

Kia ora ...

BOOTS April 2020

These are challenging times for sure.

Although we have to stay at home, we have our WCAC Facebook page to keep in touch. Maybe share some yarns about past trips or your plans for future ones.



No panic buying - only shop for what you need...

Editor Kōrero

Good thing I had no New Year's resolutions. All these new habits take a bit of getting used to. 20sec hand-washing, not touching things, no shaking hands, no hugging, physical distancing, not jogging in someone else's slipstream, reading today's paper tomorrow... and we used to just be worried about being prepared for the big one - the AF8.

Stay safe, stay home - I think NZ is on the right track with this and we are still the lucky country.

This edition of BOOTS: a quick summary.....

- An outline of our last Committee discussions.
- Excellent climbing outdoors - Weka Wall, while our climbing wall is out of action.
- Don't miss reading Nicky Rooney's riveting account of her Coast 2 Coast.
- Life in lock-down
- What women want - women in harnesses need FUD's
- Into the Silence - book review
- A dog rescue
- Funny BOOTS
- A Poem
- Buy/Sell
- Committee Contacts
- Gear Hire and Club Hut info - NOTE - these are not available during the covid-19 lock-down

Contributions for future editions of Boots.

You are invited to contribute to whatever you would like to see in Boots.

- Items for Sale or Wanted
- Book Reviews
- Poetry and Prose
- Letters to the Editor
- Humour
- Dear Daisy / Aunt Agony / Outdoor Guru
- Anything else you would like to see included

The deadline for contributions to the next BOOTS is 31st May:

Many pictures are worth many thousand words so please send through your latest trip shots, with a few words :)

Karen Grant
BOOTS Editor
boots@westcoastalpineclub.org.nz

Committee Kōrero

Fortunately, I made it back in time to attend our meeting on the 16th March after a lovely long weekend in Blenheim with my Ninja 650 and Paul.

High on the agenda was the climbing wall - a topic of considerable interest as we have so little information about how the earthquake strengthening is going to impact our beautiful wall. It seems that plans are in a constant state of flux and that despite the best efforts of Jase and the local contractor, the work will still have significant impact on the area and height of wall available to us.

While the wall has been inaccessible, Jonny Pennell and Paul Caffyn have been the stalwarts organising outdoor climbing evenings for members at the Weka Wall. Well done you two. I hear the attendance has been good even to the point that we've needed more helmets for the young'uns.

The Club Hut continues to be improved thanks to a small band of dedicated people. More ideas are being considered such as opening up the living area to an outdoor deck. Importantly, we want to hear what WCAC members would like done to improve this exceptional asset. Give us your feedback and ideas.

Predator control - this has been discussed as an important activity for the Club to be involved in and to promote to members. Quite a few members already run their own traps lines and Paul Caffyn recently put together that excellent resource that was emailed out to help newbies into this worthwhile activity. There is the opportunity to be involved in predator control in the Arthur's Pass area where an existing trapline is sorely in need of more people to check and re-set them. This could be done on an ad hoc basis when passing that way with some time to spare. If anyone is keen to help out sometimes, please contact Paul Caffyn or the committee for further info.

AGM - we were planning this for mid-May, depending on speaker availability but the lock-down has put a halt to this. Further discussion will be needed as to when and how will we hold the required AGM.

WCAC Committee - we are looking for some fresh faces to bring their ideas, energy and enthusiasm into the mix. For the past few years it's been a bit like a game of musical chairs but where no-one takes any chairs away and the committee members swap roles every so often. Who out there would like to shake things up a bit? Touch base with someone on the committee if you or someone you know might be interested in an executive role or in joining the General Committee.

FMC has called for nominations - we discussed this but not resolved.

(Update: Congratulations to Lauren Kelly who has successfully gained an executive position on the FMC board and will be an excellent representative for the West Coast and our Club. Lauren is a WCAC member and was nominated by our WCAC Committee).

We again discussed the loss of access to Ces Clarke Hut now that it has been snaffled by DoC for the Paparoa Great Walk. It was well-used by members and locals and we would like to see this facility replaced. Will DoC come to the party? Should the WCAC take this on as a project? We will have a working party to pursue this - who out there would like to be part of this? Contact secretary@westcoastpineclub.org.nz

WCAC TRIPS – OR LACK OF...

Our Committee regularly receives feedback that members want more activities and trips to be run. As we are a small Committee, we must encourage interested members to take the lead to initiate events and we will help where needed.

You don't need to be a trip leader or expert in the chosen activity, you can enlist the help of others who have the skills. We need members to generate the spark of an idea and nurse it into life. Contact us to get your activity onto the Trips List so that it can be distributed to other club

members, and let us know if you need resources, funding or other assistance.

Karen Grant

Weka Wall – Punakaiki

Tuesday Evening Climbing

by Paul Caffyn

With our indoor wall out of action since Xmas, the re-scheduled Tuesday evening climbing sessions at Punakaiki have been popular with club members and their kids. We've only missed one evening due to inclement weather.

Weka Wall is 200 metres past the first gate in the Punakaiki River valley, on the road to the start of the Paparoa Great Bike Ride, a bluff of bedded limestone with seven bolted routes suitable for either lead or top rope climbing.



Above: 17th March - Holly Lindsay by the ring bolts at the top of Eehaw, a 10 metre grade 15, belayed by Roanne Bakker. The blue rope to the left marks the line of View to the Sea, an 18 metre route. It's the shadowed overhang crux that provides the climb's crux at grade 16. Photo: Paul Caffyn

Five 10-metre-long routes on the western side of the bluff are graded between 13 and 15, while the two 18 metre routes to the east are a bit more serious at grade 18 – a deeply recessed overhang near the top of both these routes provides the knee-trembling crux moves.

In recent months Johnny Pennell and I have been arriving at 5:00 pm, Johnny's station-wagon chock-a-block with ropes, helmets and harnesses. Johnny then leads the harder and longer routes, setting up a top route with slings and carabiners through the two stainless steel ring bolt anchors. Paul is leaned on to set a couple of the shorter slightly easier routes. Back on the ground after lowering off, gri-gris are attached with the set up almost the same as at the indoor wall, however without the belay anchor to the floor and a requirement to wear helmets.



Above: Jess Gummer moving onto better holds after the difficult start of *Max*, a 10 metre route with a grade of 16, due to the sloping holds of the first two metres. Far left, Paul and Leigh Hopkinson who was on a brief family visit from Melbourne. Leigh edits the Victorian Climbing Club monthly magazine and included a photo of Weka Wall in her latest edition.

Photo: Jonny Pennell

Most of the climbs have difficult starts, due to being both slightly overhanging rock and 'sloper' holds, which is a right bummer for kids but helping hands have been there to boost them up to the good holds. The horizontally bedded limestone (for which the Pancake Rocks get their name) has no shortage of slopers, but once a few metres off the ground, feeling around with the hands will locate a bombproof hold where the fingers can confidently lock around.

Locals provide a mix of entertainment; nosy wekas looking for scraps of food in climbing packs and really the only downside to climbing at Weka Wall, is the vicious little black, biting insects that sneak into the slightest hint of exposed flesh!

For building up confidence with leading, I do like Weka Wall. The easier routes have bolts at not much more than a metre spacing, and quick-draws can be left on the bolts for practicing lead while top-roped.

Our most recent evening (17 March) was magic, with just three of us climbing till the golden light of a glorious West Coast sunset, and then the need to bring out headtorches to make sure there was nothing left for the wekas.



Above: Jonny Pennel at the ring bolts at the top of the 18 metre climb The End of Motion. The route guide notes: *'Lulled into a level of cruising comfort until the roof at the top adds a little spice to your fingertips.'* Jonny reckoned the roof was as 'softish grade 18' and too much for me to struggle over the roof.

Photo: Paul Caffyn

To top off the evening's enjoyment, we have been swinging by the old All Nations Hotel at Barrytown for dinner and to re-hydrate. A lovely way to wind down and to hatch further adventures. Now with daylight saving ended on Sunday 5 April, I will be sorry to see an end to this summer evening climbing at Weka Wall.

Big mobs of thanks to Jonny Pennell for carting around the climbing kit and for setting up the top ropes and to all of you family members and kids who have provided the drama and humour.

Coast 2 Coast 2020 - by Nicky Rooney

Where to start!

It was just after 5am, I was trying to spoon a few extra last mouthfuls of porridge into my mouth and my flat mates; Janny and Laura were frantically throwing things in the car. We're going to be late! We said goodbye to the cat as we dashed out the door.

It was a beautiful yet chilly morning down at Serpentine Beach. I saw so many people I've met over the past year at the start line which was cool. A lot of anxious hugs and "good lucks!" in between a few nervous portaloos visits. I ate a banana and went down to touch the water. Standing on the start line I stood with my dear friend and now rival, Ange. We'd meet during grade two kayaking cert. "10, 9, 8..." and so on, we chanted as the race countdown began. "3, 2" and I took the biggest, deepest breath my lungs could fathom as Juddy blasted the mighty start horn.

The run off the beach was good. It was nice just getting into the flow and so, so, so good to see so many familiar faces at the Kumara round about cheering me on!



Nicky early on day 2 of the race, on the bike leg from Klondike Corner to the Waimakariri River.

Marathon-Photos

I had a nervous but okay transition onto the bike. I held a huge bunch (of maybe 40+ riders) for the first 10km but realized I was definitely red lining it. This other girl and I dropped back and rode the rest of the way together. It was perfect! Just the two of us, same ability and both taking turns at doing the work. Her name was Vicki and she'd come from Cromwell for the event. Little did we know then, but we'd continue to frequently pass and encourage each other throughout the entire event. We did the 55km cycle in 2hrs 11min, which was a wee bit faster than I had aimed for. Happy, happy.

As I came into transition and my mind went blank and the adrenaline was firing. I couldn't think. Janny and Laura sat me on a chair and before I knew it, my helmet was off, shoes had been changed and sun block had been applied. They'd feed and watered me like a little house plant - "done! GO! GO! GO!" they were yelling. I was like "whoa, so fast, k bye!"

I felt really good heading off into the run – 'pace yourself' I thought 'you still have a 30km run ahead of you'. The river was too flooded over Goats Pass so it was a diverted course. In my head I was like just run the first 10 km and see what happens. So I did.

It was a mixture of private property and running on the Otira river bed. Not to mention a few river crossings just to keep us on our toes. It was absolutely fantastic. Then, the grind on the road up the Viaduct towards Arthurs Pass. I slowed down to a walk here, preserving myself and my injuries. A lot of people passed me trying to power walk or run up. But being a local and knowing the road / area definitely helped. A lot of people underestimated just how long and steep the viaduct really is! Especially if you try running it!

Once up and over, running below Temple Basin we went off into those side trails. I looked at my watch and was like 'only a 10 km run to go and day one is done, let's boost it!' I felt so good and just started passing people and passing people and passing more people. It was like the whole race had slowed down. I felt like a child zooming on the downhill & jumping over rocks as I bounced passed really fit looking athletes. Down onto the Bealey River and zooming across the river flats, I was honestly just so high on life. Weeeeeee, all the way into Klondyke! Day one complete!

I had some food, then Janny and Laura came with me to sit in the icy cold river. It felt so good on the muscles to just sit in the cold river for about 30 min. I checked my phone to see a message from Jon telling me that on the run I had gone from position #60 to now sitting in 30th in the open

women's category! I could not believe it. After battling plantar fasciitis since July I did not expect to do well on the run, so I was absolutely over the moon.

We went to the Air BnB in Arthur's. Janny and Laura made the most amazing dinner while I got my gear ready for the next day.

The alarm went off at 4am and we had to be in Klondyke by 5am as Janny & Laura had to get down to the river, get my kayak ready and attend their own support crew briefing.

My cycle bunch set off at 0732hrs for the 15km ride to the river.

The bunch dropped me and I bet myself up, maybe I had pushed too hard yesterday? Only to come into transition and realize I'd done 15.5km in 31 minutes! (Fast for me, especially with some wee challenging hills). I changed my shoes and ran down to my support crew who were so organized and ready! I stuffed more food into my mouth. Another fast transition done, I was away paddling before I'd even realized what was going on.



Nicky about to start the long kayak leg of day 2, down the Waimakariri River gorge. Marathon-Photos

There was about 15 of us paddling together and I'm not too sure who was leading the pack but they knew the river well and picked some really good lines so we all just semi followed suit. It was perfect, with some solid chat along the way. The first rock garden was spicy! I'd never really struggled on the rock gardens before but the waves were a bit bigger this time. A lot of people had fallen out. I'd managed to get around them and keep going. Coming into the gorge I noticed a lot of people making rather rookie mistakes so tried to paddle fast to get around them but ended up with bilateral cramp around my elbows / arms so had to back off. Apparently Richie McCaw passed me here which, (much to many's disgust) I didn't even notice. Left down Hamilton's rapid and everything was great!



Nicky during the Waimakariri River kayak stage of the Coast to Coast Race.

Marathon-Photos

The Waimakariri Gorge never fails to impress me, those large, sky high rock formations tower over head as you float down the most beautiful, clear blue water. I highly recommend it to anyone capable of paddling minimum 55km of grade two river. Down the river we go! At the 50km mark (with 20km to go) I realized I probably hadn't eaten enough. I tried to unwrap my protein bars but my hands were so cold they couldn't. At the 55km mark I was like 'fuck it. Don't worry about food, just paddle the last 15km and eat more in transition'. By the 60km mark I was really struggling. The wind had picked up and it started raining. I was already running on empty and feeling the cold. Now with the wind and the rain thrown in there I began to really battle.

At about this time my friend Jarrod passed me, (he was the one who initially told me that I should do The Coast to Coast). Then I saw my mate Dan, chatting to both of them for a few min really improved my spirits and kept me distracted.

At km 65 I had the plan of just staying in the boat and moving forward. That was now my only goal. Just get to the fucking transition. The rain was heavy and I knew I was getting seriously cold but also knew if I stopped to put a jacket on I would probably get colder so just kept paddling.

At km 67 I knew things were getting worse, as my body got colder I had told myself that I could be in transition for a long time. I gritted my teeth and held back the tears as I continued to paddle forward. Finally, I made it! (And without any swims!) The relief of getting to the transition was unreal. A lovely man lifted me out of my boat and my wee jelly legs wobbled and shook as I took my first steps on land braced by Janny and Laura. I stopped my watch. I had aimed for 5:30hrs in the kayak and had done it in 5hrs! Stoked!!



Nicky's support crew, also nurses from Grey Hospital, help Nicky from her kayak at the end of the kayak stage. At this time, she was in the early stage of hypothermia. Marathon-Photos

Janny and Laura were right there, they helped me get towards my bike and my gear. It was about this time that they realized how cold I had actually gotten. "You need to sit for a minute and get your wet clothes off" my support crew kept saying. But I was resistant and my brain wasn't making much sense. We had used all the clothes in the transition box, plus more that Janny had (thankfully) thrown in. I started experiencing the most intense shakes; they felt more like mini convulsions. Janny and Laura had both stripped off and I was now also wearing their thermals, puffers and hats. Sitting on the ground, huddled together under the umbrella they force fed me gels, potatoes and a cheese sandwich as I slowly began to come right. The support crew next to us had also noticed I was in a bit of a state and kept asking if there was anything they could do for me which was really nice. I just kept thinking how lucky I was to have nurses as my support crew. They did such an amazing job.

With a mix mash of layers on I had decided it was time to move. It had taken exactly one hour to warm up and while I was still cold and my brain was still playing tricks I was warm enough that the shivering had stopped and all I could think about was some tactics for surviving the cycle.

I got myself and my bike up to the road. I almost felt scared to leave Janny and Laura behind due to my slightly fragile state. But there were another three cyclists so knew it would be a good opportunity to try and form a bunch with them.

Three of us rode together, while the other one (who I remember from the first cycle) clearly had no bunch experience or understanding what so ever but we dropped him. We passed a few people and a few people passed us and that was okay. All I wanted to do was survive. Eventually we caught up on a British fella, Tom. He was well over six foot so sitting in behind him was super beneficial and saved me a lot of energy. Unfortunately for him, even when taking my fair share leading, he still wouldn't have reaped the full benefit trying to sit behind my 49cm frame. We cycled together, just the two of us majority of the way into Christchurch. As we had surpassed the other two I had initially started with.

For the cycle I was on complete auto pilot. Nothing was hard. Nothing was easy. My brain was blank. I was simply in a body doing the motions. It was almost like I was asleep. I still had plenty of layers on and as the rain stopped I was glad to not feel cold but also not feel hot. It was just fine. I stayed in that blank state for almost a full two hours and it was actually quit a nice place to be.

Coming in towards the city Tom and I spread wide across the road to block off the traffic to allow ourselves to turn right. Suddenly, over my right shoulder I heard yelling. I turned and noticed it was the leader of the one day event! "Rider!!!" I yelled to Tom and we both scurried left. The winner had passed us so incredibly fast it was incomprehensible. I was sure it was Dougal Allen, only to find at the finish line; Sam Clark had won the battle this year.

As we got to the '10km to go' sign I felt really good. My eyes began welling with pride. Then realized I could still be hit by a car and not to get too excited about finishing it just yet. 10km to go.

Tom and I continued taking turns and kept getting closer and closer to the finish line. We took a wrong turn at a roundabout but were quickly re-directed by Marshalls so didn't really lose any time. That final bike stretch down New Brighton was such a great feeling as I went passed my parked car and waved at my support crew who were sprinting to the finish line to catch me in time.

Off our bikes and running up the chute. Had again, done a better time than I expected, stopping the watch at 2:41. I adjusted my hood and helmet as I ran up the chute.

It felt surreal and I didn't know where to look or what to do. It was so overwhelming the crowd that had gathered. Just as I hit the bottom of wee hill to the finish line I saw my Dad clapping and yelling. Five more steps and that was it.

I'd done it.



Nicky at the end of the race, being congratulated by Steve Gurney, a many times winner of the individual C to C one day race.

Marathon-Photos

Shaking Steve Gurney's hand and getting that medal put around my neck, what a feeling!! I got a finishers' beer and hugged Dad over the fence. I had a wee cry for my 17 year-old self who had lived in chronic pain for the following seven years. She was so desperate to do this event and

such a tough little monster, it was good to finally cross it off the bucket list.

Grabbing a burger and walking down to touch the water with Mum, Dad, Sam, Jon, Laura and Janny.

And just like that, 243km done, Coast to Coast.

Life in Lock-down

– Karen Grant

With all of the beautiful weather we've had the last couple of weeks, it has been a tricky adjustment only leaving home to empty the letterbox or get groceries. I did sneak in one trip to the Blaketown tip-head on my shiny new E-bike before realising that even that was a no-go zone. My resolve to build up my fitness by clocking up more kms each day on my shiny new E-bike has taken a big set-back.

So it was option 2 - work around the home, paint something, do something in what might be a garden one day, clear 'weeds' on the roadside, and cut and split firewood.

The reel of retired 12mm Donaghys static rope has been so useful of late for dealing with the 'weeds' on the roadside. Some were leaning the wrong way so rope encouraged the correct angle of fall. Some were a little too weighted on the wrong side with large branches as well so these needed to go before felling. Got in quite a bit of climbing and exercise too!!

These pines are considered weeds as our land is under a QEII covenant which protects the native bush. Only one more to go in this spot now, an awkwardly forked specimen but thankfully - it's raining now!

Time to recuperate.

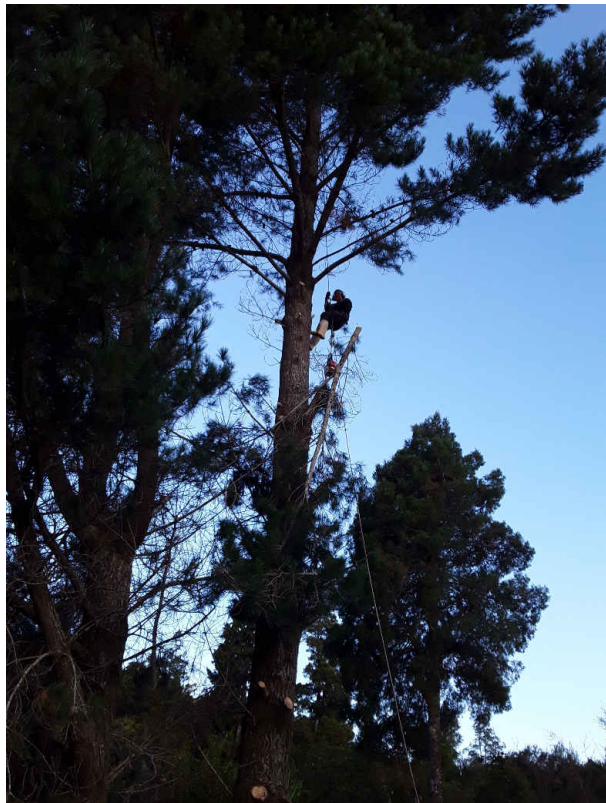


Photo - Paul Singer

A Wee Review of FUDs

– Karen Grant

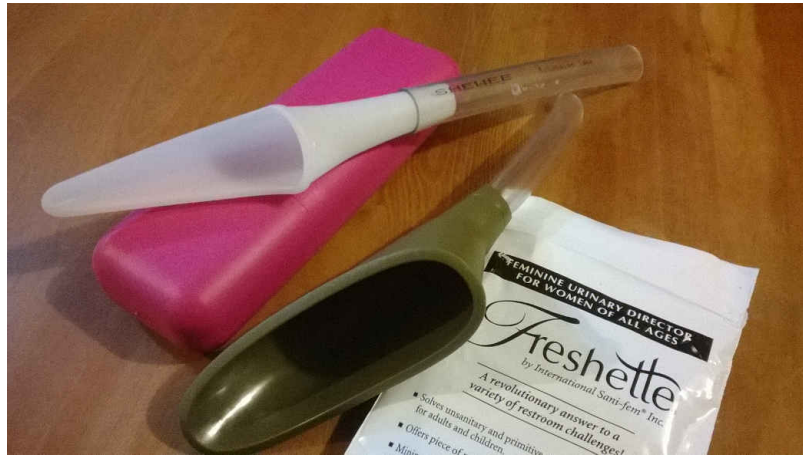
For women, what a nuisance it is after donning a climbing harness and racking your gear, or even

worse, having zipped up your overalls, struggled into and locked your caving harness, and then to find that you need a pee.

Well, somewhere I read about the Shewee and thought this would solve the problem as, just like a bloke, you no longer need to undo your harness and drop trou to pee. A simple unzip to provide enough access, then tuck in the 'female urinary device' and there she flows.

In theory that is....

The instructions with the Shewee advise practicing in the shower until the technique is perfected in order to avoid any embarrassing leaks. Well, I practiced and there was no way the device would work for me. I was most disappointed and complained widely about the difficulties of using the Shewee.



A friend recommended the Freshette; she was provided with one when she was fortunate enough to gain work in Antarctica. So, I ordered a couple from the USA and this device does the trick. Compared to the stylishly slender Shewee, the Freshette is a no-frills bucket and so easy to use. I now take one with me whenever I'm out in the bush, caving or climbing as it is so convenient and discreet to use.

I have heard that the Shewee works for some and it may come down to the size or shape of the bits; I haven't really looked into this :) but I figure that such a device needs to be absolutely reliable, not hit and miss, and not relying on perfection of technique; it has to be fail-safe. This is what the Freshette delivers.

And by the way, if you find one in Megamania - it's mine.

BOOK REVIEW

Title: Into the Silence

Subtitle: The Great War, Mallory and the Conquest of Everest

Author: Wade Davis

Published: 2011

Publisher: Bodley Head, London

Contents: 655 pp, b&w photo plate section

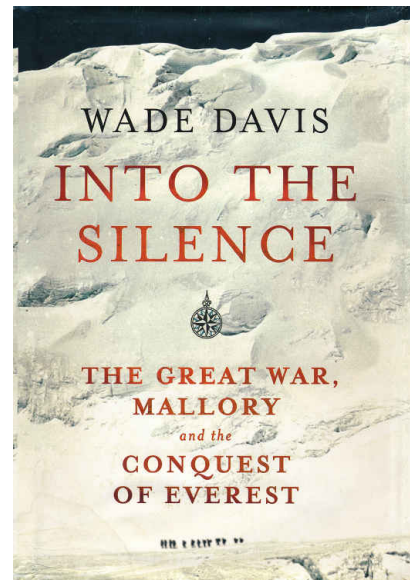
Cover: Hardcover, also a softcover edition 2011

ISBN: 978-1-847-92184-0

Availability: AbeBooks for a first edition; Book Depository

UK for a 2012 p/b reprint.

Review: Paul Caffyn



As a school kid, suffering from regular bouts of bronchitis, one of the adventure books my mum gave me to read was John Hunt's *The Ascent of Everest*. It was the start of my interest not only in climbing but in later years of collecting mountaineering books. In the bargain bin at our local Greymouth book shop, I spotted a paperback copy of *Into the Silence* and, although not having heard about the book, couldn't help but add to my collection.

I found this is an absolutely engrossing book. It is a superbly researched history of the discovery, exploration and mapping of the Mt Everest region - also the early British attempts to conquer the highest peak in this world. Various European nations staked their claim on the highest Himalayan peaks, Germany with Annapurna, France with Nanga Parbat, the Americans and Italians with K2 but the British let those other nations know that Everest would be climbed by a British expedition.

The book finishes with the 1924 Expedition and the author pondering if Mallory and Irvine did in fact reach the summit, and if they did, why they were never seen again; well until the 75th anniversary of their disappearance when Conrad Anker found the body of Mallory.

These days, if you have US\$75,000, you can be led by a Sherpa guide up a continuous line of fixed ropes to the summit of Everest, breathing what was termed in the 1920s 'English Air', past the abandoned detritus of recent expeditions including climbers' bodies. Instead of long tedious months of walking with yak supply trains into the Khumbu or Rongbuk Glacier base camps, 'climbers' these days fly in and drive to base camps which are kitted with all the mod. cons. The three British expeditions of the early 20s travelled by steamer to India, then via train to railheads, and then had to hoof it for many weeks to get a look at their goal. Mail and media dispatches by runner took months to reach their destination. Today individual's websites and the likes of FB can be updated immediately. So much change!

I found some of the early chapters slow going; a detailed history of the British Empire's control of India and devious campaigns to keep the Russians and Chinese out of the Himalayas, the discovery and height surveys of what came to be called Everest, the outstanding exploration of the valleys and ranges of the Himalayas, and really committing and sustained reconnaissance forays by the likes of Francis Younghusband.

Once the issue had been settled on what in fact was the highest peak in the world, and it was given a name, climbing politics come into play - how it should only be climbed by a British team. But then First World War suspended any further exploration of how to access the slopes, cols and ridges of Everest.

The horrendous toll on the young men of Europe caused by the First World War is sadly recounted by author Wade Davis. To quote from the dustjacket:

'Of the 26 British climbers, who on three expeditions (1921-24) walked 400 miles to find and assault the highest mountain on Earth, 20 had seen the worst of the fighting. Six had been severely wounded, two others nearly killed by disease at the Front, one hospitalized twice with shell shock. Three as army surgeons dealt for the duration with the agonies of dying. Two lost brothers, killed in action. All had endured the slaughter, the coughing of the guns, the bones and barbed wire, the white faces of the dead.'

The author, Wade Davis, spent 10 years researching and writing this book. With access to climber's diaries and correspondence, he has been able to flense out the climbers' lives much more vividly than was portrayed in the sanitized expedition books published about the 1921, 1922 and 1924 expeditions. He brings the men to life, their family backgrounds, education, introduction to the outdoors and their climbing experience.

Davis writes in some detail about the behind the scenes dealings of the Everest Committee and its bias towards climbers from the Antipodes. Australian George Finch, although he acclimatized slower than some on the 1922 expedition, he was by far the fittest at altitude by the end of the expedition and showed conclusively the benefit of using 'English Air' as the porters called the bottled oxygen. While the Cambridge university chaps still were climbing in tweed jackets, Finch used down clothing he had designed. The devious buggers of that committee ensured he was not invited on the 1924 expedition.

The final chapter of the book describes Odell's last sighting of George Mallory and Sandy Irvine high on the north-east ridge 'nearing base of final pyramid' on 8 June 1924. Did they in fact they make the first ascent of Everest? Davis does not answer this question, although a brief epilogue recounts the 1999 discovery of Mallory's body by Conrad Anker and there is brief mention of the discovery by a Chinese climber in 1979 of a European climber in vintage clothing on the north-east ridge.

The focus of this book is not so much whether Mallory and Irvine made the first ascent but how the war years shaped those early climber's frame of mind (not so Irvine who was still at school), but for the others who had survived the horrors of trench warfare. Whether these early expeditions to conquer Everest were in fact just like another day on the Western Front when 'death was but a frail barrier that men crossed, smiling and gallant every day'?

Today when we view that recent horrifying photograph of the south-east ridge of Everest with a multi-coloured traffic jam of guided clients, all climbing with bottled 'English Air', jumaring up a line fixed by Sherpas, it seems so easy these days to do the climb, as long as you have the dosh. But nigh on 100 years ago, high altitude clothing worn by the British climbers was so primitive; there were no maps or route guides, tents and sleeping bags were rather basic, everything was pretty basic bar for the courage of those men pushing, as Wade Davis titles his book, 'Into the Silence'.

Dog Rescue from Tomo - Fox River - March 2020

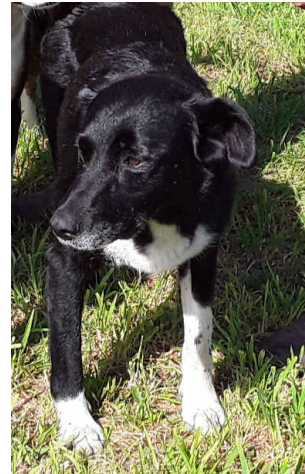
It was my birthday - nothing much planned for the day and then there was the call-out. A much-loved hunting dog had fallen down a deep tomo the day before out in the bush north of Fox River. Lauren and I are in Coast Cave and Vertical Rescue (CC&VR) and we were soon in the heli all geared up for a rescue but with dense low fog obscuring visibility, the pilot couldn't find a safe path through. Nevertheless, it was quite a thrilling experience flying low below the fog, up and down the coast checking possible routes, flying low beside limestone bluffs, and over tall trees and the almost invisible powerlines.

Conditions had improved the next day so we again headed up, this time successfully getting to the hunters' campsite. This bush is riddled with tomos punching through the limestone and is a treacherous area to be walking around in. The hunters had tagged a safe path which avoided most of the hazards and the worst of the tree-fall on our trek to the tomo.

When we eventually arrived there, Fern had been trapped for two nights and she was not responding to calls. Concerned about what I would find, I rigged a rope to descend from a solid tree perched close to the most vertical wall of the tomo. Directly behind this tree was another large tomo. It seemed like a narrow rift connected the two from what I could see when descending.

The Grey Star paper reported that we didn't have enough rope. Actually we had heaps - and plenty of gear for setting up a haul system - but I had only thrown about 27m of rope down to descend as the hole actually didn't seem all that deep - a substantial ledge that stuck out part way down looked like the bottom, but wasn't. Anyway, dropping quite a way below this ledge, the rope got me pretty close to where I could see Fern and then she started howling loudly - apparently this is her 'happy' sound. Fern was perched precariously after clambering about 5 meters up from the bottom.

I retied my stopper knot as close as possible to the end of my rope and then was able to abseil a smidgeon further down. Now close enough to scratch her head, I secured her collar with my cowstail. Then, by rotating upside-down a bit, I was able to reach far enough to scoop her up onto my lap.



Our rescue group has a harness specifically for vertical rescue of dogs. This was thrown down on a separate line but wouldn't fall past the ledge some way above me. My learning for future rescues: take a rescue harness and line down too, even when only dropping in for an assessment of the situation.

It was a bit awkward jumaring up with Fern on my lap but we were soon at the ledge. Once secured in the harness, Lauren and the owner hauled her up while I jumared alongside to guide her away from rocky obstacles. It was a very happy reunion at the top.

Fern didn't look too bad considering that she would have bounced off rocks on the way down. She had a scratch over one eye but as she wasn't putting weight on her back right leg, she earned a backpack ride to camp and a trip to the vet soon after. We later found out that her hip was dislocated. Apart from

her initial happy howling, she was amazingly placid the whole time and must have been putting up with a lot of pain without a whimper. A good result for all of us.



Photo: Plenty to wash off after that muddy tomo.

The weird thing is that I was down a hole just the week before to rescue another doggy - this one trapped in a deep crevice between rocks at the Blaketown tip-head. I've suggested that our group needs another C in its name for "Canine" rescue. Most of our rescues are of dogs, occasional goats and I've had one cat. We have also rescued people from holes, caves and steep banks in our local area but rescuing dogs does help to keep our skills up.



FUNNY BOOTS



English Deception

I called an old school friend and asked what was he doing. He replied that he is working on, 'Aqua-thermal treatment of ceramics, aluminium and steel under a constrained environment'.

I was so impressed. On further enquiring I learnt that he was washing dishes with hot water - under his wife's supervision.

I Nearly Became A Doctor

When I was young I decided I wanted to be a doctor, so I took the entrance exam to go to Medical School. One of the questions asked was to rearrange the letters *PNEIS* into the name of an important human body part which is most useful when erect.

Those who answered **spine** are doctors today. The rest of us are sending jokes via email or editing sea kayaking magazines.

Where Babies Come From

A mother and her young son were flying Air New Zealand from Melbourne to Auckland. The little boy, who had been looking out the window, turned to his mother and asked, "If big dogs have baby dogs and big cats have baby cats, why don't big planes have baby planes?"

The mother, who couldn't think of an answer, told her son to ask the flight attendant. So the boy went down the aisle and asked the flight attendant, "If big dogs have baby dogs and big cats have baby cats, why don't big planes have baby planes?"

The busy flight attendant smiled and said, "Did your mother tell you to ask me?"

The boy said, "Why, yes, she did."

"Well then, you go and tell your mother that there are no baby planes because Air New Zealand always pulls out on time. Then, ask her to explain that to you."

Sourced by Paul Caffyn

Ode to Gorse

The hot summer sun beats down
As my loppers lop
Sweat runs down my arms
As the tall gorse drops

Cutting beneath the spikey green
Each chop fills me with dread
Uncanny how each swaying branch
Falls always on my head

With spiteful, spikey, spiny bits
I'm tattooed with spots and gashes
My poor sore arms all covered now
In gorse-code dots and dashes

A lop in time, saves ten thousand
Or something along those lines
The seeds, for seventy years or more
Will grow where the sun can shine

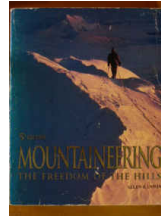
Karen Grant

BUY / SELL - any transactions to be settled after lock-down ends

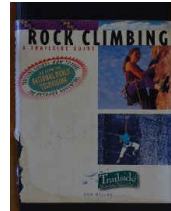
- Brand new bar (beer) fridge. Stainless steel finish, John Bull logo (removable) \$200 - txt or phone 027 343 7954

- Fisher & Paykel upright washing machine. In good nick, has been in storage and not needed - txt or ph 027 343 7954

- Mountaineering 5th Ed - The Freedom of the Hills \$20 - ph/txt 027 768 6282



- Rock Climbing - a Trailside Guide - Don Melloe \$5 - ph/txt 027 768 6282



General Club Information

Current Club Officers 2019-2020

President: Jason Blair
president@westcoastalpineclub.org.nz

Vice-president: Karen Grant
vicepresident@westcoastalpineclub.org.nz

Secretary: Brittany Jenkins
admin@westcoastalpineclub.org.nz

Treasurer: Jess Curtis
treasurer@westcoastalpineclub.org.nz

Club Captain: Ramesh Tiwari
trips@westcoastalpineclub.org.nz

General Committee

Adele Reweti; John Burrell; Samara Martin; Tate Bradley; Holly Lindsay; Paul Caffyn; Annelies Bierings.

The committee meet approximately every 6 weeks. Any club member is welcome to attend. Committee minutes will be made available to club members once approved by the committee.

BOOTS Editor

Karen Grant boots@westcoastalpineclub.org.nz

Gear Hire - not available during covid-19 lock-down

The WCAC gear is usually housed at the Climbing Wall (the old Civic Centre) and was accessed during the scheduled Tuesday climbing sessions (6:30pm to 8:30pm) BUT we currently can't use the building due to earthquake strengthening so please contact Jase Blair to organise gear hire.

We have ice axes, crampons, helmets, harnesses, avalanche kits, snow shovels, bouldering mats, a club Personal Locator Beacon (PLB) and more.

The rates are very reasonable and we certainly want you to be safe out there.



Photo: Jason Blair

ARTHUR'S PASS CLUB HUT

NOTE - HUT IS UNAVAILABLE DURING COVID-19 LOCKDOWN

We have a hut in Brake Hill Road. There's plenty of room for multiple groups to stay and be convivial. It's got a good bit of history to go with it and has had a lot of work put in by past members to maintain and improve it. Check out the new carpet and lino. If there are any tradies out there in the club, please let us know; we can always use your help.

Staying at the HUT:

For the code please contact a committee member prior to heading up. We do change the code and will let the club membership know when we have changed it.

The Hut is available to members and approved non-members (eg. 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.

It is 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.

A fire warden must be appointed for the duration of your stay (as per our Fire Permit) and any problems at the Hut, eg. 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.

Current Rates:

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

Any questions, comments queries just contact one of the committee officers on the above contact list.

And that's it for now.

Keep in touch and send your pics and news through to me whenever you have a spare moment.

boots@westcoastalpineclub.org.nz.

Ka kite āno,

Karen Grant, *Boots* Editor

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www.westcoastalpineclub.org.nz

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PO BOX 136, Greymouth

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