



Climbing  
Club  
South  
Australia

# bolfa

newsletter

December 2009

Please send your submissions to  
[bolfa@climbingclubsouthaustralia.asn.au](mailto:bolfa@climbingclubsouthaustralia.asn.au)

Happy holidays all!

Well it's our favourite time of year again, holidays for most means we get a chance to head off for at least a few days to climb.

Thanks to everyone who has contributed to this edition, we're sure you'll agree we have some great articles again.

I'd (Adam) once again like to take this opportunity to acknowledge the amazing efforts of outgoing President Rob Baker, his contribution to climbing in South Australia has been immense, thanks Rob. I am in the process of changing the redirect for emails to the President however if you wish to contact me my usual email is [ajkclay@internode.on.net](mailto:ajkclay@internode.on.net).

Merry Climbing, see you in the new year,

Cheers,  
Adam and Celia





# MID NORTHERN BRIDGES

## An obscure intro to climbing

Listening to a few fellow climbers out there recount the first climbing experiences either tearing it up Morialta, Norton Summit or going indoors, kind of suggested to me that generally speaking, the Mid-North Bridges weren't a typical starting point for beginner climbers nor where they climb that get visited often even by experienced climbers. The characteristic untouched sandy stone blocks, huge amounts of pigeon crap on the wall and the distinct lack of a line up to get on pretty much gives that away!

Introducing the "Mid-North Bridges", a truly unique day out climbing and an interesting introduction to the sport. In March this year, expedition leader and self designated navigator: Mike "Dikko" Dixon and route analyst / route cleaner: Freddy "Freddy" Dyer, had researched the area prior to venturing out and planned for us to hit three bridges, first being Willaston, second at Tarlee and finishing the day off in Kapunda.





## Tarlee Bridge

My personal favourite destination of the trip, Tarlee was clean, picturesque and doable for beginners. Named after the Aboriginal word for “the local water hole” Tarlee actually had a purpose for being a township, it’s claim to fame was having that the local quarries provided the stone for the foundations of Adelaide Museum, the Adelaide GPO and the Adelaide Railway Station (amongst others) in the 19th Century.

Being a little further north of Gawler and Willaston the sun began to come out and the day started looking up. It turned out to be a little bit of a funfair for my more experienced guides, a nice solo effort from Freddy which began on ‘Beware of Low Flying Trucks’ (12) and traversed around a stone buttress then topping out on ‘Stone Mason’ (15) whilst Dikko had some time to work on his photography skills. Oh yeah, and I lead my first climb here! ‘Beware of Low Flying Trucks’ (12) awesome.

**Travelling time (from Gawler) :** About half an hour.

**Access:** Little bit of easy off road drive over to bridge (or you can walk from the roadside). Easy walk down.

**Food:** Check out ‘The Old Creamery’ has wicked bum burners (just ask Freddy) and hot dogs.

**Other people:** None.

**Sheltered:** No





## Kapunda Bridge

Yet again we were faced with the sloper sandstone blocks which made for some reasonably tough climbing, not to mention some interesting belaying positions. A really great spot to close out the day, with the sun on your back in the arvo and a sweet 4WD descent to the climb there are a lot of features here like a nice little grade 15 climb up to the steel bridge struts and if you're mental you can use these to roof climb it across the next stone column. I feel I need to make comment on the size of the bridge here given it's the concept of "the bridge" which makes all three destinations obscure, so the Kapunda Bridge was easily the largest Bridge we climbed, although it is no longer used it remains in good condition.

**Travelling time (from Tarlee):** About half an hour.

**Access:** Nice 4WD downhill to the base of the climb (or you can walk from the roadside). Easy walk down.

**Other people:** None.

**Sheltered:** No





## Willaston Bridge

Who's up for some dirty climbing? Not only is the Willaston Bridge covered in pigeon crap and your holds are manky as but there is also a shrine to one of the locals whose name is 'Aimee' of stretched underwear and condom wrappers. For the record, I would like to give Aimee the benefit of the doubt and have to disagree with the person who wrote "Aimee is a slut" on the wall.

Despite giving it a red hot go, the climbs here sit around the 18, 19 sort of grade which was a little out of my beginners reach. Freddy and Dikko went hard and ticked 'Tar and Feathers' (19), 'Flight of a Pigeon' (18) and 'Flying Blind' (19) all in spectacular fashion.

Hot Tip: Find yourself a sturdy shopping trolley as this is useful to blend in with the locals throughout the mid-north region. The one we found was a little dinged up due to a nasty fall from the bridge but worked around that.



**Travelling time (from Adelaide):** About an hour.  
**Access:** Car park next to the bridge on the southern side, easy walk down.  
**Other people:** You might meet Aimee there but that's about it.  
**Shelter:** Nicely sheltered from the rain.

All in all an obscure introduction to climbing! A great day outdoors getting to check some unusual locations and now a few months into it, the journey for obscure climbing continues. Highly recommend this one.

By Simon Dyer





**A** Mid-Life Crisis (MLC) is a heavy burden to bear but with therapy, perseverance and the support of friends and family, one can learn to cope. Luke, Greg, Paul and I are variously affected and find it a continual struggle to keep on top of this debilitating affliction. MLC has many manifestations, typically striking middle-aged men who then buy fast cars, seek career changes or even chase younger women to mask the symptoms. Luke has tried fast cars with limited success, Greg has had a change of job without visible improvement, and I have it on good authority that chasing young women is not without its side-effects. With few options left, we have ramped up our climbing in its various forms to provide a modicum of relief. But it is a bitter pill to swallow. MLC medication requires ever-increasing dosages so we mix it with increasing amounts of travel in a valiant attempt to sweeten the taste.

The four of us (and Adam Sabic) returned from Switzerland and France in late August having endured three weeks of forced therapy, climbing in the Bregaglia (Piz Badile and Val Albigna), the Valais (Matterhorn), near Chamonix (Dent du Géant), and in central Switzerland (various crags). Adam, being somewhat younger than the rest of us, is an experiment in progress as we watch his behaviour for early signs of MLC.

Sadly, within two weeks of our return, Luke suffered a serious relapse which caused me (the weak person that I am) to go out in sympathy. We panicked and immediately booked flights to Brisbane for three days of climbing at Frog Buttress. Adam volunteered to come to check on our condition, and he in turn could stay under our watchful eyes lest he developed symptoms. I was so desperate to get away that I confess I flew Business Class. Unfortunately, Greg had been caught by the lure of the new job and Paul had caught a boulder on the Dent du Géant so had to be left behind. So now you have a glimpse into the misery of MLC - it causes friends to abandon friends. Yes, it's shocking, and Luke and I are not proud of our selfishness but what else could we do?

# FROG

Frog is about an hour to the south-west of Brisbane and is recognised as one of the best crack climbing crags in Australia. The crag is a pleasant 10 minute walk from the car park and camping area. It extends for a couple of hundred metres either side of the descent gully. There are nearly 400 routes ranging in grade from 6 to 32 and spaced every couple of metres along the cliff face.

We climbed the following routes:

## Day 1

**	14	Electric Lead	24m
**	16	Materialistic Prostitution	20m
*	16	Winston Alley	10m
*	14	Shit Heap	10m
***	17	Elastic Rurp	20m
***	16	Micron	20m

## Day 2

**	18	Gladiator	17m
***	18	Devil's Wart	17m
***	18	Iron Mandible	24m
*	15	Bad Blues	22m
*	17	Chocolate Watch Band	17m
*	19	Humility	15m

## Day 3

*	17	Erectile Kingpin	16m
*	18	Noose	22m
*	15	Iron Butterfly	28m
*	14	Tardis/IB link	30m
(Luke rope rescue mission)			
*	16	Horse Drawn Zeppelin	12m



# FROG



All routes were onsighted with the exception of Gladiator, a pumpy crack requiring a couple of precise technical jams at mid-height and an unrelenting top half. We will have to go back to get it clean and perhaps push ourselves harder.

**Rack:** We had three racks and usually carried the full range of cams plus doubles or triples of several sizes as suited the climb. Some cracks widened from bottom to top so you take the full range and just plug it up starting with the smallest cam and using the largest as you top out. A set of offset nuts and half a dozen draws and short slings proved adequate.

**Bolts:** Not many.

**Rap stations:** Chains at bolts or slings around trees above most routes.

**Weather:** A tad warm in late October but nothing that a midday snooze or trip to the local coffee shop couldn't fix. Perhaps try a month earlier.

**People:** We didn't see many.

**Wildlife:** Rat bastards ate a hole in my tent to get to our bread. One small kangaroo run over on the way to the pub (he hopped away).



In Switzerland, we found that sunny weather, fresh mountain air, beer, pizza, fine Italian food and wine worked well at keeping the symptoms of MLC at bay. Carefully structured days comprising an hour's drive to a new crag, coffee and cake for morning tea, climbing, lunch, then more climbing had a recuperating effect. However, things were different at Frog. We were forced to improvise and make do with nightly visits to the Dougandan Pub at Boonah where beer, steaks, roasts, hot vegetable dishes and chips we forced on us. Decisions about the type of steak, its size, how you wanted it cooked and whether you wanted the mushroom, Dianne or pepper sauce were handled with casual confidence indicating that the therapy was working.

We're fearful of MLC sneaking up again, so we'll continue with the weekly trips to the gym and the local crags. As a precautionary measure, a monthly trip away commencing with Arapiles later in November and the Grampians between Christmas and New Year will be added to this standard therapy. The Larapinta Trail (NT), Mt Geryon (Tasmania), Nowra and the Blue Mountains will be added into the mix next year to add some variety. We will probably not get away for a lengthy overseas therapy session in 2010 as has been our habit in recent years but we will gain strength from thoughts of Denali (Alaska) or Frey (Argentina) in 2011. We can always scoot over to Yosemite or Squamish for a week or so if MLC takes us unawares.

We don't ask for pity. A touch of sympathy, good wishes and companionship at the crags will suffice.

By Mike Hillan



# THAILAND CLIMBING

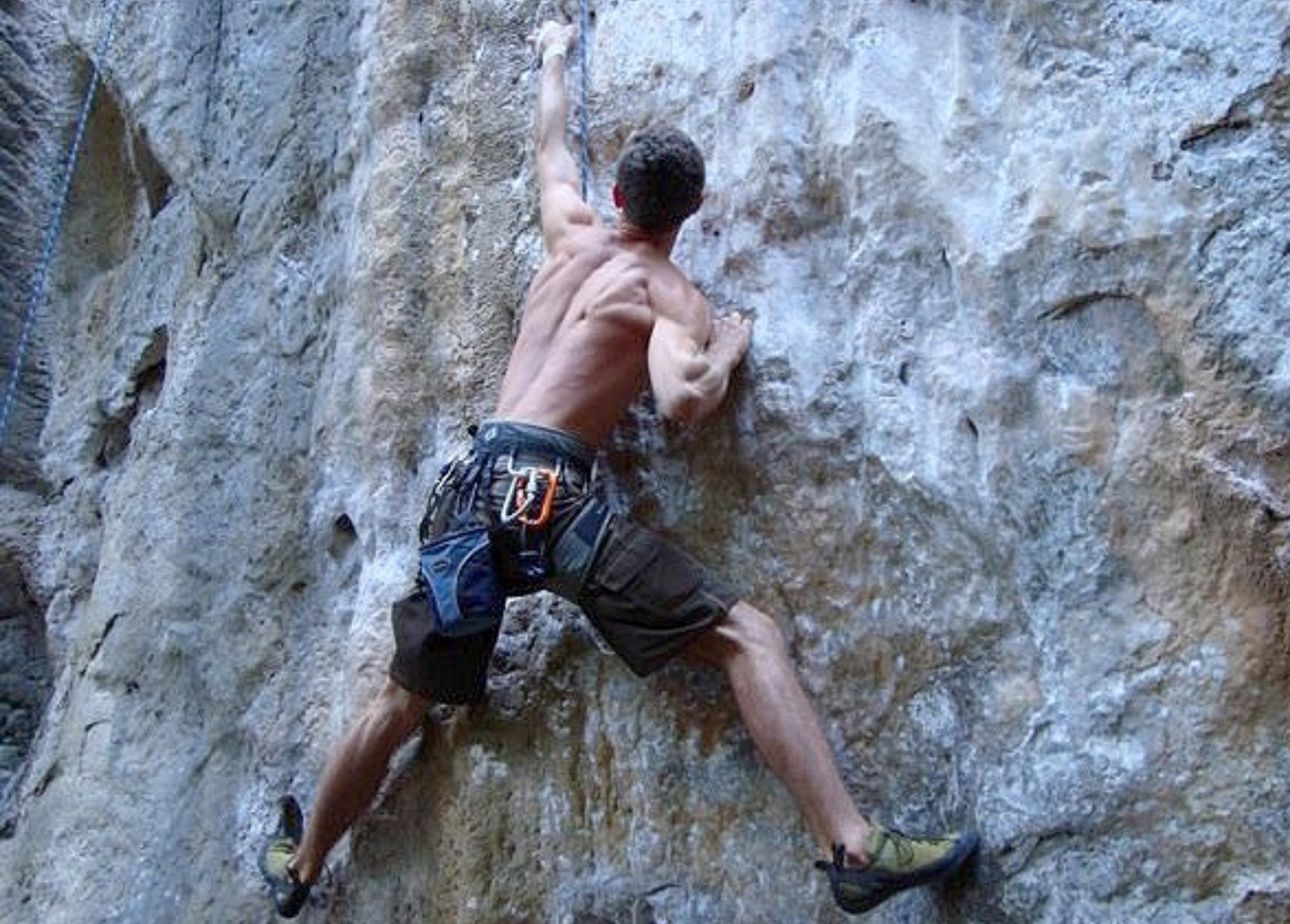


Thailand. I'm not sure how one summarizes a five week climbing trip in a country as mysterious and conflicting as Thailand – especially in only a few paragraphs. Anyone who has been on the same road I'm sure would agree it's not an easy task. I guess I should just focus on the most important part...the cliffs.

In the Krabi province of Thailand, people don't rule -the cliffs are King. They jut out of the land and sea demanding authority while inspiring awe, respect and humility in any lesser creation (with the exception of monkeys). And then there are the climbing routes.

Australia's entire ore mining industry must have been devoted to the bolting of Tonsai and Railey. With hundreds of bolted routes, spectacular beaches, luscious jungles, and five star meals for just a few bucks, any time spent here is too short. In fact, this may well be where sport climbers go after they die.





The majority of climbing is hard. But it's a good hard. It opened my eyes to what's really out there in the climbing world – and to just how good climbers can get (Tonsai long-termers). Rest days are requisite, but luckily, there's no better place to take them. When I think back on climbing in Thailand I feel a mixture of things including joy, pain, peace, fear and hope. But most of all, I remember it as a place where time stands still, and reality becomes a lot more simple. There's just you, the cliffs and your catch. The possibilities are endless. Here are a couple of photos that I have collected from my trip. If you're after any more info on Thailand, feel free to email me at [campbell.collinsmcbride@gmail.com](mailto:campbell.collinsmcbride@gmail.com).

By Campbell Collins-McBride

Photos - Above: Campbell clipping the anchor on Tom's Pitch 7a+ - Hidden World,  
 Top right: Nathan Perkins and Campbell gearing up on Space Head Gone Ape 6b - Hidden World  
 Middle right - A late Tonsai lunch (In this photo: Alex Campbell, Wyn Nguyen, Ben Sherman, Campbell Collins-McBride)  
 Bottom right - Campbell on Milky Way 7a - Wee's Present Wall, Thailand (photo by Nathan Perkins)



# SNAPSHOTS



Paul Badenoch on Thunder Crack (20).  
Photographer: Michael Hillan.



Luke Adams on Garden Gnome (18).  
Photographer: Paul Badenoch.



Michael Hillan on Agent Orange (15).  
Photographer: Paul Badenoch.





Paul Badenoch on King Rat (18).  
Photographer: Michael Hillan.



Cynthia Palfreyman on Watchtower Crack (16).  
Photographer: Paul Badenoch.



Mike Dixon 'Dikko' & Chiara Serena at Moonarie, Photographer: Michelle Ho



Elly Clarke on I'm a Little Asteroid (18).  
Photographer: Paul Badenoch.



Michael Hillan on British Beat (21).  
Photographer: Paul Badenoch.





# TAKING OFF THE TRAINER WHEELS

Moving from being baby-sat in the mountains by professional guides to going it alone can be a daunting task for someone of little experience. Early in 2008 I decided to go it alone after completing a Technical Mountaineering Course with Aspiring Guides in Nov 2006. I also decided to take two completely untrained mates, who for the purposes of this article will be called Wingus and Dingus, so I was in for a challenge. I'd decided that November was far too snowy for my liking, after my TMC when we were surrounded by avalanche paths, and went with the more tame late Jan option, which gave way to different challenges. Our objective was to summit on the small peaks around Centennial Hut, which lies at 2400m at the top of the Franz Joseph Glacier, Westland National Park, New Zealand. So like patriotic Australians, we fled the country on Australia Day 2008 bound for Christchurch, hired a car, bought food, picked up hire gear in Wanaka (including the plastics worn by 1000 other beginners, shudder) and made our way to Franz Joseph Glacier village. At least it would have been that smooth if Dingus' girlfriend at the time had not have turned off BOTH alarms that he set to arrive at the airport on time. And if Dingus arrived at the airport wearing shoes. So after some kerfuffle, we arrived at Franz and sorted gear ready for the mountains.





Photo: Centennial Hut



Photo: View down The Fox

With an OK weather window we joined the queue to Heli into Centennial, but after the Franz clouded in, were re-directed to Fox. From Fox we skipped ahead of most of the tourists and were Heli dropped at Centennial via Pioneer Hut before lunch. We lunched quickly and head out for a bout with afternoon custard snow, which turned out to be not so bad. We cruised across the Davis Snowfield to Newton Pass for a view of the Fox. Unfortunately we were engulfed with convective cloud, so as the cloud rolled up and down the glacier from the sea, our view back down the glacier wasn't all that great. Upon our return we were joined by a party of 9 from the Tai Poutini Polytechnic, a guided party from up the coast at Greymouth, whose hut etiquette was less than desired.

Back at the hut we discussed our options. We'd considered that we'd aim for the Minarets (3030m, 2+) after a training peak or two. The peaks behind the hut, Jervois and Aurora, while easy were completely cut off by crevasses. In fact most stuff looked cut off, including the Minarets. Back across the glacier, Von Bulow looked on, but the Tai Poutini guys got their foot in the door before us. So, we decided on a small bump between the Fox and Franz called Triad, which the guide book described as a gentle snow slope most of the way to the top. 6am saw us and the 9 'Choice Bro Tafe lads' out on the glacier, parting ways at the southern end. Upon arrival at the base of Triad, the snow slope had melted much further than expected leaving a steeper chossy cliff face. Seeing as there was a small amount of snow slope left, we practiced pitching on snow up this slope. At the top I agreed to cautiously explore the Bergschrund to see if we could cross it, so I drove in a good snow stake for protection well back from the edge (which had huge potential for being undercut) and made my way to the edge to peer inside.



It was pretty undercut, but further to my left there was a snow bridge that linked to the rock, so I downclimbed into the shrund and set an anchor in the rock. By the time Wingus and Dingus were in the shrund with me, I'd psyched into doing battle with the choss heap. NZ rock is mostly chossy weet-bix anyhow, right? So on the sharp end with limited rack, in my plastics and with a backpack on, I cast off into the choss above the shrund. The first bit of gear seemed a long way off the 'ground' but I confidently socked a purple C4 behind a loose flake and pretended it looked bomber. As I moved above it, the movement of the rope in the quickdraw was enough to wiggle the flake. Ignoring this and the awful looking jaws of the gaping abyss below me which was lying in wait to swallow me whole, I moved up quite a distance to a horn that looked like it would take a good sling. Upon arrival and testing, I sent it hurtling into the abyss. At this point the lads were yelling 'It's not worth it, it's not worth it'. And they were right! I wasn't injuring myself on this choss heap that wasn't even 200m tall out of the glacier! So we backed out of the shrund and decided to do Von Bulow anyway, despite the traffic. As we arrived at the base, the Tai Poutini crew were leaving and promised good travel to the top. So with a minor amount of low dagger work without pitching, and a small chossy summit rocks section, we were at the summit! Woo hoo! The view was incredible owing to the perfect weather and we could see all the way to the sea and across the main divide to Malte Brun and could even see Cook poking out from behind the bulk of Tasman. Directly in front of us we could see the amazing couloir of Halcombe, which was completely destroyed in Jan 2009 when the entire rock face fell away. So in the hot sun the crevasses weren't getting any less wide, so we legged it back to the hut for a late lunch.

Our next sortie was north of the hut. We wanted a better view of Minarets to make sure we'd made the right decision not to climb it. It was plainly obvious when we were standing below it! Cut off thrice by crevasses. So we cruised over to Newton Rocks and Mildred to see if they were on, but they were in even worse condition than the peaks behind the hut. Seeing as our escape route to Pioneer Hut was not on (this was obvious from the Heli when we flew in), we checked out the route to Alymer, further down the Franz. I sent Dingus into a fairly large crevasse on an anchor and across a snow bridge (read: large chunks of ice wedged in the crevasse) to check things out. Apparently it looked good on the other side, so with no options left for summits, we discussed escaping this way down glacier.



Photo: walking into Fox for an ice climb

Photo: back of Halcombe



While standing on the back deck of Centennial listening to frequent rock fall from over on Minarets, the wind stopped blowing from the South and immediately started to blow in from the north, a tell tale sign of bad weather coming. The 6.05pm radio sked confirmed this and predicted three more days of snow and high winds. So we discussed trying to leave on foot if the weather was OK in the morning and relocating down to the Darrans in Fiordland. In the morning the weather was far too bad to walk out. In a last ditch effort not to lose 3 days in our quick trip to NZ, I called the Heli company on the radio. No such luck, but they told us to keep an eye on the weather. I got stuck into washing the dishes for 20mins and when I next looked up and out the window, I could see through a hole in the cloud all the way to the sea. Jumping on the radio, Heli Services told me that a Heli was already fired up and we had 10mins to be at the pad. In a mad panic we shovelled all our junk into packs and garbage bags and bolted up the hill to the pad with some help from the Polytech guys. We basically jumped straight into the Heli (which had the rear seats removed) and after 5mins of bracing myself in the back we were on the ground. After another 10mins the weather closed back in and the heavens opened up for the next three days. Some beers and a chill out session were a fitting end to our Main Divide session and 6 days of perfect weather in the Darrans was to follow, but that's another story!

So was it a successful first trip without a guide? I thought so, just a little nerve racking at times. Perhaps a trip earlier than Jan would have led to more experience gained, but the Darrans easily made up for this.



So was it a successful first trip without a guide? I thought so, just a little nerve racking at times. Perhaps a trip earlier than Jan would have led to more experience gained, but the Darrans easily made up for this.

Mike Dixon



Photo: Christie, Halcombe & Von Burlow



Photo: Sean Bennett

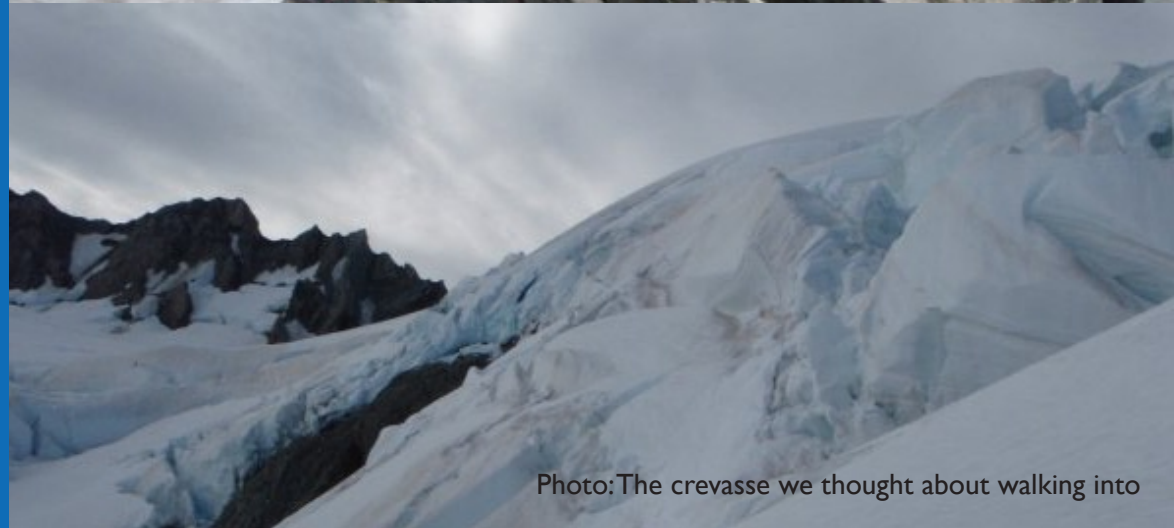


Photo: The crevasse we thought about walking into



# THE FORCE

## YOU'VE EITHER GOT IT, OR YOU HAVEN'T

BY YODA

Weakness. It's a disease. You probably think there is a cure for it. There isn't. If you are born weak, you will remain weak.

There are plenty of advertised substances, courses, and dietary plans that promote a cure. Don't believe them. These are but temporary fixes to a problem that no doubt, your father, his father, his mother, and certainly her grandmother, were afflicted by. They just weren't strong enough. Why do you think that the hardest climb back in '63 was graded a whopping 8?

A lot of people will tell you that strength can be trained. You can 'harness untapped levels of power' and cure yourself of being an 80kg weakling by hard work. Rubbish. That's like saying that if we panel-beated the body of a Volkswagen Beetle into the shape of a Ferrari, then it would go the same speed. No - it's all down to what type of motor you've got.

Mine's built for an Australian Postal scooter.

Now the optimists will probably say 'That 'aint half bad!' A little zippy number that belts about the streets like there's no tomorrow and runs on an intake of half adrenaline, half petroleum and an emergency escape throttle designed to outrun rabid Rottweilers. Well, it's not. Not when you've got a top speed of 39km/per hour and anything over that starts disintegrating the outer bodywork. It all comes down to what you're designed for.

Take for instance a 'climber' I once knew who I'll call 'Dave'. Dave was a big lad who spent his formative years making himself even bigger via a diet of iron barbells, protein shakes and daily readings of Muscle & Fitness magazine. Then one fine day, at the tender age of 24, he decided to give it up for climbing. Watching him redpoint his first 26 a mere six months later was possibly the ugliest form of vertical upward movement I'd ever experienced, but what did that matter?

Ben Moon, one-time owner of the hardest route in the world once made the insightful statement of "It's easy when you're strong." Watching Dave climb that 26 with just six months of climbing under his belt (and probably just as many routes), I had to agree.

Unfortunately such demonstrations of unharnessed power continued to be advertised in the years to come. One morning my house mates built a pull up bar on the front verandah and went about challenging each other in a 'pre-breakfast one-arm pull up bout'. We thought it was won when one of the resident power-mutants ran off three one-armers in a row - but that's when things really got interesting. Finally, someone placed their pinky finger in a sling and performed a controlled one arm pull up - and the game was suddenly over.

All this prompted me to sign up for several gym memberships to evaluate whether I could benchpress anything heavier than a barstool. One morning shortly after an afternoon's 'competitive bench press session' at a friends house, I phoned up work and applied for sick leave. I listed my symptoms as 'possible chest cave-in' followed by 'an acute inability to walk'. I only made it back to work three days later...

Nowadays I am still blessed with training with people that clearly come from the same nursery as Dave, though they have even bigger biceps. Competitive bench sessions have been replaced by something called 'Tuesday night bouldering' - but really there isn't much difference between the two. Not unlike my old friend, they have pretty much rendered their feet useless and instead perfected the art of footless upward movement.

Thus out of pure jealousy, I feel it is my duty to expose these 'mutants' for what they really are. I will however refrain from documenting their entire birth certificates and postal addresses (though if you feel that you need to send hate mail to them after reading this, then I would be happy to forward any correspondence). Instead, I shall offer pseudonyms befitting their individual personalities. I am prepared for possible reprisals in the form of 'lost' dinner invitations or even belay's, because I don't particularly find the need for either of them lately anyway!





## THE HUTT:

Accommodates more muscle per square inch than a Vegas hotel lobby hosting a WWF preliminary 'meet and greet' event. Sometimes referred to as 'Twogarth' (meaning he weighs 2 x Garth Millers). Not so surprisingly then, 'The Hutt' works on an entirely different 'power-to-weight-ratio' than any other climber in the known universe. Indeed, if one were to take into account the 'Twogarth Handicap' ( $PBW - 52/10 = X + HRG$ ) then 'The Hutt' has climbed numerous grade 30's. If you are a bit confused, then refer to the following definitions...  $PBW$  = Personal Body Weight;  $X$  = to nearest rounded number;  $HRG$  = Hardest Redpoint Grade

Note: This formula does not take into account the CCC factor (Clearly a Crap Climber), or the possibility that Mr Miller could have since gone on a diet (and hence the '52' would have to be changed to something like '45'!



## THE SKYWALKER:

So-named due to his ability to be lifted off the ground by his girlfriend. Thought to have been born with the Force, but then that's what you'd expect if you weighed the same amount as 'The Hutt's' left bicep. Rumoured to have obliterated many test pieces up to V9 prior to his 18th birthday, but quickly disappeared off the scene to pursue a career in B-grade television dramas such as The Bold & the Beautiful – which is apparently where he met...

## LEIA:

A powerful princess whose talents stem from a rare sub-set of The Force known as 'Ranga'. Has unbelievable static strength and many surmise that she trains by lifting her own (boyfriend's) bodyweight by one arm every morning. She is thus feared by many, but especially if she has to get out of bed before 11.00am.



## CHEWY:

As hairy as they come but also matching the legendary strength and stature of his namesake. Rumour has it that he used to be a hired gun, but now is content with living in squalor with his lovely wife and two very muddy children. Famous for his campusing ability, having recently completed his project of consecutive static one-armers up that particular apparatus. Has obliterated numerous overhanging 29's and the odd 30, but apparently has yet to climb a grade 23 slab... which is by all accounts, his worst nightmare.



# THE FORCE



## HANS:

aka 'The good looking one'. Has the most dangerous job in the known universe - being married to a beautiful woman whilst living and working in rogue bandit country somewhere way out west in a place they call Why Alla? Holds the double-handed dyno record on a campus board by warming up on 1-4-7, and has flashed up to V7 on real rock, which should signify that his 8 week wooden projects are a tad tricky. Once flashed a well established Arapiles 26 up to its final 3 metres but then fell off in the grade 15 section. Rumour has it that it was because he wasn't familiar with holding onto 'large chicken head jugs', and would have been OK if they had been two-finger gaston's.



## OBIE WAN:

Even better looking than Hans but this maybe due to his deep ever-glowing tan, which some say was the result of fighting too many battles with his shirt off whilst playing beach volleyball in the Venice Beach zone. Has more muscle definition than a pit-bull terrier bred on creatine-omelettes, and was once mistaken as Arnold Schwarzenegger's stunt double when walking past the film set of Hercules in New York (and yes – he is that old). Like Hans, has flashed climbs at his absolute limit of redpointing skill - all whilst complaining about a lack of route fitness, though this possibly has more to do with his talent of locking off every move mid crux whilst stopping breathing at the same time.



## ANAKIN:

The youngest of the crew. Known lovingly by some as 'Big Guns' - due in part to some tourist brochure depicting him in full colour in a forgotten colony somewhere south of Melbourne. Apparently undergoing a love affair with a girl calling herself 'Ja, Ja Pinks' - though this is unconfirmed (her name that is). Has 'power to waste', particularly if the move in question requires no footwork or a blatant lock off – both major traits of anyone born with the Force. Has shown promise in accelerating his redpoint grade to beyond the realms of what he normally walks up, but people in the know suggest that his love affair with his two pectoral muscles could be holding him back...

Email: [redanon@gmail.com](mailto:redanon@gmail.com)



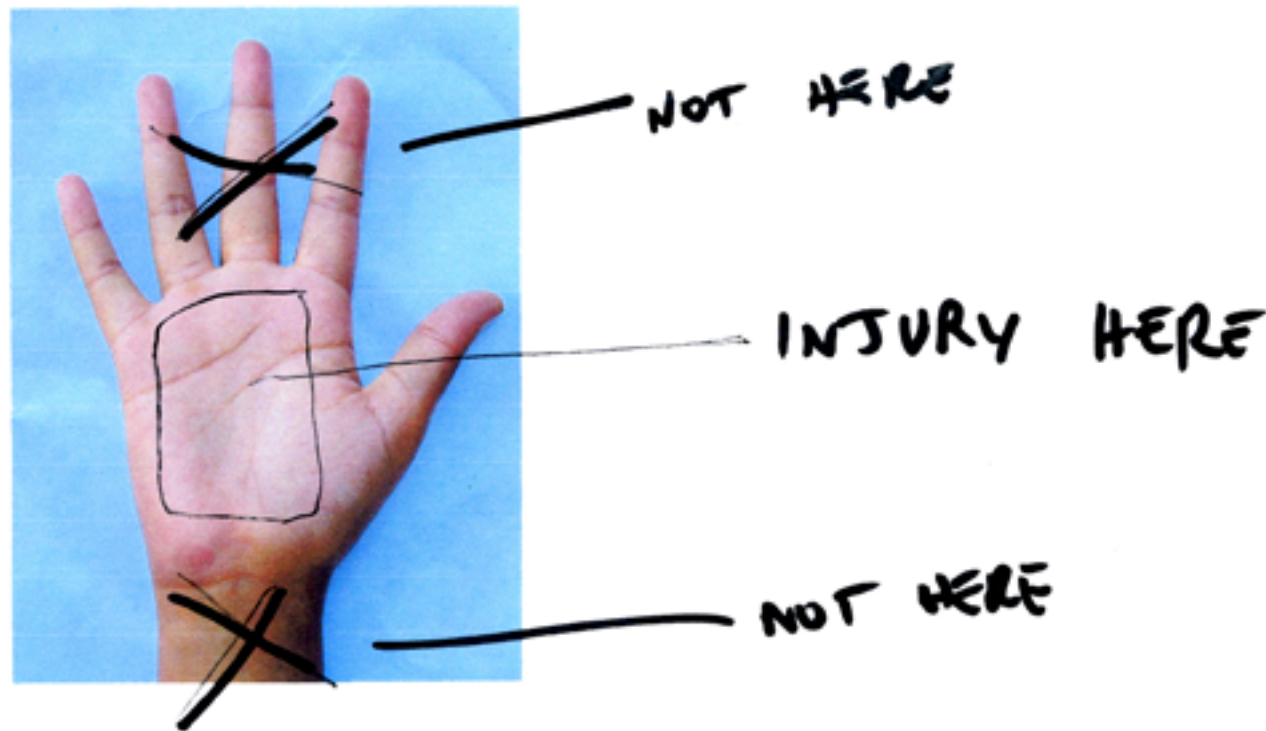
# HAND INJURY ?

I'm Bill Loftus and I climb here on Thursday nights. I am a radiologist and have an interest in musculoskeletal imaging. I injured a tendon in my palm while **bouldering** last year and I am keen to find others who get a similar injury. There have been a number of scientific papers published about injuries to the tendons in the fingers [the pulleys get damaged] but nothing on injuries to the tendons in the palm.

It is the flexor tendons which I am interested in – the ones on the palm of the hand, not the back.

If you get sudden pain in the palm while climbing [typically when **cranking** on something overhanging] then please call me 0422 102968. I will organise **free** MRI and Ultrasound scans for you at Benson Radiology at Ashford Hospital. The results will be submitted to a medical journal for publication and you will be **famous** [er, not really]. You will get a free diagnosis though.

**The injury must be in the palm – not the fingers and not the wrist.**







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