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THE JOURNAL

of

A. U. C. TRAMPING CLUB

Volume 5

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This summer Tramping Club has a more ambitious programme than ever. Great Barrier, Nelson and South Otago. But although we are going further afield the membership of the club has dropped.

We have a summer programme which provides a number of trips and working parties in the Waitakeres and the Hunuas. These organize These organized trips are particularly important as it is through club trips that most younger people start tramping. Therefore it is to be hoped that they will be supported by present members and their friends.

Unfortunately we are not using Ongarunuku enough and it is being run at a financial loss. Perhaps we have lost a little of that old enthusiasm, but next year let us hear again, "are you going up to the hut this weekend" in the good old "Puttah Cowley" style. Hutch and Sweet may be growing old and staid but there are still plenty of young members in T.C.

In this issue we are lucky to have 2 accounts of trips in foreign parts, written by past A.U.C.T.C.members.
First, Rod Draffin writes from Scotland, about the adventures of

Dave Spence, Mike Hay and himself.

A HIGHLAND FLING

After telling of some successful hitch-hiking and encountering a so called "Scotch Mist" which would have gone under the title of a cloud-burst elsewhere Rod goes on to say:
The following day we secured a long hitch along the Bonnie Banks of

Loch Lomond, over the Rannock moor and down the Pass to Glencoe.

The mist remained heavy all next day but we succeeded in climbing Bidean, a fine peak, and were lucky in seeing the top twice and the valley once through the cloud.

The day we arrived at the Ben Nevis Hostel was fair and ll a.m. found us on our way up Ben Nevis. This is the highest Mountain in Great Britain and is a long dreary slog up scree slopes for the whole 4,200 feet. The view from the top was - mist, but enroute we got

some good views over the West Highlands.

We were on the move again next day to Skye. If the ferry did not line up to certain "Bird on the Wing" traditions, at least we made

Almadale in good time.

On arriving at Glenbrittle Hostel, we met some old friends namely Bob Foster and 2 girls from the A.S.C. doing a similar trip to ours.

Out of our four days stay at Glenbrittle two were hopeless, one was doubtful, and the fourth was fair. On this day we had a successful climb and secured some glorious views over Skye.

From Glenbrittle Dave and I continued north of the Pass of Killi -

kranki, whilst Mike went south.
Our tramping finished at Lorig Ghru which is one of the best known

We then returned quietly to Glasgow. Cairngorm Passes.

Most of the country covered was rather more open than in New Zealand Skye has very few trees at all, but everything is covered in heather. Most of the lower ground is a peat bog and very wet, while the higher hills are rock and scree.

Everywhere we went we were marvellously received and met a great variety of people ranging from a Cockney who had never been in such a lonely place before to a Sutherland Highlander tramping on Skye in full highland rig. Kilts worn with sports coats are common wear, and very sensible for tramping in wet heather.

Bob Taylor writes a few lines on his impressions of Switzerland.

He says: -

It has been nearly 11 months since I left New Zealand for foreign shores, and I thought it would be of a little interest to record a few observations on tramping in Switzerland. In this country it is very difficult to find stretches of land such as our beloved Waitakeres or the Hunuas. The land in Switzerland is mostly cultivated under 2000 metres or contains artificial forests with well marked tracks (usually grand) and in many cases very well marked giving "times of march" at major junctions.

There are about 160 Youth Hostels mostly concentrated in the mountain regions. They are well equipped even the simplest provide

ain regions. They are well equipped even the simplest provide blankets and the better class have cooking and eating utensils, showers common rooms etc. You pay a small sum usually 1/3 a night and enjoy all privileges. Your membership card also entitles you to Youth Hostel facilities in Italy, France, Belguim, Holland, Denmark etc.

I have not climbed any mountains yet as I have had no time, what with learning German and French and Study. However, I managed a

week or two touring Switzerland on a bike.

The average "Swiss-Hosteler" who is the nearest thing I have met to a member of our organisation. Travels very lightly, using the Hostels like Hotels. The same comradeship does not exist and they tend to travel from city to city rather than in bushy or mountain country. All they see are the advertised glories of Switzerland.

Off the beaten track especially in the Canton Tirino near Locorno, and Bellinzona high in the hills the vegetation is thicker and is wilder, lovely to walk through and the views are marvelous.

The National Park was also good walking country but you have to be

very careful about lighting fires.

The average Swiss is very surprised when you want to sleep outside and such things as bathing in streams and lakes anyway is sacrilege-what do you think "Strand Baden" (Public beaches, usually equipped with bar and restaurant - and you pay to get in !) were built for. So altogether, an N.Z.'er and all Englishers and Americans are quite

crazy.
Rod Draffin has been to Wengen above Interlaken, and will write

you shortly about the wonderful country in there.

In the lowland country wherever you go where there is something worth seeing you finda Restaurant and I hope that day never descends upong New Zealand.

If you give me another 8 months, I should be able to tell you something about Swiss Mountains.

ODD ODE TO G.H.

1).
If you'd like a great sensation
Join Tramping Club for quiet
vacation vacation

If you suffer from weak knees Just climb aboard a pair of skis Leave your city damp and dark And come away to National Park

Some arrived at half past Feeling cold and rather blue
But meeting Lill with beaming smile
Began to feel it quite worth while.
N.Z.Railways lights we douse
"This ain't no blinkin' boardinghouse

First day on skis was quite firstrate With acrobatics by our lass Kate While on the slopes we saw Jim

Do 'Christies with his broken leg Upon suggestion from camp mother To balance it, he broke the other

Sago pudding cooked by Fred Puts young Murray into bed So round the hour of half past four He disappears through G.H.door Thus a strange apparition is seen Streaking up to Hut 13

(3) Snow-plow crashes by Bill Griffiths Thank heavens we've got shovel with Of more practise we have need Forgetting warnings we're to heed And racing down the slopes with glee T'wards Skipper's Chimney - R.I.P.

Three a.m. in screaming blizzard "Lills appetite" says Party Leader
Show rests on top bod - 'rather "It's more than I can do to feed 'er
wizard' Methinks the only way to save
In state of coma rather misty Is dig myself a deep snow-cave"
Dreams he's doing perfect 'Christy' So every morn at half past five
And brushing bedding free from snow We dig him out just half alive.
Lets it fall on Jim below.
7)

Mandler - Clegg and combination Found digging graves a fine vocation An unintended jump resulted A yell and crash - He 's somersaul-And finding skis that were young Wilson's Undid him with a pair of Stilsons

9) And now the time has come to pass So back to sea and nice green grass Strange goings on and preparation? Some new treasure brought to station? What's this he's got in air-tight

- Ah! -Precious sample of G.H. Fug!

By Bryan Wilson.

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Do You Know The Waitakere Coast.

Starting with O'Neils Beach which is just north of the Waitakere River, the swimming is good and the view from Ihumoana, Mr Lusk's well tracked point is superb.

South is Te Honga (Bethell's Beach) with its rolling sand dunes

Next come the cliffs, first there is Wigmore Bay, easy entrance is found in the South corner but in the north the cliffs are sheer for 600 feet. Up along the cliffs there are some wonderful views. From the top of Gentle Annie the cliff line runs round Octopus Bay and out towards Cannibal Flat; the cliffs are pretty sheer and standing out from a rock ledge are two rather fragile aiguilles. When I grow old I am going to buy a helicopter and build a cottage on Cannibal Flat. There are two points running out, one to the north and another to the south. I will leave it to you to decide which offers the best view.

Cannibal Bay itself is very bleak. A long climb brings you out on a flat from which a point runs out and then stops, only 500 feet and you would land in the sea. From Arawhata Beach the best route is round the coast at low tide. Key Hole rocks look wild and there may still be some terms nesting there. On round Boulder Bay - one of the boys from the farm was walking round there one day, he tripped over a rock and there lay a corpse. I hope you won't do that. Eventually you will come to the Fisherman, the gut between you and the mainland is an eerie place, an old Maori used to live in the cave.

South you come to Te Waha - private property so don't light fires. Te Ahu Point above Piha gives you a bird's eye view of the whole coast. Mercer's Bay,

Kari Kari, Whatipu and at last D. G. - they are all worth looking at.

S. A. R.

A SNOW CAVE ON RUAPEHU.

Living in a snow cave or igloo is a monopoly of Eskimos and civilised people regard it as a very primitive form of existence. Caves are also associated with savage and barbarian peoples of olden times who looked on robbery and murder as a natural part of their daily life. And so the following is written with a certain amount of diffidence.

The use of snow caves instead of tents in mountain country is yet in its infancy in New Zealand, and a few people have tried out the idea with most encouraging results. It was an article in this year's Alpine Journal which very much impressed Alan Goodyear, Bernie Bowden and me with its potentialities, and persuaded us to try it out on Ruapehu in August.

The cave was dug on a slope in the Waterfall valley about 400 yards from G.H. After finding a place with sufficient depth of snow - 12 feet - on a rather gentle slope (the sleeper the better) Bernie and I began to dig. We excavated first a kind of working shelf and then began to tunnel an entrance shaft. After carrying it in about 2 feet we widened it out and cut out the interior of the cave. This was eventually about nine feet long, 7 feet wide and $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet high and took $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours to make. We used shovels and found the easiest way was to cut the snow out in blocks and manhandle them to the surface.

Following its construction we spent 4 nights in the cave, and were perfectly warm and comfortable. This is probably due to the fact that the white walls reflect back most of the heat. No condensation occurred. The problem of insulation when Tying on snow was solved by using strips of cheap felt (S.B.C. felt,

then S.B.) which kept us quite warm as long as they were dry.

The whole experiment proved for us intensly interesting, and we shall certainly be doing it again. It seems very likely that soon the use of snow caves will become common practice, for in a cave one is perfectly warm, comfortable and sedure against any blizzard the weather gods can send. On Ruapehu the idea is capable of much further development, and whether a cave can be built further up the mountain or even on the plateau itself seems to be the next question. In any case the use of this technique, as yet in its pioneer stages, will be a very exhilarating experience for anyone who likes to try it.

AFTER-DEGREE TRAMP

After-degree tramp is over, and twenty-seven raw-nosed 'Varsity students will be telling their friends all there is to know about that interesting, little known, fourth island of New Zealand -- Great Barrier. Space permits us to tell only a little about it here, but if you refer to John Busing's map in our last issue we Mt Hobson is can explain briefly where we went and what things looked like. Mt Hobson is the high point of a ridge that looks like the Devil's dentures. It runs rough North-South. Well-bushed valleys with plenty of second-growth kauri run down It runs roughly to beautiful inlets on the western side. Logging and burning-off has bared long ridges, especially up towards Fitzroy. The extreme North of the island is rugged and trackless. We avoided it, though we visited the Maori settlement at Motairehe and Maby's farm at the north of Whangapoua. The eastern coast is more open and there are more farms. would be famous if they were more accessible. The long white ocean beaches Behind them are large flats in-The south is hilly and bushed. clined to be swampy.

Of our trip down on the "Kapiti", the least said the better; sufficient that we arrived safe and more-or-less sound at secluded Whangapara inlet and there set up our base camp. The next day four parties started off on a six-day trip circling the middle portion of the island, Frank Hayman and Dave Grace leading their parties up the west coast and Brian Hayman and Harry Locker leading theirs around to the East. The chief diversion for the foolish on the west coast is following hauler tracks, which are like this V only wuss: From this side all parties ascended a river valley to Mt Hobson, and although only four reached the summit - the rest of us being deterred by an unexpected downpour and heavy bushcum-cutty-grass - we had magnificient views and saw two massive timber dams, bearing marks made by After-degree trampers in 1946. From Fitzroy round to Kaitoki Beach, travelling is mainly on the island's roads --- clay with built-in hob removers. Any discomfort they caused was more than made up for by the presence of milk-dispensing farms and the aforementioned magnificient beaches. Tramping is fine when one is flat on the back on a pine-shaded sand-dune gurgling calf-tucker! Lastly we must mention the Hot Springs, a good mile from the Whangapara road and very welcome indeed, not to mention cleansing. So it wasn't all suntan!

After a day's rest the parties were reformed for a two-day trip to Tryphena and back. We travelled along high ridges, found Tryphena a beautiful place and the Peart brothers bountiful fishermen (thanks a lot!). Next day we returned via Kaitoki. On the last day gear was packed over the hill to Okupu where we spent the night before the arrival of the "Kapiti" on Friday morning. The boat's supply of fresh bread and cheese was in great demand, particularly as the trip home was smooth all the way.

There are many anecdotes that could be told about the camp - how Les Dudding played the barber, how Gordon Nicholls unaccountably threw himself into the river, and so on, but space does not permit us to revel in them here. The weather was kind to us; the island folk were even kinder. We are particularly indebted to Paddy McGeady, who helped us in many ways, and to his wife, who twice baked scones for twenty-eight (bless her.)

And lastly to Bruce Morton, who ran the trip and to those who, though they could not come, were by their organising largely responsible for the undoubted success of the camp.

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