

November 2007

Welcome to the revived Bolfa newsletter.
After a period of hibernation it has awoken and is ready for your
submissions - bolfa@climbingclubsouthaustralia.asn.au

Hi Folks,

Welcome to the next pitch of BOLFA... first off we'd like to acknowledge and thank Steve Kelly for getting us to this point by leading the previous pitch, we hope that we can follow in a similar style.

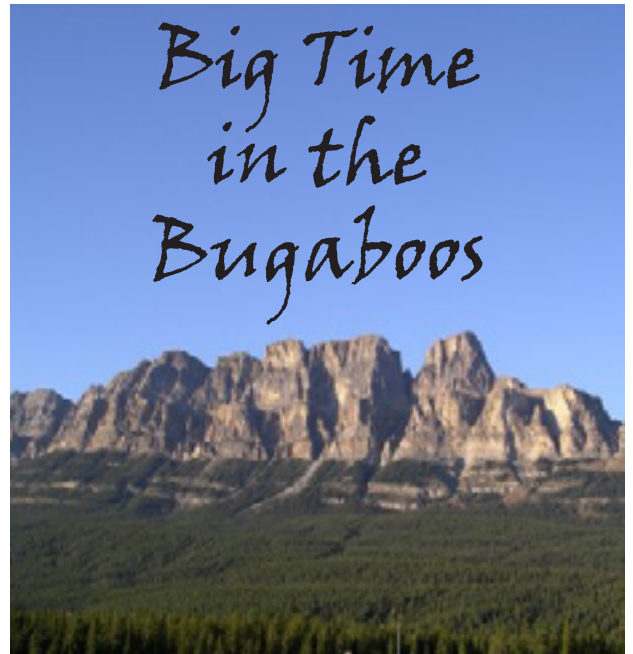
This edition of BOLFA is quite a good one thanks to the submissions from a number of climbers and we thank them for their assistance. In future editions we'll be looking for submissions about pretty much anything that is going on in the (predominantly SA) world of climbing and would love to hear about what is going on in your climbing life, regardless of experience, style or grade of climbing... this is a real newsletter about real climbers, so let us know what you are up to, what your goals are, what you're projecting and anything of interest to you; funny, silly, scary, cool, uncool, enjoyable, epic, sport, trad, bouldering, mountaineering, gym, competition, beginner, advanced, gear reviews, trip reports, whatever... if it meant something to you, tell us.

Don't worry if you can't write or spell, that's why there's an editor.

Additionally, we'd like to make the newsletter as visual as possible so please send any pictures that you might have of your endeavours... once again, quality is a second consideration; think more about the quality of the time you had when the pic was taken - unless you have a personal photographer with you it's a given that most multi-pitch pics will be bum-shots, a second following or group shots on a ledge. Include a description if you like, once again it's better for us to have the luxury of leaving out content than begging for it.

Adam & Celia





Beep beep. Beep beep.

4am. Oh man I'm tired... Why is that? Oh yeah, that's right... I'm tired because 4 days ago, Monday, Graham and I left Calgary at a leisurely 6am, drove for 3 hours, put our (huge) packs on and stormed up about 1000m to a tiny hut half way up Castle Mountain, via a series of paths, loose scree slopes and outright solo climbing (don't forget the huge packs). That afternoon we tried to get our heads into gear and systems in place by doing a short 100 metre warm up climb - in softly falling snow.

Tuesday we got up at 6am again, stared at the most amazing morning view we had ever seen, and tackled Eisenhower tower; all 400 metres of it. 13 pitches later we reached the summit, whooped for joy and started a series of hairy abseils back to the base.

Wednesday we loaded the packs again and with aching quads stomped back to the car; drove a few hundred kilometres, put our packs back on and hiked on steep ground for a solid 3 hours to Conrad Kain Hut in the Bugaboos' alpine area. Yesterday we did another warm up climb consisting of scree scrambling and roped simultaneous climbing, which went up to 2700 metres and took most of the day. So I'm tired.

But we have to move. Sunlight will warm up the ice, and loosen the rock trapped in it. And that spells danger. In the darkness of the hut I pull on my thermals, then my climbing pants and alpine jacket. Graham cuts some food for lunch as I wolf down some breakfast. We put on our climbing packs, they are light compared to what we brought in but heavy nonetheless, and we head out into the moonlight. The trails are beautifully made here; Subtly placed stones naturally lead us through the dark boulder field as surely as hand rails. We hike up steeply, and despite the chill night air we warm up fast.

The tip of the glacier is reached, and an edge of fear grips me... I am not comfortable in this environment; it has been 10 years since I've done any serious travel or climbing on snow. The crampons on my boots feel clumsy. Graham coils the rope so we are separated by about 10 metres and we set off at a brisk pace.





The incline rises quickly but we cannot let up. A clean skid through the snow off to our left shows that rockfall is very much a danger. The boulder responsible for the skid lies near our starting point. It is the size of a small car and has tumbled almost a kilometre.

I'm really working hard, struggling to keep up with Graham's pace as we approach the bergschrund. The snow is dirty with fragments of rock. Graham crosses a small bridge of snow and moves upwards. I walk forward and then hear a crack... looking up, I see a bowling ball sized rock is careening down the snow above the 'schrund! I predict that it will miss me, but it will be close. Small fragments of it

splinter away and I duck my head. They whack against my jacket, probably the first time this trip that I haven't been hit in the head by a falling rock. My large cranium seems to have a gravitational pull of it's own sometimes.

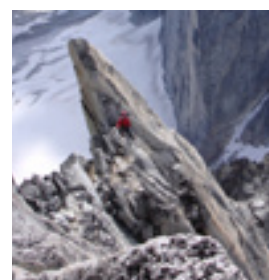
"We gotta keep moving Stu!" Graham shouts and I agree. I hurry over the bergschrund and the surface changes from snow over ice to thin ice over rock. The pair of talon-like claws on the toes of my crampons dig in but I don't yet trust them. We push upwards, fast, straight towards the loose scree slope that could dump rock on us at any second. But far better to be in it than below it, and there is no way around it.

Once there, we zigzag so that I am not below Graham when he's moving; lest he knock something onto me. We slow a little now, but only because the ground moves with every step and there is no sense of security. The loose rock and icy sand changes; the boulders get bigger and (generally) more stable. The crampons scrape against the rock with a terrible screech but stopping is not a good idea. I feel the overall angle dropping though, and with a few more meters we suddenly find ourselves atop the col, between Snowpatch Spire and Bugaboo Spire. We are safe here, off the glacier and clear of any possible rockfall. We rest, and I slowly lose the nausea that was eating away at my gut.

Heavy mountain boots and crampons are swapped for soft trail shoes as the sun rises over the horizon. We start the easy scramble up the ridge of Bugaboo Spire. The rock is shattered like a bomb has hit it, the long result of water freezing in cracks, but the mountain is clear of ice and snow as it is very late in the season. The way, marked by the occasional cairn, steepens, and we rope up for some simul-climbing, trying to keep 2 bits of gear between us all the time. We cover a lot of ground fast and in relative safety, and the col drops away rapidly. The ridge becomes more and more apparent and the exposure starts to increase. Long unimpeded drops appear on both sides, with gnarled and angry glaciers at the base. The ridge becomes a razor back, and Graham walks gingerly along it as I snap some photos.

We rest in a small nook at the base of the steepest section of the climb. Above us is 'The Gendarme', a spike of granite that stands vertical halfway up the final ridge. The exposure is simply awesome and we are humbled. Graham looks at it doubtfully. "It's all yours Stu, I'm just not feeling it today", he says. This is my moment.

We are a good team, drawing on each other's strengths... Graham needs my rock experience now, and I will need his snow expertise again when we descend later, just as I needed it on the way up. I will also need his judgment regarding the weather. A mountain to our west has its summit shrouded. We are acutely aware that electrical storms can move in super fast, and we keep our eye on it. Our mountain is known for being the local lightning rod. If the cloud level drops to a certain point he decides, we are out of here.



I ditch the trail shoes and pull on my rock shoes (twice re-soled boreal aces, it's all guns blazing now!). I move up the right hand side of the razor edge. My hands grip a wide crack, my feet skate on smooth rock. Underneath me is... nothing. For about 500 metres anyway. My mind reels with the scale of the mountain, and my miniscule place within it. I struggle to remain composed. "Time to grow some balls Stu!" I say to myself out loud. Graham chuckles.



I place a cam. The rock is solid and my confidence grows. I move upward, finding my rhythm. Soon enough I reach the point at which I would have to step around the razor edge of the Gendarme. But I think rope drag will be a problem, so I set the belay and bring Graham up next to me. After gathering gear I launch off again. I clip an old piton - for all I know put in there by Conrad Kain himself - it wiggles, so I back it up with another cam. A few more moves up the crack and it's time. I shimmy left and straddle the Gendarme. The drops on both sides are equal, huge, and terrifying. I move further, disappearing from Graham's view. I am all alone.

With feet delicately resting on slick rock and a good right hand hold, I reach out left to oppose my hand on a small corner, but I can't make it. I wiggle around, try various positions, but I will never reach what I can see and what I need. Up is not an option, I must go left. I focus, and realise that if I was 3 feet off the ground, I would just go for it. So I do. I let go with my right hand, and my body falls left. My hand drops perfectly onto the hold and the momentary sickening motion towards the shattered rock and ice below halts as suddenly as it begins. I scramble upwards with renewed adrenalin, and reach the belay ledge, grinning like never before.

Graham follows up behind me, also awed by the exposure. The crux of the climb was mine, but the summit pitch is his, and he heads off in style. He cruises up the final corner and finishes almost 50 metres above me. With practiced movements Graham sets the belay and the rope comes taut quickly. I take apart my anchors and start climbing. Within minutes I am next to him, just 2 or 3 metres from the summit. I stand just below it, start videoing and watch Graham stride up next to me.

The moment is awesome. The views, second to none. Over 600 metres of sheer cliff fall away on both sides of us. The hut is a speck in the distance. Our previous day's climb looks absolutely minuscule. We grin and slap each other's backs. But the weather still looks iffy. Time to get off. We sign the summit log ("The view's ok, I guess" and "Time to grow some balls"), and start to head down.



Outrageous abseils onto small ledges and skittering traverses against the natural line of the rope lead the way, before we return to the more familiar scrambling ridge line. We rest briefly for a hasty lunch, and out of nowhere a couple of climbers appear next to us, intending to solo the whole thing. Their confidence amazes us, but with some relief we see them rope up for the Gendarme section. Momentarily I feel like our accomplishment is wiped away, but it passes as I realise the intensity of the experience we just had far exceeds whatever they must feel in their care free casual approach. We continue down, and reach the col again. It's much warmer now, the sun heats the rock-laden ice below us between cloudy interruptions.

Donning my mountain boots and crampons again, I feel no more confident now than early in the morning. We set off down the scree. When it turns to snow again, I lead off, rope behind me, with Graham ready to drop his axe into the snow if I should fall... I fall.

I roll more or less instantly onto my belly and dig my axe and toes into the snow, stopping within metres. Above me Graham is still standing, but the rope is tight now and his face is anxious. I get up and start down the slope again. I struggle to find my balance on the steep snow while facing directly downhill.

“We gotta keep moving Stu!” Graham yells, for the second time today, “If I say ‘run left’ then RUN LEFT” he reminds me. I nod, but I know that if I try to run out of the rock-fall path I’ll just fall. “LOOK UP!!!” Graham screams. A number of small rocks - only fist sized this time - tumble down the slope. They miss us easily, but with my ears facing the slope above I hear all too clearly the cracking of ice and loosening of rock. We really do have to move. I try to increase my pace but all I do is fall again. This time as I tumble I clearly see Graham getting yanked off his feet by the rope. Both of us dig our axes in and we ease to a stop, thankfully, as the bergschrund gap isn’t far below. We find an easier place to cross the ‘schrund than before and traverse left quickly, minimising the risk of future rock fall. I slowly start to believe that I will actually make it down alive. Graham, by contrast, looks completely cool, calm, and collected and takes off his crampons, then begins to glissade down the slope on the soles of his boots. I carefully climb down a few metres further before trying this ridiculous idea. The change, from nail-biting delicate steps to slow skiing is a huge release of tension, and I actually smile again. We have made it. The glissading stops and we swagger across the snow. Our axes sit in our hands like swords from weary yet triumphant warriors. Our smiles widen as we relive memories just made, and the walk down to the hut feels natural, our bodies in tune to every rocky step. Today, we are Mountain Men.

Epilogue

Several hours after we return to the hut a ferocious wind starts in a matter of seconds. 10 minutes later a massive hailstorm erupts, covering the ground completely. 10 minutes after that and lightning flashes every few seconds, striking the peaks around us. We know there are two guys unaccounted for out there. We can’t do a thing to help them though. I wake during the night repeatedly, wondering how they are coping. They are not in a good situation.

In the morning we wake to find that they returned at some point in the night. They recount their tale of a late start, jammed ropes on abseil, soloing to free them, and the breaking storm. One of them tells of simultaneous thunder and lightning striking repeatedly all around them.”Did it get a bit scary up there?” I ask.

“...yyeah...”, he says. His eyes are glazed, focused a thousand miles away, and his lip trembles.

Stu Keynes is an increasingly part-time climber who has been climbing for 13 years and whose ability peaked about 12 years ago. He may possibly be remembered for attempting Passport to Insanity and videoing the ensuing hilarity, which was subsequently shown at a CCSA meeting (but not at the Banff Mountain Film Festival). Bugaboo Spire was his first, but hopefully not last, alpine climbing experience.

Stuart Keynes



Half-brick Award

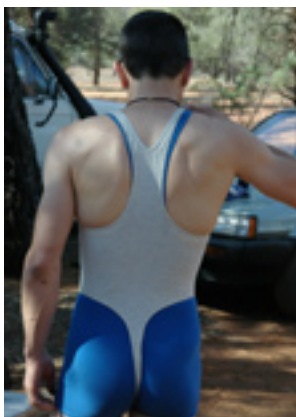
The half-brick goes to Floptober!

What's a boy to do? All fired up following last year's outing I went down to the nearest Vinnies and spent an hour scaring bona fide shoppers with various combinations of leather mini-skirts, leopard skins, taffeta, lace and sequins...

Leaving with the perfect evening dress and a little something for day-wear I was all keen to impress!

Imagine my indignation when after arriving on Friday morning to three or four camps and telling myself that others would surely turn up that night I watched as two other camps packed up and left and the "droves" did not arrive!

Oh, well, I may as well bask in last year's glory, and look forward to next year - and those precious moments when Celia isn't home - did I say that out loud?



Outback with the Fairies!



No Picnic on Mount Kenya

Just before leaving for Africa, I found a small paperback book that had been lost during a recent house move. "Upon that Mountain" by Eric Shipton, published in the 1950s, describes his ascents of Mt Kenya in 1929-1930. Shipton made the first recorded ascent of Nelion (5188m) and the first traverse over Nelion and Batian (5199m), the twin summits of Mt Kenya. He was a truly amazing pioneer of unexplored areas of the world. Thus, I set off inspired.

The four of us arrived in Nairobi on a Sunday Mt Kenya was the first objective and we decided to get to the climbing from the north via the Sirimon track. The bus ride to Nanyuki was exciting as the rural road network is in disrepair (not that the streets in Nairobi were much better). We met the porters in Nanyuki and continued on to where a dirt road headed into the hills. There, at 2000m, we left the transport and walked 9km to the park gate at 2700m. This gave us an extra day to get acclimatized and used to walking with packs. The next morning, we each handed over US\$90.00 entry fee at the gate and headed up through a forest to Old Moses Camp at 3300m. We saw baboons, Colobus monkeys, water buck and a zebra. And we wondered why the porters hadn't clipped the waist belts of the packs. They explained that when an elephant comes charging out, you need to get rid of the pack quickly. As there was clear evidence of elephants and cape buffalo in the area, we quietly unclipped the buckles on our day packs! It had been easy walking, so we pitched camp and then headed up a hill to a meteorological station at 3700m to further acclimatize.

Leaving early the next day, we walked 6 hours to Shipton's Camp at 4200m. The path took us up Mackinder Valley into an Afro-alpine zone of unique flora and fauna. The giant groundsel (*Senecio keniodendron*) and what we referred to as "Cousin It" plants (Telek's giant lobelias) were particularly impressive. We saw a number of rock hyraces. The porters pushed us quite hard as they wanted to get up, dump our packs, and go back down to solicit more business. We paid them \$15 per day plus a \$20 tip, about the going rate..



We soon descended back along the ridge to the little high bivi, reaching it at 6pm. We would be somewhat protected by a ½ metre-high stone wall, but four guys had to fit into a space where perhaps two would have been comfortable. We spread the ropes out onto the floor to give a little insulation. We had two space blankets, minimal chocolate, and just a little water which froze anyway. It was a case of snuggling up, coping with the discomfort and leg cramps, and counting down the hours til dawn. First light was much anticipated and sunrise was a beautiful sight. Once we'd warmed up, it was 7 abseils back to the Amphitheatre for a very welcome brunch.

After a rest, we packed the gear and descended to the start of 6 more abseils. This lower gully was a shooting gallery, full of loose blocks of all sizes. Mike was hit on the wrist and foot when pulling a rope and was lucky it wasn't more serious. We got to the base of the route at about 4pm and headed back down the scree to our welcoming tents. Everyone was feeling hungry and exhausted: a quick soup then straight to sleep. Waking the next morning, we realized how lucky we'd been with the weather. It had snowed most of the night and the mountain was plastered.



Keen to get back to Nairobi, we hired two porters to help carry the gear and walked the 23km to the park gate in a day. I arranged a 4WD and driver to take us to Nanyuki where we hopped on a mini-bus. The equator lies a little south of Nanyuki so we stopped for a photo. Spying a likely looking shop, Mike disappeared and emerged with a 25kg wooden rhino that the vendor had assured him was solid ebony. Things then became squeezey in the back seat but, nevertheless, we made it back to the Bush House that evening. Four large pizzas washed down with Tusker beer was a great celebration.

The next objective was Kilimanjaro (5895m). We packed away the climbing hardware, tents and stoves as the only practical way to climb Kilimanjaro is to pay a tour company to run the trek. Again, Zipporah arranged everything (\$996 Nairobi-to-Nairobi). A slow day's bus trip to Arusha, interrupted by formalities at the Tanzania border, then 2 hours travelling along the southern flank of the mountain got us to the Marangu Gate.

Shipton's Camp was our base for the ascent of Batián. The afternoon we arrived, Mike, Adam and I were still feeling OK and wanted to find the start of the technical climbing. Paul was complaining of bronchitis, gastro, an allergy, altitude sickness and anything else

he could think of so he opted out. We set out about 3.30 and climbed a scree slope for an hour till we found the start of the North Face Standard Route (IV+). Just near the tongue of the Kranf Glacier, the start was marked with a chipped cross and blue paint. Back at camp by 5:30, we were excited to be in position to start the climb.

Tim McCartney-Snape had recommended to bivi in the Amphitheatre, about 300m up the route, and then head for the summit the next day. With this in mind, we left Shipton's at 10am with bigish packs containing sleeping bags, bivi bags, stoves, food, fuel, and climbing gear. Slogging up the scree for the second time in less than 24 hours was tiring but, once at the start of the route, all else was forgotten. Rockclimbing with big packs was a different experience; I found I had to adjust my technique and rely on footwork a lot more. We climbed in teams of two to keep the climbing interesting and to minimize waiting at belays. After 8 pitches and some moving together we arrived at a spacious ledge in the Amphitheatre here we could wander around unroped. We spent a comfortable evening at about 4700m under the stars in the bright night sky.



Climbing
Club
South
Australia

The next day began with some easy scrambling and then 2 pitches to access Firmin's Tower. We climbed the Tower in 4 pitches, the crux pitch being about grade 17. A short abseil was followed by 3 more pitches to join the northwest ridge. The rock was alpine granite with ample cracks for jams and protection, nice edges for crimps, and great friction for smearing. Ice appeared in the cracks and then icicles as we moved higher.

At about 5100m, on gaining the summit ridge, we found a small bivi site. Time was getting on (it was 2.30 by then) and we had to decide whether to go for the summit or abseil back to our gear in the Amphitheatre. The decision was to continue, hoping that it would only take an hour or so to get to the top. But soon the sky clouded over and it began to snow which slowed progress a little more. We traversed just below the ridge top for 120m to Shipton's Notch which was negotiated with a short pitch of grade 14. A bit more traversing got us to the final vertical pitch. Adam and I topped out first, Mike and Paul arriving a few minutes later. The summit was somewhat anticlimactic: we shook hands and sat in the snow, happy to have finally made it but a little fearful of what the night would bring.

We met our guide Fredrick, his assistant John, the cook and six porters. We were to ascend the so-called "Coca Cola" route which is the fastest way up Kilimanjaro. Three days trekking, beginning in rainforest and finishing in high alpine desert, got us up to Kibo Hut at 4700m. Highlights along the way included the gardens of proteas and giant groundsels, this time the Kilimanjaro variety *Senecio jonstonii*. We left Kibo at midnight to avoid the usual cloudy afternoon weather and, hopefully, to greet dawn from the top of Africa. It's fair to say that the ascent was tougher than we were expecting considering we'd done the hard yards on Mt Kenya. While only a walk, the dark hours trudging up the endless scree slope were tiring and very cold. The water in our packs froze and we all complained of cold feet. It was about -10°C. We reached the rim of the volcano (about 5600m) at about 4.30, and marched on for another couple of hours to reach the high point. It was Adam's turn to feel the altitude and he celebrated topping out with an impressive vomit. Africa's highest mountain is now a little higher. The sunrise on a crisp August morning made all the hard work worthwhile; Kilimanjaro's shadow is surely the biggest on the planet. We returned to Kibo for a rest and some lunch before continuing on to Horombo Hut at 3700m. We were shattered from being on the go for 16 hours but happy to have ticked the second mountain of the trip. One more day saw us back in Arusha for a good feed and Kilimanjaro beer.

Arriving back in Nairobi, we had one day spare before flying home. Adam had run out of money so had a quiet day. I went gift shopping. Paul went to Nairobi National Park. Mike spent the morning unwrapping and rewrapping rhino at the Nairobi Post Office, and the afternoon explaining to Zipporah how she could make a million bucks through property development. The evening at Carnivore dining on ostrich, crocodile and other meats was a great way to wind up our African adventure. We agreed that Carnivore is a must-do for every visitor to Nairobi (there's a vegetarian menu as well).

Hopefully, rhino will arrive safely in Adelaide in the near future - we intend to belay off him at Norton!

Special thanks to Paul Badenoch for editing, adding the facts to my fiction and generally making this article readable.

Luke Adams



We offer CCSA Club members 10% off all purchases upon presentation of membership card.

Snapshots



Jess Swart - Summit Mount Murchison, North West Tasmania



Lee Whiteway - Libretto (17), Arapilies



Megan Cree - Agamemnon (10), Arapilies



Quang Doan - Digital Input (20), Boulder Bridge



Mike Hillan - Raetjen's Gap



Tom Cree - Golgotha (16), Far Crag



Jess Swart & Danny - Moonarie October 2007

Ewbanks Grading System for Injured Climbers

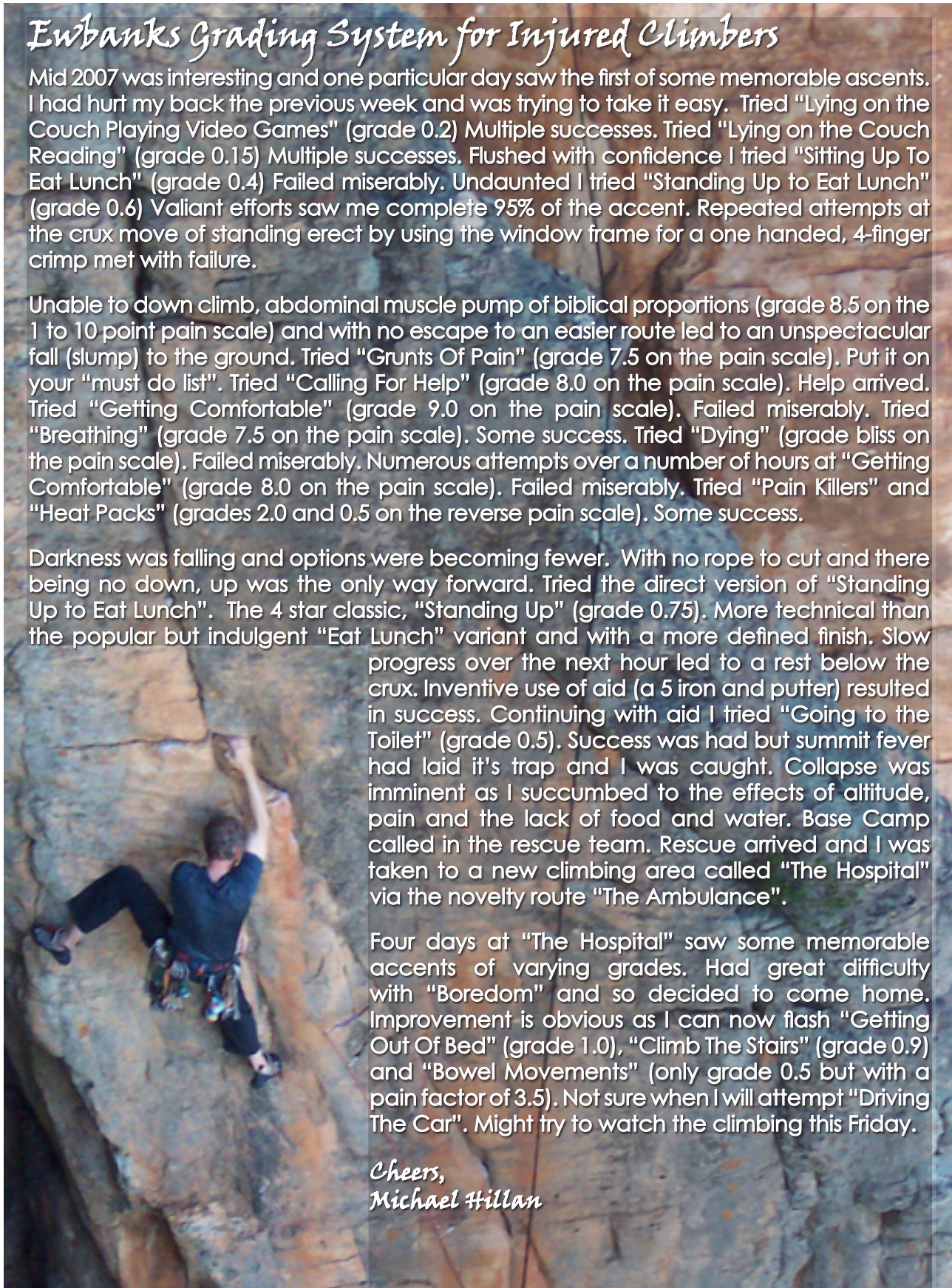
Mid 2007 was interesting and one particular day saw the first of some memorable ascents. I had hurt my back the previous week and was trying to take it easy. Tried "Lying on the Couch Playing Video Games" (grade 0.2) Multiple successes. Tried "Lying on the Couch Reading" (grade 0.15) Multiple successes. Flushed with confidence I tried "Sitting Up To Eat Lunch" (grade 0.4) Failed miserably. Undaunted I tried "Standing Up to Eat Lunch" (grade 0.6) Valiant efforts saw me complete 95% of the ascent. Repeated attempts at the crux move of standing erect by using the window frame for a one handed, 4-finger crimp met with failure.

Unable to down climb, abdominal muscle pump of biblical proportions (grade 8.5 on the 1 to 10 point pain scale) and with no escape to an easier route led to an unspectacular fall (slump) to the ground. Tried "Grunts Of Pain" (grade 7.5 on the pain scale). Put it on your "must do list". Tried "Calling For Help" (grade 8.0 on the pain scale). Help arrived. Tried "Getting Comfortable" (grade 9.0 on the pain scale). Failed miserably. Tried "Breathing" (grade 7.5 on the pain scale). Some success. Tried "Dying" (grade bliss on the pain scale). Failed miserably. Numerous attempts over a number of hours at "Getting Comfortable" (grade 8.0 on the pain scale). Failed miserably. Tried "Pain Killers" and "Heat Packs" (grades 2.0 and 0.5 on the reverse pain scale). Some success.

Darkness was falling and options were becoming fewer. With no rope to cut and there being no down, up was the only way forward. Tried the direct version of "Standing Up to Eat Lunch". The 4 star classic, "Standing Up" (grade 0.75). More technical than the popular but indulgent "Eat Lunch" variant and with a more defined finish. Slow progress over the next hour led to a rest below the crux. Inventive use of aid (a 5 iron and putter) resulted in success. Continuing with aid I tried "Going to the Toilet" (grade 0.5). Success was had but summit fever had laid it's trap and I was caught. Collapse was imminent as I succumbed to the effects of altitude, pain and the lack of food and water. Base Camp called in the rescue team. Rescue arrived and I was taken to a new climbing area called "The Hospital" via the novelty route "The Ambulance".

Four days at "The Hospital" saw some memorable accents of varying grades. Had great difficulty with "Boredom" and so decided to come home. Improvement is obvious as I can now flash "Getting Out Of Bed" (grade 1.0), "Climb The Stairs" (grade 0.9) and "Bowel Movements" (only grade 0.5 but with a pain factor of 3.5). Not sure when I will attempt "Driving The Car". Might try to watch the climbing this Friday.

*Cheers,
Michael Hillan*



Sport Climbing Australia Report

SA State Difficulty Titles - August 11th 2007

On the 11th August we (the SA, SCA committee) held the SA State Difficulty Titles with the aid of Pat Heppner of Vertical Reality fame, Mountain Designs, Anaconda, Paddy Pallins and Rise Holds.

The day started well with Shannon Chamberlain climbing well in Youth D and winning the chance to wild card into Youth C where she impressed by placing 2nd ahead of Mackenzie Duggan and behind Morgan Philips who also performed very well after her wild card into Youth B placing 3rd.

Youth B also saw Madeline Melder who travelled from Melbourne the same morning and proceeded to win this category ahead of Stacey Milne.

The male Categories also did not disappoint with an outstanding effort from Ashley Rowe who placed 1st in youth C and then went on to wildcard into Youth B where he placed 1st! and proceeded to wildcard into the Open A where he placed 4th!

It appeared that the winners of the junior categories enjoyed the experience of wild carding and it looks like this will be refined and incorporated into other SA events.

The afternoon saw a great turn out in the Masters Category with some excellent technique shown by Yvonne Inguz.

The Open C and B categories saw an unusually large field (at least for Adelaide) but even more apparent were the lack of female competitors in these categories, something we hope will change at the State Bouldering Titles.

A more even spread of male and female competitors were seen in the Open A categories which included Madeline Melder from Melbourne who proceeded to win the Open A female category after competing in the Youth B, not to be upstaged our very own Emma Clutterham impressed with clipping the draw as she fell! (Great stunt clipping).

Open A male saw Mick Wells placing 1st falling just before the final draw. Always the entertainer Lok Wright entered the arena sporting the latest in permanent marker, with a face drawn onto his chest and a suspicious looking "cow's udder" on his back.

Congratulations to the chin up, door prize and feed back form winners.

A massive thank you goes out to all who volunteered on the day judging, making coffee, taking registration forms, cooking the BBQ, those who set and those who spent hours scrubbing holds clean as these are the people who make it all happen.

According to the "Anonymous" feed back forms and the personal feedback we received people appeared to have a great time even with the late finish something which will be rectified for the SA Sate Bouldering Championships to be held at Vertical Reality Climbing Gym on the 20th October 2007, hope to see you all there!

Trevor Pearce
SA SCA Coordinator



*Sport Climbing Australia
SA State Difficulty Titles Results - August 11th 2007*

Open A Male

- 1 Mick Wells
- 2 Trevor Pearce
- 3 Lok Wright
- 4 Ashley Rowe
- 5 Paul Koay

Open B Male

- 1 Aaron Heritage
- 2 Thorston Rahn
- 3 Tom Wong
- 4 Paul Smith
- 5 Jason Maddison
- 6 Rex Williamson
- 7 Nick Wenzel

Masters Male

- 1 Andrew Phillips
- 2 Mike Garrett
- 3 Van Moore
- 4 Brandon Saunders
- 5 Reto During

Youth A Male

- 1 Trent Searcy
- 2 Wayne Venning
- 3 Lloyd Goldsmith

Youth B Male

- 1 Ashley Rowe
- 2 Alec Barwa-Bosco
- 3 Joshua Weber
- 4 Richard Pearce

Youth C Male

- 1 Ashley Rowe
- 2 James Eadie

Junior Male

- 1 Cary Heritage

Open A Female

- 1 Madeleine Melder
- 2 Sally Michelmoore
- 3 Carita Strengwell
- 4 Emma Clutterthing

Masters Female

- 1 Yvonne Inguz
- 2 Elly Wild
- 3 Karen Watson

Youth D Female

- 1 Shannon Chamberlain

Youth B Female

- 1 Madeleine Melder
- 2 Stacey Milne
- 3 Morgan Phillips

Youth C Female

- 1 Morgan Phillips
- 2 Shannon Chamberlain
- 3 Mackenzie Duggan

Junior Female

- 1 Sandrine Folly



We offer CCSA Club members 20% off all purchases upon presentation of membership card.

State Bouldering Titles 2007

The SA State Bouldering Titles were hosted on the 20th October at Vertical Reality Climbing Gym with the kind permission and assistance of Pat Heppner.

The main sponsor was Mountain Designs followed by Anaconda, Rise Holds and Paddy Pallins as well as new product manufacturer Yvandy. In keeping with our aims of encouraging more youth participation this year the main (best) prizes were given primarily to the junior categories.

The morning started with a pumpfest for all categories except the Open A's... after a slow start by the junior categories a little guidance went a long way and they were ticking some good problems one after the other.

Compared to the State Difficulty Titles the number of competitors was disappointing possibly due to the good weather meaning many were probably away at Araps, Gramps etc. Having said that, those that competed enjoyed the many problems put up by the dedicated volunteers who should be commended for the quality of problems put up.



Sport Climbing Australia SA State Bouldering Titles Results - October 20th 2007

Youth D Female 1st place Dana Bredl with 53 points whit b1 extra flash point over 2nd place Ruby Mumford with 52 points.

Youth C Male 1st with 215 points Jack Mumford ahead of 2nd place Jason Clay with 111 points.

Youth C Female 1st place with an impressive 258 points Samantha Barnes.

Youth A Male 1st place with 591 points Trent Searcy who was given a wild card into the Open A Category.

Youth A Female 1st place with 177 points Kim Jones.

Junior Male 1st place with 581 points and his last time in the juniors Peter Matulich welcome to Open A.

Masters Male with 581 points Adam Clay.

Open C male 1st place Sherman Fu not bad for climbing less than 12 months!

Open C Female 1st place with 307 points Wendy Young ahead of 2nd place Celia Malone with 170 points.

Open B Male 1st place with 569 points Derek Bredl who was given a wild card into the Men's Open A (see you in Open A next time!) 2nd place was Allen Binney with 547 points (see you in Open A as well!) 3rd Place was Donel Martin wit 450 points. 4th place went to Stephen Googan with 370 points (don't worry Derek and Allen won't be in your way next time).

Open A was a little busier with 8 competitors but only 2 of which were female even when the offer of a guaranteed third was up for grabs!

Heats results saw Open A male Trevor Pearce 1st place Lachlan Wright 2nd place and Simon Bon 3rd

Open A Female was Nicole Angus 1st and Eeli Lee 2nd.

Open A Final saw a bit of a swap around with Open A male Lachlan Wright 1st by 1 flash point, Trevor Pearce 2nd and Derek Bredl 3rd over Simon Bon by attempts to top, Trent Searcy 5th (one to watch) and Phil Davis 6th (a mammoth effort with a total of 118 attempts on 10 problems 81 of which were in the heats)

Open A Female saw a reversal of the heats with Eeli Lee 1st place with the only top out and Nicole Angus 2nd.

Good luck to those heading to the Bouldering Nationals in Katoomba.

Thank you to all who helped with setting, cooking, judging, washing holds and a multitude of other tasks that go into running such an event and remember next time you see the posters for these and other events please don't think I'm not good enough yet, I'll catch it next time, because without the numbers there may not be a next time!

*Trevor Pearce
SASCA Coordinator*



Lee & Lawry Take on the Valley

Trad News - Wednesday 26th September 2007

Lee Cossey and Lawry Dermody have hit the ground running in Yosemite with some very impressive and hard climbing.

On Sunday 23rd September, Lee topped out on El Nino 5.13c (grade 30 Australian) on El Capitan in Yosemite California, making a ground up free ascent, onsighting or flashing all but three of the 30 pitches. Of the seven 5.13 pitches Lee flashed one and onsighted four including the Royal Arch 5.13c (30). He redpointed three pitches, which were sent second shot those being The Galapagos 5.13c, the traverse to Rotten Island 5.12c (when a large foothold broke), and the Lucy is a Labrador pitch 5.13a.

"We set off with the goal of both freeing every pitch ground up on our first attempt. Lawry put holes in a few finger tips working the lower hard pitches and was no longer able to pull on small holds. With Lee still on for a free ascent we continued to the top over six days, Lee doing the climbing and Lawry doing the majority of the hauling. We also got to experience just about every weather condition imaginable, from crazy heat to hail wind and rain."

The previous week the pair made a ground up ascent of Free Rider on Salathe (5.12d or 27), both freeing every pitch. Losing plenty of blood to the monster offwidths!

Other recent ascents by Lawrie (in Australia) include Better Than Life (32), Alpha Leather (32), Search & Destroy (32) and Moonshadow (33).

Source: Australian Climbing Association website, 10/10/07 at <http://www.climb.org.au>



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