



September 2013



Newsletter of the
West Coast Alpine Club

↑ Sarah Wild

Book Review

Title: A Coast to Coast of the South Island

Subtitle: by paddle, pedal and foot... the long way

Author: Ginney Deavoll

Published: 2013

Publisher: Aries Publishing

Website: www.ariespublishing.co.nz

Contents: 184 pp, colour photos, maps, art throughout

Cover: softcover

Size: 210 x 264 mm, landscape format

Price: NZ\$ 49.95 (\$6.80 p&g)

ISBN: 978 0 473 24105 6

Availability: mail order from the publisher

Review: Paul Caffyn

What a gem this book is. In the last newsletter I had a moan about how many recent paddling books have either no photos or just a slim black and white section with thumbnail pics. Then both Max Grant and Kerry-Jayne Wilson's beautifully illustrated books were published earlier this year (reviews in NZSC No.163). Now Ginney Deavoll's book on a South Island paddle, bike and tramp adventure, has been published with not only full colour photos throughout, but it also includes her visually stunning paintings of places she and Tyrell discovered during their journey.

In 2011, Ginney Deavoll and her partner Tyrell completed a Northland paddle, starting from Hahei in the Coromandel, up the east coast, out to Great Barrier Island then up the east coast of Northland to Houhora. They both had their NZOIA Sea Kayak Guide qualifications and in recent years have spent the winters guiding in the Whitsundays and summers in the Coromandel. They were keen to embark on another expedition after their Northland paddling trip, which for both of them had become a way of life, and afterwards led to a successful exhibition of Ginney's paintings of that trip.

Tyrell was milking cows in Canterbury and Ginny was finishing the Northland paintings when they decided another adventure was needed. Ginny sent off an application form to the Hillary Commission for funds for a trip from one end of the South Island to the other, paddling from Te Waewae Bay around the Fiordland Coast to Jackson Bay, biking up to Otira then tramping north to Cape Farewell. Although their trip was short-listed, they didn't get a grant but decided to do the trip anyway, setting off kayaking on 18 February and reaching the Craypot Inn at Jackson Bay on 11 April.

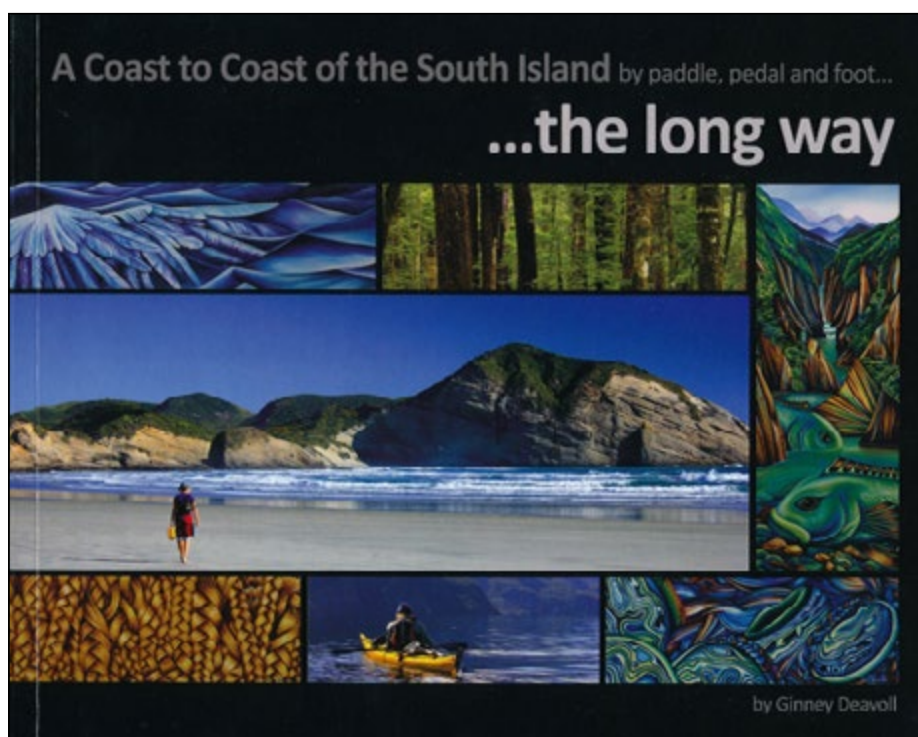
Ginney evocatively describes the roller coaster emotions involved with paddling the Fiordland coast, the relief of reaching a sheltered landing and the sheer terror

of a big surf break-out. Her painting of 'Barn Bay' shows a monster wave about to break, which captures their attempt to break out through the 'killer waves' protecting Barn Bay. During a brief lull in a regular line up of big sets, Tyrell and Ginney sprinted for open water: 'As we topped the first wave I was certain we could never make it in time over the second. Already I could see it curling over, the spray whipped off the lip. We veered right and paddled like Olympic athletes...' 'We just made it. A few metres further in and it might have been a different story. Once I had topped the last wave I kept paddling out to sea about two kilometres at full speed and ate a packet of peanut M&Ms before I convinced myself I was safe.'

From Jackson Bay, Ginney and Tyrell push-biked up the West Coast then up to Otira, where they hefted big packs and completed the rest of the journey to Cape Farewell on foot.

Ginney's writing style is captivating, and flows nicely with a good mix of land and seascape descriptions, characters met on the way, the day to day launching and paddling routine, and stomach churning encounters with big surf breakers, storms and a big great white shark. I like the way Ginney describes the balance and teamwork between her and Tyrell:

'Along with our technical skills and experience each of us have our own unique personality to bring along. Tyrell is the realist and also the target setter each day. He'll be on a mission to complete the challenge set for the day but will always notice the small things and have the time to stop and appreciate a stunning view, to remember the name of a tree or watch a bird going about its life. Tyrell is calm and quick thinking in a potentially dangerous situation. I think I'm the big picture person and the instigator; I start the ball rolling on these wild ideas and have complete belief in their success. I won't settle for mediocre or not trying. I pride myself on being solution focused and having a good dose of common sense. But I could never do it on my own and wouldn't want to. I find that the most rewarding part of these journeys is sharing the experience with great friends.'



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Going for a look

» Aaron Gillespie, Editor

In the last weekend of June, Jack, Hamish and I went skiing. The day was perfect, the snow had fallen from the South East during the week and seemed to have covered the most part of Southland, Otago and Canterbury. The storm made its way over the hills into the Castle Hill Basin accumulating to about 30 or 40cms.

We met my sister Sarah and her man Sam and headed off for a look. As no ski fields were open and their roads were deep in snow we had to start at road level. We fitted our skins by the car in Castle Hill Village and started skinning up long Spur towards Cloudsley...

In the weeks before this I went snooping around in the bush looking for good rock. Finding what I thought had potential I went back with Jack for another look. We climbed up and down steep gullies and belayed each other along narrow ledges.

I could keep listing examples forever of people who have gone out for a look. People who went alone, and people who went with other people. And in many instances, including those above, the adventurers are the only one who know where they are.

The passing of Les Wright has reinforced the vulnerability we expose ourselves to when we head off into the wilds with out anybody knowing. So what do we do? How do we manage our intentions? And do intentions limit the adventurers to such an extent that its not worth leaving them anyway?

There are cons to leaving intentions. Leaving intentions often stifles the atmosphere of the group when they change or extend plans. When I'm by myself I change plans even faster, and may end up in complete different place than I intended. Searches have been called prematurely for people still out in the hills doing their thing.

But, heading into the hills alone with out intentions can obviously end in tears. And, there are many situations where a whole group may become trapped. Leaving searchers frustrated with the lack of information.



A Presidential look

So either way it's an annoying situation. Its one that Doc and the police don't seem to know what to do about. Removing the traditional paper intentions system at visitors centres and creating an internet based system that I doubt gets any use. And, it's a situation that I don't manage well when I head in to the hills. Does anyone?

One thing that is very clear to me though is the importance of going out for a look. I didn't know Les but understand he had a great thirst for both natural and social history. Searching for these things requires going out for a look, following evidence and hunches, looking here and looking there. Sometimes it works out good and sometimes it does not.

Les would never have found so much if he didn't look.

After climbing the gullies and traversing the ledges Jack and I found one some of the best looking rock in the area. Solid, clean and ledgy limestone, some laid back and some overhanging. A very exciting place for a climber.

Up high on Long Spur we tucked flapping skins into our packs and skied for the first time in eight months. The first few turns were a bit crusty so we slid onto the lee of the ridge for a look, it got a bit better. We traversed for a look

around the corner, found an even better spot and..... skied. I can't think of any poetical words with out sounding cheesy, so ill just say that it was very nice skiing down to the village.

Well worth a look.

"You can do nearly every outdoor sport within 2 hours of Hokitika and Greymouth" (Jim the legend West Coaster 2013). One weekend at the Club Hut, over 20 members used the hut. There were trampers, mountaineers, rock climbers and skiers all amping to get amongst it. This is what the West Coast Alpine Club is all about. Winter on the Coast can offer some great spells of fine weather. So whether it be walking,skiing, climbing, mountain biking, surfing, running, hunting, or exploring - get out there and make the most of it!

See you in the hills, Jack.

PREZ

Tributes to Les Wright

At Les Wright's funeral on May 25th 2013 at Holy Trinity Church Greymouth, the following tributes were made by Mary Trayes and Warren Smith on behalf of the West Coast Alpine Club and wider caving community. Les was known to many club members through the 1990's and 2000's and it was only when his partner Deborah Carden moved to South Australia, and he began spending time over there, that his membership lapsed. Twenty-seven cavers, most of them current or former WCAC members, formed a 'Guard of Honour' as Les's coffin was carried from the church. He will be truly missed by many.

Mary's Tribute

My name is Mary Trayes and (indicating to right) this is Warren Smith. We are both members of the West Coast Alpine Club and also part of the local caving fraternity. We are here to tell you about some of our experiences with Les in the outdoors.

In 2006 the West Coast Alpine Club gave Les a Merit Award for 10 years of service in leading Club trips. This was a 'one-off' as other set Club awards (for service, attendance) did not quite fit the things Les did so well for the Club.

Many people here today will have been out with Les in the hills or down a cave or both. His walks often had a 'heritage bent' - visiting the Tin Man's grave at Perfect Strangers Beach or the Snowy Battery at Waiuta or Bessons Dam back in the limestone hills behind Fox River.

You were never quite sure where these walks might actually take you, nor how

long they might be, but they were always fun because Les had mastered the art of making things like bush bashing through supplejack or being up to your knees in water all just part of the adventure. All with running commentary.

A 1996 Club trip up on the Stockton Plateau comes to mind. We were supposed to drive up onto the tops and trek an easy half day from the cars to a lookout Les knew of out over the Ngakawau River gorge. As I remember, it was a lovely sunny day and directed by Les - I think it's over here - we wandered all over the sandstone pavements, crossed the Mangatini River, stopped for lunch and a look at the map, never actually got to where we were going and counted it all as a good day out. There is a photograph of the group, map in someone's hand with people gesticulating in all directions, Les included. Trips with Les were like that.

Les also took many a Club member, and



plenty from school and youth groups, on their very first caving trips. He especially loved the Bullock Creek area where there are many flood prone caves. However despite the dangers all his trips into the caves were made safely. Les also did caving trips with many of us to places further afield - to Honeycomb Hill cave at the Oparara, to Hollywood and the Metro Caves out the back of Charleston and even in Australia.

Les had a very good bass voice and he was very fond of singing or humming in caves to see if any particular chambers had good resonance or auditory qualities (many have). One day in Hollywood Cave, which has some spectacular formations hence the name, we had to tell him to stop humming in one narrow passage because all the straws hanging overhead had begun to quiver most alarmingly. We had visions of them shattering like crystal.

Another favourite place Les liked to take people to was Nelson Creek where there are lots of old goldmining tunnels. Visits with Les to the less well known tunnels usually involved bushbashing ('I think it's over here'), blundering in the dark, mud and water and if you were lucky the odd glowworm. However his running commentary and the general camaraderie usually enabled one to overlook the couple of hours which had become four and the long walk back to the cars.

Club members will miss Les very much as he could make ordinary places come alive with his stories of the past. An irreplaceable treasure is lost to the Coast.



Warren's Tribute

The last trip we had with Les was taking a class of 20 school children with parents and teachers caving into Xanadu, not far from Les's house.

I have always been a bit careful in asking Les to help on these trips because I know he was so busy. But he always gave up his time. He always said to me, "I love to show West Coast kids the West Coast".

So, it was a beautiful sunny day perfect for caving.

We divided up into groups and took turns with some swimming in the Bullock Creek submergence with a friendly eel and two groups going underground. I took one group and Les took the other.

I always felt that Les's group got the better deal, with Les's wonderful way of telling stories. His lovely deep voice made an amazing Gregorian chant effect in a particular passage of narrow tunnels, where you could achieve a good reverberation.

It's nice to remember the children coming out with pride and confidence and still lapping up Les's stories and words of wisdom.

Marion my wife insisted on helping with Les's group not wanting to miss his fascinating narration either.

On many Xanadu trips I have heard Les recite a verse from the poem Kubla Kahn and on this occasion he did so too.

But on this trip Marion didn't expect Les to then start describing how

Coleridge came to write this weird and wonderful work whilst high on drugs. He described, in detail, how after taking opium or mescaline from cactus juice, had a dream that inspired the words. He continued to tell these 8 and 9 year olds how Coleridge, after waking and quickly writing the words out, was disturbed half way through and lost his memory of the rest and how this was a shame.

To Marion at no point did Coleridge's drug taking come across as a terrible thing, and as she nervously looked across at the Principle of Awahono School and the other parents standing there mesmerised, she imagined a torrent of complaints and of children eating any cactus houseplants they could get their hands on.

But this was not the case at all. The parents and teachers were so grateful that it had fuelled their children's interest. In fact, back in class it created in the children a new interest in the poetry and the meaning and stories behind them. It was the detail in his stories that brought them alive.

Just like Coleridge in his attempts to repeat his experience and enjoy the insight gained and finish his poem, the experience of Xanadu will never quite be the same without Les.

In finishing I would like to recite the first verse of this poem. I only wish that I could say it half as well as Les did.

*In Xanadu did Kubla Kahn
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.*

Book Review Cont.

The landscape format works really well with double columns of text, most pages with two photos and full-page width panoramic landscape pics. Side bar sections include background information on the fauna and flora, local history and the friends who helped with support crew roles.

For me it is the paintings that add another dimension to the book. Some are gorgeous sea or landscapes, which Ginney describes as 'sharing the significant moments' of the trip. The vibrancy of the paintings allows her to recapture the feel of sea spray in her face, the cold alpine air, taste the seafood dinner and hear the cascading rivers. Ginney notes: 'In between traveling and the outdoors I spend as much time as possible with brush in hand. My work has always reflected my passion of the outdoors, which is the main subject of my painting. I've dabbled in mural painting and watercolour but have found my niche in acrylics on canvas. I've found that I'm at my happiest and am most inspired when my world is split evenly between the outdoors and painting.'

As well as the detailed paintings of the flora, cabbage trees, carnivorous snails on the Heaphy Track, many paintings have a marvellous depth of field from the distant horizon to woven clumps of tussock on an alpine pass, or a shoal of kahawai inside a river mouth. One titled 'On a wing' has a close up albatross wing which feathers into the distance as a big blue peaking ocean swell. For more information about her artwork see: www.ginneydeavoll.com

My minor quibble is with the sharpness of the colour photos. Apart from that, this corker book portrays that wonderful sense of wilderness adventure awaiting in the South Island. Ginney has described and illustrated that essence of adventure so evocatively.

Illustrated talk by painter, author & adventurer Ginney Deavoll

- Friday 11 October 2013 - 7 pm
- Lecture Theatre - Tai Poutini Polytech - Campbell Building

Ginny will bring some of her unsold paintings along, so don't forget your chequebook!



Reefton, the Goldfields Journey, and more...

» Gareth Thomas

In 2006, an organisation called the Healthy Inangahua Project, discussed a desire by the Blacks Point community to be able to walk safely the 2 kilometres or so in to Reefton. A footpath was mooted alongside State Highway 7. I drove to work on this road every day for several years, and saw that there was no shoulder to the road above the Inangahua River in some places. It was apparent that the idea of putting a footpath along the highway was an unrealistic dream.

A property boundary map of the area between Reefton and Blacks Point showed that there is road reserve along most of the south side of the Inangahua River between Blacks Point and Reefton. The only gap is where a section of land administered by the Department of Conservation meets the river just downstream from the Whirlpool Corner. There is, however, an old water race tunnel across this piece of land, which

was bisected by an old landslip and impassable. It appeared that it might be feasible to re-open the tunnel or find a way around it, and I started lobbying Buller District Council for permission to open up the road reserve for a walking track.

Here's the map that I created showing 3 new tracks that I thought would be able to link Reefton and Blacks Point. I presented this to Buller District Council at their Annual Plan meeting in 2009, seeking support:

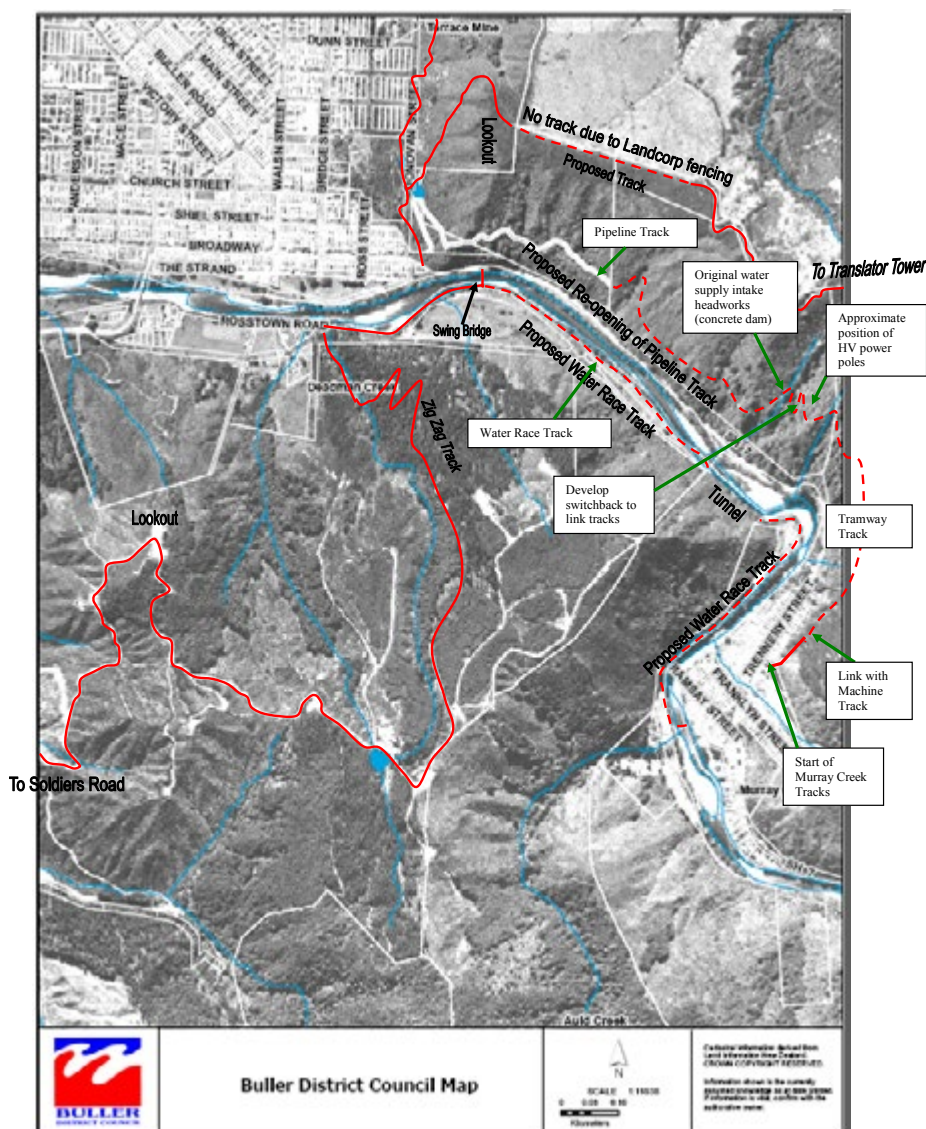
I consulted the 3 adjacent landowners to the road reserve, and whilst there was no public support from one, he acknowledged that he would be unable to prevent a walking track being built and has subsequently used the development of the track as a sales pitch for his land. Eventually, I wrote a letter supporting the opening up of a walking track on this road reserve for the Buller District

Council Chief Executive Officer, and he signed it for me! Sneakily, I also put in reference to re-opening the old Konini track from the town reservoir up to the translator tower, as this crosses Council-owned land!!

In 2007, I became a fundraising coordinator for the Buller District Council Vision 2010 project. The team met its fundraising target and was disbanded. Amongst the 16 projects that were to be funded, was one for the Goldfields Journey. I then became a committee member for this project. Since the purpose was to promote recreational opportunities on what was then known as the Goldfields Journey, the Department of Conservation became involved alongside various members of the Reefton community. Jock Edmondson from the Greymouth office provided considerable leadership to this group. Somehow the Goldfields Journey "morphed" into Goldfields of Quartzopolis, hardly a catchy name, but at least supported by a web site that various DoC people put a lot of work into here.

I made Jock Edmondson, Dave Hawes and others aware of my concept map, and somehow, with little to no further input from me, two of the 3 routes have already become reality, with slight modification of one, being the pipeline track, which doesn't directly link to the Machine Track. Jock in particular has been an avid supporter of linking Reefton with the Goldfields Journey routes by way of the Murray Creek tracks and Blacks Point.

The local DoC staff in Reefton have re-opened the Konini track from above the town reservoir, cutting and gravelling a new track around the deer-fenced Landcorp land and linking to the four wheel drive track up to the translator tower. Just before the translator tower, a new track drops down a sharp ridge then zig-zags up the other side of a saddle, climbing up through beech forest, then through some amazing twisted old rata trees to the top of a ridge and across to link with the Machine Track that links Blacks Point with the Ajax Mine in the general Murray Creek walkway area. From the Machine Track, it is possible to pass the Ajax mine and walk or mountain bike down to the Waitahu River, across the relatively new swingbridge and down





the 4WD track to Gannons Road or head up the 4WD track to the Montgomerie Hut, then up the very steep ascent to Kirwans Hut before dropping down on the pack track to Capleston. Alternatively, you can turn back to Blacks Point from the Waitahu Junction, or directly back down the Machine Track. Try just walking up to the translator tower from where the Terrace walking track leaves the top of Broadway in Reefton, then turn up the Konini track from the reservoir. It's about 40 minutes one way at most, of exhilarating climb, and the views back to Reefton are amazing, provided there is no winter fog, of course.

Best of all has been the opening up of the old pipeline route from the Reefton reservoir along the contour line back to the old headworks just west of and well above the Whirlpool Corner. The cleared track continues around under the powerlines that ascend from State highway 7 up to the translator tower, then climbs steeply by way of steps up to what I believe was once known as Andersons tramway. Heading along the benched tramway track, the new track then descends steeply through beech with a great view down to Blacks Point township, and then through sycamore trees, eventually popping out at a concrete power pole just above State Highway 7 on the Blacks Point side of the Whirlpool Corner. If you walk about 460 metres along the highway back towards Reefton, there is a small creek on the right, just around the corner past the Whirlpool Corner. A few metres west of the creek, there is a deep cutting in the embankment, which is where a siphon pipe (seen in the photograph from the

early 1900s below) once brought water from Auld Creek, above Blacks Point, under gravity head across the Inangahua River, back up to the water pipeline that fed the Reefton reservoir.

If you go up from this cutting, a track will bring you back up to the pipeline track, and near the junction, you will find a concrete structure which is where the siphon pipe linked in to the one running along the benched track to the reservoir. I could tell you more: there is a lot of history in this fascinating area. Go find this track. Find the resting spot just above the track with the great views back down the valley to Reefton. Find the old mine shaft and relics down near the Blacks Point end. Spot the little "cave" that was excavated above the pipeline track. Clue: you may only see it on the return trip to Reefton. The track is fantastic, but narrow and steep in places. You need good ankles and good balance. Apart from a little bit of work that my son and I did to clear part of the tramway, this entire marvellous piece of work was executed by a single local person, working alone. Mr John Watts, I salute you!

The third and unfinished track is still trying to resolve the water race tunnel hurdle. You can walk or mountainbike all the way from the powerhouse swingbridge along the south side of the Inangahua River to the mouth of the water race tunnel. If you are not familiar with tunnel, cave or mine exploration, keep out of the tunnel. There's a ledge of sorts, broken in places on the outside of the tunnel, above the river. Remains of an old ten inch water pipe cross the gaps between the ledges. My late father-

in-law helped to install this pipe back in 1953. An athletic person can get through here when the river is low, but don't take any unnecessary risk. I'm working on building a gallery walkway around the ledges. Opus Consulting has a brief for the walkway design, underway in June 2013, using some Walking Access and Grey Valley Lions funding that I have obtained. After that, a big fundraising exercise will be needed. I've got some of the track cleared around the southern side of the Inangahua River past the Whirlpool Corner (now there's a recurring name!!) and even cleared and re-supported the eastern entrance to the water race tunnel in case the short and open part of the tunnel can be used as a link to avoid the outer ledge. Be aware, however, that the roof and sides are dangerous near the landslip that has collapsed part of the tunnel. The last part of the link through to the Blacks Point swingbridge still needs to be cleared. Be aware that the land on the south side of this swingbridge is privately owned. If you discretely walk through the paddock adjacent to the river, this is road reserve, but please don't wander off or disturb the animals. Respect the landowners, please. The same applies to the land immediately south of the Whirlpool Corner. Apart from the road reserve around the river margin, the rest is privately owned. Don't wander or touch anything, please.

If anyone is interested in helping with fundraising for, or construction of, the gallery walkway to link Reefton with Blacks Point, please let me know. I will need help from administrative types, carpenters and the like!



I'm not much of a cycle tourer

...but have a trusty orange diamondback road bike that's a bit old, but she's a real beaut...we thought a trip around Te Tairāwhiti / East Cape would be a sweet ride...it was choice.

Good old Mum dropped Aaron and I off in Opotiki and sent us on our way. After all the car trouble we had getting up to

Opotiki it was a relief to just jump on our bikes for the next 5 days. Yeah and um, there were lots of hills, some wind that even knocked Aaron off his bike. Not many cars, but big logging trucks, lots of horses, lots of friendly-ness. Lots of reminiscing about camping, "down the cape" as a kid, and Aaron trying to remember the rides he got while hitching

round the cape some years back.

Of course we wished we had our fishing rods, and sometimes a car. It did feel neat to cycle through and around a place where I had read and know so many stories of early Maori and European history, there was lots of time to look around on your bike.



After much debate over porridge or pies for breakfast, pies totally won out. Mornings were spent eating pies on the beach and evenings, ordering fish and chips at the local. The last night we had cans of Tui and fish and chips on the wharf, after we rode out to watch the last of the sunset, as my Dad would say, "neat alright." The next day we rode up and up out of the bays towards Gisborne. We stopped for our cycling part of the trip just outside of "gizzy" where Mum found us sitting on the side of the road eating the last of our food.

I can't wait to return and wander around the hills that we spent days on bikes looking up towards. Te Raukumara ranges without wheels, next maybe.

Tappy from the East

» by Sarah Wild

Late last year, Clarence River Rafting asked Em to guide a trip down the Clarence River for a group of clients, including a climb of Mt Tapuae-o-uenuku (Tappy). The trip run by CRR is generally a 5 day long straight rafting trip - so this was a bit of a special request. The planning and logistics of the tramping component was up to the group not the rafting company, but they were happy for us to join in. So, having wanted to climb Tappy from this side for as long as he could remember, Em jumped at the chance. And I did too.

Most people climb Tappy from the Awatere Valley, despite the fact that this route involves crossing the Hodder River about 80 times. It's rarely climbed from the Clarence side purely because access is so difficult - it either involves a 3-5 day rafting trip or a five hour 4WD trip across private land.

In early Jan we launched from the usual put-in at the confluence of the Clarence and Acheron Rivers, just over the hill from Hanmer. Thankfully the day dawned beautifully clear and sunny after 12 hours of non-stop rain. A fresh dusting of snow on the surrounding hills and 500 cumecs in the River - usually you get 20 at that time of year if you're lucky - a rafter's dream!

The climb of Tappy starts at the confluence of the Clarence River and Branch Stream, about 2-3 days downstream. To reach this point you pass through several gorges and encounter some exciting rapids, fascinating geology and great history. There is the chance to take a wander around the historic Quail Flat (the station is still being worked) in the Clarence Reserve. And if you get hot there's always the chance to jump in the River.

The climb starts at 300m with Tappy, at 2885m, visible far off in the distance. Even from there it seems to tower above you impressively. From Branch Stream, the best option is to make your way up to the high camp at about 1600m. It's a

great spot with heaps of flat space for camping, a beautiful clear stream and a sweet view over the snake-like Clarence winding its way down to the Pacific. The first day is mostly over open farmland with a fair amount of scree and tussock towards the end. It's not marked and can be a bit difficult in places so it pays to find some good route notes.

If you're reasonably fit and determined, you can summit and make it back down to the Clarence on Day 2. We set off at 5am and were on top 4 and a half hours later. The majority of this section is a long slog up scree, but you do get the sunrise from this side. Towards the top it does get a bit steeper and even in early Jan there was a fair amount of snow around. I would definitely recommend having crampons and ice axe and the skills to use them. A rope is not necessary.

We had a well-deserved sunbathe on the summit with perfect blue skies and a 360 degree view to Mt Alarm and beyond to the Aoraki Mount Cook area, out to the Tasman and the Pacific, and across to the North Island. Jagged rocky mountains for miles in every direction - awesome! From there, it's about 8 hours back down to the Clarence Valley floor. As we rested our legs back at camp, it was pretty cool



to look back up at Tappy knowing we had been sitting on the top that morning.

Two more days of rafting saw us reach the Pacific Ocean about 40km north of Kaikoura where the Clarence enters the sea and the rafting trip ends - this is about 200km downstream from the put-in. These final days are also wonderful rafting - there is one final gorge full of yet more interesting rock formations (the Clarence really is a geologist's paradise!) and beautiful old podocarp forest before the Valley completely opens up into braided channels through farmland. The landscape down the Clarence is ever-changing and in no way monotonous. I highly recommend a trip!

As noted above, climbing Tappy is not part of the Company's standard rafting trip but it is possible. That aside, the classic 5 day rafting trip is fantastic - and is very family-friendly. If you're interested, check out www.clarencerriverrafting.co.nz or talk to me!



WEST COAST ALPINE CLUB INFORMATION SHEET 2011 - 12

www.westcoastalpineclub.org.nz

COMMITTEE			
President	Alan Jemison *	03 762 6060 (H)	alanj.98@family.net.nz
Vice President	Samara Martin	03 768 4590 (H)	samaramartin@hotmail.com
Secretary	Rachel Berry *	03 755 8811 (H)	rachelberry@paradise.net.nz
Treasurer	Karen Grant	03 769 9607 (Wk)	kareng@tpp.ac.nz
Club Captain	Jason Blair	03 762 5845 (H)	admin@westcoastalpineclub.org.nz
General Committee:			
Webmaster	Evan Hunt	03 768 9489 (H)	evanhunt@extra.co.nz
Gear Hire Custodian	Jonny Horrox	03 762 6132 (H)	jh@wcr.govt.nz
Climbing Wall Liaison	Jack Grinsted	027 481 4222 (Cell)	jackgrinsted@gmail.com
Committee Member	Rose Burrell	03 762 5527 (H)	burrellg@hotmail.com
Committee Member	Denise Mayes	027 682 4064 (Cell)	[not on email]
Committee Member	John Burrell	03 762 5527	jhnburrell667@gmail.com
Committee Member	Frith Dollimore	027 753 4880 (Cell)	frithdollimore@gmail.com

Subs due: Adult: \$30 School Student: \$15 Family: \$35 Newsletter Only: \$15

Club Hut - Arthur's Pass

The club maintains a 13 bunk hut in the Arthur's Pass Village. The key code for the front door is available from committee members as asterisked above. The Hut is available to members and approved non-members (e.g. former members, friends and other tramping clubs etc). To ensure fair use of the hut for all, those wishing to stay longer than 5 nights must get permission from a club officer first.

General hut use is on a 'first come first served basis,' but note that Club Snowcraft Course weekends have priority use. It is also possible to book the hut for your exclusive use by applying to the Committee in advance and paying a deposit. This is then advertised to all members. General users can use the Club E-Group to let others know they intend to use the hut (see below).

A fire warden must be appointed for the duration of your stay (as per our Fire Permit) and any problems at the Hut, e.g. with plumbing, should be reported promptly to a committee member. Before leaving Hut users should organise the method of fee payment, sign the Hut Log Book, and ensure the Hut is secure. For more information see the latest Hut Information Sheet and/or read the notices at the Hut.

Hut Fees/night:
Members: \$8 per for adults and \$4 for school children
Non Members: \$16 per for adults and \$8 for school children

Hut fees should be paid promptly in one of three ways

- Put money in Hut Box (with names of those who stayed and when)
- Mail your payment to the WCAC Treasurer at PO Box 136 Greymouth, 7840
- Pay by direct credit to the Club Account at ASB Greymouth. Account No. 12 3168 0044967 02

Club Gear Hire

The gear is located at Jonny Horrox's home, 15 Dowling Street, Paroa. Email jh@wcr.govt.nz OR 'phone 03 762 6132. Hire equipment includes ice axes, crampons, harnesses, helmets at great prices. Good value for beginners. Adequate notice is appreciated but last minute gear hiring is fine, anytime, providing you can track him down.

Club E-Group

If you wish to send a message to other members via the Clubs Email Group List, please email your message to either the Secretary or Club Captain and put 'Circulate WCAC' in the Subject Line. Messages can include letting others know you intend to use the Club Hut, trip details, changes to trips, news items etc.



Boots is the semi-regular newsletter of the West Coast Alpine Club. You can contact us by email: admin@westcoastalpineclub.org.nz

P.O. Box 136
Greymouth 7805
New Zealand