounts of gear.

Winner: Penzy Dinsdale, [see page 146 - Ed.].

### **Lightweight tramping**

Runner up: Penzy Dinsdale, for leaving extra thermals at home to save weight for walking up Mt. Sisyphus.

Winner: Peter Wilson, for forgetting the tent fly on the Five Passes.

### **Armchair tramper**

Winners: Nick Plimmer and Peter Wilson, one tramp this year.

### **Monica Lewinsky for scoring the president**

Winner: Claire Cannon.

### **Romeo & Juliet**

Nominated: Joe Vincent and Josh Brinkmann, Joe Vincent and Jake Schonberger, Jaz Morris and Tiffany Stephens, Luke Gardener and Anna Hoek-Sims.

Runners up: Joe Vincent and Erin Vincent, for getting married.

Winners: Tom McKellar and Laura Doughty, “*aww*”.

### **Terrific transport**

Nominated: Queenstown trip, “*fail*”.

Runner up: Lauren Farmer, for “*scaring the poo out of punters while driving vans around at Paradise*” and “*for being such a terrible driver by all accounts*”.

Winner: Jake Schonberger, for single handedly saving the OUTC thousands of dollars in bus costs.

### **Speed Freak**

Runner up: Anton Jackson-Smith.

Winner: Jamie Gardner, for running to Long Beach and back.

### **Mountain goat**

Winner: Tanja de Wilde, for climbing any peak she sees.

### **Drunken stupidity**

Nominated: Penzy Dinsdale, for lighting fireworks in a National Park at Bushball.

Runner up: Rowan Cox, who couldn't master the 'Hat' game.

Winner: Marshall Palmer, for his behaviour at Bushball 2013.

### **Drunken Ability**

Nominated: Marshall Palmer, for providing amusing Bushball entertainment for



**Left: The Good Bugger cleans the Best Outdoor Landscape cup. Right: The Good Bugger about to ruin Peter's unusual hair-don't (both Lauren Farmer)**

all. (Peter: *"And for correctly identifying the colour red."*)

Runner up: Claire Cannon, same as Tim Bright but with more skill and accuracy.

Winner: Tim Bright, for drunken ping-pong at the exec. retreat and on the slackline at Paradise.

### **Golden Shovel for spade work**

Winner: Jake Schonberger, "don't think it's worked so far though and for being a good guy all round".

### **Black Bra award**

Winner: Anna Murdoch, "for being so skux".

### **The Peter Wilson Flashing Red Light of Navigation**

Nominated: Anna Murdoch, for getting misplaced quite a lot of the time.

Runner up: Matt Price and Marc, for a 12-hour unsuccessful scouting mission.

Winner: Joe Vincent and Josh Brinkmann, just coz.

---

At Annual Dinner Tim managed to finish his bottle of wine before he ordered. Then through the evening:

*"They're watching me. The waiters; they're watching me..."*

*"It's building up; over the last three minutes. I can't deal with it..."*

*"I need to scope out my hand-holds for the way back."*

*"I'm peaking right now"* - after his Drunken Ability nomination

## **Piton of Certain Death**

Runner up: Jaz Morris, an ascent without anchors.

Winner: Frazer Atrill, for managing to place a rock climbing nut while falling on to it.

## **Quote of the Year**

Nominated:

Frazer Atrill, "I go out with Jaz, and we do lots of interesting stuff and we use lots of equipment."

Lauren Farmer, "Magaret Thatcher stole my milk!"

Jake Schonberger, "blah blah blah trucks blah blah."

Anna Murdoch, "Just cross! It's only a fucking creek" on the Bushcraft course.

Erin Vincent, "You win a chocolate bar at this dinner? You should do more dumb stuff then."

Winner: Anna Murdoch, "Did you know you can castrate a lamb with your teeth? I haven't tried it though..."

## **Helicopter Rescue**

Winner: Joe Vincent and Josh Brinkmann, for Mt Isolation.

## **Driving Award**

Nominated: Peter Wilson, for "driving a bulldozer into a hole."

Runner up: Penzy Dinsdale, for crashing the OUSA van into a rock, for nearly running out of fuel on the Fiordland trip after not filling up in Gore or Te Anau, and for actually running out of fuel in her Subaru on the way back from Ball Pass with Cleo driving then having to drink petrol while syphoning some fuel out of a van.

Winner: Jaz Morris, for crashing the OUSA van into Centre City New World



## **Bastard of the year**

Runner up: Luke Gardener, just on principle.

Winner: Nick Plimmer, for making Jaz Morris and Anton Jackson-Smith stand in the rain just to have a 'chat' on the mountain radio.

**Jaz Morris, playing air guitar with the Driving Award (Lauren Farmer)**



**“I thought I’d suck it off by putting the lump there, but I ended up eating it!” laughs Anna at Annual Dinner  
(Lauren Farmer)**

### **Good Bugger**

Runner up: Anna Murdoch.

Winner: Tim Bright, for the effort he put in as President.

### **Epic of the Year**

Winners: George O’Sullivan and Tom McKellar, twelve days in the Olivines.

### **Tramper of the Year**

Runner up: George O’Sullivan, for a month in the Olivines.

Winner: Anna Murdoch, for overall keenness even in the face of adversity and crappy weather.

### **Putting the Pun into Punter**

Winner: William Hulme-Moir and Henry Brockway, for the Mt Xenicus trip.

---

Tim Bright after being nominated for the Monica Lewinsky Award for mistaking Meg for Claire one night: *“In my current state of mind, that could be true.”*

Laura Doughty comments at Annual Dinner (context unknown): *“Ducks gang rape each other, thus they have spirally penises!”*

---

## **History of some Annual Dinner Awards**

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

The John R. Williams Piton of Almost Certain Death hangs around in the lockable gear cupboard and can sometimes be found in the box of trad gear. This relic dates back to the early nineties, when a group of trampers descended to the West Matukituki from Bevan Col. Arriving at the gut section, a piton was duly hammered in. The entire group abseiled from the piton, some four or five people. Finally, the rope was retrieved with a tug - and the piton came down with it. So the Piton of Almost Certain Death is awarded, not for endeavors in climbing, but to a trip on which there was almost a complete disaster.

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

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

---

Anna after the telling of the story of the black bra at Annual Dinner: "*I slept in the van at Bushball!*"

---

## **Sporking the Hoards**

*Anna Murdoch*

The walls of the valley  
so rugged pretty,  
they sing from their waterfalls  
a natural wee ditty.

Slapping and swatting  
you look like a dork,  
The silence is broken  
So too is my spork.

A dead little sandfly  
means one itchy bite less,  
but squishing the lot  
would leave this valley a mess!

And why use my spork  
but wear no repellent?  
A trampler like you  
shows no kind of talent.

How great could be  
the land of Fiords,  
if 'tweren't for the sandflies  
everywhere in hoards!

The experience of paddling a lake  
or climbing boulders with care,  
would definitely not be ruined  
if the sandflies weren't there.

But Fiordland doesn't like  
the things some trampers do,  
that's why it has sandflies  
to weed out the ones like you!

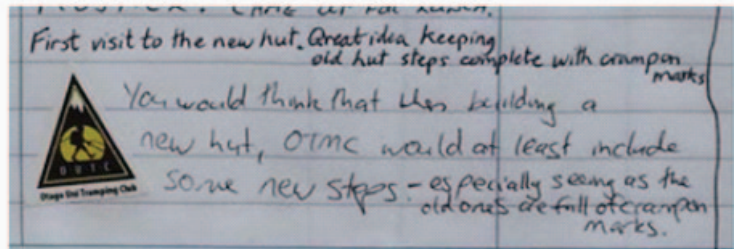


Tramping in a suit generally isn't appropriate (Joe Vincent)



**Josh Brinkmann**

Classic OUTC comment seen in the Leaning Lodge hut book.



NO  
PAT  
NO

Don't post that, bro.

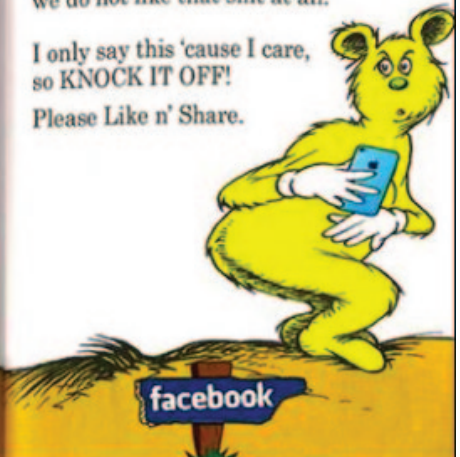
Don't post those bitchy politics,  
or shitty, failed relationships!

If you 'just got laid,' or 'caught the clap,'  
no one wants to know that crap!

We do not like it on our wall,  
we would not like it in the mall,  
(just sayin, Pat, your posts suck balls)  
we do not like that shit at all!

I only say this 'cause I care,  
so KNOCK IT OFF!

Please Like n' Share.





**Luke Gardener** made Laura Doughty an admin.



**Laura Doughty**

Like · Comment · September 19, 2013 at 4:36pm

Seen by 82



**Jacob Schonberger** When did we vote on this?

October 7, 2013 at 8:04pm · Like



**Joe Vincent** I voted for you the other week.

October 9, 2013 at 12:42pm · Like



**Jaz Morris** I think we need a vote

October 9, 2013 at 12:47pm · Like



**Laura Doughty** Please vote for me for admin: As the newly elected OUTC web officer I feel that maintenance of the facebook page fits into my role. I promote not only real tramping but also a little arm-chair tramping in the form of this facebook page. Also, I knows' how to use's' apostrophe's correctly.

October 9, 2013 at 1:32pm · Like · 3



**Jacob Schonberger** I noticed that your own personal Facebook page is not regularly updated and maintained. I would feel more confident with someone having at least 200hours of Facebook experience controlling the page. Can you claim to have that experience?

October 9, 2013 at 1:57pm · Like · 4



**Jaz Morris** I think we should wait for the next committee meeting

October 9, 2013 at 3:26pm · Like



**Anna Murdoch** I'll add it to the agenda

October 9, 2013 at 3:45pm · Like



**Josh Brinkmann** Shouldn't you form a sub committee to present the findings to the main committee, so as not to waste the main committees time?

October 10, 2013 at 3:11pm · Like · 1



**Joe Vincent** Good thing your not even generally executive any more then. Sounds like just the job for you josh.

October 10, 2013 at 3:30pm · Like



Write a comment...



## **Mount Armstrong (Finally) - November 2013**

*Luke Gardener*

Party: Luke Gardener, Cleo Davie-Martin, Scott Palmer, Ben Abraham, Tim Bright.

I hadn't really planned to go away for the weekend but Cleo was desperate to head away tramping as she had not got away since she had been back from Alaska (yes, how awful for her). She managed to convince me to try and get some people together. A couple of texts later and we had three people keen to head away and a weather forecast that was looking perfect. I managed to avoid all of the other preparations, however, because of a 'conveniently' timed trip to Wellington. Luckily, Cleo was so keen to head away that she gladly took on all of the food preparations.

Cleo, Tim, Ben, Scott, and I assembled at 8 am Saturday morning and left Dunedin by about 08:50. We stopped in Wanaka for lunch, enjoying some amazing weather that made us question whether or not we should just stay in Wanaka and enjoy the sun. However, we were able to drag ourselves away and head off towards Makarora, repacking the car before leaving to ensure that we could grab stuff and go, to stop any unnecessary delays in the sandfly danger zone.

The very steep track up to the hut winds its way through the most stunning Beech forest, shafts of light breaching the canopy and highlighting the moss and leaves below. Alas, despite its apparent splendour, the forest sounds empty and dead; not a single bird to be heard. The Mohua, amongst others, long gone; a result of introduced predators. It is bush like this that lends credibility to the idea of wholesale aerial bombardments of 1080.

We made it to the hut at 5 pm, it taking us approx. 2.5 hours despite our very slow pace. Unfortunately, we did not have time to summit Armstrong that night, instead deciding to go for a quick jaunt to the height of 1650 m, having a recy of the route to the Brewster Glacier; it didn't look too bad from where we were but we found out the next day that it was a tad steep.

Dinner was amazing thanks to master chef Cleo Davie-Martin, cooking up her pasta tuna speciality. It was Ben's birthday so I had brought a Tim Tam birthday cake for him (actually, a packet of Tim Tams with a candle on top). I think he enjoyed them, but I was shown up by a scathing Cleo who told us that if she had known it was his birthday she would have brought the ingredients to make a cheesecake.

We left the hut at about 8 am the next morning despite the fact that Armstrong was completely covered in cloud, deciding that this time we were going to climb

it no matter the view at the top. We made steady progress up the hill, needing to put crampons on about 250-300 metres from the top. It was a really fun climb through decent snow and we summited by 09:30-10 am. Unfortunately, the fog hadn't cleared and we had to imagine the scenery.



**Scott Palmer, Ben Abraham, Luke Gardener, Cleo Davie-Martin, Tim Bright on the summit of Mt Armstrong (Luke Gardener)**

However, after spending 30 minutes on the summit, the veil around Mt Brewster opened briefly and the summit of Brewster was, for a moment, revealed to us. Despite the fact it is less than 400 metres above Armstrong, Brewster truly looks like a 'proper' mountain, its icy white peak looking so alluring to our group of would-be mountaineers.

Scott and Tim scouted out the route down the north ridge of Armstrong finding us a reasonably decent route down towards the glacier. This involved a lot of sliding on our asses using ice axes for brakes. This was some of the most fun I'd had in weeks and I could quite happily have spent the day doing it if it hadn't involved climbing back up to the top every time.

The view down onto the glacial lake was pretty spectacular, when we could actually see it through the fog; turquoise and deep blues mixed together around the white shining ice. Tim originally said he would go for a swim, however, the wind quickly dissuaded him of such an idea.

The route from the glacier around to the hut is a bit crap. At first glance, the steep slopes ending in cliffs that drop 1000 metres to the valley floor leave one exclaiming the impassability of the route. However, once you actually get onto the slopes it no longer seems so bad. We made steady progress along the mountainside, and within an hour we were back on the slightly easier ground above Brewster Hut. We picked up our gear from the hut and were back at the car park by 3 pm.

On the way home we stopped at the Blue Pools because I had stupidly said that I wanted to jump from the swing bridge into the frigid water. Tim, Scott, and I ran to the bridge and began to climb over the side; tourists looking on in a bemused fashion. Tim jumped first and after that I could no longer pull out. The water was

a tad cold, but it was awesome fun! On the way back we got stranded on the Blue Pools side of the second swing bridge because two bus-loads of tourists had just arrived. Instead of letting us pass, they continued to move onto the bridge from the other side. After we had let about 30 people go past, we decided that enough was enough, especially as the number of sandflies was rapidly increasing. So just as five tourists were lining up camera shots, trying to keep the camera steady, Scott, Tim and I, leaped across, not only ruining five photographs but sparking cries of outrage from the other tourists on the bridge. So good to give them a good impression of Kiwis!

Overall an awesome trip. Thanks Cleo for suggesting the original idea of heading away!

---

## **Bus Banter**

*Jacob Schonberger (our Terrific Transport Officer/Bus Driver)*

*“Thank you for tuning in to Radio OUTC – even though you don’t have a choice – which is just the way we like it – some have called it ‘radio rape’.”*

*“This is the first site of male/female segregation in New Zealand.”*

Passing the ‘Hands Off Beaumont’ stabilisation near Cromwell: *“On the left hand side of the bus, you will see New Zealand’s only rice field”*

Driving through Central Otago: *“This Schist just got real”*

*“It’s a damn good dam”*

Entering Lawrence: *“If anyone is about to explode (bladder, stomach, or otherwise), I need you to recite the alphabet backwards, give me a chocolate cake recipe, and name three Mozart pieces – then I can stop at the toilets.”*

On the subject of alcohol: *“I’ve just had a bus full of minors... Coal miners that is...”*

*“Have you ever crashed?”* Krishya questioning Jake’s driving after being placed in the gimp seat. *“I wrapped my truck around a power pole once... Did \$1 million worth of damage... But that’s the only accident I’ve ever had... If you ever want to have an accident, you have to do it properly...”*

Trying to decide on an appropriate nickname for Rowan Cox: *“The girls will like Randy Rowan - I’ve got a good feeling about that”*

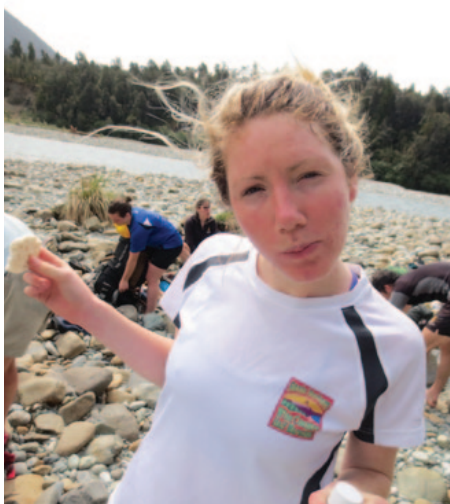
## Cascade - Big Bay

*Tom McKellar*

For Alexis and Tanja, the trip began with a warm-up climb of Mt Barff. We met them in Wanaka after a massive day: after the climb and the walk out they returned to the carpark to find Tanja's car battery dead, and a number of tourist cars without jumper leads. Hitching back to Wanaka, they collected Alexis' car, borrowed leads, and shuttled Tanja's car back. Phew. Due to road maintenance the Makarora - Haast road was shut after 6 pm, so we were all guests in Wanaka that night.

The next morning saw us to the road end. Location: the Cascade. Destination: Big Bay, via the Red Hills range. And so, equipped with two flies and no poles, a paua knife, lemons, tinfoil, Anna's ukulele, a fishing net (found by Meg in the river bed in the first hour of the trip), confidence in the weather forecast, hedgehog, and snickerdoodles ("Snick - irrr - dude - ills!", exclaimed Henry, in the bounciest American accent imaginable), we tackled the valley walk. The Cascade is just delightful lower down, although it's a bit sidley at times. The river splits into channels and branches at times, and a few of the party crossed the whole river in parts. Further upriver, they needed to packfloat to get back, and afterwards Alexis lamented the decline of packfloating as a river crossing method. Near the end of the day, the Alpine Fault Team split off and followed Woodhen Creek towards the Alpine Fault, visible on the map as a series of aligned gullies and stream beds running straight up the Cascade valley. We met later at camp, not far upriver on gravel flats on the true right. Marshall made a dahlicious and pungent curry for dinner. The first of his "spice blocks" - pre-chopped onion, garlic and spices stored in butter and olive oil in a jar - was proven to be worth the weight.

On the afternoon of day two, we climbed to the bushy northern end of the Red Hill range, up a very narrow spur leading to Point 890. Alexis put up two new routes on the way: "Founder Nantler" (grade: four points) and "Antler Suprise" (grade: two points). There was time for some competitive stick throwing on the way. And there was time for the discussion of Snickerdoodles to reach its zenith. Snickerdoodle jokes came thick and fast, amoung discourse on the nature



**The Snickerdoodle in the Cascade River (Henry Ritchie)**

of the Snickerdoodle, the name “Snickerdoodle”, when we’d deploy the Snickerdoodles, the Snickerdoodle in American culture... From that day on, we all knew The Snickerdoodle had a place on the trip.

At the top of the spur we found heaven: a bushy, tarny wonderland with views of the Northern Olivines. The dusky red of Mt Raddle and Mt Richards foreshadowed our planned traverse to the Red Hills proper the following day. But when that day came we were forced, as expected, to wait half the day in our pits with a cold southerly storm battering the flies. After lunch the call was made: “It’s going to clear soon, it’ll only take four hours, we’ll be alright...” And so went for it, a traverse along the ridgetop to Telescope Hill. One seven hour ordeal later, we were miserabling (a sort of flaccid tottering) our way around T. Hill. Leading the group, I tried to look chipper as I began the daunting hunt for a campsite. I stumbled into the first patch of unpromising sloping bush we encountered, and the perfect spot was there waiting for us. A flat patch the exact size of two flies, with water close at hand.

The Day After the Ordeal was a corker. We had hoped to make Big Bay but called camp in the Pyke, after a “Moir’s four” (nine) hour bash from Telescope Hill. This should have been our traverse day, the views would have been spectacular. I was gutted: we’d hardly seen the Red Hills, and hardly felt the grit of ultramafic rock. Well, at least by the end of the day we were only three hours from the place that would become the namesake of the trip: Big Bay. Hunters camped nearby in the Pyke told us the weather forecast was good for the next five days. Ronja, who’d suffered especially during the Ordeal of Day Three, said it was the best news she’d ever heard.

Big Bay Hut at 11 am on day five: a massive gear explosion, the contents of twelve tramper’s packs drying in the intense sun. The sopping tent flies dried in five minutes. After lunch we caught fish and collected paua and mussels from the rocks at the south end of the Bay. There was much tea and relaxing and stone throwing in the sun, and I felt we’ve truly earned our place there. But I felt a bit alienated in our interaction with the existing occupants of the hut; as he heated litres and litres of water for showers, one man talked about his high paying job sailing a millionaire’s yacht around the world. I nodded along. But they were friendly and accommodating, ignoring the paua ink on the table and lending us a frying pan for the paua, strictly warning us not to scratch off the absent Teflon.

And it turned out we had connections with four guys who were living at Big Bay for the whitebaiting season: Warwick, Brendan, Chris, and Alex. Welcomed as friends, we were treated to a West Coast bonfire, more paua, and fresh crayfish. They were impressed by the size of the group and our route to the Bay, and I was highly impressed by the gritty capability they need to survive in such a place. At the end of the evening I retired to bed deeply satisfied, joyous to be in this place with fine weather, fine company, and the opportunity to make friends with the



**Rock throwing at Big Bay (Anna Murdoch)**

locals.

Bad news the following morning: Kat's feet were badly sunburnt. She was not sure she could close the loop with another three days walk. Courageously, she was prepared to grit her teeth and give it a go. But then something was remembered: Alex had joked about having a maid live at their house, who'd keep the place tidy for free food and board. They'd gone far enough to advertise the position on Trademe. No one had taken it up yet, was it still available? I asked, and it was. Kat had to pay for a flight out, but they were cheap at the end of the whitebaiting season as planes came every day to fly the frozen catch out.

Warwick, who was turning out to be a very generous host, unstrung some fresh venison and fried it up for lunch. At some point Tim commented on a pain in his gum. Then we said our thank yous and goodbyes and see you later Kats and scooted on to camp at the Hackett River. The tide was low, and we moved quickly over pebble and boulder terrain, past penguin after penguin, arriving at the Hackett in rather less time than the gospel of Moir's advised. Maybe it was the young knees on this hard ground? By early evening we had set up camp by the Hackett River. Now here was a paradise: superb camping on the banks of a gentle, clear stream. The best bit: beaches of skimming stones on both sides of a large pool in the river, a good distance apart but close enough to land your stones on the other side. Next door were the second guided walking party to take on the Haast to Hollyford trek. The guide told us of another party who were camped at

the Spoon River that night, who we would cross paths with the following day as we walked to the Spoon.

As we departed from the Hackett the next morning, a pod of dolphins saw us off from just beyond the waves. We passed many more penguins on the way north, all standing there gormlessly looking at us. It was moulting season, apparently. At Gorge River we met the Longs, a couple who've lived and raised a family in a hut on the banks of the river. They, too, were very generous, and we stretched our lunch break to afternoon tea. Their knowledge of the whole area is, unsurprisingly, extraordinary, from geology to botany. Take note: Beansprout advised the route from "Bald Hill", Point 1166, is a better alternative to the one down from Telescope Hill.

We continued north, and it soon became apparent that Tim's worsening gum pain had become a problem. He stumbled on on light painkillers, at times being led by Claire. It was only an hour and a half to the Spoon River, and on the true right among the tussock near the sea was the dinkiest wee campsite of them all. Beansprout had told us the other guided party, the one we'd expected to see at Gorge River, had been flown out. Within minutes of arriving at the Spoon we knew the reason why: the sandflies were dreadful. We'd already had plenty on the trip, but only in numbers you deal with and forget about soon after. But that evening they were innumerable, and murderous. Out came the full length thermals and the 80% DEET insect repellent. When Sandfly O'Clock rolled around the next morning there was no option but to get up and walk round in circles, whimpering and waving your hands. They were quite amazing.

At this point, Tim called it a trip. In severe pain, hardly able to see through his DEET-swollen face, he was walked back to Gorge River by Alexis, Claire, and Penzy, and there the Longs called in a plane. We met him in Haast that night; diagnosed by the Haast nurse with a severe gum infection, he'd spent the day in a drugged up haze in the cafe, eating. Poor guy, he let us into his motel room at the Top Ten and mumbled "You won't believe how much money I've spent today", then crashed back into bed.

And in resolution: Alexis, Claire, and Penzy walked out the next day, and we all made it back to Dunedin that night. Except for Kat, who spent the next six days at Big Bay, "earning her keep" as a maid. Apparently she made snickerdoodles out there, whatever that means.



**Tim, shortly after the end of his Presidency (Penzy Dinsdale)**

## Red Hills Trip

Anna Murdoch

Trip:

Red Hills Trip

Cascade—Red Hills—Pyke Trip

Big Bay Trip

Penguin Trip



**Nearing Big Bay (Anna Murdoch)**

So the trip diary I wrote while on the trip (transcribed word-for-word in non-italics) was really boring and lacking the funny stuff, which I remember most from the trip. It was actually amusing to read what I did write down and what bits I completely omitted. Amendments and additions are in *italics*.

- Day 1. Drove to Jackson Bay *Cool? (an example of a really boring line)*  
Walked up Cascade River  
Penzy went for a float *(by accident)*  
Very relaxed day  
Yoga  
Should've brought more insect repellent!  
Good swim and camp spot  
Awesome weather, might even get a tan this trip  
4-ish hour day  
Had first tea of many  
Thoughts oscillating between "oh dear, what have I got myself into?!"  
and the opposite, "this tramp is going to be the best and this spot is beautiful!"
- Day 2. 12 hours  
Wandered up the Cascade, then up a steep spur. Nice scrub.  
Feet blistered already – damn! *Like really damn!! I was gutted I was gonna be THAT person with the blisters...*  
Spontaneous nosebleed as we crossed the Cascade – not my day! *Blood everywhere!!*  
Feeling exhausted!  
Penzy Quote: "My sweat patches have joined up!"  
Kat Quote: "Snickerdoodle" *Repeated as often as needed throughout the trip, which was frequently. This fathered a great many jokes, conversations, and good times.*  
Cheeky kea at campsite which is nice and tussocky with tarns close.  
No sandflies up here thankfully!  
Already can't wait for the rest day at Big Bay  
Discussed the meaning of life. Answers suggested were tramping and sex. Also snickerdoodling.

Alexis took the Grade 2 antler route. *Definition: The grade 2 route up the spur climbed with the aid of a deer antler.*

- Day 3. Meg Quote: "I think I slept on my teeth. Must've been clenching the whole night, they're friggin sore!"

This is without a doubt the hardest trip I have ever done, however it is also most definitely the only one I have stayed in bed until 3 pm.

*(A "reverse alpine" start!) Because it was raining and it was "only 4 hours" til the next campsite.*

Had to pour ½ a litre of water out of each boot. Exactly how I imagined the West Coast to be.

Observation: Co-ordination does not improve with darkness!

7 hour day ...*Which ended at 10:30 at night, when we pitched our flys in the first bush patch we came to on the steep hillside. Very wet!! Was so tired Tim had to help me get my boots off. Pathetic!*

- Day 4. Got up.

Walked down the hill, looked back up at it, and thought it was a nice place.

Got to see the red of the Red Hills.

Sunny weather = happy trampers

10-hour day, however only made it halfway *(to where we'd planned to be)*

Good campsite on river flats and yarns around the campfire

Decided not to try for Big Bay late at night – good decision.

Absolutely sick of slipping & sliding with every step. Have fallen into many holes!

- Day 5. Early start, missioned it to Big Bay. *Like really missioned it. Couldn't keep up with Penzy on the Big Bay Express!*

Brilliant sunshine & dried our clothes etc.

After lunch headed to rocks at South end of beach (3 km away). *It was a rest day. Why the hell did we choose to walk another 6 km?! Because it was completely worth it!*

Grabbed lots of mussels and paua. Tom caught a marblefish and others caught more wrasse.

*Tom Quote while jumping excitedly: "I'm getting REALLY into this!"*

Sunbathed & had a good wash at the river with a cup of tea.

Literally a cup of tea. We shared it between 12. *(Actually maybe there was one other cup, but still.)*

Came back to the hut & cooked up our catch, then joined a few whitebaiters down at the beach for a fire, took my uke. *So between our group, we knew or knew through someone all four whitebaiters, some in multiple ways. Small world.*

Awesome day!

Day 6. Slept in. Lazy start to the day as we decided what to do.  
Hung around Big Bay until 2:30 pm then decided to go for Hackett River. *That sounds simple. It took so much too-ing, fro-ing, um-ing, and aah-ing before we finally decided to stay at Big Bay. Then changed our minds for definite one last time.*

Have conquered (sort of) the art of boulder hopping

Saw a few yellow-eyed penguins up close along the coast. *Oops, turns out they were Fiordland Crested Penguins. Which I learnt during my day spent at the Haast DOC Centre waiting for Penzy, Alexis, and Claire to come out. (Day 9)*

4.5-hour day

Whitebaiters cooked us up a feed of venison before we left and gave us some extra food. Decided to take an extra day to finish the trip.

Kat stayed behind to hang out at Big Bay then fly out. *By hang out, we mean allegedly hook up with the Californian whitebaiter guy.*

All sad to say goodbye to Big Bay

Had a prime campsite complete with fire ring. *And burnt rubbish everywhere*

Swam in the river & washed the clothes again

Getting good at the sandfly dance. As soon as flesh is bared, the swarm comes in and bites every inch!

Ronja fixed the broken uke string with fishing line \* happy \*

Fishing line is now a permanent feature of the uke.

Day 7. 5 hours walking

Walked up the coast on boulders again to Gorge River for lunch.

*And were entertained in the hut by the performance of these following poems:*

Penzy Poem:      The greatest snickerdoodler was Janet  
                         She was 18 when she began it  
                         She carried on through til 102  
                         Wildly snickerdoodling our planet

Tom Poem:      Rick's wife asked for a snickerdoodle and Rick 'e,  
                         Said "Darling, I'm up for a quickie!"  
                         He grabbed her large bottom  
                         She hit back and got him-  
                         A corker! She'd wanted a bikkie.

Penzy Quote: "Yes, I got it. Then I made it sexual!"

Spent a good few hours there for a swim & three cups of tea.

Caught Tim and Claire spooning on a bunk. *How dare they spoon before we get to Spoon River! The rest of us ignored the main room of the hut and squeezed into the tiny side room of the hut for some map reading and a yarn or five.*

*Whilst swimming, I dove into the river (there was this real nice deep bit even though I only dove from the gravel)... and my pants fell off. Good*

*one Anna!*

Got invited into the home of legendary Bean Sprout and his wife. They've lived here 33 years! *Man they were interesting to listen to. Keen to read his book!*

Continued walking up to Spoon River and camped there.

Quadruple protective measures on the feet seem to be working - tape, Vaseline, wool, & extra socks. *I'm probably the only person ever to be lucky enough that my blisters actually improved during days of tramping. Guess my feet got used to not having orthotics. Note for next time – bring them!*

Marsh Quote: "Venus is out"

Tim has toothache. *Really bad toothache which he's had a couple of days. More to come on that subject.*

Sandflies driving us insane. *I swear they could drive someone to suicide. And it would not take as long as you reckon.*

Awesome sunset on the beach.

Saw tonnes of penguins and a pod of dolphins as we walked along.

Going to wake up at Sandfly O'Clock tomorrow and mission it out.

*Changed our minds again on taking an extra day and went with original plan. Decisiveness not a team strength.*

Spooned at Spoon River under a long tunnel fly.

#### Day 8. Last morning of sandfly swarms!

Tim not feeling good, so party split with four heading back to Gorge River. *Not feeling good meant his whole face was swelled up and he was really not in a good way. A lot of discussion took place (surprise?) before we decided what should happen.*

Us seven carried on up the coast to Barn Bay for lunch, then along the track and out to the car.

11-hour day.

Drove back to Haast & found Tim.

Tried to find food but no luck.

Got kicked out of the backpackers that half of us were staying at while cooking our tea. Ate in the carpark in front of toilets instead. Lovely.

*The man running the backpackers was an angry man. See our reviews on TripAdvisor for Wilderness Backpackers and NEVER STAY THERE!*

Rest of us stayed at Top 10 with Tim.

Driving back to Dunedin tomorrow.

Angry Haast Man Quotes: "You're freeloaders!"

"If you want a slice of bread, you gotta buy the loaf!"

*"The situation has changed!" (After miscounting and saying there were two freeloaders, then realising Meg was also there and that there were actually three).*

Tim saw a nurse and has an abscess.

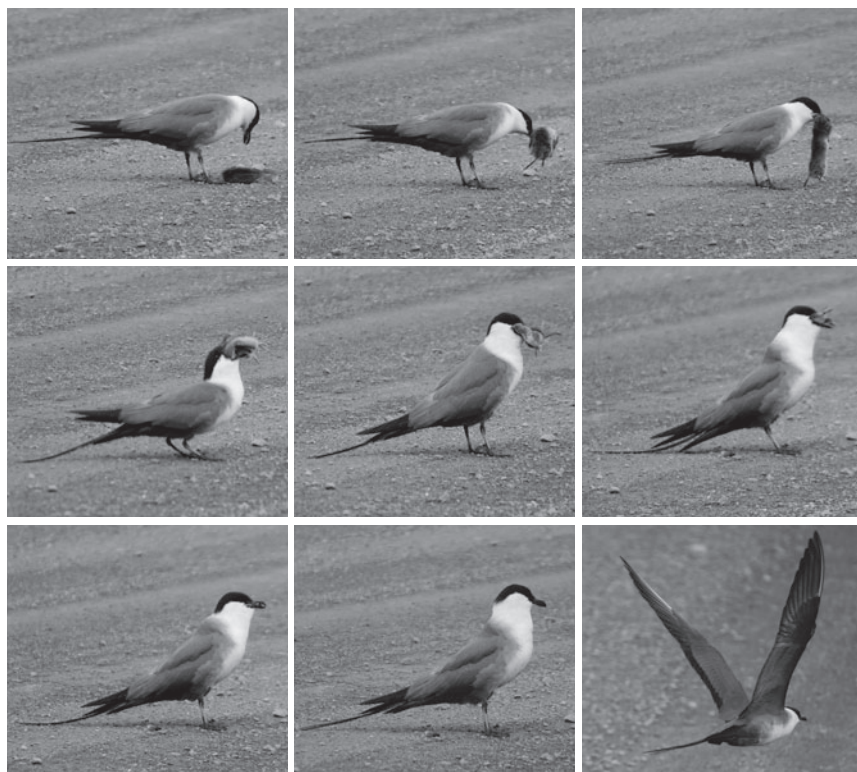
*Seriously, that's how I ended the trip diary?? Detail is obviously not my strong point. How about: 'He got given heaps of drugs and is all dosed up and good to go in a few days time. Great trip all round, challenging at times but also so laid back and awesome. And thanks West Coast for the incredibly amazing weather you put on for us!' Now that's better.*

---

## **How to Eat a Vole and Live to Tell the Tale...**

*Cleo Davie-Martin*

In Alaska I was lucky enough to see a number of strange and interesting creatures. But this moment pretty much takes the cake as far as entertaining animal observations go... It is a long-tailed jaeger playing with and then consuming a vole in a matter of seconds.



---

**Facing page Top: On Telescope Hill (Tim Bright). Bottom: Ball Pass post-Snowcraft trip (both Rowan Cox)**

**Page 140 Top: (Anna Murdoch). Bottom: Sunset at the Spoon (Tim Bright)**

**Page 141 Top: South Face of Turner Peak. Bottom: Ex-OUTCers Steve France and Paul Prince on a climb of Aiguilles Rouge (both Jaz Morris)**







# The 3 Layering Commandments

## 1 Comfort



### Velocity

Fabric: Polartec® Power Dry® Expedition

Weight: 225 grams

Impressively light and stretchy, fast drying base layer.

## 2 Warmth



### Helium II

Fabric: Polartec® 200 Hi Loft Thermal Pro®

Weight: 560 grams

Unique, soft and compact body hugging insulation.

## 3 Protection



### Zeal

Fabric: Gelanots® 3 Layer

Weight: 630 grams

Tough, waterproof, breathable outer shell.

**Made in New Zealand for over 3 generations by a family just as passionate about their climbing, tramping and ski mountaineering as you.**

**BEST QUALITY FABRICS – BUILT TO LAST – READY TO PERFORM**

**EARTH**   
**SEA**   
**SKY** 

[www.earthseasky.co.nz](http://www.earthseasky.co.nz)

## Going Solo in Aoraki/Mt Cook National Park

*Jaz Morris*

I looked down, for the thousandth time, at the crampon points kicked in as far as I could tolerate, my toes aching and bruising with every step. It seemed funny at the time, wondering if Scarpa had this in mind when they designed the 'Manta,' a pair of boots usually sold for tramping and transalpine.

I looked up, the only way of progress, as a final 70-degree step ran out into an easy gully leading to the summit ridge and glorious sun above. I swung my tools higher, stepped up, and breathed. Then repeat. No room for error with 300 m of air below, no rope, nothing but a pair of G12 crampons, my modified Petzl Aztar axe and a Petzl Quark, its second bolt starting to rattle ominously. Better not torque that axe pick.

### **First ascents on the South Face of Turner Peak (2338 m) & Pibrac (2 514m):**

'Nevé Nevé Land' (MC3+/WI2, 250 m) - Turner Peak

'JM Goes Tramping' (MC4-/WI2, 350 m) - Pibrac

A few of the participants on my Otago University Tramping Club Snowcraft course had been asking to do a trip for some time. The plan was Ball Pass and a weekend was chosen. This turned out to be the first in two months with a decent weather forecast for both days. I agreed to the trip and sneakily packed a pair of



**Group shot ascending to Ball Pass (Jaz Morris)**

technical tools, harbouring intentions of spicing up the trip by sneaking an ascent of the South Face of Turner Peak, right above the Pass. Although the area is one frequented by guides, notably from Alpine Recreation, I could find no record of ascents of this face.

Plugging steps in deep wet snow above Caroline Hut seemed to rule out finding any decent climbing material, but arriving at Ball Pass, the Face was plastered in fat ice and excellent névé. I could take my pick of lines to the summit, with some looking soloable and others looking fun for another day (and with another person). I went to sleep that night wondering if I was up to the task, or if I would end up climbing Turner's standard route with the rest of the group.

Not very early the next morning I said goodbye to the group and descended 5 minutes off the Pass to the foot of a promising line heading about 250 m direct to the top of the Peak. I started up a line spotted from the Pass which proved too much for my nerves – WI3 straight off the deck – I backed off and chose a ramp out to the right which I believed would link up with a series of ramps and steps all the way to the summit. Once committed, the next 30 minutes or so were a blur – outstanding snow on the 50-70 degree sections and, on the steeper steps, that rare kind of snow ice that takes ice axe picks with a thud and a reassuring vibration of the axe shaft. Three steps of WI2 were the crux and I was never off my front points, nor afforded the luxury of daggering – 'piolet traction' all the way. The climbing was outstanding, the views to Mt Sefton and the Divide incredible; I was having fun!

As the final ramp to the summit of Turner rapidly disappeared beneath my feet, I could relax – I'd done it, I'd committed myself and gained the reward. Perhaps the route was a first ascent? I doubt it, but if the luxury of naming the line is mine, I'd like to call it 'Névé Névé Land' (MC3+/WI2, 250 m) – if only one never had to grow up and go back to the real world!

The climb wasn't over. I reached the summit of Turner, and there, just a few hundred metres away, was Pibrac – with its 350 m South Face, in the same outstanding condition, possibly also unclimbed. It was begging to be climbed.

I weighed my options. First problem was no easy walk-off descent like on Turner. It would be up and down the South Face. Could I descend the route I wanted to climb? Probably not. Was there an alternative? Yes – an easier, but longer line, with a steep section at the bottom that would require all my attention.

Ten minutes later I was pulling myself over a schrund and starting up the South Face of Pibrac. The line was easier than Turner – but not by much – and bigger. I was in a deep gully, about 60 degrees, with the odd 70-degree step and one WI2 crux, at about half height.

Now only 80 m below the summit of Pibrac, I made the final steep moves out

of the gully, exiting onto an easier 50-degree ramp that formed the way to the top, and the upper section of my descent line. Finally at the summit ridge, I could breathe, and take a couple of photos of the route below, and the stunning view of Nazomi and Cook in the distance. Unfortunately, my NZ Alpine Team mentoring has not yet included lessons in the high-alpine self-portrait from Ben Dare – and my camera chose this moment to die. Shit. I was relying on that to check the route down.



**Line of ascent on Pibrac ('JM Goes Tramping,' MC4/WI2, 350 m) follows the major snow/ice gully centre left (Jaz Morris)**

I scratched over loose blocks of rock to tag the summit, and saw the rest of the OUTC group nearing the top of Turner Peak. I hoped they would read my note in the snow as I retraced my steps to the line of ascent. I had, it seemed, correctly judged that the descent line would be easier and began a delicate down climb, always on front points and my burning toes. Dagging seemed not to worsen the loose bolt on the Quark, but progress was slow. I was scared – the bottom 100 m was steep and I was not sure I would find the right series of snow ramps.

At what I guessed to be roughly the right spot, I hacked out a quick step, took my camera battery in my armpit to warm it up and got a few seconds of playback, enough to look at my photo of the face and choose the right descent. I don't know if I would have chosen rightly otherwise. From above the descent looked rather steep – I had underestimated the severity of this section and no easier options were available.

It would be a cliché, but accurate, to say that I completely lost track of time descending these last steps of solid WI2 ice, with few rests for the tired calves. Every movement was deliberate. I was shit scared. Fear became the firm swing of the axe. Every kick with the crampons was calculated and precise. Slowly, the metres disappeared. At last, I placed my tools as low as I could and stepped down, at full stretch, to plant my feet below the schrund and off the face.

Forty minutes later I was back at camp, returning via Proud Pass and gratefully meeting the tracks of the rest of the group coming off Turner just a few minutes previously. Now, I could relax – totally shattered but proud to have seized the day. The route – 'JM Goes Tramping' (MC4/WI2, 350 m).

## **Name and Shame**

Hi guys,

Here is the list of those of you with outstanding gear. Please return it to the gear room on Friday, or let me know if our system has tripped up and you don't actually have what we think you do. Please also for those of you returning gear make sure it is signed in correctly by the gear officer as this makes life easier for everyone.

[A list of perpetrators and the items they had out]

Next step I start telling the club how long some of you have had various items =P

Kinds Regards and No Hard Feelings,  
Your friendly gear officer

---

Congratulations to G. and R. who seem to be making the most of the winter break and getting gear out. It's a real bargain for only \$30 a year membership!

- Joe  
Your vice pres who likes going tramping.

---

## **A Criminal's Apology**

Hi Penzy,

Thank you for that very thoughtful public email. I am very much named and shamed indeed. Please let me know when my public tarring and feathering is.

And thank you for your emails before this one, letting me know I have gear overdue. Sadly, these seemed to have missed my inbox. This is entirely my fault as you are the perfect gear officer.

You are the shining example of everything we should aspire to be, so it is understandable that you probably didn't look around the hallowed gear room and see that this gear had indeed been returned.

I returned it when we got back from TWALK. Admittedly, it was late, and you were not around to sign the gear off as being returned. 1000 humble apologies for not waiting in the gear room with the poles and bed roll in hand for you to personally place your much sought after signature on the piece of paper. If I

had seen the presumably numerous, or even single, email alerting me of this oversight, it could have all been straightened out.

All you have done is no doubt inconvenienced the entire club, who will have set aside time for my highly anticipated public flogging on the museum lawn for this heinous crime. They will be most saddened to find that this event will have to be cancelled.

Good luck with all your future endeavours in dealing with the public or customer service. You have quite the gift for connecting with the masses.

I must go, I need to go and have a lie down on my sword.

Kind Regards,  
Josh

PLEASE FILL OUT THE FUCKING  
BOOK CORRECTLY OR YOU  
WILL NOT GET ANY MORE  
GEAR.

Name	GEAR	DATE IN OUT	PRICE
Tim Everett the Ham.	1 <del>Fuel Bottle</del> 1 <del>Stove</del>	14/7/89.	<del>to 4.00 70 Pcy.</del>
David Green	3 <del>Flys</del>	14/7/89.	NOT NEGOTIABLE 4.00 DAYE ONLY

**Gear officer rants are a historic part of the position... this one found in an old gear book in the time capsule uncovered this year**

# A Journey to Lake Daniell

*Anna Murdoch*

A story or two I found in my old book from primary school about my first time tramping into Lake Daniell. Note that these were about twice as long as every other story I'd written in there! In one of my parent-teacher interviews my teacher told my parents they should take me tramping again because I'd enjoyed it so much and wouldn't stop talking about it at school! Also, my love of fires seems to go back a wee way...

## 12<sup>th</sup> March

In the easter holiday's I am going to go tramping from Hanmer springs to Lake Daniels. I will have to walk for two hours to Lake Daniels. At Lake Daniels I will have to sleep on a cold metal bench in a hut. For two days my Dad and I will be real trampers. We will be real trampers because we will be going tramping and I'm only going to take two pairs of clothes with me and my Dad and I are going to stay over-night in a trampers hut and sleep outside if it is a very hot night. Before I go tramping with my Dad I am going to stay at Hanmer springs for two nights. After two nights tramping my Dad and I are going back to the hot pools at Hanmer springs I will be looking forward to going back to the hot pools.

## 26<sup>th</sup> March

During the weekend, I went tramping into Lake Daniels. At Lake Daniels I couldn't get to sleep because people were talking in their sleep. I slept in the top bunk, wich was big and could hold about fourteen people. When we were at Lake Daniels we lit six fires, two yesterday morning and four the day before yesterday. We lit the fires to cook, toast, sausages, and to roast marshmallows. We roasted four packets of marshmallows. We stayed in the tramping hut for one night.



---

**Anna, the OUTC mascot  
(Ella Borrie)**

## 'DOC' warns against conceiving children in hut

< Back to Articles

0 Comments

Thursday, 10th January 2013

Written by Alistair Hall

Another bogus Department of Conservation sign has been spotted by trampers.

In November last year, *Wilderness* reported on a series of humorous signs in a similar font and colour scheme to legitimate DOC signs that had been cropping up around the conservation estate.

Those signs asked trampers not to 'defecate in National Parks' and to 'wear nappies'. One sign even blamed a lack of funds to maintain Staircase Hut near Dunedin on those who had voted for 'that dork John Key'.

The latest bogus sign to be discovered was seen at the four-bunk Bullendale Hut in Mount Aurum Recreation Reserve near Queenstown. It reads: 'Warning! Children conceived in this hut are the property of the Minister of Conservation'.

Antony Hamel had tramped to the hut with friends and spotted the sign on the outside of the hut door.

"I was very amused," he said. "It is on laminated colour paper which looks like the real thing unless you look very closely. The tacks were a bit of a giveaway, though."

Hamel said the many miners' huts in the area are "fantastic" and recommended others to visit. "The goldfield has large amounts of machinery still present and its remoteness has meant it has not been stripped bare like many [fields] in Otago."

Have you seen any bogus DOC signs? [Email Wilderness photos and details.](#)

 Like  Tweet  +1



## Bogus DOC signs cause a chuckle

< Back to Articles

1 Comments

Monday, 12th November 2012

Written by Josh Gale

The former president of the Otago University Tramping Club has said bogus DOC signs appearing in huts around Otago and Southland could be the work of one of the club's own members.

In its October newsletter, Federated Mountain Clubs included photos of two bogus signs and asked its members to report if, when and where they have seen others.

The signs are the standard green and yellow with the department's official logo, but their messages are politically subversive or just plain silly.

The bogus signs have been showing up since 2009 when a sign asking people walking the Routeburn Track to wear 'tramping nappies' was first reported.

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

Since then trampers have been finding more bizarre signs around huts in Otago and Southland.

Former OUTC president and Dunedin climber Jaz Morris has seen bogus signs in half a dozen huts.

He photographed one at Staircase Hut and entered the picture in the New Zealand Alpine Club's photography competition.

The photo was put on Facebook and then went viral on the internet. The sign read: 'Warning! We would have the money to restore this hut if you all stopped voting for that dork John Key.'

Morris said he had no idea that would happen and promises he is not the person behind them.

"I've heard some speculation there might be one of our members involved," he said. "Whoever is doing it is keeping it firmly under their hat and probably for good reason."



1<sup>ST</sup> ANNUAL OUTC  
MOST ADVENTUROUS



## **I'm a Real 4WD!**

*Penzy Dinsdale*

As Penzy's trusty white Subaru Legacy of 5 years this year, I finally gained some due credit and respect from some of Penzy's judgemental tramping mates who up until now had me labelled as a lemon. This year they begrudgingly admitted I was a pretty great car, more useful than a Rav4, cheaper to look after than an aging Terrano, and better at keeping my windscreen intact than windy little investment cars, although wing mirrors and knock sensors are another matter. As a fantastic car, I have taken the liberty of noting down some of my great moments of the year, proving that once again I am a real 4WD and that I can keep a handle on all of my tyres, unlike a certain Terrano. And as this only concerns 2013, there will be no rehashing of 4WD learner moments, such as the cow story, the rock in the Awakino ford, and the world's slowest crash.

### **Chapter One:** Wild Adventures, Queen's Birthday Weekend.

So for Penzy and friends this one started with a day trip up Ohau Skifield, which was a cruisy drive but the pre-season road conditions made for some rock dodging. This was followed by a drive part way up the Hopkins towards Monument Hut. I'd been further up this road previously but as it was a bit muddy in places and the weather was looking inclement, Penzy and friends walked some of the way this time. Much to my surprise they were back the next day owing to an insulin breakage, which was just as well as one of the rocks in the washout seemed to have given me a flat. This was quickly dealt to and we were on our way to Twizel. New insulin acquired and with a slightly fairer weather forecast, we headed in the driving rain to Ahuriri Base Hut. Here I had also been previously and although the fords were a lot better this time around, the mud was a bit of a skiddy surprise. Nevertheless, made it to the hut and the rain just kept coming down; the hunters had nearly been washed away in the stream, but somehow we never thought of the fords.



#### **Penzy gives Scuby a wheel massage (Tim Hargrave)**

Penzy Dinsdale getting worked up about her nomination for the driving award:

*"I put fucking fuel in it, I PUT FUCKING FUEL IN IT and it sprayed everywhere."*

Half an hour before breakfast it starts to snow... uh oh. It's coming down hard and fast and in five minutes I'm fair covered in the stuff. Time to get the hell out of here, although pretty isn't it?

Back to the mud hole, now full of water and covered in snow, chains are for the weak (and 2WD) though. Although, I'll give thanks where due and I'm grateful to Tim and Cleo; as nervous passengers, they were out and ready to push when the time was right. All's fair in love and war and I made it through on the first go, the hunters 4WD looking less smug as they didn't get to pull me out. Glad we chose the high route...

Now the fords; most were fine, just a little rutted and washed out, until we came to the monster... I'm not going to lie, it was a little nerve-wracking, however, the alternative was sit there and wait for it to stop snowing and the water to go back down (which wouldn't have fixed the washed-out sides at any rate). So we let a few 4WD's, and one badly driven town "4WD" go first, got Cleo and Mark to kick some of the bigger rocks off the edge and in we went. Water splashing over bonnet, full force of river against my side, but hey we got to the far side under my own steam, sorry hunter's 4WD: no heroes needed! The photo doesn't really do it justice (page 157) but there is a video available on Penzy's Facebook.

Fairly certain the lake was a good two metres below the road yesterday, today it's halfway up my doors, over my bonnet and in my tailpipe. But it's ok: just keep the momentum, same applies on all the slippery hills, so glad right now for my low ratio gear box switch!

Made it safely back to the main road, chains still in the boot, thank hunters and their disappointed 4WD, and drive drive drive back to Dunedin. Proof I'm a real 4WD. Although, I wish people had kept their wet snowy boots out a window, it took me half the winter just to dry out again.

## **Chapter Two:** Adventures in Cass, Winter Break.

The night before Penzy and friends are due back from a tramping trip, there I am chilling below Bealey Hut. I know they have a hitch hike to get back here tomorrow, but I am locked so can't go meet them. It starts to snow and it snows and snows and snows. All night and all the next day. Hmmm... Not sure Penzy and the others are going to come back to me and besides, I'm



**Scoby in Snow (Penzy Dinsdale)**

half buried in what you might call thigh deep NZ powder. Sticky situation. Oh look, here are Penzy and friends now; couldn't even get a lift to me because of the snow. Emma's gone to ask the farmer to clear the road, which he does and then helps Emma to get the worst of the snow off me. Ok, maybe we are going to get out of here. Robina and Penzy get me in the chains and yay for low ratio. Off we go. Hoping for a slightly less snowy parking place in Arthurs Pass, something under a tree might be nice. Clunk, oops not looking where I'm putting my tyres. I seem to have broken a chain. Oh well, one chain then. I'm a real 4WD. Arrive safely and have a nice break, get chain fixed.

3 pm the next day the road opens and we are off, no chains, even where there are some good new drifts of powder. Up and over the top we go and low ratio low gear down the far side. Glad of fixed chains on the short cut through the back of Canterbury though. Drive drive drive to Dunedin again. Just another 4WD day in the life of 4WD Scuby!

### **Chapter Three:** On Being a Loyal Subject, November 2013.

Being a super smart 4WD, sometimes I come fetch Penzy from the end of a track, saving her an hour of road walking back to where we started. I'm just that awesome.

**Conclusion:** I'm a Real 4WD.

See above for proof and come tramping with me and Penzy for a real adventure. So suck it Leonard (Leonard is Penzy's boyfriend's town "4WD"; all faults and no fun).



**Scuby parked in front of the tourist sign on the Martyr Road  
(Penzy Dinsdale)**

## On Rental Vehicles

*Josh Brinkmann*

**The most adventurous car award must go to any rental vehicle.**

Reasons:

- Low (read no) maintenance required. You can forget about having to worry if the car has sufficient oil and water to make the trip and spend more time actually tramping.
- Fearless when it comes to conquering tough sections of road or unknown terrain. The vehicle is more than happy to attack any challenge full on with little regard for its own well-being and safety.
- Being able to frequently use the entire rev range under full throttle enables far greater penetration into the bush.
- Lack of ground clearance can be compensated for by increased approach speed.
- They can park anywhere. This includes in rivers, bogs, small stands of trees and areas of a high security risk.
- All rentals are able to withstand a severe amount of cosmetic damage and still be fully functional.
- The two gears of 1<sup>st</sup> and reverse are more than sufficient to travel long distances over arduous terrain. This also minimises gear changes and subsequently, driver fatigue - ensuring a safer journey.
- It's the cheapest and most versatile 4WD you will ever have. And at \$40 a day, the value is unbeatable.
- When the adventurous sounds of nature get too much to handle, the rental's car stereo can drown them out at full volume for sustained periods of time. You do not have to worry about blowing the speakers because rental car stereos operate at their optimum when turned up to full noise. You also have the added benefit of choosing your own sounds to replace the ones of nature.
- It never needs cleaning, inside or out, after being loaded up with wet and grubby tramping gear.
- You will never again have to worry 'if my car can get through'. Just try it. The rental won't complain.
- Driving a rental vehicle has been proven to increase a driver's confidence.

Drivers of rental vehicles are 45.6% more confident that their vehicle can 'make that obstacle' with 'no worries', than drivers of non-rental vehicles.

- Increased load capacity. In a rental, you can strap things haphazardly to the roof of the vehicle (crampons, ice axes, rocks, hitch hikers etc), without having to worry about scratching the paint. All rentals are coated with a scratch resistant paint which also serves to push past tree branches with less friction, enabling you to get even further up the valley.
- You can spend more time tramping with a rental because you are guaranteed to get to the track end quicker. In a rental, you no longer have to slow down for trivial things such as speed cameras, road works, or people crossing the road, thus enabling you to get on with what you actually want to be doing - i.e., tramping.
- The boot of a rental car is made for helping wildlife. You wouldn't put a wild possum in your own boot, but in a rental, the possibilities are endless. All manner of animals are able to be relocated to another environment in a rental, more efficiently than on foot, thus helping out DOC and feeling good about yourself in the process.

These are but a few of the reasons why the venerable rental will forever hold a special place in the heart of OUTC'ers and should claim the inaugural prize of 'Most Adventurous Car Award'.

\*Note: If you are unable to procure a rental vehicle, Penzy Dinsdale has a white Subaru with similar properties to a rental. If you mention this ad, you will be able to borrow her car and not have to pay the usual hire fee of paying for fuel.

---

## **Nomination for Most Adventurous Car: Toby**

*Joe Vincent*

Specifications:

- 1987 Mitsubishi Pajero painted Artic White
- 2.5 L turbo Diesel
- Top speed of approx. 110 kph (going down a big hill with a tail wind)
- 4x4, short wheel base
- Raised suspension and sitting on 33" mud grip tyres
- Homemade steel snorkel topped with \$9 PVC plumbing fitting to stop the rain getting in

Please accept my nomination for Toby to be considered as the most adventurous vehicle of the OUTC. There are numerous reasons I feel this award was created for Toby. In order to save time they are listed below:

- His adventuring days started from the first week. I purchased him from a bloke up North East Valley in 2010. That week, while having a look up some forestry roads around Three Mile Hill, I drove him up a creek bed and only sustained a minor dent to the chassis rail.

- At various scout camps, Toby had provided an excellent method of pulling grass sleds around the paddock and moving large logs for firewood. Has also provided a wonderfully solid abseiling anchor.

- For camping at a road end: the roof racks and spare wheel on the back are an approved method of holding up the tent fly. With enough packs jammed in underneath to stop the wind, the campsite created is quite salubrious.

- Overnight stays at Long Beach are made very easy with being able to transport as much climbing and surfing gear as you want down the beach. The high ground clearance is especially useful in the soft sand. Only got slightly stuck once; managed to dig him out with a length of 2x4" timber that was under the back seats.

- Driving up the Ahuriri Valley is a piece of cake, again due to good ground clearance. No risk of bottoming out the vehicle on the rougher sections of track. Any small creeks are easily forded. Momentum is key to water crossings. At speed, the spray comes well above roof height.

- The road from Arrowtown to Macetown has over 20 river crossings. Some up to bonnet depth. Aside from some belts getting wet and a couple of warning lights coming on these presented no major issue to driving in.

- Deep mud presents more of a challenge than a serious obstacle. The front mounted winch and spare wheel are all that is required to get unstuck.

- Deep frozen mud and snow has proved to be more challenging. Getting stuck in the middle of winter coming out of Mavora Lakes required the assistance of a tractor to get unstuck (after a 20 km walk in the snow).

- The ease of operation is legendary, one simply selects a gear, either first or second, lets the clutch out and steers. Even Cleo can drive Toby reasonably well.

There are other vehicles in the OUTC that are well known but none are actually named. The owner may have some halfarse nickname but Toby, physically, is named. I feel this helps to create a real bond between man and machine; there are many places I've taken Toby that would have been impossible in any other OUTC vehicle. If you want adventure, then look no further.

---

**Facing page Top: Scuby (Tim Hargrave). Bottom: Toby (Cleo D-M)**

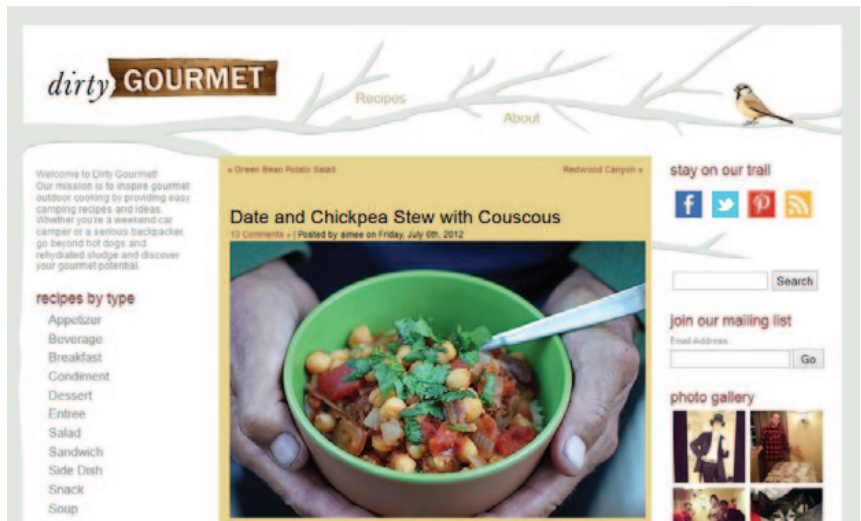




## Date and Chickpea Stew with Couscous

Here's a recipe that is REALLY yummy - great for vegans/vegetarians:

<http://www.dirtygourmet.com/date-and-chickpea-stew-with-couscous>



Yield: 6-8 servings

Preparation time: 10 minutes

Cook time: 20 minutes

### Tools:

Cutting board

Knife

Large pot

Medium pot

Large spoon

### Method:

1. At home, combine spices in a spice jar or zip-top bag.
2. Heat oil in a large pot. Add onion and cook for about 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Stir in garlic and spices and cook for about 30 seconds. Add tomatoes, chickpeas, and 1/4 cup water. Cover and simmer for about 10 minutes. Stir in dates and lemon juice.
3. Meanwhile, bring 1 1/2 cups water and salt to a boil. Stir in couscous, remove from heat, and cover. Allow to sit while the stew finishes cooking.
4. When you're ready to serve it, fluff the couscous with a fork. Spoon the couscous into bowls and top with the stew and a sprinkle of cilantro.

### Ingredients:

- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- 1 large onion, diced
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 teaspoon ground cumin
- 1 teaspoon ground coriander
- 1 teaspoon ground ginger
- 1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 1x 15-oz can diced tomatoes
- 2x 15-oz cans chickpeas, rinsed and drained
- 1 cup pitted dates, sliced
- juice of one lemon
- 1/2 cup chopped cilantro
- 1 cup couscous
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

## Hedgehog Slice

*Courtesy of Tim Bright*

### Ingredients:

#### *Base*

- 2 packets Vanilla Wine Biscuits, crushed
- 1 cup desiccated coconut
- 300 b butter
- 1/3 cup cocoa
- 1 tin condensed milk

#### *Icing*

- 1 cup icing sugar
- 1 tbsp cocoa
- 1 tbsp butter, melted
- 1 tbsp milk
- boiling water



<http://alisonthompson.com.au/news/recipes/hedgehog-slice/>

### Method:

1. In a bowl, mix the crushed Vanilla Wine biscuits and shredded coconut.
2. In a separate bowl mix butter, cocoa, and condensed milk.
3. Combine both mixes and press into a baking paper-lined tin/tray.
4. Prepare icing by mixing dry ingredients, then the milk and butter, and finally use boiling water to mix to the desired consistency.
5. Sprinkle coconut on top.
6. Refrigerate and then cut into squares.

Enjoy!



**The definition of Hangry - Claire Cannon (Meg Buddle)**

## **Snickerdoodles**

*Katherine Wentz*

230 g butter  
1 1/3 cups granulated sugar  
1 egg  
2 teaspoons vanilla  
3 cups flour  
2 teaspoons cream of tartar  
1 teaspoon baking soda  
2 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon  
1/2 teaspoon salt

Cream butter and sugar add egg, then mix in dry ingredients and roll two-tablespoons of mixture into balls. DON'T FORGET to roll the dough balls in the topping: 1 teaspoon of cinnamon + 1/4 cup sugar. Bake at 180 °C for 11-12 minutes. Take tramping.

## **Basic Dahl Curry**

*Courtesy of Jaz Morris and Sara Boucher*

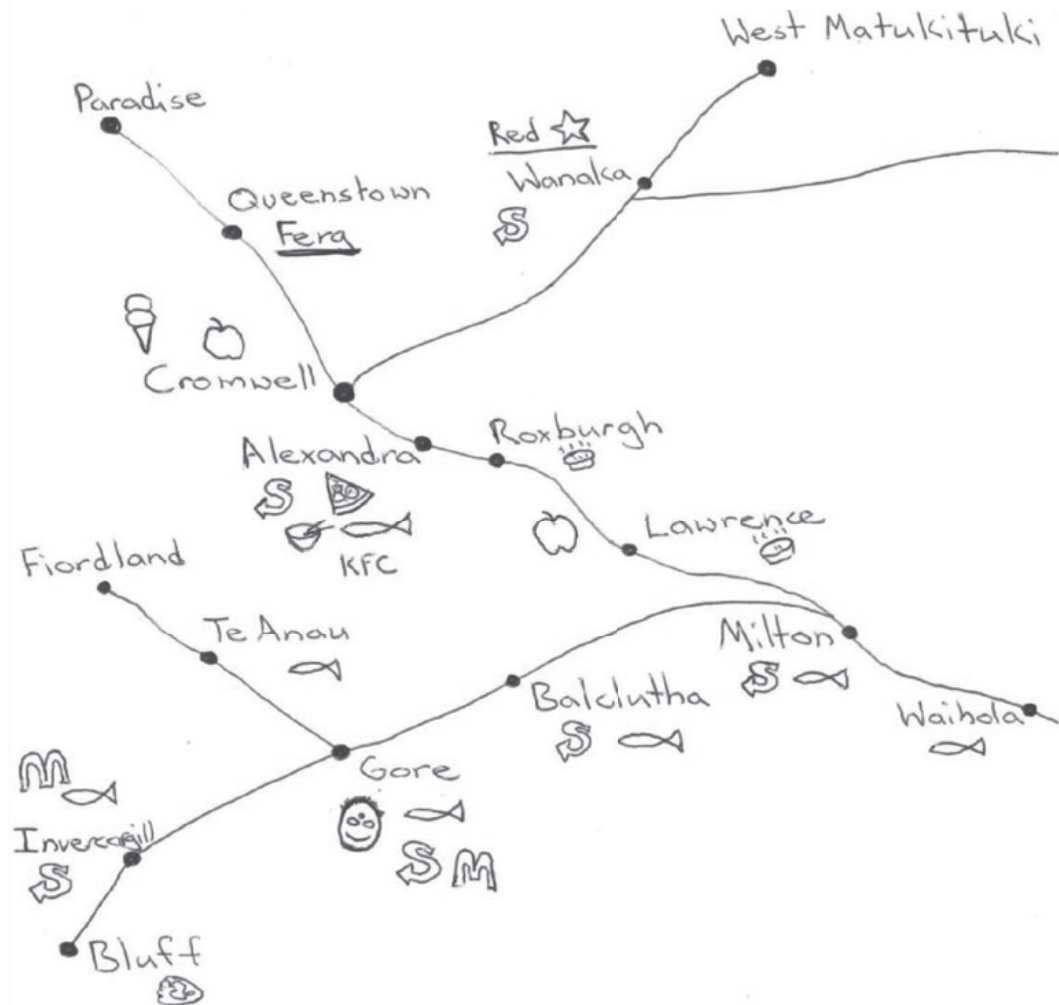
(to serve approximately 4, low-medium spiciness)

### Ingredients:

1 cup split red lentils  
2 onions  
4 cloves garlic  
1 can tomatoes  
2 tbsp oil/butter  
fenugreek leaves, garam masala, chilli, cumin, paprika, ginger (fresh or ground),  
turmeric, salt

### Method:

1. Gently boil the lentils in around 3 cups water and a pinch of salt until porridgey.
2. In a separate pan heat 2 tbsp oil and/or butter and when hot throw in a good pinch of fenugreek leaves, 1 whole chilli sliced thinly (or to taste), and 1 tsp ground or fresh ginger.
3. When all are hot and immersed in oil add finely chopped onion and stir. Water may be needed to prevent the spices sticking to the bottom of the pan.
4. When the onions are coated in oil/spice add 1 tsp each of turmeric, garam masala, cumin, paprika, and salt. Fry on low heat until onions are translucent-ish, add garlic, cook another couple of minutes and add tomatoes.
5. Heat until simmering, add the cooked lentils, stir, and cook with lid on, on a low heat for as long as you can be bothered waiting. If mixture dries out, add water. If mixture is too wet, take the lid off.
6. Serve with rice or naan or toast.



## Key:

Fish & Chips

Subway

McDonalds

Pizza

Icecream

Pies/Bakery

Fruit

Indian

Turkish Kebabs

Ferg Fergburger

Red Star Red Star

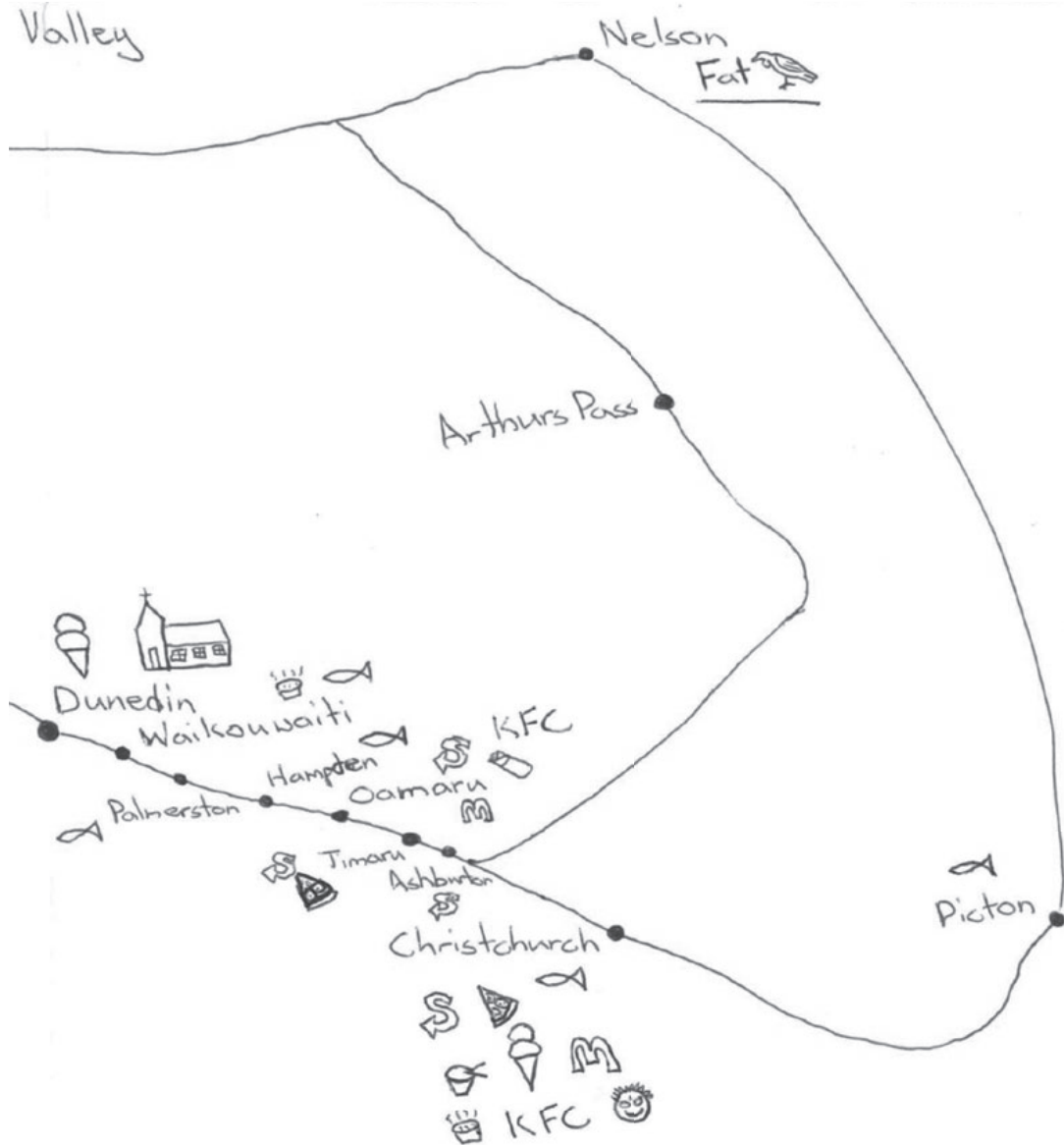
Fat The Fat Tui

Asian Takeaways

KFC KFC

Bluff oysters

The Church Bar



## Your Takeaway Guide to the South Island

*Claire Cannon and Tim Bright*

# Post Mavora Lakes Pot Luck Dinner Challenge of 2009

*Cleo Davie-Martin*

The Challenge: “To add a bit of a twist, whatever you bring must either start with the letter ‘C’ or have an ingredient in it that starts with the letter C. You get double points for ingredients and a name starting with C”

Great, so create a delicacy for potluck dinner on Wednesday night that starts with ‘C’ and get awarded bonus points if your creation also contains ingredients beginning with ‘C’... I love a challenge and experimental cooking is something I do rather frequently (much to my flatmates’ disgust), so this challenge was right up my alley and here I present to you ‘the culinary creation’ so you can all enjoy (perhaps)...

The Creation: SAVOURY ‘C’ CUPCAKES

## Ingredients:

½ onion (finely chopped)  
50 g butter  
1 tbsp **canola oil**  
1 **carrot** (finely grated)  
½ cup **couscous**  
¾ cup boiling water  
½ cup frozen **carrot** and **corn** pieces (pick out the peas)  
½ tsp **chilli powder**  
¼ tsp **coriander**  
¼ tsp **cajun**  
¼ tsp **cardamon**  
¼ tsp **cumin**  
1 **caged egg** (as opposed to free range)  
1 ½ cups of milk  
½ tsp salt  
2 cups wholemeal flour  
4 tsp baking powder  
½ cup **cheese** (grated)  
**chives** to garnish

## Method:

1. Preheat oven to 200 °C
2. In a pot melt butter and add oil and onions to lightly cook
3. Add grated carrot and remove from heat
4. In a bowl put ½ cup dried couscous and the frozen carrot and corn pieces (remember to remove the peas from the mixed vegetables). Pour boiling water over and leave to stand for 2 minutes
5. Add herbs and spices to couscous mixture then combine with the onion mixture
6. Add egg and milk and salt to mixture and combine thoroughly
7. Sift in flour and baking powder and mix with minimal stirring
8. Grease cupcake trays and add a spoonful of mixture to each
9. Garnish with grated cheese and chives
10. Cook for 10-15 minutes

So, sounds great ha? Contrary to all beliefs, these cupcakes actually did turn out ok and actually tasted pretty good (I got approval from my flatmate who is a vege-phobe so that’s saying something!!!).

Seeing as I am in a creative mood, I have some suggested alterations for those of you with unfortunate ailments or a bit of a sweet tooth...

## CREATIVE 'C' CUPCAKE ALTERNATIVES...

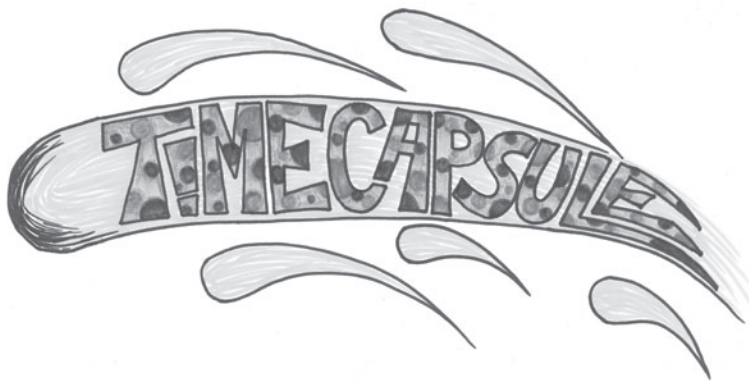
### Gluten Free 'C' Cupcakes

- Use **cornflour** instead of wholemeal flour
- Substitute the **couscous** with rice

### Sweet 'C' Cupcakes

- Instead of onion carrot and corn, add ¼ cup of **cherries** (or **cranberries**), ½ cup of **chocolate chips** and 1 tsp **caster sugar** to the **couscous**
- If the thought of couscous in sweet cupcakes makes you cringe, you could try using thick **creamy custard** as an alternative
- Depending on the kind of texture you are going for (and who has to eat them) you could add **cocoa pops**, **cornflakes** and/or **crunchy grain**
- Use 1 tsp **cinnamon** and 1 tbsp **cocoa** powder instead of the herbs
- For an early morning wake me up, add a dessertspoon of instant **coffee**
- Depending on how decadent your feeling, **cream** could be used as an alternative to milk (**condensed milk** would also do it!)
- Use plain/high grade flour instead of wholemeal (unless you're feeling healthy)
- Garnish with **cherries** and **chocolate** buttons instead of cheese and chives

Disclaimer: The creative alternatives have not yet been tried and tested but who cares... get out there and give it a go! Be creative and try some experimental cooking yourselves!!!



### **Blast from the Past!**

Do your camp cooking skills need an upgrade? Then these useful instructions we found in the time capsule are just what the doctor ordered...

## PASTA

Marco Polo, writing in the late 13th century popularised pasta in the Western World. Pasta comes from the Italian word for paste and has come to mean any product made of flour paste. Hugh Platt had the task of selecting provisions for Sir Francis Drake's third voyage, 1577-1580. He included "hollow pipes" (macaroni). "There is a certain victual in the form of hollow pipes ... which I furnished Sir Francis Drake on his last voyage ... it is very durable, exceedingly light ... saves much fuel ... is fresh ... serves instead of bread and meat ... may be made as delicate as you please by the addition of oil, butter, sugar and such like". — Hugh Platt (1596)

Pasta can be used in a variety of ways:

- make a bed of noodles instead of rice for curry
- combine with a small tin of salmon or chopped salami
- with a cheese sauce turn macaroni into macaroni cheese
- instant noodles and tomato cup-of-soup sachet makes a quick spaghetti.

### 1. TYPES OF PASTA

**Instant Noodles** — 85 g pkts; reconstituted with boiling water; combine with tomato cup-of-soup to make instant spaghetti.

**Risone** — 1 cup weighs 170 g, about the same weight and size as rice; takes as long to cook as rice; risone is used in commercial Rice Risottos.

**Macaroni & Pepperoni** (small macaroni) — about 150 g per cup; some quick cooking types available; ordinary types take 7-15 minutes to cook.

**Vegetable Flavoured Pasta** — flavours of spinach, tomato, celery & onions; smaller varieties good for fried noodles.

**Wholemeal Pasta** — vermacilli and macaroni shapes available; generally takes slightly longer to cook than equivalent white flour pasta.

**Vermacilli and Spaghetti** — vermacilli being smaller, cooks a little faster than spaghetti; keep water boiling rapidly to prevent pasta sticking together.

**Egg Noodles** — great range available; easy to cook; smaller varieties are generally faster cooking. I suspect the proportion of egg in egg noodles is very slight.

**Rice Noodles** — made with rice flour; thin, wiry transparent threads; opaque when cooked; cooks in 5 minutes; doesn't stick together; slight flavour of rice; excellent alternative for people with wheat allergy.

**Bean Threads** — made from flour of green bean; transparent, wiry threads; stays transparent when cooked; neutral flavour; absorbs flavours such as soya sauce and Oxo cubes.



*Spaghetti out of control*

## 2. YIELD OF PASTA

**Yield:** 50 g (about  $\frac{1}{2}$  c) pasta gives 1 cup of cooked pasta. This is a four fold increase in weight and a two fold increase in volume.

- (a) Small compact pasta such as macaroni and risone can be measured by cup:  **$\frac{1}{2}$  cup pasta provides 1 cup cooked pasta**
- (b) Weight of egg noodles, bean threads etc can be calculated from proportion of packet **Allow 50 g to provide 1 cup cooked pasta.** For example 250 g pkt of egg noodles will give  $5 \times 1$  c servings

## 3. HINTS FOR COOKING PASTA

- (a) Use about  **$1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of water for each 50 g of pasta.** For macaroni this would mean nearly  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of macaroni to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of water. Italian cooks recommend a higher ratio of water than this but big pots are rather scarce in the outdoors!
- (b) **Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon oil or margarine to water for each 50 g pasta.** Oil helps prevent pasta strands, particularly vermacilli and spaghetti, from sticking together.

- (c) **Bring water to a rolling boil** before adding pasta. Some block noodles should be stirred until they separate. Straight noodles such as spaghetti should have the ends held in the boiling water until they soften and then the whole length gradually lowered. This technique prevents noodles from concealing into a solid lump.
- (d) **Keep water boiling rapidly.** Slow boiling will allow pasta to stick to pot or billy.
- (e) **Boil pasta for length of time recommended on packet.** In my experience the times given are reliable. Pasta is cooked when it is soft all the way through but still firm. 'A la dente', firm to the bite is how the recipe books describe correctly cooked pasta.
- (f) **Drain the pasta.** Save the cooking liquid for a sauce if required.

## RICE

Rice is a satisfying, easy to cook staple food. It is very versatile — can be boiled, fried, made into rice risotto or creamy rice pudding.

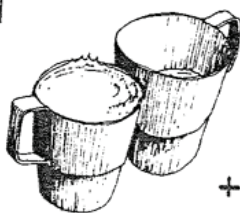
### HINTS FOR COOKING RICE

1. **ALWAYS USE LONG GRAIN RICE.** Short grain rice tends to stick together but long grain rice separates when cooked.
2. Measure rice and water carefully — **use the same cup for both.** The proportions are **1 cup rice to 1½ cups water.**
3. Add ½ teaspoon salt for each cup rice.
4. Bring rice, salt and water to a vigorous boil and **boil for 2 minutes.**
5. Reduce heat to as low as possible — to a **very gentle simmer.**
6. **Put lid on billy.**
7. Simmer 10-15 minutes until rice is soft and **all water has been absorbed.**
8. Do not stir during cooking but at the end of cooking time, gently turn rice over with a fork and replace lid until ready to serve.

### BROWN RICE

Brown rice is nutritionally superior to white rice because it contains rice germ and some rice bran, but it takes at least twice as long to cook which detracts from its usefulness a little. Brown rice has a chewy texture and a slight nutty flavour. Quantities, proportions and cooking instructions are the same as for white long grain rice except that brown rice takes 20-40 minutes to cook, depending on variety.

## COOKING RICE



*1½ c water*

+

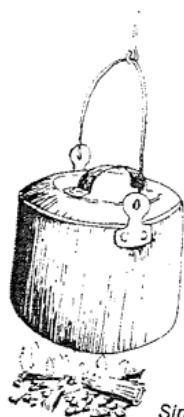


*1 c rice*

+



*½ t salt*



*Simmer 10 min*



*Boil 2 min*



*2½ c cooked rice*

### 3. WATER JACKET METHOD

Either a primus or open fire can be used for this method. Have two billys that easily fit inside each other with water in between. Keep water boiling and check regularly to see that it doesn't boil dry — the water should come about half way up the side of the smaller billy. This cooking technique is not suitable for bread because the temperature is not able to exceed 100° C but it is good for plum pudding, apple sponge and foods that tend to catch on the bottom when cooked without protection.



Water jacket cake cooking (Cleo Davie-Martin)

### 4. IN TINFOIL ON EMBERS

Whole stuffed trout and apple roly-poly lend themselves to being cooked this way. Long batons of bread dough wrapped in foil and cooked on embers are also delicious. Wrap food in at least six layers of tin foil, being careful to grease the first layer. A large stuffed trout will cook in 30-45 minutes — turn over every 10 minutes or so and replace embers as necessary. Bread sticks should be given a quarter turn every 4 minutes until cooked — 15-20 minutes; check after 15 minutes.



Fire cooking damper, marshmallows, and banana chocolate boats  
(Luke Gardener and Anna Murdoch)

### 5. ON STICKS OVER EMBERS

Children love cooking this way because they can see and smell the results immediately. Build a fire with a good bed of embers. Everybody knows how to cook sausages on a stick but the art of winding scone or bread dough around a stick and cooking it over embers is less frequently practised which is a pity because it can be heaps of fun. The sticks need to be about 2-3 cm in diameter and about a metre long — a stick this long gives some protection from the blistering heat of the fire.

### Scone Twists

Aim to have consistency of scone dough just right. If it is too soft it will be very messy to work with and will drop off the stick and if it is too stiff the cooked twists will be dry and hard. Twist scone dough

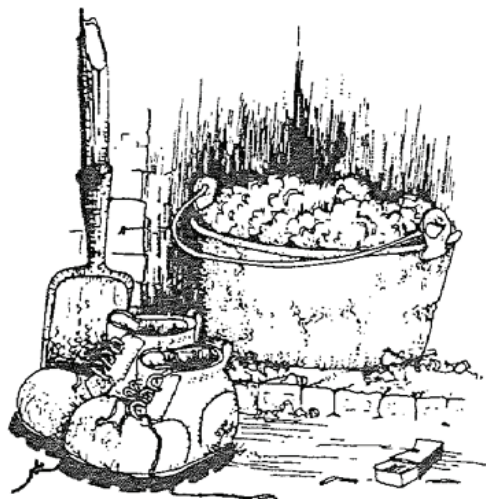
around the bottom 10-15 cm of the stick and have it no thicker than 2 cm. For the first few minutes over the embers the sticks should be turned frequently to set the dough. Brown evenly for 10-15 minutes until cooked — when pulled off the stick should not feel sticky inside. Fill the hole with jam or honey and eat hot.

### Bread Twists

Use the same procedure as for scone twists except leave bread twists in a warm place to rise for 30 minutes before cooking. Brown over embers for 10-15 minutes until cooked.

## 6. CAMP OVEN

A camp oven looks like a heavy old style preserving pan with a lid. Older ones were made out of cast iron, newer ones are made out of an aluminium alloy and some of them have little short legs. In pioneering days a camp oven was often simply used as a large pot and was hung directly over the fire. But it is designed to function as an oven. By piling embers on top of the lid, the air underneath is heated and cooks the food inside the camp oven. Take care not to have embers in close contact with bottom or sides of camp oven as this will burn cake or bread — it took me several burnt loaves of bread to learn that lesson! Cooking times are about the same as in a conventional oven. Some South Island tramping huts still provide camp ovens and also a spade, if you're lucky, for shovelling embers on top of the lid.



*Camp oven*

## Tramping Cuisine

Claire Cannon

For a ~~good~~ tasty tramping meal there are 3 key components; Protein, Carbohydrate and vegetables. Flavour is also important.

### Protein

~~There are many options~~

Options include • Bacon - lasts for around 3 days unopened.

100g per person • Pre-cooked sausages - lasts 4-5 days esp if cold.

50g for dried stuff • Tuna - lasts forever but is heavy. good for first night.

• Mince - last a long time if dehydrated but up 2 two days if fresh. (spagbol ☺)

• Salami - keeps forever

• Jerky - also keeps a long time and is light. Good for stirfrys

• Fish or seafood if you are near the coast and have a fishing rod.

• Chicken - not recommended but you can get in a can if you are really desperate.

• Tofu - good for vegetarians and can be dehydrated Easy to cook.

• Split red lentils - <sup>very light</sup> only takes around 10 mins to cook. faster if you soak them as soon as you get to camp.

Seeds/  
• Nuts - mmm satay sauce.

Peanut Butter

• Chickpeas - <sup>and light.</sup> Yummy but take a while to cook from dry. legumes/beans

• Steak - Yum steak. lasts up to two days.

(Meat lasts longer if you freeze it beforehand)

Carbohydrate 100g per person. More if there are lots of hungry boys or its a long trip.

• Bread - Dense loaves dont get as squished. Make a bread holder out of 2 2L milk bottles.

• Rice - Uncle Bens is highly recommended. Brown takes ages to cook so white is better. Rice risotto is yummy also

• Oats - ~~Porridge~~ Porridge ☺

• Wraps - A less fragile version of bread.

• Pasta - Easy to cook. Everyone loves pasta

• Cous Cous - Amazingly fast to cook. Just boil water and soak for 3min.

• Potato flakes - light and quick to cook. Needs seasoning.

• Quinoa - Takes about 20 mins to cook and is very high in protein. Quite expensive tho.

### Vegetables (handful or 2 per person)

A must for five plus a day

• Fresh - good options include

- carrots - will last forever

- broccoli - lasts probly up to 6 days

- mushrooms - 3-4 days

- coleslaw - good for lunch in a wrap

→ easily squished  
Tomatoes, Avocado &

Cucumber - good for lunch.

- Dehydrated - Frozen mixes from the supermarket are easy to dehydrate.  
- You can buy pre dehydrated veges
- Tomato paste - Yum but weighs a bit.

### Flavour

#### Beautiful Flavour for your meal

- Onions and garlic - goes with anything and is always amazing
- Herbs and spices - yum yum yum Tim recommends mixed herbs
- Curry paste -
- Cup of soups - assorted flavours
- Stir fry sauces - honey soy, lime & chili and others
- Stock
- Salt and pepper
- Coconut
- Pesto
- coconut milk powder

### Deserts

- Cheese Cake
- Hot choc + marshmallows → also good in fire
- Tim Tam slams / smores
- Rice Pudding
- Instant mouse
- Jelly
- Damper with jam and butter
- Apple crumble

---

## **Locator Beacon Love**

*Joe Vincent*

PLBs are right for me  
 Light, portable, and club hire is free  
 I carry one where'er I go  
 Through rivers, in rain, or in snow  
 To set one off is easy as  
 I've once done it with cold and shaking hands  
 Pull the aerial up to engage  
 Then wait for a chopper to save the day  
 For peace of mind thats hard to beat  
 Always take a beacon, not bacon for that's a meat.

---

Joe Vincent during the driving award nomination at Annual Awards Dinner:  
*"Gear freak, Penzy - because she freaks out about gear."*

# Annual OUTC Paradise Cooking Competition

## Paradise Leaders

This year, our trusty President, Tim Bright, had the tough duty of judging the annual OUTC Paradise Cooking Competition. Below is a selection of the items on the menu...

Spaniard Clearing: *Nick Plimmer*

### Paella

An award winning recipe!

[www.bbcgoodfood.com/recipes/4021/easiest-ever-paella](http://www.bbcgoodfood.com/recipes/4021/easiest-ever-paella)

Substitute...


Leek for red onion


Peas for three courgettes

Seafood Mix for 400 g scallops

Use chicken stock

Bon appetite!





### Easiest ever paella

★★★★★ (489 ratings) [By Good Food](#) [Magazine subscription - a issue for £3](#)

Prep: 5 mins  
Cook: 25 mins

Easy ✕ Serves 4

Think paella's too much of a challenge? Think again, this easy recipe makes it foolproof and is full of fantastic flavour

[Like](#) 421 [Tweet](#) 60 [Share](#) 35 [Bookmark](#) 1.5K

Nutrition [per serving](#)

Calories	Protein	Carbs	Fat	Saturated	Salt	Sugar	Fibre
516	32g	75g	12g	0.4g	5g	5g	1.29g

Additional info

Healthy

[Save to My Good Food](#) [Print](#)

### Ingredients

- 1 tbsp olive oil
- 1 leek or onion, sliced
- 110g pack chorizo sausage, chopped
- 1 tsp turmeric
- 300g long grain rice
- 1l hot fish or chicken stock
- 200g frozen peas
- 400g frozen seafood mix, defrosted

### Method

1. Heat the oil in a deep frying pan, then soften the leek for 5 mins without browning. Add the chorizo and fry until it releases its oils. Stir in the turmeric and rice until coated by the oils, then pour in the stock. Bring to the boil, then simmer for 15 mins, stirring occasionally.
2. Tip in the peas and cook for 5 mins, then stir in the seafood to heat through for a final 1-2 mins cooking or until rice is cooked. Check for seasoning and serve immediately with lemon wedges.

East Ridge Earnslaw Burn: Marc Riedi

Our cooking was pretty straight forward! We took a **BBQ** to the campsite and threw all sorts of stuff on it: chicken drums, burger patties, sausages, onions, corn, capsicum filled with cheese, zucchini, mushrooms with pesto on top, and hash browns.

It was not that fancy but f\*\*\*\* tasty!



**Paradise BBQ (Marc Riedi)**



Mt Xenicus: Joe Vincent, Josh Brinkmann

**Une Merveille Pot**

Ingredients: (Serves 5 boys easily with some leftover for brekky the next morning.)

- 1 kg of Hellers spicy Italian sausages
- 500 g pasta spirals
- 1 tin chopped tomatoes
- 1/3 block of cheese (~300 g)
- 1 leek
- 1 broccoli
- 2 onions
- 2 carrots
- Salt and pepper to taste

Method:

Slice up the sausages, leek, and onion. Sauté all the ingredients together in a billy to release the full flavour of the leek and onions. Add water, carrots, and pasta to the mix and bring to a brisk boil. When the pasta is nearly done, add the broccoli and replace the lid. When the pasta is cooked, drain any excess water then add the tomatoes and heat the mixture up over a low heat.

Serve with desired quantity of salt and pepper with chopped up cheese as garnish.

Turret Ridge: Jaz Morris, Sara Boucher

## Backpacking Tiramisu

[www.mnn.com/food/recipes/photos/gourmet-backpacking-dessert-recipes/camp-tiramisu](http://www.mnn.com/food/recipes/photos/gourmet-backpacking-dessert-recipes/camp-tiramisu)



### Camp Tiramisu

Be the envy of all your trail mates when you mix up this decadent dessert.

**Prep time:** 5 minutes  
**Total time:** 20 minutes  
**Yield:** Serves 2-3

#### Camp Tiramisu Ingredients

- 2 1/3 cup water
- 2 teaspoons instant espresso powder
- 2 tablespoons Kahlua (Pick up a minibottle at the liquor store.)
- 3.4-ounce packet instant white chocolate pudding
- 2/3 cup powdered milk
- 12 ladyfingers
- 1 dark chocolate bar

#### Method:

- Heat 1/3 cup of water to a boil then mix in espresso and Kahlua.
- Make pudding in a separate bowl according to package directions using powdered pudding mix and 2 cups of water.
- Place six ladyfingers in the bottom of a pot or bowl, drizzle half the espresso mixture over them, and then spread half the pudding on top.
- Repeat steps 2 and 3 to create a second layer.
- Use a pocket knife to shave thin strips of chocolate from the block and sprinkle these over the tiramisu.

Sugarloaf/ Rockburn Circuit: Cleo Davie-Martin

## Gluten-free Chocolate Biscuit Slice

#### Ingredients:

- 2 packets gluten-free shortbread
- 250 g butter
- 1 block Whittaker's chocolate (hazelnut or dark chocolate almond highly recommended)
- 1 tbsp oil
- Bananas
- Cream (shaken/whipped)

#### Method:

Place biscuits in a 'tough' plastic bag. Bash bag with rocks to form fine crumbs. Melt butter in a pot over the camp stove and then add the biscuit crumbs. Mix together while still warm then press into a plastic lunch-box container. Break up chocolate into a pot and gently heat over the camp stove (NOTE: if possible, use a double layered pot with water in between) until melted. Pour chocolate over the biscuit base, then tightly secure the lunch-box lid, and throw it in the river with a rock on top for ~30 min to set. Serve chilled with shaken/whipped cream and bananas. Voila!

## **Alaskan Adventures - July-September 2013**

*Cleo Davie-Martin*

So, the adventure begins! It was a pretty surreal feeling – boarding the plane and shipping myself off to Alaska for three months to carry out field work as a part of my PhD research. I'd spent the previous nine months planning, organising, sorting, packing, and day dreaming about that very moment – I just never expected it to actually come!

### Alaskan Adventures 101: Environmental Chemistry and all its Glory

Now I know you aren't all crazy environmental chemists like me, but just a warning – I'm about to throw a bit of chemistry your way. So take some deep breaths. Now swallow! Ok, here goes: My field work involved measuring flame retardants in Arctic air and lake water. These are man-made compounds used in consumables such as cushions, electronics, and building materials to help slow the spread of a fire should one start. Over time they can slowly leach out of these products into the air and then they get transported all over the place. The flame retardants tend to travel towards the poles or up to high elevations until they reach an area cold enough that they get 'stuck' (kind of like being frozen in place) – this occurs in the Arctic. The problem with these compounds is that they are toxic and can accumulate in the fatty tissues of animals and humans, and to top it all off, they don't really breakdown. So over time you accumulate more and more of these and they might start to cause adverse health effects. So have I scared you yet? Now those are just some of the reasons why we would want to measure these compounds, but why choose Arctic Alaska (I mean, the Southern Alps are a lot closer right)? Well, up in the Arctic there are no real sources of flame retardants (because there aren't really very many people), so if we measure them up there, we know they must have travelled a really long way and we can hypothesise how they got there and where they might have come from. As fascinating as I find the concept of contaminant transport through the atmosphere, it brings up somewhat of an ethical dilemma; the people who live in these remote areas, especially those that live off the land (e.g., the Inuits), do not benefit from the use of these flame retardants and other contaminants that behave in a similar manner, yet they are the ones that stand to suffer the most from the harmful effects caused by their presence in those remote environments. It just seems so unfair. So anyway, I went to Alaska to measure these compounds and to try and make sense of what was happening to them once they'd arrived. There you have it – you made it through Environmental Chemistry 101. Congratulations!

So I stayed for two and a half months on a remote research station at Toolik Lake, located on the North Slope of the Brooks Range, Alaska inside the Arctic Circle. Ever seen 'Ice Road Truckers'? Well, you'll know the big scary road and Atigun Pass that they rant on about – that's where I had to go to get to Toolik Lake...

## Alaskan Adventures 102: First Impressions

I guess the first thing that WOW-ed me in Alaska was the amount of snow on the mountains as I flew into Anchorage – it was the Northern summer after all, yet the tallest mountains peeked up above the clouds and were plastered in a thick white icing (I guess I shouldn't have been surprised; I had been monitoring the temperatures for a few weeks before I left NZ and they were still well below 0 °C in mid-June). My second surprise came as I flew into Anchorage and there was no city to be seen (I thought this was meant to be the 'hub' of Alaska). Well, I thought right, but it turns out that Alaska is very, very large (~1.7 million km<sup>2</sup>) and the population is rather small (~700 000 people – just under half of that in Anchorage, apparently)! I had a suspicion I was going to like this place; it seemed to have a much more local 'we-are-all-in-this-together' vibe compared to some of the continental US states I had previously visited. The first shop I stumbled upon in the airport was the aptly named 'Moosellaneous Goods'. Fantastic! Alaskans also appeared to have a sense of humour and a knack for puns.

Did I mention that it was summer? I landed in Anchorage at 10 pm and it was still light, which was rather strange having left Dunedin a week after the shortest day (farewell 4:30 pm sunsets)! So after 40-h of travel, I had made it to Alaska; it was nearing midnight, I was exhausted, and I still had a delayed connection to Fairbanks to go, so it was with great relief that I sprawled out across four airport seats and had a bit of a snooze. Later, having arrived safely in Fairbanks and wrapped up in bed, I struggled to sleep. I'm not sure if it was the intense heat (again, summer – I guess I expected Alaska to be colder), the excitement, the 'to-do' list of things I had rolling around my head, or the fact that even with blinds across my windows, the midnight sun streamed into my room.

I had one day in Fairbanks to pick up any last-minute supplies and became fairly well acquainted with the bus timetable. It turned out Fairbanks was more like Dunedin than I'd originally thought. The buses were few and far between and perpetually late! The weather in Fairbanks can be a tad bipolar, but the locals sure are tough. On this particular day, it was pushing 28 °C and my body was in complete shock having come from an uninsulated student flat, in the middle of a cold Dunedin winter (it was so hot my sunglasses frame cracked and the lens fell out). I can't really complain though; come winter, the temperatures in Fairbanks plunge to -70 F (this isn't even an exaggeration – it can get much colder than that)! And these resilient Alaskans live in 'dry' cabins with no running water, bucket showers, and outhouses – imagine having to pee outside in the middle of the night at -70 F! Anyway, back to the random kiwi... The next bus to the supply store was in 3 hours and then the next bus home again was another 2 hours after that. I wasn't waiting five hours to visit one supply store! Instead I devised a more round-about route that would get me to within 1 km of the store and then I'd walk from there and get a different bus back home again within 3 hours – that sounded like a much better idea! Well, it turned out that what looked like a typical suburban street on the map was in fact a highway through the industrial

part of town... And this was where the bus dropped me off! I was effectively stuck on the side of the highway in the middle of nowhere, with no people, no shops, and no phone to call a taxi; there was no way I was going to sit there waiting for the next bus, so off I went wandering 1 km down the grassy verge on the side of the highway. I can't say I was particularly happy about it – but no strangers kidnapped me, no trucks hooned past and swiped me off the road, and the police didn't catch me and put me in jail (I wasn't really sure how illegal it was to wander along a highway). But I made it, the sun was shining, and it was a beautiful day! My advice: don't try to out-clever the Fairbanks bus system – it's not worth it!

I was pretty beat by the time I got back to my accommodation but thought I'd go for a walk in the University forestry area seeing as the sun was still shining. BAD IDEA! Within 10 minutes the wind picked up, the temperatures plummeted, and the clouds started rolling in. I daringly wandered a little way into the bush and was suddenly attacked by a ferocious swarm of mosquitos (I had been in shorts all day with no problems, but they were rampant in those trees). As I fled back to the safety of the concrete, the skies opened and it began absolutely pouring down. Argh! It really wasn't my day – beaten by the bus, the heat, and the thunderstorm. I guess all that travel caught up with me, so I gave up and went to bed.



**Cartwheeling into the Arctic Circle on our travels along the 'rough' Dalton Highway haul road. The Alaska Pipeline was our faithful side kick for the majority of our journey (all photo credits Cleo Davie-Martin)**

The next day I was up in a bundle of excitement ready for the trip up to Toolik Lake – 10 ½ hours in a van on a gravel road. I was pre-warned and expecting the worst, but these Americans really don't know a 'bad' road when they see one. The Dalton Highway was pretty smooth sailing with only the odd pot hole and one short section of washboard. Initially, there were many tall, green pine and spruce trees, but as we ventured further north, these became stunted and gave way to patches of burnt scrub that looked like something out of Dr. Seuss and then we eventually hit the Arctic tundra. Our faithful side kick for the majority of our journey was the Alaska Pipeline, an intriguing engineering feat! The weather stayed fine as we crossed the Yukon River and cartwheeled our way inside the Arctic Circle. It wasn't until we reached the dreaded Atigan Pass when it finally clagged in with fog so thick we actually managed to miss the turn off to Toolik

Lake and found ourselves having to backtrack. But I'd made it – my home for the next 2.5 months.

On the station, all our meals were catered for us and it was actually impossible to feel hungry. The dining area had fridges filled with leftovers and drinks (smoothies, juice, every imaginable type of milk), a freezer full of ice cream (with names like Big Boppers and Heath Bars – certainly not *health* bars), and shelf upon shelf of chocolate bars, lollies, and other snacks. All sorts of nasties available 24/7 and they didn't even come close to the actual meals. They were fantastic and the best part was the fresh watermelon and pineapple for breakfast every morning (who would have thought – in Arctic Alaska). Did I mention the dessert? Think blimp and you'll probably have a pretty good image of me on my return journey to NZ. Almost every day there was a new food or combination of foods I'd never heard – the strangest of which was probably a Reuben (a sandwich with sauerkraut and various other things) or a maple and bacon muffin with cream cheese icing. Disgusting right? Well, no, it was actually really good!

While the food was good, the ablutions and showers were less than amazing. We had to use long drops and place all our toilet paper in the rubbish bin rather than down the hole. Most of the time it wasn't too unpleasant, but it was a little strange to get used to. We were also allowed two showers a week for no longer than two minutes each. Thankfully, there was warm water – the problem was it took most of the two-minute shower allocation for the water to actually start getting warm. So I found myself shivering as I turned the shower on and off for 20 second bursts between shampooing and conditioning. It was rather unpleasant and ultimately I preferred a 30-second plunge in the lake (in my first few weeks at Toolik it was warm enough that I swam virtually every day).



**The joy that was the mosquito...**

Getting out and about, it didn't take long to have our first real encounter with the nightmare that was the common mosquito. But these were not common mosquitoes! They were everywhere and they swarmed around us like you wouldn't believe. I counted 50 itchy bites on my ankles alone after 2 days (and yes, I was clever enough to wear long pants and socks above my ankles – they were feisty little buggers). Thankfully, those friendly Canadians invented

the *ultimate* bug jacket; highly attractive and super effective (so long as you don't trap mosquitoes inside of them). It took a few days, but I slowly became (somewhat) immune to the constant buzzing that followed me around whenever I stepped outside the door.

One of the strangest and most annoying things about trying to get around Alaska was that there was an awful lot of roadway construction. It could spring on you anywhere and at any time. Sometimes the construction was controlled using traffic lights, other times lollipop people; sometimes the delays were timed (to the hour or half hour), other times it was anyone's guess – you just had to cross your fingers and hope for the best. To be fair, they only have a very limited time frame in which repairs can actually be made (i.e. when the snow finally melts and before it begins falling again) and the weather extremes must have a rather destructive effect on the state's infrastructure. Even more mind-blowing was the fact that virtually *all* the personnel in the construction zones were female. Not kidding! They could be seen monitoring the lollipop stands or driving the huge B-70's, but there certainly were a lot of them (and those truckers sure did enjoy having a good natter to them and about them over their CB radios). On the North Slope, there was a 17-mile stretch of construction and Toolik Field Station just happened to be bam smack in the middle of it! This meant that every time we left the station, we had to sit at the end of the Toolik driveway anywhere from 5 seconds to over an hour to wait for a pilot car who could escort us through the minefield of B-70 trucks and graders. It was incredibly frustrating. Sometimes we waited 45 minutes, only to turn onto the highway, drive 100 m up the road (I am not exaggerating), and then stop for another 20 minutes because a B-70 lost power going up a small hill and so we had to wait while a little tiny grader pushed the truck slowly back up to the top. The construction game just became a part of life in the Arctic; we suffered through it and always planned for the worst.

### Alaskan Adventures 103: Sampling Woes

As the initial excitement of my new way of life began to wear off (ok, that's a lie – I don't think it ever wore off), I was consumed by a number of issues that arose with our samplers. Now there is a time and a place to go into detail, but here I think I can just summarise and leave my frustration up to your imagination. Firstly, one of our weather stations decided it didn't want to log data (which was a fairly hefty problem given that our calculations were dependent on wind speed). Secondly, we could not locate one of our sample shipment boxes. Toolik management assured us they had double checked their received goods and it hadn't arrived. It just happened to be a holiday weekend so we tried to make do until the company reopened the following week. After contacting them and waiting a further two days only to find that it had indeed been shipped and received by Toolik, I was given permission to search the received goods tent and found it bam smack in the centre of the room. Thirdly, our water pump, which worked one day, decided to stop working the next day. To cut a long story short, it turns out those 'water-tight' electrical cord connectors I was given for the pump

were not so water-tight after all... But that wasn't the end of it! After fixing the component that had short circuited, the water pump also decided to die a slow, painful death. And finally (and potentially the most entertaining woe of all), the pump rate of our air sampler dropped to about half its normal capacity. We tried changing motors, fiddling with electronics and adjusting different components; we even tried fitting a new transformer to step-up the voltage as far as possible. We were about to give up and were in the process of dismantling the sampler when we found dead mosquitoes encrusted onto the motor and another inch or so of live, squirming mosquitoes clogging the air filter. The suction created by the pump was so strong that it had pulled in any mosquitoes within a sneeze-length of the sampler and trapped them in the depths of its deep unknown (much to our disgust). We decided that the sampler must be like a super-queen-mosquito-god-



**A mosquito that committed suicide in my tent... I may have had a hand in helping it...**

type-thing. It gave off a high pitch humming noise, as if it was singing to all its mosquito babies and drawing them in like moths to a flame. Boy was I going to have fun getting that back through NZ customs! Luckily we were able to just fashion a cover out of netting, which prevented all but the most determined of mosquitoes from finding the innards of my sampler. The good news was that I became an electrician, come handy(wo) man virtually overnight. And working until 1 am in the morning fixing things sometimes has its perks – the quiet, calm atmosphere around camp with the sun shining in the very best of its evening colours and most importantly, the

mosquitoes had gone to bed. It was at that point that I *almost* decided to become nocturnal – but then I went to sleep instead...

#### Alaskan Adventures 104: The Thesis Edition

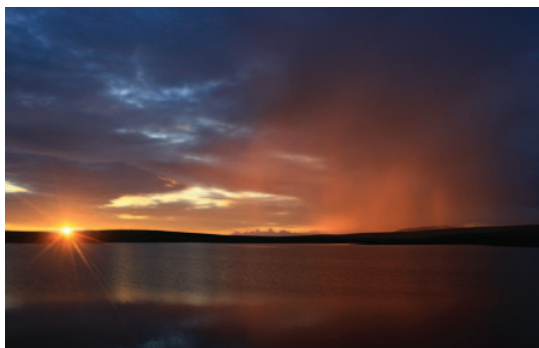
I'm fairly certain you don't want a step-by-step account of how I spent my days writing my thesis (well, parts of it)... So here are a few other crazy things that went on in our little bubble up north. Most evenings people were free to do what they wanted – and there was always plenty to do with 24-hours of daylight and a tundra playground at our fingertips. We would go exploring the boardwalks on the station, fishing, rowing/canoeing on the lake, challenging each other to Euchre, and just general fun. One of the favourite pastimes of people on the research station was visiting the 'Jesus Rock'. This is a name it deserves! The rock sits about 3 cm below the surface of the water in the middle of the lake; so we headed out in our canoes to dropped people off and then paddle away – it truly looked like we were walking on water. The challenge was to see who could hold the most obscure one-legged pose on the slimy rock while mosquitoes worked to break your concentration and topple you into the lake.



**They call it the Jesus Rock**

Of course, we had a big parade on the 4th of July (which occurred on the 6th of July, naturally). After a special Independence Day dinner, each lab group had to dress up and perform a skit. Our lab made a massive dinosaur out of cardboard boxes and a green tarpaulin and presented a skit entitled ‘Revenge of the Thundersaurus’ (an ode to the many geologists on the research station who nattered on about Thunder Eggs and rocks all day). It may not have been the greatest of skits, but we won the best costume award!

One week the annual Toolik Badminton Tournament was held in the purpose-built weather port for the loader digger (because in the winter it needs to warm up before it can go outside, so it is kept inside a super-insulated tent and the heaters get blasted on before it can start up) – no, I am not kidding! It was a rather small badminton court (especially for doubles), but it was a badminton court nonetheless. I played with Jason and although we creamed our opponents in the first round, we struggled a bit in the second round and ended up losing that one. But what a blast; never in a million years did I expect to be playing badminton in a tent in Arctic Alaska!



**The ‘first’ sunset**

I got to operate some fairly hefty machinery, including an American ‘truck’. It turns out a ‘truck’ as they say is just like a super-wide, super-long ute. It was quite exciting trying to drive a large vehicle through a construction zone on the wrong side of the road with the incorrect indicators (and even more exciting when

manual gear changes were required). I also found it rather strange that all except one of the trucks were automatic! Most people on the research station wouldn’t even know the first thing about driving a ‘stick shift’. But we managed.

After 2.5 weeks of 24-h daylight at Toolik, I stayed up to watch the “first” sunset they’d had in over two months. The sun dropped below the horizon at 01:15 in the morning and rose again at 01:23. Phew, what a crazy night! It was pretty surreal, but marked the descent into ‘fall’, which hit hard and fast in the far north.

Toolik Management organised a couple of evening events such as Christmas in July and a Black Light Party. Boy did they go all out! For ‘Christmas’ we sat around a Christmas tree singing songs in front of a screen-projected ‘fire’



**Blacklight Party and Christmas in July Celebrations**

while Santa and his elf delivered the presents. I got a lot of “wait, do you sing Christmas Songs in NZ” questions, “but what about the snow?” For the Black Light Party the community centre tent was decorated with neon rope and tassels and everyone pulled out their neon lycra and highlighter pens. After an hour ‘raging’ in the tent, it got so hot inside that most people went swimming in the lake. It was definitely weird to be swimming in a lake at 1 am (yes, you read correctly, 1 am!) with the sun only just setting behind the hills.

### Alaskan Adventures 105: Field Work Frenzy

While I was on the research station, I tried to spend at least one day a week helping other scientists with their projects – mainly because I wanted to be outside and making the absolute most of my stay in Arctic Alaska, but also because I didn’t want to sit inside writing my thesis when I could use the time to get experience with some of the other research projects being carried out around Toolik. I ended up having a fair bit of fun with all the field work...

After a number of not-terribly-exciting office days, I came upon my first big field day (which involved changing out *all* my samplers on the same day); it just so happened to fall on one of the worst weather days to date. The fog was super thick and the highway was quite slushy, so the going was extremely slow. The weather station at one site registered only 3 °C as the wind whipped around and it drizzled with icy rain (I thought it was meant to be summer...). That week the weather deteriorated rather quickly and it rained and rained and rained. It rained so much that my lab mates’ equipment got swept from the bank down the river, causing quite a stir because that particular set-up had been running non-stop

for 30 years. This was the first interruption in the data set *ever* and resulted in a very late-night escapade to retrieve sampling equipment and prevent thousands more dollars getting washed away!

Next on my field work agenda was to participate in some stream ecology field



### **YOY-ing the Kuparik River**

work, collecting YOY for size and weight survey measurements (I thought YOY was a super-cool Arctic fish species – but to my complete disappointment, it just stood for ‘young of the year’; we were in fact fishing for baby Arctic Grayling). So in our high boots and waders we wandered up and down the rivers, nets in hand, stalking these minute fish. It was incredibly fun and incredibly frustrating at the same time (they were just so fast!).

I was back in the office one morning (my thesis certainly wasn’t going to write itself) when my stream ecology lab mates came in asking if I could help them check their fish antennas, which they feared were damaged by the flooding the previous week. They apologised profusely because it meant having to leave the station in a helicopter – but for my troubles I would be allowed to ride shotgun (what a bummer...). Being the helpful sole I am, I agreed (it had absolutely nothing to do with my excitement about getting to ride in a helicopter...). So we went zooming around the skies stopping at different streams to fix antennas that track fish movements up and down the streams. After lunch we got roped into helping a different stream ecology group with their ‘nutrient dosing’ experiments, which *unfortunately* meant more helicopter time. Basically, the group dumped kilograms worth of salt and nutrients upstream and then downstream they collected water samples to see how quickly the nutrients were transported away and how much was taken up by the stream along the way. I still can’t believe that they were allowed to do such a blatantly destructive (or at least ecosystem-altering) experiment; just imagine the poor little fish enjoying their nice fresh water when all of sudden they are choking on salt! So after a day of helicoptering heroics, I informed my supervisor via email that I planned on becoming a pilot after completing my PhD so I could spend my days zipping around in a helicopter – a decision she took rather well I think.

In the weeks following, I tried my hand at a few different field work activities. Some were great fun, others not so much... I spent one day traipsing around the tundra looking for permafrost (the ice layer beneath the ground – sometimes it

is near the surface and other times it can be meters deep). Forget about finding any ice; it took 2 hours of slogging through the tundra just to find the right shrub under which we were ‘supposed’ to be looking! And to make matters worse, it was rocky underneath, so no permafrost. Another time I was taken out on ‘bear patrol’ because a collection of samplers needed servicing, but they were located in prime bear hiding country and more watchful eyes were needed for safety (but those bears remained elusive). There were a couple more days of YOY-ing thrown in the mix and a day collecting bugs. Sounds delightful right? Well, it was pretty entertaining watching these researchers wandering in circles waving nets or using a reverse leaf blower strapped to their back to suck in the flying monsters – it looked like a scene out of Ghostbusters.

### Alaskan Adventures 106: Traipsing through Tundra (and Hiking the Hills)

Sundays are ‘hiking’ days at Toolik – most people worked a 6-day week and then either mucked around camp recuperating or went out on adventures into the nearby mountains. I chose adventure!

My first trip was to the deceptively named ‘Flat Top’ mountain, which was situated ~45 minutes south of Toolik in the Brooks Range. While Flat Top was indeed flat on top, it certainly wasn’t the rest of the way. However, we couldn’t



**Driving the haul road south into the Brooks Range for a Sunday stroll up the south ridge of ‘flat top’. That’s the ox-bow Atigan River below**

have asked for better weather – the sun was shining, the sky was blue, oh yeah, and the mosquitoes were out... I had been wearing long pants and a bug jacket all day, every day because of all the mosquitoes (even when it was stinking hot) and I wasn't sure how I would go with my new-found 'hiking' attire. It was awful! Pants are too restrictive and my bug jacket was like a sauna (it had a few areas of mesh but was basically like wearing a raincoat). After about half an hour I gave up, changed into shorts, removed my bug jacket, and pretty much bathed in DEET to keep the mosquitoes at bay. From then on I was fine!

In the Brooks Range there were no tracks. There were also no trees, so navigation was fairly easy (assuming no fog bank rolled in). In general, the scenery was fairly similar to that of Central Otago, with lots of multi-coloured bare rocks and scree slopes a plenty (it's a geologists dream, I tell you). The wildlife mainly consisted of different coloured lichen and grasshoppers (and mosquitoes of course). We were lucky enough to spot the odd ptarmigan (State bird of Alaska), long-tailed jaeger, and/or caribou. Not once was I 'lucky' enough to spot a bear or a moose on my Sunday outings.

The following Sunday a group of us headed up to Prudhoe Bay for the day. If you've seen 'Ice Road Truckers', Prudhoe Bay is the northern most point of the Dalton Highway where all the oil drilling goes on. Our main goals of the day were to spot some 'big game' and swim in the Arctic Ocean. We achieved both! On the drive north from Toolik we left the mountains of the Brooks Range and followed the rolling hills of tundra. After an hour or so the landscape just flattened out into nothingness. It was really quite strange because it felt like you could see so far, but at the same time anything in the distance was just a mirage. Our distance perception was definitely skewed!

To get to the Arctic Ocean, you must take a tour bus because the road between Deadhorse and Prudhoe Bay (~15 min drive) is owned by the oil companies and there is no public access. It's a good little money making scheme they've got going up there, but unfortunately, the tour was rather average. The driver would pull over to the side of the road and say "see that green building over there" (pointing to a tiny green rectangle on the horizon), "that's drill site number 12".



**Musk Ox, Arctic Ground Squirrels, and Ptarmigan (State bird of Alaska)  
are all just part of the fun**

Big whoop! We didn't get to see any of the oil rig infrastructure up close, so really it was just the driver throwing one fact after another at us for three hours while we parked on the side of the road. One fun fact that did stick was that the North Slope is actually considered a desert, due to its low annual rainfall – there were even sand dunes on the coast (it's hard to believe considering the number of small kettle lakes scattered everywhere and the waterways that wove their way across the tundra in every direction; but that occurs because the water is forced to remain on the surface due to the permafrost layers below, which prevent any downwards percolation). As we neared the coast, our talkative driver informed us that it was 'illegal' to swim in the ocean at Prudhoe Bay (probably because someone died from hypothermia at one point or another), but that he couldn't help it if we accidentally 'fell' in. So we all had unfortunate incidents that resulted in our dunking in the Arctic Ocean. Oops! On our return journey we were lucky enough to see a fair whack of wildlife, including musk ox (big, square, shaggy, bison-type things), caribou, a golden eagle, and lots of other duck-like, pond-dwelling birds.

On a couple of Sundays Toolik was shrouded in claggy fog that just seemed to hang in mid-air. It was rather difficult to convince people to come hiking, but thankfully there was a weather camera set up on Atigan Pass that showed blue sky and sunshine over the other side of the pass. So I was eventually able to convince a few people to head south and climb some more rocky mountains.

We had a variety of evening entertainment planned to ensure we remained occupied; it's amazing how much time you have when the sun doesn't set and you don't have to walk home or make dinner and do the dishes every night. We had a Toolik Trivia Night – I was barely helpful to my team and could only answer four questions; the most impressive being naming three members of the Bee Gees (dad would be so proud). On clear evenings we headed out on the lake, each time exploring new territory. One night we found "No Gerlz Aloud Island". There was a treasure chest filled with sanitary items and a pile of massive caribou antlers to ward off intruders... We were lucky enough to have a close encounter with a pair of Loons on our lake adventure one evening. Those darn birds kept me awake night after night flapping about trying to fly and howling like wolves. They look like interesting birds from afar, but whenever I'd got close, they'd always dived. We were pretty lucky on this particular night and managed to sneak to within a few meters of them. They are beautiful birds and surprisingly large – no wonder they have so much trouble taking flight!

#### Alaskan Adventures 107: Famous Last Words

Times were a changing at Toolik as we progressed into autumn and cold snaps began knocking on the door. With the cold though, came the berries! I was lucky enough to enjoy blueberries by the handful (and they make the perfect excuse for a breather during a too-fast-paced tundra slog). Another berry that wasn't hiding was the cloud berry, which was the source of much debate – it seemed



**Tundra blueberries**

people either loved ‘em or hated ‘em. Unfortunately, I hated them; they tasted rotten and had hard gritty seeds inside. I wished I liked them though, because they were much larger and easier to scavenge than the blueberries. There were also cranberries, although they didn’t ripen until right before I left. The berries were definitely my

favourite part about the tundra. The super-duper good news was that the bugs also started to decline; so much so that I was able to take the mosquito net off our high-volume air sampler! Woo hoo!

After six weeks confined to my tent, I seized my opportunity and was moved into a dorm room. It was significantly larger than my bedroom in Dunedin (which wasn’t hard), with a real mattress, dresser, and desk! Let’s not mention the noisy springs when I rolled over or the fact that it felt like an earthquake anytime someone walked up the stairs next to my wall (my room had no supports underneath and was kind of suspended in mid-air, so it bounced up and down with any nearby footstep vibrations). But best of all was the roller blind that covered my window. It was so strange to experience darkness after one month of continual sunshine and brightness. I began to miss the light but I finally started sleeping right up until my alarm – no more 4 am starts for me!

One evening it was particularly nice, after it had rained on and off all day, so a group of us went for a hike to look for Thunder-eggs (egg-shaped, layered rocks with crystals inside - well, at least that is the non-geological description I can give you). It was a bit of a slog across the tundra and after walking for about an hour, I was told “don’t worry, we are almost there” (famous last words). From that I assumed we had maybe another 5-10 minutes to go; but no – it was at least another half hour! Luckily it was a beautiful evening with the sun’s rays hitting



**Atigan Gorge looking towards the ‘Molar’ rock**

the mountains and bringing out all colours in a way that only evening sun can do. A few nights later, I headed out to ‘Spike Camp’ with my lab mate, Evelyn (a couple of researchers were camping onsite to carry out all their experiments). A spike camp BBQ party was arranged, so we had decided to walk out and meet up with everybody, try to catch ourselves some fish, and have a good time. I was pretty tired (for it had been one of my super sampling days), but Evelyn assured me that the walk across the tundra was ‘only 1 km’ – famous last words, take two! 45 minutes and 2.6 km later, we finally made it through the maze of swampy tundra! By this point we were pretty hungry and hoping the fish were biting. Well, the good news was we caught some fish. The bad news was they weren’t big enough to keep. I also learnt why fly fishing is called exactly that! One of the guys was showing me the proper casting technique and said I wasn’t jerking the fishing line up hard enough when the fish were biting. I told him I was worried about flinging the fish out of the water if I did that. His response was, “well, what you are doing now isn’t exactly achieving anything so it can’t hurt to try” – fair point (famous last words, take three). So, what do you know; the next time a fish bit my line I wrenched it out of the water as fast as I could and watched in horror as this poor little fish went flying through the air past my face and landed with a thud on the tundra 30 metres away. I felt so bad, but was laughing so hard I was crying and could only watch as the guys rescued the little thing and threw it back in the river. Maybe I’m not cut out for fly fishing after all... So with our stomachs growling and the knowledge that we had another long tundra slog ahead of us, we decided we didn’t need a party after all and headed back to Toolik for a late, but well-deserved dinner.

#### Alaskan Adventures 108: Forever Foggy and Slurries of Snow

So you may have the impression that the weather up in Northern Alaska is close to perfect, but about half way through my stay it was anything but! One week I was pondering over the forecast and it said ‘Partly Cloudy’ everyday with the nice little sun icon and a very ‘low’ chance of precipitation – so I was excited for a reasonable week of weather. Then I looked out my window and this is what I saw...



**The wonderful forecast and the not-so-wonderful outcome**



**Clockwise: Looney tunes; aerial view of Toolik Field station; Tent City and field station from Toolik Lake; reflection of the Brooks Range; Autumn hits the tundra**





The next morning I was meant to helicopter out to the ‘burn’ site with Evelyn and Josh for a spot of rock scrubbing\* (their group had been monitoring the river ecology since a large tussock fire in 2007), but as I sprung out of my bed all excited, again the fog greeted me like a cold smack in the face (literally). There would be no helicoptering in that mucky soup that was for sure! The following day brought ever-so-slightly better weather and we were able to helicopter to the burn site (just). The pilot had to swerve around clouds and took the ‘long’ way to avoid the patches of fog that just seemed to creep up all around us.










\* Rock scrubbing is exactly that; we filled a bucket with rocks, scrubbed them with BBQ scratchy cleaner things, and then collected all the muddy gunk and slime that came off them.

After rock scrubbing, we continued out to the Kuparik River to start bringing in some sampling equipment. There had been a number of bear sightings in the Kuparik the previous week and my eyes were constantly glued out the side of the helicopter trying to catch a glimpse of one; but alas, there was no bear. It was about ten minutes later that I noticed a large brown blob up on the hillside way in the distance. Once I’d confirmed that it was indeed a bear, I started jumping around excitedly! Little did we know that another group had been sampling on the other side of the Kuparik River and had seen us fly in. Apparently, we flew right over the bear and landed within a few feet of it... They then watched in horror as we got out, oblivious to the presence of the bear, and started fluffing around with the sampling equipment. They waved and yelled to try and warn us of the bear (not that we noticed) and as they remained watching us through their binoculars they saw the bear just kind of wander away (thankfully). Five minutes later, they see me pointing and jumping when I finally see the bear and it is pretty much as far away from us as it can be before it disappears up and over the hill (argh). My first ‘close’ encounter with Mr Grizzly himself!

The next day was foggy and drizzly, and the next and the next and the next. The forecast continued to promise ‘partly cloudy’ or ‘partly sunny’ weather – it did neither. The North Slope seemed to act kind of like a trap, similar to the West Coast in NZ that gets all the rain; but instead, the Brooks Range acted as a barrier to collect fog.

Another Sunday came around and it was time to go hiking – that is if I could find anyone to go with. The mood in camp was pretty dismal and it was tough to convince people that hiking would be great fun in the fog. A weather camera on the far side of Atigan Pass showed sunshine again and I managed to convince a few people to attempt Falcon Ridge with me. We nervously drove towards the mountains through the drizzly showers and fog – then just before the pass we emerged into glorious sunshine. It was incredible! The hike itself was really nice; there were a few sketchy rock climby/skirt-around-the-edgy parts, but it was very beautiful. Autumn was in full swing in the mountains with its oranges and

yellows and reds. We found the Falcon Rock on the way up the mountain, some ancient fossils at the top, and an old grizzly bear kill site at the bottom. But then it was time to head back to the doom and gloom of camp. It was cold that evening. Very cold! But looking at the forecast I found that snow was predicted...

								
50%	50%	30%	60%	60%	50%	50%		
Scattered Showers	Scattered Showers	Scattered Showers	Rain/Snow Likely	Rain/Snow Likely	Chance Rain/Snow	Chance Rain/Snow	Chance Snow	Chance Snow
High: 47 °F	Low: 35 °F	High: 44 °F	Low: 30 °F	High: 37 °F	Low: 32 °F	High: 37 °F	Low: 27 °F	High: 37 °F

### And what do you know, it started to snow...

The snow was fun and a pleasant change from lingering fog, but it didn't make sampling particularly easy. It continued to fall for a couple of days and we awoke one morning to a decent lathering of snow. Decent enough that I couldn't get the boat started in the cold (the starting plug was iced on). Eventually, my lab mate Alice (who was kindly helping me sample water in a light snowy blizzard) managed to start the boat – then as we motored out on the lake the boat stopped of its own accord – thankfully our momentum carried us to the sampler. So it was a fairly eventful snowy morning and we were relieved when the motor started again to get us back to shore (phew)! That night the skies began to clear. It had been getting progressively darker each night and I boldly predicted that it would be the perfect night to view the Northern Lights. I gave pretty much everyone I knew permission to bash down my door in the middle of the night and wake me up if my predictions were indeed correct. At 1 am I heard a faint knock and Niccole whispering quietly outside my door. I flew out of bed and within a matter of seconds was out the door. Niccole pointed to these faint wispy clouds in the sky and told me they were the Northern Lights. I was pretty sceptical at first – they looked fairly white and stationary – I was really hoping she didn't wake me up to look at clouds! Then, after my eyes began to adjust I noticed the green tinge and the fact that they were dancing across the sky. For 45 minutes we stood outside gazing at the sky watching red and green wisps of light skip and hop in all sorts of patterns across the sky. Words cannot describe it – it was incredible! With the clear skies that night, the temperature plunged well below zero. I was chilled to the bone from standing outside gazing at the sky for so long and it was not much warmer inside. It appeared that my sleeping bag was not quite rated low enough for my liking and the time had come to start using the heater!

Taking showers became even more unpleasant and eventually I gave in to the pull of the sauna, which was situated on the edge of the lakeside and open 4-5 nights a week. Initially I was hesitant to use the sauna because it just sounded excessively hot and unpleasant and I knew my temperature control system wouldn't like it one bit! Besides, it had been so hot outside I'd been swimming in the lake to cool off reasonably frequently – I found it difficult to comprehend the idea of sitting in an even hotter room for pleasure! But as the snow settled in around Toolik and showed no signs of leaving, the idea of a warm room was suddenly rather

appealing. Also, there was a deck outside with a bucket shower and soap and basins of water that we heated up inside the sauna (read: *warm* shower!!! Oh the joys). Soon our evenings were not spent outside exploring the lake, but instead gossiping in the sauna room.

Slowly camp began to empty out as researchers finished up their field work for the summer season. A couple of my friends were due to leave, but still had some last-minute bucket list items to check off before bed. Alice wanted to sauna in the dark (it was finally getting properly dark at night) and Niccole hadn't been swimming in the lake all summer – so that was the night! After roasting in the dark sauna for a while it was time to trek down to the lake for a dip. It was another cool, clear night, with temperatures again plummeting below zero. The frost had already formed on the hand rails and the dock was slicked with ice from the wet dripping bodies who had already taken the plunge. So rather than gallantly walking down to the water we monkey crawled, with limbs sprawled all over the place – it was not at all elegant. The water was surprisingly warm (given that it was a good 15 degrees warmer than the surrounding air), but nevertheless, we were back up in that sauna quick time. How I think Dunedin households could benefit from saunas – seriously, it should become a thing!

#### Alaskan Adventures 109: The Grand Finale

Ah yes, the arrival of winter on the North Slope. It really was incredible how cold it got and how quickly. I thought once the snow had melted it would warm up again, but the snow never fully melted after that first dump. It stayed consistently below zero every night and it stopped raining – it only ever snowed! Don't get me wrong, this was absolutely wonderful – except when it came to air and water sampling... With the first blast of snow, my air samplers filled up with snow so they weren't actually sampling anything (luckily it melted the next day). However, my biggest problems were with my water sampler. First, a moving component of the sampler froze. I had to leave it for half a day to defrost before I could start sampling. Next, I broke the waterproof housing for the batteries; I just knocked the side of it and the bottom fell out! I think the cold must have made the plastic brittle (that's my story and I'm sticking to it). But that's not the worst of it – the worst was that the battery that was living inside the plastic housing went for a wee swim in the river when the bottom fell out. That of course meant that I too had to go for a wee swim, which I wasn't particularly pleased about. Then there was the finicky motor boat that continuously failed to start; I had been using the dinghy whenever possible, but I needed reasonably calm conditions to feel comfortable relying on my rowing abilities. I had been reasonably lucky, but that all changed when I went to bring in the water sampler one last time... It was perfectly still when I rowed out, then as I tried to haul up the anchor, the wind picked up, and there I was drifting across the lake trying to empty a 5 gallon bucket filled with ~30 kg of gigantic rocks and mud over the side with one arm preventing it from plunging back down into the murky depths and the other arm trying to remove rocks (because a. I wasn't strong enough to lift the bucket up



### Water sampling anyone?

and over the side of the boat and b. I was seriously on the verge of tipping out). Eventually, I managed – but not without losing a decent chunk of skin from my knuckles and drifting halfway across the lake. Of course, 10 minutes after I'd got my feet back on solid ground, it was perfectly calm again. Ah well. Maybe it was getting close to my time to leave.

Towards the end of my stay at Toolik, the camp population plunged dramatically. There were less than 30 people total, with only 3 researchers left, myself included. Then as things wrapped up for me, I began taking down all my samplers and frantically packing, arranging, and cleaning. I had a pretty fun game of crate tetras trying to get everything back in the crate ready for shipping; it was made significantly more fun by the blizzard, which had me cowering over the crate wearing my blue tarpaulin cloak (kind of like the Harry Potter's invisibility cloak, but not quite as cool) trying to prevent snow getting into the crate. Despite my best efforts, I was not particularly successful and just managed to look ridiculous (but no one could see *me*...).

One thing I'd begun to take for granted up at Toolik was that the sun would always be shining. On one of my last evenings I squeezed in one final hike and found myself getting back to the car just before that point of pitch blackness where you really do need your head torch (which I did not have on me). But with the dark and a couple more cold, clear nights came another spate of Aurora viewings. I had to struggle out of bed at 12:45 am but it was 500% worth it! It was crazy how it skipped and jumped and leapt and twisted and turned across the sky.

Then came the point when it was finally time to say adieu to Toolik Field Station. There was still so much to see and do and experience; the seasons just change so quickly and I don't think I could have ever got sick of waking up to the view across the Brooks Range. But, after 9.5 weeks in isolation in the high Alaskan Arctic, 6 weeks in a tent, no cell phone coverage, no trees, temperatures ranging from close to 30 °C down to -12 °C, swarms of mosquitoes and itchy bites, getting some experience driving massive 'trucks', the crazy Alaskan wildlife (musk ox, caribou, ground squirrels and ptarmigan, a grizzly bear, a fox, a wolf, and a



**Page 192 Top: Aurora Borealis over Toolik Field Station. Bottom: Atigan Gorge rainbow**

**This page Top: Steaming Toolik Lake and frozen windows. Plummeting temperatures brought ice and snow. The lake was steaming because the water was so much warmer than the outside air, which at that point was still well below zero! Centre: The Northern Lights in all their glory. Bottom: Views across the snowy tundra to the Brooks Range**



golden eagle), numerous camp bonfires, a handful of midnight swims, awesome helicopter rides, living without flushing toilets, which involved countless squirts of hand sanitizer, surviving with less than 10 minutes of total summer shower time, made up for with plenty of saunas, swims in the lake at -10 °C with ice and snow on the dock, sun, sun, and more sun, fog, rain, hail, fog, snow, rainbows, drizzle, fog, wind, and finally a bit of darkness, followed by the Aurora borealis, miles and miles of construction and hours waiting for and following pilot cars, eight times over Atigan Pass (four of those driving, one in snow – let's face it, I'm practically an ice road trucker...), and so many awesome and interesting people and experiences, it was time to leave. My stay was everything I could have possibly expected or wanted to get out of this opportunity and so, so, so much more! I just hope I can make it back one day.



**Grizzly bear, black bear, squirrel, mummy moose, the salmon run scramble, Mt McKinley, and a bald eagle**



## Poetry War 2013 – *Because every Antics needs one!*

One, Two, Three, Four,  
(this is a trick that's been used once before),  
Send in a poem, then send in one more,  
I hereby declare a poetry war!

*Anne Tix*

I shudder with horror, I *cringe*, at the thought,  
Of tramping for days once the tea has run short.  
But a lack of milk powder is just as unthinkable,  
For without it my cuppa is simply undrinkable.

*Tom McKellar*

Your poems are not very slick  
That's why I've had to join quick  
There's a much better way  
With poetry to play  
I challenge you to a limerick

*Anna Murdoch*

So, OUTC,  
The letter 'T', what does it mean?  
Tramping? Or typing?

*Jaz Morris*

Jaz! You should know (you've been in  
the club for so long!) of the meanin',  
It's changed, more's the shame,  
The 'T' in our name,  
Originally meant trampolinin'.

*Tom McKellar*

I have yet to walk the woods  
For my timetable is not good  
How is this limerick, pray tell  
For yours Anna, is swell  
I am out for now, retire I should.

*Rachel Zelman*

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
Poems are silly,  
SO GO TRAMPING!

*Josh Brinkmann*





**Penzy and unidentified accomplices siphon fuel from an unidentified vehicle (Anna Murdoch)**

---

## **How not to treat your rented club gear this summer...**

From: Max Olsen

To: [outc@lists.otago.ac.nz](mailto:outc@lists.otago.ac.nz)

Courtesy of M. Kea, Rock Burn Valley.



---

From: Paul McCarthy

To: Max, [outc@lists.otago.ac.nz](mailto:outc@lists.otago.ac.nz)

Yep I agree. You definitely shouldn't be using crampons on a scree field.

---

From: Peter Wilson

To: Paul, [outc@lists.otago.ac.nz](mailto:outc@lists.otago.ac.nz)

I always thought that 1080 killed kea better than crampons

## 2013 Trips List

Eds note: If you feel your name hasn't appeared sufficiently below, then do something about it and GO TRAMPING next year (or suck it up – it's your own fault for not sending your trip details to Antics)!

### *January: **Mueller Hut (Mt Cook National Park)***

Luke Gardener, Anna Hoek-Sims

### *2<sup>nd</sup> – 3<sup>rd</sup> February: **Catlins Weekend***

Camilla Kruize, Cleo Davie-Martin, Julianne Baranowski, Vicent Gasso

### *6<sup>th</sup> February: **Victory Beach, Otago Peninsula***

Luke Gardener, Margaret Gardener, Anna Hoek-Sims, Cleo Davie-Martin, Clement Boixel

### *8<sup>th</sup>-10<sup>th</sup> February: **Awakino Ski Field (Working Bee)***

Nick Plimmer, Peter Wilson, Sarah Martyn, Camilla Kruize, Doug Hill, Cleo Davie-Martin, Tina Chiang, Loren Kennedy, Julie Blommaert

### *15<sup>th</sup>-17<sup>th</sup> February: **Mt Sisyphus (East Matukituki, Mt Aspiring National Park)***

Luke Gardener (L), Cleo Davie-Martin, Josh Brinkmann, Joe Vincent, Penzy Dinsdale

### *1<sup>st</sup>-3<sup>rd</sup> March: **Paradise (Mt Aspiring National Park)***

Mt Xenicus: Joe Vincent (L), Josh Brinkmann (L), Henry Brockway, William Hulme-Moir

Lake Rere: Lauren Farmer (L), Nanna Gorm-Jensen, Cathryn Sawalski, Lina Hjartstrom, Amy Sesar, Izzy Moon

Scott Creek: Jacob Schonberger (L), Julie Blommaert (L), Andrew Jdaydani, Zachary Palladino, Julia Loman, Abigail Bishop, Katherine Kettler

Tooth Peak: Neville Thorne (L), Jamie Gardner, Matt Price, Emma Kersey

Glacier Burn: Marshall Palmer (L), Hadley Sibon, Jordan Baldwin, Hannah Morley, Donat Piras, Gabrielle Budd

East Ridge Earnslaw Burn: Marc Riedi (L), David Milligan, Elisabeth Penker, Ben Nistor, Tanja de Wilde, Nick Hill

Conical Hill: Anton Jackson-Smith (L), Pil Ostergaard, Haldis Andersen, Christina Klotz, Sabrina Rasmussen, Leonie Baurens

North Routeburn: Claire Cannon (L), Jessica Monaghan, Anna Pedlow, Marne Wiklanski, Micaela Kraft, Lance Hay, Brier Poulgrain, Allegra Simone, Michalli Harmsen, Cleo Abramian

Mt Alfred: Anna Murdoch (L), Ella Dangerfield (L), Rebecca Good, Brionna O'Connor, Mereana Prior-Yockney, Mary Hargis, Ally Anderson, Kelli Taggart

Routeburn Falls: Tim Bright (L), Katherine Wentz, Alessandra Monroe, Annie Pease, Kristin Murphy, Lena Frost, Rhiannon Evans, Amanda Murphy, Daniel Nussbaum, Danny, Amy McFarlane

Spaniard Clearing: Nick Plimmer (L), Theresa, Diana Samuelson, Joe Hoffman

Emily Pass: Tom McKellar (L), Sam Wong, Margot Kelly-Hedrick, Emma Winqvist

Turret Ridge: Jaz Morris (L), Sara Boucher (L), Laura Tempini, Isadora Kratchman, Mary Kate Groark, Connor Brannigan Ashley Calnan

Ocean Peak: Penzy Dinsdale (L), Rowan Cox, Amanda Bundgaard

Sugarloaf/ Rockburn Circuit: Cleo Davie-Martin (L), Greg Faxon, Melissa Inger, Jessica Lantos, Lucia Painuthara, Adelyn Lau, Erin Vincent, Sophia M'Darra, Ingrid Zeiner

*15<sup>th</sup>-17<sup>th</sup> March: **Fiordland (Fiordland National Park)***

Mt Isolation: Josh Brinkmann (L), Joe Vincent (L), Tanja de Wilde, Abigail Bishop, Julia Loman, Danny Oseid

Lake Alabaster: Cleo Davie-Martin (L), Lauren Farmer (L), Sam Gawron, Kayla Kozan, Simon Blogg, Loren Kennedy, Jason Chen, Allegra Simone, Lena Frost, Anna Hoek-Sims, Samia Ghazali

Gertrude/Homer Saddle: Jake Schonberger (L), Zac Palladino (L), Catherine Barth, Jake Hunter, Benjamin Morse, Amy McFarlane, Rachel Rice, Niya Tanyi, Danielle Lew, Connor Brannigan, Andrew Jdaydani

Livingstone Ridge: Laura Doughty (L), Ella Dangerfield (L), Amy Sesar, Kailyn Pederson, Cameron Huxley, Donat Piras, Amna Ghazali, James Allen, Johanna Tonnon

Mt Talbot/Barrier Peak: Penzy Dinsdale (L), Anton Jackson-Smith (L), Matthew Brunton, Tim Wareing, Alexander Zani

U Pass: Tim Bright (L), Claire Cannon (L), Woody Bruce, Keriana Ruru,

Leonardo Rossi, Tom Corbett, Liam O'Shea, Ian van Delft, Jana Gölz

Lump 1116 via Deadmans Track: Tom McKellar (L), Lochiel McKellar (L), Janessa Ingram, Kaylee Kautz, Kelley Van Hook, Juan Luis Bravo, John Drake, Henry Hawkins, Daniel Paladini, Amy Moser, Markus Plack

Consolation Peak: Luke Gardener (L), Alexis Belton (L), Jamie Gardner, Anne Carroll, Frazer Attrill, Emma Kersey

Lake Marion/Lyttle Falls: Anna Murdoch (L), Ella Borrie (L), Cathryn Sawalski, Allison Gillingham, Ally Anderson, Hadley Sibon

Lake Roberts: Chris Bernhardt (L), Katherine Wentz, Cleo Abramian, Ricky Hamelink, Kelli Taggart, Henry Ritchie, Eva Duncan, Claire Middleton

Cascade/Duck Creeks: Ed Haslam (L), Henry Brockway (L), Amy Delbecq, Brittany Mason, Sophie Rattray, Moz Vitz

Lake Adelaide: Neville Thorne (L), George O'Sullivan (L), Gabrielle Budd, Verena Laustroer, Kristina Durels

*29<sup>th</sup> March – 2<sup>nd</sup> April*: **Five Passes**

Group 1: Jaz Morris (L), Tiffany Stephens, Cleo Davie-Martin, Anton Jackson-Smith, Donat Piras

Group 2: Peter Wilson (L), Sarah Martyn, Anna Murdoch, Ella Dangerfield, Moz Vitz

Group 3: Penzy Dinsdale (L), Nick Plimmer, Stewart Stevens, Tim Wareing

*31<sup>st</sup> March – 1<sup>st</sup> April*: **Ball Pass (Mt Cook National Park)**

Luke Gardener (L), Erwin Testard, Clement Boixel

*3<sup>rd</sup>-7<sup>th</sup> April*: **Souter Peak**

Neville Thorne, George O'Sullivan, Tim Bright, Claire Cannon, Frazer Attrill, Ingerid Zeiner, Tom McKellar

*12<sup>th</sup>-14<sup>th</sup> April*: **Ball Pass (Mt Cook National Park)**

Penzy Dinsdale (L), Cleo Davie-Martin, Philipp Nasemann, Anna Murdoch, Sara Boucher

*10<sup>th</sup>-12<sup>th</sup> May*: **Makarora**

Brewster Hut/Mt Armstrong: Josh Brinkmann (L), Jake Schonberger (L), Alexander Zani, Matthew Brunton, Tanja de Wilde, Connor Brannigan, Anne Carroll, Kristina Durels, Donat Piras, Ben Drinkwater, Tim Wareing

Makarora Hut: Tom McKellar (L), Katherine Wentz (L), Claire Cannon (L), George O'Sullivan (L), Josephina Braun, Madeleine Mills, Nicole Gledhill, Aleisha McNatty, Madeline Templeton, Bryn Thomson, Michelle Kellogg, Kaylee Kautz, Amy McFarlane, Meg Buddle, Cleo Abramian, Kylie Loutit

Mt Cross: Anna Murdoch (L), Hannah Morley, Emily Hayman, Woody Bruce, Nick Dunets

Mt Shrimpton: Tiffany Stephens (L), Penzy Dinsdale, Danilo Hegg, Erwin Testard

*17<sup>th</sup>-19<sup>th</sup> May*: **TWALK**

Where's Fast-ish Wally?: Meg Buddle (L), Tom McKellar, Laura Doughty, Cleo Davie-Martin, Amy Moser, Anna Murdoch, Ella Dangerfield

To Be Confirmed: Josh Brinkmann (L), Joe Vincent, Claire de Hauteclouque, Julia Loman, Abi Bishop

Three Little Pigs: Neville Thorne (L), Jamie Gardner, Rowan Cox

*24<sup>th</sup> - 26<sup>th</sup> May*: **Green Lake**

Tom McKellar (L), Lochiel McKellar, Henry Ritchie, Katherine Wentz, Eva Duncan, Emma Winqvist, Sam Wong, Maria Mikhisor, Maxim Mikhisor, Rachel Martin, Nick Dunets

*1<sup>st</sup>-3<sup>rd</sup> June*: **Queens Birthday Snow Hunt in Ohau**

Penzy Dinsdale (L), Cleo Davie-Martin, Anne Carroll, Tim Wareing

*15<sup>th</sup>-16<sup>th</sup> June*: **Nicholsons Hut (Old Man Range)**

Cleo Davie-Martin (L), Joe Vincent, Erin Vincent, Valentin Rougé, Carly the dog

**Cass - Lagoon Saddle**

Penzy Dinsdale (L), Lydia McClean, Robina Ang, Emma Kersey

*27<sup>th</sup>-29<sup>th</sup> July*: **Bushball (The Great Gatsby, 1920s)**

Milly Kruize (Organiser), Jennifer Forret (Organiser), Jaz Morris (2013 Patron), Penzy Dinsdale, Tim Bright, Tiffany Stephens, Meg Buddle, Laura Doughty, Tom McKellar, Jessica Meyer, Megan Williams, Jake Schonberger, Joe Vincent, Anna Murdoch, Ella Borrie, Henry Ritchie, Eva Duncan, Lochiel McKellar, Danny Sargeant, Henry Hawkins, Max Bruening, Alexis Belton, Katherine Wentz, Neil Geest, Tim Wareing, Sierra Coccoziello, Kathryn, Blaise White, Victoria Podsiadlo, Charlotte Crisford, Jill Hamilton, Ashley Glasser, Katie Ewan, Lauren Vann, Imogen Van Pierce, Mette Ozol, Jon Wenger, Neil Gleason, Clinton Mauck, Michael Zausmer, Carolyn Windler, Margaret Kibbler, Luka Johnson, Michael Chassot, Alicia Robinson-Welsh, Sara May Bonneson,

Andrew Pryhuber, Collin Olson, Nick Hill Alexandra Russell, Melanie Lang, Emily Seubert, Sarah Cochran, Haley Mortenson, Erin Evans, Nathan Jamieson, Signe Begtrup, Christopher Jackson, Anne-Mette Oxvig, Anton Jackson-Smith, Lauren Farmer, Nick Plimmer

*31<sup>st</sup> August-1<sup>st</sup> September: **Queenstown Trip***

Jacob Schonberger (L), Anna Murdoch (L), Nick Dunets, Alena Dzenisevich, Tim Bright, Augusto Telini, Amna Ghazali, Sophie White, Claire Cannon, Maria Mikhisor, Maxim Mikhisor, Chiam Zhi Quan, Nick Hiku, Meg Buddle, Christie Cheng, Amir, Vahideh, Keith Finlayson, Jeanette, William Marti, M. McEwen, Khalid Almasoudi, Holly Phillips, Lewis Earl

*17<sup>th</sup>-18<sup>th</sup> August: **Staircase Hut (Wainakarua Conservation Area)***

Anna Murdoch (L), Kilee Forbes, Alex Russell, Mette Ozol

*23<sup>rd</sup>-25<sup>th</sup> August: **Snowcraft (The Remarkables)***

Tiffany Stephens (L), Jaz Morris (L), Quinn Hornblow, Rebecca French, Jamie Gardner, Mette Ozol, Steven Robbie, Tanja de Wilde, Meg Buddle, Will Hulme-Moir, Rowan Cox

*26<sup>th</sup>-28<sup>th</sup> August: **Kepler Track (Fiordland National Park)***

Josh Brinkmann (L), Anna Murdoch, Katherine Wentz, Dylan Richmond, Will Tait-Jamieson

*7<sup>th</sup>-8<sup>th</sup> September: **Bushcraft (Takitimu Mountains)***

Joe Vincent (L), Anna Murdoch, Nick Dunets, Alena Dzenisevich, Fraser Brown

*27<sup>th</sup>-29<sup>th</sup> September: **Mt Somers***

Tim Bright (L), Claire Cannon, Eva Duncan, Jamie Gardner, James Arney, Tom McKellar

*2<sup>nd</sup>-3<sup>rd</sup> November: **Boundary Hut (Mavora Lakes)***

Cleo Davie-Martin (L), Joe Vincent, Erin Vincent, Jason Grieve, Carly the dog

*8<sup>th</sup>-15<sup>th</sup> November **Cascade - Big Bay***

Tim Bright, Claire Cannon, Meg Buddle, Penzy Dinsdale, Anna Murdoch, Marshall Palmer, Ronja Kemnitz, Alexis Belston, Katherine Wentz, Henry Ritchie, Tanja de Wilde, Tom McKellar

*23<sup>rd</sup>-24<sup>th</sup> November: **Mt Armstrong***

Luke Gardener, Cleo Davie-Martin, Tim Bright, Ben Abraham, and Scott Palmer

*2<sup>nd</sup>-4<sup>th</sup> December: **Borland Burn - Mt Titiroa***

Penzy Dinsdale, Laura Doughty, Ronja Kemnitz, Katherine Wentz, Anna Simbeurger

## Signing off with the OUTC

-----  
Sent from my iPhone  
-----

Sent from my wounded pigeon  
-----

Sent from my work computer  
-----

Sent from my i-thingy  
-----

This was sent from my Android phone  
-----

Sent by my rural postie  
-----

Typos, no matter how hilarious, are unintentional  
-----

Sent via the mobile bush telegraph  
-----

Sent from my 'smart' phone, hence poor spelling, grammar and formatting  
-----

---

**The last word:** Of all the people to ask personally to take you off the list, the Antics editor is the one most likely to draw mockery. Read the email footnotes, people!

### Take me off the e-mail list

Sent: Thursday, January 16, 2014

To: antics2013@gmail.com

Hello,

I was a student studying abroad at UOT and am now back at my home university.

Can you please take me off the email list for this email address?

Thank you,

Sierra



