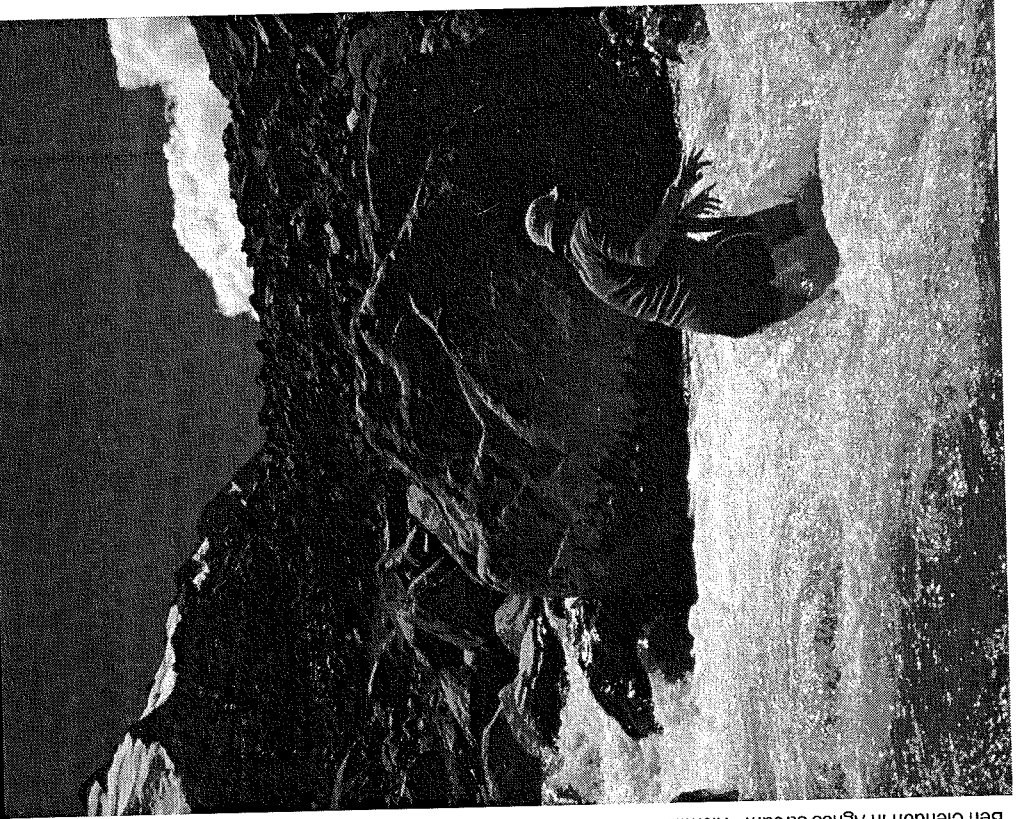


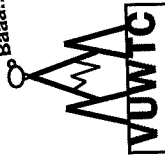
# BAAA!

VOLUME 23, ISSUE 1, MAY 2004



Ben Clendon in Agnes stream - Richard Davies

Baaa!!!



VICTORIA UNIVERSITY OF WELLINGTON  
TRAMPING CLUB

[www.vuwtc.org.nz](http://www.vuwtc.org.nz)

## Letter from the Editors

This is *Bazal vuwtc's* newsletter, it may look a little unfamiliar as it has been grazing on greener pastures for the last year or so, but now it is back! Cheers to everyone who has contributed (chocs on the way). If you are wondering why yours isn't in here we were unable to squeeze everything in, but don't worry all trip reports will be in our much larger end of year publication, *Head*.

Regrettably we have not had much luck at tapping into the gossip lines, although they do seem to be permanently busy. The big news of course is that our President Ben is now engaged to the lovely Kat. Congrats! So when is the party guys?

Speaking of parties haven't there been some shockers?! In usual fashion Henry's went off like a bomb and the most recent one at Tutuwai but left an old but warden wondering what the world was coming to as nearly 30 'youths' parted the night away. Can't wait for Bushball!

Aside from the partying there has been some fantastic tramping going on, some of which you will read about over the next few pages. You can also read a few of the longer trip reports on the web. Make sure you jot down the memories from the trips you go on so that we can all enjoy them, and as you will see they don't have to be long. Cheers again to everyone!

*Justine and Belle – Publicity officers*

## From the Guidance Counsellor

The tramping year has got off to a good start if I do say so myself. The bad weather of February has not been seen since, and lots of people have been out enjoying themselves - on both private trips and club trips.

Its starting to get colder now, but don't let this stop you. There is a lot to be gained through winter tramping, it sharpens your skills and confidence, and those still winter mornings on a snow clad hill, and cosy nights in a hut with a roaring fire make up for any disadvantages of the cold.

Lots to look forward to. Coming up; Bushball, Mid Year, heaps of winter tramping, and a chance to learn new skills. Try and cash in on the settled May weather while it lasts.  
Spotcha in the hills!

*Richie - Chief Guide*

## It's not just about 'Nam

*Search and Rescue training, May 2004*  
By James Clark

The best way I've found of describing Search and Rescue to my friends is that in return for looking for lost people in the bush, we get free helicopter rides. This is true, but there is more to it than that. As part of being a SAR volunteer it is necessary to attend at least half of the training they offer each year.

This time round, Joe Prebble, Ritchie and I completed our ropes course as part of this instruction. The course started on Thursday night with a meal in the Police Station canteen. They did have warehou on the menu but it was all gone by the time I got there, probably gulped down by Ritchie. So I was relegated to the stock standard gray meatloaf. Anyway, it was free, so who am I to complain?

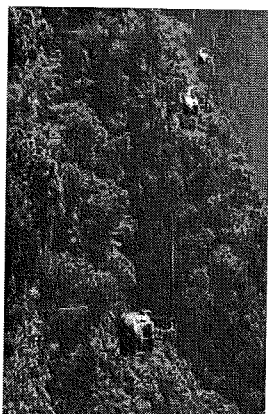
Thursday night was spent learning to tie knots, something which I've always wanted to do, but never really mastered, let alone learnt. But there I was slowly tying my Italian hitches, prussicks, figure eights, half and double fishermen. A valuable night that replaced my deprived childhood of not attending Scouts.

The course also put this into practice, with us meeting in the quarry on Mt Victoria at 9am. Far too early on a Sunday, and this was obvious to most people with contagious yawns spreading round the group. It almost felt like a 4wd drive convention, with half a dozen of them lined up in the quarry - at least these probably got used, unlike all those Khandallah mums in their 4wds.

Nevertheless, we persevered and had an entertaining morning rescuing our victims and trying out all the different positions in the rescue team. It was cold and windy but we kept ourselves entertained.

The morning culminated in all the groups getting together to practice carrying a stretcher up Mt Vic. We had four rope sections to get up the hill, with a belayer on each rope. Amazingly, we managed to co-ordinate the exercise so that everything went smoothly without any breaks between ropes. Always good for the patient to be on the move faster.

The stretcher arrived back at the SAR cruiser and we congratulated ourselves on a job well done before parting on our ways. And I headed back to bed to get some sleep I missed out on.



the deep bits. At some of the extra deep bits, I started to get a floaty feeling about my feet, but we soon managed to bob to the side.

Eventually, we got to a sign that said 'Don't walk past this point, because all the water after this point belongs to us'. We walked a few minutes past the sign, to show we weren't scared of a piece of painted ply wood. Then, in the middle of a dense patch of tree fern, supple jack and lawyer, we stopped and looked at each other. 'Lets go home now' we said. So we did, back exactly the same way we came that morning. Quite a damp day.

*Group members: Sam-the-Fly, Hannah McGregor and Jo Prebble*

## On other Saturdays

*A yummy muffin recipe  
By Master Baker Prebble*

Then there are all these other Saturdays, when I get up, and sit on the front step, and drink coffee and eat muffins. And then drink more coffee. In ode to all these more unproductive Saturdays.

Here is a recipe for ginger and cardamom muffins (with muffins I always keep the dry mix and the wet stuff separate till the last minute - ed):

**Dry mix:**

**2c flour, 1½t baking soda**

**~two thumbs of grated fresh ginger**

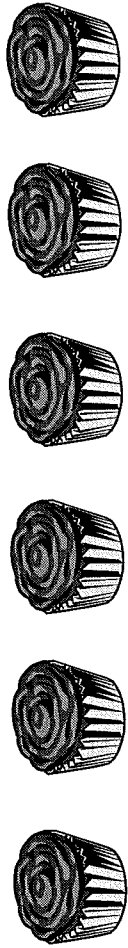
**Add to this:**

**100g of melted butter**

**2 eggs**

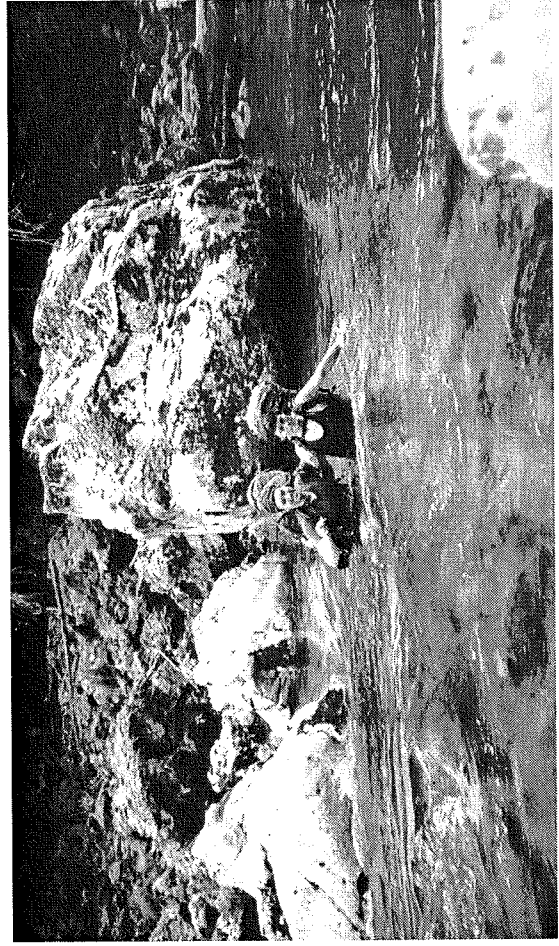
Put them into paper cooking cup things (to avoid too much washing of the muffin tin) and cook them until they are ready to eat.

*-Joe Prebble wrote this, some other people helped eat the muffins.*

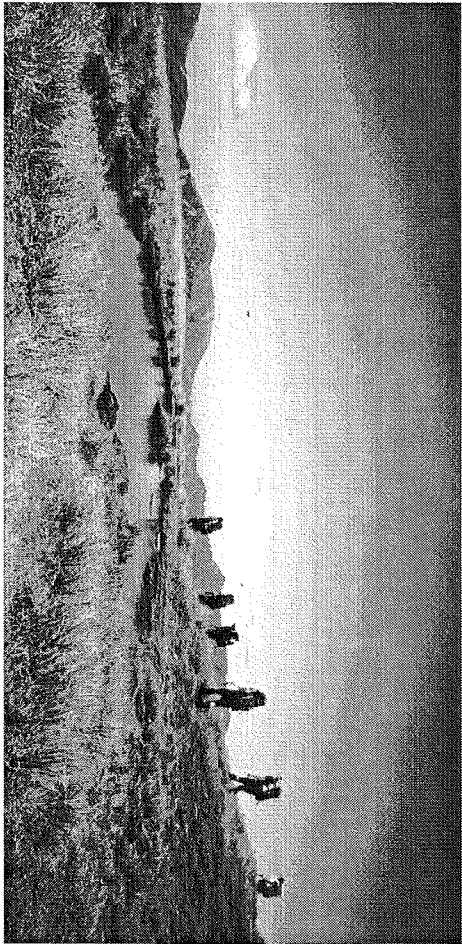


## Up Coming Trips

Date	Trip	Organiser	Ph number
June 4-7 (QB)	Kaweka / Kaimanawa	Kieran Paton	236 0140
June 11-13	Day trip - East Harbour Park	Belle Laird	977 0725
June 18-20	Day trip - Mt Holdsworth	Justine Clark	473 0832
June 25- 27 (end of 1st Trimester)	AIC 1 - Basic AIC	Richard Davies Kieran Paton	0274 555 293 236 0140
July 3-11	Mid Year Trip - Arthurs Pass	Richard Davies Kieran Paton	0274 555 293 236 0140
July 16-18	Tararua - Otaki Forks	James Clark	021 472 404
July 23-25	Bushball	Henry Thompson	385 0249
July 30 - August 1	Ruahines - Orua Valley	Guy Short	236 0140
August 6-8	Taranaki Weekend - climb / tramp / gourmet - Tahurangi Lodge.	Richard Davies	0274 555 293
August 13-15	Tararua - Winter Northern Crossing	Tahu Taylor-Koolen	475 5026
August 20-22	AIC 2 - Snow-caving, summit plateau	Ben Clendon	475 5026
Mid 2nd Trimester Holidays 23 Aug -5 Sept	A week in the Ureweras...	Kieran Paton	236 0140



Jo and Richie in the Wahine River - Ben Clark



### The Drums are Calling

Ruahines – Wellington Anniversary Weekend 2004.  
By Hannah McGregor

We might've looked like we were going tramping to the casual observer. We had boots. We had packs. We had overloaded our vehicles, and we were leaving the Hunter car park late. We kept us this facade all the way North, stopping for extended supermarket expeditions, the Levin Chinese Takeaway, and swapping the driving lead several times. Camping at Vinegar Hill might have raised a suspicion for some, but everything looked quiet and innocent, there were families with children and bonfires about (this didn't stop some members of the party from refusing to use the public toilets). At 11 pm you might've thought you could hear snores from bivvy bags. Wrong. At 11 pm, the banks of the awesome Rangitiki were about to turn into that most awesome of modern entertainments, The All Night Rave.

### COME ON BARBIE LET'S GO PARTY!

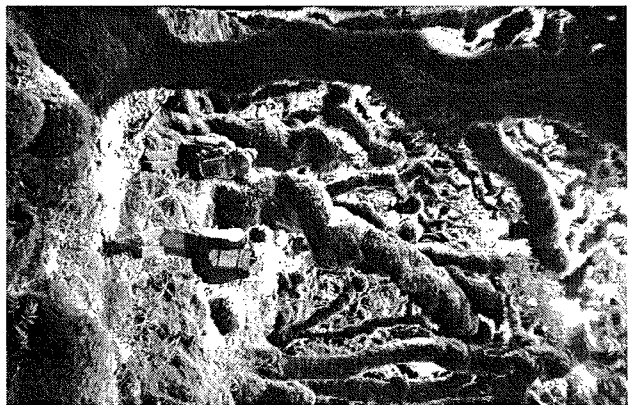
The flaw in our plan was immediately revealed. Despite possessing enough tight synthetic material to outfit an entire speed skating team, we were on THE WRONG SIDE OF THE RIVER. We had to be content with wriggling about in our sleeping bags. The ability of a large papa cliff to amplify the bass line BOOM BOOM BA BOOM BOOM would suggest it was a very good Rave indeed. At am, bleary eyed from boogieing in our sleeping bags all night, we were even able to eat breakfast to Billie Jean, and ambient morning music echoed in our skulls as we drove off. The party was just getting started, really.

and bigger boulders, we finally got to our spur and were greeted by a big bluff:  
*'Oh dear what do we do? I know send Joe up to check it out!'*

Joe returned 10 minutes later with the bad news that it was very steep (this is not unusual for bluffs) with lots of loose rock, and only cutty grass to hold on to. So yep, it was back up the river to McGregor.

We finally got on to the tops just before dark. It was head torches on at jumbo peak and then we finally got to jumbo hut at about 7:30pm. We slid down to Atiwakatu and back down to the road end making it back out to the car by 10pm. Didn't get back home till gone 12am. Damn good trip had by all. It's always good fun in the Taranas, especially when it is not raining.

*The other punters: Richard Davies, Tahu Taylor-Koalan, Joseph Prebble*



Jo, Richie, and Tahu (behind a tree), Carakeek Spur—Ben Clark

### One Wet Saturday

Orogorongo river  
By Jo Prebble

So there was this Saturday morning. There was quite a lot of rain about. Sam-tha-fu was still pretty keen, though. Hannah was much less keen. I was much less keen than Hannah. After a few phone calls back and forth, some of Sam's keen trickled down the wires, and we found ourselves waiting, half and hour later, for Sam to buy his lunch from the Wainui Woolworths.

Half an hour after that we were skipping along the five mile track, dodging puddles and some of the bigger raindrops. We talked about the criminal justice system, and the merits of incarcerating young men who chalked on walls when they got a bit excited during a protest. The river, when we got to it, was big and swift and brown. For lack of anything better to do, we wandered up stream, holding hands at

## Damn Good Trip

Carkeek, Tararua, April 2004

By Ben Clark

OK, lets go, packs on, rain starting to fall, dark and sort of cold, AHHHHH! Another Friday night at Holdsworth road end with the lovely feeling of no work for 2 days but knowing you have to walk all the way to jumbo hut that night. Well we got off ok and made very good time. We managed to get to Jumbo in 3 hours which meant we would actually get some sleep.

We were woken at 6 in the morning. The hunters we disturbed the night before got us back. The weather was looking OK, very good in Tararua standards, there was a bit of clag and hardly any wind. It was a quick walk across to McGregor biv. We had a quick look in before we started off down the spur. It was nice travel, not too difficult to start off with. There were a few old track makers and blazes and we managed to come out right on course, which I think was mainly to do with Tahu spotting the arrow pointing in the opposite direction to what me and Joe were just about to walk in.

Half way down McGregor spur we saw a helicopter land and take off from Carkeek ridge and we were sure the hut was going to be full of hunters. We walked up the river to park forks and then headed up Carkeek spur. It was really nice travel, beautiful moss covered beach forest, it was definitely Tararua tramping at its best. The sun even popped out once in a while.

Expecting loads of hunters we made loads of noise (so we did not get shot) but when we got there the hut was empty, brilliant. We first checked out all the work DOC have just done, a very good job too. We then piled into the hut and quickly had a hot brew on the go and satisfied ourselves with cups of tea, and crackers with Brie and olives. It was still quite early (about 3 in the afternoon) so we kept ourselves occupied with various forms of relaxation. Dinner made an early appearance and we set about indulging ourselves on couscous, veggies, pesto, and tuna. Very nice it was to. This was followed by steamed chocolate putting with yogurt. Being a bunch of fat bastards we had Afghans for seconds, by then we were all laxed out and soon fell asleep.

It was a very gentleman like start in the morning leaving the hut till just before 9am. We bashed back down Carkeek ridge to the forks and then we decided to try a different spur rather than going up McGregor. So we headed off down the Wahine for a couple of hours; nice travel but very slow with big deep river crossings

We cha cha chaed all the way up the hill to Purity Hut where the bright sun helped purge us enough to realise we were all dehydrated. After an extended drink stop we reached the tops of the Hikurangi Range, ingested energy pills (or cheese and crackers) and then set off to try our dance moves out on Hawkes Bay Range.

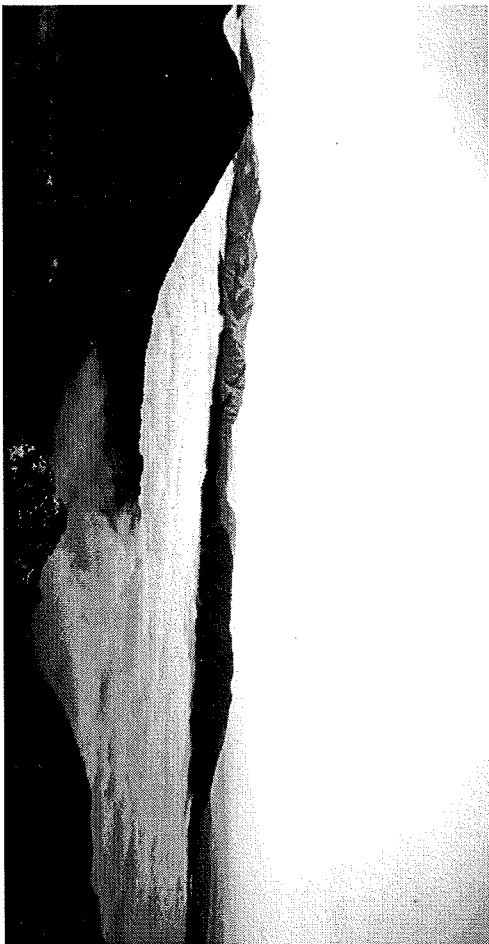
There was lots of opportunity. Hawkes Bay Range has the shifty scree shuffle, the slippery scree shimmy, the rock around the rock and the hop step rock. Two fingers, a thumb keep moving, two fingers, a thumb, keep moving, a rock in the head keep moving, we'll all be happy and bright. After dancing for a whole night and a whole day non-stop we decided that the forecast probably couldn't apply to a Party Zone and fly camped in the basin below Ohuinga.

The forecast didn't arrive, and the next day we took our fancy moves and polystylings to Sawtooth Ridge, which we duly bit off. And chewed. The weather however - fashionably late - signaled from the horizon, and Howletts Hotel is always welcoming to the pooped partier, so half the troupe headed across Te Hekenga for Purity Hut, and the rest headed East. FHIM revived some members of the party even further. And no one can say no to a couscous concoction. With chili and cheese cake (cheers Phil!) It all blurs together a bit after that. Rivers and rain, maybe even purple, a long drive (also cheers to Ritchie and Ben Clark for doing the enormous shuttle from one side of the Ruahines to the other), and more of that one big dance party, where the music's all in your head.

*Party members: Kathryn Gow, Ben Clendon, Richard Davies, Kieran Paton, Guy Short, Philip Satopy, Hannah McGregor.*



Fly camping in the basin below Ohuinga—Ben Clark



## A Glimpse of the hills

Tararua, 6/7 March 2004.

By Tahu Taylor Koolen

Thud... Silence... Two lives gone... As we stare at the remains of a crumpled plane body and engine, on a near perfect day on the Tararua tops, we can only assume it was a miserable, cloudy, windy day, nearly 50 years ago, that the plane struck those rugged tops. It could have been mechanical problems, but most likely it was a combination of pilot error and atrocious whether conditions that contributed to this accident.

A brief glimpse of a ridge through howling mist – a reassuring site for trampers struggling to find their way with map and compass but a horrifying, blood chilling, back second for those two pilots. We had gone with map and compass expecting locating the wreckage might require a search but it was easy to find.

Two silent crosses on the ridgeline and a good portion of the plane a little way below. I did think of the bodies and bones as we clambered over the wreckage having a good look. The wings, tail, part of the body and a large portion of the motor complete with fuel hoses still remain. Possible all the lighter parts that weren't weighted down have been blown down into the river valleys below.

Picking our way back up Angle Knob we are conscious of some other trampers camping in the saddle above watching our movements. Although it's easier returning up the ridge than our original descent we are all longing for a drink that we did not bring. We manage to satisfy our thirst in a small, shallow, stale tarn.

Relaxed on the top of Angle Knob we lie waiting for the sun to set. Each of us wondering what wonderful colours the sky is going to turn. After a disappointing sunset, the surrounding hills and valleys quickly darken and the temperatures drop. We head briskly back to camp. But to compensate for the sunset a full moon rises on the opposite horizon.

Back at our tops camp the girls are beginning to cook dinner. They've also enjoyed their afternoon lying in the hot sun reading the paper and admiring the peaceful surroundings. Then out pops the ever-present cell phone and after some rapid texting and technological beeping a message wings its way to other keen trampers, still in civilisation, boasting about our superb sunny, windless, weather in the Tararua's. We got much more than a glimpse of the hills this weekend!

*Group members: Richie, Hannah, Ben, Belle and Tahu*

## For the love of it

By James Clark

I love tramping cause it takes me places,  
So many flora and fauna and faces,  
Everywhere my trip takes me,  
There's always something new to see.

The gentle, melodic trip,  
With the camera on the hip,  
Taking it easy, taking it slow,  
No aches nowhere, from head to toe.

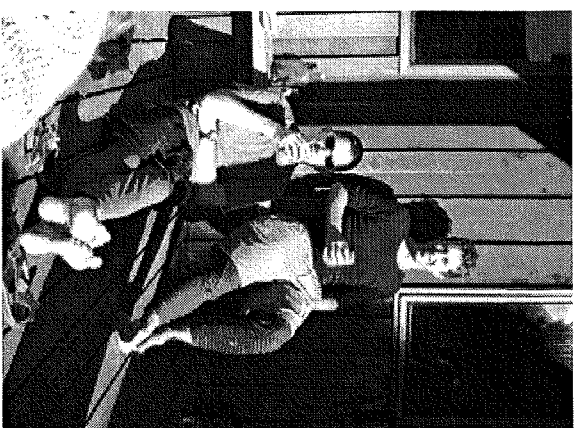
Then there's trips to Carkeek,  
Those picnics are for tramping geeks,  
Walking in the night,  
There speed might as well be a flight.

I love tramping to a hut,  
Cause it means its time to fill my gut,  
A bush cooked meal tastes best,  
Pasta, tuna, corgettes and the rest.

Then there's a good nights sleep,  
From me you won't hear a peep,  
I go to bed when the sun sets,  
That's better than at home me gets.

The birds are singing,  
And shadows are fading,  
I'm still in my sleeping bag,  
Well, someone has to lag.

I love tramping cause it takes me places,  
New routes my map traces,  
When I go walking with a pack,  
On or off Doc's great tracks.



Bruce and Guy "loving it", Wainangoroa Hut - Mt Taranaki