

# Boots

September 2011



Newsletter of the  
West Coast Alpine Club



The Coast has delivered a typical dose of fine winter weather and several WCAC members have been out and about. Josh Hudson and friend flew up to Pioneer Hut and climbed steep route on Mt Haast (3138m) and another nearby 3000er. Meanwhile, up to a 4m base of snow at Temple Basin has motivated the skiers amongst us to get into the mountains. This has kept the club hut busy and almost bursting on one weekend, with 15 keen club members looking for a space to lie down.

ED

## The West Coast Climbing Wall

A great success for the WCAC this winter has been the reopening of the Greymouth Climbing Wall to club members. I would like to acknowledge one of our new members, Alex Hartshorne for his continuous enthusiasm and energy in running the wall. There are now several new routes to come and try and we are now opening at a more agreeable time of 7pm on Thursdays. The wall is a huge asset to the club and the community. It is fantastic to see it being used again.

## When I was 26 I shot my first Deer

When I was 26 I shot my first Deer. I went for a walk with my cousin Peter and his friend Phil. We took Jonny's gun. We went up the stream from the road and the beach. Phil was behind Peter and Peter was behind me. The Deer was in front of me. I shot it. The Deer fell on the ground. Peter gave me a hi five. "Now what do we do?" I said. Peter and Phil held the Deer. With a sharp knife I did what I had done many times when I had caught fish. We carried the Deer down to the road. It was heavy. We put the Deer's body in the boot of the car and drove home. I gave Jonny his gun back.

If you want to come around to dinner at my house I hope you like to eat Deer.



## Club Hut Weekend in July

Once upon a time there were three brave ladies, Denise, Kapri and Samara, who travelled to the (un)known in the dead of winter. Leaving on a typical West Coast afternoon (heavy rain), they headed inland, hoping for better conditions the further they drove. With cheerful chatter and positive thoughts, their little car snaked its way along the road in the dark. However, their hopes were not to be realised when the driving rain

turned to sleet, then snow. Half way through their journey, a safety stop was made to ensure driving could continue. With skilled hands, the ladies quickly put chains on and were off again. Eventually arriving safe and well at their destination in the middle of the glorious Southern Alps, the ladies unloaded supplies for the weekend and hunkered down to endure the storm raging outside.

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## WAMS Walking Access Mapping System

Have you ever wondered if you could legally walk across that farm paddock to get to the bush? Wonder no more. Visit [www.wams.org.nz](http://www.wams.org.nz) and check out how many legal roads and access ways there are – many with little logic in relation to the topography. Ed. has noted with interest that the fine looking cliffs up Bullock Creek are shown to be part of a legal road.

# Where in the West?



A new feature for the newsletter, we present “Where in the West?”. Contact [jackgrinsted@hotmail.com](mailto:jackgrinsted@hotmail.com) with the West Coast back country location of the image above and be in to win the respect and admiration of your peers. That’s right, the name of our first correct submitter will grace the pages of the next issue of Boots! And as if that wasn’t enough, you’ll have the chance to submit your own photo for the next round of WITW.

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The first struggle was one for warmth. While that battle was fought, another one began in the kitchen. Perseverance won and heat was felt once again. Huddled around the fire, the ladies replenished their energy. Entertainment afterwards was provided by reminiscing about previous mountain trips, using a visual aide to help with the details. By this time, the ladies were ready to call it a day. Banking the fire for the night, down they went to sleep.

Morning came all too quickly and with it, the extinguishing of hope that the storm would have blown over during the night. The wind was howling, the hail was pounding. The ladies looked out the window and made the difficult decision to return home. Nothing was going to be accomplished outside that day. So with heavy hearts they packed everything in the car and drove away, leaving behind memories to add to their collections and dreams yet to be fulfilled.



*Ces Clarke Hut, Croesus Track*

## One last thing...

There was a minor error in the last newsletter; Unfortunately, the fine hut up the Croesus Track, was miss spelt as Cec Clark Hut. The correct spelling is Ces Clark Hut, named after a legendary community minded man related to a current club member. This was pointed out via an email to our Club Captain which described the hut (with a spelling error) as

being “up the croesus track”. So it would seem that the Croesus Ces Clark Hut is commonly misspelt. Many apologies none the less.

Please email me [jackgrinsted@hotmail.com](mailto:jackgrinsted@hotmail.com) any articles that you would like to contribute to the next newsletter or any comments/feedback for this one.