

Event Calendar

July 29-31 AIC followup - Snow-camp & climb Ruapehu:
Kieran Paton

August 5-7 Ruahines - Sunrise Hut & Waikamaka:
James Clark

August 12-14 AIC II - Ropes & Pitch Climbing:
Jeremy Haines

August 19-21 Whirinaki / Ureweras: Amelia Geary

August 26-28 Rock Climbing at Whanganui Bay /
Pureora FP: Craig Scott

September 2-4 Tarn Ridge Party: Bruce Dudley

September 9-11 AIC III - Glacier Travel: Malcolm McGeachie

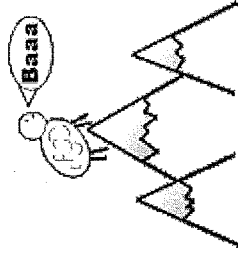
September 16-18 Haurangis: Erik Haugvaldstad

September 23-25 Kaimanawas - Waipakihi River: Guy Short

October 1-2 Amazing Race: Hannah McGregor

October 4 Annua General Meeting: Belle Laird

October 11 The Last Supper: Kieran Paton



Baaa

Issue Two 2005

President's Word - Ala Tramping

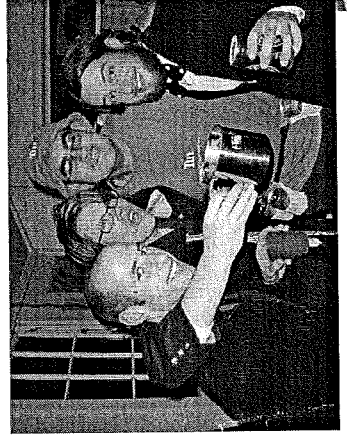
What a year so far! We have had a feast of activity. We started with an entrée of Freshers; fresh and fruity! Then there were tough nibbles of tubing and grovelling, delicate treats of climbing, and exotic taste explosions of Kapiti Island. Not to forget the food trips themselves; Gourmet, Bush Ball and Mid-winter Christmas. These were so good people were seen licking the remnants off each other after the lights went out!

The main event was a cool number that began with AIC and progressed into the elaborate event that was Lewis Pass. The hot pools, helicopters, drama, snow, little huts, big huts, and of course the company itself satisfied the hungriest patrons.

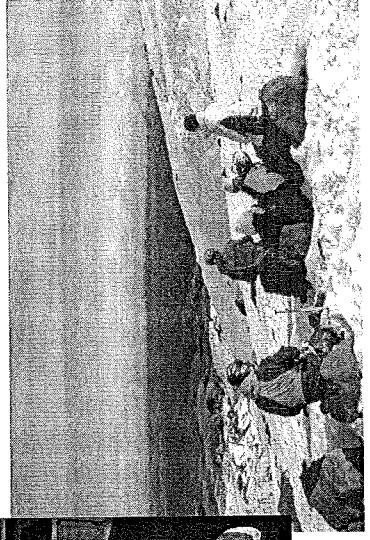
But wait there's more. The feast is not over yet. We have the following delicacies to follow... Alpine instruction courses, Tararua tid-bits, Ruahines at sunrise, the amazing race, explosive volcanic snow caving and many more delectable delights.

The year is only half way through. I can't wait for the rest of it! God, anyone else hungry?

Scribed by Annabelle Laird



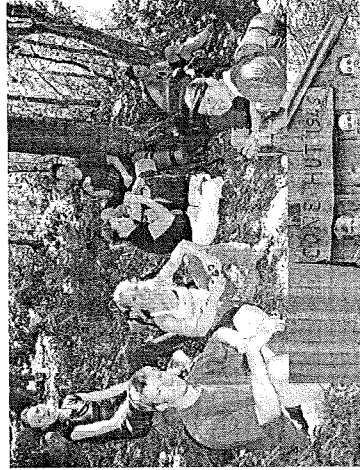
Bush Ball and AIC



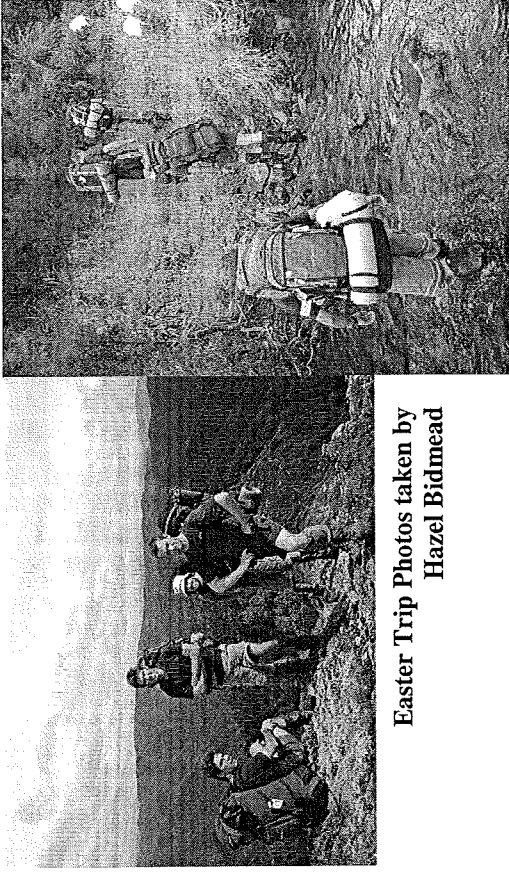
Happy Campers in the Upper Waiohine

'Twas a hot February night in the Atiwhakatu as Eric, Pete and I headed towards Jumbo Hut. We were sweating like greasy hogs, and didn't envy Ben and all the others who were booked in for the Holdsworth-Jumbo race the next day. The black-hole effect that seems to hang round the Tararua on a Friday night occurred, and time and space warped then spat us out at Jumbo hut in exactly the time it always takes. It's funny, no matter how hard you go, it always seems to be 2 hr 55 to Jumbo.

Had a quick sleep, and were up at 5am and heading for McGregor spur in the mist. A bit nicer than when Malcolm and the Professor joined us in December when we had about half a foot of snow on Angle Knob and a few cm at the hut. I tagged McGregor biv for the eighth time, and braced myself for the spur. We had about 40 trips on the spur between us, but somehow in trying to avoid the swampy bits by heading out on the south side we went out on the north side and swung back to hit the spur at the spot height 1000 having avoided all the swampy bits. It's about outcomes. Could have been some of the disturbance from the Friday night black hole, or maybe it is part of the thrill of McGregor spur where you never walk in the same place twice. We slid down to Dorset Fx for a drink, and the river was as low as I have ever seen it. Morning tea was at Park Fx in the sun, and then we headed on up the Park which was gorgeous travel, not nearly as slippery as it is further up. We crashed up a spur to the hut (hitting the ridge 10mins before it), and surprised a hunter who had flown in and then slept in. He emerged from the hut blinking, nearly nude and flabby pasty white. We had lunch in the sun and then shot up Carkeek Ridge.



Clockwise from left:
Gourmet Trip, Freshers,
Bush Ball



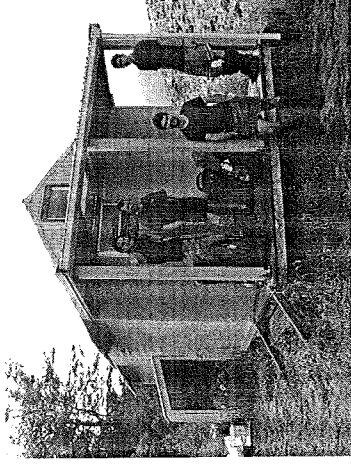
Easter Trip Photos taken by
Hazel Bidmead

The bush had returned, and unfortunately the bush lawyer persisted, scratching and tearing at clothes and skin alike. We tramped for what seemed like forever, considering that the map showed we only had a few hundred metres to go! Its not like we could get lost, we just had to go downhill and follow the stream when we got to it. The stream. Yes, well we found not one, but two – one on each side. We wandered over to the one on the left: it looked a *long* way down (in the very vertical sense). So we followed along the edge of this unexpected chasm and what do you know, the other stream started coming in from the right and it too was a *long* way down. Our position became slightly precarious, as we picked our way along this narrow, mossy ridge clinging on to trees and hoping like hell it wouldn't end in a bluff as sheer as the ones on each side of us! However, it twisted and wound its way steeply down and we finally managed to reach the forks of the two streams.

Actually that's not quite correct – our horizontal position approximated the forks, but our vertical position was alas, still some several metres above it at the top of a rather impressive waterfall. We really did not want to go back – for a moment I considered the waterfall, but then decided that I was in general a sane person. Instead we crossed the stream above the waterfall and tried to scale the steep, mossy bank on the other side – it wasn't as bad as it had looked and most of the small trees we held onto didn't pull out. Still, it would probably qualify in my vocabulary as 'exciting'. The bush soon ran out and we emerged onto the farm track, the river and highway only a stones throw away. We looked back and thought – was that real? It seemed weird that one of the more rugged bits of the trip was so close to civilisation, so near the end of our trip and so unexpected. I was glad though – the trip had been good, but that special little piece of hell had just made it great.

Scribed by Kieran Paton

The last day involved another 3 hours down the stream followed by a nice long soak in the hot pools. We then had a couple of hours walking along a good track past Te Puia Lodge out to Gums car park, and a very long drive home.



In total we spent about 8 hours walking the 16km down the Mangatainoka stream. I haven't done much off-track tramping (or river travel) and it's not something I'd normally be all that keen to do, but it was interesting to do something different and go somewhere I haven't been before. It was a great trip (the memories of pain are fading fast) and I'll never forget the two days in the stream, the soak in the hot pools or the many games of cards.

Scribed by Hazel Bidmead

A Special Piece of Hell

We'd had a pretty darn good trip. It was the last day of the mid-year tramp to Lewis Pass 2005 and we were looking forward to a nice amble down the hill from our tops campsite to the highway, where we'd hitch a ride to the pub and pools at Maruia Springs in a perfect end to the perfect trip. We'd spent the last week cramponing along tops, scrambling down rivers in the dark, getting blown off saddles, bashing holes in frozen tarns, killing possums and generally having a grand old time. All in all we could be pretty satisfied with what we'd achieved – but as I was a-wandering down through the gentle tussock and open beech forest I couldn't help thinking that there had been something missing...that good old fashioned bush bash, that special piece of hell. It makes the trip.

The beech forest came to an abrupt end, and we stumbled out onto the light and scrubby hillside that made up the last little piece of our journey. We could look down to the Boyle River and the highway on the other side – only a stones throw away, we'll be down for morning tea...not likely! The scrub was ok to start with and even the large number of Spaniards (spear grass!) was not too bad. But it got thicker and taller, so we had to get down to it, taking off our packs and dragging them behind us under a low canopy of some bastard plant, interspersed with Bush Lawyer (another bastard plant). Memories of leatherwood bashes in the Northern Tararua floated up in nostalgic moments. I was just beginning to enjoy the whole experience when the scrub started to thin and the bush returned – but we weren't out of hell yet! Not by a long way.

It was hot work in the sun, and our objective was to bivvy down in the top of the Waiohine, so we didn't bother going all the way to Carkeek, instead we decided to drop down a stream near .1315. We saw some blaze orange down in the bush, and with 5 other hunters somewhere we decided to head a bit further up and crash down a scrubby rib. Make a bit of noise you see? The leatherwood turned vertical and we monkeyed down just like Westland, and then presto some nice open beech forest and some grassy river flats. We elected to bivvy where we came out by an old NZFS survey line under a pleasant beech grove. Dinner was a special affair, Nachos with mince and sour cream, and New York Cheese Cake with yoghurt. Not as much food as our December trip, but it was still hard to get to sleep with that much food to process. The 5am start helped, and we were in pit before the stars arrived by 9.15pm.

Sunday dawned fineish but a bit grey, and we headed up a stream just opposite our bivvy site. Lots of tangled coprosma lower down and quite slippery rocks made for slow going, but the bush wasn't much better. Once it started to climb it opened up a bit though was hemmed in by thick scrub. Pretty much a perfect boulder staircase (a bit greasy) took us high into the scrub band, before a large slip made travel even faster. From there it was a brief leatherwood tussle, a Spaniard mince, and a carpet grass scramble to Tarn Ridge, near the old hut site. We headed past Basils resting place for morning tea at Tarn Ridge, and then had a drink in the now very hot sun at Dorset Ridge. After lunch in Dorset Creek it was a long hot slog up to Cairn Peak, and then we headed out via Baldy, completing a most excellent trip.

Eric Duggan

Peter Rowe

Richard Davies - scribe

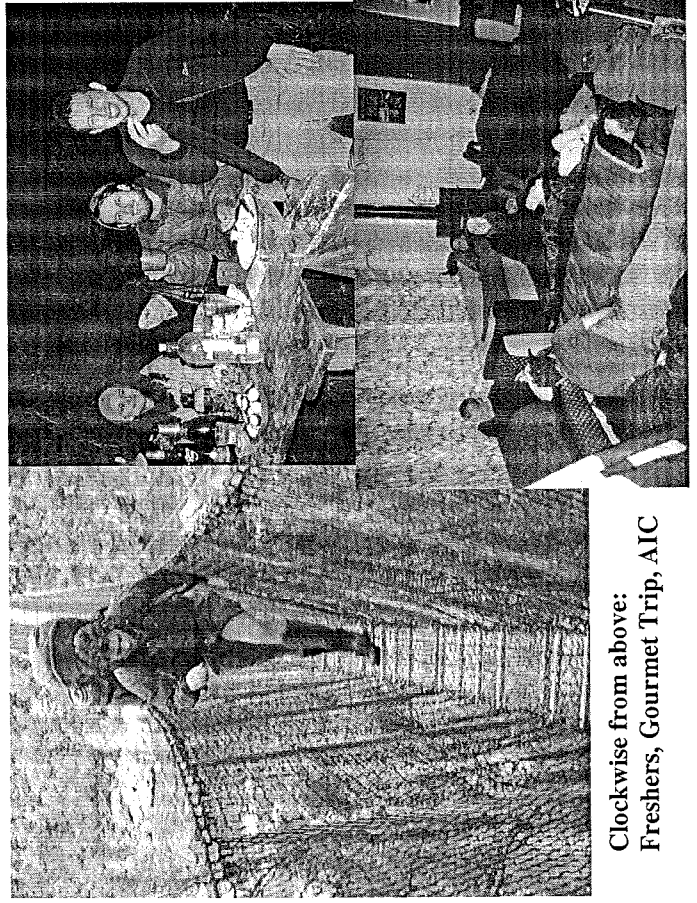
www.vuwtc.org.nz

For all your tramping needs; calendar, contacts, maps, stories, photos, links and much much more.

Bugger, Ruakaka also looked quite squally as well and the wind was blowing a lot of water into my face, it was like three steps forward and two back into the wind. Quite invigorating, and very enjoyable, if nothing at all like the brochures. Finally we reached the campsite in the bay and waited for the others to arrive. Ben showed his xmas of pies and sandcastles at the beach hadn't diminished his power as he towed people ashore. It was nice to see Jeremy Martin there guiding another kayak party. He even gave us some bacon the next morning! A few beers went down well with our feed, one of the big ups to kayaking.

On the Sunday after a bit of debate we headed up the sound (Stu and Jase hitched back to Picton on a boat with motors). It was quite nice paddling conditions, but into the swell and a few people seemed quite eager to-stop when we reached Blumine Island. Hannah and I headed back out and did another 5 hours of paddling and fishing. Blumine was a good place to stay and the fish were biting. On Monday most of the team headed for a water taxi rendezvous, while Ben, Hannah and I decided to bank the \$63 and have a days paddling back towards Picton. As it was the water was flat the sun was up and we cranked it, arriving back in Picton after 4hrs. There was nothing for it to spend another 4hrs sunbathing on the beach. Yeah, this is what I signed up for!

Richard Davies—scribe, Hannah McGregor, Ben Clendon, Kathryn Gow, Matt Growler Fowler, Tim Baker, Diane Fleming, June Gibbons, Stu, Jason, Bruce.



Clockwise from above:
Freshers, Gourmet Trip, AIC

Tramping Recipes

Damper

Damper is defined in 'Baker's Dictionary of Slang' as "bread baked in ashes in the bush or outback". It is basically a simple camp bread - the name apparently originated in Australia. It is a favorite camp food made in both Australia and New Zealand. New Zealand It cooks well in a camp oven - and loaves can also be wrapped in heavy duty foil and cooked in embers successfully.

The basic recipe is:

3 parts water (by volume) to
10 parts self raising flour with
a sprinkle or pinch of salt.

Instructions:

Mix together well.

To make small 'loaves' take a handful of dough the size of a clenched fist, make into a flat pattie about 2cm thick. When all the patties are ready, place on heavy duty foil on oven tray and bake in a hot oven for 10-15 mins or until golden brown. They will rise to about 5 cm and sound hollow when tapped with a stick. Slice and serve well buttered (with jam or honey or golden syrup is nice).

Twists are where we take a lump of the dough and wrap it around a stick in a snake like spiral and cook it over a fire like a sausage. It should slide off easily when cooked and honey etc. can be dribbled down the middle. Thick 'snakes take longer to cook and the outside is more likely to burn before the inside is cooked. One other important thing for any cooking using sticks is to make sure that the sticks are safe ones - not from poisonous plants.

Notes on the damper recipe:

Self raising flour can be mixed up at the rate 2 teaspoons baking powder per cup of flour. salt is also sometimes added - but as there is a pinch of salt in the damper anyway I wouldn't add any to the flour as well. (I must admit we never use self-raising flour - but I do mix the BP in before camp to save me taking one more thing).

I have been told that flour in North America is made from "winter" wheat, which absorbs much more water than our flour. What you are aiming for with the dough is a damp dough consistency - not too sticky - if you need more water than the recipe says don't be afraid to use it.

Tuna & corn Macaroni & Cheese

1 Pkt Kraft Macaroni & Cheese

1 Packet tuna 1 can corn

make Macaroni according to packet than add tuna (reserve Oil or water in case it turns out to thick then you can add this to make it the consistency that you want) mix everything together and heat you can add bacon instead of tuna.

From MUAC - www.massey.ac.nz/~muac/resources/food/food.htm

Nachos

Ingredients:

500g mince
Grated cheese
Nacho Chips
Chilli Beans
Can of tomatoes
Capsicum
1 onion
Mushrooms



It might look something like this

This is a classic meal for freshers or a mid-winter Christmas party, or any other tramping occasion where food is important. You can also do it without the mince if you like.

Chop the mushrooms, onion and capsicum up and sauté these on the bottom of a billy or a frying pan if you have one. Cook until the onions are sweating, then add the mince and brown this well including on the inside. Then add the beans and tomatoes to this and let it sit on a low heat so that the juices reduce.

It's always good to bring two packs of nachos as you nibble on these as your meal cooks and eat the leftover chips on the car ride home. Make sure to pack the chips carefully, as there's nothing worse than crushed chips. Place a handful of nachos on your plate and serve the mixture on top of this, then add cheese and sour cream to taste.

Moroccan Couscous

Ingredients (to serve 2)

1 cup couscous
2 Tbsp. dried chives
2 tsp. curry powder
1 vegetable boullion cube or 1 Tbsp. vegetable boullion powder
3 garlic cloves minced, or 3/4 tsp. garlic powder
6-8 sun dried tomatoes sliced
handful of pistachios or pine nuts (optional)

At home, combine all the ingredients in a plastic bag. In camp, empty the contents of the bag into a billy. Stir in 2 cups of water. Over moderate heat with the lid on, bring to the boil and cook for 1-2 minutes. Turn off the heat and let the couscous sit undisturbed for 3-5 minutes. Fluff with a fork.

Note: Couscous requires less cooking than noodles, rice or lentils, so are particularly useful for a quick meal.

From Uncle Jacko's Cookery Column—August 1999

Sea Kayaking

A few of us headed down to Picton at Anniversary weekend to dabble in a bit of sea kayaking. I imagined it would be a lot easier than tramping, and the idea of lazing round on the black jelly bean coloured water of Queen Charlotte Sound and maybe rustling up a blue cod was quite appealing. Most of the party were ex-trampers more familiar to lazy trips involving salt water so I figured I could just mince round at the back and hide my lack of experience off dry land. Dave from Marlborough Sounds Adventure Company was great with the advice and gave us a pretty free reign, his pick for the weather was also pretty accurate. Freakin windy!

We paddled up the eastern side of Queen Charlotte Sound and then charged across the shipping lane to Wedge Point, here we regrouped then crossed Queen Charlotte Sound. I was quite enjoying it, but the team made a decision to have a lunch break and headed for someones private beach, seeing we only started at about 11 I thought this was a bit early, but no worries, in we go. Well lunch turned out to be fairly so-cial (read: long) and I was getting itchy feet (arms?) by the time we saddled up and headed towards Allport Island.

Things were going quite well till we had to cross the mouth of Kumototo Bay. We could see quite a bit of chop, but we charged off into the squall anyway. Soon the boats were all separated and largeish seas were buffeting everyone. Hannah and I effected a tacking motion to ensure that we avoided the waves hitting us broadside. After a few exciting surfs we were off round the point to Ruakaka Bay. Here Stu took an unexpected dip after a capsized. Bakes put his 'Nam experience to good use by rescuing him, and we decided to idle. This proved to be not practicable, as the wind picked us up and drove us on at the fastest pace we had all day. After a while everyone joined us in this little cove, except for Bakes and Stu. Finally after at least half an hour they turned up, Stu having had another swim and losing his shoes. We knew the campsite was close though as we rounded the point.



Not much tramping being done at all

Carkeek: December 2004

Peering out the office window, on a wet Friday evening in Wellington is never the most enticing of settings for tramping, and the fact I was missing out on free food and grog at the work Christmas-do, had me trudging slowly towards the railway station on 10 December 2004.

Malcolm, Pete, Eric and Adrian all turned up a bit later and we bundled into Malcolm's car and over the hill for some uncommonly good fish and chips in Carterton. The big patches of blue sky filled us with optimism, which was drowned out under the staccato beating of heavy rain on the roof of the shelter at the Holdsworth roadend.

The rain persisted all evening as we ground our way up to Jumbo Hut, though it turned into sleety snow at the bushline. We got there in three hours and were disappointed to find the hut full, and the occupants reluctant to make room. Eric showed them our gratitude by waking us at 5.30 and firing up the burners. What a morning, 4-5 cm of snow at the hut and more still falling. We were away by 6.20 and over at McGregor Biv just after 8. The pen wouldn't work, so I couldn't get my name in the book for the 6th time in the one year year. This crushing blow was playing on my self esteem as we wobbled down McGregor spur, but the rather deep pools in the Waiohine shocked me out of it. We were in the door of Carkeek at 12.40pm, just in time to have a hot fire, eat food and catch up on sleep. Later on we enjoyed the library, carried in on the Simon Hassall memorial trip of May 2003. Dinner was a sumptuous affair. Mussels, Mince, Chilli beans, Sour Cream, Guacamole, Cheese, Corn Chips, Chocolate Puddings, Biscuits. I was so bloated I couldn't get to sleep.

On Sunday we had a robust internal discussion as to the merits of various routes out. This resulted in Dorset Ridge being vetoed, and we went back up the spur. The Eastern Range laid on a Tararua special for Adrian's last trip here (for some time anyway). Strong cold wind and clag drove us on to Jumbo for a hot brew and lunch, before the mindless wander that is Raingauge and the Atiwhakatu.

A great trip.

We were

Eric Duggan

Malcolm McGeachie

Peter Rowe

Adrian Barr

Richard Davies - scribe



This is the Easter in the Kawekas—not Carkeek

Two Days in a Stream – Easter 2005 in the Kawekas

“Apparently there’s an old track over the ridge.” Everyone looked at the gorge and then at me as I joined Kieran, Andy, Tahu and Alan beside the Mangatainoka ‘stream’ and had a look at the map. “You’d rather go over the top, wouldn’t you?” Someone said to me. I wasn’t going to deny it, I’m not particularly keen on swimming with a pack. After a moments silence Tahu said the obvious, they’d all prefer to stay in the river, so we gave it a go. The first 50 meters weren’t too bad, nevertheless the first corner brought us to the top of a small waterfall, which required a change in plan. We scrambled up the bank and pushed through some nasty scrub until we could crash down the other side. I’m not a great fan of river travel, but it sure was nice to get out of the scrub and back into the stream!

The first two days of our tramp were fairly ‘uneventful.’ We started at the Makahu road end in the Kaweka forest park and walked in to Tira Lodge, via Middle Hill Hut, taking about 6 hours in total. Day two saw us losing most of the 1000m we had gained on day one. We had lunch at Te Puke hut and after soaking up some sun for a while we continued on past Harkness hut, and up the valley. We arrived at Tussock hut about 5pm (8 ½ hours after leaving Tira Lodge) having crossed the stream up Harkness valley about 100 times.

For me the 3rd day was divided into three distinct parts – tussock, bush and river. The first hour through the tall tussock left us all rather damp as it had been raining over night and it was nice to get into the bush where it felt more open (odd, I know) – at least until we got to the top of the ridge. The bush had it’s own challenges, although we managed to follow the markers most of the time and only lost the ‘track’ a couple of times. When we arrived at the bottom of the ridge we left behind the faint signs of the track we had been following along with the last of the track markers. And so started our travel down the Mangatainoka stream. Right from the start the stream was slippery and I think everyone slipped over at least once – Kieran certainly did a dance in the river – and everyone was wet from the waist down by the time we left the Mangatainoka stream behind. At some point on the third day we arrived at the Mangatainoka hut, where we had lunch. The hut is mainly used by hunters (it’s not exactly the most accessible if you don’t have a helicopter), and I think I was the first female there in a while. After lunch we continued down the river for a couple of hours, clambering over log jams and through the bush where it looked like there was some sort of trail, but mostly we just walked down the river bed.

Just after Tahu pointed out a deer that was about 40m away we heard a hunter’s whistle from the direction the deer bolted in. We never saw the hunter but we camped further down stream than we otherwise would have, as no one wanted to spend the night near the hunters.