

FOOTPRINTS 2019



The Annual Journal of the Auckland University Tramping Club

Volume 73, 2019

Designed and Edited by Katy MacKenzie

Proof read by Helen Crabb

Cover photos:

Front: "Aoraki Mount Cook" Tamsin Gorman, Aoraki National Park

Back: "Perspective" Daniel Nogueira, Milford Sound

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From the Editor

What's up guys

I've been fondly reminiscing about a time before the fateful AGM of 2018 where I became the Publications Officer. Don't get me wrong... I've had a great time making Footprints and writing newsletters. It's always refreshing to see the amount of amazing stuff that club members are getting up to, not to mention their talent for photography. But, I've sent so many passive aggressive emails chasing up trip reports that I just speak sarcastically now.

It's all been worth it in order to bring together the annual AUTC Footprints, and it's been an honour to play a role in helping to preserve the club's collective memory. Hopefully this publication will end up in many a back-country hut to spread the good word of extreme ironing to other tramping clubs!

I would like to thank Anna and Abi for their knowledge and experience of publications, it has made this role seem a whole lot less daunting. Thanks to everyone on the committee for working so hard behind the scenes to keep the club running, and to all the wonderful people I've met on trips and consumed a bit too much mulled chausseur on big hills with.

As I'm writing this, my time in the club is mostly over as I have a very expensive piece of paper and a small amount of political and sociological knowledge to show for it. I look forward to reading future issues of Footprints, I'm sure you will all help to build the club's... reputation. I leave this role in the trusty and meme ready hands of Max Jenkins.

Katy MacKenzie x x
Publications Officer 2019



Co-Captains Report

Greetings Fellow Trampers

This year has been an exciting year for AUTC, the first year in the club's history where there have been co-captains, the first year we have held our Ocamp at the Pinnacles, our largest ever May camp with over 100 attendees and the first year we have held a skills course for our snow school instructors to ensure a standardized curriculum. We have also been able to access our club hut to perform maintenance for the first time in over a year. There have been over 80 club trips going out so far this year with more skills courses than ever! Bush schools, navigation skills nights, snow schools and a first aid course.

In terms of safety this year there has only been one incident - which all things considered is pretty good. The next year looks to be an interesting year for the club with our hut lease being up in February (good luck Andrew !!) as well as another Ocamp at the Pinnacles (with 96 people this time !!). We are hoping for even more growth of the club in the years to come.

We would like to thank the rest of the committee especially our exec Andrew and Ellen who have supported us throughout the year and put in a lot of hard work to deal with the admin side of the club. The socials officers Chris and Yi Xin have worked tirelessly to hold clubs evenings as well as managing to coordinate large events that went off without a hitch! It has been great to see a number of new faces in the club and especially on the committee this year, we hope to see lots of new faces in the club.

Love

Fran and Abi xoxoxoxo

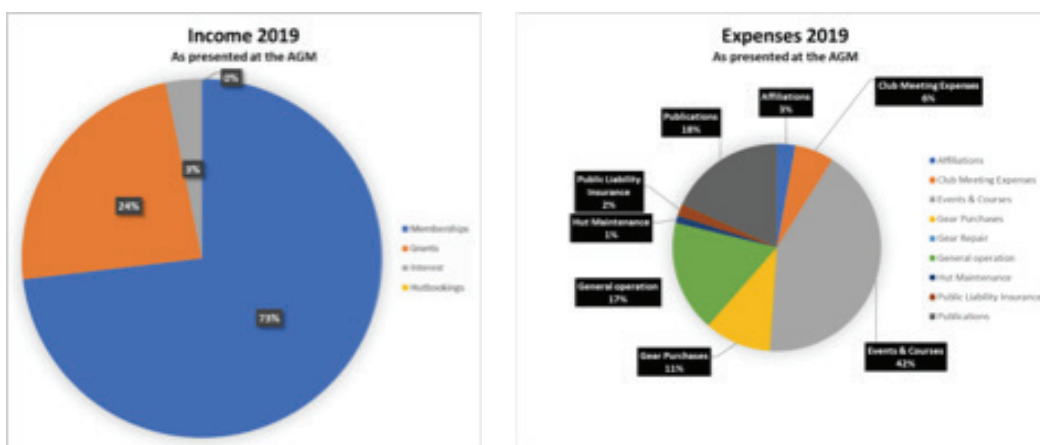
Your supreme overlords for 2019 signing out.



Treasurers Report

Another year gone, and we're still not bankrupt! This year saw a significant financial (And cultural) challenge with a full year without public access to the Waitakeres. This naturally cut out the revenue we usually attain through hut bookings for O'nuku, though this was balanced somewhat by our reduced maintenance of the hut for the same reasons. The other ways this influenced the club were through our shifted Orientation and May (ReOrientation) camps – the added expenses of heading further out of town were a challenge we successfully tackled within our annual budget, while minimising impact on our members by subsidising both trips as much as possible.

I've included a few of the graphs shown at the AGM below to indicate where the money the club deals with comes from, and what it all gets spent on. At the time of publication the last expenses for 2019 haven't been fully documented, but these graphs were accurate at the time of production.



Overall in 2019, AUTC managed to maintain our responsibilities not to make a profit, which is always good given we're a non-profit organisation. All of the money taken in for grants was spent on replacing and upgrading gear, including the purchase of new compasses, cookers, and on training events such as outdoor first-aid courses and instructor training for snowschools. The latter was a new initiative aimed at ensuring that our instructors on these vital courses (Run in conjunction with AURAC) have the best resources to develop the skills of our members who want to explore alpine environments.

If you'd like some more details about how we operate financially, including the full presentation from our AGM, feel free to contact treasurer@autc.org.nz, or you can find most of the information published on our website, www.autc.org.nz.

Andrew Battley
AUTC Treasurer 2019



Summer Trips Report (Jan – March 2019)

A collection of memories from trips led by Seb Bailey in the summer of 2019

A list of shared group learnings from trips this summer:

- Lake Taupo is, in fact, not part of the ocean
- Sleeping bags are not an optional item on the gear list
- If you want a self-contained cabin with a double bed and ocean view for \$40 a night, Great Barrier Island is the place to go
- Unfortunately, stars on Great Barrier Island aren't as spectacular when you have a full moon
- The Kaitoke hot pools aren't quite so hot after it's been raining
- The "Big Azz Ice Cream" shop near the Waitomo Apple café sells excellent real fruit ice creams (as endorsed by the local police!)
- The Rangiwahia hut has some beautiful painted murals on the outside of the long drops
- The road up to Urchin track in the Kaimanawas is not a fun experience in a city car
- Tauranga Bay Holiday Park is an excellent place to camp literally on the beach
- Unfortunately, the beach is also sometimes inhabited by sharks
- Sometimes, when you leave gear at DOC huts, your gear gets picked up by other trampers!
- DOC are very helpful at returning accidentally-picked-up gear
- Rainbow Falls is a lot less spectacular during a drought
- Lake Surprise is surprisingly underwhelming
- The Ruahines can get quite windy in bad weather
- Tents are marginally less effective when you forget to bring the tent poles!





Thank you to everyone who came on trips with me this summer and created so many lasting memories! <3

Michael Campbell,
Thomas Chu, Janelle Haydon, Thanos Kyritsis, Rochelle Leigh, Debra Ballard, Ben Willetts, Campbell Foskin, Shilo Zhang, Linzhi Han, Ming Arisarawan, Chloe Lau, Summer Holland, Jay Lakhupota, Ian Xiao, Sophie Tarrow





The Pouakai Crew

Date: 27.2.19-1.3.19

Location: Taranaki/Pouakai Ranges

Participants: Heng Yi Xin (Leader), Simon Yu, Mike Huang, Thomas Chu

First, let me just say that recruiting three other Asians to go on this trip was a complete coincidence.

Second, I decided to write this trip report in Chinese. Enjoy.



这是一间小棚屋。

This is a small shack.



这是一座山。

This is a mountain.

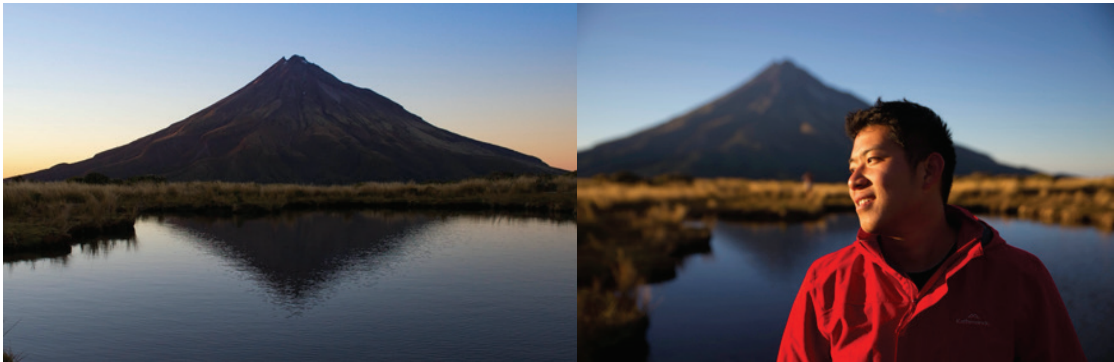


这是 Pouakai Circuit 最高顶点的风景 (1440 m)。

This is the highest point of the Pouakai Circuit (1440 m).



这是我们的晚餐。This is our dinner. 这是银河系。This is the Milky Way.



这是一条湖。This is a lake. 这些男生想当模特儿。These boys want to be models.



拍这照片的时候，我们都很冷。我们交了一位新朋友，Jen Hooker (DOC)，
 因为 Mike 很叽喳，很容易 chat up 别人。Kidding. We all loved Jen. When we took this picture, we were all cold. We made a new friend, Jen Hooker (DOC), because Mike is so shy and it's easy to chat up with others. Kidding. We all loved Jen.

Trapping in the Iris Burn - The Valleys Project

Dates: 10-16.3.2019

Participants: Dave Crofts (leader), Brett Shirreffs, Alastair Emerson, Sophie Jenkins, Abi Hill, Connor Hines

At just after 9am on Sunday, 10 March, five of us stood up in One Tree Clearing, watched the helicopter zoom off down the valley, and laughed wildly. We had a big task ahead of us - 120 Goodnature A24 traps to set up - but that was SO COOL. A helicopter ride!

This all started with the Valleys Project, an organisation dedicated to increasing predator control in Fiordland, thereby tipping the balance in favour of native wildlife. The idea is that smaller groups will undertake stewardship of a distinct valley and, with help from the project coordinators and the Department of Conservation (DOC), install and maintain trap lines. A group of ex-AUTC members decided to adopt a valley in 2018, settling on the Iris Burn.

Yesterday we all flew into Queenstown, met at the airport, and drove to Te Anau. We were the AUTC team (made of current and past members) volunteering to install the traps financed by our donors in the Iris Burn. We had a health & safety briefing from Max Smart, a DOC biodiversity ranger in Te Anau, before packing up for the next day and heading off to dinner at a local restaurant.

The following morning we woke early, had a lovely breakfast at a local cafe, and then went to Southern Lakes Helicopters. There we loaded up the BK117, said goodbye to Mike and Peter, and then flew off into low cloud.

So here we were, in a misty clearing. Our camp gear had been left further up the valley, where it would be protected from the sharp and inquisitive beaks of kea for a short while by Alastair, the trusty camp guard. Dave and Sophie were to head up the first tributary on the true right of the river, while Brett, Connor and I were to head down to the waterfall near Iris Burn hut before crossing the river and finishing the first line on the true left.

We soon discovered that the terrain was much slower going than it appeared from the air. The Helicopter Minimisation Effect, it seemed, operated at full strength in the Iris Burn. The nice treetops seen from above concealed reasonably vicious bush traversed by the occasional deer trail and the open tussock clearings were nightmares of concealed streams, uneven footing, and a species of orange squidey moss (probably some demented Sphagnum).

Trap setting went smoothly. We even chose to use a stick instead of a finger to test our first trap, proving that we are, or soon to be, all university graduates (and that properly set traps go BANG). The most time-consuming aspect was marking our path with blue triangles, though both teams ran out of them after about five traps. That only left the bush to bash through, which was much speedier than worrying about future people bashing through the same way you did.

Along the way we heard many fantails, robins, tomtits, grey warblers, and a few kea. It wasn't uncommon to look up while setting a trap and see a robin or a tomtit watching you from a metre or two away, twittering inquisitively.

Having completed our planned trap lines, we headed for home. Our group considered setting a few traps on another line but decided against it which, though a naive decision at the time, proved to be a very good one (to be discussed later). We spent under a half hour battling across the nasty orange moss, though it felt like half a day, then some assorted minutes crashing through bush and into various squidey clearings. The best moment was seeing our first whio of the trip (and my first whio ever) just before exiting the last bush section. It was floating majestically in the middle of a bend in the river. The time was 5:47pm. It was incredible.

We arrived at camp to find six kea frolicking in a tree, some of which having flown dangerously close overhead during our approach. We set up everything to the soundtrack of their squawks and set about cooking thai green curry without coconut milk (we forgive you, Dave). Four whio foraged along our river bend, and Alastair confirmed that they had been around earlier in the day. Not only were we lucky enough to share camp with a group of kea, we also shared it with a family of whio! We defended our tents against kea until they went to bed and then we followed suit. Dave vowed that wake-up time was 9:30am.

Day 2.

Serious though Dave's suggested wake-up time may have been, the kea had other plans. If we didn't wake up to their 'skraaak's around camp at 4am then we were woken up by them calling just outside our tents and pecking their beaks into the rain flies at 6am. The camp echoed with the rustling of strategic kicks to the inside of the tent, 'go away!'s, and kea wing flaps. But that only worked for a few seconds. The kea liked this new game.

Eventually we arose, made coffee, and Chef Brett cooked us bacon and eggs on toast. We ate to a background of whio pops and whistles. Afterwards we set about the day's work - Alastair would remain the trusty camp guard, Dave and Brett would put in some lines near camp and up the last, forking tributary on the true right, and Sophie, Connor and I would go up the first tributary on the true left. The terrain hadn't deterred us yesterday and this tributary had the nastiest of any on the map - potential bluffs and definite cliffs. We dubbed it Sh*t Creek and regretted not packing a paddle in the helicopter.

The squidgy clearings and orange moss were as bad as ever, but the ascent up Sh*t Creek was quite nice. A sphagnum-carpeted stairway led up the bluff on the true left, sometimes ending in lush platforms. We dubbed our favourite 'the bed', as it was large enough for the three of us to lay down and afforded a lovely view of the surrounding mountains and the clearings below. After the bluff, the terrain got more difficult and we were glad to turn around when we did. We decided that it would be more fun to use the river on the way home, which is how we found ourselves belly-button deep in freezing water, squealing as we climbed over an overhanging log to avoid swimming underneath.

Upon arriving back at camp we all continued playing with the camp kea. They liked attempting to rip apart our shoes, which was fun when they were on our feet. Some of us would go sit on the sand and laugh as the kea had fun with the attempted dismantling. After the fun we had dinner, which was the first of three frozen, pre-made meals courtesy of a chef. The venison stromboli was delicious and set a high bar for the following meals (which did not disappoint).

Day 3.

After the kea finished pecking holes in our rain flies, finally leaving their mark on everyone's tent, we decided on the work plan. Today we would work in pairs, with Alastair and Dave finishing off all lines near camp, Brett and I finishing the line running the length of the clearings and marshes on the true right, and Sophie and Connor guarding camp but ready to go out when the first team got back.

After playing with the kea (which were particularly boisterous this morning) and another late breakfast of eggs and bacon we set off. Brett and I time-trialled the largest clearing, which was 1 km long and had the most orange sphagnum. This particular clearing was best at sapping your energy but, though it felt like an hour, we managed to cross it in 21 minutes 40 seconds. Quite a respectable pace, given the terrain!

After setting the first few traps on our line we discovered why the tussock and orange moss was preferable to the nearby bush. There were tall ferns concealing uneven footing, large windfalls, sudden ravines, plants whose seeds hooked into our skin with barbs... often multiple at a time and sometimes all at once! It was the worst bush we saw all trip and we were glad to finish five hours later. The day's finds were a native Chordeumatida millipede (*Schedotrigona* sp.) on a trap tree and the first weka sighting. The weka looked like he had been in a fight, as his right eye had been scratched. He decided to hang around camp so Sophie named him Harry.

We had all been getting rather used to having the whio around camp. Their interactions with other birds had previously been reserved to harassment by kea, be they by the water's edge or swooping down from above. After a delicious dinner of kushari we watched as two whio repeatedly charged Harry the weka and vocalised aggressively while he was near the water. The kea were also picking on Harry when they weren't gallivanting on our beach, which led us to wonder if Harry had done anything in particular to deserve this or if nobody liked weka so he was the obvious victim solely due to his species.

The kea were excessively boisterous this evening, given their disposition. Five swarmed Sophie at one point, one even standing on her head! After dinner we let them play with one of our silver mugs for a while, which they enjoyed. When the kea had gone to bed we all retired to our sleeping bags. The weather for the night and tomorrow was taking a turn for the worse, so we were all expecting a pit day.

Day 4.

The predicted stormy night was very underwhelming. No strong winds, no heavy rain, no snow, no hail, no lightning. The kea didn't come to play games with our belongings this morning, which was welcome.

Sophie, Connor and I got up at 7am. The weather looked fine, and neither of yesterday's pairs had arrived back in time for Sophie and Connor to go out and finish their line. I didn't have to leave but, as I was sharing a tent with Connor, I got up to see them off. I quickly learned that the fashionable outfit of zebra gumboots and a hastily wrapped down blanket is not ideal in an environment where sandflies abound. Many unwelcome bites were received as I waited for them to just LEAVE ALREADY so I could retreat to safety in my tent.

Sophie and Connor were out for just under three hours, which the rest of us spent in our tents. It was

lovely having some time to relax as rain pattered on our nylon/polyester cocoons. I particularly enjoyed spread-eagling and (finally!) having extra space (Connor and I were the only people sharing a tent, and everyone else's was either the same size as or larger than ours!).

Just before lunch time we gathered under the main tarp to chat and eat artisan cheese toasties made with our non-Chesdale cheese and whatever was left in the chilly bin. The weather started to clear early afternoon, so we moved to our outdoor seating area and critiqued wine labels. Eventually it was wine o'clock, so we broke out the rosé with the most intriguing label (which was also our only rosé).

Dinner that night was the best yet - black bean beef with rice. Our compliments to the chef - YUM. The kea kept to themselves that evening, which was unusual, however the whio came back and hung around for a bit. I doubt I'll ever tire of seeing them. And with sundown it was back to bed, ready to actually work tomorrow instead of lazing around drinking wine.

Day 5.

The kea made up for yesterday's quiet with a vicious assault in the wee hours, particularly focusing on our sunflower yellow minaret. I wondered if there would be a repeat of the mostly naked hammer-wielding incident of Day 2 (Connor got frustrated, no kea were harmed), but instead he opted to chase them away while fully clothed, disappointing his Viking ancestors with lack of weaponry. I went back to sleep. Despite his energetic tent guarding, the kea managed to make a zipper-line of beak holes on one of our tent corners, 17 in all! Bastards.

After another delicious breakfast we played with the kea on the beach for a few hours. Despite each kea sinking their beak into our tent an average of twice this morning, they are adorable bastards. Plus it's much more fun to witness their antics on shoes that are attached to your feet. And offer your fingers for them to nibble, first politely and then with the intent to destroy (which hurt more). Finally we all set off up towards the head of the valley, with Dave and Brett to lay half of the remaining traps on the true right and Sophie, Connor and I to lay the other half on the true left. Alastair would remain camp guard.

The three of us soon realised that we had chosen the side of the river with the worst terrain. At one point we had to cross the river in order to avoid a large windfall and bluff, and after that we decided to walk up the river until it became more dodgy than the bank. We took proud photos with the last trap we each installed, and made some track art with some of our remaining blue and pink triangles and a Sharpie. We had a snack on some sunny, white rocks covered in orange lichen in the middle of the river before meeting up with Dave and Brett and all heading for home. We split at the flats on the valley floor, with our team continuing down the river and the other two heading in more direct way across the squidgy marsh. 10 minutes later the three of us were sharing the river with four whio!

Upon arriving back at camp Sophie, Connor and I took a lovely but chilly swim. Afterwards we all talked and drank and, later, ate the final pasta meal prepared by the wonderful Chef Brett.

Day 6.

The final morning. Connor and I got up at 6am, made some coffee, and guarded the camp from kea. Everyone else was grateful and stayed in their tents. We had a cold, lazy morning finishing up the eggs and salami and playing with the kea. After we packed up camp, the whio came by one last time. The

sun hit camp at 11:50am and the helicopter arrived about 20 minutes later. As we packed it up the kea watched from their favourite observing tree. Once everything was properly stowed, our seat backs and tray tables were in the full upright and locked position, and our seat belts were securely fastened we lifted off. It was a short jaunt down to Iris Burn Hut to drop Dave off (he wanted to run to the Control Gates) and then a longer flight over the Kepler mountains and Lake Te Anau back to the town proper.

After an impeccable landing, us three young ones learned that our pilot was none other than Hannibal Hayes. Then it came time to pack our belongings into Mike's Patrol and our rental Corolla and return borrowed gear to the Department of Conservation office. We had a nice discussion with Max Smart at the office, discussing how we went and ideas for future valleys, before parting ways. Sophie, Connor and I would stay in Te Anau for a few more hours and pick Dave up at the Control Gates after his run while the others would return to Mike's place in Millbrook.

The three of us passed the time eating pies and drinking coffee, soaking in the remaining sun Fiordland had to offer. We had four days of wonderful weather in the Iris Burn, and this day was like Auckland in summer. After a quick jaunt to Rainbow Reach for a quick trip across the Waiau River on their swing bridge, we waited for Dave at the Control Gates. Upon his arrival we all squawked and squealed like kea, to the bemusement of people who really just wanted to walk the Kepler track, not be disturbed by stinky hooligans. Then it was Dave's turn for a pie and coffee and off we headed to Arrowtown.

At Millbrook we were greeted with actual beds, showers, wine, and a nearly ready steak dinner. We heartily enjoyed the food and drink before retiring to enjoy the comfortable beds.

Day 7.

We all had a lazy morning, drinking delicious Nepalese masala tea and eating some of the leftover bread as toast. Connor, Sophie and I consumed outrageous quantities - Connor and I didn't need lunch later. After packing up we all headed to the airport at different times to catch our varied flights (or rent a car and drive to Otago, in Alastair's case). This was one of the most rewarding and memorable trips I've been on - I know all of us look forward to returning to the Iris Burn in future!



O-Camp 2019

Date: 16-17.3.19

Location: Pinnacles

Participants: Chris Holyer (Leader), Yi Xin Heng (Leader) Renjie (Mike) Huang, Laura Jacks, Andrew Battley, Benjamin Blume, Bradley Twyman, Natalia Curle, Kevin Srikunthod, Elise Vanhouck, Thomas Clarkson, Linzhi (Steven) Han, Rosalie Toupin, Tommy Sherk, Mingyang (Ben) Li, Sebastien Fournier, Noah Cowit, Cate Fotheringham, Hazel Zalucki, Riley Knoedler, Jack Hopman, Stephanie Thrift, Andrew Gordon, Erica de Boer, Embla Sveinsdottir, Ane Bardsen, Reinhard Schwanecke, Shyama Srikanth, Fran Osten, Gabrielle Nebout, Maia Ansell-Jones, Suttida (Nok) Vanaphongsai, Linde Kremer, Ellen Jose, Andrew Wang, Tony Xing, Rochelle Leigh, Kyle Zhou, Bob Luo, Maarten Magielse, Aditya Krishnan, Max Jenkins, Carl Barnhill, Conor Nelson, Abi Hill, Connor Hines, Jason Rosing, Jason Guey

On Saturday the 16 of March over 40 people went down to the Kauaeranga Valley on the Coromandel Peninsula to conquer the Pinnacles. The aim of the trip was to welcome new members to the club and for people to meet fellow trampers in the club in an environment where people of all abilities could enjoy the outdoors and have fun!



The plan for Saturday involved walking one of three different track options (Easy, Medium, Hard) to reach the Pinnacles Hut. We divided ourselves into these groups upon reaching the Kauaeranga Valley carpark, each led by a pair of AUTC executive committee members.



The “easy” route involved walking the Webb Creek track, led by Yi Xin and Ellen.

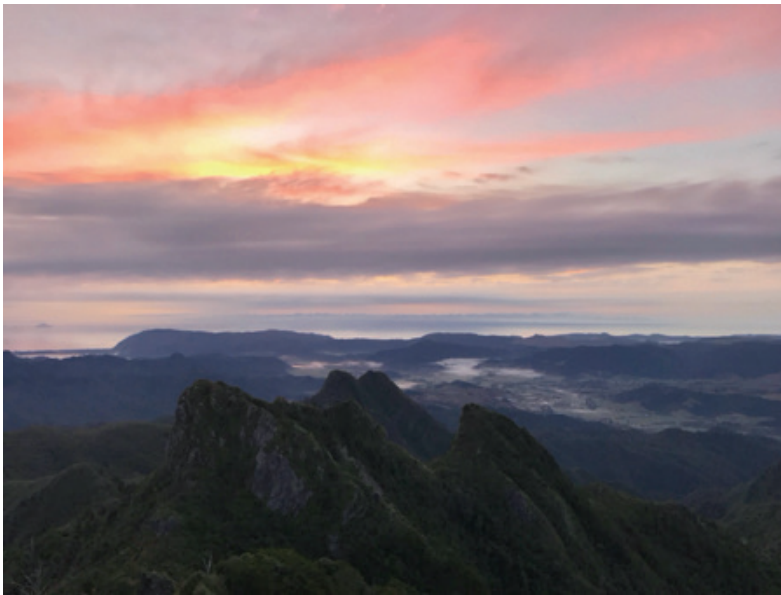


The “medium” route involved walking the Billy Goat track and was led by Andrew and Conor.



Lastly, Chris and Jason led the final group down the “hard” route. A member from this group also carried the 3 kg tub of Nutella!

Some of the highlights we saw on the trip included going to the Pinnacles Lookout (759m) and seeing spectacular views of the Coromandel Peninsula. We stayed at the Pinnacles Hut (One of the largest and most comfortable tramping huts in New Zealand). We also got to see cool views of the Kauaeranga Valley and visit Historical Kauri Logging sites.



Everyone arrived at the Pinnacles in time to see the sunset on Saturday and many people took the opportunity to go up the Pinnacles lookout again on Sunday morning to see the sunrise.

On our way back to the carpark, everyone took the Webb Creek track. This meant that other trampers heading in the opposite direction had to stop and wait for 43 trampers to tramp past! Many greeted us with amusement.

Some of us leapt into a swimming hole when we had a snack break, while some preferred to remain dry and enjoy the sunny weather.

The trip was a fantastic success as everyone on the trip had an awesome time and thought the mix between tramping and socialising on the trip was great.

The Ruahine Ramblers

Date: 22-25.3.19

Participants: Alec McClure, Campbell Foskin, Heng Yi Xin (leader), Robert Schober and Ben Hartleb

DAY 1: “CHEDDAR”

It was close to 6pm when we left the carpark at Kashmir Road. Our rental car had grunted up the hill and forced us to disembark several kilometres prior. Fog surrounded us as we started our scramble. All was well until we came to an abrupt junction.

Long View Hut was hidden somewhere in the mist, but the route to it eluded us. The track led over the hill, but that didn't seem right as that was in the direction we were headed the next day.

Campbell retraced our route and found another fork below. Ben's compass reading skills and Yi Xin's iHike App told us that was the right way. (The iHike app is super useful and only NZD 6. Download the maps of where you are going beforehand and can identify where you are even when there is no cell signal.)

There was cheddar at Long View Hut. Oops, I mean, Cheddar, as in the dog. Two hunters were also staying the night there and warned us that the route tomorrow looked “pretty darn steep”.



DAY 2: “ANTLER”

Now we knew that Ruahines was actually a hunting ground as well. We entertained the thought for a while that we may be mistaken as deers without antlers. The track was overgrown and the bushes rustled as we passed.

Robert assured us that his bright orange beanie would protect us from any shots, but now there was something else to worry about. Cuts and grazes were rapidly gaining in number on our thighs. But you know what, sub-alpine tussock and views are so worth it.

The route from Long View Hut to Howletts Hut was poorly marked and we made several wrong turns. Be prepared to engage in some wrestling with the grass when you are there. After stuffing ourselves with cheese and chocolate when we finally reached Howletts Hut at 3pm, we forced ourselves to confront the knee-jarring descent that awaited us next.



We would not, I repeat, we would not recommend you doing the Long View – Howlett – Daphne circuit in the opposite direct, i.e. Daphne – Howlett – Long View. It felt like a vertical drop off as we descended, and we were on our bums numerous times.

We were greeted by a dozen high school boys who were completing their Duke Of Edinburgh awards, but thankfully they had their own tents so we clambered into our bunks after a hearty pasta meal which Chef Robert had almost perfected by Day 2 of our trip together.



DAY 3 – “CLUMPY AS”

Our feet were soaked from the very start of Day 3 as the way back to Kashmir Road was via a stream crossing! The road back was uneventful and the final stretch that was labelled a “knee-jarring descent” by DOC was nowhere near the one on Day 2. We stopped by some town to load up our supplies before driving to the start of the Sunrise Track, which apparently was done even by primary schoolers in the Hawkes Bay region! The views from Sunrise Hut were absolutely stunning. Best, we had the hut to ourselves as it was a Sunday night! By the third night, Chef Robert had perfected his pasta cooking. Campbell also saved each of us two packets of hot chocolate and we enjoyed the clumpy as drinks (as we had too much powder.)



DAY 4 – “XYLOPHONE”

Theoretically we did not even have to leave our bunks to watch the sunrise as there were huge glass windows right in front of us. The 7 hours drive to the Ruahines was definitely worth it for these views. We ran down the Sunrise Track in two hours, determined to make it back to Auckland in time so that we didn't have to pay the surcharge. On our way back, Ben introduced us to the most amusing car game ever, “Contact”. The funniest moment was when Robert made us guess a word that started with “x...y...”. I wonder what that word is?

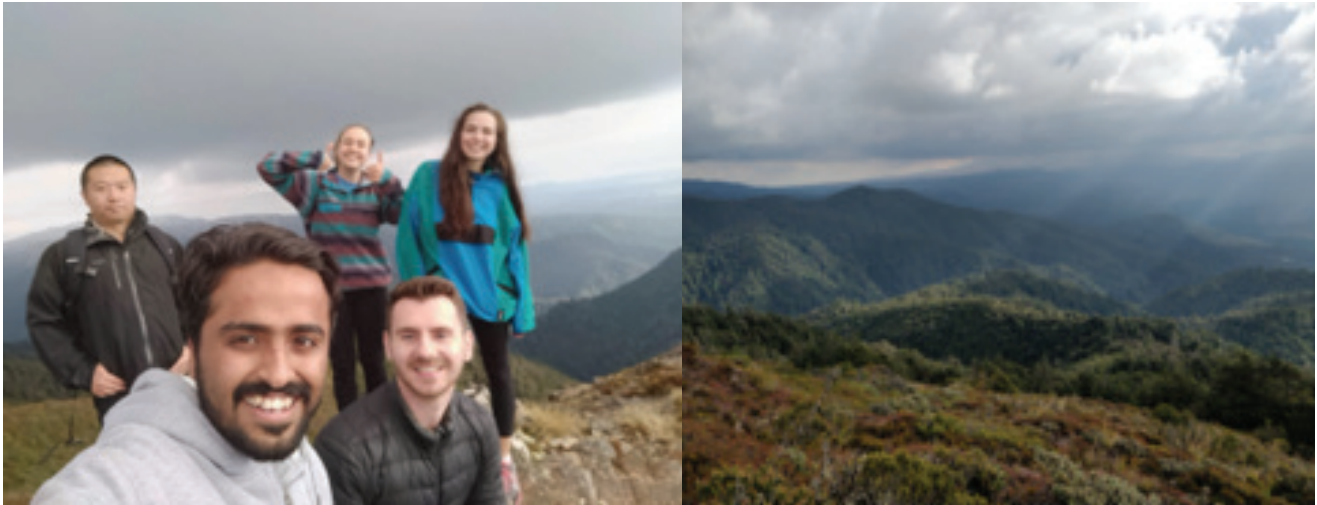


Kaimanawas Beginners Trip

Date: 23-24.3.19

Location: Kaimanawa Ranges

Participants: Seb Bailey (leader), Jay Lakhupota (author), Sophie Henke Tarnow, Ian Xiao, Summer Holland



This was my first tramping trip in my whole life and it was best first trip I ever had. We were only 5 of us... A small group but the best people to start your first trip with. All of us were from different countries and I got to know a lot of things from their travel experiences. So it was an overnight trip, we began our journey around 8 AM and the first stop that we had was at Taupo to buy group dinner and have our lunch. Then we went to a popular point near lake Taupo where you can jump from the cliff in water of the lake. Four of us jumped from that cliff and it was a mind blowing experience. We loved it so much that we actually jumped 3 times, also it was my first jump ever from the cliff. Then we directly stopped our car at Kaimanawas forest at base point of Mt Urchin around 3 PM. We started our hike and it took us around one and half hours to reach the peak of Mt Urchin. The view from the mountain was amazing. We could see all famous mountains and lakes like Lake Taupo, Mt Ruapehu etc and it was windy. But we had some of the best views from that point. After 45 minutes, we moved down to the base camp. We came to base camp around 6.30 and we started to set up the tents. This was something new for me. I had never experienced sleeping in the tent nor did I know to setup the tent. Seb taught me how to do it and it was quite interesting to learn some new stuff. After that we started to cook our dinner and we were done eating by 8 PM and we went to sleep by 9 PM. We got up around 8 AM in the morning packed our stuff and left the camp around 9 AM. We stopped for breakfast at a cafe and then proceeded to the hot pools in Taupo. The hot pool was refreshing and the best part was on one side of the pool it had hot water and on the other side of the pool it had freezing cold water and we experienced both. Then we had our lunch and left for Auckland. I learned a lot of things from this trip starting from the gear such as sleeping bags, sleeping mats etc to small things like cutlery, to some amazing experiences of the places that others have travelled to. All in all I would say it was the best beginners trip with best bunch of people to travel with. I would like to thank AUTC and Seb for organising and giving the best experience to all.



Mokoroa Falls

Date: 30.3.2019

Location: Mokoroa Falls

Participants: Heng Yi Xin (Leader), Lucas de Rijk, Thomas Chu, Mike Huang, Bradley Twyman, Shilo Zhang, Laura Hogan, Shona Kamps, Rochelle Leigh, Nur Amirah Shamsulizuan, Rosa Turley, Nadiah Ghazali, Gabrielle Nebout, Robert Schober, Hulukoa "Hulu" Nunokawa, Louis-Simon Guay, Jay Lakhupota, Servane Lageze



The Snacks:
I lured participants to sign up with promises of Milo, but decided it was too expensive and went with hot chocolate instead. Oops.



Credits to Bradley Twyman for being the last participant with dry feet from the stream crossing.



Pictured: The Survivors (i.e. everyone. Darn it, should have pushed someone off the waterfall)

Mt. Earnslaw & The Dart Glacier

Date: March 2019

Participants: Jason Rose and Ivan Andrews

I've a confession, I've missed no less than three flights to Queenstown - as of writing this report anyway. This trip began with one of these missed flights, and as a result our plucky duo had to hitch to Glenorchy, and start walking from there to get to Mt Earnslaw.

After a lot of road bashing, rather unsuccessful hitchhiking and blisters, we arrived at the start of the Kea Basin track. The route to the Biv involved an invigorating 1800m+ elevation gain, with a glacier crossing right at the end of it. With my twenty-something kg pack full of mountaineering gear, food for 6 days and the fact that we'd basically just walked from Glenorchy, this seemed rather implausible. So naturally, we gave it a go. After dumping excess food and gear in Earnslaw hut, we proceeded upwards past Kea Basin. Negotiating a series of bluffs, and realizing that we were running out of daylight, we decided to camp at 1700m on a ridge leading up to the glacier.

This was quite a good idea as it turns out, because Mt. Earnslaw tends to get coated with verglas in claggy conditions, so during the clag the following morning, we'd have had a pretty bad time with climbing up to the East Peak. Luckily, we just had to continue negotiating bluffs up to the glacier, eventually arriving at Wright Col as the clag lifted. We had a spot of morning tea, then charged up the East Peak. It was a very enjoyable climb up a series of steep scree slopes and edges. There was some gorgeous exposure climbing a rising and traversing series of slabs and ledges. It also featured a fun little chimney for a few meters, and was the first time I've arm barred with a pack on. Eventually, we arrived at the summit scree field, and had a victory choc on top, staring down the gargantuan 1900m South Face and the Earnslaw Glacier. At 2830m, the East Peak of Mt. Earnslaw provides a gorgeous vista of Fiordland and Aspiring national parks. To our West, Mt Madeline & Tutoko, our North the Olivines and the chaos of the Twin Icefall, and our East the Dart Glacier & Mt. Aspiring.

Now that we had roughly an idea of where we were going, the descent proved straightforward, even though it featured some stimulating moments with snapping holds. We were rather keen to get down, as we'd had a look at the forecast and a nasty storm was meant to start in the evening, following into the next day with freezing levels dropping to the valley with a massive dump of rain and snow. We returned to our tent at 1700m, which fortunately the Kea had spared, and after a grand feast passed out in Earnslaw hut.

The next day, walking boringly along a valley, would somehow prove to be quite interesting. The track continued along up the Rees valley, which had now turned into a muddy mess. This would have been fine, except the track followed the bank of the river closely, with a steep drop into it on one side and for whatever reason, a BARBED WIRE FENCE on the other. In places, the track essentially tightroped between these two delights. I found out later after talking to a DOC warden in Dart hut, that the land was privately owned since 1900 and the current owner thinks that it is appropriate to not only own mountains, but refuses to sacrifice an extra meter of their 18,000 hectare station to allow there to be a safe track. This became quite an issue for me, because half way to Shelter Rock hut, I accidentally grabbed the fence when I slipped on the mud. The barbs were rusty and several went into my hand, deep. I cleaned and dressed it as best as I could with antiseptic cream and alcohol, but I'd felt the spikes scrape against bone. By the time we got to Shelter Rock hut, I'd developed a fever and was having trouble moving my rapidly swelling hand. You read stories of kings dying from septicemia from

rose thorns, and tramping medicine waxes medieval. On the bright side, at least we don't have leeches in NZ. We decided that we'd pull the PLB if my fever continued getting worse, but fortunately it was gone by the morning. I now carry antibiotic pills whenever I go tramping.

Having braved the perils of private property, our plucky duo went over Rees saddle into the Dart the next day, and up onto Cascade Saddle where they made camp.

Our main objective for the trip was to traverse as far along the Dart Glacier as we could, over Mt. Wahine to Pakeha Col if possible. This would however prove interesting, given the recent dump of snow and Autumn conditions.

The slopes up to Plunket Dome were hilariously cut up, and we were rather wary of weak snow bridges given the recent two day dump. By sticking to the rock rib and climbing up and across a few crevasses, we managed to get to the top rock band.

After many zany adventures, falling into schrunds and slots and all manner of scrambles, we managed to get to the top! After having lunch and faffing around for a bit, we began our descent. The snow had softened up slightly, and made for a lot of falling into stuff as we retraced our footsteps back to Governor's Ridge and Cascade Saddle.

When we got back to Cascade Saddle, we worked out quite quickly why the Kea had spared our tent on Mt. Earnslaw. They were all at Cascade Saddle!

The following day, we packed up our tent and walked out of the Matukituki, enjoying free ice creams thanks to our much better luck hitchhiking and the lovely couple that bought them for us. Somehow, I didn't miss my flight back to Auckland and managed to arrive just in time for my 11AM lab the next day.



This cheeky shit kept trying to steal my nut bars and yelled at me whenever I stopped him.

Ivan looking gorg with Mt. Earnslaw in the background, and yours truly in some terrifying lip zinc

Kaimanawas

Dates: 5-7.4.19

Trip Leader: James Judd

The Kaimanawas trip is a full adventure. Friday night we gathered at the Clock tower, sat in two cars and headed south. We drove to the camping site when it was dark and raining. We found a place to set up a tent and sleep. The next morning, James brought a bunch of compass and map to our knowledge of navigation, and then we set off to the top of the hill.

On the way up the mountain slope, I carried my backpack struggling up the hill. Others had heavier backpacks, but it didn't look very relaxing, and all the way up singing songs, climbing. Several students also picked up rocks to challenge themselves! Dani picked up a large piece of stone, carried it a long way up to the peak, how impressive! At Umukarikari, we bush bashed all the way down to the river. During the evening, Jason and Blair intended to stay in one place cutting wood to make a fire. We went to the river after a long time they didn't come, Sean found them along the river. We divided labor, starting a fire, setting up a tarp. Blair brought an oven, at night despite the cold weather, but we had a fire and roasted lamb, hot potatoes as well as delicious food. I slept well, the temperature wasn't cold. The next morning we climbed to and from the bush in the top, in addition to the tree leaves period also saw a unique appearance of a mushroom. After a few hours, we returned to the parking lot.

On the way back to Auckland, we had dinner in a Chinese takeaway, the surprise of the trip came to an end.

Unadulterated Google translation:

The Kaimanawas trip is a trip full of adventure. Friday night we gathered at the Clock tower, sat in two cars starting in the south. We drove to the camping site when dark and raining. We find a place to set a good tent and sleep. The next morning, James took a bunch of compass and map to our knowledge catching the next navigation, and then we set off to the top of the hill.

In the process of mountain slope along the way, I carried my backpack struggling tummy Hill. Others backpack heavier, but it looks very relax, and all the way to sing the song, climb. Several students also picked up the rocks in a backpack challenge yourself! Dani is picked up a large piece of stone, carry on the road for a long time on the peak, how impressive! To Umukarikari, bush bashing us all the way down to the river. During Jason Blair and intends to stay in one place a number of cutting wood in the evening to make a fire. We went to the river after a long time they did not come, Sean along the river found them. We division of labor, ignition firewood ride tarp. Blair brought in an oven, at night despite the weather cold, but we have a fire and roast lamb hot potato as well as delicious. I slept well, the temperature is not cold. The next morning we climbed to and from the bush in the top, in addition to tree leaves period also saw a unique appearance mashroom. After a few hours, we returned to the parking lot.

On the way back to Auckland, we had dinner in a Chiense takeaway, the surprise of the trip came to an end.

Northland Choose-Your-Own-Adventure Trip

Dates: 6-7.4.19 & 6-8.4.19

Participants: Sam Kolston, Renjie Huang, Ngaire Metcalf, Léa Guyon, Linde Kremer, Elisabeth Lambert, Waverleigh Alexander, Sophie Henke Tarnow, Stephanie Thrift, Reinhard Schwanecke, Jildou van der Werf, Connor Hines, Abi Hill (leader)

Authors: Abi Hill & Stephanie Thrift

A haiku by Stephanie:

Wow, so many hills

Great scenery, great people

I'll ne'er forget it

Le rest by Abi:

TLDR: Cool trip, Northland is great, 12/10 would recommend swimming in Lake Taharoa.

Participants could choose whether they wanted to join us on a 2-day or 3-day tramp, hence the choose-your-own-adventure classification. We all started out with the same schedule, first driving to the Trounson Kauri Park, then walking up Maunganui Bluff (nice hike, suuuper pretty views!), then going for a swim in Lake Taharoa, one of the Kai Iwi Lakes.

Oh MAN that may have been the best freshwater swim EVER! The sand underfoot was so soft, so nice, the water was warm enough but not too warm, the sunset was a stunner... none of us really wanted to leave (except Jildou who was freezing and Connor who was cold). Amid all this beauty we managed to practice a group synchronised swimming routine, which earned solid 10s from all the judges.

That night we walked the loop track at Trounson Kauri park and heard a male kiwi calling, which was nifty.

The next morning was when the choose-your-own-adventure bit kicked into high gear. Most participants went to the Waipoua Forest for some short walks before heading back to Auckland, but the intrepid few went to walk the Cape Brett track and spend the night at the Cape Brett Hut. The stars there were incredible! WoOoOoOoW

Lake Dive Hut

Location: Egmont National Park

Date: 6-7.4.19

Participants: Seb Bailey (leader), Erica de Boer (author), Cyril Nguyen Van, Emily McGeorge, Jeannine Cheong

The hidden paradise

The sky was still dark and the clouds started crying
But we were still positive, or at least we were trying
That early morning our long journey took off
A 5 hour drive to the mountain above
During our ride the sun showed its face
But while arriving at the mountain, fog took its place
Hidden was the paradise, covered in a veil
And hidden it stayed, every wonderful detail
We arrived at our hut where we were greeted by fire
That warmed us up after our legs started to tire
A few hours later a group of kids came in
Tired, hungry and soaked to their skin
Everyone helped at making them feel at ease
Hanging up clothes, heating up water so they wouldn't freeze
After everyone started to feel a bit better
We made our way to the bed and put on a warm sweater
We woke up early in the morning as hikers do
And stepped outside of the hut for a trip to the loo
And there it was with its formidable size
Mount Taranaki, the hidden paradise
With its glorious peak already white from the snow
That we admired from our hut down below
The white of the snow soon became the white of the clouds
And we knew today would yet again know no droughts
The true paradise though, revealed itself the night before
With all the great people caring for the soaked and the sore
All of these people, so kind and nice
The revelation of a true hidden paradise



Basic Bush School I

Date: 12-14.4.19

Location: Kaimanawa ranges

Participants: Connor Casey, Julie Flynn, Anna Kalatcheva, Sam Kolston, Jay Lakhupota, Elisabeth Lambert, Claire McCoy, Catriona Miller, Samuel Ng, Nick Osten, Robert Thomas, Allan Wu, Tony Xing, Kyle Zhou

As it usually goes nowadays, we all met at the Clocktower before setting off shortly after 6pm on a Friday evening. The extra usual part about the drive down to the Kaimanawas was surely bumping into James Judd at the Huntly Countdown, a favourite spot of his for a night out.

After a bit of a mish to find the actual entrance to the Waihaha Valley campsite, because the electrical substation is an irresistible sight to see even at 12am (Nick totally fangirled as his engineering senses were tingled), we all set up our tents. Dawn broke, and after a bit of OSM breakfast snackage the mighty wise instructors handed out a few compasses.

Fast forward 15 minutes, and we're outside the Urchin track entrance fiddling with these compasses, giving triangulation a go. Something something about off map and on map. In Trojan warrior fashion, Jay hauled 1kg of sour lollies for the entirety of the first day for us all to share. Bought from Gilmours, bestowed by Sean. We absolutely churned and grinded our way upwards and onwards, heave, HEAVE! The desired breaks to regain peace of lungs and ruin our teeth with sugar served as a good opportunity for Sophie to explain how to take a shit in the bush. Truly awe-inspiring pedagogy at work right then and there.

Eventually emerging out of the bushline, Urchin at 1392m had us in the grips of its magnetic pull as we climbed. Though it did not hold us for long, with Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe enshrouded in dense clouds, the will to craft our navigation skills dwindled as hail started to pelt down. Continuing along the path, after a brief encounter with some exceptionally friendly dogs with nice big white teeth. Anyone who has been to the Kaimanawas can warmly recall the breathtaking views of the valleys on either side of Urchin track. Though, the cherry on top had to be the rainbow which arched between the valleys, above the Waipakihi river.



Gradually, the descent towards the bushline began. Someone noted the comical difference of wind exposure when you stand next to only a couple of small bushes. Aha! A useful survival tip!

After walking down the steep hill, we finally reached the river bank. Everyone started eating their lunch as it was a long hike. Then everyone started setting up their tents a little further from the river bank as we were told by the leaders that the level of the water increases on stormy nights, which can ruin the tent and a good night's sleep, so we placed our tents above the level of the river bank.

As there were no planned activities after the tent setup, everybody engaged in some sort of activity. A few started to explore the place by walking along the river bank where they spotted two whio, blue ducks, a native NZ species which are rare to find. They are a sign of clean and healthy rivers. Some gathered in one tent and started playing dome board games while others were just chilling out.

As the sun went down people started gathering the wood for the campfire. Sean, Allan and Max were working on cutting the wood and setting up the camp while others started to prepare their group dinner. By the time the fire was lit most of them had finished their dinners and gathered around the fire with marshmallows. When everybody settled around the campfire, our leader Sophie broke the ice by asking us what we would like to do the next day and what we enjoyed about that day. Each person shared their thoughts around the circle, only stopping for an intermission halfway because.. a possum was caught red handed with a cracker in its mouth!!!! Everyone secured their rubbish and leftovers. Then it went on with lessons for river crossing, and experiences of our leaders with their other trips in the South Island and a didactic recount of the Tararua's Tale.



The next morning, after filling our bellies with some breakfast, we put our newfound skills into use: crossing the mighty Waipakihi River. The water swirled and churned, threatening to push us off our feet (not really), but we safely made it to the other side. The group's morale increased tenfold as we hiked on with wet feet. The next goal was to find a way up from the valley back onto the Urchin track - a 250m ascent through the bush. For this task, the leaders refused to lead but instead gave all of us the responsibility of choosing a suitable spot to climb. After much deliberation and a few more crossings, we decided on a nice ridge to climb. Fortunately, there were plenty of game trails to follow up and the bush was not too dense. Finally, after about an hour of huffing and puffing up the steep incline, we spotted the orange triangles of life.





After stopping for a quick snack break once reaching the track again, the group headed along the track with a steady pace, Sean running ahead, fearful that he may have left his knife back at the campsite (he didn't hooray). After about a half hour, we hit the treeline and were greeted by magnificent views of the surrounding mountains and the Waipakihi River below. Stopping for some pictures and snacks, we took a quick break. To our delight the snowy tips of Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe appeared. Excited for a better view of Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe, we continued along the ridgeline, stopping for a group photo featuring snowy Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe in the background.

Quickly making it back to the peak of Mount Urchin, where we stopped for a bit more map/compass work on triangulation and some food.

With fear of night creeping in, we began down Urchin, quickly making our way down and enjoying the downhill. The sun slowly set, and darkness began to set in. After about 15 minutes of walking in darkness, we spotted the end of the track!! We reached the cars around 7pm, and after returning compasses and saying thanks to our amazing leaders, the cars began the long journey back to Auckland.



Mt. Te Aroha

Date: 13.4.2019

Participants: Seb Bailey (leader), Erica De Boer, Alex Ostrander, Katrina Ostrander, Shepard Barnes



The hike was beautiful! We got to the top in half of the time expected, so we were fast and efficient. The weather was beautiful and it made the perfect day for a trip up a mountain. We found a wonderful waterfall and enjoyed sites from the very top of the hike. After the hard day of hiking, the Miranda hot springs were exactly what we needed. We soaked in the pool until sunset. A relaxing trip home in the car, and finally we arrived back home. I can't wait to go on more adventures with the tramping club!



Mimiwhangata

Dates: 13-14.4.19

Participants: Ian (leader), Varun, Manjia



It is a sunny day on the 13th April; I (Ian), Varun, and Manjia meet at the University quad. After loading our packs we head north for our epic overnight trip to Mimiwhangata Coastal Park, a gorgeous peninsula in Northland.

The weather is brilliant and we are exhilarated to find almost no visitors in this beautiful park.

After a brief restroom break, we begin the 2-hour peninsula loop walk. We climb to the top of a hill and are rewarded with a 360 degree view of the peninsula and beyond. Then we head down to a white sandy beach where I decide to go for a swim. We finish our hike in late afternoon and drive to our campsite. The campsite is located just behind a beach. We set up our tents and cook pasta with tomato sauce, chopped onions, and mushroom, we all love it.

The next morning we take our time strolling, swimming, and appreciating the tranquility of the beach. On our way home we stop at a nearby café and enjoy our coffee on the balcony with awesome views.



Pirongia ~ The quest to find the chosen ones

Date: 15-16.4.19

Written by: Mark Mockridge and Anoek Grosmann

Trip leader: Anoek Grosmann



Figure 1: A wide variety of gear and terrain.



Figure 2: A wholesome photo before *mostly* everyone became somewhat less clothed and performed “Salvic squatts”.

On a bright sunny Auckland autumn day the students from BIOSCI 320 Entomology (which translates to “study of insects”) thought to themselves, “Oh where will I get my insects from? Auckland is so boring! I want some unique specimens!”. Thus, the three bravest and most determined students of the class gathered a sizeable amount of minion travel companions and set off into the glorious mud of the Waikato!

There’s a scene in Return of the King, where Gollum leads Frodo and Sam up the steep, forbidding hidden staircase above Minas Morgul, to a trap that will likely mean their doom. They struggle, and falter, and slip, and endure tremendous pain and agony before reaching the top... only to find the ancient monstrosity Shelob waiting for them.

Climbing Mt Pirongia was like that, but with more spiders.

Upon actually reaching the hut however (which was a record breaking 8.5 hr trip for the entire team), the club was treated to a romantic, candlelit dinner of pasta, beans, and chocolate mousse. Served separately, I assume, but it was dark and desperate times, so who knows. Following dinner, while the failed (to gather) minions casually busied themselves with ‘socialising’ and card games, the real heroes of this expedition went out bug hunting for their entomology collections. All you need to know about this can be summed up in this quote: “Can you stop beating that bush so sexily please?”
Jess Peart, 2019.

There’s a scene in Return of the King, where the hobbits return to the Shire, battle-hardened and heroic, having grown out of their innocence, traversing the world with ease and confidence. That was what the return trip was like, but with more solid gold hits from the 90’s (such as the top hits “sex on the beach” and “witch doctor”).

Kaimanawa Easter Trip

Dates: 19-21.04.19

Participants: Seb (leader), Maarten, Ben, Nicky, Alison

Sleeping was rough, mornings were tough, but we had good company and that was enough!

Friday: pick up of two eager trampers having DMCs in the first hour of the journey. Meet up with Ben and Nicky at an overflowing service station. Taking a detour to bypass the Easter traffic and making the most of a beautiful day by stopping at a hot spa in Taupo! Icy rivers didn't stop us from having a refreshing dip to cool down from the natural hot pools. Pressing on to arrive at our campsite and struggling to find a decent spot to put up our tents paid off with our luck in starting a fire to warm up in the chilly valley night. Lessons learnt from that night: buy the right sleeping bag, bring decent sleeping mats and toilet paper are great fire starters!

Saturday: sunrays climbing to an azure blue sky, soft mist transpiring from the moisture-laden trees promised a beautiful day ahead. A hunt for the start of the track led us to a near full carpark that hinted at a busy hut. We set off with a steady climb to the ridge line, through bush and forest, testing our legs and praising the well maintained track. When we finally broke the clearing we were blessed with a breath-taking view of a snow-capped Mt Ruapehu standing proud and clear against an expansive blue sea of sky. We followed the 14km Umukarikari track along the scree, scrub and slate ridgeline with all the elements a tramper could ask for: placid temperatures, windless and clear skies, lakes, forest and mountain views and most importantly great company to share it with! Before the shadow of the setting sun settled along the ridgeline we finally reached our hut and were victorious in claiming one entire mattress-less bed! The night was shared among hunters and trampers alike bathing the valley and river in a spectacular full moon glow. Sleep once again did not come easy for us bedded on the hardwood floor but the warmth of the fire made it much more bearable than last night.

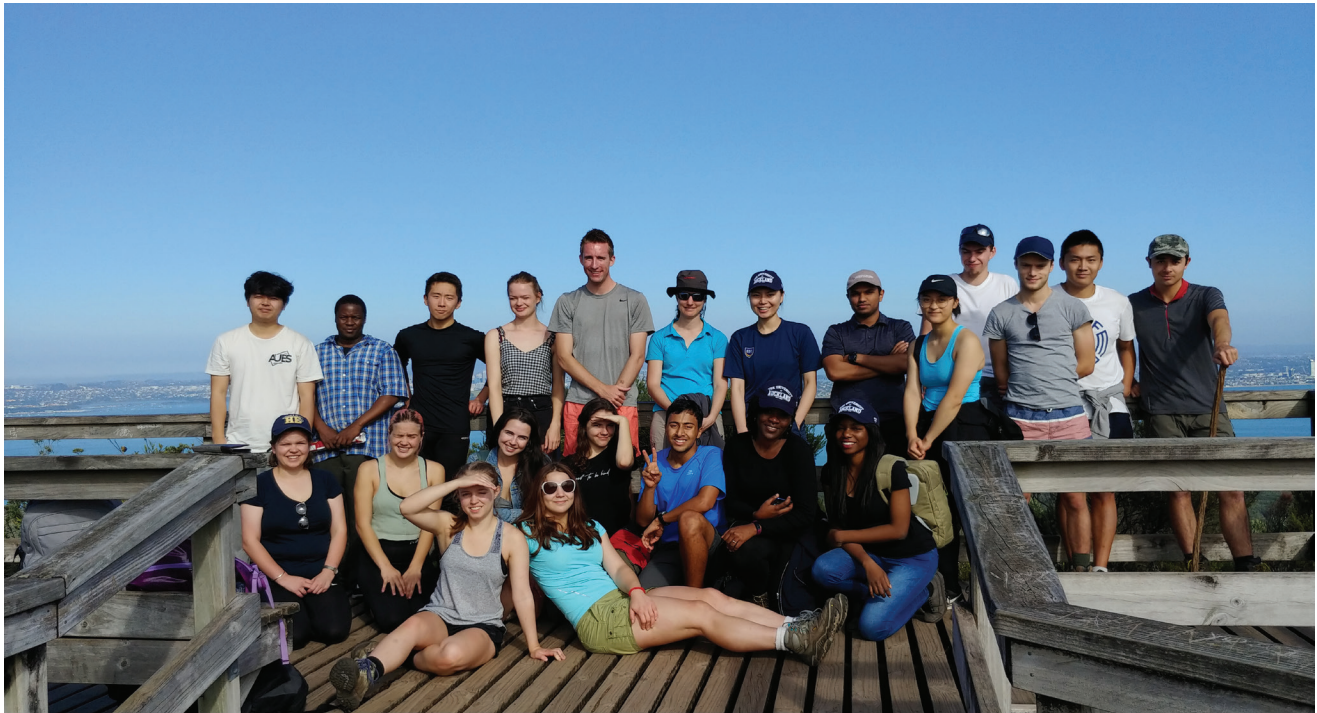
Sunday: rolling clouds tumbled into the valley, engulfing the ridgeline. This did not deter us from setting off on our journey back. The brutal uphill start kicked us into gear and we disappeared into the embracing mist of the mountains. The eerie fog offered foreboding mystic scenery but with our laughs and banter one would hardly think we were tramping off into the unknown white. Still, the temperature was fair and we all layered up and stripped accordingly. We were never far from one another, never complained, never had our moods dampened. We could not have asked for better days. Before we knew it we once more disappeared into the embracing forest, broke chocolate and trail mix between us and shared our laughter despite the ache in our legs and the strain on our backs. Returning to our tents we swiftly packed down, clambered into our vehicles and celebrated our victorious completion of our journey with a visit to Burger King. And before any of us knew it we hightailed it to Taupo, dipped once more in the pleasant hot pools under the moonlit clouds to loosen our muscles and made a straight journey to Auckland that very night, missing Monday's traffic and bad weather altogether!



Rangitoto day trip

Date: 20.4.19

Participants: Chris Holyer (leader), Amber Turner, Lachlan Barnes, Anna Chen, Oshadhi Maha Thantrige, Linde Kremer, Mingyang Li (Ben), Varun Narasimhan, Majs Brumm, Tao Xiong, Suttida Vanaphongsai (Nok), Sylvia Teppett, Sophie Henke Tarnow, Margarita Onishchenko, Bradley Twyman, Elisabeth Lambert, Abigail Pascal, Hazel Zalucki, Obadiah, Kate Karieren, Renpu Dou, Matthew



On the 20th of April we headed over to Rangitoto Island for the day. The plan was to walk to the summit of Rangitoto via the lava caves, then on to Shipwreck Bay and the Rangitoto/Motutapu Causeway before returning to the ferry. We made it to the summit to see the awesome 360 degree views of the Hauraki Gulf. The track then became a little more difficult, as we walked over some lava fields to get to Shipwreck Bay. It was low tide so we saw many parts of old ships in the bay. After stopping for lunch, we then walked to the Rangitoto/Motutapu Causeway. We then returned to the ferry wharf via the coastal track. The day was enjoyable and interesting with a variety of track types and many different things to see throughout the day.



Exploring Waiheke island; A break before being trampled by uni work.

Date: 26.4.19

Participants: Ngaio Balfour (leader), Arthur Herren, Jamie Matthews, Robert Schober, Wing Kam, Rishi Adiga

After arriving at the wharf, we walked around the coastal track and clambered up onto an island to fly the octopi!

Back along the coast to Oneroa beach for a fruitful lunch. Almost an entire rock melon was consumed, along with feijoas, apples and mandarins. Unfortunately, the Jackfruit didn't make it (maybe next time). Up to another beautiful lookout, and back to the beach for a chilly yet refreshing swim and soccer. Finally, up to the shops, ice-cream and back into the bush to meander back to the ferry. From beautiful views to politics to kite-flying, hiking and swimming, we covered them all.

Thanks to all who came :)

Cheers,

Ngaio Balfour



Te Urewera

Dates: 3-5.5.19

Participants: Louis-Simon Guay, Robert Thomas, Kyle Zhou (leader)

On a dark Friday evening, Robert, Louis and I (Kyle) set off to Te Urewera for some nice backcountry tramping. It wasn't until 11pm that we arrived at the park boundary, and it was a pitch-black night. The stars were out, and it was beautiful. Finding the start of our track proved quite difficult – we stumbled around in the dark, turned back a few times, and ended up having to bash through an old pine plantation. Even after all of that, we still saw no sign of an orange triangle and so we decided to set up camp on the side of the overgrown logging road. It was 2am.

The next morning, we woke up to birdsong on a whole five hours of sleep. Finally, after consulting the map a bit more, we managed to find the track. It was easy going from here, following a stream until the next hut (yay wet feet!). On the way we came across a few pairs of blue duck. It got dark before we arrived though, and the stream got deeper and rockier. The stars were hidden beyond the valley, but there were glow-worms everywhere! We finally made it to the hut after fumbling around in the dark for a couple of hours, and quickly set up a nice fire for our pasta dinner. A good night's sleep ensued, with only minor concerns about carbon monoxide poisoning.

The final day of this trip consisted of walking up through the bush and finally out of the park. We ran into a team of trappers baiting their line, who had an injured hunting dog following behind. They split off from our group after a while, and the native bush gradually transitioned to pine forest. We walked along a gravel road through the plantation back to the highway. From here, I only needed to wait 15 minutes to hitch-hike back to the car (on a Sunday afternoon!) and pick the group up.

All in all, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves over the weekend, especially with our sketchy night-time shenanigans. A big thanks goes to everyone who came on the trip for making it so memorable.

Pirongia Safari: Quest for the Mayfly

Date: 4.5.19

Participants: Rosa Turley, Luka Haward, Antonia Grant, Theresa Stanton Boyd, Jack Hopman, Sean Thomson (leader)

BIOSCI320 is a course about the Insects: a highly diverse, highly successful group of animals spread across the globe, in a myriad of forms. Students are required to collect specimens for preservation and museum-grade presentation, for coursework. This process is highly rewarding, but does take a bit of legwork...

And so our trampers groggily meet on a foggy Saturday morning, below the clock tower. Armed with a DOC permit, we begin our safari...

On arrival at the Grey Rd carpark, we are immediately accosted by a group of birds. Turns out to be a family of kōkako. Birds being birds, they hopped around in the trees and flew off. As you cannot [easily] pin a bird, as you can an insect, we decided to leave them to their own devices.

The Adventure Begins

We strolled over to the bridge standing proudly above Mangakara Stream, before promptly jumping off. Starting our adventure in earnest, and not without some excitement, the group finds their footing hopping from rock to rock. We narrowly avoid becoming lunch for the numerous caddisfly (quaint), stonefly (serene) and dobsonfly (menacing) larvae making their homes beneath the slick stones. Around our heads whiz countless insects flying the riparian highway, most far too quick (or common) to try and capture. As we find our river-legs, our pace begins to quicken.

Eight-legged Sentinel

Suddenly, we stop dead in our tracks. Perched on a rock, seemingly oblivious to our presence was a proud Dolomedes spider! These hunters are capable of predating fish twice their size, pouncing from the water surfaces across which they run. This one was resting, so we respectfully stepped around it before pressing on (spiders aren't worth pinning, anyhow).



Tree weta? Tea weta

After putting plenty of distance between ourselves and the proud hunter, hearts pounding we stop for a feed. As we saddle ourselves back up to continue, one of us is suddenly taken aback; “What’s this? A stowaway!”. Lo and behold, a tree weta had crawled up and onto an unsuspecting pack. The weta, seemingly unfazed by his crowd of onlookers, proceeds to crawl across our bodies with reckless abandon. But alas, after playtime we had to bid farewell to our casual acquaintance, for we still had much ground left to cover (besides, weta tend to vomit following capture... who has time to wash their jars, when far easier prey abounds??).

To single mothers everywhere

The waters burble soothingly across our feet. Small fish can be seen darting from view, hiding from our intimidating frames. We cross a series of shallow pools, where freshwater crayfish/kōura can be seen minding their own business. One of them, however, seems different. On further inspection, it turns out to be a she... and she’s expecting! On her underside she carries hundreds, perhaps thousands of small eggs. Each one representing a developing crayfish larva, only precious few make it to adulthood, to parenthood, to motherhood. We carefully place her back in her home, before continuing our journey (seeing as you can’t really pin a crayfish either).

Interlude: The Luncheoning

As we continue our journey closer to the Source, the river becomes narrower, windier, more seclusive. We stop along the sunlit brook to feed once again. Insects of all shapes and sizes whiz past our heads, fairy-like, wings shimmering rainbow in the light. They mind their business and we mind ours (besides, they were flying too fast to catch).

It’s a... stick?

After lunch we happen upon a baitline, which will take us directly to the ridgeline track. Convenient... almost suspiciously so...

We continue up the track to the Ruapane Lookout trig station, where we laze around in the afternoon sun. The view is truly majestic, above the fog/clouds, which thankfully block the Waikato dairy country from view:

We lie amongst the grasshoppers, the iridescent beetles, and the-what’s this?! A stick... insect!



This large female was looking reasonably happy, as it gazed upon us with its unfathomable compound eyes. After a short ride around on our bodies, we returned our playmate to her home plant (she was missing a leg, so instead of preserving her in a pinned collection, she was left to live out her days, churning out self-fertile eggs, spurning the local males and continuing the circle of parthogenic life).

The Descent

And so we turn our backs, and begin the homeward journey. We descend the track back to the cars, stopping once more by the darkened river for a final farewell. As night drew nearer, denizens of the daylight were busy settling into their hidey-holes, while natives of the night began to emerge.

A humble mayfly, sitting perched on the underside of a leaf, began to settle down. These short-lived insects emerge for a matter of days before succumbing to the cycle which gave them life, once they have passed theirs on to a multitude of offspring. And so, with a swipe of the net and a pottle in hand, this noble beast was captured.

This mayfly, known now to be a female of the native species *Zephlebia borealis*, did not disappear from existence like her brethren who faded from Earth's memory after a few short days. Rather, today she remains in a humble collection, as whole and intact as can be (for a soft-bodied Ephemeropteran).

Epilogue: The Return

Truly a fitting end to this safari, our team of adventurers and aspiring entomologists journeyed home, with an equally fitting stop in Huntly on the way back for one final feed. After all, there's nothing like a good coal power station to tell you you're almost home.



Hut Working Bee
Dates: 11-12.5.19
Leader: Daniel Nogueira

After a long time since our last working bee, a small (but hardworking) AUTC crew headed to Ōngāruanuku Hut to perform some maintenance. The work involved mostly “housekeeping” tasks such as cleaning interiors, exteriors, both water tanks, gutters, weeding, organising the tools locker, digging trenches, and replacing a water tap that was leaking. We also built and replaced a window on the back wall which was rotting.

As a bonus we used some spare wood to build rackets and a ping pong net. So you now have one more reason to come to the working bee trips: We can play Ping Pong in the hut :)

The next BIG task that needs to be done is replacing a few roof sheets which will be an interesting job. We will be running a few more working bee trips to the hut soon. Keep an eye out on your emails ;)

Notice: The tracks to the Ōngāruanuku Hut all remain closed. We got a special permission from Auckland Council to access the hut for Hut Maintenance on Club Organised trips only. We request all AUTC members to not attempt to access the Hut. The only exception for this will be the Working Bee trip that we organise.





Waitakere Tracks Update

Some of you might have seen on the news that Auckland Council has released the final updates on the Waitakere Tracks opening work plan, which outlines the tracks that will/will not be upgraded to Kauri dieback standards so they can be open to the public.

An important detail for AUTC is that the current plan does not include tracks what will allow open/public access to Ōngāruanuku Hut. If you have any idea or think you can be of any help in this matter, please contact: Daniel <hut@autc.org.nz>, Mark Battley <m.battley@auckland.ac.nz> and Sophie Jenkins <sophiej38@gmail.com>

AUTC Baiting line

This year we were able to run two bait line trips around our club hut Ongaruanuku. We were granted special permission to enter the forest park for the first time in a few years, due to the Rahui placed in the Waitakere ranges due to Kauri dieback.

As it has become a rare opportunity to see the unique West Auckland bush, we had a great turn out for both events! This meant that we were able to bait all ~120 bait stations within 3 hours both times! On both trips we found that largely the bait bags were untouched and that maintenance had to be done.

Seeing student gather and listen to the talk on how to set the bait lines and use walkie talkies and then leave their belongings unattended was an opportunity the raiding robbers could not resist - RIP the stolen belongings from baiting trip 2.

T-Walk 2019 AKA The time we let CUTC pick the holiday

Date: 18-19.5.19

Location: Castle Hill Station

Trip Leader: CUTC (Canterbury University Tramping Club)

Participants: Lots of them. AUTCers included a band of pirates in search of shrubbery, a school of fish friendly sharks, members of the T-Walk (1) and Roll hall of fame, a sizeable peoples' republic, and various members spread about other teams.

Chapter One: IT'S A TRAP

As all good weekends do, it started with a mass-kidnapping. Perhaps in revenge for our having superior tramping clubs, CUTC (Canterbury University Tramping Club) abducted swathes of AUTC, OUTC and VUWTC representatives from a carpark on their campus. It appeared they also accidentally abducted some of their own members, but these things happen. You'd think someone would have noticed, given the odd garb worn by them all, but somehow this escaped the notice of everyone in the area. I call conspiracy.

Several hours of unexplained travel later, the hostages emerged blinking into the sunlight over Lake Lyndon, a spot famed for being the location of the second sinking of the Titanic. (The UC Motoring Society (Motosoc) may or may not have turned a car into the Titanic, and it may or may not have floated just as well as the first of its name) Naturally, terrified of being thrown into the lake, (around which a school of sharks had been spotted on arrival) everyone immediately fled up the nearest, steepest hill they could find.

In their typical foolishness, the kidnappers provided maps to their hostages, so the escape began. Naturally, a combination of hypothermia and hysteria came quickly. Soon the oddly dressed bunch organised into motley crews, and started seeking out paper plates covered in unintelligible scrawls. The source of these plates was not entirely clear, though rumours of a mysterious pair named Matt and Gary were abundant, quick to spread, and quite frankly rather disturbingly pointed.

As the day wore on, the escapees wore out. Soon the rapid speed at which they had ascended Castle Hill abated, and a steadier rate of travel won out. At this pace, the views were stunning, rather than an impressionist blur. However, this slower pace brought a new danger! High winds proved challenging for all, and a band of pirates were forced to deflate their palm tree in order to avoid being blown right back down the hill into the kidnappers' hands.

Now safe from the dangers of flying palm trees, and aware that the local sharks had moved well on to easier pickings, the pirates were finally able to ride their unicorn (2) in peace across the snow spotted ridges of Castle Hill Station. After hours upon hours of following the ridgeline down, the pirates found something they were used to – WATER! Following this river in the hopes of finding an ocean to sail away upon, the pirates were instead greeted by wafting scents of muffins, pasta, and pies. Agreeing that this was a reasonable compromise, the pirates decided to settle in the barn from which these odours, and some relatively agreeable musical numbers propagated.

On arrival, the pirates discovered that they had been preceded by many other hostages, and that, to paraphrase a great naval leader, the too good to be true mysterious music and food in the middle of nowhere was in fact a moment of subterfuge carried out by CUTC. (It was a trap) The pirates were then confined for an entire half hour, only allowed to rest, consume copious amounts of fantastic food and beverages, and learn more about the surrounding area from available maps. It was a hard time in their lives.

Chapter Two: Darkness brings out the best and worst

With energy levels restored, many of the hostages felt strong enough to escape several times more. 43

With each attempt, fewer and fewer were game, already exhausted from their prior adventures. With each venture out, more plates covered in mysterious clues were found, as the groups bonded over the shared puzzles. This naturally became harder and harder with the dying of the light (Which was raged against for this very reason), culminating in the realisation amongst many that they were out in the middle of nowhere, in the middle of the night. (Exactness of middles was not measured, due to the poor definition of the edges of both “nowhere” and the night. (Okay, sue me – they’re obviously “h” and “g” respectively))

Of course, the dark brought with it monsters. Matt and Gary really made themselves known at this time, springing from the shadows like a spring that has been compressed in a shadowy area and then released. On top of this, (A painful prospect) fellow ex-hostages of CUTC began to take on dangerous new personas, each becoming the “It suddenly got dark, all hope is lost, and I’d love that coffee I know they’re serving at the hash house” variants of themselves. It took strong drugs (Sugar) and acts of absolute stupidity to overcome these monsters, but eventually everyone settled into the fact that they had no other choice but to keep looking for paper plates in the all-encompassing inky darkness. (This seemed entirely logical at the time, don’t question it)

The night portion of this adventure is of course what everyone chose to be kidnapped for. Once the first barrier of the sun disappearing and probably never coming back was overcome, everyone settled into states of absolute insanity. In traditional Auckland University Tramping Cult fashion, surviving members of fallen teams of hostages were pledged into larger groups through chants and dances reminiscent of the sun dances of the Judd tribe. These groups marched on through the night to try to solve the mysteries of: “Where are we really, there’s clearly no Castle on that Hill?”, “Who are Matt and Gary?”, “Is the danger involved in a trip really proportional to the number of current/previous safety officers in the party?” and the related “How much can we push AUTC’s acceptable loss rate without being pulled up on it?”

Unfortunately, answers were not to be, as the night decided to call it a night. With the restoration of light, the parties of lost trampers accidentally found themselves before they could find meaningful answers (3). Overcome by the hunger for hot food, they all forgot their existential quests, and charged to the hash house to prepare for the approaching winter by gorging themselves on the available food. Having accepted that they were captured for good, the hostages resolved themselves to climbing back on the buses, only to discover that they were being taken back to their original abduction point and released.

Author’s notes:

1 T-Walk is an annual 24 hour rogaine run by CUTC – the Canterbury University Tramping Club, into which teams of trampers from various university tramping clubs around the country enter every year. The beautiful locations, adventurous nature, dressing up, and absolutely incredible food make this a highlight of the university tramping club calendar.

2 The unicorn was later murdered by Matt and Gary. May it rest in pieces.

3 Many answers were found, most of them not at all meaningful. Those that may have had some meaning were deemed inappropriate for

44 publication, like most things devised at 3am.



AUTC Socials Outing – Shakespear Regional Park

Date: 8.6.19

Trip leaders: Heng Yi Xin, Chris Holyer, Alison Spera

Trip participants: Anaelle Jamin, Andrew Wang, Lea Guyon, Robson Orriss, Mike Huang, Maja Brumm, Ansh Malhotra, Linde Kremer, Gomathy, Sophie Henke Tarnow, Shyama Srikanth, Bradley Twyman, Krishnaa, Noah Cowit, Ben Hartleb, Sririam Trichy Vairavel, Asha Bangalore Vemana



It was a very windy and cow-filled day.

A group of twenty trampers decided that the only way to cease the wind was to find a cow and worship it. Because most of them were linguistically deprived, they decided that Shakespear Regional Park was their best chance of channelling their hidden literary prowess into prayers.

Local expert Alison Spera assured us that cows were magnificent wind stoppers and that today's trek would provide us with excellent training for the encierro.

We stared at the map, scanning for a clue to an ancient chant that could strengthen our sense of kinship to the cows. You know, something along the lines of those cool chants in Babe, "Baa-ram-ewe, baa-ram-ewe. To your breed, your fleece, your clan be true". Unfortunately, the cows appeared to have wiped the chants off the board with their tails.

We marched on into the sanctuary. A few minutes later, we wondered whether this waterfall could be a secret rendezvous for cows at night. But local expert Alison Spera enlightened us that glow worms were the ones who provided the starlit sanctum in the dark bush.

Far off in the green-grey landscape, those mystical creatures dotted the horizon!

We marvelled at the mammals with whom we share 80% of our DNA and invited them to play a few games with us. However, the cows decided that they were more suitable as hillscape guardians. Hence, the humans played Capture the Flag, the Peg Game and Bump Tag amongst themselves.

Deciding that we have entertained our cow-terparts adequately, we bowed down and asked if they could cease the Wind God's mighty prowess. They simply stared at us like we were lost.

They sent us on our way with a moo (and some poo).



Other fun things we did



Estimate how many cows can cow-lonise this piece of land.



Try to make a sloth toy sit up in the wind



Re-enact scenes from Titanic



Make some silly alphabets in the freezing cold sea water



Say cheese because it's a cow thing to do

The Ureweras

Date: 14-16.7.19

Participants: Kyle (leader), Abi, Junyi, Henry

It's 9am Sunday morning at the University Clocktower; we start the long drive across to the Ureweras. The weather looks promising, despite the weather forecast, and we get psyched for the cool hike ahead. After a few longer-than-expected stops (obligatory visit to Huntly's talking toilet), we finally arrive at the River Road car park.

It's 4.30pm, starting to rain, and light is fading fast. We push on towards the first hut, Central Whirinaki Hut, with the aid of headlamps and flashlights. After a few bumps and scratches, and possibly a wrong turn or two, we find ourselves alone at the hut. Dinner is a hearty vegetable pasta with mashed potatoes and gravy. We then waste 3 hours trying to start a fire, but with the absence of dry wood, we only managed to smoke ourselves out. Defeated, we turn in for the night. It is 1am, and the sky is cloudy.

It's 11am Monday morning, and after a quick breakfast and clean-up, we set off towards Mangamate hut. The weather is clearing up, and the sun shows itself for a while. This leg of the journey passes uneventfully, with some easy benched track and light stream crossings. We reach the hut, again without another soul in sight, and have an early dinner of the same stuff. The group learns to play Spades, and intense gameplay ensues for the next couple of hours. We sleep early for a timely start the next morning. It is 9.30pm, and the wind is beginning to howl.

It's 7am Tuesday morning, and the group starts to prepare for the final part of the tramp. It had been raining for a while, and a window had blown open in the middle of the night. Regardless, we push on towards the car park. This last section of the Mangamate circuit involves a fair bit of bush bashing and river crossing. The rain from the past few days raised the water levels and made crossing a little more... spicy. Luckily, we didn't run across any of the notorious stinging nettle. 6 hours and 1 lost phone later (R.I.P Junyi's phone), we're cold, soaked to the bone, and ready to go home. It is 2.30pm, and we want to be back by evening.

A big thanks goes to those who came along, and I hope you learned a skill or two on top of having a great time :)

Re-O Camp (May Camp)

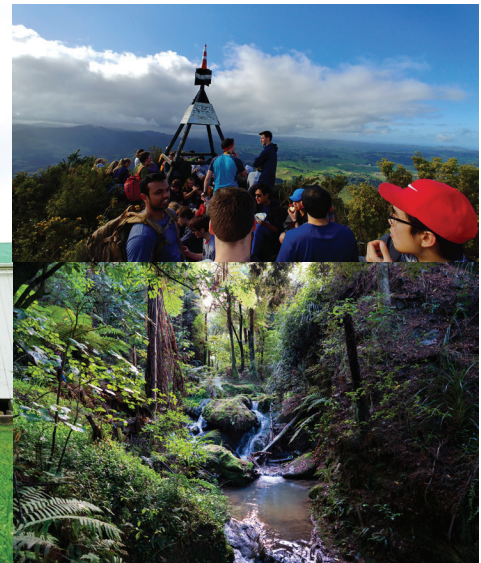
Date: 26-28.7.19

Location: Kaimai Ranges/Karangahake Gorge

Trip Leaders: Chris Holyer, Yi Xin (AUTC Socials Officers)

Participants: 108 trampers

Tony Xing, Liam Fearnley, Jay Lakhupota, Shyama Srikanth, Maja Brumm, Carl Barnhill, Fran Osten, Jack Hopman, Reinhard Schwanecke, Sherry Wang, Elisabeth Lambert, Helena Copsey, Muizz Shah, Antonia Grant, Deja Kelly, Madeleine Marnoch, Campbell Foskin, Linzhi Han, Alessandra Yan, André van Haaren, Oshadhi Maha Thantrige, Hannah Eves, Anthony Baker, Gareth Stones, Hayden Jones-Moore, Sena Ogawa-Bracey, Nimrod Thien, Tongtong Yu, Giovan Widjaja, Ngairé Metcalf, Kyle Abrahams, Caroline Bartels, Lara Ajello, Juliette Billioud, Carson Torres, Carly Carrigan, Ellen de Boer, Charlotte sun, Anna Creahan, Charles Price, Cassidy Kreber, Marco Scott, Yak Fishman, Alex Maggioni, Simon Negin, Isabelle Galko, Bart Cohen, Leif Metcalf, Anna Kalatcheva, Martin Fondo, Amelia Colquhoun, Riley Gallant, Jacob Jarolics, Olve Klepp, Embla Sveinsdottir, Alexandre Cohen, Lise Lerche Paulsen, Philipp Semmelmayr, Martin Hauberg-Lund, Margrethe Hemstad, Nora Bjoernnes, Eli Wilson, Rosanna Harrington, Sara Svensson, Zoe Penno, Haakon Saele, Sofia Rohdin, Dominique Maderal, Lauren Low, Heng Yi Xin, Cassidy Kreber, Catherine, Yuki Ueno Peters, David Sandgren, Tyler Gerth, Daniel Kingsbury, Jacob Rubin, PUIG Paloma, Anny Angel, Hunter Peshkin, Daniel Kingsbury, Christian Leschner, Trevor Mahoney, Caroline Stephens, Grace Chesher, Kyaw Hla, Lisa Eliasson, Mariana Noguera, Nick Armanino, Alison Spera, Andrew Wang, Nick Osten, Renjie Mike Huang, Ben Willetts, Winston Teo, Matt Cudmore, Joseph Griffiths, Kyle Zhou, Andrew Battley, Christine Ann Sutton, Jason Dockery, Andy Lok, Cole Kawana, Max Jenkins, Ella Griffiths, Sherwyn D'souza, Anthony Lorson, Nicola Gatland



On the 26th of July 2019 a group of over 100 people travelled to the edge of the Kaimai Ranges for one of the biggest AUTC trips ever!

Everyone left Auckland on Friday evening for the weekend trip. During the trip there was the opportunity to complete a day walk at the Karangahake Gorge on the Saturday, play various camp games or just relax.

Participants could choose from a range of different track options, which varied in difficulty.

Highlights of the trip included fantastic valley views, gorgeous river scenery and having the opportunity to explore some mine tunnels.

There was an overwhelming amount of positive feedback regarding the trip suggesting that the majority of people had an awesome time.

The 2019 AUTC Social Officers would like to acknowledge all the people who came on the trip and helped to make it a great success.

Crosbies Hut
Date: 9.8.19
Leader: Jack Hopman

One Friday late afternoon (9th of August 2019 exactly), a team set off for Crosbies Hut. We arrived at the Coromandel at about half past seven and it started to drizzle. After fumbling around in the creek and in the dark, we found the start of the track that would take us to Crosbies Hut. Te Puru track is pretty straight forward. A couple of steep inclines and mud but nothing too crazy. There were glow worms too somewhere in the woods and that was cool. As we ascended closer to Crosbies Settlement, it got colder and fog descended upon us. One of us did not realise it was fog until much later, thinking all that time it was the lenses of his glasses that were dirty. We got to the hut a little past eleven pm. Settled in for the night after a quick change of clothes and a nightcap. Rain came down harder that night.

The next day we left the hut a little past eight. The plan was to make our way back to the cul de sac where we left the car via Te Puru Stream. But first, we had to get to the stream. That involved some light bush bashing which intersected with some bait tracks and former tracks, which according to Jack, existed a few decades ago. There was a former mine tunnel in one of them. Well, more like a cave really. We got to the stream soon enough and from there on, we were zig-zagging down it. We would have taken pictures of that but we either couldn't be bothered or just didn't want to risk accidentally losing our phones in the water.

Arrived back at the car in one piece with plenty of daylight to spare. All in all, a surprisingly smooth and fun trip despite being somewhat last minute.



Sloth's Big Day Out

Location: Hakarimata Ranges

Date: 10.8.19

Participants: Sloth, Lachlan Barnes, Alexandre Cohen, Helena Copsey, Luka Hayward, Yi Xin Heng, Monica Hing, Antonia Grant, Jay Lakhupota, Nick Osten (leader), Amber Turner

Spider-sloth, Spider-sloth,
Does whatever a Spider-sloth does.
Can he crawl from a tree?
Yes, he can, he's a sloth,
Look out, its Spider-sloth!



About to be devoured by the forest



Sloth admiring the view



Sloth making a new friend

Peach Cove/Te Whara Track

Date: 16-17.8.19

Participants: Ngaire (leader), Emily, Tom, Cato

Keywords: Pesto, rocks, climbing, ocean

Emily and I were looking for just two more people to join us on a trip up north to Peach Cove Hut and as luck would have it, exactly two people replied to our call! We got on fabulously.

After singing along to the radio (Tom was notably well-versed in Taylor Swift's Love Story), trading biscuit/cookie/dessert knowledge, and also forgetting how to turn on the high-beam lights on the windy Whangarei Heads Road, and driving past the turn off, we arrived quite happily at the track head.

Following a walk in the dark up and over the hill, and down the many steps to Peach Cove, we got settled into our lovely hut. Candles were lit, and provided the perfect lighting for a pasta dinner with (the much discussed) pesto, and a salad. We definitely had dessert but I have forgotten what it was. There was also beer, and peppermint tea. Cato taught us to play dice with his special cups (from the US!), which kept us entertained for the rest of the evening. The mix of luck, strategy, and straight up lying proved to be quite addictive and we played again in a fish and chip store on the way back, and again back at uni.

In the morning, we walked down to Peach Cove and tried very hard to swim, but to no avail -- too many rocks and not enough water! Emily gave it a solid go. So, back up the steps we went, and made our way along the Te Whara Track ridge. The bush was beautiful, as were the rock formations and views across the sea. Emily, who had walked the track before, led us up multiple rock clambering missions in search of the best views, which they undoubtedly were. It felt like being on an aeroplane.

To finish, we walked down, down, down to Ocean Beach, and jumped right into the waves. No rocks, just soft white sand and plenty of blue water. Eventually we put our boots back on and wandered back down the road to the carpark, our 'summer escape' complete!



Taking The Hobbits To Isengard

Location: Tangihua Ranges

Date: 31.8.19 - 1.9.19

Participants: Alexandre Cohen, Jay Lakhupota, Nick Osten (leader), Andre van Haaren

A short 30 minute walk up the gravel access road to the Tangihua Forest led to the impression of a relatively tame tramping trip. Fortunately the trip was not. The decision was made to add an extra loop at the foot of the ranges based on this false impression. After returning to the Tangihua Lions Lodge, the party meandered along a stream to a Kauri grove, with a chorus of bleating goats in the bush below us. After crossing the stream, we were hit with an hour long wall rivaling the much revered Tararua's. The next section of the tramp was what could be best described as a rough but marked route across the ridge, with minimal distinguishing features except pig wallows and occasional glimpses from high points. Several divergences from the track occurred, but finding our way back to the faithful orange triangles was fairly straight forward. The route across to Tangihua peak was reached, but with the dusk approaching, the majority consensus was to head straight for the hut down the DOC track. While descending, barking could be heard down in one of the valleys followed by a shot. After passing dozens of juvenile Kauri, we were met at the hut by the source of the barking. Its owners eventually turned up an hour later carrying a goat. Some banter followed with the hunters and goat steaks were added to the meal consisting of wine, spaghetti bolognese, chocolate brownies and Tim Tams. A long and animated game of Hearts ended the night with Alex the clear winner.

A leisurely 10am start was cut short with Jay deciding to go à bloc up the climb onto the ridge. Similar slow going to the previous day. A brief lunch stop followed at the junction. The DOC time for the next section was 2 hours for the 2 kms to the radio tower. It took us 90 minutes to cover the 2kms. Frequent strong swearing and scrambling backwards down steep hillsides, with short thin strips of river grass the only handhold, was a recurring event throughout this part of the day. All party members "deliberately initiated controlled lugging" on several occasions, and some even acquired brown backsides which may or may not have been mud. This section of the ridge earned itself a certain name which will not be included in the trip report. DOC's previously unheeded warnings were realised. Some great views across Northland from the radio tower followed. A final undulating descent, with some bush bashing to avoid windfall, "knocked the bastard off".



Crosbie Capers

Location: Coromandel Forest Park

Date: 3-4.9.19

Participants: Alisha Haydon, Cerys Lewis-Ayling, Sena Ogawa-Bracey, Hawabibi Delair, Paulina van der Doe, Quentin Mas, Jack Gibbons, Christiaan Swanepoel, Alex Monk, Tom Latham, Maddy Ball, Srinivas, Sean Thomson (leader)

8 Slices of Cheese we ate in the bush.

The first slice of brie I ate noon
“Gosh we must be at the top soon”

The rain was falling when I ate the second
Halfway to the hut- we reckoned

The third and fourth we shared over wine
While the storms set in a second time

In the morning I had the fifth as well
“It’s still raining- bloody hell!”

“Keep your trail mix, soft cheese is better”
Beneath our feet the ground got wetter

“This cheese makes me a classy guy”
I fell through mud up to my thigh

The slice of the cheese I hid,
As down the slimy slopes we slid

When I finished the cheese around midday
The cars seemed not so far away

But a river flowed fast causing deep unease
We couldn’t cross it to get more cheese

But bravely Sean knew what to do
Two hours of bush he lead us through

And we escaped back to the cars
... where I stopped trying to be a poet and decided to eat some fruit before I gave myself scurvy

*not mentioned: carnivorous plants, falcon nests and the potted coriander that came along...



Crosbie's Hut: Rain, River Crossings, and Coriander (An Alternative Account)

Location: Coromandel Forest Park

Date: 3-4.9.19

On a pleasant Saturday morning the 14 of us gathered ready to depart Auckland. We left the village carrying 3L of wine among us, and arrived at the roadend with 9L + numerous flasks of rum between us.

Additionally, we had cardamom pods, stars of anise, cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon quills, sugar and a bag of fresh oranges. We would have either the wildest of mulled wine parties, or the most confusing of awkward get-togethers. Classic tramp?

The three river crossings at the start offered us little trouble, and the numerous little sundews (native carnivorous plants) provided the botanist(s) on the trip with no end of entertainment.

And then the rains hit.

Hours later, we were pleased to find the hut, complete with fireplace, waiting empty for us. Fire lit, and wine mulling, we set about making dinner (nacho's). Tom carried Cory the Potted Coriander to the hut, for the soapy taste of whom the group was infinitely grateful. Several mishaps later, wine was consumed and troubles were forgotten (until the next day).

On the way back, we'd originally planned to bush bash down the river. Now finding waterfalls on the previously dry track, we took our chances just retracing our steps along the track.

As chance had it, the river was in full flood on our arrival at the river crossings, just before the carpark. We spent the next 2 hours bush bashing up a nearby ridge, only to circle down about 200m downstream, avoiding the worst of the crossings. During the bash, we stumbled upon ancient pines, bait line markers, and angry falcon parents. We communicated across the group using a few whistle signals (highly underrated pieces of kit, those whistles are!)

At the carpark, we forded in groups, before feeding up back in Thames on the way home. Next stop, Miranda Hot Pools?



Wenderholm Tramp

Date: 5.10.19

Location: Wenderholm Regional Park

Participants: Chris Holyer (leader), Blake Scanlen, Rosanna Harrington, Tao Xiong, Jimmy Yin, Saffron Greenwood, Kirsten Smith, Florian Mai, Zindh Waleed, Giovan Widjaja, Maia Ansell-Jones, Winston Teo, Laura Patier-Lars, Refsdal Olsen, Andrew Wang, Maja Brumm, Elisabeth Lambert, Sophie Mansell, Chloe Vanderstraeten, Jay Lakhupota, Paulina Thurmann, Oshadhi Maha Thantrige, Anne Sullivan, Anna Hanus, Evgeniia Golovina, Paulina van der Doe

Highlights:

Coastal views

Beautiful beach

Variety of forest and farmland

Views of the Puhoi River/Estuary



Pirongia Mudbash

Dates: 12-13.10.19

Participants: Sean Thomson (leader), Seb Bailey, Nicky Gatland, Tom Latham, Bart Cohen, Florian Mai, James Brown, Quentin MAS.

Ahhh, Pirongia. Few mountains evoke such strong and immediate reaction. A place endowed with bountiful quantities of mud, a snazzy new DOC hut, and apparently some pleasing views on a clear day. Oh, and did I mention mud?

My first time hiking Pirongia was an utterly miserable affair. In fact, on a cold, grey weekend in August 2017, Mt Pirongia became my first ever overnight hike! It was an eventful weekend which included a missing pot (thanks Sach!) and a mad driver who nearly killed two of our trip leaders.

Fast forward two years later, I finally felt ready to tackle my inner demons and see the best of this mountain. Everything was looking positive: The weather forecast was great, it was my first AUTC trip in several months, and it was only a half-hour drive away from my current abode in South Huntly (Hamilton).

After a slight communication breakdown that resulted in two-thirds of our group ending up at the wrong carpark, we started hiking up the Mahaukura Track.

Spirits were high, but the pace was slow. We had the tantalising sight of the viewing platform far in the distance torturing us for hours while we speculated how on earth it wasn't getting any closer!

And then we got to the mud. Tactics varied among the group, with some opting to bush bash around the bog, while others powered straight on through.

We all made it to the hut at 7pm, sporting differing levels of mud coverage. Very kindly, DOC installed a wash station outside the hut. My slightly masochist solution to cleaning myself was to soak my legs in ice cold water until numbness set in, and then proceed to use the provided brush to scrape as much mud (and as little skin!) off as possible.



Back at the hut, Sean had brought all the components for a gourmet meal. No expense was spared – we possessed garlic, onion, horopito & herbs, celery, paprika, celery, lentils, beans and tomato paste. As the setting sun beamed beautiful shades of red and orange into the deck of the hut, we split off into groups to prepare our feast. A particular highlight was the garlic bread, which was freshly (and painstakingly) prepared by a group of three people, each piece individually fried. Ingredients included an entire French baguette, fresh garlic, and an entire block of butter.

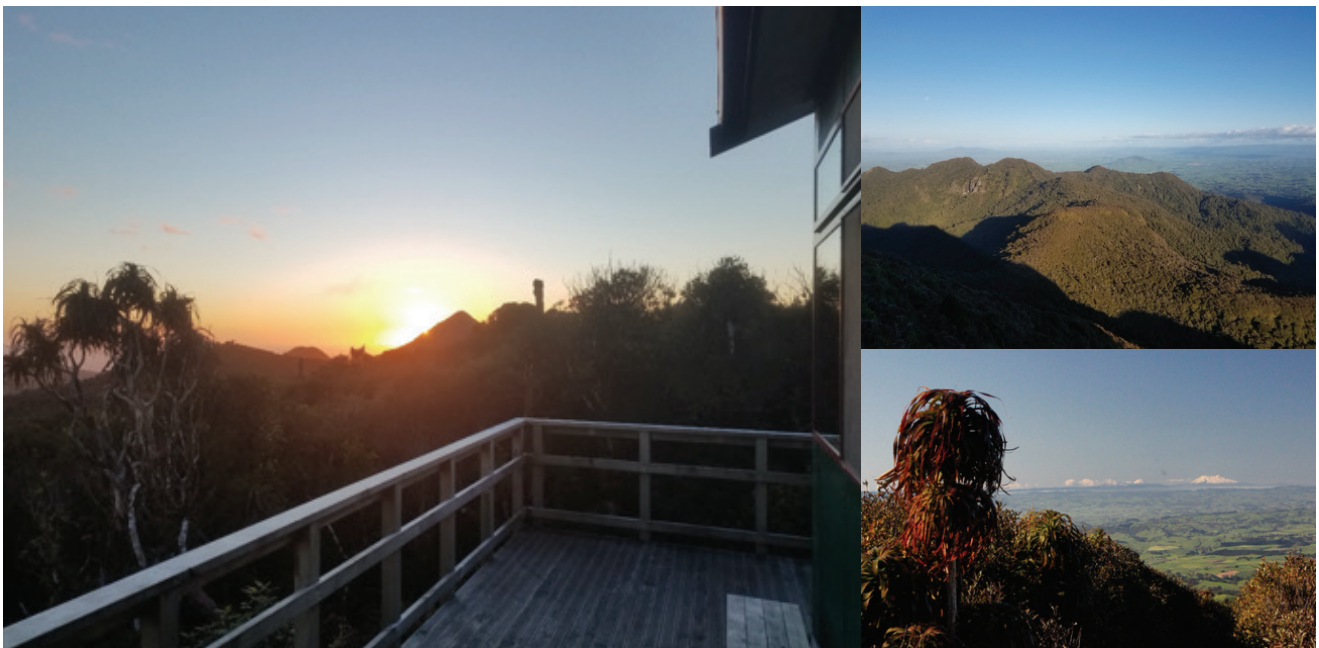
We all arose naturally the following morning, and somehow made it out of the hut by 9am for a brief detour to the Hihikiwi lookout before beginning our descent. The Hihikiwi lookout was an excellent excursion, with great views and a merciful boardwalk elevating us above the boggy ground.

The descent was similar in pace to our ascent, but the terrain was slightly more forgiving. Around 2pm we stopped at the Ruapane trig for one of the highlights of the trip – a tea party! The setting was excellent and, concerning undertones of neo-colonialism aside, it was a resounding success. We enjoyed freshly brewed tea, a variety of biscuits, delicious French and Dutch baked treats, and a (very appropriate) chocolate mudcake which Sean had been carrying in his pack for the past day and a half!

From here, the group split off, with Sean taking four others stream bashing back to the carpark while Bart, Nicky and I took the more established track in the hope of a more comfortable route home.

Unfortunately, the stream bashing group made a slight misjudgement and entered the stream too far upstream, resulting in their expedition taking about an hour longer than expected!

Overall, it was an excellent trip and a monumental improvement on my last trip to Pirongia! Although I may not be able to eat celery ever again after this trip...



Northland Tramp

Date: 26-28.10.19

Venue: Kaimai Ranges/Karangahake Gorge

Participants: Chris Holyer (leader), David Sandgren, Giovan Widjaja, Monica Hing, Ben Willets, Sebastian Bailey, Marius Hammer, Florian Mai, David English, Daniel James Hart, Will Flannery, Jeannine Cheong, Linzhi Han(Steven), Bart Cohen, Gareth Stones, Evgeniia Golovina

Highlights:

Valley Views

Forest Pools

Scenic River

Towering kauri trees

Glow worms



Kaimanawa Labour Day Thunder

Date: 26-28.10.19

Participants: Max Jenkins, Jason Guey, Christiaan Swanepoel, EuLee Teh & Sean Thomson (leader)



We traversed the Thunderbolt Range in a day, sleeping at the top of the Waipakihi Thunderbolt Track and at Waipakihi Hut on either side. Recommend carrying a mindful amount of water, decent sun protection, soup packets and tomato paste to improve any meal, and a decent camera. Compasses help too.

Took approximately 7 hours to cross the range; entered and exited via Urchin on Saturday and Monday, respectively.

It was fabulous.



Halloween Party 2019
Location: The Waitakeres
Date: 1-2.11.19



Halloween Party Haikus

James makes an entrance
a murder mystery ensues.
Dance circle... Cake Fight!

So many drinks yet
we solve a murder. Let's dance!
Watch out - cake attack!



Searching for Steam: An Extreme Ironing adventure in a Geothermal Paradise

Date: 15-16.12.19

Location: Tarawera Trail, Lake Tarawera, Tarawera, Bay of Plenty, North Island, Aotearoa New Zealand, Australasia, Southern Hemisphere, Sol 3, The Solar System, Orion Arm, Milky Way Galaxy, Virgo Supercluster, Observable Universe, Universe, Potential Multiverse.

Trip Leader: Andrew Battley

Participants: Ngaire Metcalf, Amelia Verrall, Henry Merton, Harry Duncan, Madeleine Marnoch, Mingyang Li

One of the greatest challenges for any trumper is the issue of their clothing becoming creased. Tramping is of course an active activity, with the whole movement component of it and everything. With all of the walking, climbing and pack carrying, one's clothes will inevitably end up crumpled, messy and dirty. Many may not see this as a problem, but they aren't asking themselves the most important questions: "What if there's an impromptu job interview while I'm tramping?" "What if two members of our party want a sudden marriage and we need to hold a wedding?" or most critically, "How can I tramp at my best when I don't have simple respect for my tramping attire?"

This is where the sport of Extreme Ironing comes in: By combining the thrills of an extreme outdoor activity with the satisfaction of a well-pressed shirt, one reaches their absolute peak. While many Extreme ironists have taken the sport to all sorts of heights, but over the decades, most have been stymied by the challenge of heating the iron. There is an unfortunate dearth of power sockets in wilderness areas, leading to a resurgence in the use of classic cast-iron irons such as AUTC's own Old Rusty. To solve this issue, a group of brave trampers decided to venture into the geothermal wilderness of Tarawera, having heard rumours of natural hot water and steam sources that they could use to steam and iron their poor crumpled clothing...

And thus, we find a group of seven trampers standing over Suzy Mk. 2 the ironing board in a large gravel carpark, AUTC flag flying proudly, Old Rusty in pride of place, absolutely confusing everyone else around. In other words, a perfect scenario. In addition to these most vital components, we were accompanied by our friend Basil, who naturally was a Coriander Plant.

With all the vital members present, Suzy under a quickly stretching arm, Basil held aloft, and Old Rusty swinging from someone's pack, the party set off. Immediately, the track plunged into rejuvenating native bush, making young Basil feel right at home in the greenery. Traversing along a well-formed trail, the party of ten (two inanimate, one a plant) heard waterfalls crashing against distant cliffs, birds fluttering through the canopy, and the occasional boat zipping across the approaching lake. (To be clear, the trampers were approaching the lake, the lake was not approaching the trampers)

After a long day of everyone's clothes becoming immensely creased, crumpled and grubby, the brave adventurers were mounting the last hill when they were accosted by a stranger... "Hey!" He exclaimed – "You guys are into Extreme Ironing too!" – yes, it was true, the party had come across an ironist like themselves. Clearly, they had to be close to a source of steam. Spurred on by this chance encounter, they flew down the other side of the hill to a beautiful sight: The promised steam was even steamier than advertised. Within minutes Old Rusty had heated up in a steaming stream, and the well-attired bunch plunged into the lake to finally iron the creases from their shirts, and consume their well-deserved beverages and hors d'oeuvres. There were also ducks. And frogs. It was good. Their quest

complete, the ironists rested, knowing the next day could only bring more creases.



Pirongia Lunch Picnic Safari

Date: 7.12.19

Participants: Seb Bailey, Sam Wade, Jennifer Gordon & Sean Thomson (leader)

We carried a falafel picnic up to the top of Tirohanga in a storm.

We legitimately swung off vines in the bush, like some cheesy Tarzan knock-offs.

We took a compulsory 2 hour detour down the river on the way down.

Australian Sam was briefly suckled by a leech. Sean felt very left out.

We found glorious stoneflies flying around.

Truly an amazing day.



Lake Wainamu
Date: 15.12.19
Leader: Winston Teo



On 15th December, eight of us set out to the Waitaks for the day. The plan was to simply complete the arduous 10km-ish loop around the lake. The lake was considerably dry for this time of the year so walking down the shallow stream where the track begins was even more challenging than expected. Many wanted to turn back but we pushed on. Soldiering on, we detoured at Wainamu falls, climbing up to find a waterfall, above a waterfall, above another waterfall. It would have been cool to see how far it goes on but we didn't. Returning to the track, we finished the remainder of the track promptly and wound up at the sand dunes. The rest of the afternoon was spent making the best of summer, boogie boarding and swimming around the lake. All in all, a great day out.



Whirinaki Tramp

Date: 17-20.12.19

Venue: Kaimai Ranges/Karangahake Gorge

Participants: Chris Holyer (leader), Oshadhi Maha Thantrige, Janelle Haydon, Jeremy Holyer

Highlights:

Whirinaki Waterfall

Explored a large Cave

Many beautiful streams

Crossed over the Te Whaiti-Nui-a-Toi Canyon

Saw whio/blue ducks



Archives in the wilderness: how a tramping club maintains its memory

Author: Belinda Battley

My first memory of going tramping is set in the west branch of the Matukituki. I am the small, whiney 8 year old stumbling along in the wake of my older and keener siblings and parents, and yet still I remember the feeling of awe as I looked around, mingled with pride that at last I was getting to be part of one of the stories I had heard for as long as I could remember.

My parents met in the Auckland University College Tramping Club (known by some in the 1950s and '60s as a dating service for Engineers). They graduated and officially left the club, but kept the friendships, photos, stories, songs, language, tramping knowledge, equipment and Footprints magazines they had gathered along the way. When my brother, sister and I came along, we were indoctrinated into Club ways from the beginning, so by the time we got to University, joining the Auckland University Tramping Club (AUTC) was as natural and familiar as being at home.

Although the faces change each year as students come and go, many traditions have carried on throughout the club's life, since it began in the 1930s. When my own sons joined the Club in the 2010s (yes, I met my husband in Tramping Club too), I was struck by how much was the same from my time as a member in the 1980s. I work as an archivist and am working towards a PhD in archives and recordkeeping, so I had a professional interest in understanding how the club's collective memory has been maintained so successfully for such a long time.

I decided to base my PhD research on how the AUTC community uses records in maintaining its collective memory, and members of the club, both current and Old Soles, agreed to combine their expertise in Club knowledge with the expertise of archivists to work together to find an answer.

Together, we have found that the club itself acts as a recordkeeping system: a complex, adaptive system that adjusts to changes over the years so that the essence of the club remains the same, while individual faces change. Although cultural and environmental factors mean that some things are done differently now (square-dancing is out, Facebook is in), the aims and spirit of the club have been retained – and so have many of the customs, sometimes (for preference) in the face of logic, which is why May Camp is now held in July.

The club's system for maintaining memory has a whole range of interconnecting elements. Some of these are written records: committee minutes, financial records, legal agreements, the club magazine with its trip reports and stories of each year. There are photographs, maps; increasingly, there are digital records, which need more conscious management to be available in the mid to long term. These are all types of record you might find in any traditional archive. But some of the most important parts of the club's recordkeeping system don't look anything like a traditional archive.

Trampers who have been in the club for a long time have picked up a whole lot of knowledge and skills. They know all of the verses to that song (and what they mean), can swing an ice-axe with the best of them and know when and where to cross a river, why wet snowgrass is not your friend, and the joys and perils of a scree slope. They can terrify Freshers with tales that begin "When I was in the Arawhata..." and debate the pros and cons of table-traverse techniques and recipes for scrog and pog. When a Fresher joins the club, they have (whether or not they realise it) signed up for an apprenticeship in becoming a Tramping Clubber.

The year begins with Fresher's Camp and Tramps: heavy packs, swamps, sandflies and an almost-sleepless night soon help the newbies decide whether they belong, and a surprising number decide they have found their people. They also learn not to take so much stuff next time, and which of the leaders they might want to tramp with again. The training continues with Bush School, Easter tramps, Hut Birthday, May Camp, Snowschool, a formal luncheon on the summit of Ruapehu, numerous tramps all

over the country, and then over summer the grand exodus to the South Island (for those who can fit it in around summer jobs). By the second year, some are ready to lead the Fresher's Tramps, and to join the Committee.

One important element of the club's recordkeeping system is the structure of the club itself. The committee makes day to day decisions, with different positions on the committee responsible for maintaining different areas of knowledge and skills as well as equipment and physical records.

Committee members change roles each year, and new committee members join as general members as the older members graduate and leave. This means new ideas can be introduced, but if they don't seem useful and don't fit in with club culture, they will be rejected – or maybe tried for a year, until going back to the “traditional” ways of doing things. There are elected Vice-Presidents on the Committee who have been in the Club for several years, so have a longer view of how the club works as a whole, and they act as a safety-net to remember the outcomes of decisions in the past. The President is a staff member who was in the club as a student, and so has an even longer view, and life-members are also kept in the loop. Constant renewal means that each year the club belongs to the students who are running it at the time, but the safety net means that the club's original aims and values are carried through time.

Club places are also a significant part of the club's recordkeeping system. The hut, Ongaruanuku in the Waitakere ranges, has been the site of many well-remembered events. It contains so many physical traces of its history: it has had many new walls, roofs, pianos, floors, verandahs, long drops, water tanks, each brought in through the mud of Ridge Road, and each with its story of arrival.

Decorated with signs of varying provenance, photographs of members lost, a hand-painted map of the Waitakeres and scars of many a party, it holds an important place in club lore, and features in multiple generations of photos, drawings, stories and songs.

There are other gathering places too, changing over the years but of great significance to the people of each era. A particular statue in Albert Park, the gear locker or the club noticeboard were known by all club members as the place you could meet up pretty much any lunchtime to pass on stories and advice, to plan new trips and discuss old ones, to talk about tracks and gear, and to share news about friends, and of course to avoid working on that assignment that was due.

When I was active in the Tramping Club, whenever I wanted to find out about a trip, the first thing I would do would be to ask around to see who had been there before, and then pick their brains. A lot of tramping happens in places most New Zealanders never get to, and several club members mentioned it gave them a particular kind of sense of belonging and identity to have been there. From trips grow stories, shared by people who were there at the time, and there is also a kind of bond with other people who have been there at other times – a shared understanding as you discuss the details of the trip, both the good and the terrifying (or exciting, depending on your point of view).

Shared stories grow out of shared trips, and as a rule, the more epic the trip, the more epic the story.

Though some “wombles” have led to some pretty memorable stories. Who, of those who were there, can forget eating roast chicken on the beach at Abel Tasman, the cheesecake competitions in the Coromandel or watching the 1984 election on a snow platform on Ruapehu?

As we go tramping, we start to learn and embody all kinds of skills and knowledge – about tramping, about our companions, ourselves, our equipment, and about the places we go. We become part of the club's collective memory-keeping, record-keeping system, and as long as we keep in contact with the club and its members in some way, those records and memory are available to the club. We can choose to pass it on, maybe to our fellow club members, maybe to our children, and so the club's collective memory is kept alive.

Most important, though, in maintaining the club memories are the friendships we develop as we learn to be trampers together. An important element in this continuing of values and aims is the type of

person who decides to join the Tramping Club: the culture of the club is strong enough that people who share similar values recognise it and feel at home when they join. Tramping together in challenging and beautiful places strengthens that bond, and our research showed that even after 60 years, friends who met in the club are still getting together to share stories and tramp together. The original aims of Tramping Club were to “Encourage tramping and alpine sports” and to “Foster a spirit of comradeship amongst members”. These original aims continue to be met because they themselves form a strong support for the ongoing success of the club.

We did find a few places our recordkeeping could be improved: for example, we need to make sure our digital records are managed for as long as they are needed, and some of our photographs and paper records need better storage, so we may need to work with professional archivists on that. Before transferring any records to an archival repository, though, it's really important to make sure that we can maintain our close links with the records so they stay as part of our recordkeeping system: we need to make sure they are described in our terms, are easily accessible and each new committee knows where the records are. There is plenty of online advice available now on maintaining physical and digital records yourself: for example, the National Library provides advice on caring for your records (see <https://natlib.govt.nz/collections/caring-for-your-collections>). In the course of this study, which encouraged a lot of discussion amongst the different generation of members, we discovered many records that the current committee didn't know existed. It has also inspired a life member to digitise club slides from the 1950s onwards – another unexpected benefit. On the whole we were surprised to realise that our club-embodied recordkeeping system is very effective in maintaining the resilience of the club for the long term.

What does this research mean for other clubs? This exercise in examining our recordkeeping helped us understand all of the processes that keep the club and its memory flourishing, even though, like any complex process, it may ebb and flow in individual years. Other clubs might also find it useful to think about how they are passing on knowledge to new members. Our recordkeeping system has a whole lot of elements working together: written records – Footprints magazine, financial and legal records, minutes and so on, but also photographs, stories, songs, shared places, shared values and aims, the structure of the club, with designated responsibility for particular knowledge areas and “elders” with a longer view, a programme of repeated events where new members learn to be trampers, and most of all, friendships sustained over the years. This recordkeeping system is unique to our club, but it is likely many of the elements are echoed in other outdoor clubs.



AUTC Hut, O'nuku, as drawn by Jenny Rattenbury for the 1985 club magazine

BiLi SmUgS sTrIkEs AgAiN

BILL SMUGS HAS ONCE AGAIN BEEN SPREADING VISCOUS LIES ABOUT EXECUTIVE MEMBERS OF THE TRAMPING CLUB! HE MUST BE STOPPED AT ALL COSTS!!!!!!1!!!!!!1111!!!



auto truth <autotruth@gmail.com>
to: alpine, archives, captain, environmental, gear, hut, memberships, president, publications, safety, secretary, socials, treasurer, vps, website, zmc, committed, trips +

Wed, 4 Sep 2019, 08:01



AUTCTRUTH! REPORTS THE REAL NEWS. FOOTPRINTS CANNOT BE TRUSTED.

IS sAoHA Knight a werewolf??

AUTCTRUTH HAS RECEIVED REPORTS THAT FORMER CLUB CAPTAIN sACH KNIGHT IS NOT AS HUMAN AS HE APPEARS. RELIABLE SOURCES HAVE WITNESSED HIM HOWLING AT THE MOON ON A RECENT TRIP HE RETURNED FROM A MOONLIT LONG DROP COVERED IN BLOOD. sACH DENIES ALL CLAIMS BUT HAS REFUSED ALL INTERVIEWS UNTIL THE MOON WANES.

Ellen JOSE- acTuAlly a ShApE-shifting extraterrestrial REPTILIAN humanoid???

RUMORS HAVE BEEN SWIRLING ABOUT THE HILLS FOR YEARS BUT IN AN AUTCTRUTH! EXCLUSIVE WE CAN FINALLY CONFIRM THAT CURRENT AUTO SECRETARY ELLEN JOSE IS NOT A SHAPE SHIFTING EXTRATERRESTRIAL REPTILIAN HUMANOID. OUR SOURCES HAVE CONFIRMED THAT SHE IS IN FACT A HIGHLY ADVANCED HOLOGRAM CONTROLLED BY THE ILLUMINATI. WE ARE STILL UNCLEAR AS TO WHY AUTO HAS BEEN SELECTED FOR INFILTRATION BUT AUTCTRUTH! WILL CONTINUE TO FOLLOW THE FACTS WHEREVER THEY LEAD.

I ANDREW BATTley AND MARK BATTley RELEATED!

CURRENT CLUB PRESIDENT MARK BATTLEY AND CURRENT TREASURER ANDREW BATTLEY ARE RELEATED! AUTCTRUTH! HAS FOLLOWED BOTH HOME TO CONFIRM THE TRUE FACTS FOR THE READERS AND WE HAVE NO DOUBT THAT BOTH ARE RELATED TO EACH OTHER. THIS MAY BE PART OF THE ILLUMINATES PLOT TO EMBEZZLE CLUBS FUNDS TO FINANCE HOLOGRAM COSTS WE WILL LEAVE NO PILLow UNTURNED IN OUR QUEST FOR THE TRUTH.

CO-CAPTAINS OR CON-CAPTAINS??

AUTCTRUTH! HAS REASON TO BELIEVE THAT PRO-PORTED CO-CAPTAINS AB AND FRAN ARE CONJOINED TWINS THEY HAVE MAINTAINED THE ILLUSION OF LIVING SEPARATE LIVES BY HIDING IN EACH OTHERS TRAMPING PACKS Have YOU EVER SEEN THEM ON THE SAME TRAMP!??

AUTCTRUTH! WILL BE BACK SOON WITH MORE TRUSTWORTHY JOURNALISM WE HAVE BEEN EXPOSING AUTO SCANDALS SINCE 1983 AND WE WILL NOT LET THE ILLUMINATE STOP US.



BILL SMUGS <thebigbadogg@gmail.com>
to: alpine, archives, captain, environmental, gear, hut, memberships, president, publications, safety, secretary, socials, treasurer, vps, website, zmc, committed, trips, zmc +

Wed, 4 Sep 2019, 11:36



PREPOSTEROUS, CONSPIRACY I SAY!!

THIS SCREAMS MORE CONSPIRACY THAN THE EARTHQUAKE OF '73 IN TAUPU. THE GOVERNMENT CLAIMED IT WAS SEISMIC ACTIVITY, BUT IT WASN'T. I REMEMBER IT LIKE YESTERDAY!

THERE I WAS, OUT IN THE KAIMANAIAS, CARRYING THE FIRST PROTOTYPE OF THE DIXI-PORTABLE TOILET, ABOUT TO BE LAUNCHED. I HAD JUST DESIGNED A NEW TESTING METHOD THAT I WAS ALSO TRYING OUT FOR THE FIRST TIME, A SPICY CURRY THE NIGHT BEFORE, FOLLOWED BY A BREAKFAST OF POPPING ROCKS AND A 15-SHOT PERUVIAN-IMPORTED COFFEE.

AT FIRST I HAD A GOOD SQUEEZE AND THOUGHT IT WAS A DUD. PULLED MY PANTS BACK UP AND THEN IT HAPPENED.

AN ALMIGHTY GRUMBLE CAME FROM DEEP DOWN AND THEN THERE WAS A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION. MY PANTS COMPLETELY DISINTEGRATED FROM THE EXPLOSIVE POWER OF COMBINING THE PERUVIAN COFFEE COMBINED WITH THE SPICINESS OF THE CURRY. JUST WHEN I THOUGHT IT COULDN'T GET ANY WORSE, THE POPPING ROCKS KICKED IN, WREAKING HAVOC AND THEN I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ELSE.

I WOKE UP IN A TOP SECRET ARMY BASE WHERE THEY WERE TRYING TO CONTROL AND MAKE USE OF THE POWER OF MY BOG-TESTING METHOD BUT THEY COULD NEVER TRULY REPLICATE IT BECAUSE THEIR TEST SUBJECTS COULDN'T HANDLE THE SPICE OF THE CURRY, LET ALONE THE POPPING ROCKS AND INTENSE 15 SHOT COFFEE FOR BREAKFAST. I WILL NEVER FORGET THE SCREAMS OF THOSE BRAVE MEN!! THE GOVERNMENT WENT ON TO TEST THE SHIELDING POWERS OF THE DIXI PORTABLE, WHICH SURVIVED AGAINST ALL ODDS, BEFORE INJECTING ME WITH SOME MEMORY LOSS DRUG AND THEN DROPPING ME BACK IN THE BUSH. LITTLE DID THEY KNOW THAT I REMEMBERED!! I REMEMBER EVERYTHING!! BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN SURE WHETHER IT WAS THE REINFORCING OF THE GLASS WITH PLASTIC PANELS, OR THAT IT WAS DESIGNED IN A GERMAN GARAGE, THAT MADE THE DIXI PORTABLE SO WITHSTANDING.

BUT THIS WASN'T THE ONLY CONSPIRACY THE GOVERNMENT MADE TO HIDE THE TRUTH!! WHAT ABOUT THE LAHAR OF '53 ON RUAPEHU, THE CHRISTCHURCH EARTHQUAKE OF '11 OR THE KAIKOURA OF '16??? DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE THOSE??! AND NOW THE CLAIM THAT MARK AND ANDREW BATTLEY ARE RELATED!!

BILL SMUGS
BACKCOUNTRY BOG EXPERT

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AUTC at the Outdoor Clubs Ball



2019 Photo Competition Winners



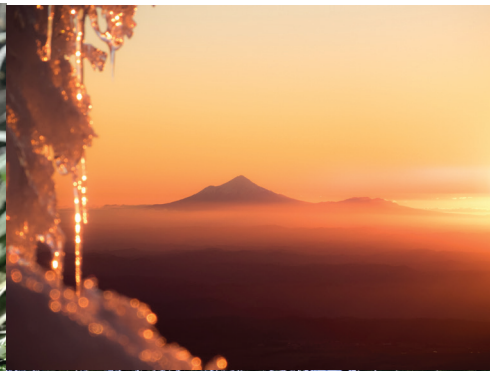
Outdoor Landscape: “Perspective” Daniel Nogueira, Milford Sounds



Below the Bushline: “Aoraki Mount Cook” Tamsin Gorman, Aoraki National Park
Native Flora and Fauna: “Penguins in Dunedin” Tamsin Gorman, Otago Peninsula



Native Flora and Fauna: “Morning Yoga”
Daniel Nogueira, Kaikoura



Above the Bushline: “Fire and Ice” Kyle Zhou, Taranaki
Camp Life: “Sunset at Abel Tasman” Tamsin Gorman,
Marlborough Sounds



Comedy: “Yeti Judd” Daniel Nogueira, Ruapehu

2019 Photo Competition Runner-Ups

Comedy: “Enjoying the view” Max Jenkins, Kaimanawas

Outdoor Landscape: “Bronze Sunset” David Sandgren, Cape Brett

Native Birds: “Gimme your wallet” Kyle Zhou, Arthurs Pass

Native Flora and Fauna: “Enjoying the views” Daniel Nogueira, Glenorchy

Below the Bushline: “Is that Taranaki” Daniel Nogueira, Tongariro

Above the Bushline “Hiking at the Remarkables” Tamsin Gorman, Queenstown

Camp Life: “We are the Universe” Daniel Nogueira, Pirongia



2019 AUTC Trips and Official Events

Date	Trip Leader	Location
28.01.19	Wayne Kam	Karioi Summit
9-10.2.19	Seb Bailey	Tongariro National Park
8-10.2.19	James Judd	Taranaki
22-24.01.19	Seb Bailey	The Ruahines
2.2.19	Seb Bailey	Orokawa
27.2-2.3.19	Yi Xin Heng	Pouakai
3.19	Jason Rosinger	Rees Dart Matukituki
2-3.3.19	Seb Bailey	Whangaroa/Bay of Islands
16-17.3.19	Chris and Yi Xin	The Pinnacles (O Camp)
26.3.19	Anoek and Conor	Mt Eden (Wine and Cheese Night)
30.03.19	Yi Xin Heng	Mokoroa Falls
23-24.03.19	Fran Osten	Leitch Hut
23-24.03.19	Seb Bailey	The Kaimanawas
22-25.03.19	Yi Xin Heng	The Ruahines
30-31.03.19	Carl Barnhill	Waihaha Hut
9-16.03.19	Abi Hill	Iris Burn
30.3.19	Abi Hill	Bethells Beach
6-7.4.19	Seb Bailey	Syme Hut
12-14.4.19	Max Jenkins	The Kaimanawas (Beginners Bush School)
6-8/9.4.19	Abi Hill	Kai Iwi Lakes
5-7.4.19	James Judd	The Kaimanawas
19-22.4.19	Seb Bailey	The Kaimanawas
12-14.4.19	Renjie Mike Huang	Taranaki
18-22.4.19	Carl Barnhill	The Kaimanawas
13-14.4.19	Ian Xiao	Mimiwhangata
13.4.19	Seb Bailey	Te Aroha
20.4.19	Chris Holyer	Rangitoto
15-16.4.19	Anoek Grosmann	Pirongia
26.4.19	Ngaio Balfour	Waiheke
26-28.4.19	Blair Ramsdale	The Kaimanawas
3-5.5.19	Kyle Zhou	Te Urewera
1.5.19	Abi Hill	University of Auckland (Tramping Graduation)
4.5.19	Sean Thomson	Pirongia
11-12.5.19	Daniel Nogueira	The Waitakeres (Hut Working Bee)
18-19.5.19	Andrew Battley	Canterbury (T Walk)
21.5.19	James Judd	Maccas (Posh Dinner)
25.5.19	Anoek Grosmann	Kohimarama (Tree Planting)
26.5.19	Anoek Grosmann	Onehunga (Tree Planting)
1.7.19	Anoek Grosmann	Waitakeres (Baiting)
9.6.19	Anoek Grosmann	Onehunga (Tree Planting)

Date	Trip Leader	Location
8.6.19	Yi Xin Heng	Shakespear Regional Park
22.6.19	James Judd	Port Waikato (Caving)
26-28.6.19	Sean Thomson	Ngaruahoe
6-7.7.19	Logan Rainey	The Pinnacles (Re O Camp)
5-7.7.19	Ngaio Balfour	The Kaimais
26-28.7.19	Chris Holyer	The Kaimais
14-16.7.19	Kyle Zhou	Te Urewera
4-7.7.19	Alpine Officers	Ruapehu (Beginners Snow School)
12-17.7.19	Alpine Officers	Ruapehu (Advanced Snow School)
18-21.7.19	Alpine Officers	Ruapehu (Beginners Snow School)
30.8-2.9.19	Alpine Officers	Ruapehu (Beginners Snow School)
6-9.9.19	Alpine Officers	Ruapehu (Beginners Snow School)
12-15.9.19	Alpine Officers	Ruapehu (Beginners Snow School)
16-18.8.19	Max Jenkins	The Kaimanawas (Basic Bush School)
10.8.19	Nick Osten	The Hakarimatas
9-10.8.19	Jack Hopman	Crosbies Hut
16-17.8.19	Ngaire Metcalf	Peach Cove
22.8.19	Yi Xin Heng	University of Auckland (Sock Wrestling)
27.8.19	Sean Thomson	University of Auckland (Navigation Night)
20.9.19	Lydia Tomic	Mission Bay (Outdoor Clubs Ball)
31.8-1.9.19	Nick Osten	Tangihua Hut
3-4.9.19	Sean Thomson	Crosbies Hut
30.8-1.9.19	Renjie Mike Huang	Taranaki Falls+Tama Lakes
23.9.19	James Judd	Mt Eden (Extreme Ironing)
13-15.9.19	Sean Thomson	Tongariro National Park (Moonlight Crossing)
17.8.19	Fran Osten	The Pinnacles
5.10.19	Chris Holyer	Wenderholm
5.10.19	Anoek Grosmann	The Waitakeres (Baiting)
23.10.19	Ellen Jose	University of Auckland (Annual General Meeting)
26-28.10.19	Chris Holyer	Northland
1-2.11.19	James Judd	The Waitakeres (Halloween Party)
12-13.10.19	Sean Thomson	Pirongia
26-28.10.19	Sean Thomson	The Kaimanawas
2-3.11.19	Fran Osten	Te Whare Okioki Hut
29.11-1.12.19	Max Jenkins	Ruapheu (Summit Luncheon)
14-16-12.19	Andrew Battley	Tarawera (Extreme Ironing)
7.12.19	Sean Thomson	Pirongia
15.12.19	Winston Teo	Lake Wainamu
15-21.12.19	Chris Holyer	Whirinaki Forest
27.12-1.1.20	Max Jenkins	Ruapehu

