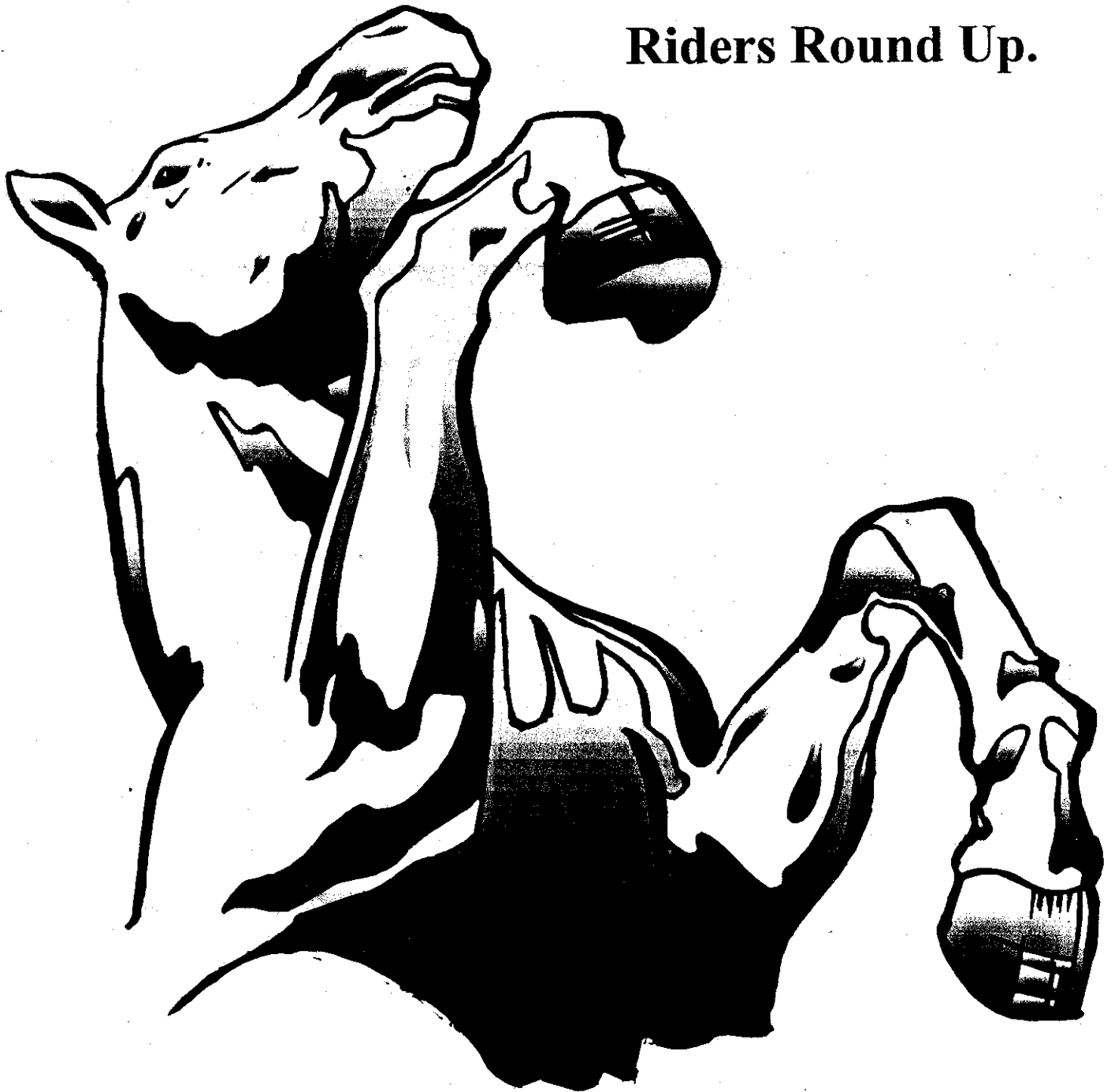


New Zealand Riding Clubs

Riders Round Up.



**Official Newsletter of
New Zealand Riding Clubs and
Bridleways Inc**

January/February 2005

Rosies Rambles

When the North Island Clubs get together at NITE, they sure know how to run a fab weekend, even down to co-ordinating the rain so that it falls at night and before and after prize giving. Taupo seems to be a popular venue with the Clubs, and those organizing events, who also have to travel, seem to do so with out difficulty. Well done everyone.

With the South Island holding SITE this year (first time since 2000) I like to think that this shows a renewed strength and growth of the Riding Club movement and interclub involvement.

Update to the rule book: Music for Quadrille can be either on tape or CD. (Just modernizing the wording.)

On my table at home I have a large trophy (South Island Riding Clubs Team Championships) which is presented to the winning South Island Team at SITE. The last time it was engraved was in 1995 and I would like to get it updated before SITE 2005. If your clubs name should be on this trophy (1996 -2000) can you please let me know asap.
Phone 03 5418949 or email Lee-Oldfield@xtra.co.nz.

Committee is always searching for ways in which it can assist Clubs and to this end we need some feedback.

Q. Apart from National Committees committment to helping in the running of NITE and SITE, what other events do you think we can be of assistance with?
Replies to Helen (the.hansen.family@xtra.co.nz)

Have you visited the Riding Club website lately? A visit to the site could give you a chance to see yourself in living colour (teams at NITE 2005) I have had a couple of requests to send the Riders Round Up to Clubs via Email, but if you visit the website you will find the latest RRU already there, plus back issues. Thanks Jean for your tremendous efforts in keeping this website ticking over. Clubs, I'm sure Jean would appreciate you sending her photos and notes that she can use. Some sections of the website are missing the latest gossip.

Now to skite a little...took my wee horse to the Nelson Breeders show in the weekend and came home with Reserve Champion Youngstock ribbon. Not bad for a three and a half month old filly, especially as she was up against some very nice two and three year old hacks. Just had to tell you!!!!

Time to go, after weeks of HOT, HOT sunshine, I am now looking forward to some RAIN,

Happy horsing
Rosemary

NEW ZEALAND RIDING CLUBS
AND
BRIDLEWAYS INC

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
2005

Saturday 11 June
Ohakune

Venue: St John Church Hall, Ohakune.
11am .

Host: Waimarino Riding Club

Waimarino Riding Club invite participating NZRC members to attend the National AGM. Included in this invitation is the chance of live entertainment (weather and time permitting...\$15.00 per person) Walking shoes and coat may be necessary: An evening pot luck meal and evening entertainment (free).

For those requiring accommodation, billets are offered. Bookings to Evelyn Cooper 06 3858466.

FEEDBACK REQUIRED.

- 1. Are there any events, other than NITE/SITE, that you feel National Committee could help run?**
- 2. To help reduce costs and stress to host Clubs, there are to be no prizes for phases in NITE/SITE. Prizes to be restricted to Overall Placings only.**
- 3. That medical armbands be compulsory at ALL NZRC jumping events as of June 2005.**

Feedback is required by AGM. Send to Helen Hansen, 408 Kio Kio Station Road, RD4, Otorohanga

NORTH ISLAND TEAMS EVENT Roundup.

A great big THANK YOU

**The members of the Waimarino Riding Club would like to thank
all the people involved in N.I.T.E. 2005.
The organizing clubs put together an excellent competition. The riders
and supporters are the other half of course.
All together a well run and enjoyable weekend.
Thank you again**

Adrienne (Secretary)

**On behalf of the National Committee, thank you to the organizing clubs,
competing clubs and the many people who were there as support crew
and helpers to teams. A fabulous weekend.**

Rosemary (Chairperson)

**A quick note from the judges of the Quadrille
(or how to score better points without too much blood sweat and tears)**

- 1. If you need to talk during your quadrille...whisper**
- 2. To reduce the amount of whispering, practice, practice, practice.**
- 3. Endeavour to have the music match the beat of your horses movement..trot
requires two beat music, walk four beat and canter three beat.**
- 4. Try to have all three paces equally represent in your test and balance the
dressage by mirroring the first half of the test in the second half.**
- 5. Try to avoid music with lyrics, it can distract the judge**
- 6. Presentation is both inside and outside the ring .. remember to smile and breath.**

OVERALL PLACINGS

DRAW	CLUB	TEAM	P/One	P/Two	P/Three	P/Four	O/Points	Placings
1	Thames Valley Adult Riding Club	Dancing Banderos	14	8	12	12	46	13
2	Coastal Adult Riding Club	The Naki Rugby Riders	3	5	14	14	36	10
3	Rotorua Adult Riding Club	Rotovegas Dollies	15	12	15	16	58	16
4	Franklin Adult Riding Group	All the Queens Horses	6	3	11	10	30	9
5	Thames Valley Adult Riding Club	Hazbeen Barbies	16	15	13	11	55	15
6	Taupo	The Amigos	9	10	2	8	29	8
7	Waimarino	Teddy Bears	12	6	5	3	26	6
8	Masterton Adult Riding Club	Go Team Yahoo	11	14	1	2	28	7
9	NP & Districts Riding Club	Tegel Taranaki	8	1	6	5	20	3
10	Tauranga	Tauranga	2	4	7	13	26	5
11	Tuakau	Tuakau Smurfs	10	11	10	13	44	11
12	NP & Districts Riding Club	The Queens Guards	7	2	4	1	14	1
13	Otorohanga	Beattie Mania	1	7	3	6	17	2
14	Franklin Adult Riding Group	Bumbling Bees	4	9	8	4	25	4
15	Thames Valley Adult Riding Club	Accidental Heroes	13	13	9	15	50	14
16	Totara Park	Pro Wrestling - Tag Team	5	16	16	9	46	12
17								

TIME POSTED:

To see full colour photos of the teams at NITTE go to our
[website at ...nzRidingClubs.homestead.com](http://www.nzRidingClubs.homestead.com)

Thanks to the photographer, Helen and to Jean for doing such a great job of putting
the photos on line.

Christmas Trek 2004

With an on again off again approach we finally decided to ignore the weather forecasts and headed to Huxley Gorge Station on 31st December where a few of us managed to get a late afternoon ride in, and no-one managed to stay up to see the new year in.

Our base was the Shearer's Quarters beside the homestead, sunny and sheltered, and with the unexpected arrival of a Kaka we almost forgot the disadvantages of urban living. Our hosts were Di, Tony, Sprocket and Sam Chilton, Di being our guide for the first two days.

Day one we set out for Monument Hut via the Hopkins River bed. After weaving our way through the smaller streams we eventually arrived at the main channel, which was much wider and swifter. Di's 'Storm' very carefully negotiated it then we started to follow. Moments later Phil and his mount had both taken a dunking and managed to get themselves to the starting point again. By this stage Phil's daughter Paige was extremely nervous as Pet isn't the largest of ponies so she was put in front of Vicky on her newly broken in and extremely well behaved mount and transported across. Next it was Beth's turn to cross the river and what a show she put on! Rani was being rather naughty and eventually they both lost their balance and tumbled into the water being washed downstream for a few metres before regaining their composure. All we could hear were the horrific screams of 'Granny, Granny', thinking Sam was terrified for Granny, not realising she was only worried that Diana might follow. We all eventually got through with Di, Vicky and Gavin leading the hesitant mounts. On the other side it was mostly off with the wet and on with the dry clothes although did find that although Phil was quite happy to wear woman's clothing Gavin wasn't going to allow it. We eventually got to Monument Hut for lunch where Colin had the fire stoked up to dry clothing. It was a non-eventful trek home along the track with hikers.

Day two was a complete opposite. We trekked up the north and south branches of Temple Creek, through the beach forests and creek beds. The terrain was quite trying in places and completely new to some of our riders who thoroughly enjoyed the experience. I take my hat off to Paige, I wouldn't think many children her age would have negotiated such terrain.

Our intentions on day three were to ride to Le Cren hut for lunch, we didn't quite make it. Once again we were back in the Hopkins riverbed negotiating the streams and the first casualty of the day was Ian, a latecomer so had missed the practice on the first day. He didn't have many clothes on so no one worried about him getting cold. He did graze his leg and believe it has changed colour since. Gavin was sourcing river crossings for us so we all held back until he gave us the nod. One particular stream Gavin was walking back up when suddenly his horse started floundering and sinking. He abandoned his horse and also started to sink into the quicksand. Fortunately he recollected his thoughts and managed to crawl out of it, the horse also hot on Gavin's tail. They both snorted sand and stones, had a shake and pretended nothing had happened. We then got to the other side of the riverbed and missed the track, which was only metres away so started to negotiate the bog (and I'm talking real bog). Even Gill at her ripe old age has never ridden through bog like that before. We got deeper and deeper into it and headed to one fence but found we were unable to negotiate the creeks to the gate. Fortunately for us Ian was already wet so we put him into the creeks first to see if he would disappear, before putting our valuable mounts in. The horses handled the situation beautifully and made us feel more confident in their ability. We then had lunch and followed the track back to the river where would you believe we had to give way to jet boats coming back downstream. It wasn't the boats that worried the horses, was either the wake that made them dance or Vicky's mouthful of obscenities aimed at the drivers. Only one horse lost one shoe in the bog. On arriving back told Di of our travels and she said she had seen cows with only their heads sticking out of that bog although we also saw photos of the cows and calves being driven through it.

In all it was a great break and great learning experiences for us all. Di and Tony were wonderful hosts and we have since received little presents from Di's 'Storm' for all her new friends. She thought they may be useful to put in the saddle bags in case of river crossings and bog.

Besides all this the boys had a great time watching from about a mile away across the river and couldn't do a thing about it. We carried on to Station hut for a look - up the Dobson River.

Anon.

BOT-FLIES - a common summer annoyance, we find out what they actually do and how to deal with them.

Article by SHNZ - Information sourced from "Parasites and Horses" by NZ Equine Research Foundation.

Bot-flies resemble a large honey bee - they are about 2 to 3 inches long, dark coloured, slightly hairy, and have one set of wings. They are a very common horse parasite and are active during the warmer summer months - their arrival usually easily noted by your horse's sudden tail swishing, stamping, tossing their head and short bursts around the paddock as they try to avoid these large flies buzzing around their legs.



Bot-flies do not actually bite or sting your horse, but instead try to lay their eggs on the hairs of your horse - quite cleverly they usually aim for the legs and lower body hairs where your horse often scratches or rubs their head. From here they can be licked up and into your horses mouth where they journey through into the stomach and are later passed out with the dung as a well grown larva to form into an adult fly and begin their lifecycle all over again.

Bots spend several weeks inside your horses mouth (which can cause some soreness and irritation) before travelling into the stomach, where they remain for around 10 months feeding and growing. When they are passed out, they leave a small pit where they have been attached to the stomach wall. While it is not known for certain how serious the effects of larger larvae living inside the stomach are, it is of course certainly not doing any good and if large numbers are involved it can lead to some discomfort or unthriftiness, and, more rarely, stomach abscesses or ulcers.



Bot eggs on a horses fetlock

If you are finding the tell-tale small yellow eggs on your horses coat you can:

- **use a bot knife or clippers to remove the eggs** to at least help reduce the number being taken in by your horse
- **regularly remove the manure** from your horse paddocks (adult flies emerge from the dung after about 2 to 6 weeks so bear in mind that removing the manure is only moving the source of new adults bots about to hatch to a different location, yet still useful)
- **and make sure you use a worming treatment that is effective against bots** (check the packet as not all wormers treat for bots). Ideal timing is to use the specific bot-fly wormer once the adult flies have dissappeared when the weather starts getting cooler (around May) as this will treat the larvae currently in the stomach and no further eggs are likely to be laid - until next summer!

If you notice your horse being bothered by a bot-fly, you will actually find they are quite dozy and easy to catch or swat to the ground before firmly placing your foot ovetop - they do not bite or sting and are harmless to humans, and your horse will be pleased no end!

[Click here to close this article and return to SHNZ](#)

HORSE TREK – DECEMBER 2004

The Saddle Club is based in Waiouru and is mainly run by Army volunteers for the benefit of them selves and local children. In early December they ran their first over night trek into the Army training area as a fund raiser for the club. A one day trek was organized last year. One hundred and twenty keen horse riders from all around the country took the opportunity to ride through wide open spaces, and view the scenery, flowers and wild horses. Friday night was spent at Helwan Camp where riders slept in barracks and the horses shared eleven paddocks lush with grass. In the morning about twenty Saddle Club members and guides joined us.

Following a comprehensive briefing we crossed State Highway 1, after the police had stopped the traffic, and turned onto the Carbuncle Track and made our way to the old Imjin camp site for lunch. Some of the travel was across country away from tracks onto high ridges, affording us good views of the Moawhango Dam. Soon after this the extremely cold windy weather, also threatened us with rain but it was short lived and the sun made a weak appearance. At no time did we get a good view of Mt Ruapehu seeing only the lower slopes, but the ground over which we traveled was generally clear making photography quite rewarding, although rather difficult from the back of an agitated horse who did not like waiting as her mates kept going.

I was looking forward to seeing the Maori Onion, *Bulbinella hookeri*, with its bright yellow flowers but was quite unprepared for the profusion of this plant. At first there were odd clumps but after lunch we passed a wet shallow gully which was covered in yellow flowers, which I took to be buttercups until we got closer. And yes before you ask, I looked it up when I got home, the fleshy roots are edible, but I do not know if they taste like onions! I do know that stock do not eat them. Other flowering plants were very scarce and I saw but one *Prassophyllum colensoi* orchid.

Most riders had come to see the wild horses and after lunch we saw our first small herd in the distance. Then we dropped down into the Argo Valley and away to our left were the mustering yards and the area we were to camp over night. Before this we turned in the opposite direction and could see a few mobs of six to ten horses. An army vehicle was moving very quietly in the distance edging the horses towards us. They were mainly bay horses and the closest group had at least two foals running with them. They were obviously inquisitive, although wary of us, which was not surprising with up to 140 horses advancing upon them. We were close enough to take some good photos with the use of a telephoto lens. The grass was abundant here with some red and white clover too, so the horses were in first class condition.

I am sometimes asked what I think of the mustering and removal of the horses, as I am a keen horseman. But I am also from a farming family and realize that the area will only sustain a certain number of animals and in this harsh climate, culling has to be seen as an act of kindness or many animals would die of starvation in the bad winters. Much of New Zealand's flora is unique and everything possible must be done to preserve what is left. Man has made a horrendous mess of most of the world and New Zealand has not been exempted, let us try and improve things before the task is completely irreversible, and some culling goes a short way to help this.

After settling the horses in paddocks in the same groups as the previous night, again with plenty of grass, we set up camp. In the strong winds this had its moments and I was extremely glad that I had pegged down the tent well enough. The winds got even stronger overnight and the roof of my old pup tent expanded to almost busting point and then clapped shut with a bang just above my head! We were treated to a hangi for dinner and sat around the camp fire afterwards listening to a live band.

Next morning we returned up out of the Argo Valley via the same one and only metal road into the area, which was hard on the horses' feet. Before lunch some riders took the short way home and the rest continued up over another ridge, seeing more horses including a striking chestnut who waited behind until his herd was out of sight. As we approached Waiouru we saw our biggest herd which comprised over twenty animals. Two colts with long matted manes came, perhaps over a kilometer, to check us out. These two were a bay and a grey, the latter being particularly striking. As we watched, they semi-circled around us and back again and after some fifteen minutes galloped back to their herd. There are a number of grey horses in this herd, which is quite used to seeing people, horses, and vehicles in their patch. Our ride continued into the Army Camp area, past the Saddle Club and back to Helwan camp after six hours on Saturday and five hours on Sunday, in the saddle. The trek was well worth while, spoilt only by the metal roads, which we could sometimes avoid by riding on the tussock verges, but the lack of traffic and gates to open and close was a privilege. The trek was well organized, with safety and enjoyment in mind and the volunteers fed us well, thank you all.

Evelyn Cooper



For Sale

FREE WISH The Perfect Gentleman.

16.1 chestnut gelding...18years
Bred by Syd Kent Wishful Willie/Witzbold/Freeway
Veteran of many NITE Quadrilles
Schoolmaster Dressage Horse – competing Novice
A lovely horse to handle, shoe, float etc.
Covers, saddles, bridle etc available.

Phone Christine Tarrant 06 3881117 Taihape

MY HORSE'S WISH

*Could you bed me down
with kindness,
On the soft sweet words
of love...*

*Could you ride me in
Man's finest,
With hands light as
a dove...*

*Could you teach me with
old wisdom,
By the laws of just
and fair...*

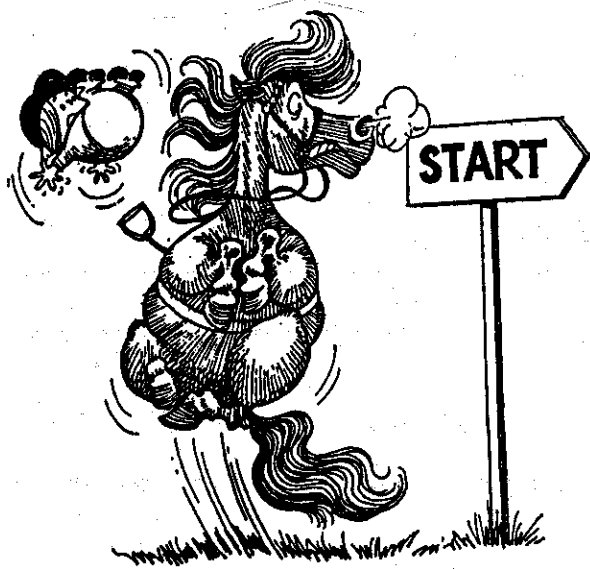
*Could you be my friend
forever,
With a trust so true
and rare...*

*Could you meet me on
the morrow,
With grasses green
and sweet...*

*Could you free me with
out sorrow,
On the plains of loam
and wheat...*

*Could you say farewell
with honor,
On the day my life
is through...*

*And remember me
forever,
As I shall remember
You.*



HIGHLY POLISHED

Cleaning filthy tack comes top of the list of chores to put off until another day, but you can make it easier, says Christine Keate.

After a hard day, by the time the horses are settled and the lorry emptied, the prospect of cleaning tack is usually just too much. However, most people agree that it is preferable to wipe off at least the worst of the wet mud.

Saddlers would recoil in horror at the methods many yards with consistently dirty tack employ. Hunt groom Gweñ Kemp admits: "After hunting I operate a conveyor belt system. One of us takes the tack apart and washes it off in a bucket of water. The next person dries it with a towel, and a third treats it with a mixture of saddle soap and oil. Then it goes back to the first person to be reassembled. The stirrup leathers do occasionally stretch from being wet, but the job gets done quickly and effectively."

Many polo grooms swear by a bucket of water, washing up liquid and cooking oil. The entire bridle is dunked as it comes off the pony, and the theory is that the combination strips the grease and sweat but stops the leather from drying out.

Qualified master saddler Andrew Reilly recommends a rather less aggressive approach. "Use a damp cloth to sponge off mud and grease, then allow the leather to dry naturally before applying saddle soap. If the leather has become very wet it is a good idea to towel-dry it," he says. "Take care not to use too much water as wet leather will stretch, and the steel work and rivets inside the saddle could rust. Also, if leather is dried too quickly, by a radiator for example, it can get very hard."

On the care of synthetic kit, Andrew recommends using a nailbrush to scrub leather-look saddles, before giving a final wipe over with a damp cloth.

"If synthetic suede has become very wet, use a towel to mop up excess water, but do not rub, then leave the saddle to dry naturally," he advises. "Once dry, use a soft brush to clean the suede – a water brush kept for the purpose is ideal."

Other problems are more deep-seated. Those "jockeys" of dirt and grease, that can build up no matter how conscientious you believe you are, can prove highly resistant to sponge and soap.

One traditional method is to rub them with a ball of mane or tail hair. Andrew suggests using the back of a blunt knife to scrape them off without damaging the leather.

"Washing up liquid is my secret weapon," says horse trainer Emma Sullivan. "I put a little in the water and rub a spot of neat washing up liquid into difficult jockeys. It's meant to break down the protein in the grease so it just rubs away."

The only secret with mould, unfortunately, is to prevent it from taking hold in the first place. The temperature at which tack is stored and allowed to dry is vital. Leather kept even in brick tack rooms with no form of heating will soon deteriorate.

"Once mould has been allowed to form on leather it will cause staining, which is very difficult to remove because the fungi spores can be resistant to dyes," says Andrew. "This makes it hard to dye the leather back to a uniform colour. I would recommend fitting a low-wattage electric bar heater in every tack room, obviously ensuring that it is wired in safely."



Maharishi Phucknuckel's Guide to Zen

- Do not walk behind me, for I may not lead. Do not walk ahead of me, for I may not follow. Do not walk beside me either, just fuck off and leave me alone.
- The journey of a thousand miles begins with a broken fan belt and a flat tyre.
- The darkest hours come just before the dawn. So if you're going to steal your neighbour's milk and newspaper, that's the time to do it.
- Sex is like air. It only becomes really important when you aren't getting any.
- Don't aspire to become irreplaceable. If you can't be replaced, you can't be promoted.
- Remember, no one is listening until you fart.
- Never forget that you are unique, like everyone else.
- Never test the depth of the water with both feet.
- If you think nobody cares whether you're dead or alive, try missing a couple of mortgage payments
- Before you judge someone, you should walk a mile in their shoes. That way, when you judge them, you're a mile away and you have their shoes.
- If at first you don't succeed, avoid skydiving.
- Give a man a fish and he will eat for a day. Teach him how to fish, and he will sit in a boat and drink beer all day.
- Have you ever lent someone \$20 and never seen that person again? It was probably worth it.
- If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything.
- Some days we are the flies; some days we are the windscreens.
- Don't worry; it only seems kinky the first time.
- Good judgment comes from experience, experience comes from bad judgment.
- The quickest way to double your money is to fold it in half and put it back in your pocket.
- A closed mouth gathers no feet.
- There are two theories about how to win an argument with a woman. Neither one works.
- Generally speaking, you aren't learning much if your lips are moving.
- Never miss a good chance to shut up.
- Experience is something you don't get until just after you need it.
- When we are born we are naked, wet, hungry, and we get smacked on our arse. From there on in, life gets worse
- The most wasted day of all is one in which we have not laughed.

Remember not to forget that which you do not need to know.

NATIONAL COMMITTEE

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<http://nzRidingClubs.homestead.com>