A watercolor illustration of a mountain range in shades of blue and white, set against a light blue sky. The mountains are rendered with soft, blended colors, giving a sense of depth and texture. The entire scene is framed by a thin, multi-colored border in shades of orange, yellow, and green.

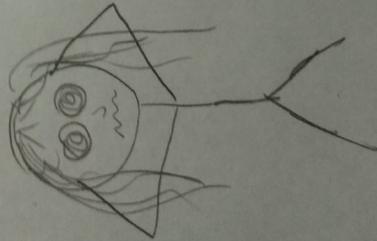
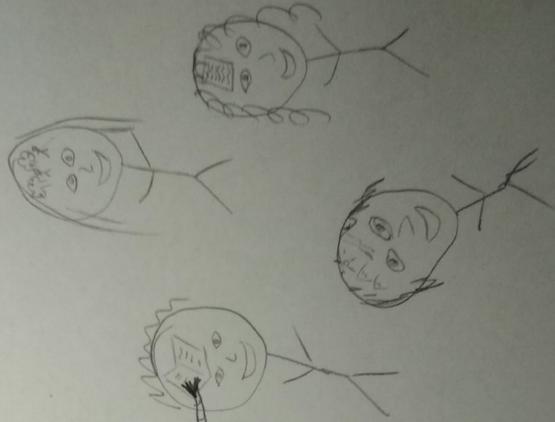
ANTIC  
2017

# Tug o War :

Antics editors

vs.

Trampers hiding  
stones in their brains



# ANTICS 2017

THE 58TH ANNUAL JOURNAL OF THE  
OTAGO UNIVERSITY TRAMPING CLUB





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**Cover Design by:** Torea Scott-Fyfe

**Inside Cover:** Artwork about the difficulty of getting articles for Antics 2017, Tanja de Wilde

**Previous Page :** Luca takes the OUTC art competition literally

**This Page:** Hat knitted while waiting for Antics 2017 P Dinsdale

## 2017 Exec

**President:** Lottie Armstrong

**Vice President:** Natasha Spillane... Rebecca Vella-King

**Secretary:** Rupert Wockner

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**Safety Officer:** Tim Wareing

**Patron:** Anna Murdoch and Josh Brinkman

**Two Antics Editors:** ~~Torea Scott-Fyfe and Rebecca Vella-King~~ eventually finished by Penzy Dinsdale

**Environmental Officer:** Charlotte Patterson

**Two Social Officers:** Julia Leman and Katie Snowden

**Two Training Officers:** Jamie Gardner, Hamish Sturmer

**Climbing Officer:** Tanja de Wilde

**Eight General Committee members:** Marissa Le Lec, Freya Priestnall, Benjamin Alder, Kris Sweetapple, Sophie Bicknell Young, Jackie Foster, Beth Walker, Chris Greenan, Rowan Cox

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THIS BOOK BELONGS TO

.....

OR IN.....HUT



Sunset Camping on Livingstone Ridge at Fiordland

*Penzy Dinsdale*

**WHEN A PUNTER FORGETS  
TO BRING A RAIN JACKET**



TOREA SCOTT- FYFE, REBECCA VELLA-KING

# Editorial

## Antics

Basically I am a terrible and disorganised person who has not dedicated myself to actually getting antics done. There is always running, swimming, walking, tramping and climbing to be done instead.

- Very apologetically, Torea

Rebecca and Torea out in their non-editing element

*Lottie Armstong*



PENZY DINSDALE

# Editorial

It's 2020, there's a worldwide pandemic. Tramping and other adventure activities are temporarily illegal. I'm in quarantine, so I finally had time to harass Rebecca and Torea into letting me finish Antic 2017.

IT'S ABOUT TIME!



Penzy Dinsdale climbing on South Face of Single Cone

*Jaz Morris*



The president and vice-president make it to Ball Pass, despite being female.

*Lottie Armstrong*

LOTTIE ARMSTRONG

## President's Report

“You? You’re the president!?” At this point there had only been friendly general chat with this older male guide in Caroline Hut, talking about where Rebecca and I were from, what we studied, but nothing about our outdoor experience. All he knew was we were two chicks doing Ball Pass. His shocked response surprised me.

“I just would have put you down as more of the social officer type of girl!” he said. I didn’t respond, just looked at him in confusion and internally cringed at the “social girl” remark. Surely this wasn’t anything to do with me being female? There was an awkward silence, and then he really started digging himself a hole.

“Well, I mean, I know of other females being presidents, but you know, they had to work really hard to get where they were, you know?” So his reaction was because I was female. Urgh. We quickly finished the cups of tea he had kindly given to us prior to this rude chat, and left. Maybe I should have told him Rebecca was vice-president, he probably would have choked on his biscuits in horror at two females running a tramping club. What a twat.

Lottie on the summit of Tititea/Mt Aspiring

*Lottie Armstrong*



This conversation occurred only a few months into the role. Despite this dispiriting start the rest of the year went well.

Paradise went well for all who came. It was one of the biggest the club organised, with an overloaded bus, 4 x 12 seater vans, and 2 cars. The weekend went perfectly, the weather was fantastic, everyone was back at a reasonable time, and no PLBs went off. However I had forgotten about the traditional “christening” in the Routeburn River and was slightly intimidated when a pack of people grabbed and dunked me in the water. I



The Rivering of the president  
*Kirsten Whiting*

managed to get a few victims in with me, mainly Torea and a bit of Tash, who momentarily lost her croc.

We were also lucky with the weather for our Fiordland trip. Rebecca did a great job organising it, especially as she took up VP last minute. Fiordland is a logistical nightmare, so thanks for taking that on and keeping a cool head at the end. If only that one damn group didn't come out so late (oops!).

The highlight of the year had to be Bushball. Setting out on Friday night when a month's worth of rain was forecast probably wasn't the best idea, but we were optimistic that we'd get to Central Otago before it fell. The roads around us started closing while we were on them, but when we first got to Beaumont the road out to Roxborough was thankfully still open. So we stopped for a pint and some food, however, it didn't take long for the road out to close. Now stuck in Beaumont with 75+ students and the rain getting heavier, the locals at the pub kindly stepped up to help find us somewhere to stay, including the community hall and a shearing shed. But with these locations at risk of flooding the wonderful owners of the pub, Ali and Gunni, opened up their bedrooms and floor for us. A lock in at Beaumont pub was not the worst place to wait out the storm! Least to say we made the most of it and hopefully our beer purchases throughout the night and early morning helped pay our way. Thanks Ali and Gunni for your kind hospitality. The roads opened up in the morning and bushball went ahead as normal thanks to the great efforts of Katie and Julia, and all the hungover drivers from both Friday and Saturday nights.

Aside from our 3 main club trips we also ran 3 other smaller trips. Makarora was organised in first semester again, thanks

to Leon; this went off without a hitch and I think it's a good trip to continue in the future, as it allows members who missed out on the other two trips to have a third chance to go away. It's also a great opportunity for someone in the general executive to organise a club trip. In second semester I was thankful Freya picked up organising a trip to Copland Hot Pools, which I now hope will continue on as a traditional club trip for second semester, whether that be a smaller trip like we first organised last year with more locals or as the upsized bus tour targeted more to the internationals as it is now. Also in second semester Charlotte had the awesome idea of combining our classic Silverpeaks Trip with helping DOC out at Jubilee Hut; this was great because we haven't run a conservation trip for a few years.

We decided to start a weekly rock climbing evening at the start of semester 1 and end of semester 2. Huge thanks to Tanja for organising this each week. We decided to run these evenings for only those who could already climb so there was no teaching involved, and everyone could buddy up and be pretty much independent. We had great turnouts and also gained many regulars. It was awesome to see friendships form and climbing

**WHEN YOUR HAIR GETS STUCK  
IN YOUR BELAY DEVICE**

trips planned as a result of these evenings. The rock climbing community within the club definitely blossomed and it's great to see it continue in 2018 thanks to Conor. I would highly recommend future climbing officers organise it.

It was also great to see a boost in people attending happy hours, this nicely reflects the success of the of club trips and social events, and is also owed to having some keen active members who brought new life into the club.

A final acknowledgement and thank you to Jacob, you've helped the club out immensely over the past few years and you were especially a big help to me with organising trips. Thanks!

It may not have been the best year financially, with a ~33% loss from last year. This was due to bad luck instead of mismanagement, as we ended up paying for 2 lots of Antics and damage to the bus and van.

I don't think money should define what makes a year successful. I would advise future executives not to be so focused on money. We are not a business, we're just a group of mates who like tramping so much that we're running a club. Focus on just getting out there, expanding on skills and experiences with mates, planning trips outside of the club with fellow members, and keep getting more enthusiastic locals into the club each year so it can continue carrying on as the awesome club it is today.



Left: Lottie on the South Face of Single Cone  
Right: Rock climbing 200m up



# Patron's Report

A non Patronising Patrons report from the sometimes Patronising impromptu Patron who isn't wearing an apron.

I've been in the club a while now. A fact that was not lost on some of the other senior members of the club on the Friday night of Bushball. Whilst helping to load up the gear into the utes and the bus, I was informed that because I had been around the longest (in the club, not on the night), that I would be the Patron. Something about Anna who was supposed to be Patron getting a better offer and giving Bushball the swerve. So I wasn't even the first choice! How Patronising is that! But looking to turn the other cheek, and partly because it was raining, I politely accepted. Besides, what did I have to lose! Nothing. Everyone sitting listening had upwards of 15 minutes to lose. It was a win-win deal! Like the instant kiwi ad says, it pays to push your luck. Or was it, you know the odds, now beat them? Or was it, never kick a gift horse in the mouth? I can never remember. Probably all three, they have been around a long time. Horses can live till a ripe old age, generally at least until the end of their lives, which is the longest that that horse has ever been alive.

From my generally foggy memory, kind of like the tidal fog in the Silverpeaks - except with global warming now it's always high tide - the role of Patron was to have a rant at Bushball about



The patron enjoying a moment of pure joy after he stumbled across a survey marker in the great outdoors.

*Rowan Cox*

how kids these days don't go tramping enough! I don't have any kids so this wasn't very relevant to me. What is enough anyway? And who defines that? Is it the role of FMC? Is there a tramping quota that needs to be implemented? And if there already is a quota, who enforces that and what are the penalties for not meeting it? Isn't having a quota just about revenue gathering? I've never had a quota, maybe I'll get one when I have kids of my own.....But I digress.

Deciding to take my role of Patron incredibly seriously, my first thought was to get a business card made! However it was out of office hours on a Friday night and I wouldn't receive anything until Monday at the earliest. Probably even later in the

Aspiring Hut as there's no post on Sundays. Even Little Whinging had no post on Sundays. So without the business cards I didn't give it any further thought. My speech that is. I'm still thinking about those business cards.

On Saturday night, about 15 minutes before I was due to do my speech, I was reminded that I was due to do my speech soon and hoped that I'd got something planned. I had! I planned on doing a speech. What follows is roughly the same as what I said on the night, except it's in italics. Can you speak in italics? I know you can speak in Italian. I say you because I can't. I did speak in Italy though. Just basic stuff, like hello, good morning. It really limited what I could do, couldn't go out after 11am because I didn't know how to say good day or good evening. And I ended up amassing a large group of people around me due to not being able to say good bye.



The patron is personable with the punters proceeding his patronising pontifications.

*Sam Harrison*

*Welcome everyone and thanks for being here. This doesn't just happen you know. You haven't just stumbled across some well organised event in the middle of this valley by accident. It takes a lot of work by some very dedicated people to get all of this happening here. So a big round of applause for them!*

*I remember sitting where you are now during my first Bushball. It was my only Bushball until this evening. And wondering, who is that person and why are they talking to us. What does it have to do with me? So I shall attempt to answer that so that it is meaningful for you.*

*Why am I standing here talking to you? What is the purpose of being patron? Folk lore has it that to be Patron, one must be old and crusty. I am older than everyone younger than myself and I am not crusty. Truth be told, no one really knows. And even if they did, I don't believe that you have to be old and crusty to be Patron. Trust me, I'm the Patron so I would know.*

*There is a theme to this speech. I pondered briefly what being Patron means to me. I figure it's one of those things where each letter of the word stands for another word. You know the one. Like a Jafa. Just another forgotten Aucklander. (I didn't actually say this, but I need to explain it for context. Hence why it's not in italics).*

*PEOPLE. A wise man once said that without good people, the great outdoors is just the big outside. (It was actually me who said that. And not just tonight). The OUTC is a plethora of people, so find the good ones who you get along with and go outdoors together. Just be careful of the hoody you wear when you meet them for the first time because they may just end up becoming*

*your friend for life. And the co-editor of Antics 2012. And involved in multiple survival situations with you.*

*ADVENTURE. There are many adventures you can be a part of and initiate within the OUTC once you have the aforementioned people. Not all adventures have to be outside. Adventure is relative. And the more you do, the more adventures you will have. Speaks for itself really.*

*TRAMPING (ARM CHAIR). The best kind! When you are unable to go tramping, you can just talk about it. You can be planning trips, or reminiscing about how good it used to be. Or both. It can also mean taking an arm chair with you tramping. Or someone to sit on. That goes back to the adventure bit I mentioned earlier.*

*RANT. Can be confused for passion. If it feels like someone is having a rant about something, it's generally because they're passionate. They just don't have the skills to articulate it in a more suitable manner. Listen to them because there will be a message in there somewhere. It may just have poor packaging. This can feel more common in the outdoors community because of our used to being, "one with nature".*

*OPINIONATED. Comes from lots of experience. And remember that an opinion is just that, an opinion. It's not necessarily truth or relevant to you. You need to figure that out for yourself.*

*(K)NEES (which are shagged). Look after your body. It's the only one that truly belongs to you. Regardless of what kind of society we live in. I remember when I was about 20 years old, an older member of the tramping club telling me to look after my body. I laughed and thought that I don't need to do that, I won't wear out. I'm invincible! Turns out that I'm not. Be kind to it. Otherwise*

*you'll be limited as to the places that you can visit in person and only visit them on a map. If you need more encouragement, think of the people that struggle to walk to their letterbox. Except the wilderness and remote spots of Fiordland are our letterboxes.*

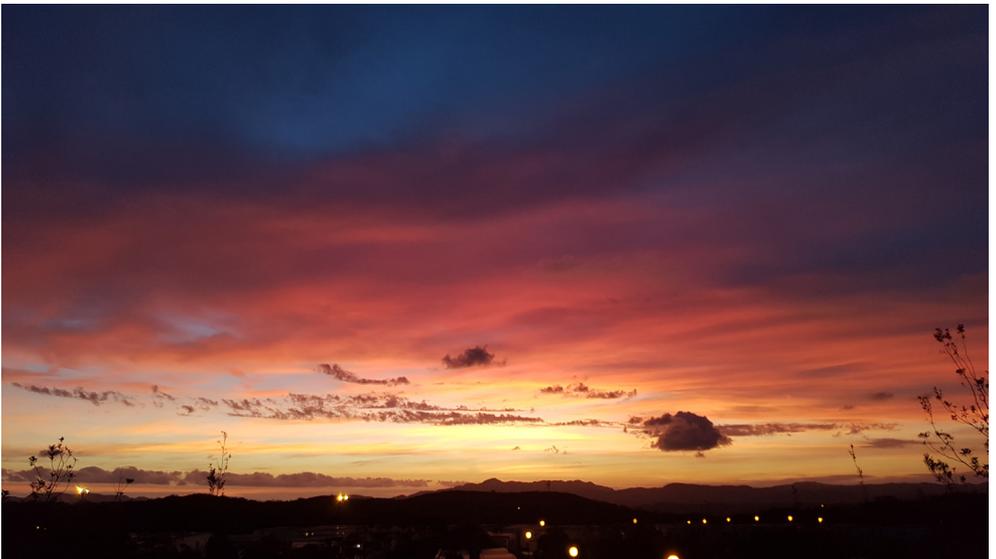
*The older and slightly more wisened members of the club are just like you. But sometimes with more experience. Experience is that thing you get just after you need it. It generally comes immediately after things go wrong. And that's ok. Because next time you'll know not to cross that flooded river, or go strolling about in the fog without a map or knowing the terrain you're in, or to take your food and warm clothes with you before embarking on a search for help. These are all things I've done and have the experience because of it. So don't do those. Unless you want to. You can do what you like, it's a free country.*

*Being in the great outdoors is a pretty special experience so get amongst it! Tramping doesn't have to be serious. And neither should it be. How many tramps do you remember that were incredibly serious. I encourage you to take inflatable swans tramping (how else will you paddle around an alpine tarn), subway chairs to alpine passes (even better if you can get someone else to carry it), have a dress up tramp (proper golfing attire is required if one is to be opening the Mt Aspiring Golf Club atop Mt Sisyphus) and most importantly, always take novelty items with you! Watermelons work well as do kettle bells. An EPIRB is not a novelty item and you should take one anyway. Have a go, what's the worst that can happen! Make up your own rules! They make the best kind of memories. And if you're leading the trip, you have less chance of being questioned on those rules. So lead trips!*

*Enough now, cheers!*

To summarise, I'm writing this from a remote little spot called Goro in New Caledonia. Look it up, it's a real spot. Here are a couple of photos I took of the beautiful sunset tonight to prove that I am real. I would have also held up a copy of today's newspaper but there aren't any out here. Not sure what they'd put in it because as far as I can tell, not a lot happens here day to day. And even if there was, there is no post on Tuesdays. Or at all come to think of it. It's pretty basic out here. Just sunsets to keep me occupied. And my commitment to write this Patrons report which I promised myself I would write pretty quickly after Bushball. It hasn't taken me very long to write this, only about 20 minutes, and it is after Bushball, so I have fulfilled my promise to myself.

And with that, I wish you all the best. And remember, if someone says to you that the Southern Alps aren't going anywhere, they are. Towards Australia at about 5cm a year. So don't take everything you hear for truth. Unless it's written down. Like this. This is all truth and should be committed to memory. There will be a test on it at next year's Bushball.



WRITE YOUR OWN ANTICS ARTICLE AKA

# Josh's 'Help'

Hey Torea,

I just had a read of the minutes from this week. Here's a template I prepared earlier....

----- Forwarded message -----

From: Antics Twenty Twelve <antics2012@gmail.com>

Date: 21 December 2012 at 22:15

Subject: [outc] Antics Article Template

To: outc@lists.otago.ac.nz

Meetings Fri 12:30, Tues 5:00, Otago Room, Clubs and Socs.

Oh hi, I didn't see you there.

If you're reading this, congratulations on surviving the end of the world. Give yourself a pat on the back. There you go, well done.

Now that you've been walking about the place outdoors for at least one year we've been expecting a flood of emails! But none have been forthcoming (sad face). So we, your gracious

ANTICS 2012 ©™® editors, have spent hours creating a trip template that you can insert/modify/delete as applicable to create a brilliant story and be immortalised forever! Read on.....

This weekend I went tramping/hiking with some friends/girl or guy I'm wanting to get with/flatmate/randoms from the email list/tourists. After consulting some maps at a meeting/pub/man up the road's house and after much discussion/beers/cups of tea we decided to go to Fiordland/Paradise/Stewart Island/Silverpeaks/the bar. On Friday night I/flatmate/name here picked us up from Clubs and Socks and we headed off. After many hours driving/sleeping/sharning/chatting up the hottest person in the car we arrived at the road end. We set up camp/tent fly/back seat of the car/hottest persons sleeping bag and after a few hours sleep/sexy time it was time to wake up.

Breakfast was porridge/muesli/cold/less than average/forgotten. After brekky was completed/politely tipped out it was packs on and we set off up the hill/in the wrong direction/towards the beach.

We talked about politics/farting/the scenery we can't see/what's for lunch/exostentalism but decided that since we'd missed elevensies it'd be a good time for lunch. Lunch consisted of salami/broken crackers/bread/jam/tuna/onions/cheese/chocolate/beer/noodles/viagra and the views were good/stunning/boring/wet/cloudy/cold/snowy/nothing like what was promised.

After a few more hours of walking along, name of least favorite person on trip got pushed/fell/tripped into a creek much to the delight of all.

By this stage it was getting dark/cold/wet/hot/hard to find a good campsite so it was decided by everyone/herr trip leader to abandon the trip/set up camp for the night.

Everyone was so tired/annoyed/over it/drunk/high that they fell asleep without any problems/assistance/favours.

The next day, we had to get back to Dunedin because I left the oven on/we'd run out of map/eaten all the food/it was planned that way so we departed camp without delay/breakfast/packing up the tent.

The ride home was dangerous/fun/smelly/long/shit but we were home before we knew it/ran out of fuel/killed the annoying passenger.

I can't wait to do it again soon/never/sometime.

So there you have it. Copy and paste the above text and modify the bits in italics. Or better yet, come up with one of your own. It'll get published. We're getting desperate now.

Stay tuned for more and remember, if you get an email from ANTICS 2013, quickly mark it as spam and forget it ever arrived.

- Statler & Waldorf -

Editors 2012



# The Start and End of a Relationship

I remember when I first saw you. It was spring 2013, but there was still a chill in the air. You were wearing a powder white winter coat. You looked beautiful, but had an icy look that flashed danger, it was very attractive. I knew immediately that I had to get to know you.

Over the next few months I told everyone I knew about you. I was talking to Max about you; my voice caught in my throat when he said he could introduce us. Max organised a party for April 2014, you were going to be the guest of honour. I was so nervous - you were way out of my league. As we got closer to you I was wondering whether you would be as beautiful as I remembered. I shouldn't have worried. It was now autumn and you no longer had that beautiful heavy winter coat on, but you had lost none of your elegance. The look of danger, so clearly visible on your face, was alluring as ever.

The party was a little bit slow in getting started, by the time we got close to an introduction it was already 6pm. You were a mere stone's throw away, but I lost my nerve. Who was I kidding? I wasn't prepared for you. You were elegant and classy, and had lived lifetimes; I was just a love struck boy. I watched from a short

distance away while my friends, bolder than I, got to meet you. I told myself I didn't care, but as I left I looked back. Your face was bright with light from the setting sun, you looked golden; I knew I wasn't going to be able to forget you.

It was a while before we met again, I tried to see others, I even ran off to Raoul island, it wasn't the kind of place I was likely to meet someone like you. I grew as a person, but when I returned, I couldn't shift the feelings I had for you, I wanted to create a second chance to meet you.

This time I organised the party, it was going to be a dawn till dusk affair. We started at 5am. It was autumn again and you looked a little frosty when we first saw you. I was excited though, I'd gone over this moment in my head so many times before. However, as the party got going, I noticed that you didn't look very impressed. In fact, you looked quite stormy. I hoped as the party went on your mood might improve, but by midday you were looking moody, grey, and unapproachable. It just didn't seem like the right time - I didn't want to meet you like this, not when I knew how beautiful you were in a good mood. So we cancelled the party. As if to show how much disdain you had for me, later in the night, when my eyes searched you out one last time, you were back to your radiant self; the last of the days sun lighting up your face. Were you flirting with me? Did you know how interested I was? Had you caught me looking? Were you teasing me?

There were other occasions where I thought I might get close to you, but none of them were particularly serious. Often, your winter coat was back on, and your face flashed stay away at me.

In truth, I was scared of that look, and I certainly wasn't willing to take the people I was in the area with to meet you.

It was years before we met again. I did my best to forget about you, I met others who were as beautiful (if not more so), taller, classier, and carried a charm and poise, that you, more of a rougher beauty, did not seem to possess. All of this should have resulted in you fading from my memory, but even 4 years later, in 2017, my mind always came back to dwell on you. I decided that if I was going to meet you I needed to do it on my own, I made plans to see you at Christmas, but for one reason or another the plans fell through; I felt dejected. I was moving towns again and I knew I wouldn't get a proper chance for a meeting until next summer; I couldn't wait that long again. On the last day of the holidays I decided I would make it happen.

To be honest, I wasn't really feeling that great about it. I was recovering from a summer cold, and the weather was looking a bit too windy for a good party, nevertheless I knew I had to give you one more shot. You looked far more approachable than on our previous encounters. You stood by yourself, proud, tall, and elegant; you even looked welcoming. I slowly made my move; it was near 6pm that I finally got as close as I had that first time. This was it, the moment, did I have the courage? Could I make the step towards you?

I took the step with ease and before I knew it we had our introduction. I had built the moment up so much in my head I rather let myself down, I began crying uncontrollably - it had been such a long journey to get here. I think you understood though, or at least, you pretended not to notice. I sat with you for

some time, you were easy to talk to, but I knew I didn't matter to you as much as you did to me.

The loved and the lover.

A relationship like that just can't work. After a while I knew it was time to go, to say goodbye. I left slowly, but before I knew it I was running. I promised myself I wouldn't look back, but I failed, I had to have a final look at your face. We won't see each other for the foreseeable future, and that's hard to accept; to let go for good.

Other friends will probably see you, and talk about you, and I'll probably still be jealous, and think about other missed opportunities, but to meet you once, by myself, is something I will look back on with delight.

It's been two days since I said good bye and you're still on my mind, but I know it's over. Goodbye Brewster. Love, always.

Luke Gardener

Turn page  
to reveal the  
identity of Luke's  
crush!



Mt Brewster  
*Luke Gardener*

TOREA SCOTT-FYFE

# Titiroa Reflections

Always moving,

I am encountering yet another existence.

I am remembering things.

I am remembering the life I have lived up to now.

The precious moments that I would never forget.

-

Once

After exams, I hitchhiked to Manapouri, to go on a solo trip up Mt Titiroa.

I got there late in the evening, and stayed in a camp ground, using my friend's little tent.

It was guy fawkes.

I went for a walk around the lake, and rejoiced at the water, the stars, the wind in my face.

I followed the crackling sparks and woodsmoke to a huge bonfire.

It was in a paddock, and all the families of the area were gathered around in the dark, with sparklers and scooters and shouts and quiet conversations

Watching the fire burn

Metres high, metres wide, whole trees inside

A mountain of fire.

I stood and observed, outsider, but included

Welcomed by the warmth of the flames, and people's smiles.

The next day I got a ride across the river with an old man, retired from tramping now, and I tramped up my mountain, to the granite tops, the moon landscape of monumental concretions, and coarse white sand in the mist and wind. I climbed trees to talk to brown creepers, and swam in the rivers. I walked through forest and tussock and rock and sphagnum moss, and saw no human soul. I stayed one night on the mountain, one by the lake. And then I hitchhiked home again.

I found it hard to describe that trip. It was easier to talk about the funny people that gave me rides than the walking.

It was beautiful, and otherworldly. I felt lonely, like I had left this planet, alien. I felt more human than I ever do otherwise.

-

Today, I am on a train, in a place with more humans than I can even try to comprehend.

I do not know their language.

They do not know my language of walking, climbing; strong legs driving up, packstraps tugging shoulders back, rocks at fingertips, treebark, grasshoppers flying, birds watching, cold water pressing around limbs, pockets of snow in the tussock, wind and weather coming, hunger of exhaustion, elation

Such elation

Contemplation.

The language of no people here, and of surviving, and of thriving.

I sit on the train surrounded by people living lives in cities, and wonder how many are dreaming of mountains.

Many, I imagine.

I just don't know who they are.

Out the window, in an empty wasteland outside a station, a fire burns.

Rubbish makes black smoke, bright flames, heat waves

No people gathered there.



# Wholesome books for tramping trips

Nothing like curling up by the hut fire with a cup of tea and a good book while the wind rattles the corrugated iron roof and you can catch a glimpse of mountains through the frosted window. Or drifting into sleep while reading on a summer's rest-day, lying by the river in the sun (well wrapped on strippy polypros for maximum sandfly protection). In torrential rain in a flimsy tent perched precariously between remote valleys, days away from the concept of warm and dry, even a slightly soggy book will lift your spirits.

## **Slim paperbacks with substantial soul**

Angela Carter: Nights at the circus

Ursula Le Guin: The Left Hand of Darkness

Murakami: Kafka on the Shore

Kazuo Ishiguro: The Buried Giant

Milan Kundera: The Unbearable Lightness of Being

Annie Proulx: The Shipping News

## **The Short Story Vibe**

Tove Jansson: Art in Nature

Ursula Le Guin: The Wind's 12 Quarters

Emma Donohughe: Kissing the Witch

Cheap old sci fi magazines from second hand book shops

### **Carry an epic**

The Lord of the Rings

Neil Gaiman: American Gods

Shakespeare: Complete works

Women who run with the wolves

Textbooks

### **Others have been here**

Ernest Shackleton

Jon Krakauer: Into the wild

Lydia Bradley: Going up is easy

Aart Vervoon: Beyond the Snowline

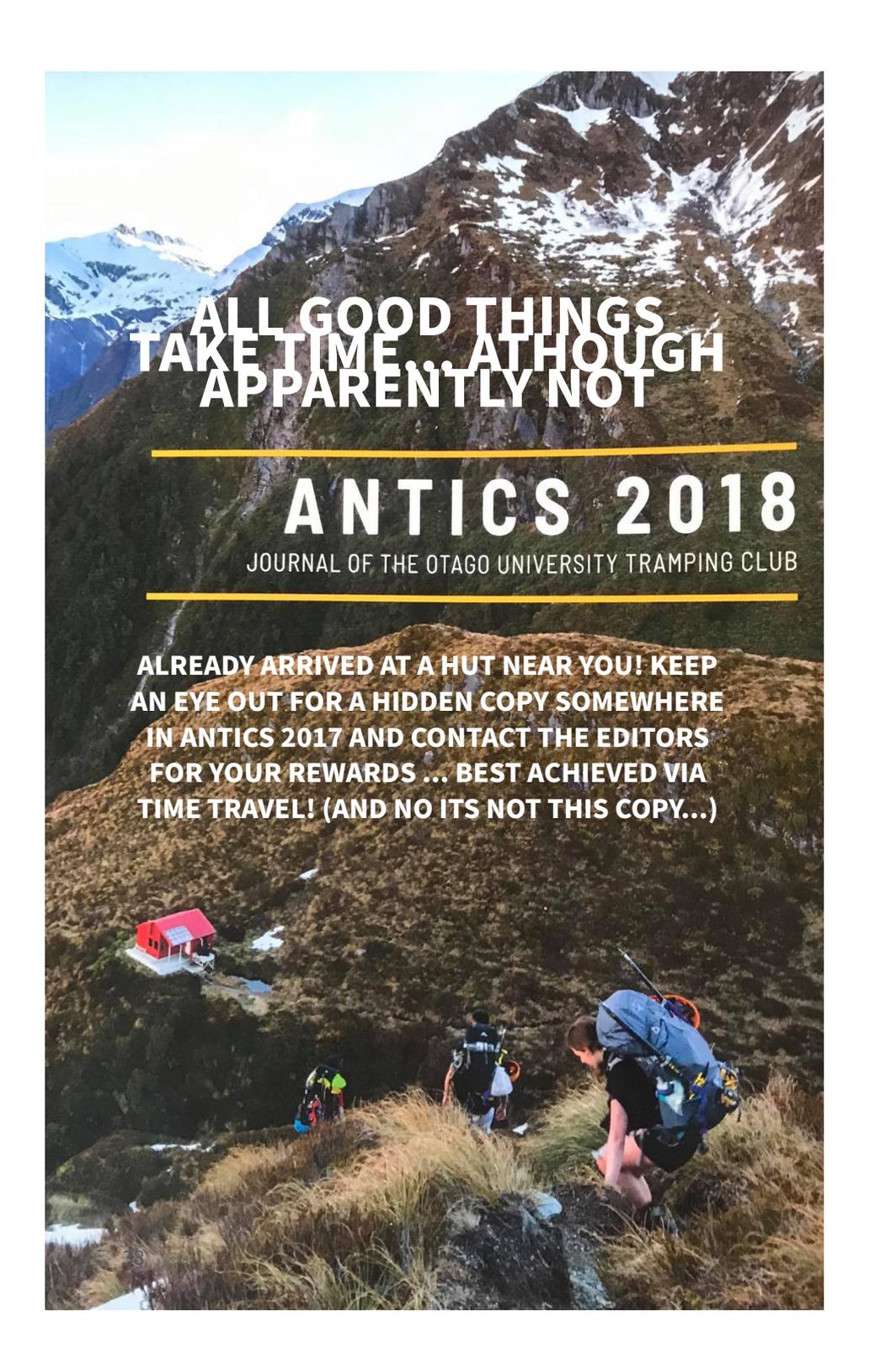
Poetry

New Zealand Poets - JK Baxter, Brian Turner, Hone Tuwhare

Mary Oliver



**WHEN THE BUS GETS FLOODED  
TRYING TO FORD A RIVER**

A scenic mountain landscape with snow-capped peaks and a red hut in the valley. The foreground shows hikers with large backpacks on a grassy slope. The background features rugged, rocky mountains with patches of snow under a clear sky.

**ALL GOOD THINGS  
TAKE TIME... ALTHOUGH  
APPARENTLY NOT**

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# **ANTICS 2018**

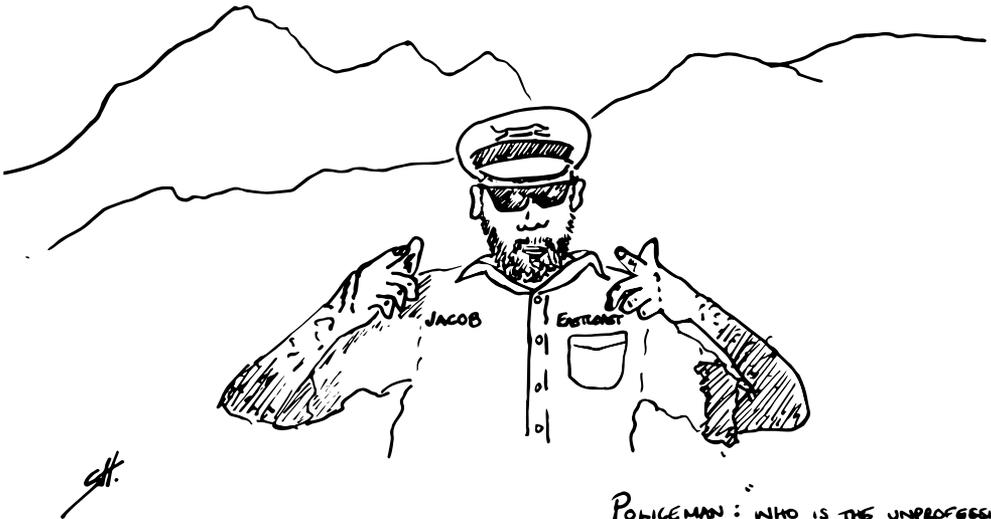
JOURNAL OF THE OTAGO UNIVERSITY TRAMPING CLUB

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**ALREADY ARRIVED AT A HUT NEAR YOU! KEEP  
AN EYE OUT FOR A HIDDEN COPY SOMEWHERE  
IN ANTICS 2017 AND CONTACT THE EDITORS  
FOR YOUR REWARDS ... BEST ACHIEVED VIA  
TIME TRAVEL! (AND NO ITS NOT THIS COPY...)**

# Paradise

BEGINNING THE YEAR IN STYLE



POLICEMAN : WHO IS THE UNPROFESSIONAL  
PERSON DRIVING THIS BUS ?

# The adventures we had

Oh glorius Paradise! After the usual OUTC cluster, the bus and vans took off on the first big trip of the year. Away on the highway to... heavenly beech forest and mountains at the head of Lake Wakatipu. The usual late night arrival, disturbing all the more ordinary campers at Lake Sylvan. People stumbled from the bus into the cold frosty night, wandered vaguely about while a few vocal leaders attempted to organise tent flies to be set up. Finally sorted out, the quiet of wilderness, beech trees, starry night, descends...

Morning dawned but brave OUTC members dawned first! The early groups charged off in various directions to climb various ridges and peaks. The sun came up and everyone else was woken up by leaders searching tent flies for their group members. Everyone embarked on their chosen adventures:

Up the Routeburn: Erebus Peak, Xenicus, Lake Harris, Routeburn North Branch, Sugarloaf, the whole Routeburn in a day.

In the Humboldt Ranges: Glacier Burn, Scott Creek, Bold Peak... although that group was waylaid to achieve the gruelling quest of Swan Tarn

Towards Earnslaw: Turret Ridge, Earnslaw Burn, Mt Alfred

And those old crusties that relaxed in the sun, glorius...

Wonderful and adventurous times were had, and all made it back in time for cooking wonderful food, drinking good drink, worm wrestling, rivering the President and dancing by campfires into the night.

**Just another Paradise. Long Live the OUTC.**



Paradise Exploits - cooking curry, slingshotting gingernuts

*Grayson Harlow*

JENNI

# Swan Tarn

The tragic love story of “Swan Tarn” is about a princess (name of Will) turned into a swan by an evil scree slope’s curse. During the day she must swim as a swan in a lake of tears, sweat and blood. At night she may be human again, but her spell can only be broken by the handsome Prince Josh.



Princess Will enjoys a day of freedom with the dashing Prince Josh

*Jonas Wiesner*

NOAH SHEARER

# Understanding Tramp Difficulty Levels: American Versus Kiwi Perspectives

A guide for exchange students from a former exchange student

As an American student who “studied abroad” in New Zealand during semester 1, 2017, I’m proud to say my first tramping experience was with the OUTC. I decided to go on a tramp described as “moderate”, having what I considered to be a “moderate” level of experience and fitness. The result was my first excursion onto a scree field, which led to the realest feelings of imminent death I have ever experienced. Over the course of the semester I became a far more confident and knowledgeable trumper, but I have decided it would be in the best interests of future visitors and Kiwis (who have to deal with them) alike, to provide a scale for comparing cultural definitions of words like “moderate”.

Before a trip with the OUTC you will attend the mandatory pre-meet, where entertaining group leaders will show you a

picture probably taken somewhere near their intended track, and point at a map with some funny colorful lines on it. They will also declare the difficulty of the trip, but don't listen to them. Bring this guide along so you can translate.

### *Easy*

(American Perspective)

A relatively short walk on even terrain. If a mountain is involved the trail will nonetheless remain even and well-maintained.

(Kiwi Perspective)

You probably won't need crampons.

Conclusion: Your first tramp should be an easy one unless you have been referred to by others at some point in your life as a legitimate athlete.

### *Easy/Moderate*

This just means moderate.

### *Moderate*

(American Perspective)

I climbed a mountain once so I've got this right? Plus I'm all about those views so I don't want any of those silly valley tracks.

(Kiwi Perspective)

Yeah nah, it's not really that hard until you're climbing with ropes, so we'll call it a moderate.

Conclusion: This is everything you thought you'd be doing when you came to NZ, and as difficult as you thought hiking could be. Do it for sure once you've had some experience and you'll be sweet as.

*Moderate/Hard*

This designation does not actually exist because Kiwis don't really mentally separate them anyway.

*Hard*

(American Perspective)

What do you mean camping on top of a glacier? How does that even work? Where do I attach the tent fly so it doesn't tent fly off the mountain?

(Kiwi Perspective)

A 90% group survival rate is a healthy thing to shoot for.

Conclusion: Don't say I didn't warn you.

You will also typically discover during the trip that no one including your leaders has actually been on this track. You should really just assume this to be the case from the start. Think of it as an adventure, because to be fair, it is.

I hope you've found this guide informative and that you look forward to still probably making all the mistakes I did. It was the most enjoyable insanity of my life.

RACHEL VEALE

# The Routeburn in a Day

*A Photostory. Trip Leaders: Imogen and Erin, “We hiked for 11 hours. You bet your sore hamstrings we deserved multiple rounds of tim-tam slams.”*







KATIE SNOWDEN

# Did You Even Climb It If You Didn't Nap At The Top?

Mt. Alfred crew: Katie Snowden, Julia Leman, Louise Clayette, Anna Knight, Maddy Gerleman, Abi Petrie, Rosie Simmons, Miranda Eisen

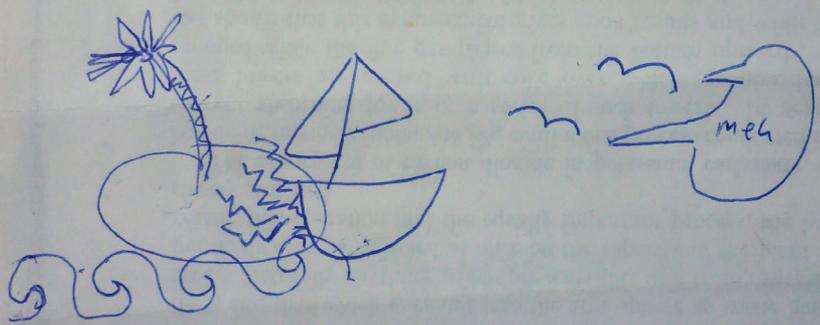




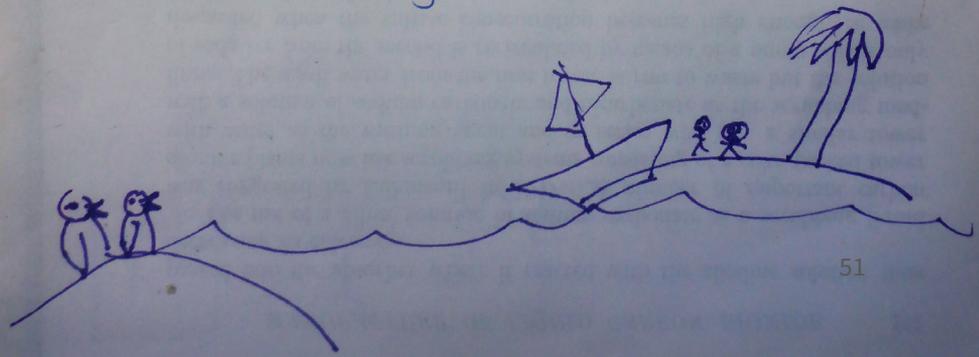
The perigien watched as ~~the~~ ship hit the ice berg



7  
9/01  
Sailing Ship crashes on remote island while two birds look on with ambivalence



○ Birds overlook a marooned sail boat on an island, ~~are~~ saying "meh"



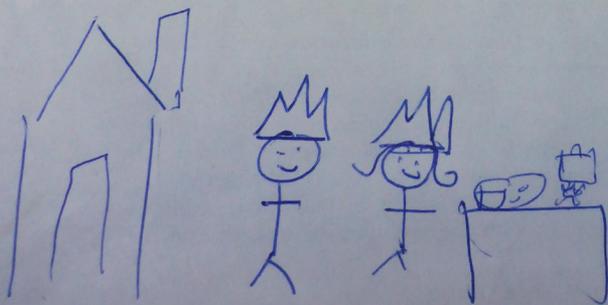
A Queen is cooking soup.



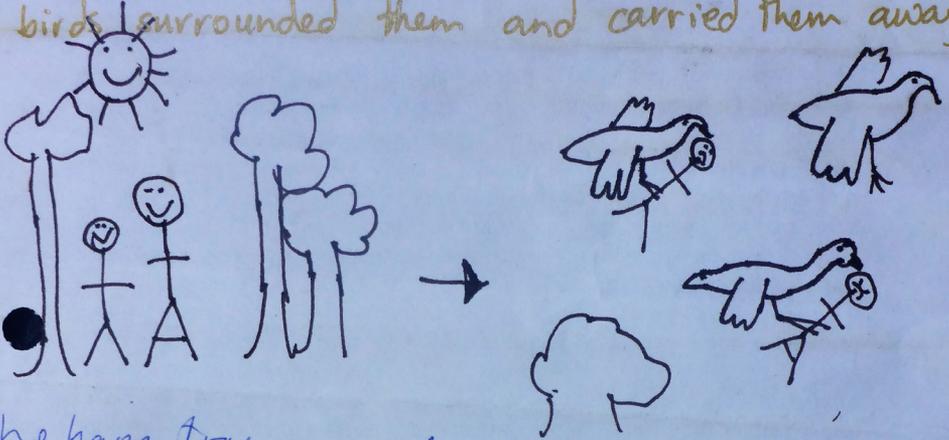
The queen was ~~very~~ highly satisfied with the rehydrated potato dinner at Dasser Bir



King and Queen tramper are at dasser bir making lunch outside on the stove



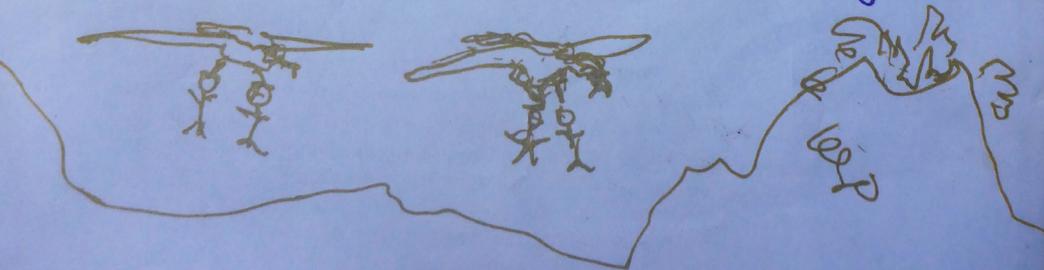
Two siblings were walking <sup>2017</sup> through a beech forest on a beautiful day, when a cloud of birds surrounded them and carried them away.



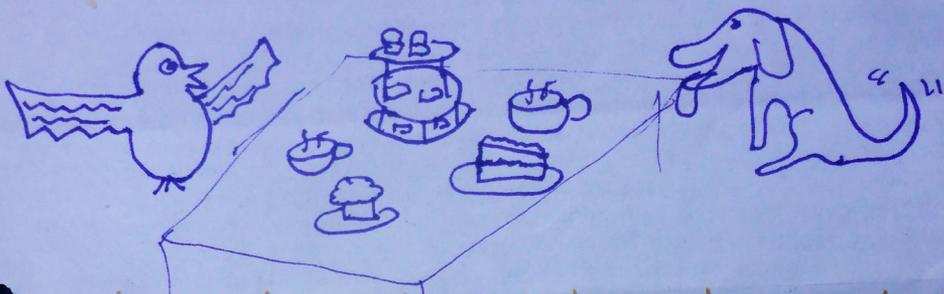
The happy trampers get carried off by Hoast Eagles. They are sad now.



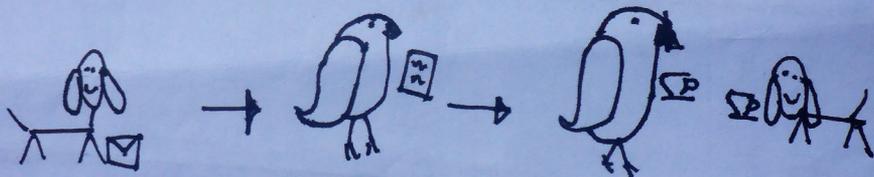
Two Hoast Eagles carry 4 people <sup>by their heads in their claws</sup> up a ~~best~~ valley to the volcanoes.



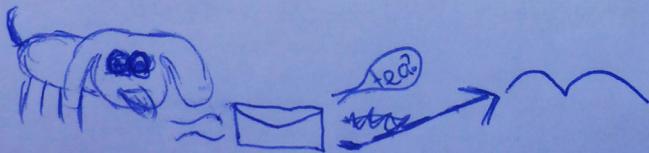
A kea and Tussock the dog sit down for high tea.



The happy dog had invited Madam bird over a very fancy/ <sup>anonymously</sup> afternoon tea, however she was very shocked and quite terrified when she says who invited her!



Tussock sends a letter to his bird friend organising a cup of tea & date. They are happy to see each other.



# Fiordland

ONE HUNDRED AND ONE OUTCERS



Morning Rebecca,

On Sunday morning, we were sprung by DOC at 7am for having the bus parked at the Lake Marian car park. Did you know that even if everyone is sleeping on a self contained bus, it's still illegal. I didn't but now I do. The lady was very unhappy. I think she was very unhappy due to Friday night and after many apologies and assurances I would pass on her feedback, she calmed down. She just needed to vent her built up rage and I was the friendly recipient bright and early on Sunday morning.

She said that she appreciated you getting in contact about Fiordland and the large number of people expected at Kiosk Creek. It turns out that doc had been to Kiosk Creek and warned campers that we would be arriving. That had also moved other campers on to make space for our arrival. Fair enough.

When we had our change of plans on the bus, and rightly so, none of us perceived the fall out. To me, being very pragmatic and adaptable to the situation based on the circumstances, it made a lot of sense. Her argument was that we should have gone to Kiosk Creek anyway, parked on the road, and used the vans to shuttle people to the campsite. In the rain. She was also expecting us to arrive about 7pm and thought that arriving at 1230 was stupid. This is where we must realise that she is a person, and will behave as such. She's wearing a DOC shirt but not everything that was coming out of her mouth was reasonable and we would be stupid to blindly follow her recommendations. I thought it best to let her get it off her chest and it wasn't the right

time to start explaining our logic. She had it all figured out for us anyway.

Following this initial barrage, she proceeded to let me know that we had woken up half the campsite (I'm not sure to what degree of certainty we hit the 50% mark) in driving the bus around looking for a place to camp. We should have instinctively had it all figured out. By parking the bus outside their caravan, we had woken them up. Most inconsiderate of us. Didn't we know that they had to be up at 5? That they work long days, up at 5, finishing up at 10 or 11 at night and didn't need their sleep interrupted. I apologised whilst thinking to myself, that's got nothing to do with us. However, I let her continue to unload. I knew she would have a better day because of it.

What we should have done was call the visitor centre as they have a radio and would have left the doc wardens know. Why there would be anyone at the visitor centre at 11pm is beyond me but that's what we should have done. Presumably, if there was someone at the visitor centre, and they did radio ahead, then the wardens would have been woken up just as they were going to sleep, then again when we arrived. I think we were doing them a favour by letting them get some rest before being woken up by us.

After letting her unload and talking her down off the cliff, she changed her views from making the entire bus pay for parking in the car park overnight, to a donation to doc. It would also be seen as a good will gesture from the OUTC to DOC as it seems we were not well received at all.

To cut a long story short, I was going to make a donation (more than \$1 and less than 13 people staying in a car park

overnight). Is there a reference you used, person you spoke to or online banking details that I should use.

I think you've done a stellar job, organising many many people to Fiordland and back. Unfortunately, DOC didn't see it that way and we should have been entirely inflexible in our plans.

I did however gain some intel on their patterns for future road end camping. They have their setup at Cascade Creek, and leave just after 5 to do the rounds and check up on people. They got to us at the Lake Marian road end at 7. They also do a night time run which we would normally miss, arriving at the road/track end so late. My advice, unless you want to do a 5am campsite pack up, is to push into the bush, even 100m, and set the tent fly up on there on a Friday night. They are just looking for cars and obvious signs of illegal camping. Out of sight, out of mind. Then you can sleep in past 5am and be gently woken by the sand flies instead. Just don't shit in the bushes, leaving toilet paper and bags of rubbish everywhere.

Cheers,

Josh

--

Sent from my bush telephone

TRIPS AND LEADERS

Giffords Crack: Lottie and Imogen

Consolation Peak: Freya, Becca and Marissa

Gertrude Saddle, Barrier Knob: Josh, Jake, Rupert and Kris

Lake Roberts: Leon and Henry

Livingstone Ridge: Tim and Penzy

Boyd Creek: Anna and Sarah

Falls Creek: Andrea and Rebecca

U Pass: Hamish and Dan

McKellar Saddle: Charlotte and Jackie



Lake Alabaster: Torea and Sasha

Lake Marian: Beth and Alexis

McKellar Hut: Boy Sasha

The events

Friday night was very rainy but the weekend was lovely.

Someone had a fall in Falls Creek.

Lake Alabaster was a little late out due to swimming and stuff.

Giffords Gap group was rather late.

No PLBs, no major incidents. Good experiences. Wonderful times.



ANDREA BARNABY

# Falls Creek

Trip Members: Rebecca Wilson, Maci Slavin, Laurel Baar, Olive Grant, Klaudia Wichmann, Ruairi Griffin and Andrea Barnaby

It was supposed to be a gentle meander up Falls Creek valley. The weather was perfect, sun was shining and not a cloud in the sky (very lucky for fiordland which gets around 200 rainy days per year). However, as with tramping in New Zealand, plans need to be adaptable.

We arrived at the falls creek car park on saturday morning, all our punters were wide eyed and excited to see where the day will take them, however this did not last long. The first hour of the track was a vertical “tree climb” up the true right bank of falls creek, so we slogged up the bank slowly, stopping every 10 minutes or so to allow our punters time to catch their breath. Luckily after the first hour of our walk the gradient eased off and was relatively flat for the remainder of the track. We had read on the DOC sign at start of the track that it would take two hours to reach the bush line, so after another hour of walking Rebecca and I started to wonder where the edge even was. As we strode on through the bush for another two hours, constantly debating our route and whether or not we had lost the track yet again (as this track was extremely overgrown), we eventually came to a plateau with stunning views of the mountains around us. We



Rebecca, Maci, Laurel, Olive, Klaudia, and Ruairi, Falls Creek

*Andrea Barnaby*

stopped for a well earned lunch break, however we didn't want to stay here too long as it had taken us longer than expected to get here and our plan was to continue to the glacier at the end of the valley.

So we continued up the valley, now off the track, which our punters were all very excited about as they had never walked off track before this trip. Next, we came across a dense section of bush which we needed to bush bash our way through. In fact, this bush was so dense effectively you could walk on top of it with only the occasional hole your leg could fall through. Relieved that we had finished our bush bashing section of the track we decided to look out for a good camping spot in the valley.

Once we found a camping spot, we decided to drop our packs to speed up the remainder of the walk to the glacier before we ran out of daylight hours. We continued to rock hop our way up the dry river bed along falls creek valley feeling significantly lighter and faster on our feet. Along our travels we were lucky enough to see a pair of shy rock wren and had a close encounter with a cheeky kea, who became very friendly towards us, following us up the valley within a meter of where we were walking.

Once we made it to the glacier lake myself and Ruairi decided this would a perfect spot to take a refreshing swim (or should I say freezing cold jump in then immediately jump back out type of swim). I think the remainder of our group thought we were mad and in hindsight maybe we were! However the walk back up the valley to our camping spot quickly warmed us up again.

We then proceeded to set up the campsite tent fly which constitutes as “luxurious accommodation” in this neighbourhood and prepared dinner. Which were possibly the best veggie nachos I have ever had (but then again, doesn’t food always taste better after a day of tramping) and for dessert we taught our internationals of the group how to Tim Tam slam! Then due to the cold we quickly went to bed.

The next morning we reluctantly got out of our warm sleeping bags only to find those who had left their socks and shoes outside the tent fly (myself included) were now frozen. Begrudgingly we put on our cold socks and shoes, prepared breakfast and packed away the camp site. While the other members where packing away the campsite, Rebecca and myself decided that due to the strong dislike of bush bashing yesterday

and with the hope that it would speed up the walk out of the valley, we would rock hop along the river until it joined with the track further down the valley. Which was a great idea, until Maci slipped falling into the icy cold water knocking her head on the way down.

After Maci fell into the water she started to go into shock. Maci informed us that “she has had hypothermia previously and thus her nerves are now more susceptible to it again now”, Rebecca and I had to quickly put on our first aid hats.

We stopped on the side of the river bank removed all her wet clothes replacing them with dry ones and got out our survival blanket. While this was happening, we asked the remainder of the group to heat up some water to make her a hot drink and get her some sugary food to eat. Luckily it was another beautiful sunny day as we waited for Maci to improve so that we could continue our walk, as we did not want to use our PLB unless we absolutely had too.

Once Maci said she was able to walk again we continued out the valley with a few more regular breaks compared to yesterday. Despite having a few more stops along the way we made extremely good time on the way out. Understandably, all of our group except Maci completed our trip with one final swim at the waterfall at the start of the track.

REBECCA VELLA-KING

# Reflections from Consolation Peak

Trip Members: Marissa Le Lac, Freya Priestnall, Conor Vaessen, Marla Davidson, Anna Albin and Rebecca Vella-King

On the bus:

Green sparkly cheeks to celebrate St Patrick's Day. She asks what I would do if I was shrunk to the size of my phone. She asks about my bucket list, my favourite animal and if I have any dreams that DON'T involve tramping. We talk about climate change, bond over a shared 'type' of vegetarianism and we contemplate what it's like to live in a landscape of hills and valleys, pondering how we are shaped by our surroundings. How in a flat land you entertain yourself by spinning cars in mud and jumping off high things into water. How in Ohio the sun sets on the land in the same way it sets on New Zealand's oceans. I associate Ohio with potatoes. Is that a thing or did I make it up? We're not sure but she loves Kumara and would take a sack home with her if she could.

(Note: It's Idaho, not Ohio, that has the potato as their state vegetable)

Up Consolation Peak:

“Do I look like a vegetarian??”

Discovering half an hour into the trip that one of our punters has never carried a pack on a tramp before. Now I understand why she had her sleeping bag on the outside. She struggles a little bit but doesn't complain, tries hard and even attempts to get up Consolation Peak. She tells us (jokingly?) that this should be listed as Hard++ and tries to explain her feelings of awe and disbelief that we can do what we're doing. “I just feel so... Emotion.” She is excited and she perseveres.

-----

“It looks like I've got the longest head in this photo. Oh well, no one can be perfect.”

“At first you think oh cool, she's coming up that bit, and then you see her smile and the way she's holding her pack and you think oh shit, she's coming for me.”

-----

Rock wrens, nice bush bashing, panoramic views of peaks, swirling cloud nestled in valleys and pouring through passes. Scrambly rocks and tough tussock. Distant avalanches, tarns, crystal clear streams and the satisfaction of gaining the peak.

-----

“At first I thought I'd get hypothermia but now I'm concerned I'll be smothered.”

An Early Morning:

Fluffy cloud monsters migrating along the peaks. Glowing skies, rock wrens peeping, stars above the mountains.

Walking Out:

Marissa - "So what do you study Anna?"

Anna - "Economics."

Marissa - "... oh that's cool."

Anna - "..."

Marissa - "..."

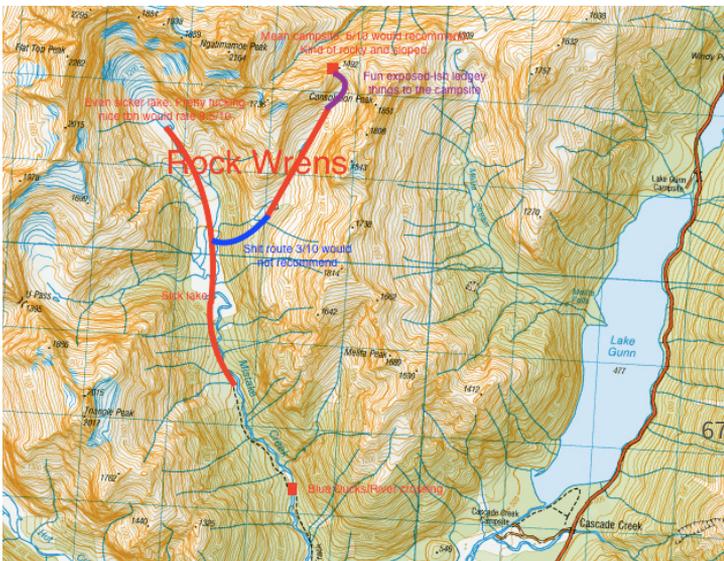
Anna - "I hate it."

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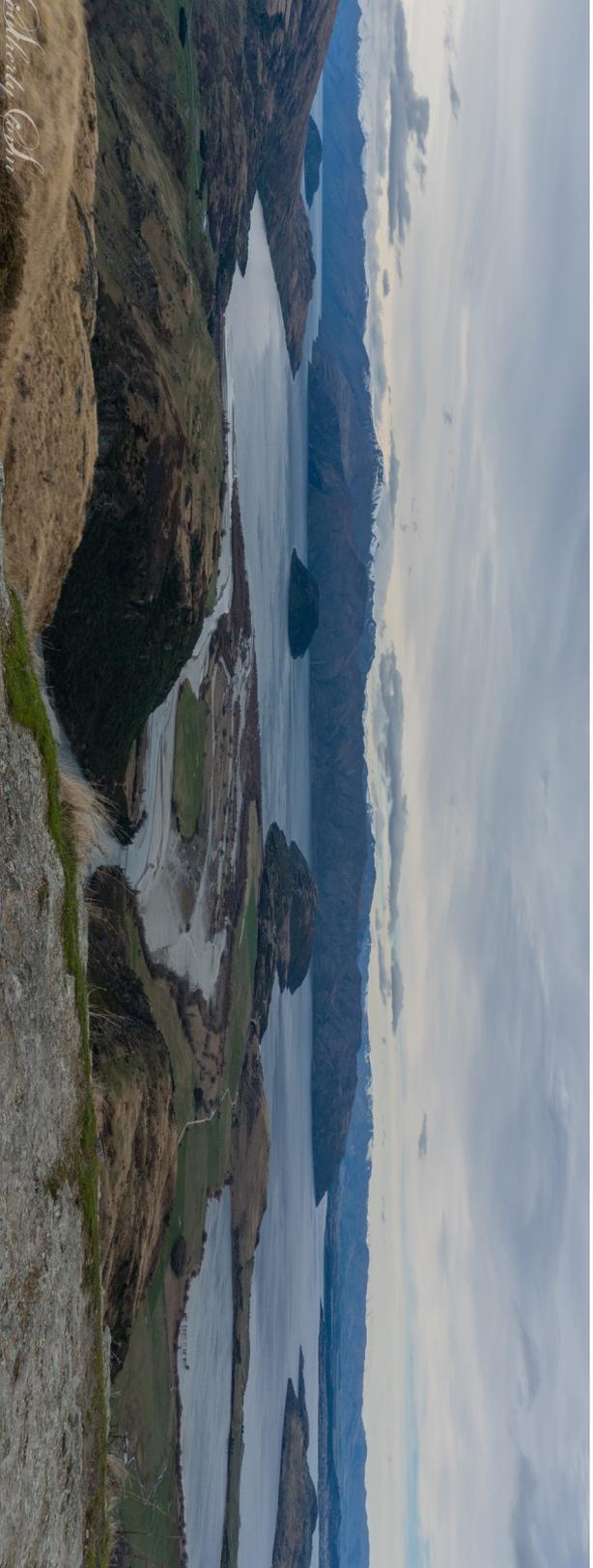
Bull Bashing - A phrase that refers to the action of charging head first at the scrub/trees that you wish to pass through while wearing a helmet and forming bull horns with your fingers on either side of your head.

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"Ok, so I'm pretty sure there's no water in that lake."



View out over Lake Wanaka.  
*Penzy Dinsdale*



BETH WALKER

# Sensible Tramping Quiz

*The below quiz is an extract from the quiz we hosted at the Bog in 2017, and originally written in a subalpine environment at the Lake Marian trip on Fiordland. Please note all question assume one is in New Zealand in a sub-alpine environment*

When trying to find drinking water in a sub-alpine environment, which of the following is the best option?

- A) Drink from a puddle
- B) Drink from a stagnant area of a river
- C) Drink nothing, better to go without than risk drinking lake/river water
- D) Drink from a gently flowing area of the river

When packing a tramping pack where is the best place to pack heavy gear?

- A) Near the middle close to your back
- B) At the top of you pack

- C) On the outside of your pack
- D) At the bottom
- E) In someone else's pack

List 5 legitimate things you can do with a pack liner during a tramp or tramping emergency.

You are on an multi day tramp with four friends and are approaching your hut for the night. One of your group members is really slow and it's obvious it will take them till after dark to get to the hut.. What is the best thing to do?

- A) Push on to the next hut, start making dinner and wait for you friend to arrive
- B) Slow down a bit to stay together
- C) Take a shortcut across a flooded river to get to the hut
- D) Carry your friend between you and run

Which of the following do you need to do before leaving Dunedin to go tramping? (Choose as many options as you think necessary).

- A) Tell someone responsible where you are going and when you should return
- B) Get a haircut

C) Check Metvuw for a weather update

D) Pack enough food, equipment and emergency rations if something goes wrong

E) Buy a plastic poncho in case it rains

F) Go to the Bog for happy hour, chat to an OUTC member about your trip. Find out what the route is like and how long you can expect to take

Rivers are beautiful, which of these is it okay to use a river for when tramping?

A) Wash yourself, with soap

B) Go to the toilet

C) Drink from

D) Wash your dishes in, feed those fishes

If you get lost in the bush what should you do?

A) Scream, panic and run frantically in the direction you think the track might be

B) Stop walking and try to retrace your steps on a map, failing that stay put and wait for rescue

C) Get out your phone and google "What to do when lost in bush?"

D) Prepare to go bush by ripping up your clothes and dancing hypnotically in a circle

2017 marks the what anniversary of the founding of the tramping club?

A) 60th

B) 70th

C) 80th

D) 90th

You are in the bush and need to do a poo. What is the correct way?

A) Dig a hole about 15cm deep at least 100m away from any river or campsite. Do your business and cover it up

B) Dig a pit at least a meter deep, 100m away from any river, or campsite do your business and then cover it up

C) Find a spot near a river and let the soothing sound of the water help you relax your bowels

D) Climb up a tree and poop from there, it's how the birds do it

E) Poo on the ground then cover it with dirt

On the way back from doing your business, you see a brown kiwi in the bush what should you do?

- A) Get out your camera, compose the shot get the lighting right and snap a sweet pic of it
- B) Try and get it to sign your t-shirt with its beak
- C) Do your best impression of a kiwi call to help it relax
- D) Throw it some scroggin (trail mix for Americans)
- E) Take the opportunity to admire one of New Zealand's unique flightless birds and back away slowly whilst trying not to disturb it.



Sunset from my hide out in Wanaka

*Penzy Dinsdale*

# Sensible Tramping Quiz Answers

D - drink from a gently flowing river.

A - in the middle near your back. Weight should rest on your hips as much as possible.

Some examples of pack liner uses:

Keep gear dry.

Sleep in it.

Read survival tips printed on it.

Wear as a poncho.

Collect rain water.

Use as a shelter.

Fill with air and use as a flotation device.

etc any good answers at markers discretion.

B - slow down a bit and stay together.

A,C,D,F

C - drink from

B -stop and assess situation and/or wait for rescue.

D 90th club was founded in 1927.

A -15 cm deep.

E - back away slowly.

Stay safe.



Team at sunset after climbing on the South Face of Single Cone. Rowan, Jamie, Lottie and Penzy.

*Jaz Morris*

# Bushball

Like a Bus!

BELOW: SOCIAL OFFICERS ROUGHING IT.



KATIE SNOWDEN AND JULIA LEMAN

# Bushball 2017- A Night at the Oscars?

Armed with 15 litres of roasted pumpkin, a bus full of Americans and Kiwis and a keg, we set off into the storm. Warnings of floods seemed of little relevance to the swaying bus with Jake's cavalier attitude, but the lakes spreading across the roads increased in depth and size as we drove into the night. By the time we rocked up to the pub in Beaumont for dinner, Central Otago was looking more like a swamp than the usual brittle grassland to which we were accustomed.



As we settled into the cosy pub for an ungodly amount of fried food, the river flooded the road both behind us and ahead. By the time we'd eaten our fill, we were trapped in Beaumont. The good people who lived there offered us their town hall to take refuge in. However, by the time we'd decided to take them up on their offer, the town hall had flooded as well. The pub owners, who'd already been far more hospitable than a pack of grubby students deserved, took southern hospitality to the next level and offered to let us stay on the floor of the pub. They even gave us access to the spare guest rooms, so Katie and I, who'd been dreading a sodden night on the gravel at Raspberry Creek carpark, had an ACTUAL BED to sleep in. What luxury.



Morning dawned, and after some disheartening talk of having Bushball at the pub, Jake decided we might as well make a go of it. The bus took on the lakes with gusto, and the view out the window of lakes with fences dividing them was quite hilarious. After we'd explained to the NZTA people how we'd managed to get around two of their roadblocks by being trapped in the middle, we actually made it to Raspberry Flat. We sent off the punters with a goon per pack, and the four-wheel drive with its precious cargo, and Katie and I brought up the rear on the quad bikes with Jake and Josh. The sunset was something else, and it looked like some of the punters had really got stuck into their goons by the time we got there.

We set to work making Mt Aspiring hut sparkle, with shiny decorations galore, and after a big feed of pumpkin pasta (both ingredients had lost most of their structural integrity but the taste was good), we pumped up the Bushbox for a party. Memories are fairly hazy after this, but it was a truly excellent evening.

Sunday morning involved a huuge fry up (expertly juggled between the pots and the one BBQ that was working) and the standard lounging around in the sun. The only unsolved mystery was the poo lurking under a window the next morning. Disturbingly, even after Penzy had called upon the perpetrator to make themselves known, the culprit is still at large



# Art Competition

**Bottom of page:** Wildlife Graffiti by Frances Perez

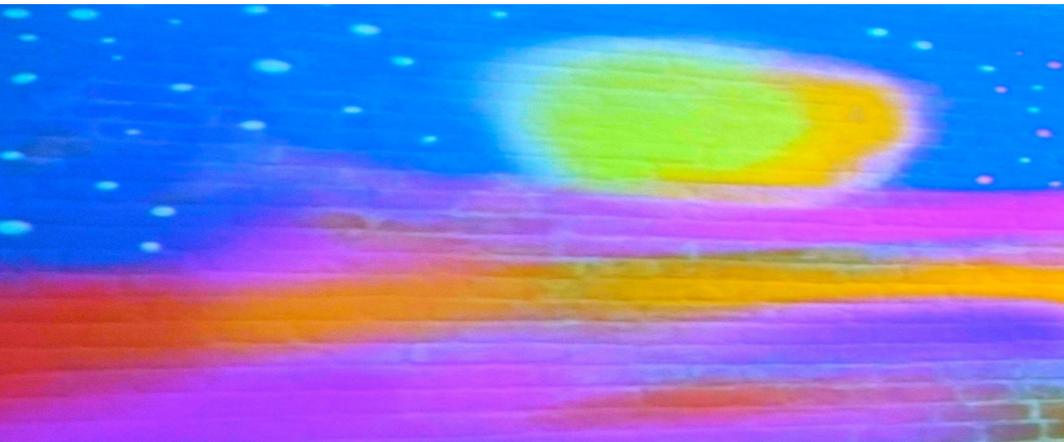
**Opposite Page:** Peaking by Riley Smith;

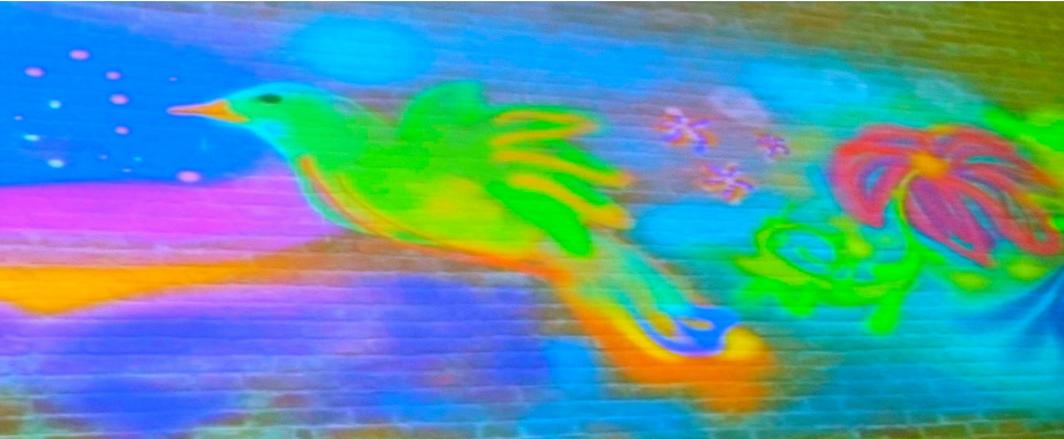
This picture, “Peaking”, is for the ‘Epitome of a trip this year’ category as it is based on my first proper mountaineering trip and the crazy feelings and emotions that I experienced while on top of Mt Liverpool earlier this year. It’s a sketch that I digitized and messed with on Ai - so futuristic I know!

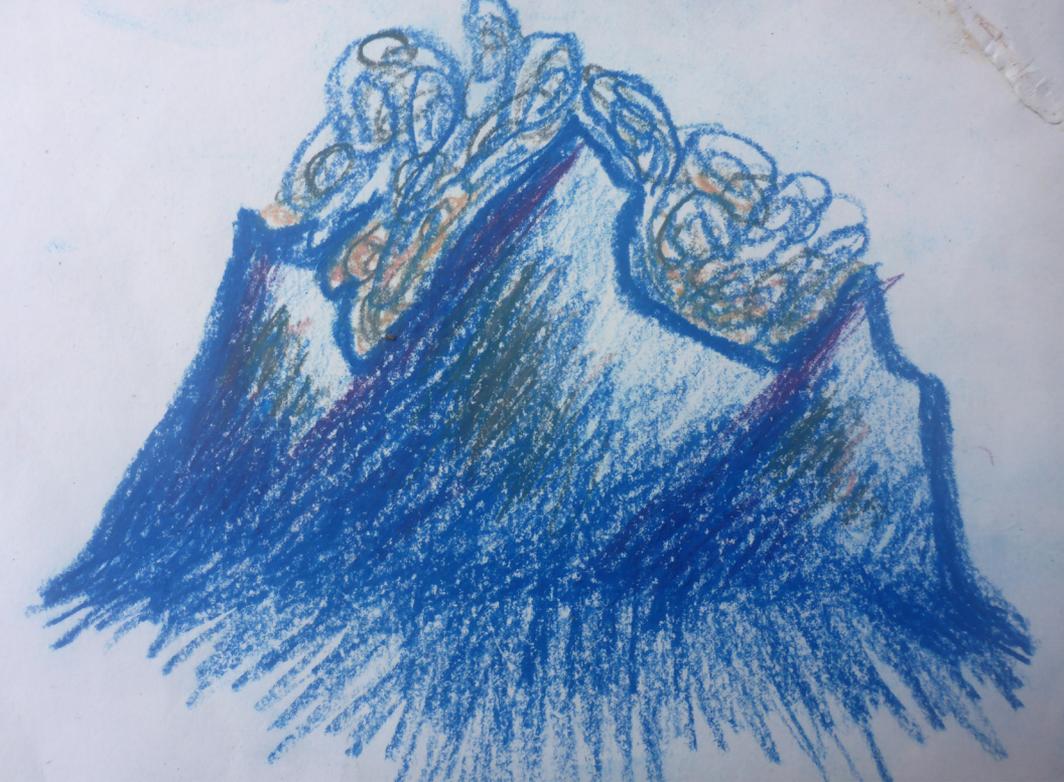
**Overleaf Top:** by Lucy van Gough Patterson

**Overleaf Botton:** Cut out Copland - Sam Harrison;

We all know that you loved Copland so much! Why let it end? Make your very own Copland leaders with just a pair of scissors and this design!





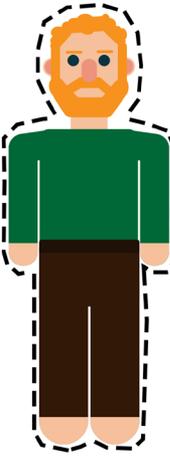


# CUT OUT

and make your very own  
COPLAND LEADERS!



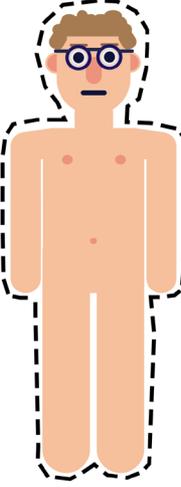
THE FIN



THE HOBBIT



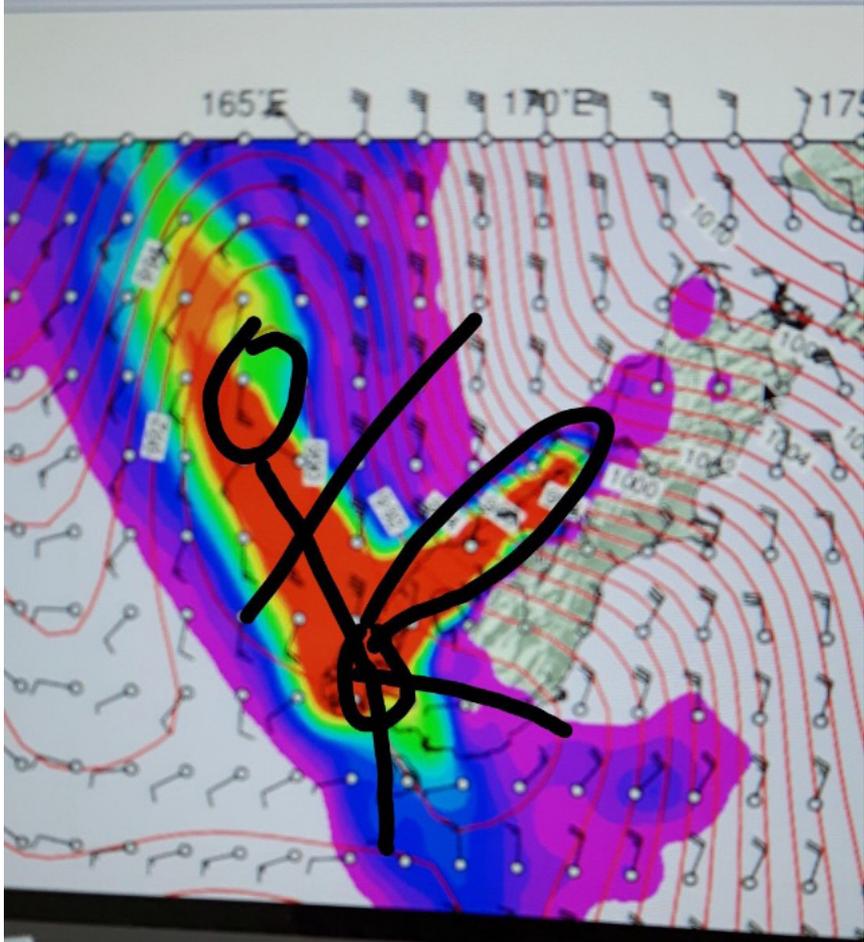
SAM



WILLY



SOBER D



We're going to be shafted

by Lottie Armstrong, as submitted by Jaz Morris

**Below:** Birds by unknwn



A collection of photos by Noah Shearer



# Epics

Though they be few and far between...



# Counting down the days

## 10 days to go

It is raining, a fact I am less than impressed by. I have this image of perfect weather, which I expect to become reality whenever I go tramping. I pull my raincoat on and pick up my pack. I thank Taylor for the ride and he assures me he won't lose any sleep over my wellbeing while I am away.

The Nina Valley is just as pretty as I remember, with sphagnum covered river terraces interspersed with deer trails under a sparse canopy of gnarly beech trees. There are many birds; robins (*Petroica australis*), tomtits (*Petroica macrocephala*) and riflemen (*Acanthisitta chloris*) to keep me company. Within five minutes the rain has stopped and I am overheating. I skip the first swimming hole but cannot resist the second—it is so hot.



Lake Angelus

*Cara-Lisa Schloots*

While entering the vivid blue pool I glance up and see that I am already at the swingbridge and the first junction.

I turn off to Lucretia Hut and quickly encounter a hurdle—a deep stream. I am reluctant to get my brand new boots wet so I step in a shallow section then onto a slippery looking rock. I slip, bash my knee, and twist my ankle. I contemplate just lying there and forgetting about this whole trip, but eventually I get up.

Past this point there are a number of nice flat grassy campsites. Again, I contemplate stopping. I reach another junction, turn right to Lucretia Hut and then reach an intersection where Nina Biv is left. *[Both of these intersections are not marked on topomaps however appear to be marked with orange DOC triangles. They meet up with the Nina Valley track after it crosses to the true left of the Nina River and this can be followed to the Upper Nina Bivouac.]* I go right and start up the steep climb. It eases off and the rest is easy beech forest. As I reach the hut I swear I hear a dog bark. Alas, no one is there.

Lucretia Hut was built in 1968 and is still in good condition. It is a two canvas bunk bivvy with an open fireplace that gets rained into. There are no mattresses but a sufficient number of sleeping mats have been stacked on each bunk. It lies at 910 m a.s.l. and has a reliable water source nearby. The toilet is a long drop used primarily by a large number of spiders as a residence. Most things about the hut are rather small including the bench, bed length and door frame, if you are tall a comfortable bed might be hard to find. The hut book was full.

I make dinner. I have accidentally purchased sauce for four people. It is very, very strong but I eat it anyway. I look at



Mt Technical

*Cara-Lisa Schloots*

tomorrow's plan and begin to panic. The first bit looks tricky. I have no idea how long it will take me to get to the head of the valley then find a route up to the bushline. It has begun to rain in earnest now. Hopefully it clears. I'm worried I didn't bring enough clothing. I am scared and nervous and alone.

### **9 days to go**

Thankfully the weather has cleared, or is in the process of doing so. After two minutes of following the stream and becoming increasingly worried about how quickly I'll be able to get to the tops, I happen across a permatat marker and a cut track. *[This track was cut by James Broadbent in his spare time to provide access to Brass Monkey Biv from Lucretia Hut and vice versa. It is in good condition and cairns guide you all the way to*

*the saddle where I turned off towards Lucretia and The Apprentice.  
The track presumably continues to Brass Monkey Biv.]*

This track goes on to take me to the bushline and I plod on slowly, really feeling the 10 remaining dinners in my pack. I hear a kea (*Nestor notabilis*) down in the valley below and as I have a short break on the bushline I am joined by a friendly group of fantails (*Rhipidura fuliginosa*). Then it's up and over Lucretia, and across a cool triangular shaped basin with a fault line and Mt Technical overlooking it. The name is appropriate, it looks not only technical, but chossy and not too much fun. I drop my pack and dash up The Apprentice then head onwards to Lewis Pass.

The walk to Cannibal Gorge Hut is easy and pleasant enough but I am struggling mentally and physically. It has been a long day [*Indeed, it was over 20 km, quite the second day of walking*]



Above: Gloriana Tarns

Over Page: Vegetable Sheep flower

*Cara-Lisa Schloots*

Described as an ‘invigorating’ walk by DOC, the history of Kōpi-o-Kaitangata or Cannibal Gorge is anything but. In pre-european times this route was used by Māori to travel to and from the West Coast to source pounamu (greenstone). Various sources suggest different reasons for its name; a battle ~200 years ago, the trapping and massacre of a Ngai Tahu party by the most powerful tribe Ngati Tumatakokiri, and/or the slaughtering of slaves to feed trading parties during their travels. Either way, the name is appropriate.

### **8 days to go**

I walk to Ada Pass Hut and check it out. It is dark and uninspiring. I decide not to stay, and commit to the tarns below Gloriana Peak.

Gloriana Peak, Faerie Queene, Duessa Peak and Mt Una in the Spenser range are all named after characters in the epic poem by Edmund Spenser published between 1590 and 1596. Published in six (of the intended 12) books, each consisting of the adventures of a knight representing a moral virtue; an allegory, intended to have meaning in the real world. The character of Faerie Queene was intended to represent Queen Elizabeth I, and his books initially promoted her and the Protestant faith.

I head up through beech, although I probably should have followed the creek and its tussock tongues that I can see from a small clearing halfway up through the scratchy forest. The first set of cascades have a fun, slightly steep and exposed section on the true left but the true right appears to have straight forward animal trails to follow as well. There are no acceptable campsites so I keep climbing to the big tarn. I find a decent one-person-

tent-sized spot to the true right of the outflow by some stunning tarns surrounded by truly huge bus sized boulders. I set the tent up super well then proceed to get sunburnt really badly as I read on the giant boulders surrounding the tarn. I hope my sunburn won't be too bad.



### **7 days to go**

My sunburn is bad. I leave camp just after the sun reaches my tent site, sidle along the huge tarn and up over a knoll with huge flowering clumps of Vegetable Sheep (*Haastia pulvinaris* var. *pulvinaris*).

*Haastia* (after Julius von Haast) *pulvinaris* var. *pulvinaris* (from the Latin *pulvinar* 'a cushion' and *-aris* 'resembling'). It occurs only on the eastern South Island from Marlborough to Canterbury in rocky subalpine to alpine areas. It forms distinctive



Gloriana Peak (left)

*Cara-Lisa Schloots*

furry and compact clumps up to 1m x 2 m and flowers from November to January. It makes a comfortable seat.

When I reach the snow I genuinely consider turning back. It is quite steep. I put my crampons on, put holes in my gaiters, trip myself up and self-arrest—all successfully. As the slope steepens I decide to go over the rocks. Terrible, terrible idea. Not only is the rock very loose, but it is at least as steep as the snow and involves soloing some grade 11 rock climbing with a heavy pack and a week's worth of food.

I want to turn back but sliding down the snow is no longer an option. I have to continue up. Somehow, I make it to the ridge line and my mind fills with uncharacteristic thoughts; I am amazing! This is amazing! However, I have had enough mental



Above: Robert looking back down the East Matakītiki Valley

Over Page: The D'Urville with David Pass in the centre.

*Cara-Lisa Schloots*

stress and pressure so I head straight down the other side; a walk in the park.

*[I do not recommend this as a route with a heavy pack. Perhaps stick to Three Tarns Pass, the typical route from the Maruia to the Matakītiki. I have since heard of another party who headed down this snow slope, resulting in one member severely injuring their leg and breaking a few bones].*

The sound of tumbling boulders makes me look up to see three chamois (*Rupicapra rupicapra rupicapra*). There is a short bush bash to reach the West Matakītiki, and a tui (*Prosthemadera novaeseelandiae*) and bellbird (*Anthornis melanura*) welcome me to the river flats. Unfortunately, I cannot find the track. I scratch through the beech and then drop back

down onto flats, and the track. Who knows how I missed it. The track is easy but overgrown with cutty grass, windfall and the occasional swampy section to rival Stewart Islands Northwest circuit. The hut book contains a warning about the resident robins, and indeed, when I head outside they are sitting on the wood shelter just watching me. And today, for the first time, I don't really miss anything.

### **6 days to go**

The track to East Matakita Hut is average, but better than yesterdays. I reach the three-wire bridge and it is terrifying. Is it Sam who said he loved three-wire bridges? Why??? The sickly sweet smell of honeydew has pleasant associations but makes me worried about wasps. I see none.

Honeydew is produced by small scale insects which live inside the bark of native beech trees. Scale insects use the trees



sap for nutrients, and excess sugar is excreted through their long anal tube which protrudes out from the bark, and the sugar forms small honeydew droplets at the ends. Honeydew is an important food source for a number of native birds, and when it falls to the ground it promotes the growth of sooty mould which is an important food source for beetles and moths. However, introduced wasps also eat the honeydew, and eventually kill the scale insects, which can reduce the honeydew available to other species such as birds by up to 90%.

It reminds me of a month spent doing trap lines for the Department of Conservation at St Arnaud and being chased by wasps tracking the fresh rabbit meat I was carrying.

I spend the remainder of the walk trying to figure out if someone will be at the hut judging by the tracks but can't decide. There is. We chat a bit and he tells me the weather



Below pt 2291 looking towards Mt Mahanga and Waiau Pass

*Cara-Lisa Schloots*

forecast for tomorrow is rain. So not ideal to walk over D'Urville and Thompson passes as planned. We trudge up (surprisingly easily) to the head of the East Matakītaki using a network of tracks and animal trails and although he accepts no defeat when you start talking simultaneously, Robert is nice, and was an Alpine Club member back in the day. He now prefers transalpine trips to climbing peaks. He also reckons you hit your prime at 30, deterioration starts at 35, but you only notice it at 40. One of his favourite trips of all time is up Mt Lydia from the Whitcombe—but the bridge is currently gone, and unlikely to be replaced.

He convinces me to head over David Pass to Upper D'Urville Biv with him. [David Pass is an easy route, some slab traversing on the Matakītaki side, and a bit of bluff navigation heading down to the D'Urville. It pays to stay somewhat left initially before traversing tussock slopes to the right to end up in a



The alpine meadow in front of Upper Travers Hut  
*Cara-Lisa Schloots*

swampy section where the beech forest begins and then there are orange DOC markers. Be careful not to lose too much height while sidling. This part of the track is not marked on Topomaps. Markers are not placed very conveniently. Initially, follow a steep stream, before heading into the beech forest on the track on the true right. Once on the true right the track becomes straight forward]. There are lots of sandflies at the biv but the onslaught has abated now it is getting dark.

### **5 days to go**

Robert wakes up loud and early to say goodbye. I can't get the lock undone quickly enough in response to the loud pounding. Robert pops his head in, "See you, weather looks fine, have a good trip". I abandon all hope of sleeping in a little bit and spend some time daydreaming about reaching St Arnaud. The weather looks good out the window. I head down the D'Urville and after encountering a friendly pair of robins I can see Moss Pass directly to my right, but no bridge. I begin to get worried I've missed it. George Lyon Hut would be a two-hour detour that does not seem appealing. Luckily, I have not missed the bridge and begin the 1000+ m plod upwards. In my struggle I even resort to singing 99 bottles of beer in my head just to make it to the bushline, an unfortunate habit inherited from Sam during the Stewart Island Northwest circuit. Once out of the bush the track gets more interesting and there are expansive views up the D'Urville, with no sign of the rain that was forecast.

Jules Dumont d'Urville (1790–1842) was a French explorer, botanist and cartographer who undertook multiple voyages including to New Zealand and Antarctica aboard the *Astrolabe*. He visited New Zealand in 1824, 1827 and again in 1840 and



Above: Robert Ridge

*Cara-Lisa Schloots*

produced the first major charts following those of Captain Cook. He created new relief maps of the South Island and surveys of the Marlborough Sounds, as well as mapping the coastline of the North Island. His exploration of the Pacific led to his invention of the terms 'Micronesia' and 'Melanesia' to distinguish the different cultures from Polynesia, terms which are still used today. He is also wrote what is thought to be the first fictional story with Māori characters; *The New Zealanders: A story of Austral lands*.

I finally reach the saddle and excitedly look down to see a loose, mixed grade scree chute. There appears to be no easy way. It is just straight down. My excitement fades. It takes me ages to carefully pick my way down but eventually I reach the hut. I sincerely hope the weather is bad enough tomorrow to justify me going just to West Sabine Hut... Not up Mt Franklin or all the way over the Travers Saddle.

## 4 days to go

Unfortunately, when I wake up, I am neither tired, nor is the weather particularly bad. In fact, the comparably cool temperatures and high cloud is perfect for attempting to climb something. I decide to give Mt Franklin a go.

Mt Franklin is the highest point in the Nelson Lakes National Park at 2145 m and was first climbed in 1947 by a Tararua Tramping Club group led by 'Bill' Bridge, an important figure in the early New Zealand Search and Rescue scene. It was named by Haast after Sir John Franklin (1786–1847), a British Arctic explorer and the former Governor of Tasmania. Mt Franklin is accessible from both the East and West Sabine Valleys by a number of routes ranging from grade 1 to 3.

I reach Lake Constance/Rotopōhueroa (Māori, 'long calabash') after what feels like 15 minutes, not the signposted hour, then begin hopping over the huge moraine boulders. [There are cairns from the moraine, up onto the ridge, but I lost the trail as the ridge steepened. I presume the cairned route sidles further north to the main scree basin and the easiest and most commonly climbed routes to the summit.] It is easy going to the top basin south below pt. 2291 but the snow is solid. I climb up a steep rock scramble, find a small ledge and decide I am not up for it. Moments later I find myself climbing further up, imagining reaching the top and traversing over to the summit. I reprimand myself and head back down. I arrive at the hut in time to meet the first groups arriving, and for lunch, then walk to West Sabine Hut which is easy and pretty, with stunning cascades just below Blue Lake. Tomorrows climb of about 1000 m over the

Travers Saddle seems easy by now. Just another saddle to walk over.

### **3 days to go**

I head off at about the same time as most other people, except in the opposite direction. I plod along, admire the Sabine in its deep canyon, then head up Travers Saddle. I try in vain to photograph the many riflemen in the beech forest before emerging into the unrelenting sun. Upper Travers Hut is in a stunningly beautiful setting, in a small stand of beech but overlooking an alpine meadow with the Travers meandering through it. Overall, it is a pretty typical day. There is no one else at John Tait hut, which is strange, as it has 27 bunks.

John Tait Hut was originally constructed in 1951 by the initiative of John Tait, the president of the Nelson Tramping Club from 1958. Funds were gathered through volunteer efforts, and construction was carried out largely by his own family, as well as volunteers. The Nelson Lakes Visitor Centre and John Tait Hut itself have excellent information panels/sheets about the hut and the great amount of commitment and effort put into its construction. The original hut was decommissioned in 1978, and replaced by a new hut. It is situated in an avalanche zone, so is not an ideal place to stay during winter.

It is a stark contrast to the almost completely packed West Sabine Hut of the night before.

## 2 days to go

I attempt to sleep in after glancing outside and seeing ominous clouds, but as these gradually burn off to reveal the sun I cannot put off moving any longer. There are unusually coloured green Black Orchids/Huperei (*Gastrodia cunninghamii*) on the beech covered river terraces along the Travers.

*Gastrodia* ('belly tooth' after the flowers centre) *cunninghamii* (after Allan Cunningham, 1791–1839, an English botanist and explorer) is a common orchid found throughout New Zealand, but mainly in montane beech forests. It grows to 1.4m tall and is usually brown with up to 100 pendulous flowers from October to March. It lacks chlorophyll, is saprophytic and relies on fungal connections with trees. It grows from tubers which were a sought after food source for Māori, although taking the tuber kills the plant.

I am not in the mood for walking; my pack finally feels light but my feet feel heavy. After what feels like far too long I arrive at Hopeless Hut, it is my favourite hut so far. The interior is all dark wood and it isn't too big, it was built by the Alpine Club and opened by Sir Edmund Hillary (1919–2008) in 1967. I finish my book; 'Toyer' by Gardner McKay– in German. It had a few translation issues but the plot was good. There was a 'human' feel to the heroine, although all of her actions weren't considered right or rational it just made her seem that much more realistic. I am alone in the hut again, but I enjoy the solitude as I know it is the last time I have to myself before reaching the popular Angelus Hut and Robert Ridge. There is a little sadness in knowing how close to the end of my trip I am.

## **1 day to go**

There is a short section through beech forest before reaching the rocky riverbed. A stunning waterfall comes down from the first tarn, but the sidle around on loose rocks is slow and the sun is already getting hot. The route over Sunset Saddle is a highway marked by cairns but is really beautiful.

Mt Angelus is a quick trip up from the saddle and when I return I sit down to enjoy my lunch of slightly mouldy wraps with beetroot relish and the view over Lake Angelus. There are moody clouds hanging around and drifting over the saddle every now and then. I head down to Angelus Hut then smash the 4–6-hour DOC time from Angelus to Bushline Hut in 2:30 hours. It is strange knowing it all ends tomorrow. I imagine not stopping. And just continuing onwards, and the thought is actually quite appealing. I have become used to the simplicity and rhythm of walking and being in nature. It is something that just feels right once you return to it.





Black Orchid  
*Cara-Lisa Schloots*



## South West Ridge/West face of Tititea/ Mount Aspiring 11-12 November 2017

LUKE GARDENER

Trip Members: Luke Gardener, Lottie Armstrong, Chris Greenan,  
Jamie Gardner

*“my mountaineering aspirations only extend to climbing the full NW ridge of Aspiring in late summer”* Luke Gardener (anytime before October 2017).

*“I think what is most surprising is that considering how much you hate exposure, you even get to the places you do...”* James Waetford

Life hadn't been too kind to me recently and I really needed an adventure, an escape from Wellington, and a challenge; most of all I needed to do something that involved backing myself. My initial plan was to try climb Taranaki, Ruapehu, Tongariro and Ngaroahoe as a weekend trip, but the weather was looking awful. I was feeling a bit down about it and had resigned myself to being in Wellington for the weekend when a text message

from Lottie came through on Thursday morning asking if I could make it down South to climb Aspiring in the weekend. Aspiring! ASPIRING! So much allure, the mountain I had wanted to climb from the moment I first wore crampons.

I checked flights, and I could fly down to Christchurch the next day relatively cheaply; I bought the tickets. Only afterwards did I approach my manager to ask if I could work remotely for the day – I was going and that was that. It was only after I had paid for the tickets that Lottie rang back and said “oh, I forgot to say, you know we’re going to climb the South West Ridge right?” Well I was already committed, so I guess that’s what I was going to be doing even if it would be significantly harder than anything else I had done.



Camping on the Bonar

*Luke Gardener*

The next day I was on a flight to Christchurch. I met Chris at Burnham and we were soon driving towards Wanaka (Lottie and Jamie were driving up from Dunedin). It was only when I met Chris that I found out he hadn't really wanted to climb Aspiring again this weekend; he had told Lottie he could be convinced if I was keen, not expecting me to be able to make it down from Wellington. The joke was on him, I needed this!

We were up at 5am on Saturday with plans to camp on the Bonar Glacier that night. There had been recent snow all the way to the valley floor, and from Pearl flat onwards there was an annoying amount of snow. This only became worse as we made our way up French Ridge, encountering significant drifts of snow before we had even got out of the bush line proper. Luckily it had been a cold night and even though it was a scorching hot day we



Chris' coffin bed

*Luke Gardener*

didn't break through the crust too much. We had a quick rest at French Ridge Hut, to escape the sun and drink as much water as possible, and then continued up the Ridge. Both the breakaway and the Quarter deck were in perfect condition, but we opted for the Breakaway. We hadn't observed any ice fall on the journey up, but the moment we actually began the crossing debris began raining down on us and we had to run a little to avoid some fairly big chunks of ice.

It wasn't too long before we were climbing the last slope to make it onto the Bonar proper. So many people have described to me what it is like to climb up over the Breakaway or the Quarter Deck and how amazing the view is. I was not disappointed. Every step closer to the Bonar proper brought more of Aspiring into view; there was not a breath of wind, no cloud in the sky, not another soul visible, and a very snow covered Aspiring towered above us, no other mountains around it; white, a smattering of black, and blue for a miles. It was 430pm.

The thought of walking all of the way to the base of the South West Ridge was just a bit too much in the heat, so with exhaustion setting in we set up camp probably 750m away from its base. We dug the tents in and were in bed, in full sunlight, by about 7pm.

Alarms went off at 3am, but we had a real cluster getting going so we weren't actually away until about 420. Torches were almost unnecessary, the surrounding ice and route we would take was visible in the light of the half moon. We made quick progress towards the South West Ridge and began climbing up the face to avoid the first rocky section of the ridge. It was



Top: Alpine start on the Bonar

Bottom: Climbing

*Luke Gardener*



Chris about to top out onto the North West Ridge from the West Face

Photo: Jamie Gardner

Overleaf Top: Cloud rolling in over the North West Ridge

Overleaf Bottom: Lottie, Jamie, Chris and Luke on the Summit

*Luke Gardener*

actually pretty hard snow/ice and we were only getting our front points in for most of it. I surprised myself, despite the steep slope, hard ice, and the amount of height we were quickly gaining, I wasn't scared; I was focused on the climbing and thinking 'I'm actually going to do this, I've got this!' Once we were actually on the ridge we found softer snow and it was pretty easy going. The rising sun revealed in greater relief the expanse of the Bonar well below us, the large rolling crevasses towards the North West, and the surrounding mountains on the opposite side of the Matukituki; unfortunately, my camera didn't come out

of my bag too often because that would have involved letting go of an ice axe.



Chris had climbed the SW ridge before, and when we were able to get a closer look at the couloir he didn't like what he could see. Last time he had done it the whole thing was completely covered in ice, this time, while there was still a line that ran right through it, it looked a bit thin in places and may have ended up being mixed climbing. I think it probably would have been fine (this is coming from the person who would not have been leading it), and Lottie was really keen, but when your head isn't in it, it isn't in it. So after a team discussion we decided to sidle across the West Face, and climb a steep ice section to make the North West Ridge proper. This involved about 200 metres of sidling on front points (maybe more maybe less, it felt like a very long way). The face was pretty hard snow/ice, and at times my calves began to scream, and my eyes would look down the face to the large seracs, and crevasses hundreds of metres below. Again, I didn't feel scared about falling, I was confident, but my legs felt so tired, and it seemed so easy to let go and slide down to the valley floor. Luckily the hard sections of ice were interspaced with occasional lines of snow drift which you could rest in.

At the end of the sidle the snow softened considerably, and we had 30 metres of straight forward upwards climbing before the snow turned to hard ice again. We decided to pitch the last 60m of the face. Jamie led first, placing some rock protection in along the side of the North West Ridge. Lottie also led, and then seconded Chris and me up. For the first time on the climb, despite being on a rope, I felt scared. I was having to swing rather than dagger with my ice tools, and Lottie was constantly getting yells of "LOOOOOOTTIE TAKE ME TIGHT!" I never actually felt in any danger of falling, but I could no longer trick myself into

thinking I would be able to self-arrest. But, before I knew it, I was suddenly clambering onto the North West Ridge, with only an easy stroll left to take me to the summit. Had I really just climbed the West Face of Mount Aspiring?

As we climbed up the ridge the cloud rolled in and around us, obscuring the view of the summit. Weary legs were already thinking of the descent, but before long I couldn't walk any further without falling down the South Face, and I was there, on the summit, two to three years after first saying I wanted to get there. It was a pretty special moment to share with such good friends, made more special because we had the mountain to ourselves, there was not a guided party to be seen. We took a few photos, getting buffeted by the wind, and then turned around and began the descent down the North West Ridge.



1150pm Aspiring Hut with 10km still to go

*Jamie Gardner*

The saying 'going up is easy' comes to mind. I was exhausted, and feeling very apprehensive about the ramp; the number of deaths that have occurred there was hanging in the back of mind. By the time we made it to the start of the ramp we were in a pea soup fog, it was really really hot and muggy, and my legs were so tired. The top section was hard snow, and you weren't getting much more than your front points in. I might have been okay if I just had to climb straight down, but because of the angle there was a lot of sidling. I was moving painfully slowly and was pretty sketched out; that giant cliff looming at the back of my mind. In the end everyone decided it was best to set up snow stake abseils for me. I ended up doing about 7 angled abseils with Jamie removing the snow stake each time and then down climbing. I'm not sure I would have made it back down without them doing that for me; Jamie I owe you! The pitching did take a long time however, so we didn't get back to the tent until just before 5pm. We weren't moving till 530 and as we were planning to go all the way back to the car we still had a further 1800m of elevation to lose, and about 20km of walking!

We got to French Ridge hut by 730pm. I was nervous about what time we were going to get out as I had told Ella (my flatmate) and my family to call search and rescue if we weren't in contact by 1159pm that night. I radioed DOC at Aspiring Flats Hut to get them to try get a message to DOC in Wanaka to my emergency contacts know that we weren't going to make it out before our panic time, but that we were okay. Unfortunately, this message was not passed on (something I'll come back to).

The rest of walk down French Ridge was pretty tedious; the snow was soft and I was sinking in upto my thighs at times, and

we were only about halfway between the top of the bush line and the valley floor when darkness proper set in. I was beginning to have to dig fairly deep to keep going, the Ridgeline just went on and on and on. Chris and Lottie were completely buggered when we got to the valley floor. As well as my concern about our panic time, I was beginning to get worried about my ability to catch my flight back to Wellington from Christchurch at 7am on Monday morning. I really tried to push the others, and it was basically a forced march out.

We got to Aspiring hut at around 1150, I think, maybe a bit later. All of us were absolutely screwed, once the packs came off for a quick rest the temptation to just fall over on the ground and fall asleep was very high. I really wanted to catch that flight though, so we all got going for the walk back; how hard can the last 8-10km be? Pretty bloody hard as it turns out, I don't remember the last time I had to dig so deep into the reservoir. My memory of the night will be Jamie walking with a jetboil cooking chocolate porridge as he walked, a near crippled Chris walking hand in hand with Lottie sharing some words of encouragement (it was beautiful guys), Lottie occasionally putting her walking pole in front of her and leaning her body across it resting, head torch beams swinging wildly from side to side as we stumbled along the 4wd track, and the most amazing canvas of stars above us. We made it to the carpark just before 2am.

I've never been so happy to make it back to Raspberry flat. In my tired state I still thought we could make it make to Christchurch in time for my flight, we got the car loaded up, I jumped behind the wheel and turned the key. Nothing. A flat battery. Are you serious?! Luckily Jamie was carrying jumper

leads in his car. We quickly sorted it and Chris and I began driving to Christchurch. As soon as we were in reception about 20 messages came through including several missed calls and a message from the NZ police wanting to know our location. It was 3am. I was able to call my family and Ella and let them know we were okay, and they contacted the police. Luckily not too much of a response had been stood up, but I feel bad for the worry we caused. However, we did try get a message through to them through DOC, and it's good to know that had something gone wrong some action would have been underway.

It was about Omarama that I realised the only way it would be possible to make my flight was if we drove at literally 150km/h for every remaining km, which as well as being really stupid, would not have actually been possible. I logged in on my phone and was able to change to a flight in the afternoon. We got back to Burnham Military Camp at 730am, giving Chris about 20 minutes to have a shower before he was due to report to duty (He didn't have time to shave however, and was given punishment duties as a result). I arrived in Christchurch at 8am – I had been up for 29 hours. I called in sick to work and spent the day at Anna Murdoch's flat. I stupidly didn't sleep as I was paranoid about not being woken up by my alarm and missing my flight.

The best part is that the only clean clothes I had left were my suit trousers and dress shirt I had packed for work that day. The only shoes I had, however, were full shank mountaineering boots that my feet couldn't handle because they were too sore, and soaking wet sneakers I had used for the valley floor. I drove to the warehouse in bare feet, wearing an untucked white dress shirt, fancy dress trousers, and walked in to buy a pair of jandals.

It would have looked like I had had a rough night of Sunday night drinking. I made it to the airport on time, got on the flight and finally managed to sneak in some sleep, after 38 hours of being awake. I arrived back in Wellington at 550pm on Monday night.

It was the most epic weekend trip I've done in a while and not bad for a trip organised the day before involving people from three different locations, on two different islands, within the space of an hour. I couldn't have done this trip without you Chris, Lottie, and Jamie, and hope you know just how much it meant to me.

Below: The First Peek - a view of the Wetterhorn, Grindelwald, Switzerland.

*Penzy Dinsdale*

Opposite : Aoraki.

*Lottie Armstong*



LOTTIE ARMSTRONG

# Aoraki/Mt Cook

17/02/2017

Lottie Armstrong, Tanja de Wilde and Chris Greenan

**The Start.** Just like so many trips, this started off at a pot luck at Constitution St. Tanja and I both got excited about the amazing weather forecast over the next week. Being half way through my Masters I had this false idea of having all the time in the world to take a few days off to go climb mountains. Chris was supposed to be out stoat trapping, however he was currently off sick after having delayed reactions from “that Wanaka trip”\*. Tanja suggested basing ourselves at Plateau Hut and soon we were eagerly looking at routes and peaks on topomaps. Chris, watching all these potential plans unfold, could not bear the idea of missing this opportunity; he was going to extend his sick leave.



**Day 1.** We set off from the Tasman Valley car park with Tanja reminiscing about her last trip up the Tasman and the never-ending moraine (see Antics 2016 for a great poem that truly encompasses all that is moraine). It was just over a year since I broke my knee cap and even though we had light packs (especially mine as Chris carried my heavy gear and I carried his light gear) I still had a painful time going up the moraine towards the Boys Glacier, fighting with each step of unstable ground on a knee that didn't want to move. Poor Chris was also realising that he probably needed a few more days in bed before climbing again; maybe we should have started the day earlier.

Below Cinerama Col things become even worse, the afternoon heat meant the snow was so soft we were basically swimming up it, not ideal. But we got up and had a snack just below the col on the other side, taking in the view of the Grand Plateau (very grand) and admiring the mighty works of the glacier pouring down into the Hochstetter. Nearing the hut, we see there are a lot of people out on the deck looking very fresh. To our delight, as we trudge up the metal steps clanging and banging with our crampons still on, these guys handed us a beer! It was a Heineken, which I normally hate, but let me tell you, that ended up being the best beer I've ever had! It turns out these guys were staying at the hut for a business trip (as you do). With the hut full we set out cooking our meal – the classic dehydrated mash potato and peas, but we added the extra twist of adding spice/gravy mix which made the mash potato the perfect shade of shit. With our bowls piled high of this mound of brown mush (which was actually very tasty) on the other side of the room our business friends were tucking into pulled pork, fresh salad and wine. I'm sure they must have seen our puppy eyes as we looked

at our delectable meal and theirs, and soon enough they came over with their left overs - oh how the instant poo mash got an upgrade!



Above: On Zurbriggen Ridge for Dawn, Tasman in the background.

Below: Tanja coming up from the summit rock, Grand Plateau below

*Lottie Armstong*



**Rest Day.** The next day was the day to figure out what we were actually going to climb! Tasman? Syme Ridge? Silberhorn? Zurbriggen Ridge of Cook? The Grand Plateau was an amphitheatre to play on. In the end we decided on the Linda route of Cook. Two SAR guys who Tanja knew flew in and one guided party were also going to do the same route the next day. It was a great rest day drinking tea, eating, reading, doing puzzles, getting to know the other people in the hut, soaking in the views, making v-threaders and pimping out Tanja's sunglasses with strapping tape.



Above: Chris and Lottie on the summit

*Tanja de Wilde*

Opposite: Lottie and Tanja on the summit

*Chris Greenan*

**Summit Day.** We set off at 1am. It was such a still starry night, which was made eerie by the occasional mighty rumble

of seracs falling down somewhere in the distance, with us hoping it wasn't the gun barrels. Chris set off at high speed up the Linda, charging me and Tanja up as we swerved around the giant crevasses roped up. Soon we overtook the guided party and started heading up to the summit rocks, pausing when we got to the ridge as the sun began to rise and we could finally see how far up we were and how magnificent the Tasman and the surrounding snow-capped peaks looked. The summit rocks were a carnage of tat and the climbing was straight-forward and fun. Although climbing as a three is slow, it does mean you always have someone at the belay to talk to. We met the other guys just at the top of the summit rocks and we shared the stoke at how



perfect the day was and they let us know they'd dug a good seat for us up there.

I don't think I'll ever forget the moment we reached the top and we looked across at Aoraki's long summit ridge which stretched out into the open air. The expanse of the view was so much to take in, but luckily we were blessed with little

wind so we took our time to soak it in! We took off our packs and took it in turns to go just below the summit for the classic summit photo. We sat and had lunch taking in the view of the surrounding glaciers and peaks both near and far; it was pretty impressive to be able to see both the Tasman Sea and the Pacific Ocean. We were up there for about an hour. The moment was perfect. Eventually we realised we couldn't stay up there all day and we had to deal with the gun barrels.

Down we go and I reflect on how lucky I am to be there with the guy I love and an awesome friend who I look up to as a fellow female climber. That lovely reflection was later shattered as I was piggy in the middle of the rope whilst racing down the Linda. Tanja at the front eager to get to the hut and tired Chris at the back plodding deep into the snow, and me to-ing and fro-ing between their different speeds. It did make me cynically laugh when Chris would sink in a crevasse at the back but we'd keep skipping down in front, which would cause the rope in front of Chris to become tight and he would get pulled face first into the snow - this didn't help his mood.

It was nearly 9pm when we got back to the hut. Having been awake since midnight we were considering skipping on making mash potato dinner and going straight to bed. But to our surprise when we got to the hut we were welcomed by one of the guides who had cooked us up spaghetti Bolognese for dinner. They saw us coming down the Linda and knew we'd had a big day. This act of kindness is something I'll always hold dear and a marvellous way to end such a day. With full bellies and warm hearts and faces (from the horrendous sunburn) we went off to bed.

**The walk out.** It was a straight-forward descent, with us all feeling happy to be off the moraine. When we got back to the car around prime tourist time, we made a display of gear clustering



View up the Tasman and the Grand Plateau from the Summit of Aoraki  
*Lottie Armstrong*

and eating any leftover food in the car. The trip finished off as all good trips should, having a drink and hot chips at the Chamois and letting friends and family know we were out safe. Next was trying to explain the mega sunburnt faces to supervisors and bosses...



Walking boy the Boys Glacier

*Lottie Armstrong*

\* If “that Wanaka trip” hasn’t been written up in Antics then good, because no one needs to read about that. But a lesson learnt from that trip: if you’re eating group food make sure everyone who is making the food washes their hands first, otherwise the **WHOLE GROUP** end up with diarrhoea and vomiting.



# Poems

And emails and other such things



Umm guys, whoever was the last one before me now in the gear room, left the front door unlocked.

And the place is closed so I had to get in the outside way and will have to make something to keep the door locked



Luca

So if anyone wants to come in for the time being, it will have to be the outer way



Sasha

ANTICS 2017

Hm I was there yesterday at 5pm with Lottie, but I definitely pulled the handle after I took the key out and it was locked ☐ good improvising though! I can go back Monday arvo and lock it if you can't get there before then.

Yeah good improvising

11/13/2017 10:55AM

Sasha

Have fixed the door situation 🗝️🔑

11/15/2017 12:31PM

... 😊

Hey! I was just in the gear room and Kaitlyn Fu's flatmate turned up and returned her sleeping bag - thought I'd better let you know in case she had arranged to meet one of you guys 😊

👍 1

Also just fyi to all the people relatively new to the gear room - Even when locked you can open the door from the inside so don't be alarmed if you come in the window and the door appears to be unlocked - it probably isn't 😊 Also if you do need to lock the door and leave through the window you can just lock the door while it's open and pull it closed. You don't need to worry about setting off alarms by opening and closing the door either, I've walked right through to the recycling bins by the main doors and it's fine 😊

👍 1

TOREA SCOTT-FYFE

# Time Travel Tanka

Boulder to boulder  
In this mighty riverbed  
Stars overtake us.  
You don't like to walk at night  
And I; I will lead you on.

Tent on wind blown rock  
Golden moon rose over snow  
Below scorpio  
That sting is one I have known  
Seasons changing, without you

Cloud claws mark blue sky  
This mountain rises steeply  
Breath deep icy air

Mind does loops in greatness

Hold fast to what's really there

# Apedisquunt Archicimust

*by Anon.*

Hilibusam et a nus  
Quo dolenis eumqui sequo tem  
Apedisquunt archicimust faccatibus  
Quia vent  
Aut omnit a aboriae.

Faccabo restio doluptios vent  
Que quibusd  
Aeribus qui tem  
Escimus, omnist aut excepodigeni  
Re dolut poreperi id quiandis dolorum  
Faccae debis quiam hario.

Quibustor rehenis pedit

Exped mollecti cum fuga.

Pellest otatis derum vendam

Quunt illentiust, unt exerupi

Simeni sincium

Imo te consequis

Dolesedi consequo es dit alit

Archilicia que perum.

TOREA SCOTT-FYFE

# The Things I Learnt at University

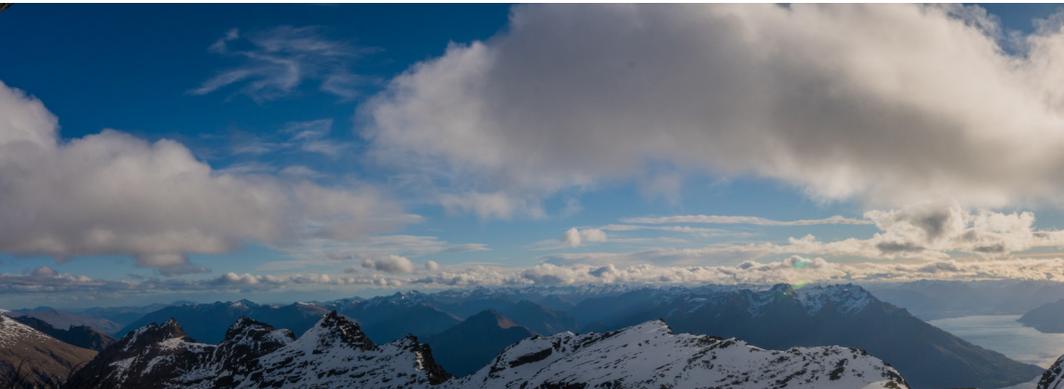
Mountains always mountains

They are growing under the surface

Of the earth

Below: Jaz and Rowan climbing on the south face of Single Cone at Sunset.

Penzy Dinsdale



Someone has drawn walls

A room -

Inside it

Black lines

Of seats and benches;

Now

The curve of backs

Lax

And then

The human

Standing

Speaking.

Somehow,

I learn here.

?



But mountains always mountains

Last weekend I climbed a mountain

Now I take out

This burning orb

It holds:

Clear water rippling shining lines

Bright green moss in beech forest

Rose rocky tops in morning glow

Golden tussock on steep flanks under

Purple thunderclouds

Deep blue glacier ice, from within

Rainbow nets of spider webs catch feather thoughts.

Right now a shag pops out of the water with a fish in its  
mouth.

Feathers of a falcon

- The curved backs of this black-white outline class snap  
straight



Jumping for joy on the top of Mt Armstrong

Lottie Armstrong

When we hear it's cry

Circling, clear air, cold sky

There are mountains growing under

The surface

Of my mind

On this white page

With box lines

I find

Mountains have crumpled the paper

And  
The walls are gone  
The colors spill out

Yes.  
I learn here.



Surprise Aurora Australis driving back from Mt Clarke  
*Penzy Dinsdale*

TOREA SCOTT-FYFE

# A House for the OUTC in Hard Times

It is the sea I go to in such times.

..

Rimurimu floods in and out so sensuously.

..

I feel affinity with rimu trees, growing so slow

..

But magnificent.

..

My room is on this long bay.

..

People less.

..

I sing to whale bones.

..

The hills are red.

..

..

We decided to buy the house as soon as we saw it -

Looking through the windows at the bare floors -

It is on the West Coast

Lost in thick forest

By a lake

Under mountains

Where no one ever goes.

...

We like watching the sun set.

We drink tea.

..

Shall we light the fire

From this driftwood

And collect the pretty stones?

Shall we bushbash through this water?

Swim through this flax?

Watch these seals learn to dance?

Shall we?



Classic Long Beach sunrise after a night in the caves - a must do for Dunedinites  
*Lottie Armstrong*

..

We burn the wood that we collected

And these things we carry

These unnecessary years

Let us put them on this fire too.

They will warm us through

When we got lost in the dark rain.

They will get us to the sunlight once again.

..

..

The hills are red.

..

I sing to whale bones.

..

Watching the sunset.

..

We will find our way to our house, one day.





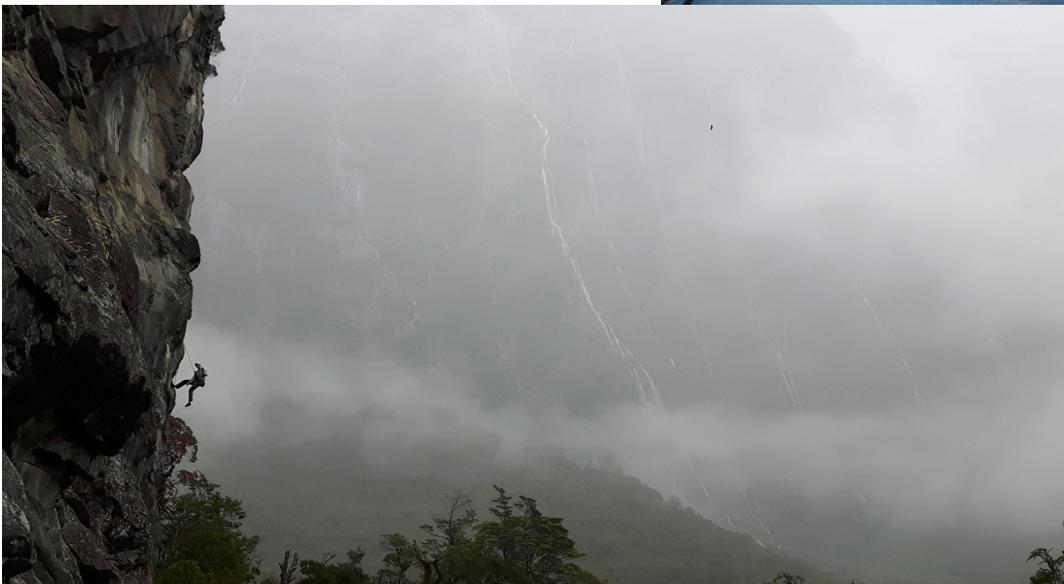
Above: Torea and Sasha traversing above Falls Creek towards Consolation Peak. Torea's glorious mapac bag still going strong!

Below: Climbing on a rainy day at the chasm  
*Lottie Armstrong*

Opposite page: Rowan and Jaz topping out on the South Face of Single Cone

Right: Jamie on the first pitch of the South Face of Single Cone, after loosing a crampon

*Penzy Dinsdale*



PENZY DINSDALE

# Lake Victoria

Penzy Dinsdale, Leon Billows, Tim Wareing, Torea S-f and Becca V-K  
Much of the below is true, but artistic license was taken at the author's whim!

'Twas the eve before Easter, with nothing to do  
A kea was stirring and a falcon was too.



Kea and Falcon in the Routeburn and Iris Burn

Photo: Penzy Dinsdale

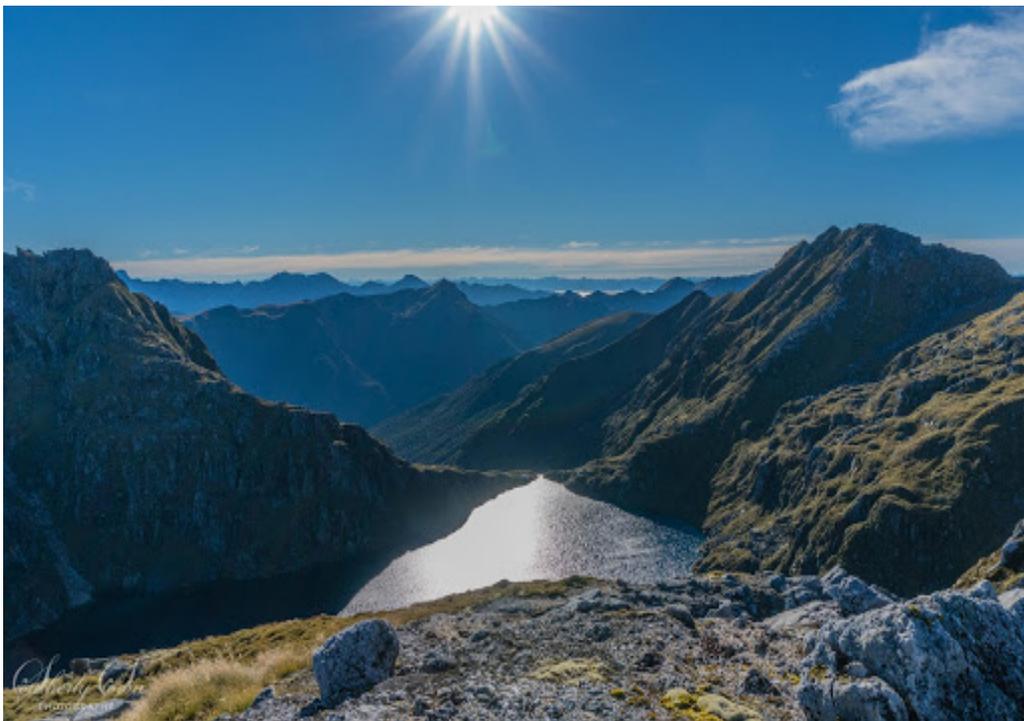
Our socks were all hung over the fire with care  
All in the hopes that we soon would be there;  
We all nestled snug in our warm sleeping bags,  
While dreamed of Lake Vic deep in our swags.  
We were up and away at first light the next day  
Ever keen to get there before it was time to hit the hay.



Rock Wren in the upper Iris Burn

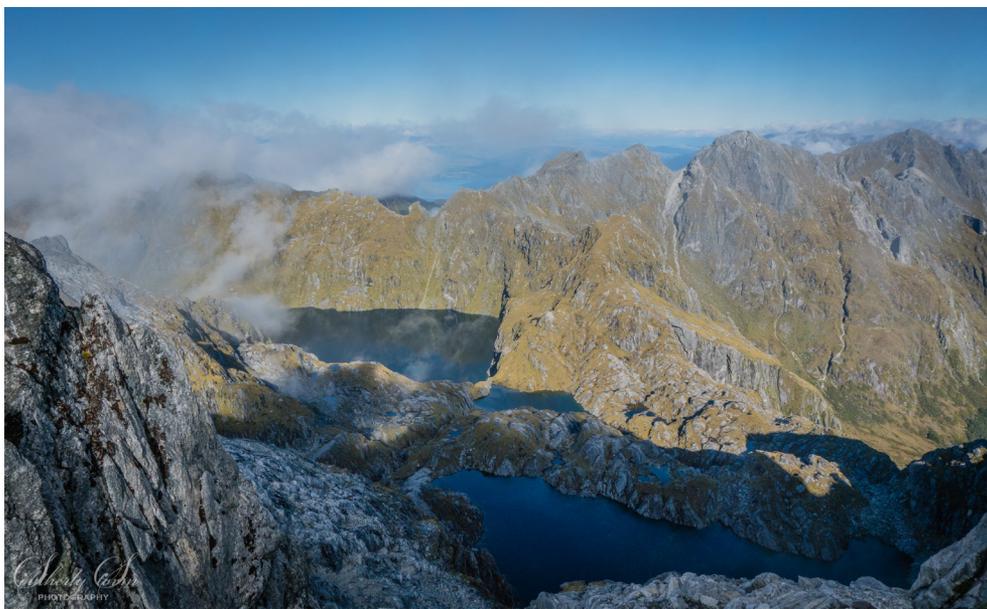
Photo: Penzy Dinsdale

But alas it was not so, and on an island we camped,  
Ever further day-by-day we tramped and tramped.  
Tortured by misfortune of a scratch to the Iris,  
We were still happy to see the rock wren fly.





Up and up we scrambled for the summit,  
But time we had not, ah \*\*\*\* it!  
At last we arrived on the shores of Lake Vic,  
A glorious place with mountains epic!  
Alas more epic than what we had planned,  
For our route forward was a no go overland.  
And so we enjoyed a wonderful break,  
For we spent the day circumnavigating the lake.  
And all too soon our weekend was over,  
As we headed down to the 'Rover'



Opposite Page

Top: Torea and Rebecca look down into the infamous Refrigerator Valley – If only we had packrafts!

Bottom: Lake Victoria

Photos: Penzy Dinsdale

Below: Tanja skiing on Lake Hooker



Moraine painting by Tanja ... uploading.

# Important advice to all

When it gets really cold in winter,  
listen to the whispers from Mt Cook village...  
And If you ever hear a rumour that the Hooker lake is frozen over,  
Drop everything and go there.  
And ski on it.

For a truly magical experience.

Ski all the way up the track,  
Over all the bridges,  
Between bewildered tourists.

Glide gracefully across the lake,  
All the way to the glacier,  
Between magnificent icebergs.

TOREA SCOTT-FYFE

# ANTICS TO DO LIST

A poem

All I care about is writing

All I care about is writing

All I care about is writing

About my own trips.

How do I do this?

How do I edit?

What am I doing?

What else can I add?

Trips trips trips

2017

What even happened way back then?

That was the year...

My third year

Did we go somewhere on the new year?

I can't remember.

Paradise to Glacier Burn

Fiordland to Lake Alabaster...

Memory, I need you!

Fuck it

**WHEN YOU SLIP AND GRAB  
A SPANIARD**



BETHANY RYSAK

# My love for you is like Spaniard Grass

An ode to my ex-lover, composed en route to Consolation Peak

My love for you is like Spaniard grass  
I curse your name as the hours pass  
Who would have thought that so much pain  
Could grow where there's so little rain  
Along the slopes of scrub and scree  
You scrape my hands my legs my knees  
Despite my strong and watchful stare  
You seem to be most everywhere  
At times like this I hate to admit  
That without your stalk I should surely slip  
A fall from this cliff would be far more lethal  
Than to endure another hateful kiss from your needle  
And so I must say to you Spaniard grass  
Thank you for being the biggest pain in my ass

Artwork next page: Torea Scott-Fyfe



# The Otago University Tramping Club

## An outsider's perspective

The air was crisp,  
the light was murky.  
We had agreed to leave at five,  
It was now '7:30'

The journey was long,  
however not slow,  
taking corners at pace  
passing to and fro.

As we sat in the car  
stories were told,  
of adventurers being rescued  
for being too bold.

They told me of helicopters  
of rivers and a crevasse!  
“But don’t you worry,  
That won’t happen to us!”

So we set off  
on our expedition,  
A gleam in my eye,  
with nervous apprehension.

We tramped - god we tramped  
Until we were out of trails.  
Then we climbed some steep scree,  
Racing like snails.

The clouds came in,  
“Let’s just hurry.  
We can make it up and down,  
If only we scurry”

Approaching the summit,  
Getting near vertical!  
Pushing our limits,  
It's no trip if you're not hurt at all.

Without a scene in world,  
To reward the effort.  
Just happy to be alive I guess,  
Whatever I guess f - it.

On the way down,  
I couldn't help but whine  
"That was fun,  
I almost died three times"

That was my first,  
Hopefully my last.  
My OUTC days,  
Are long in the past.

TANJA DE WILDE

# Memories from Malte Brun

Moraine, moraine

You are a stain,

On otherwise wonderful terrain.

We stumble in vain,

As you drive us insane,

And bring us endless pain.

And now it starts to rain

LUCY PATTERSON

# Smelly

Sweaty

Muddy

Eww

Lack of deodorant

Loos that stink

You're tramping now

KATIE SNOWDEN

# An Ode to Beaumont

Un beau mont et un beau pont

The defining features of the town

Just like Noah's ark, we were saved from the floods

Filled with fried food and jugs, we collapsed on the bar floor

Southern hospitality is alive and well

Long live Beaumont hotel



KATIE SNOWDEN

# Hīkoi

Ko tangata hīkoi mātou

Kei te hīkoi mātou ki te tatūnga o te maunga tiketike

Hīkoi, hīkoi, hīkoi

Āpōpō ake nei piri mai ana mātou i ngā pari, i runga rānei i  
ngā keokeonga o tēnei maunga

Ka pāhekoheko mātou ki te eke ki te keokeonga tapu o te  
maunga

He waka eke noa

(Translation)

# Hīkoi

We are trampers

We walk towards the base of a lofty mountain

Walk, walk, walk

Soon we will be clinging to the cliffs or to the peaks of this  
mountain

Working together to reach its sacred peak

We are all in this together

# Bushball

Beaumont hotel

Unknown defecator

Superbus takes on the floods

Heeeeeeaps of pumpkin

Bum song

Anight at the Oscars

Lovemaking in the ute

Lots of laughs (at Jake's jokes)

KATIE SNOWDEN

# Green Lake

Crew: Katie Snowden, Lucy Patterson, Charlotte Patterson, Julia Leman, Scott Bourke



Scott thinks we smell.

ANTICS 2017

Too many old farts at the hut

So we make camp on the deck

Yarning and dinnering while the lake sparkles and the sun  
sets

Admiring the view through soggy socks and clothes

Too much laughing; we must be quiet now

The old farts have gone to bed



# A Great Email

Hello

There is tramping club clothing, it's great and most of it is designed to be worn in the great outdoors!

If you are interested in purchasing a fleece merino hat, a fleece hat, t-shirt or a great pair of shorts or an even greater pair of undies come along to one of the meetings to view the samples. Here is the link

[https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/1YgCXAtXOdqsANDQ\\_h6hgDUI3NRYxDl49w56CKUvbiKg/edit?usp=sharing](https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/1YgCXAtXOdqsANDQ_h6hgDUI3NRYxDl49w56CKUvbiKg/edit?usp=sharing)

All clothing except the t-shirts includes our great Original logo.

The t-shirts have a great big logo. Images of these great logos are attached!!

Have a great day

Beth Walker

# Jan Olafson Lives On

Some punter emailed the entire list because no one showed up to a meeting, and did it by replying to an email about a Safety in the Hills Training Session that Lottie had sent months earlier, spamming everyone multiple times.

23/06/2017

Siddharth Kothari to Lottie, OUTC

Is there anyone at the club at OUSA ... ?

There should be a meeting today isn't it ? I need to return the gear ..

Sent from my iPhone

23/06/2017

Siddharth Kothari to Lottie, OUTC

I am at the club but there is no one around

Sent from my iPhone

23/06/2017

Jan Olafson to Siddharth, OUTC

I also don't have any friends.

Will you be my friend?

Jan Olafson



Above: View from Roy Roy Peak

Below: View from Wye Creek

*Penzy Dinsdale, Southerly Storm Photography*



# Photo Competition

## ABOVE BUSHLINE

**Winner:** Eugene Yeo 'Sippin' -20.

**Runner up:** Alex Cheung 'Mueller Stroll' -11.

**Highly Commended:** Pascal Ziegler 'SKI' -4.

## BELOW BUSHLINE

**Winner:** Jamie Gardner 'Forgotten Confluence' -19.

**Runner up:** Penzy Dinsdale 'We said you might get wet' -6.

**Highly Commended:** Penzy Dinsdale 'Classic Stream Photo' -3.

## HUT AND CAMP LIFE

**Winner:** Jason Chua 'Silverpeaks Fire and Cosmos' -23.

**Runner Up:** Penzy Dinsdale 'Indescribable' -13.

**Highly Commended:** Niklas Konbe 'Getting Ready' -1.

## NATIVE FLORA AND FAUNA

**Winner:** Penzy Dinsdale 'Stand Back' -21.

**Runner up:** Cara-Lisa Schloots 'Native Weevil' -14.

**Highly Commended:** Pascal Ziegler 'Hidden River' -5. and Sam Harrison 'Robin' -8.

## OUTDOOR LANDSCAPES

**Joint Winners:** Cara-Lisa Schloots 'Mt Twilight' -16. and Jason Chua 'Makarora' -17.

**Highly Commended:** Luca 'movingbushphonepic' -9.

## UNIQUELY OUTC

**Winner:** Penzy Dinsdale 'Standing out' -15.

**Runner Up:** Alex Cheung 'Cave People' -12.

**Highly Commended:** Elspeth Simpson 'Speights' -10.

## ROCK CLIMBING

**Winner:** Karuna Sah 'Long Beach' -18.

**Runner Up:** Karuna Sah 'Long Beach' -7.

**Highly Commended:** Riley Smith - 2.

## PEOPLE'S CHOICE

**Winner:** Benjamin Skaug 'wazzup' -22.









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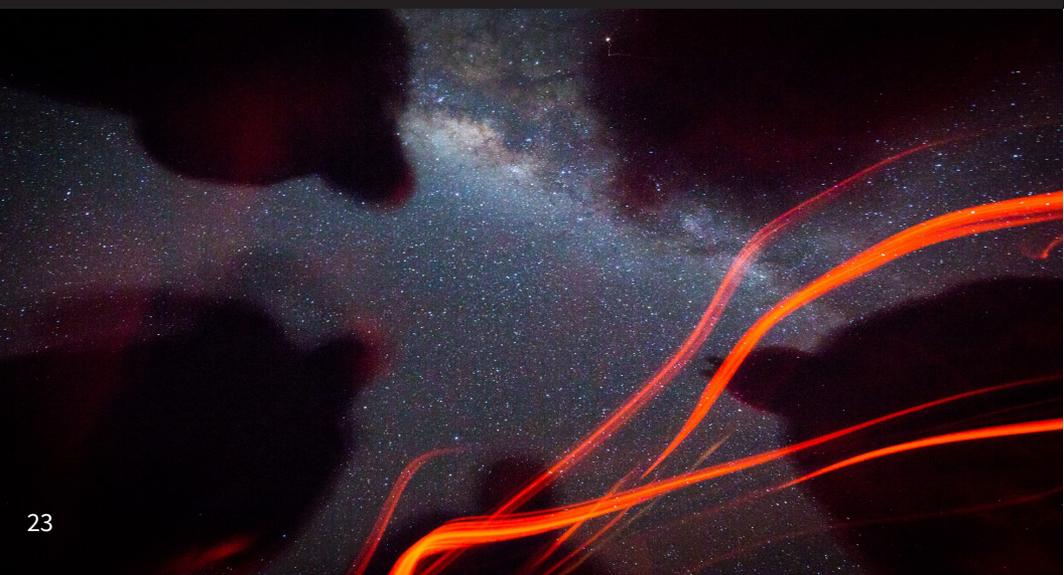
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**WHEN A TRIP LEADER CANCELS  
THE NIGHT BEFORE PARADISE**

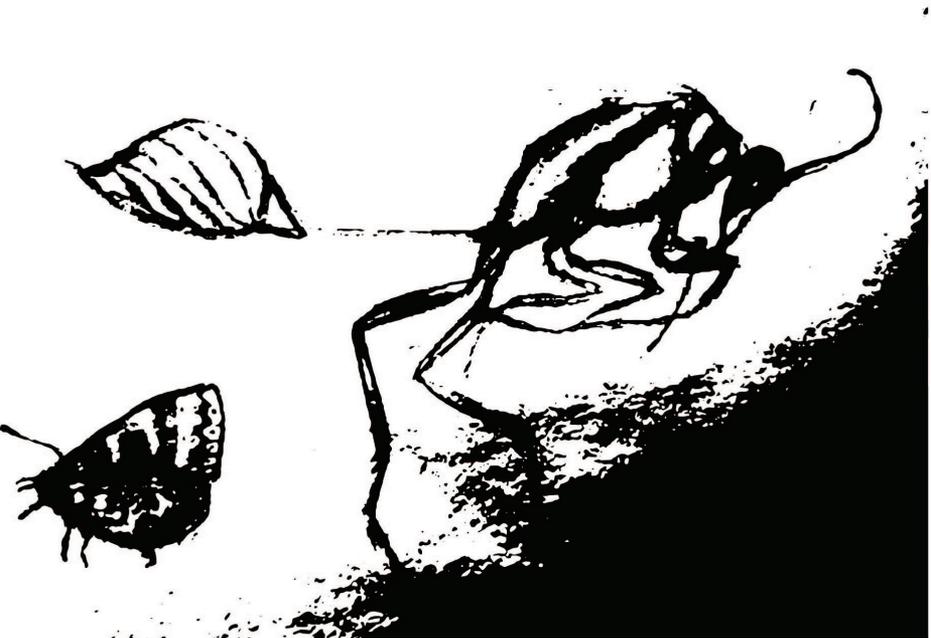


**WHEN SOMEONE THINKS DRESS  
SHOES COUNT AS BOOTS**



# Going Bush

Or something along those lines anyway



SAM HARRISON

# New Zealand's Wild West

Trip Members: Sam Harrison, Cara-Lisa Schloot, Niklas

I was supposed to be studying for my exams, but all I could think of was where I'd escape to when it was all over. Somewhere far away, with the promise of sore legs, interesting people and good stories to share afterwards. What better place than Stewart Island? It's attracted many adventurers, rogues and misfits over the centuries. I figured I'd fit right in. The Northwest Circuit, a '10–11 day' track sounded perfect. It runs in a loop from Oban North around the coast before dropping to Mason Bay and cutting back to civilization via Paterson Inlet.





Tweedle dee and Tweedle dum

*Sam Harrison*

The adventure began to take shape. I managed to convince two souls to join me. Cara-Lisa, the self-appointed trip cook & naturalist, and Niklas, a German, who importantly offered his car ‘Berverley’ to get us to the ferry terminal in Bluff.

### **Day one—Dunedin to Bungaree Hut via Oban**

In the lead up to departure all the necessary preparation was done, the eye-patch was packed, food was dehydrated and alarm set for 5:40 ready to be picked up by Nik at 6am. After all we had a 9:45am ferry to catch. I woke up at 5:55 and stirred for a moment. Then it hit me. Shit it’s 5:55am! I hurried collected my gear and barrelled out to the road to find Nik waiting for me (I later worked out that I had the alarm set for pm). After a quick stop to pick up Cara we were on the road. We sat in silence for an hour before trying and failing to get the radio going. Somehow it fell on me to provide the music. Thirty minutes of inspirational running music later and we decided silence was the better alternative.



Nik and Cara walking through Oban

*Sam Harrison*

We screeched into Bluff at 9:20am, five minutes overdue for bag dropoff. Luckily, the relaxed Southland attitude carries over to ferry logistics and we were fine. Dark clouds loomed overhead as we boarded the ferry. The ride across the infamously choppy Foveaux Strait was rough enough for me. The smell of someone else's vomit wafted through the cabin. Cara was visibly disappointed that the waves weren't bigger, she expressed her hope that they would be bigger on the return trip.

I was glad to have my feet on solid ground. We stopped off at the DOC office to pick up a few last minute supplies and to eat lunch (ft. Nik's 1kg block of cheese). Then it was off up the road towards the start of the track. The road wound scenically northward across the landscape. It was a nervous trudge under ominous clouds. We (by we I mean me) entertained ourselves by waving to passing cars, to the puzzled amusement of the passing drivers. It started to rain when we got to the start of the track. Raincoats on. Rain stops. Raincoats off. Rain starts. repeat.

The track to Port William Hut is part of the Rakiura Great Walk, it is well formed and easy going. It came to light during the walk that Cara had spent ten days on Stewart Island earlier in the year but was still to see the elusive Kiwi. I discovered calling out “Kiwi!” was a good way to wind her up. Port William Hut was our lunch stop. Inside the hut you could easily have been mistaken to think that you were in Germany, there was certainly no English being spoken across the table. I sat there munching on my crackers, pondering what conversation was flying back and forth in front of me.

After lunch we started on the track to Bungaree Hut. With no warning we were in mud country. Icky sticky mud. With each squelchy step came another. It takes great concentration to traverse such country. The stakes are high, a misplaced foot can result in being swallowed, sucked into the depths of the muddy abyss.

We sidled around the coastline, dropping and climbing 30m or more across small muddy valleys. Although it may not sound like much, our legs begged to differ. Eventually we escaped the mud, making it out onto the beach with relieved sighs. In the distance we could see the hut, three figures [Edit: Tall, attractive, masculine figures—Cara] wandered ahead of us. In what could only have been the result of ‘mud madness’ we decided to play a game of Creep up Jack with the three figures, dashing along the sand, halting to a plod when they turned around. Feeling the pressure from the one-sided competition, we finished with a final sprint up to the hut, much to the bemusement of the strangers.

The three were Norwegian students, complete with blonde hair & blue eyes, studying at Lincoln University. Their packs were bulky, weighed down with fishing rods and peculiar clothing. We discovered that, although they all spoke English, one spoke for the rest. The mutes sat flanking, brooding, presumably over distant fiords or the fish that got away. Interacting with them had a vibe of international diplomacy, even when discussing fish. Perhaps their most fascinating trait was their fashion sense. Tights are obviously the height of fashion in Norway, they wore little else. The exception being what can only be described as a full body tea cosy, a green mesh suit that looks good for little more than decoration, or maybe it doubles as a fish net? Who knows.



Cara at Murray Bay

*Sam Harrison*

We had made the decision to use as little gas as possible, to save weight and space. This meant using the fire to heat food. It was to this task I set myself, to use my years of experience as a Scout to light a fire. I soon discovered that all the material for the fire was soaked. I spent hours hacking up wood chips, preparing tinder. Alas, even after hours of preparation and attempts the only sign of a fire was the three burnt out tea candles. My pride bruised, I retreated, relenting to heating dinner on the cooker. The meal, nachoes, got devoured quickly, despite only being lukewarm.



On the dunes

*Sam Harrison*

## **Day two—Bungaree Hut to Christmas Village Hut**

The thought of porridge was the only motivating factor to getting out of bed in the morning. I overestimated my porridge eating ability and was forced to sit munching through the mountain of oats I had set before myself. The track to the next hut began much the same as the previous day. Perhaps the most notable thing was Nik's ability to almost, but not quite, slip over in the mud. Weary of the mud, we were elated to emerge out onto the sand dunes at Murray Beach.

We waddled down the beach before Cara ran off to play among the dune plants, showing her inner botanist. After a slow walk down the beach we ducked into the bush, stopping at a hunters hut for lunch. The Norwegians caught us here and we had a brief chinwag before getting moving again. The next section rose gradually through the forest and was well boardwalked. This luxury eventually ran out and once again the track ducked in and out of creeks. We were just taking bets on how far it would be to the hut when we stumbled on a sign signalling five minutes. There was nothing for it but to race each other to the hut. Miraculously, no one was hurt and we happily stumbled into the hut.

To my elation the woodshed was well stocked with dry wood. Cara was thrilled by something else entirely, a nice smelling loo. Each to their own. My honour was restored with the fire burning bright. After that success I braved the seawater for a quick dip to wash off the mud, much to the delight of the local sandfly population. That night Cara made couscous and it was top notch. The thought of it now makes me hungry. It was mixed through with feta cheese, cucumber and other vegetables. Perfection.

The night was finished off with a few rounds of Scum (To which I would add that I won every round).

### **Day three—Christmas Village Hut to Long Harry Hut**

We had stated we would get an early start the next morning as we had a 10 hour walk ahead of us. Alas the temptation to sleep in was too great and it was after 9am before we got out of our bunks. The morning's entertainment was witnessing the Norwegians discontent for porridge. One would pick up a spoon, inspect the porridge and consider his options before putting the spoon back into his bowl of porridge.

Nik made the mistake of putting his boots on a bit too early and was left running around the hut chased by a black cloud of sandflies. We eventually all made it out of the hut with Cara motoring off in front, leaving Nik and I in the dust. It only took this short minute for me to lose the track. Admitting defeat we returned to the beach and eventually found the correct track. The next five hours were nothing special, more of the same slog of the past two days. We entertained ourselves with riddles, including Cara's "Guess what I forgot" (spoilers, she forgot the handreel for fishing). We were ecstatic to get to Lucky Beach. The sun was out. The sky was blue. The weather was too good to not warrant a swim. We tried our best sea-lion impersonations, clambering up and around the rocky shore to laze on the rocks, to the bemusement of a fishing boat on the coast.

After spending far too much time at the beach we re-entered the bush, sure that the turn off to Yankee River Hut was a mere five minutes away. An hour later that we reached the turn off. Safe to say we were a little weary. After crossing a swing bridge we paused, then started on the 300m uphill grunt in front of us.

It wasn't so bad, our minds were entertained by the thought of food and my beautiful singing.

After glimpsing the beach below we raced down the hill in excitement. Following a steep, sandy, slippery climb up onto the dunes Cara pointed out mysterious stone circles. The remains of ovens used by Maori visiting in waka to cook their catch of Kaimoana (Seafood). Then something unexpected and memorable happened... [As she stood on the peak of a dune, the sand below Cara's feet gave way. In a matter of seconds she had tumbled out of sight over the edge of the dune.]

I can confirm Cara survived her scrape with death, with a few scars to tell the tale. In comparison the rest of the walk along the beach was uneventful. This was around hour nine and we had a serious plod on. The sort of plod only tired feet can do. We lifted moral by attempting to sing songs to which we could never quite remember all the lyrics to. Foot after foot we inched closer. The hour passed quicker than expected and soon we caught sight of the hut which commands a high position overlooking the sea.

A few tears were shed, happy to have the weight off my feet. I relaxed inside, with my hotel slippers on, sipping the can of beer I could bear carrying no longer (no pun intended). Never before has a Double Brown tasted so good. The hut was well stocked with wood and soon we had the fire roaring. On the menu for the night was pasta with pesto, easier said than done. Probably best summed up in this quote:

*"It tastes like a mixture of overdone and not ready yet"*—Nik

However we were all hungry from the days walk. It's safe to say



Top: The view from the lookout

Bottom: Kiwi!

*Sam Harrison*

there wasn't a morsel left (especially thanks to Nik, trip hoover).  
Nothing like a candle lit dinner of gloopy pasta.

#### **Day four—Long Harry Hut to East Ruggedy Hut**

We were well and truly in the swing of things by day four. The day looked promising, not a cloud in the sky. Beautiful. After an hour I certainly did not look beautiful, drenched in sweat, shriveling in the heat. We walked along the coastal cliffs under Manuka trees before dropping down to Rocky Beach. This

looked like a nice spot to stop for lunch. The illusion didn't last. Attacking us from all angles, sandflies descended on our lunch stop. We admitted defeat and started to trek across the rocky boulders on the beach. This in itself was a new kind of hell. The intense heat of the sun cooked us onto the large boulders. We happily climbed up off that damned beach.

I just about ran into the back of Cara's pack. Startled, I looked around to see what the fuss was about. There, on the side of the track Nik had spotted a little ball of fluffy feathers, having a right old time grooming. We stared at the Kiwi for a few minutes, inching closer and closer to get the shot. Eventually, fed up with our antics, the Kiwi scuttled off into the bush. And so ended Cara's streak of 14 days on Stewart Island without seeing a Kiwi.



Another beach

*Sam Harrison*

We marched on until we came to a lookout, with views out over the Ruggedy Range. The ocean was a stunning palette of blues, illuminated under the clear sky. It was well worth the 2 minute detour (through knee deep mud) to have a look.

Back down to another beach (you might be noticing a theme by now). Cara briefly flirted with the quicksand on the creek's shore, while Nik and I stood captivated by a Dotterel. Under the hot sun the next section through the dunes could best be described as a trek through the desert. I had mentally prepared myself for another slog. I was then surprised to see the hut when my eyes rose from my boots. I had to rub my eyes just to make sure it wasn't a mirage.

It was here we met Peter (numero uno). A retired hunter from Timaru, his face was cut with lines of wisdom and wit, his head topped off with a cloud of white hair. The sort of man that legends are written about, or more accurately that writes legends himself. The sort of man that could get you lost in tales of Arabian knights, Napoleon Bonaparte and Captain Cook. Peter sure did love to tell Nik, the Deuschelander, tall stories and rib him about being German. Peter's trusted companion was Jim, the dweedle dee to dweedle dum. Freshly retired, he had been the willing(?) recipient of Peter's stories over the years. The kind of person who had struggled at school, but had excelled at his craft of carpentry. When talking about Foveaux straight, it was a joy to see Jim's elation when he discovered he knew something that Peter did not, that once Stewart Island was thought to be connected to the mainland. There was a third hunter that we seldom saw, he preferred the isolation of the bush in his hammock to the hut.



The Cave

*Sam Harrison*

Dinner that night was noodles with tomato paste and more veges. Sadly, the hunters failed to provide the venison steaks. Oh well.

### **Day five—East Ruggedy Hut to Big Hellfire Hut**

Peter kept us entertained long into the morning and it was late before we made it out of the hut. It was only about a thirty minute walk from the hut to West Ruggedy beach. Before leaving the hut the third hunter told us that there was a cave nestled into the hillside on the right hand side of the beach. With time on our hands we decided to check it out. What we found was any little boys dream; a small cave hidden in the cliff, furnished with ramshackle creations. A bed with space for three made out of fishing nets, a table of driftwood, a stove... It was the kind of place you would expect to find smugglers out of a Famous Five novel.

We rummaged around here for a while before setting off back down the beach. Eager to redeem herself Cara picked up a knotted handreel that I had spotted in the sand and proceeded to try and untangle it. The sky above was moody, a fact I did not complain about, remembering the heat of the cloudless day before. Walking down the beach I remembered the eye patch



Hoist the Jolly Roger!

*Nik*

and beard that had been sitting in my pack. What better to decorate a buoy with? With the scallywag hanging from a DOC marker for his crimes, back into the bush we went.

I decided to help the others pass time with a stirring rendition of Ninety-nine bottles of beer on the wall. Safe to say by the time I finished the song became embargoed. The mud on this section of track was meant to be the worst of the circuit, but due to the number of dry days it was at its deepest up to the knees with a good misstep. A sign informed us it was two hours to Waituna bay, another two hours to the hut. It was a steep climb up and over the Ruggedy Range. Nik powered off ahead whilst Cara plodded up the hill. Waituna bay was stunning. A sandy beach flanked on both sides by rocky outcrops. After days of dehydrated food we were keen for a bit of a change in diet. Paua sounded just the treat. We staked out the right hand side of the bay to no avail. I set my hopes low, taking my boots off to walk through the sand to the left side of the bay. Still no Paua. I hobbled awkwardly across the rocks. Then a cry from Cara—“I found one!”.

This knife is notable enough for its own paragraph. Given to Cara by a friend, it was a tourist replica of the knives carried by Gurkha. She had it in her pack with the intention to leave it in a hut because she didn't want it. It came in a pointy metal sheath, the blade itself being curved and engraved. The knife was ornate and heavy, absurd and mysterious. It was still with us because it came in handy to hack up tinder at Bungaree. Since then the hunters had admired it and it was almost vested in Peter, to become the kernel of another story no doubt.

Returning with the knife we ventured a few metres further along the rocks. And there the paua were. In great clumps they sat all over the rocks. Paua on paua on paua. A buffet of seafood before us (Edit: Cara complained about the lack of choice in the buffet). We plied three of them off with the knife, wrestling their muscular black feet off the rock with the blade. While Cara was busy doing this I let my eyes glance upward. There standing on the rocky outcrop in front of us was a Fiordland Crested Penguin, giving us his best “P.O.” pose.

With dinner in the bag we headed back to the packs. As I fiddled around with my boots Cara said she would just start plodding up the hill with the bag of paua on her pack. Nik soon followed her and I was left alone on the beach struggling to get my gaiters on. Not wanting to spend the walk alone I switched into racing mode. I strode across the beach and started up the hill. I passed Nik in ten minutes, surely Cara would not be far ahead. I overtook and crashed up the track in pursuit of a girl



Note the muddy legs

*Sam Harrison*

and three paua. With five feet between them they must have been going bloody quick because no matter how much I pushed myself I could catch no sight of them. In my haste I put caution to the wind, deciding I could spare no time to skirt around the mud. This nearly proved to be my undoing. On two occasions I found myself up to my knees in mud, left struggling and clinging to trees to heave myself out. Suddenly I burst out of the bush onto... sand, at 300 metres. Looking down I saw I was on a dune that dropped all the way down to the sea. How bizarre. Not long after this I stumbled around the corner to see a smiling Cara having a quick wash in the hut sink. I was fuming! She had beat me even with the paua! This was the same girl you might remember I coaxed up the Ruggedy Range just hours before.

After around twenty minutes Nik followed up behind, wondering what all the fuss was about. Then it was paua time. Cara 'shucked' the paua, taking a knife around the skirt of the paua, plying it from it's shell, making sure not to cut it's intestines. She informed me about the paua's 'creepy teeth', too human like for Cara. Then it was my job to give them a good beating. I started by trialing the back of the hut axe. It took one swing for the paua to come flying out of the bag and onto the hut lawn. Bugger. I resorted to putting the paua in the sink and pounding it with a rock. After a good workout I took them inside and Cara cut them up, ready to be fried in the butter I had carried specifically for this purpose. Soon we were sitting down chowing down on their lovely butteryness. Paua isn't for everyone, some describe it as tough rubber, but it certainly made a welcome change in diet for three weary walkers. The rest of dinner that night was unexceptional, instant mash and soup, but it all went

down with no need to clean the plates. Oh and the fire was lit successfully by none other than myself.

### **Day six—Big Hellfire Hut to Mason Bay Hut**

What a view to wake up to. The hut has a ranch slider looking out across the expansive and impressive Ruggedy Flats. We were in no hurry to leave the hut, we had a small window around 4:30pm, low tide, to make it down a section of the beach at Mason Bay. I decided it would be fun to have a bit of a change so I swapped packs with Cara. It's a vintage Macpac, solid exterior frame pack ideally worn with too short shorts, a flannel shirt and a healthy mo. Turns out that for all it's age it was actually not too bad. The problem was that Cara has an obsession with carrying a heavy pack and had secretly been taking things out of me and Nik's packs. Boy did hers weigh a ton. We climbed up and along the range before dropping down onto Little Hellfire Beach. We mucked around on the beach for bit, stopping there for lunch. The wind cut fiercely across the waves. It might sound



Little Hellfire Beach

*Sam Harrison*



Mason Bay

*Sam Harrison*

unwanted, instead it was a welcome change as it carried all the sandflies away.

After lunch we started up the hill that stood between us and Mason Bay. Up, up, up we went. It was a steep climb up to the saddle, I was left bathed in sweat. Just as steep as the climb up was the clamber down. Occasionally the trees would part and we would get a view across the bay (see the top of the post). One of the most beautiful views I have ever seen. The coast curls around, battered at all points by savage surf erupting from the tranquil blue of the ocean. Soon we were down again on the beach hopping along the rocks. We disturbed a pair of oyster catchers in our jolly jaunt. It's the sort of place that, on a nice day, just makes you go wow. I mentioned earlier (maybe ten minutes ago) that Cara had spent ten days at Mason Bay looking



## Big Sand Hill

*Sam Harrison*

at plants. I was bombarded by facts about dune composition, the difference in the layers of sand, the species of grasses (*Edit: Not grasses, but sedges—Cara*).

Me and Cara had come up with a fun game a couple of beaches ago. Washed up on the shore are little blue jellyfish that swell and bubble in the sun. When stood on they make a satisfying popping sound. Imagine a line of bubble wrap stretching across the beach. Safe to say the jellyfish got the last laugh. One managed to get flicked up onto the back of my leg. Ow! I was a little more cautious after that. After running through our ABC's of animals and of culinary dishes we found ourselves at Duck creek, which winds all the way up to and past the hut. We crossed over the creek at Cara's designated crossing point, 'the two big trees', and saw a cloud of whitebait make its way downstream chilling out in the eddies. It wasn't far from here

to the hut. On arrival we were treated to a barrage of human contact, something we had grown very unaccustomed to.

After claiming a bunk Cara and I went for a jaunt up on the dunes with her film camera. I hobbled along on my tender feet as she bounded up the track towards the sand. Don't ask me how she does it. The sand on the dunes was full of shifting, swirling patterns. The surface of a great golden ocean, the sands move with an ebb and flow. Her Olympus OM-30 35mm film camera was fun to play with (I was even allowed to take a photo!), makes a change from my Canon DSLR.

Back at the hut we decided it was time for dinner, pumpkin curry. I was allowed to help with dinner for once. Surprisingly it didn't turn out too bad. Sitting down for dinner we began talking to a retired couple that we were sharing the hut with. Peter (numero dos) & Marilyn. They were a well matched pair, in the midst of playing cards they yarned to us, Peter speaking, and where he failed to say the right thing Marilyn would correct him. For once Nik's university studies in philosophy actually came in handy, the conversation delving into the depths of the topic of ethics. We also met Lucas, the mysterious Dutchman we had been following along the Northwest Circuit through the hut books.

There was also a British couple that lived in Queen Charlotte Sound, and a father—son duo. They had just come off the Southern Circuit and they'd had enough of the mud. Apparently the track turns into one great slip and slide with the slightest rain, with mud that can come up to the waist. They made an interesting duo. It was clear that the son had planned a Stewart Island getaway which got hijacked by his father. His father was

certainly interesting, a man that never stopped talking and one might be forgiven for thinking he wore a tinfoil hat in his spare time. Bedtime was upon us when the subject turned to 1080 should be banned in New Zealand...

### **Day seven—Mason Bay Hut to Freshwater Hut**

I got up just in time to see the retired couple leave. They assured me that we would see them on the track (we didn't). We started the day going over the creatively named 'Big Sand Hill'. On the way to the top we got completely sandblasted by the wind picking the sand up off the dunes. I decided that I knew the best route to the top so I sped off in front, tackling the scrubby summit head on. I heaved myself into it from the sand only to find the scrub came up up to my chest. I waded through it only to find Cara had come up the right of the summit and jaunted up easily on the sand. The view was worth it, with the moody sky hovering over the dunes and the rugged beach of Mason Bay.

We clambered down the other side towards the homestead. It was a trip down memory lane for Cara, who had spent ten days staying at the homestead before. She did not have the luxury of a multiple (or any) showers on this trip. The track across the Freshwater Flat is well... flat and goes over a lot of fresh (albeit stagnant) water. Some would say it's in the name. Cara decided that this was not acceptable. She told me there was a very tempting hill positioned adjacent to the track, labelled as 'Lower Island Hill'. Sounded good to me. Oh if I had known. The gradient of the hill was steep. The flora on the hillside was almost exclusively spikey and unpleasant. We crashed up through the undergrowth. The ground started to flatten off up the top, but there was hardly a view with dense tree cover. I climbed a rimu tree to see if we truly were at the summit. I thrust my head up



The best view I could find, which Cara rudely blocked

*Sam Harrison*

through the hostile canopy. Even then I could not get a view, the gradient at the top being too shallow to see over the tree tops. We turned in defeat from our quest for a view, back down the way we had come. Eventually a view of sorts opened up as a consolation prize of sorts.

Bleeding and battered we made it back onto the track. From there it was a couple of hours walk to the hut. We made frequent stops for Cara to run wild and botanize. Other than that the trip was uneventful, although we had the quote of the day from Cara

*“I feel like I’m looking after a kid with you running off all the time”—me*

*“Well since you want kids you can practice with me”—Cara*

We arrived at the hut in the early afternoon, greeted by the people we had met at the last hut. After a long discussion about nothing in-particular we took the opportunity to teach Peter

how to play Spoons. If you haven't played it the rules are rather simple. You get dealt four cards. The objective is to get a set of four cards of the same type. One player draws from the deck, checks the card and then discards one card. The next player picks up this card etc. In the middle of the table there are spoons (or in our case matchsticks) for each player except one. The first player to get a set picks up a spoon and then everyone else must grab one. The player that doesn't grab one loses. It was hilarious to watch Peter slowly pick up the game. From initial frustrations to his end game slyness, it was quite a progression.

Another notable thing came out over that hut table. Cara's parents are German and she speaks the language fluently. Cara had neglected to tell Nik this. So I found it hilarious when the father of the father-son duo asked Cara if she was German. Cara hesitated for a second before saying yes. The look on Nik's face was priceless (*Edit: Apparently I didn't stop laughing for five minutes*).

Just around the time I was planning on going for a swim the son came out with a handline with the intention of catching an eel. Peter had given him a piece of salami for bait. I was just ambling down to the river when I saw the line jerk. When it was pulled up the bait was gone. I voted against my swim and instead went back for more salami. In the end we caught a nice sized eel which went into the hut embers bucket and was cooked over the fire in rice oil. It tasted, unsurprisingly, a little bit fishy and not much like anything else.

Cara wasn't feeling too well and went for a nap. This was all well and good, except she had been group cook. It was dinner time and Nik was hungry so reasoned it was my time to step up.

Only problem is I had absolutely no idea what I was doing. Nik eventually rescued the dehydrated dahl, whilst I messed up the couscous, hydrating it with cold water. It all was edible, just. All day we had been dreading the walk the next day. The retired couple and the father-son duo were taking the water taxi out from Freshwater and it sounded awfully tempting compared to the eleven hour trek ahead of us. However, just as we were wavering, Cara came up with a cunning plan, we would get our friends to take our packs on the water taxi whilst we walked. Being the good sorts they were it was all agreed, so we emptied one bag for essentials, warm clothes etc and left the other two on the bench for them to take. Our alarms were still set for a long day, 5:30am. To our surprise that night, just before we went to bed the Norwegians burst into the hut, shocked to see so many people. Apparently Peter (numero uno) had got a deer after all,



Nik and the goodsorts

*Sam Harrison*

even if it was a day late! We knew this as the Norwegians boasted venison steak for dinner that night.

### **Day eight—Freshwater Hut to Dunedin via Oban**

We got up that morning as quietly as we could and made it out of the hut by 6:20am. Cara took it upon herself to carry the pack first. We rumbled down the track at a lightening pace. Eventually Cara had to take a layer off and I took the chance to nab the pack (for the sake of my fragile masculinity). The track climbed steeply (very steeply) up and over a saddle. I was bugged by the time we got to the top and more than happy to pass the pack on to Nik. We descended quickly down till we found ourselves sidling around Paterson Inlet. This was all a bit of a plod but we didn't mind much, we were just so happy to not have three packs. It took three and a half hours to get to North Arm Hut. The track time was six to seven hours, we had smashed it.

Cara wrote a deceptive comment in the hut book about our happy short jaunt from Freshwater and, after some chocolate, we were on our way again. The track was now part of the Rakiura great walk so it was a highway. Hardly any mud to be seen. We grew to miss our old friend mud. Cara and I kept ourselves entertained by seeing how much of the track we could run whilst alternating carrying the pack. We got a good fifteen minutes ahead of Nik before we stopped to wait for him at a sign. From there it was a boring road walk of sorts over a saddle and then down into Halfmoon Bay. It was a bit surreal being back in civilization, if you can call Oban that. All in all the 'eleven to twelve hour' walk had taken us just six and a half. Not a bad effort.

I bought an icecream at the dairy and then rallied the troops over to Golden Bay where the water taxi docks. Once over there we had the leftover of our food and provided bait for the local sandfly population. We were so chuffed to have beaten them back to Oban, their water taxi picking them up at 1:30pm.

We were nearly too fast for our own good. When the water taxi docked there was much laughing and smiling. The driver said “that will be \$100 thanks”. We awkwardly laughed, and awkwardly paused. Then he remarked “I’ll let you off this time”. Phew. Turns out Marilyn had spun a story about us being tired, injured students needing assistance, which the driver couldn’t possibly charge. Whoops. It all worked out in the end however and we merrily made our way back over the hill to Oban.

Upon discovering the fish & chip place was closed (of which we had dreamt about for several days) we decided to change our ferry from the 5pm to the 3:30pm. The little time we had left in Oban was left snoozing in the sunny waiting area for the ferry. The trip back to Bluff was even less rough then last time. Entertainment was provided by the older tourist guy sitting in front of us who had his phone on a selfie stick, who proceeded to record everything. Us in the background, out the window, him sleeping on his wife’s lap, the drivers personal space... However the driver safely docked us in Bluff and we were back on the mainland. Cue Nik, who started to freak out as he had lost one stud off his piercing to which he didn’t have a replacement and it was closing on 5 o’clock. He sped up to Invercargill, with me as a co-pilot holding on for dear life. After we eventually got that calamity sorted it was time for fish & chips, aioli and lemon, lime & bitters. Boy did we all eat a lot. Stuffed full to the brim we set

off on the final leg of the journey, back to Dunedin. Unwilling to hear my run mic again, I had one last stab at the radio. Although I couldn't get that to work, to my surprise I found a CD in the CD player. It provided a tolerable soundtrack for the ride home.



My ANTICS 2017 editing buddy in 2020 - Huxley Anne  
*Penzy Dinsdale*

# OUTC Award Nominations

## Gear Freak

### *Nominations:*

Cara-Lisa Schloots - for her persistence at retrieving gear.

Meg Buddle – for buying shit tonnes of gear before she left her job at bivouac

Rowan Cox – for having so much gear he can't sleep in his bedroom

### *Runner Up:*

Lottie - Having got a full(+) trad rack, new pair of Miuras, another sum'tec and ice screws (2 of those screws I got for \$5!) all within a month at the start of the year

### *First Place:*

Leon - Buying gear and then not using it because he doesn't want it to look used. Bought crampons, hasn't used them yet because "I don't want them to get blunt". And bought a new tramping pack but still used the clubs Cactus packs for months because he really liked it.

# Lightweight Trampler

## *Runner Up:*

Lottie - from the South Face of Single Cone trip. When you second up a climb, you're supposed to take gear placements out along the way and bring them up with you. But why do this and have to carry them, when you can just drop a few pitons or carabiner on the way? (in my defence, the carabiner was useless and I tried so hard to get the piton out! I've never been so heart broken watching it ping out and down the mountain face)

## *First Place:*

Leon Billows and Torea Scott-Fyfe, for attempting to do Ball Pass in a day after they were told it would be all good by a random guy in a pub. They failed to take a tent or sleeping mats, and also left behind pots/cooker/most of their food. They spent a chilly night sleeping on top of their packs in the snow, and the only thing they had to eat was muesli.

# Armchair Trampler (someone who's done fuck all tramping)

## *Nominations:*

Greg - for always being a pussy and being "sick"

Chris Greenan - for going from tramping maniac to couch potato after ditching the South Island. For sitting around in the army rather than tramping.

Ben Alder - who was apparently on the exec but who never turned up to anything, and who pulled out of leading a trip the day before Paradise. Personally I didn't know he existed before he turned up to the AGM this year to rerun for general exec

Charles Leaper - because he never went on any of this years club tramping trips.

Cara-Lisa Schloots - for botanising instead of tramping - sure it's in the field, climbing mountains etc... Still not real tramping!

*Runner Up:*

The OUTC exec, for a general lack of trips this year.

*First Place:*

Julia Leman, and Katie for doing shit all tramping. What we did do was some great walks and any tramp that was under 4hrs so that we had plenty of time for napping, eating and drinking which is our main priority on trips. Also drove on the quad bikes to bushball, that was armchair tramping at its finest.

## Monica Lewinsky (for scoring the president)

*Runner Up:*

Chris Grennan



The classic tramper look - Leon, Hamish and Rebecca on the Metellille Glacier  
*Lottie Armstrong*

*First Place:*

The OUTC (because Lottie has spent far more time this year managing the club than she has with her actual boyfriend)

## Romeo & Juliet

*Nominations:*

Josh Brinkmann and Will Hulme-Moir - running the Routeburn on Paradise weekend with all your quotes from Hunt For the Wilderpeople and your teasing with each other made your bromance very obvious

*Runner Up:*

Britta and Olivia - completely inseparable on every trip, even share tinder dates. The geology department actually thinks they are a couple.

*First Place:*

Alexis Bartrop and Beth Walker, for being ridiculously cute and absolutely themselves in every single way. Being the cutest and loveliest and wonderfulest couple.

## Terrific Transport (not sarcastic, for actually decent driving)

*Nominations:*

Sasha - for being the sole driver from Dunedin to Fiordland starting at 5am, with the passengers fast asleep and not providing any of the expected driver support.

Lucy Patterson for being chauffeur on bushball errands and driving everyone to Silverpeaks.

*First Place:*

Jacob, aka bus Moses for parting the sea and leading us to the promised land of Beaumont.

All the van drivers to Bushball (especially whoever was driving the van with the trailer), for following Jake through the flood waters.

*Special Mention:*

People who pick up hitchhikers in the rain

## Driving Award (for the not so great driving)

*Nominations:*

Tim Wareing at Fiordland on Friday night arriving in muddy carpark, despite being warned not to, promptly gets stuck and everyone in van has to get out and push.

Those random drunk people who drove their car into the river at the campground we stayed at the night before TWALK, who wanted us to help them push it out (we didn't).

*Runner Up:*

Jacob - for getting pulled over by the cops for speeding on Paradise, and... Getting the bus stuck in a river at TWALK (resulting in most of peoples packs, dry clothes and sleeping bags being saturated)

*First Place:*

Rupert - for damaging the van on the way from OUSA to Hirepool without even realising it

Jake - TWALK, nuf said

## Speed Freak

*Nominations:*

Lindsey Bosetski, for taking off ahead of her group leaders at Paradise, resulting in an unnecessary detour onto a scree slope

Penzy Dinsdale - for going 100+km/hour on skis!

Leon - Repeatedly disappearing into the distance when tramping on tracks

Sasha Johnston, for driving from the Divide to Te Anau late at night at the great speed of 60kph in “eco mode” because we were running very low on fuel.

*Runner Up:*

Britta Clark – for beating the men and women at the Mt Difficulty mountain marathon race

*First Place:*

Jackie Foster - Marathon runner speed freak!

## Punter to Grunter (Most improved)

Luca - for whole-heartedly adopting the tramping club the minute he stepped foot in Dunedin

Its an award of essentially the most improved punter. Usually someone whos come on a trip early in the year (paradise or Fiordland) and then has shown constant effort in going out tramping and improvement etc.

## Mountain Goat

*Nominations:*

Torea Scott-Fyfe, for climbing on everything she comes across, regardless of personal safety or her companions peace of mind.  
Tanja? Torea? Lottie? Chris? Rowan? Penzy? There are too many people who have a legitimate obsession and addiction to climbing mountains, it's too hard to pick one.

*First Place:*

Lottie - such a snow bunny. She went on Snowcraft not that long ago, and is already climbing really exciting and pointy mountains.

## Drunken Stupidity

*Nominations:*

Marcus and Dan, after taking an hour flood diversion at Copland, during which gin was used to boost morale, they took the term Naked bus a bit too literally, permanently scarring southbound motorists by sitting in the front seats on the bus.

Becca - For trying to grab a bottle of wine that was sitting next to the massive gas burners on Bushball, without being aware there might be some problems with this, even when touching the said (very hot) bottle. Also for giving her pocket knife to another inebriated person for them to pop balloons attached to someone's head...

Charles and Rupert eating all the trip chips in the van at 4am

Leon and Rebecca sidling along Sealy Range

*Lottie Armstrong*



*First Place:*

The mystery pooper(s) at Bushball.

Some random intoxicated guy who showed up to Awakino during snowcraft and pissed on Penzy at night. Obviously nothing to do with Penzy being drunk but I feel like she deserves some chocolate to help console this traumatic event

## Drunken Ability

*Nominations:*

“Olga” for questionable life advice and general persistence at the BYO.

Balloon guy (Dan Peters), for surviving Bushball with balloons attached to his head despite the presence of a knife wielding maniac intent on popping said balloons.

Charles managing to score a private cottage to sleep in at the Beaumont pub.

*Runner up:*

Lottie Armstrong, for completing a climb while drunk at room 14, despite no one else being able to get off the ground for more than two seconds.

*First Place:*

Rowan Cox, for overcoming his fear of dancing and pulling out some sick moves on the table at Bushball (and for getting down before it broke). If you don't know him (he's been in the club for

years) he drinks, but NEVER gets rowdy or dances, and seeing him dance at bushball is like 1 in a million event.

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

### *Nominations:*

Hamish Sturmer, for sticking to one chick all night at Bushball.

Sam Harrison, say no more

Sam, Daniel, Hamish and Charles. Essentially just drunk boys in the bush + hot international girls

Sam Harrison and various girls...

### *Special mention:*

Sam Harrison with various girls.

### *First Place:*

Hamish - for spending the entire night at bushball dancing with the same girl and looking very cute together - no idea what happened post bushball but hey, we're trampers, it's the journey that counts

# The Black Bra (anything scandalous or promiscuous)

## *Nominations:*

Sam for getting a chick to give him a massage at Copland - whilst he was naked

Charles Leaper for being an overall promiscuous person

## *First Place:*

Charles Leaper for his exceptional if not shocking testing of the utes suspension at bush ball, much to Lottie's surprise.

# The Piton of Almost Certain Death

Sasha on Consolation Peak

*Lottie Armstrong*



*Runner up:*

Rowan Cox and his group up who went up Mt Cook - a chunk of ice the size of a fridge fell off and hurtled down only a couple of meters away from them as they were descending. They don't call it the gun barrel and the most dangerous route for nothing....

Meg, Jonas, Kyle & myself, for almost getting taken out by a van sized boulder on Mt Cook.

*First Place:*

All those on the back of the toyota hilux that floated down a flooded river in the middle of the night. The hilux was being driven by three drunk hunters (and a dog), and the back of the hilux was packed with tyres, beers, 6 heavy packs and 6 trampers who had (foolishly?) hitched a ride, desperately hanging onto nothing. We floated a good 50m as the hilux slowly sank and the headlights spluttered out. Were it not for the driver's quick thinking and luck in reversing out at the only low point of the river bank, we would have most definitely been over our heads in shit creek (or worse, raging torrent) without a paddle.

Lottie, Torea Scott Fyfe, Ella Borrie, Tash Spillane, Sophie.B and Frazer Atrill + the 3 hunting lads and a dog called Tussuk. The 6 of us managed to score a ride up the Hopkins valley late on Friday night with these guys and their Toyota Hilux (which was already very loaded with crates of beer, tires, wood etc for a weekend). We piled on, packs and all, and clung on to the back of the ute. It was all fun and games until they tried to cross a river in the ute which ended up being far too deep, resulting in the 10 of us in a very full truck being swept down the river at midnight. Water rising/truck sinking and turning quiet fast, the fact that Cam, the

driver, somehow managed to get us all out was so very lucky. Least to say we didnt get a ride with them on the way out. (see Antics 2016)

## Quote of the year

### *Nominations:*

“Play the bum song!” (mostly Rupert)

“This is precisely terrifying” - Lottie Armstrong, before being thrown into the river at Paradise.

“Torea needs to work on her impulse control” - Rebecca Vella-King. A general observation, in this case referring to Torea dumping large quantities of hot curry powder into a meal after a punter requested that she hold back on the spice.

“Are we going to be ok?” - Noah Shearer. A concerned enquiry directed at a leader on his Paradise trip as he tried not to slide down a steeper than expected scree slope.

“At first I thought I’d get hypothermia but now I’m concerned I’ll be smothered” - Unidentified punter in a tent, possibly Anna Albini?

Not really a quote but a story worth remembering. Rupert Wockner was delegated to clean the long drop on the Sunday of Bushball, coming back from his task, with a big grin on his face: “Guys! I’ve just revolutionised cleaning the toilet. I couldn’t find a cloth or anything, so I used the leftover bread to clean the toilet with! It works so well!!”

I'm actually impressed!" - Leon about some awesome red fungi.  
Then, "Don't expect it again for at least another seven days."

*Runner up:*

"Can we disembark from these logs now?" - Leon after half an hour of log travel

*First Place:*

Beth's "you want to tramp" song at the AGM

## Stephen R. France Helicopter Rescue Memorial Award

*Nominations:*

Chris, on principle. There were no rescues this year - and Chris did no tramping. Coincidence? Of course not!

*First Place:*

Chris Greenan - SW Ridge of Aspiring. Ended up climbing alongside another pair. On the decent Chris decided to bum slide down part of the NW ridge on the descent. This other pair they climbed with saw this and thought they'd also bum slide down. One of the pairs lost control a bit and badly fucked up his foot/ankle. After slowly and painfully getting down onto the Bonar Glacier, the 3 of them then had to help carry this guy back to French Ridge Hut where he then got choppered out as he

definitely could not walk out. Wherever Chris goes, a chopper rescue awaits....

## The Luke Gardener Bastard of the Year

### *Nominations:*

The person who took a shit by the hut at Bushball :(

Leon, just for general bastard vibes and snarky comments.

The Kea who destroyed Meg's windscreen wipers.

Dan Larkin for when he said to a punter about Lottie 'if she's even still alive'

The random guy who says "yeah, you can do it in a day" when we are umming about trip plans - there is always someone who says it is possible, why do we always believe them??

### *First Place:*

Rupert Wockner, for letting a punter sleep in Torea's tent after he promised he wouldn't. The tent ended up with a tear after the aforementioned punter carelessly threw their pack inside.

## The Rob Daly Good Bugger

### *Nominations:*

Sasha Johnston, for being such an obliging chauffeur.



Hamish and Leon going up the West face of mt Sealy

*Lottie Armstrong*

Penzy Dinsdale, for literally cleaning up shit on Bushball after someone took a dump right beside the hut.

The Beaumont Pub

Rupert Wockner for loving the bum song and being a happy and lively member of the club, and for not being too salty that he wasn't allowed to drive the van on bushball.

Beth Walker, always helpful and has the most unbelievable patience and kindness when it comes to dealing with people (even if they are being useless)

Charlotte - For being always lovely, and organising the clubs first conservation trip in years

*Runner up:*

Penzy - for cleaning up other people's shit (literally) on Bushball - No one should have to do that.

*First Place:*

Becca - for being such a good trip leader. On her Paradise trip she took charge of five terrified punters on an uncomfortable scree slope, offering moral support, bag carrying and making foot holds with her hands for the hapless punters (who had no idea how to move on scree and thought they were going to die). Meanwhile the other leader who had got them there was swanning off looking at the glacier with the one happy punter. Becca then continued to look after the punters on a long slow walk out, while the other leader took the happy job of running out to tell people why they were late. The other leader should probably be nominated for the bastard award for this abandonment, however the fact that they haven't been is yet more evidence of what a good bugger Becca is, putting up with this shit.

Rebecca, obviously she is a really good friend so of course I'll say how lovely, kind and patient she is but the main reason is how she handled Fiordland. She pretty much had to be begged to be VP when the previous VP didn't end up in Dunedin this year. She put a lot much time and effort organising it (when she never had intended to), never complaining once, and it went really well!

Fiordland is really hard to organise because things always go wrong, in this case, in comparison to previous years where we've had chopper rescues etc, nothing bad happened. She did a great job but it obviously really sucked for her when Dan was so rude about how she organized it. Shes continued to help out with the club all year and is always nice and lovely and to be honest, she handled that situation with Dan really well, still being really nice. Shes been the best VP, always coming to meetings and helping out whenever needed (which was a lot!)

## Epic Tramp of the Year

### *Nominations*

Leon and Torea's Ball Pass trip - accidentally bivvying in the snow without sleeping mats under the fucking awesome and awe-inspiring view of Mt Cook, lucky it didn't snow aye, then getting mildly confused and taking a two hour detour basically to retrieve a drink bottle, then racing out in snow and torrential rain to avoid being stuck there for another three days due to weather and avalanche conditions deteriorating.

### *Runner up:*

Two OUTC groups who climbed Aoraki in February (Lottie Armstrong, Chris Greenan, Tanja de Wilde, Rowan Cox, Meg Buddle, Jonas and Kyle)



Jaz and Rowan finishing off our climb of the South Face of Single  
Cone.

*Penzy Dinsdale.*

*Penzy Dinsdale*  
PHOTOGRAPHY

*First Place:*

Tanja de Wilde, Meg Buddle, James and Sam Waetford's epic up the Hooker

## Tramper of the Year

*Nominations:*

Luca Karjaleinin - Constantly talking about how beautiful NZ is. Enthusiasm about shovel sliding at snow craft despite bad weather. Being double booked for 2 tramping trips on a Saturday and somehow making it to both! (Friday night at Big Hut --> Saturday morning with the conservation silverpeaks trip).

*First Place:*

Leon Billows - for going away every single weekend to various epic places (until he was eaten by the work demon, but even now he is planning for a month non-stop tramping for when his contract ends). He's also the person who has improved the most in the club this year in terms of mountaineering.

## Dark Horse (for someone who “lurks in the shadows”)

Marissa Le Lec - being quietly an incredibly competent tramper and mountaineer

# The Peter Wilson Flashing Red Light of Navigation

## *Nominations:*

Torea Scott-Fyfe, Leon Billows and Sasha Johnston on their Hollyford/Pike trip, for wandering around in the dark for half the night trying to find the track before giving up and spending a very wet, cold night sleeping under a tarpaulin.

Tim - for locating and walking along every single fallen log going vaguely the right direction in Fiordland bush. (So for actually good navigation, depending on how you feel about log travel).

## *First Place:*

Leon, Torea and Sasha - for trying (and failing) to follow little orange triangles in thick, untracked forest at night, and even worse trying to spot them over wide open river beds.

## Garbage Disposal Unit

Freya - spend a while with Freya and you will realise you will never need a bin ever again! Wtf is rubbish? Nothing! Everything can be used or eaten, somehow. Free food is everywhere. Freya will eat it. Also, have you seen the state of her polypros? Freya should be the receiver of anything we feel is too wrecked to keep - she'll be stoked.

Freya Priestnall, for eating anything and everything, and for constantly having ridiculously out-dated food in her pack.  
Also for wearing thermals that have more holes than a lump of pumice.

Freya - so many reasons.

## Culinary Skill

### *Nominations:*

Daniel Larkin - super impressive with all the ingredients to make vegan Pad Thai at Paradise!

Tim Waring and Penzy Dinsdale, for hiding cream eggs for their (very grateful) companions on their Easter trip.

Sasha Johnston, for her gluten free cookie making skills

Torea Scott-Fyfe, for biking to the gear room with a large wok so she could make curry for her paradise punters

Rowan Cox, for shooting, butchering and cooking Thar while tramping.

Alexis for making the pesto we had with pasta (on paradise) from scratch

Katie and Julia - Food from bushball! That mass amount of kiwi dip was amazing.

Britta Clark - somehow managing to eat only carrots and still win mountain runs/nordic skiing races/marathons. (she must have a secret ingredient in those carrots)

Sasha - her tramping cookies are the most amazing things in the world

# International Trampler Of The Year

Britta Clark and Olivia Trux - not doing the usual great walks and getting stuck into some real backcountry adventures.

Britta Clark - for winning so many marathons this year, and going away almost every weekend

The Moa's Ark team - Lindsey, Noah and Grayson.

## Best trip leader

### *Nominations:*

Rebecca Wilson and Andrea Barnaby, for leading a Fiordland trip even though they weren't on the exec, and for doing all the right things when a punter slipped while crossing a river and knocked their head

Torea and Rebecca - these two together are hilarious, adventurous, creative and knowledgeable, if go on a trip with them, you're guaranteed to learn something new, go wherever "looks the most fun" (even if it isn't the right way) and make really good friends out of it. The group they took up for Paradise became really good friends and got really involved in club things and hung out a lot post-trip (like meeting up to have a pie night and board games). It's a sign of a really good trip and leaders!

Imogen Van Pierce and Lottie Armstrong, for remaining patient with their two very slow punters and eventually coaxing them to the end of their trip, four hours after they were due to be out.

Beth - made a safety and environmental awareness quiz for Fiordland and Paradise. Didn't get to do it on Fiordland as she

was too horse to shout out the questions. She also checks everyone has the right gear before leaving Dunedin..

Becca - Holding the soles of punters boots with her hands so they would feel secure.

*First Place:*

Charlotte Patterson for successfully reviving the conservation trip

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

*Nominations:*

Balloon Guy (Dan Peters), who dressed as the boyscout from UP for Bushball

Torea's oscar costume

Mats Wallen as Steve Jobs at bushball

Becca - the Lobby Boy from the Grand Budapest Hotel at bushball

*First Place:*

The TWALK costume "Moa's Arc", which included a Moa, an Arc, Kea, sea lion and many cool native animals! And even in these ridiculous paper mache costume they came 2nd overall students!

## Most ridiculous prop (carried on a trip)

### *Nominations:*

Sam Waetford - carried a chair 6 hours to Cloudy Peak for trad climbing. Saw another party with really heavy packs, they were jealous of our small light packs then got to camp and saw Sam sitting in a proper chair!

Josh and Will - Inflatable swan boat takes a dip on Swan Lake, atop Bold Peak at Paradise

Ben Skaug for bringing a pocket knife to a gorse fight on the Silverpeaks conservation trip

## Dramatic injury of the year

### *Nominations:*

Torea Scott-Fyfe, because a relatively small cut on her toe ended up swamping everything in blood

Conor bunged up his knee from Fiordland and looked like he had a stick up his arse for weeks.

### First place:

Imogen, Luke, Lottie, Chris, Henry, Sophie, Anna. The group trip to Wanaka where 7 out of 8 got gastro from either a shared spoon and a tub of ice cream or someone not washing hands before cooking.

### Special mention:

Penzy climbing the South  
Face of Single Cone.

*Jaz Morris*



“Dramatic” injury - Leon hurt his finger falling down the stairs of the tramping club flat (while drunk, but let’s not mention that). Still hurting months later, won’t get it checked out because “I’m not someone who get’s drunk and hurts themselves”.

## Sober Ability

*Runner up:*

Rupert Wockner, for attempting to use bread to clean the long drop at Bushball.

*First Place:*

Josh Brinkmann, for talking himself out of receiving a fine from DOC after he was accosted in the parking lot by an angry employee during Fiordland.

# Mishaps

Something else that also happened!



ANONYMOUS TEENAGER

# Dear OUTC - DON'T tell my parents

In early December of 2017, I climbed Mt Alta and Buchanon peaks, which are just out of Wanaka on the true left of the Matukituki River. While up there, I spotted Niger peak. A steep start leads to some easy ridge walking, then a small scramble to the top. Niger peak soon joined my “to climb” list for the next time I was up in the area. I celebrated the new year at my mate’s grandparent’s house in Cromwell and decided that it would be a good idea to attempt Niger peak on new years day. Why not start off the year with some mountains, and experience my first solo mission on a peak (just!) over 2000m. However, at 16, it is unreasonably hard to convince your parents to let you drive up to Wanaka and climb a mountain solo in a day then drive back to Cromwell. So, I didn’t tell them.

I borrowed an EPIRB from the club, let some people know where I was (just not people that would tell mum and dad), and packed a daypack with the essentials.

I arrived at the base of the peak at 7am, and left at 7:30. From the bottom of the valley, I could see a layer of cloud sitting over the summit of Niger, which I presumed would burn off. For the

first hour, I scrambled up steep farmland, complaining to myself as I waded through shoulder high bracken, dodged bluffs and crossed streams until I reached the tussock - where it became slightly easier to navigate. By eight thirty I had climbed to about one thousand metres. This is where my first problem began. As I got higher, I started to notice thick cloud starting to rapidly descend down the ridge towards me, enveloping everything like a big wave. Looking down the valley, I could see that the clouds were covering the whole tops, and weren't just little puffs.

I sat down, ate some of my food: cheese and bacon Shapes (hands down the best flavour) and weighed up the odds, I could either keep going and hope that it would clear - otherwise it would be interesting finding my way back. Or should I back off and come back another time? I decided to back off. I just didn't like what I saw, however in my gut I knew I made the wrong decision. This is where my major cluster began; trying not to fall off a cliff. What took me one hour to get up, took me a solid two and a half to get down. I ended up downclimbing flax bushes, streams, waterfalls, bracken and small overhanging steps, using my ice axe in turf as a solid placement to hang off as I rock climbed down the choss. Everywhere you walk, nope. Solid thirty metre cliff. Turn around. When looking from above, all possible routes vanish, and so it really becomes a game of luck. Finally, I got back to my car, alive, safe, and pissed off. Why pissed? Because the cloud at the top had completely cleared.

Bugger.

LUKE GARDNER

# Disastrous day trips in ze land of Fiords

Trip Members: Luke Gardener feat. Lottie  
Armstrong and Chris Greenan

Fiordland, so many trips to tick of the bucket list, such little time, but with 7 days free between Boxing Day and New Year's eve there was the potential to get a number of them done.

## **Proposed trips:**

Mitre Peak

Lake Marian – Gertrude Saddle Traverse. (Via Lake Mariana, the North Face of Mount Crosscut, and Barrier Peak)

East Ridge of Mount Talbot

Lake Erskine

Lake Quill via Aiguille Rouge.

Mount Christina

Consolation Peak

Unfortunately, it was to be a classic Luke, Chris, and Lottie series of adventures with lots of adventure, but little success.

### **Day 1, Consolation Peak**

Not a peak that would normally feature on a must do list, but I had had two trips up Consolation Peak previously, both of which had ended just shy of the true summit, so I was keen to knock it off. I got dropped off by Eva and Adam at Falls Creek with a plan to climb via the North face/North ridge and the possibility of descending from the top into Melita Stream and out via Lake Gunn.

The day started off well, a beautiful bluebird Fiordland day. The familiar horrendous start of the Falls Creek Track passed quickly and before long I was making my way up a forested spur on the true left of the third stream marked on the map off the



Looking toward the Hollyford Valley from the slopes above Falls Creek



It's amazing who you run into at Homer Hut, a bunch of crusties taking a school photo. From Left: Luke Gardener, Meg Buddle, Chris Greenan, Lottie Armstrong and Ella Borrie

*Luke Gardener*

Falls Creek Track. The travel wasn't horrendous and within a short period of time I had emerged into the more miserable sub alpine scrub, which if you take a high line eventually gives way to more pleasant tussock.

The view back down the Hollyford Valley was great as per usual, and before long I was onto the crumbly rock of the North face/North ridge. I quickly ascended to the false summit, where I had turned around twice before. Looking towards the true summit I laughed at how easy the route now seemed. As your tramping/climbing/mountaineering skills develop your goals and aspirations of what destinations or mountains you want to climb changes with it; it's nice to revisit some earlier peaks that

seemed very scary at the time but to return to see how your skills have developed, not realising they have actually come a long way. Without hesitating further, I climbed into the notch separating the false summit from the true summit and ascended the relatively easy scramble onto the summit.

I enjoyed the view from the summit, and the Fiordland sunshine, before traversing further North along the ridge for a bit and began dropping over the side towards Melita Stream. Unfortunately it was steeper than I had expected and the scree slope I had been following turned into a bluff, still a good distance above the valley floor. I had a rope with me, but due to the overhanging nature of the cliff I couldn't tell whether I would be able to find a second rap point. Reluctantly, I headed back up over the summit and decided to return down Falls Creek.



Before it all went wrong on Milford Sound

*Luke Gardener*

The alpine scrub in this part of Fiordland is notoriously horrendous, and you avoid most of it if you stay high on the slopes before you descend. Unfortunately, in a tired state, I dropped down too early and found myself right in the middle of it. I wasn't in a particularly good space at the time and the hour spent in the horrendous bush almost broke me. It was with great relief that I emerged back onto the Milford-Te Anau highway an hour or two later.

### **Day 2, Mitre Peak**

Mitre Peak was a mountain Chris, Lottie, and I had wanted to climb for a long time; the weather was looking perfect for it. I met Chris and Lottie at Homer Hut at 9am, they had borrowed James' and Tanja's inflatable boat which they had also got a motor for; essentially a weed eater that you could sit on the back of the boat. As this looked to be better than a straight aquanaut I held little qualms about what we were going to do. Unfortunately, the boat was a bit small for our purposes; it couldn't fit three people plus their packs. We had a plan however. I would get into a wetsuit, put flippers on, and jump on a boogieboard. I would hold onto a rope that Chris would tie to the boat and be dragged behind like a water skier. It seemed like the perfect day for it, sun shining, a light breeze, tourists and tourist operators looking somewhat aghast (I'm not sure why, we were all wearing life jackets). I pushed Lottie and Chris out in the boat, threw on my flippers and jumped into the water, pushing the boat further into deep water. Chris gave a few tugs of the starter motor and with a splutter and a roar (slight exaggeration for a weed eater motor) we were zooming out of Deepwater Basin towards the Sound (actually Fiord) proper, and Sinbad Gully.



Top: Lottie gearing up for the first pitch of Talbot's East Ridge

Bottom: Lottie is seconded up the second pitch

*Luke Gardener*

It wasn't long before we realised we probably had not carried enough petrol with us. We would have enough fuel to get us to Sinbad Gully, but we wouldn't have enough for the return trip. We decided to stop at the entrance of Deepwater Basin, I waited with the boat while Chris and Lottie ran back. Alas, due to our late start and the delay in getting petrol, the wind had come up significantly. It was blowing directly up the sound towards us, this combined with an outgoing tide led to a number of large waves forming. This was made worse due to the towing arrangement; the boat would go up and over a wave, and then the rope would come tight through the wave and I'd be dragged through, not over the wave.

We were making very slow progress, and the waves were only getting bigger. Suddenly, the boat started going in circles,



Lottie and Chris consider other options

*Luke Gardener*

with Chris unable to gain control of it. Then I noticed something strange, the wooden back of the boat had come apart of the sides so that there were now too large gaps in the back of the boat in which water could enter the boat. The boat was going in circles because the back was hanging down towards the water, pointing the prop almost directly down. While Chris wrestled with the back of the boat, Lottie began desperately bailing with the only implement available, a croc. It was at this moment I stopped laughing about how ridiculous our plan was and started seriously questioning whether we would be able to get back to shore. Chris isn't a strong swimmer, and even I, in a wetsuit and wearing flippers, didn't know if I was going to be able to make it back to shore. At the very least we were going to lose our packs to the ocean. Against the odds, the boat stayed afloat with enough time to beach it back on the land near the entrance to Deepwater Basin. A long walk and 45 minutes later we arrived back where we started from, no closer to Sinbad Gully, and without enough time left in the day to try arrange alternate transport.

(Video of crossing can be found at <https://youtu.be/0kUUbFHAIr0> and <https://youtu.be/nyly5E3EKBo> )

### **Day 3, East Ridge of Talbot**

It was the last forecast day of good weather in Fiordland, we decided to go for the East Ridge of Mount Talbot. However, we were quite slack in the morning and we didn't get to the base of the climb until 12pm. We thought it wouldn't matter too much

as it was summer and it was supposed to be only 4 pitches of actual rock climbing, 17, 17, 12, 17. It was the classic “it’s only a couple of 17s and a 12, how hard can it be” precursor to a cluster.

The first two pitches went well, albeit slowly with the three of us climbing. While becoming exposed, it wasn’t as terrifying as I thought it was going to be and we were all in relatively good spirits. That was until we got to the top of the second pitch. Sitting on a broad ledge we couldn’t see anything that resembled a 12. All of us were relatively reluctant to begin climbing something that might be off route, and getting into difficulty. With time ticking on, we made the call to bail and head back. Unfortunately, this wasn’t going to be straightforward either. If we tried to abseil straight down off the ledge we would end up off the wall due to an overhang; there was no way to tell if we would find something else to sling an anchor to. As it was, even to abseil off on an angle was problematic; there was an absence of any good features to place a sling around. At this point we began thinking that maybe we would have to keep climbing. However, Chris found a choke stone that we were able to jam fairly well into a gap. Slinging it we duly set up the abseil, Lottie very apprehensive about it, and I can’t say I was feeling particularly happy about it either. After sending the fattest person down first, Chris, and find it held, Lottie and I followed. After a second somewhat more secure abseil we were back on the ground. It was 6pm, and we still had to trudge back down Gertrude Valley to get out. We eventually got back to the hut at 830, sharing a bit of banter with Lydia Bradey, who was out with a client, on the way.



Top: Climbing at the Chasm

Bottom: Chris and Lottie on the walls at the Chasm

*Luke Gardener*

### **Day 4, The Chasm**

We woke up on day 4 surrounded by mist, it wasn't going to be a good day to go into the mountains. With heavier rain forecast, we decided to go climbing at the Chasm; a crag with an overhang that keeps the worst of the rain off the rock.

I was feeling fairly lazy so climbed one 19 to get to a comfortable ledge halfway up the wall. I set myself up with food supplies, a good book, and my camera, and spent the rest of the day dozing and taking intermittent photos of Chris and Lottie who still had some enthusiasm after our failed expeditions. Still the ledge was a beautiful place to spend the day, and sitting high above the rainforest canopy as the rain came in, one could still appreciate why Fiordland is such a magical place.

### **Day 5, Dunedin**

With the weather only forecasted to get worse we decided to head back to the East Coast. While driving back in the car, somewhat dejected, I reminded myself there will be other trips to Fiordland, and I repeated the adage I have got a bit too used to repeating "the mountain (in this case mountains) is not going anywhere..."

# So intense

Trip Members: Cara-Lisa Schloot, Sasha Johnston,  
Torea Scott-Fyfe and Rebecca Vella-King

“I look up and he’s off. A strong gust of wind has prompted his movement and he is indeed moving incredibly quickly over the treacherous terrain. I don’t hesitate for a second and race after him. I am already panicking. Four steps onto the nearest snowfield and I lose my footing, flying forwards into the snow and sliding a few metres. I lose my beanie but there is no time to pick it up and clumsily yet quickly I drag myself up, only to plunge a metre deep into the snow with one leg. I crawl out of the hole and am running before I am even upright again. I reach solid ground and sprint as hard as I can, but I can feel the moisture in the ground; I am nearing the swamp.

He is still out of reach and I keep pushing on, occasionally stumbling as one foot ends up in a narrow deeply cut stream or as I reach another shin deep snowfield. Sometimes he stops for a moment and I almost feel relief, but every time he continues. I am completely exhausted. I begin to doubt my ability to catch him before it is too late. He has now covered almost half the distance to the 100 m high drop.

I have almost caught up and reach out to grab him, but it proves impossible to get a grip while we are both moving. I

have no other options remaining. I launch myself onto him and thankfully he doesn't break under my weight. I have succeeded.

I just lie there in the swamp for a minute before I begin to notice the water seeping into my clothes from the saturated ground. It occurs to me that if I were ever being chased by a murderer or large cat I would be completely screwed because this was at the limit of my physical and mental endurance. I get up and realise I was carrying a tent peg this whole time and am somewhat grateful I managed not to stab myself or lose it.

Slowly I dismantle the tent and walk back to the chosen campsite. I find all the pegs that had been ripped out and place the tent under a pack and wait for the rest of the group to come back from the cliff edge where they had been admiring the waterfall. They would have surely had an excellent view if the situation had progressed much further.”

CARA-LISA

“Sprawled on the sun warmed rock I let the heat of the afternoon permeate through my body, chasing away the chill of my decidedly brief swim. I'm channelling my inner sea lion, basking in the warmth before the sun disappears behind the ridgeline, attempting to melt and merge with the rough surface of the rock below. My daydreaming is shattered by an alarmed yelp, but clinging to my sea lion persona I simply prop myself up on my arms and angle my body to the side. From this position I have an uninterrupted view of Torea's tent wandering like some

overgrown tumbleweed towards the river. I note that despite the leisurely appearance of the tent's movement it is in fact moving rather rapidly, with each roll bringing it closer to the water's edge. I briefly consider the indignity and probable discomfort of running naked through a field of tussock grass and decide that I'd really rather not. Fortunately for Torea's tent Sasha seems to have been channelling her inner gazelle and in the time that it has taken me to assess the situation has already leapt from her own rock and, clothes or no clothes, is pursuing the tent. I watch lazily as she fights desperately through the tussock, with Torea's increasingly hysterical laughter ringing in my ears. It appears she isn't going to make it. With one last gust the tent tumbles slowly into the river. Like a cartoon character who must fully comprehend that they've run off the edge of the cliff before gravity will take hold, the tent pauses, momentarily exempt from the drag of the swift current. Sasha lunges, she has it! The tent, dripping, is hauled from the river. We applaud and come to the unspoken conclusion that our sunbathing is over – it's time to assemble the various clothes, sleeping bags and other items of gear that are strewn about the field before anything else makes a bid for freedom.”

REBECCA

“To my dearest runaway,

I will begin by letting you know how beautiful you are. I am not sure if you realise that you are indeed the apex of your kind. You withstand all weathers with grace and forbearance, and you never let me down, although I know I let you down a great deal.

I remember when we started to explore together. I took you with me to all the wildest places, and you put up in all weathers. You really showed me the ropes. But even then it was difficult to peg you down.

I thought you were born to fly. You were ready to stand on your own two pegs. I was intent on my own adventures. I let you hang out with the wrong people, and you came back in tears. Things were tense.

This is when I started to lose my grip on you. I'm sorry I treated you so uncaringly. I paid you no attention when you were tired and damp, after you spent so long sheltering me. It's no wonder you ran away.

All the same, I wish you hadn't chosen that moment to let yourself fly. Either moment. I know you love swimming and waterfalls as much as I do, and I'd done both those things without you, but safety is important. That was a really big cliff. I'm glad my friends were around to stop you from going too far.

I know it may seem like I still don't care, that I haven't run after you or fixed the holes in your exterior. But I feel like I understand your need for independence. And you still let me put you up, so I'll assume we're good.

I felt like you were born to fly, and you were.

With much love,

TOREA”



Old Man Luke zimmer framing his way up to the summit of Mt Aspiring - good to get him out of the retirement home and back down to the South Island.

*Lottie Armstrong*

LUCA KARJALAINEN

# Fun in a Flash Flood

There were 43 people on the Copeland trip: 38 punters, 4 leaders, 1 Jake (bus driver). The six hour track to the hot pools includes multiple bridges, boulder hopping, mud trampling and a river crossing at the start. The first day went by smoothly and in good weather, as I avoided walking with the women wearing ski trousers due to the constant scratching sound. That night, drinking and other things commenced among the group at the welcome hut and pools.

The following day, the group made its way back to the bus and I took a party of 8 that were keen to set a good pace. We didn't take much account of the rain as we passed the slower groups. Four of the initial eight remained as we crossed the river by the tracks start and we huddled under the roofed shelter. We changed out of our drenched clothes and waited for people to join us.

The shelter was a 500 meter walk to the road where the bus was parked and after some time, my group decided to finish the stretch. I however was concerned about the pouring rain and chose to wait and count each person crossing the river. After the first lot came into sight and crossed the river 100 meters from the shelter (1 leader and a couple internationals), I decided to leave

my pack under the roof and head over to the opposite bank to aid incoming punters.

Over the course of 2 hours, people came and went. The rain poured down same as always and the river was knee-deep. Two people lost their footing and half their bodies took brief dips due to stepping on small loose rocks.

After a time, I decided to walk back up the track, meet the next lot, walk back down and cross the river. It was during the 30-32 punters river crossing when I thought I felt a difference in the waters current. I walked for 10-15 minutes up the track again, encountered a single person and when we got back to the river bank, something had changed. The width and depth of the river had risen by over a metre. The pace, the breaking waves and tree sized driftwood were also new.

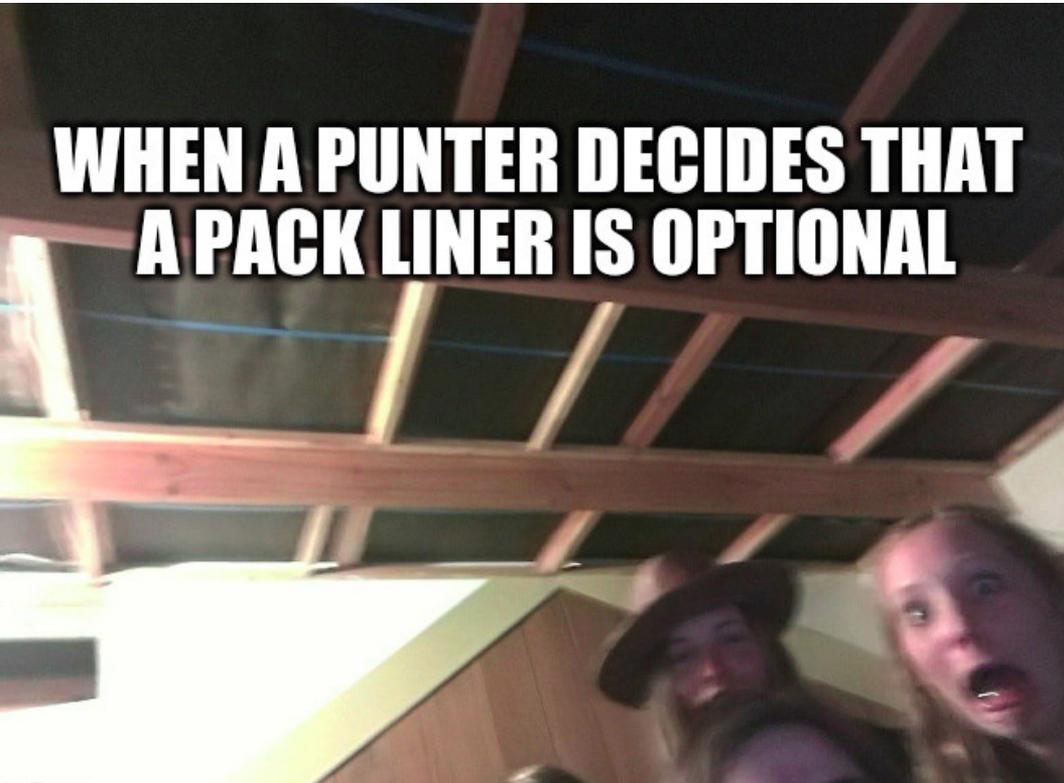
There was no doubt that nobody remaining on the track was going to cross this river unless 1: the weather and river would calm down or 2: a flash flood bridge was available. I didn't know the track and decided to wait for the tail group and plan.

Once the last two (both leaders) joined us roughly an hour later, with some slow punters, I informed them of the situation and one knew of the flash flood bridge a 30 minute walk up along the bank. The last 11 people set out on our new course of action in fantastic pouring rain. I carried one of the slow punters packs in attempts to move slightly quicker. We were still slow, but passed the flood bridge efficiently with a boost from a sip of gin.

The rain was roaring and the puddles of water we crossed were easily waist-deep. The track occasionally became difficult

to read and we stopped every couple hundred meters to keep everyone together. In one of the stretches, an international student managed to get lost, tried to get a signal off her phone to call the police and get rescued... This dramatic situation was resolved when the tail group noticed her walking around close to the track.

An hour and a half after leaving the river bank, we emerged onto the drive leading to the road. A group member from the bus was conveniently walking to the toilet as we came out and she ran back to inform everyone. The bridge gang went to the bus as I went to retrieve my pack and take in the awesome power of NZ flash floods. Everyone got on the bus and the plan of camping by a lake in the rain was upgraded to a night in comfortable beds at a hostel in Frans Joseph.



**WHEN A PUNTER DECIDES THAT  
A PACK LINER IS OPTIONAL**

# Rain, Rain; Go Away

Crew: Katie Snowden & Will Jowsey

The dream of becoming a DOC ranger had been fulfilled and it was off to the West Coast to commence a summer of exploring and tramping. However with the summer consisting of 90% rain and having to work every sunny day, tramping opportunities were slim. It was finally a beautiful sunny day off on the coast and the absence of fine days had caused me to leap into adventure at the slightest sight of sun. Even after nearly being drowned every night by the Waiho River beside our house the forecast of rainfall later the next day failed to turn me off the idea. It was only going to come in after midday and we would be well on our way back by then!!! (Surely)

We left Franz in the afternoon after much deliberating about where to go and headed up the Waitaha valley towards Kiwi Flat hut. It was an interesting walk along farmland, along the river, through dense bush and sometimes up old marked tracks that led to nowhere. As we emerged from one of those wrongly taken escapades up into the bush, two dogs came running towards us along the river. It was Rein and Brew the coolest kiwi dogs in NZ! Followed by their cool kiwi rangers! They said it took them double the time to reach the hut which meant we probably wouldn't have time to search for the hot pool further up. The

dogs also exclaimed that they sniffed out some who near the hut, so we kept an eye out. We reached the hut as darkness fell, greeted by a couple of skiers who had headed up Headlong Spur



Ready to leave the hut.



The Top of Morgan Gorge.

to find some snow without success; no surprise as the thick bush would have been a bloody mission with those skies! We had an iconic dinner of tuna cheese pasta (shout out to Julia Leman who makes this the best) and snuggled in for the night.

The next morning the ski dudes left and we soon followed after. At almost half way out, the rain started falling earlier than expected. Moderate, but consistent. The West Coast is all about that consistency. Within an hour the river had swollen and where there was once a track there was waist deep water. Sidling along bluffs with white water lashing at your feet was pretty sketchy so we headed up a cliff into the bush and back down and out into some yummy waist deep water. Since the track had disappeared our only option was to try and get onto the farmland and walk

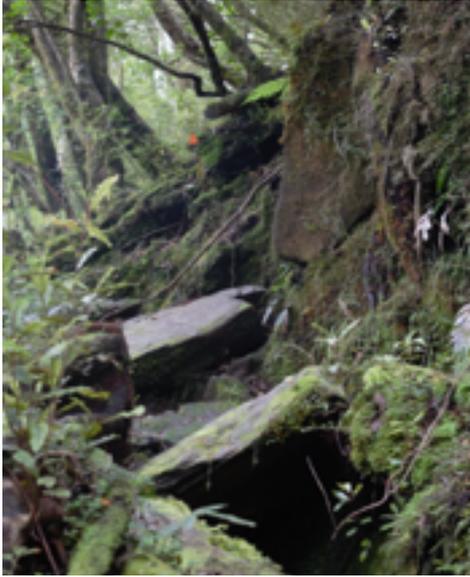
through random people's properties. This was great, we were away from the floods and it would only be a nice stroll along



River crossing on the farm - deeper than it looks!

a farm road to the end of the track. But oh no! All of the tiny streams that ran along the farm were now raging rivers! There were many touch and go 'river crossings' and wandering around the farm trying to find a suitable place to cross them. When you thought you'd conquered them all, the sound of wild water would soon be heard once again.

With one lake looking paddock left to go we trudged along chest deep in water with a nice final dip in a cow poo stream and were finally back to the road after a very long day. But where was the road?? Underwater! Unable to drive through the road we manoeuvred the car onto a wee mound and set up camp in the boot, hoping we wouldn't drift away in the middle of the night.



The last photo Will would ever take on his camera - he could have made it a better one!

We had some plain pasta for dinner, and some mints for dessert- it was delicious! We also discovered that Will's expensive and relatively new camera had not survived the wet journey which was pretty unfortunate haha.

The rain eased, the roads drained and we headed off back to Franz. We got a Speight's pie (who knew there was such a thing!) at the trusty 4square and turned on my phone to some lovely messages from the local policemen wondering where I was. During the mere 12 hours we were overdue colleagues had also done some serious sleuthing and managed to track down the ski dudes to see if they knew anything about where we were or if they'd made it out. They had just escaped the tricky bit before the flooding set in. Another group in the valley over had also run into some trouble and failed to return that day. So if you ever get

lost out there, be assured that the lovely people of Franz Josef will be onto it!

Cheers for an epic summer Franz, even if it was very rainy and sometimes snowy!

**MORAL OF THE STORY:  
NEVER UNDERESTIMATE  
WEST COAST RAIN**

*Instead of the traditional trips list, In Antics 2017 we bring you a fill in your own Tramping Trip Guide; complete with example!*

Name of Trip:

Location:

Members:

Time of year:

Map and route:

Basic description:

Grade - based on..

Duration:

Navigation:

Terraine:

Things to look out for:

Highlights:

Sleeping Arrangements:

Meal ideas:

Dos and Don'ts (learn from my mistakes...):

Quote of the trip:

More info:

Photos:

Example:

Tramping Trip Guide

Name of Trip: A Nine day ramble in Fiordland

Location: Hollyford-Pyke valleys, Fiordland

Members: Torea, Sasha, Leon

Time of year: We did it winter, ideal huts and fires - it would also be lovely (possibly a bit busier) in Summer

Map and route: (For actual map go to [www.topomap.co.nz](http://www.topomap.co.nz) or NZ topo map series)

Grade - HARD - based on..

Duration: 9 days varying in length from 4-10 hours (hard)

Navigation: The Hollyford Valley is a track and easy to follow. The Pyke is a route, with many river crossings - good navigational skills and off track experience required (moderate)

Terrain: First, the Hollyford - a well formed track, rough in some places, through beautiful mixed forest and on pebbly beaches. Then swim through some cutty, muddy scrub for several hours to the beach. Rock hopping along West Coast beach. Follow wide overgrown track up to the Pyke. From there it is walking down the Pyke river (river crossings, gravelly beaches, scrub, driftwood and forest) and around the edge of Lake Alabaster (lit in the lake) back to the Hollyford track. (moderate)

Things to look out for:

Really cool Lichens and fungi! And plants! And birds! It only rained on us one day (and some nights) but it is Fiordland, so rain is something to look out for. Also tides. There is a seal colony near Martins Bay hut! Sweet as swimming spots! Cute little houses at Jacksons Bay. The guy who lives near Lake Alabaster - give him some cookies and fruit, he might give you a lift!



### Highlights:

Swimming!!!!

Hokuri hut - so beautiful...

Leon was impressed once by some weird red fungi...

West Coast beaches

Very wild and Isolated

We found the tramping club a house. Vote OUTC should buy it

### Sleeping Arrangements:

Huts all the way but no hut between Big Hut and Olivine Hut, so you DEFINITELY need a tent fly or bivy bag to overnight between the two huts in winter

### Meal ideas:

A long trip so weight of food is definitely important! We dehydrated food before we went - Lentil dahl, roast veggies and rice risotto. Porridge for breakfast, make sure you take LOTS of brown sugar. We discovered the wonder of "Cookie crumble" (tararua biscuits which turned to crumble in my pack. Best thing on porridge ever. Will make this a regular trip preparation.

### Dos and Don'ts (learn from my mistakes...)

- Don't try to walk from Big Bay hut to Olivine hut in a day, especially not a winter day.
- Don't think you can navigate the Pyke route in the dark (you can't)
- Do take a tent fly
- Do take a Packraft (Quote of the trip - "I wish I had a packraft" "Imagine how awesome this would be with a packraft!" etc etc)
- Do take a pack that is not evil!

- Do go swimming at every opportunity
- Do take lots of cup of soups - I didn't and then was reduced to sucking soup off my sleeping mat when I dropped it :( Added salt from my distraught tears, also added fibre... yuck

Possible Adaptations:

Just do the Hollyford - Easy-Moderate trip. There are several huts you could stop at along the Hollyford for shorter days.

Do the loop... with a Packraft!!!!

For more information...

Doc website, Trip members, ask around and see who else has done it

*Sasha Johnston*



**Below:** OUTC knitted beanie and pattern, takes less time than Antic 2017, P Dinsdale

**Opposite page:** Random and great photo found in the Antics 2017 folder, unknown

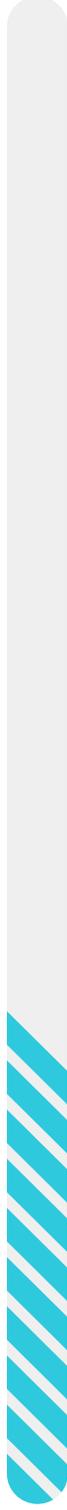
**Back Cover:** Still Loading .... Adode Stock Images





# ANTICS 2017

LOADING...



LOADING...



LOADING...

