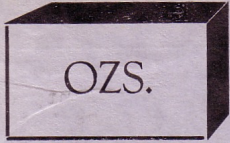


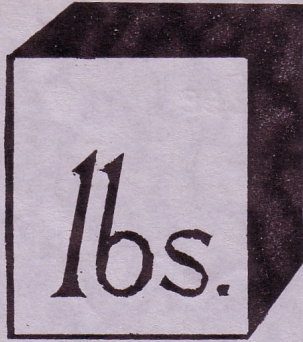


THE JOURNAL OF
A.U.C. TRAMPING CLUB

Volume 6



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EDITORIAL

TO THE FRESHERS: THIS is your first year at Varsity, and perhaps your first experience of tramping. We hope the trips you've been on so far have made you keen to do more and go further afield. If you have tamed your boots and learned to make good porridge under all conditions, you are pretty well fit for any place we'll lead you to.

THERE are a lot of you this year, which is a very good thing for Tramping Club. Few of us can spend more than four years at Varsity, at the most, and this means that we are always a young crowd. Every year a lot of our older members leave us, and we depend on new members to keep the club going. Your large numbers this year mean that the club is doing fine for the present.

THIS isn't the place to give advice about tramping, but we should like to say one thing: don't neglect the Waitakeres. Later in the year we shall be running trips all over the place in bigger, higher, more exciting ranges than our local hills. But don't let's start thinking the Waitakes are not worth noticing. We are very lucky to have them so close to the city and so easy of access.

AND "don't neglect the Waitakeres" implies of course, "don't neglect Ongaruanuku". The corporate life of the club owes a lot to Onuku. We would like you to regard it as a ~~way~~ home away from home, somewhere to go and recuperate when you are feeling browned off with life. The hut is always there and we hope you will use it often- always remembering to replace your firewood, and leave a crumb for Aristotle who lives behind the mantlepiece.

NOW that you are students with long holidays, not much responsibility(?), and almost complete freedom(!), you have the world's best opportunity to "go places and see things". So we hope that with Tramping Club you will go more places and see more things than you ever imagined you could. Make the most of it while you are young and energetic(?!), so that when you are old and rheumaticky, and your tramping days are over, you will have something really worthwhile to look back on.

-----oOo-----

Excerpt from a former committee meeting "Of course, if we ever go short of wood at O'nuku, the committee can put their heads together"

FOOTPRINTS 1949

EDITOR: Jane Esson
TYPE : Roger Greenhough
DUPLICATING : Dick Anson
CIRCULATION : Jennifer Thompson

CONTRIBUTIONS WANTED

DEAR READERS,

The next issue of FOOTPRINTS is coming out after mid-term break. We would like some more voluntary contributions this time, as we feel sure(?) there are a great many budding literary geniuses in TC who will welcome this chance to display their talents. If you don't feel capable of composing a poem, write a letter to the editor containing helpful suggestions, or complaints (if any). Send us any good (not too good!) jokes or interesting extracts from rival publications. Half a page of foolscap is enough - that isn't much to ask.

ALL contributions must be handed in at Room 9 not later than June 20.

Yours hopefully,
The Editor.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

THE Club has a wide range of maps of various parts of NZ which may be perused by anyone contemplating a trip, in Mr Hookings' room (46). They include several aerial views, and are in general larger scale than those usually available.

ALSO in Mr Hookings' room is the Club Scrapbook which is a photographic record of the club since its infancy, and includes several photos of our more aged club members when they were very young.

FOR the alpine enthusiasts the library is now holding for the club a number of the later Alpine Journals, which may be seen in the NZ section.

IF any member wishes to buy a map from the Lands & Survey, it would pay them to get a chit from the Club captain Dave Grace, saying that they are members of a tramping club. This will entitle them to a 33% reduction in the cost of the maps.

LEADERS of all trips: during the trip collect the rent for your party and pay it into Room 9 (Marin Segedin) as soon as possible. Collecting the rent is the leaders' responsibility.

WAIHEKE WANDERINGS

OVER Easter week-end a party of 8 bods and a dog set out to do a lightning tour of Waiheke. This may not sound very exciting when compared with the perils of the Hunua, Waitaka and places further South, but it is a good 3-day tramp of 35 miles, and better views of the gulf would be hard to find.

THE island has been 99% deforested for sheep farming, but there is still some solid tramping to be done. Some of the bays, especially on the ocean side, are very beautiful and well worth seeing. Unfortunately there are relatively few good streams, but a little previous knowledge can allow planning to get over this difficulty. All water should also be boiled.

IT was an interesting trip, and I don't think many of us realise that Waiheke is so large or rugged. Although its highest mountain, Mt Maunganui, is only 760 ft it is steep enough to make a pack feel superfluous.

OUR meals were a complete success with a pressure cooker. It is well worth the trifle of extra weight (especially if you don't carry it) to have dehydrated onions and carrots that taste like the real thing, and not so many strips of hot rubber.

FOR those of us who are botanists and geologists a little search will uncover some interesting specimens, while the fishermen can take heart from our effort of 11 schnapper and a cod in $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. Last but not least there are the never-failing attractions of Oneroa.

R E G.

-----0-----

A. G. M.

THE AGM was held on Thursday 17th March. A large crowd of unusually tidy trampers elected the following ladies and gentlemen as their officers for 1949:-

President: Mr M. Szegedin
Vice-Presidents: Mrs Odell, Messrs Cummings, Gummer, Hookings, Locker, Masters, Mead, Morton and Odell.
Club Captain: David Grace.
Secretary: Shirley Anne Rose.
Treasurer: Dick Anson.
Committee: Katherine Thomson, Berenice Rodewald, Athol Crosby, Sainsbury Strack, Don McLean.

TO THE EDITOR

The Editor,
Madam -

Thoughts on FOOD

I wish I weren't a trumper,
Eating "pog" and "egag"
And sticky stuff called scroggin
Mixed up with paper bag.
I'd rather be a barman,
For beer, with all its faults,
Is tastier than water,
Or Andrew's Liver Salts.
I wish I could drink vodka
And never turn a hair;
I'd like to be an Eskimo
And dine on polar bear.
I'd rather be Ye Olden Knight
And sup on dragon's blood;
I'd rather be a spotted cow
With predestined cud.
But if I really had my wish
I'd buy up all the shops,
Be a Finance Minister,
And live on acid drops.

- Francis Baker.

Dear Francis,

Does the following paragraph help to make you any more contented with your lot? It is an extract from an account by William Calenco, an early NZ explorer, of his crossing of the Ruahine range, 1845 :-

"Sunday: another wet and uncomfortable day. The wind has lessened a little, and we could now manage to make up a fire, which we could not do yesterday. Not really knowing how far we were from help, I could only allow two teacups of rice for all my natives (six in number) for breakfast, two for their dinner; and for supper one cup of rice was all that could be spared, which, with a few scraps of bacon-fat and a little salt, made a mess of pottage....."

"The day was now fast waning, and I started to return; when suddenly I became faint and found my strength failing me fast. I sat down and deliberated; soon after my dog came up, wet and covered with red vegetable mud. I tracked to where he had been bathing in a small snow-water pool, between two small hills, the water in which was quite warm, almost hot, and red, and thick with decaying vegetable matter which had just been churned up by the dog. I strained or squeezed some through my handkerchief and drank, and bathed my head and face."

FRESHERS' HUT WEEKEND



MY experience with AUC tramp-ers began on a Friday night when I entered a railway carriage overflowing with their spirits (this is a purely figurative statement -Ed.), though the twenty-odd bods before me were occupying only about four seats and the floor space in between. Some-one produced "Alice Through the Looking Glass", and the extraordinary freaks of this book helped us to entertain ourselves until we arrived at Waitakere station at about 10pm. It was a clear night with a full moon. Les Dudding led us along Long Drive and up endless hills until we finally arrived at Onuku at about 12

The party that had arrived earlier had some much-appreciated hot cocoa ready, and after some nattering we settled down to share the bunks and floor with the rats till 0630 the same morning.

ON Saturday there were three different day trips. One party went to Bethells' by way of the Wai-iti stream; one went down the Piha gorge to Piha; and the third party also went to Piha down the McKenzie track and back via the Glen Ness falls. During the afternoon it began to rain, and this continued well through the night.

BY evening the hut was full to overflowing. Some more trampers had arrived during the day and another party came later. After dinner 43 of us crowded round the fire. For about an hour Aunt Tilly's queer tastes befuddled the ignorant ones, and when we had had enough of that, various personalities entertained us with their talents. The inevitable popular TC songs followed, and then, after a midnight supper, each one got a bunk sans mattress, a mattress sans bunk, or a rationed portion of the floor. Half a dozen went outside and stretched out comfortably (?) in the rain.

UP again at 0630. The rain had stopped and we spent the morning drying out and clearing up. There were four routes back to the station. One party went down upper Kauri track, up Anderson's and down Peripitus. Another went through the Cascades and down Anzac valley. A third went along Cutty Grass track and down past the filters. The fourth party came out via the Kitiroa track.

ALL of us finally arrived at the station. So did the train. Since the carriages were too full of civilised-looking people, we chose the more suitable accomodation of the luggage van, and sped back again.

THE STORY OF T.O. or "ARE WE PROGRESSING?"

EXTRACTS from the minutes of AUCTC, formed April 11, 1932

At the inaugural meeting the President "stressed the need for a large variety of trips, and the introduction of men-only and women-only trips as well as the usual ones."

In 1937 "it was moved by Mr Fleming and seconded by Mr Dempsey that leaders be recommended to hold trips even in wet weather, provide there is no financial loss" (who to?) Are we getting tough?

In 1938 arrangements were made for a weekend on Ruapehu "to encourage skiing or mountaineering as a variety sport."

At the AGM of 1939 Mr Stanton introduced a motion "that the name of the club be changed to the AUC Tramping and Skiing Club, but as there was no notice of motion a vote could not be taken". That change was again considered rather informally by some people last year.

In 1944 a motion was carried "that a campaign for more freshers particularly women, be continued."

FOOTPRINTS in 1944 a sub-committee presented the following reasons for a club magazine :

1. Tangible evidence of membership
2. Absent members may both receive and contribute
3. The function of newsletters as a program and bulletin are extensively carried out.
4. Useful links with other clubs

Apparently these reasons outweighed any against a magazine, so FOOTPRINTS came into existence. YOU can help to make it a success by giving us plenty of contributions.

AN extract from the "NZ Magazine" of April 1949, from an article entitled "The Hills Our Heritage" :

"Signal testimony to the hardihood of our more intrepid climbers, and to the obstacle they have to surmount, was paid by H.E.L. Porter, well-known English alpinist when, after a climbing trip in NZ a few years ago, he wrote:

"I confess with regret, but without shame, that much as I admire, I am quite unable to emulate the feats of the hardy young mountaineers of NZ who, carrying 60 or 70lb on their backs, march for days on end in any weather to their final bivouac, and then are not only fit for but can also enjoy the alpine work." This means you!

THE writer goes on to say: "However, for a weekend trip, it is not necessary to carry more than 20 to 25lb, although a little more food, a little more comfort in the way of spare clothing, easily brings the pack upto 30lb." How little does he know!

A HUT ON RUAPEHU

FOR the past six years we have been the guests of the Ruapehu Ski club in Glacier Hut. During these years the climbing and skiing activities of the Club have grown from very small beginnings to a major activity.

The Club has already a climbing record to be proud of; over thirty major South island peaks having been climbed by members in the last four years. There is no doubt that this class of work would never have been undertaken had it not been for our training ground work on Ruapehu which was made possible by the availability of Glacier-hut.

The Club's skiing record is perhaps not so rosy. Although several skiing trips have been arranged each year to GH we do not seem to have managed to produce many competent skiers. In particular we have not yet been able to field a ski team for the annual NZA Tournament, although we have accepted responsibility for selecting such a team. However, this matter is receiving the earnest attention of the committee at the present time.

A moment's reflection makes it obvious that if this very worthwhile work is to continue we must have a hut on Ruapehu.

Following the termination of our tenure of GH your committee has entered negotiations with the Auckland section of NZAC, and has now offered to undertake the packing of the materials for their new hut on Ruapehu at 6660ft. This operation is scheduled for the After Degree period next November, and I would make an urgent appeal to all members, adherents and odd bods in general to back their committee to the best of their ability in discharging the responsibility that the committee has undertaken.

I am a bit diffident about asking you willing horses to work so hard after the degree exams, but after careful consideration your Committee has decided ~~xx~~ that this is the most suitable time for the operation and gives NZAC the chance to have the place ready for the winter season of 1950.

The NZAC (Central Committee) has agreed to the suggestion that in view of our offer to pack the hut, AUOTC be given prior right to book the hut over all clubs other than NZAC, this arrangement to be reviewed at the end of six years.

This is an extremely generous offer and I appeal to all members to show NZAC that we too can be wholehearted in following up our offer.

A.L. Odell

-----ooOoo-----

LONG WEEKEND in (mainly) the MURIWAT-KAIPARA LAKES

AN ancient club legend has it that away to the North, beyond even the blue ranges of the Waitakeres, lie stretches of sunlit water, fringed by rolling sand, and that in years gone by, one Rumsius actually penetrated to and beheld this wondrous region.

ON the Friday night before the beginning of term Marie Crum, Lorenice Rodewald, Les Dudding, Tom Wilson and myself arrived rather late at Helensville, intent on seeing for ourselves. On Saturday morning a cream lorry landed us within 7 miles of South Kaipara Head. We struck westward across very pleasant farming country and in the heat of the day reached the blue waters of Ototoa, gem of all the sand-blocked lakes. After lunch we headed for the coast across two miles of dunes. The amount of sand is phenomenal. We trudged down the beach for 6 miles and went inland to camp by another lake.

SUNDAY morning was spent in visiting one of the larger lakes and climbing to an old pa above it for a general view of the system. The main chain of lakes lies in a valley between the moving dunes and a high line of old grass covered dune. The largest lakes are two miles long and appear quite deep, while the smaller are shallower and fringed with reeds. All support colonies of black swan, ducks and pukeko, and are thermostatically ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ maintained at the best temperature for swimming (apparently no electricity shortage up there -Ed.) This country was once very popular with the Maoris because of its abundance of sea and fresh water foods. There are a large number of old pas in the area, and we found in the sand several skeletons and a stone axe.

ON Sunday afternoon we shifted camp down the chain and on Monday morning went inland to strike the road. The obliging truck again appeared and whisked us to the hot springs. After three hours we emerged probably the cleanest AUCTC party that ever returned to Auckland.

WE recommend that the club should revisit the region in the near future.

Harry Locker

Below are a few lines from Byron which we feel express very adequately the point of view of most of us regarding the answer to the oft-asked question: why do you half-kill yourself tramping for no apparent reason? :-

"Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
The toilsome way, the long, long league to trace;
Oh, there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life that bloated ease can never hope to share"

NEWS FROM FOREIGN PLACES

TRAMPING in the TARARUAS and RUAHINES

THESE ranges as is well known, provide a considerable scope (their combined length is over 150 miles), and due to their long narrow shape, a very large amount of country is accessible on week-end trips. Access is mostly by truck, or train and taxi, and in any case roadwork is rarely indulged in. (good thing!)

STREAMS provide good routes into the ranges as a rule, although often impassable in bad weather. The ridges are sometimes broken, but usually give good going (or as Moir would put it "easy height"). In bad weather the tops are liable to be swept by the wind and rain (and lumps of ice the size of an egg or coconut, depending on the mood of the narrator). As the aforementioned bad weather is rather common, the Tararuas are well equipped with huts, usually corrugated iron structures with a shelf bunk. The packing in of some of these huts must have been a real job! Tents are carried if no huts are convenient.

THE bush is mixed podocarp(?) beech, which gives way at high altitudes to the notorious leatherwood, which often covers the crests of the lower ridges, and may be conservatively described as a considerable obstacle to progress. The higher tops are of course tussock. Deer are present, but are kept down by cullers and amateurs.

THE Ruahines are on the whole are not so well tracked and hatted as the Tararuas, but some skiing facilities are available at Rongawhia - if it snows.

IN spite of everything, however, I still think a combination of bush and seacoast (or to put it bluntly, the Waitakeres) is very pleasant.

bob cawley

-----V-----

The trumper tramps for miles and miles,
And gaily thinks that nature smiles!
I think that nature's most polite
Because it doesn't laugh outright.

Blennerhassett

(see next page)

FRESHERS' TRAMP AT OTAGO

THIS was held on March 20, a very fine day with plenty of sunshine. About thirty bods embarked in two trucks outside the University at 0930, and travelled for about two hours in a NE direction overlooking Lurakunui, to hit the coast at an interesting feature called Goat Island. As the name suggests it is a peninsula and there are no goats there. At one time it was the site of a pa, the only approach being a strip of land about a foot wide in one part; precipitous cliffs guard the seaward side. There is a model of Goat island with its pa in the museum.

WE had lunch on the beach. After this we proceeded along the railway line in the formation known as "a loose echelon of individuals" (getting a bit technical ain't he?), through a tunnel, to reach Waitati, the railway station in the evening. We returned all in one carriage as usual, singing suitable songs.

AMONG those present were: Anne Conyngham, Betty Jackson, Jim Cotton and the one and only BJB.

john ross

