

bolfa

January 2013

Please send your submissions to
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Hi Everyone,

Time for another BOLFA. It has been a while, but with the advent of the online presence a lot of the communication has been through different forums. In addition it has taken a while to accumulate enough material to put something of substance out. There are some great articles in this edition, I hope you enjoy it. Please keep the trip reports, pictures and articles of interest coming in.

I'd like to take this opportunity to remind everyone that access, while being one of the core responsibilities of the CCSA remains the responsibility of everyone. We are the visitors, tread lightly, pick up rubbish on your way out (even if it is not yours) and let's leave the areas we love so much in better shape for the future generations of climbers to come.

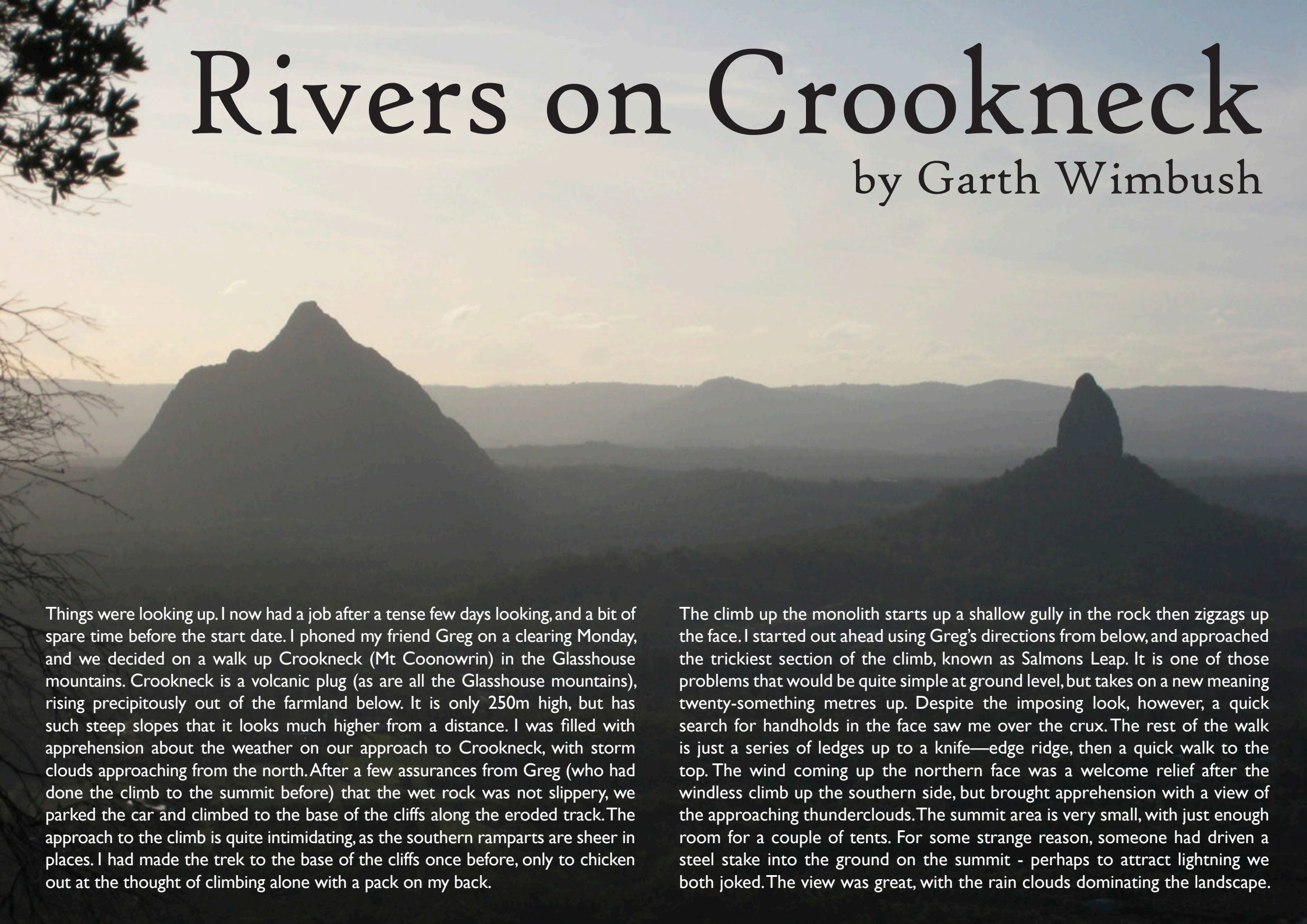
See you on the rock,

Cheers,
Adam



Rivers on Crookneck

by Garth Wimbush



Things were looking up. I now had a job after a tense few days looking, and a bit of spare time before the start date. I phoned my friend Greg on a clearing Monday, and we decided on a walk up Crookneck (Mt Coonowrin) in the Glasshouse mountains. Crookneck is a volcanic plug (as are all the Glasshouse mountains), rising precipitously out of the farmland below. It is only 250m high, but has such steep slopes that it looks much higher from a distance. I was filled with apprehension about the weather on our approach to Crookneck, with storm clouds approaching from the north. After a few assurances from Greg (who had done the climb to the summit before) that the wet rock was not slippery, we parked the car and climbed to the base of the cliffs along the eroded track. The approach to the climb is quite intimidating, as the southern ramparts are sheer in places. I had made the trek to the base of the cliffs once before, only to chicken out at the thought of climbing alone with a pack on my back.

The climb up the monolith starts up a shallow gully in the rock then zigzags up the face. I started out ahead using Greg's directions from below, and approached the trickiest section of the climb, known as Salmons Leap. It is one of those problems that would be quite simple at ground level, but takes on a new meaning twenty-something metres up. Despite the imposing look, however, a quick search for handholds in the face saw me over the crux. The rest of the walk is just a series of ledges up to a knife—edge ridge, then a quick walk to the top. The wind coming up the northern face was a welcome relief after the windless climb up the southern side, but brought apprehension with a view of the approaching thunderclouds. The summit area is very small, with just enough room for a couple of tents. For some strange reason, someone had driven a steel stake into the ground on the summit - perhaps to attract lightning we both joked. The view was great, with the rain clouds dominating the landscape.

The storm we had previously seen to the north had slipped off to the west of us and was dumping tons of water on the paddocks; the atmosphere under the storm had become so saturated that the clouds saturated that the clouds were only a couple of hundred metres above the deck. Spots of rain began hitting us as we turned back to the north to watch a cloud—burst appearing out of the grey mass a few kilometres away.

The rain around us was not falling out of the sky as rain normally does, but was arcing up and over the summit, carried by the strong updraught coming up the northern face. The cloud burst was approaching front the north quite rapidly now; we could see it moving along the highway, drenching the tarmac with a grey reflective sheen. It appeared much like the beam you see coming out of the base of flying saucers on science fiction movies. The sound of thunder rolling back and forth through the cloud mass to the west brought us back to reality, and we realised that we had better find a spot lower down the ridge to eat lunch, for two reasons; it was getting cold in the water—laden blast from the cloudburst and we were starting to feel very like the second and third lightning rods. Our unease showed in the way we were both unwilling to stop heading down the cliff in the increasing downpour, even to examine the huge spiders which were strung from bush to bush next to the track, all waving wildly in the blast, holding on with all their limbs. By this stage I had donned my raincoat, hoping to keep at least my body warm and dry.

As soon as we dropped onto the southern face, the wind was no longer, and things felt a bit cheerier. The rock was firm underfoot, and not slippery, as Greg had promised, nevertheless, we both took it easy. The goat track we were negotiating now had a little waterfall on every ledge and the lower we got, the heavier the rain got. I could feel my Akubra hat starting to sag under the weight, and little rivulets appeared through the holes, getting in my eyes. A glance back to Greg showed that he was already wet through and no longer cared about the increasing torrent. I came to a slightly higher-than-normal ledge, and knelt down on hands and knees to negotiate it, while Greg waited above, watching the rain in the trees sixty metres below. Suddenly there was an ear-splitting “crack!” and flash of light, and I felt a jolt from my hands on the rock through to my feet. We both looked at each other with dazed expressions, and managed a grin, realising that we had made a very wise decision to leave the top. Progress down the cliff was hastened somewhat. I was a bit nervous about touching the

rock again and forming a circuit, but realised that it would be more dangerous to climb without hands.

The water had been following the track for most of the descent, but veered off to the left just short of Salmons leap. Salmons Leap was tricky in the torrent, and we both would not have been surprised to see spawning salmon leaping past us! The last hurdle was the gully at the bottom of the face. The water filled the gully, and stepping under it was like swimming against a current. It was hard to place your feet, and I had to do it mainly by feel. I was struck on the hat by a golf-ball sized rock, and pulled back out of the torrent to wait for the water to abate. We both stood there for ten minutes watching the waterfalls on the other mountains as they received a rain dump. The sky around Crookneck began to clear, and the sunshine came out, allowing us to scramble the last few metres to the base, where we had lunch in the sun beside a waterfall, feeling very drenched, but elated.

N.B. The above article was written in the summer of 1997; soon after, in 1999, the Queensland Parks and Wildlife Service banned climbing on the mountain, due to public safety concerns. As far as I know, climbing on the face is still banned.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mount_Coonowrin

Illustration 1: Mt Tobrogargan and Crookneck from Mt Beerwah

European Climbing Trip

by Luke Adams

It had been a couple of years since we'd been away so Greg Rolton and I came up with a plan to return to the Swiss Alps. Greg was heading to the Olympics to join his wife Gill who was judging the equestrian competition and he could fit in 3 weeks in the mountains beforehand. We left for Switzerland on the 1st of July. Paul Badenoch was to join us 2 weeks later.

Arriving in Zurich, we collected the hire car (a Citroen) and drove south towards St Moritz and the Piz Badille area (ie. the Bregaglia). Unfortunately the weather forecast was for rain and snow at altitude for the next 7 days. We were unsure what to do but decided to keep going into Italy. We spent our first night in a small campground just over the border. Feeling jetlagged, it was a quick pizza and beer and then an early night in the tent. We were considering heading to the Verdon Gorge in France but then Greg befriended our neighbours and checked their road map. The drive to Verdon would have meant that we would not have had time to come back to the Piz Badille area.



I had climbed around Arco on Lago di Garda in northern Italy in 1990. I remembered it as being fantastic so we decided to head there until the weather cleared in the mountains. We set off early in the morning and stopped at the town of Lecco near Lake Como. Adam Sabic had lent me the Swiss Plaisir Sud guidebook (which also covers parts of Italy) and after a couple of false starts we found a local crag called Gialbrate. The weather was warmer than in the Alps. Greg and I led three 20m routes at about 5c (17-18) and we then jumped back into the car and drove for another 3 hours to Arco.

The valleys around the ancient town of Arco offer over 100 crags varying from bolted single pitch high quality limestone to multipitch trad on big walls. We found a campground, bought a guidebook and settled into sampling some of the best climbing in Europe. We spent 5 days climbing at 9 crags. Our system was to find a crag early in the morning, head back to camp for lunch, wait out the midday heat and then move on to a different crag in the afternoon. Dinner was usually pizza and a couple of cheap beers. Highlights included:

- * The Norax (5a), a 5 pitch slab next to the lake followed by a leap into the freezing water.
- * L'Orto, a new area high above Arco with fantastic routes.
- * The boulders of Massi di Prabi next to the campground in the town.
- * The valley of Croz de le Niere, 25km north of Arco, a beautiful crag surrounded by pine forest.

The stats for the week were 39 pitches from 5a to 6+. We would both lead each pitch, draws in hand.

We left Arco and drove back to Switzerland on the 9th. We wanted to acclimatize and get back into climbing fast on alpine granite. The aim was to climb the classic Cassin Route on Piz Badille but we needed 3 days of good conditions to get on it. The weather still was unstable but looking more promising. We decided to head up to the Lake Albigna climbing area nearby. We arrived about 3pm and took the cable car up to the huge dam (1 million cubic metres of concrete!) It was 50 minutes walk to the Swiss Alpine Club (SAC) hut. We settled into our own room as a hailstorm blew through. Getting up early the next morning, we were greeted with more rain. The weather improved at about 9 so we set off for a route called Modern Times (5a) on the Punta Albigna. The approach included a creek crossing and took about 30 minutes. Greg got the first pitch, a wet



granite slab with 4 pieces of gear - a bit scary! I got the next pitch, 40m of damp lichenous slab with minimal gear. The third pitch was soaking so we decided to follow another party up an easier route nearby. Five more pitches of 4c on damp rock then a 150m scramble up a gully and we were on top. The walk down was almost as exciting with lots of traversing and descending big slabs. Eventually we reached the moraine and thus to the hut. We enjoyed a much appreciated mug of Coke from the warden.

The climbing highlights for the next couple of days were Classica*** on the Bio Pillar (290m, 5b) and the North East Direct route (Nigg Variant, 300m, 5c) on the other side of the dam. The weather was still unstable and we would get rain, hail and sunshine in the course of an hour.

On Friday the 13th the forecast was for 2 days of bad weather so we packed up our kit, paid for our stay and headed down to the car in the rain. We arrived at the local campground at Vicosoprano and had much needed showers and cleaned gear. In the afternoon we drove to St Moritz and went grocery shopping. The next idea was to meet Paul and have a go at Piz Bernina (4049m) via the Biancograt.

We met Paul on the Sunday morning and went to the small crag of Sasso Bianco just over the border in Italy, about a 30 minute drive. We spent the afternoon ticking four leads each ranging from 5b to 6a, again cleaning the routes in between turns.

The next day we packed up and drove up to the Piz Bernina trailhead. We phoned the SAC hut at the base of the mountain and set off on the 3½ hr walk in. The plan was to stay at the hut overnight, climb the mountain via the Biancograt and descend the other side to the Monte Bianco hut. However, on arrival at the SAC hut, we were surprised to discover that the Monte Bianco hut was fully booked for the next 7 days! We were shattered and decided to go straight back down to the car and find another 4000er while the weather was looking settled. The first fine days for a couple of weeks meant that a lot of the huts were full. We camped in Silvaplana that night then headed for the Weissmies (4017m) in the Saas valley near Zermatt.

We arrived in the town of Saas Grund, packed gear, put on mountain boots and took the cable car up to the Hohsaas hut. This establishment was privately operated, about SF75 per night, and had a degree of luxury not usually found in alpine huts. We set off the next morning about 5.30, stopping to rope up for the glacier. The route was well travelled so it was only a matter of following

the trail in the snow. We crossed a crevassed area of the Trift Glacier then ascended steeply to a balcony which led to the southwest ridge. It was then just a slog up the ridge to the summit. The wind picked up from the north and we had to make a couple of stops to put on warmer clothes and gloves. The ridge narrowed near the top and we had to take care as a fall could have been deadly. We summited about 9 and were rewarded with a spectacular view on a clear blue sky morning (although the wind was making standing around very cold). We spent about 10 minutes on top before heading down. The descent was uneventful other than discovering a fresh avalanche on the glacier which included some room-size blocks of ice. We picked up our gear from the hut, took the cable car down for a late lunch and beers in Saas Grund and then drove to Paul's favourite campground at Visp. It's cheap, well grassed, occasionally has hot water and is the campground of choice for trainspotters.

The next day the weather was predicted to change so we were not keen to be too high in the mountains. We opted to do a route on a cliff above the town of Zermatt.

The Riffelhorn (2928m) is a small peak towards Monte Rosa used by local guides to train clients. We had one false start - Paul led a pitch but decided it must have been an easy instructional climb so we searched further along the cliff until we found the start of a route called D'Sezz (5c). The route followed a natural weakness up the highest part of the cliff with 4 pitches of 30-45m. We topped out and found our way off the back of the hill (which included a short abseil). It was a pleasant 2 ½ hour walk back down to Zermatt (and we saved the SF35 return fare). The views to the Matterhorn and beyond were spectacular as cloud and mist swirled in. Back in Zermatt, there was time for some shopping then dinner and beers at an old English-themed pub called the Brown Cow. We took the late train down to Täsch and thus back to Visp.

The next morning Greg left to catch up with his mate Reto (who used to live in Adelaide) and then go on to London. The weather forecast was for more rain so Paul and I packed up and headed to France bound for the Verdon Gorge. It was a long day of driving but we made it to La Palud by about 6 and found a campground. And who would be waiting at the office but ex-Adelaide climbers Lorian and Tim - the climbing world is indeed a small place! We then found a bar as we needed to rehydrate. We couldn't get a meal to after 8pm so we went for a drive along the top of the gorge to check out the cliffs. As Paul is anybody's after one beer on an empty stomach, I found it an exciting drive sitting in the passenger's seat perched over sheer drops of up to 700m.

The Grand Canyon du Verdon is a spectacular 25km gorge rising above the Verdon River. The routes are reached from the top by abseil. The trick is then to climb back out. We found an easily accessible area called the Belvedere de la Carelle that we could start at the next morning. I lowered Paul into the first climb so he could sample the rock and check how polished the routes were. He topped out and gave it the seal of approval so we both abseiled about 45m to a hanging belay. The sector was in the shade in the morning so the climbing was comfortable and fun. We each led Face au Public (5b+) and Mami Nova (5b+). It was starting to heat up so we drove back to the village for baguettes and Coke. In the afternoon we went back to the Carelle area and abseiled about 180m to a large shady ledge (2 x 60m ropes). We then shot up a route called Chlorochose (5b+) which offered pleasant sustained climbing. It was still quite warm but we had taken plenty of water. We packed one of the ropes in the daypack and the second had the job of carrying it and the water. We topped out about 5:30. I led pitches 1, 3 and 5 and Paul 2, 4 and 6. The ambience was disrupted at one point with the helicopter rescue of a party of three near the top of a nearby climb – evidently they'd been on it most of the day and had had enough. For dinner that night I ordered the tartare de boeuf which I thought might be a meat pie but it turned out to be raw mince seasoned with a raw egg. The culinary adventures continued!

The next morning we were up at 6 and climbing at Carelle again by 7. We each ticked Tarpet Farceur (5b+), Opera Verticouenne (5c) and A Moi les Vivants (5b+). Over lunch I convinced Paul that the building cloud would mean the long route we wanted to do that afternoon would be in the shade. We rapped into the gorge more easily this time as we knew where the anchor points were. Back on the big shady ledge, we started up Les Dalles Grises (5c). I got most of the leads as Paul was feeling the effects of the heat - the cloud cover had burnt away. I lead pitches 1, 2, 4 and 6 and Paul cleaned up 3 and 5. We topped out about 3:30 and headed back to the Alps, driving on the B roads towards Grenoble. We found a campground and had a beer and a quick meal. The ground was stony and I wasn't particularly comfortable on my half-mat that night. Paul suggested there was plenty of room on his full-size Thermarest but I told him I was married.

Up early and on the road by 7, we drove to Courmayeur in Italy for a crack at the Dent du Géant (4013m). We arrived about 2pm, packed our gear and took the cable car up to the impressive three-storey Torino hut. I was feeling the effects of 3 weeks of climbing, the travelling and the altitude and took a 3-hour nap before dinner. During the night the wind picked up and low cloud came in. We were up at 5 for breakfast and, after lingering a bit to see what the weather would do, we set off across the glacier. We walked for about an hour in whiteout conditions.

I think, given the weather, we both felt apprehensive about getting in the loose gullies in which Paul came to grief in 2009. When a couple of parties in front turned around citing the lack of visibility we decided to do the same. We arrived back at the hut about 9 and headed down. When the cloud began to lift we noticed the top of the Dent was plastered in ice, not ideal conditions for a peak that is essentially a technical rockclimb. We decided to drive to Chamonix through the Mt Blanc tunnel. The €45 tariff is steep but it's a quick and easy way to get from Italy to France. We found the campground we had stayed at previously and then drove to the popular local crag Les Gaillands. The place was mobbed but we found a small crag up the hill that we had to ourselves. A pleasant afternoon was had ticking almost every climb, the standout being Dingo (6a+). Late in the afternoon it started to rain lightly. I'd had enough but Paul slipped in one last climb, Moustikul (4c), in the wet.

Wednesday July 25th was my last climbing day before heading back to Zurich. Paul had soloed a peak called L'Index in the Aiguilles Rouges in 2004 and was keen to tick another in that area. We took the day's first cable car to near L'Index and walked around to the south ridge of the Chapelle de la Glière (2663m). It took about an hour to find the start of the route and get going. We did a couple of very loose pitches (including one on scary steep grass) before getting onto the route proper. Paul led the superb albeit polished corner of pitch 4 at about 5c. We ended up swinging leads on about 11 pitches including a picturesque slab/arete hand traverse.

We started down about 3:30 but couldn't find the recommended descent. We found ourselves in a long scree-filled gully with lots of short cliffs to negotiate. There were a few old abseil stations which came in useful. We had only taken one rope so it was slow going. Paul showed his experience in this sort of terrain whereas I wasn't enjoying the descent at all. Once down, we had to hustle to make the last cable car. It was a great adventure and one of the best days of the trip. We'd earned our beers back in Chamonix that night!

The next morning we packed up the tents and had the traditional coffees and pain au chocolats in the cafe opposite the train station. We said our farewells as Paul was heading for some 'R&R' in the south of France and I was taking the train back to Zurich. Overnighting in a hotel (my first of the trip) near Zurich airport, I dried my tent and repacked my bag. Friday I started the journey home.

In conclusion, while not being able to tick some of the planned routes, we had a fun, varied and productive trip. I came home feeling that it had been worthwhile. I probably wouldn't go to the Alps in July again but would wait for the more stable weather in August.

Rock!

Anyone who has been climbing for any significant period of time has heard this call a number of times, “Rock!” Depending on what has just been dislodged you can expect anything from a few grains of sand to fly harmlessly past you, to a boulder hurtling towards you at various rates of velocity. “Rock!” This call can elicit a range of responses depending on experience, varying from a quick shuffle sideways, or a duck under the nearest overhang to a bowel clenching fear that this will be the rock that finally ‘gets’ you.

Too dramatic? Maybe, but anyone who has stood under the onslaught of a larger rock fall and survived will have an inkling of the feeling I am trying to portray. Anyone who has ever looked up to cop gravel in the eyes or shrapnel on the face wishes their partner had called its falling.

The Place: Moonarie

The Date: Good Friday, Easter 2012

The Experience: Exploding

The morning of Good Friday, Easter 2012 saw my partner Garth and I with only four other climbers camping in the Moonarie campsite. It was hot and promising to stay so until that evening when a front was due to come through. Being fairly climbing unfit but walking fit we decided it would be a good day to finally explore the Southern crags of Moonarie.

We crossed the creek and followed the vehicle track south as described in the 2000 Moonarie Guidebook. It did not seem to us that anyone had been up that way for quite some time, though we did find a string of cairns heading west up towards the southern gully. The ‘track’ is now very overgrown and full of prickly growth trying to hold you back at every step. It wasn’t too bad getting through to the base of the cliffs, but then following the gully further east up to Col Reece’s bivvy cave took us more like 3 hours than the 45 minutes described in the guidebook.



A little piece of climbing history exists up there with mattresses, a fire grate and bottles of drinking water. There is a clothes line and a shelf holding canisters of sugar, coffee and cups all awaiting further use. It is hard to know what to make of its future in the heart of the National Park, maybe a different climber will claim ownership one day.

After a quick photo stop we continued bashing our way up to the base of The Three Amigos, finally making to the base of the climb we wanted to do. Phew! We didn’t want to go back down that way!

Garth led up the first pitch 35m of ‘Get Off My Cloud’ without incident. We had radios with us so I easily received the call “Can you bring up some water please.” “Got it” I radioed back and was up the corner, through the garden patch and bitching about the pack on my back up the chimney. Nothing new, all in a normal day’s climbing. A nice belay ledge. Lovely views. Cooler on the Southern facing crag than it had been down in the gully. As the CCSA website says, Moonarie is still awesome!

We re-flaked the rope and Garth was off up the second and final 10m pitch. All was going well until I heard that fearful cry, “Rock!” Not sure if I heard the call or saw the rock falling first, but all of a sudden I had this vision of a piece of rock the size of my head hurtling towards me! Instinct kicked in, I barely had time to tighten my grip on the rope and duck my head. With no idea where the rock would land I chose to stay standing with my left shoulder to the corner and my front facing forwards into the rock. The next thing which happened was the ‘crack’ I heard as the rock hit my helmet, followed by the explosion of pain as it glanced off the side of my head below my ear, (and below my helmet – lesson one, don’t duck your head) landed on my shoulder and slid down my back to end up behind me.

My first thoughts were “Phew, I’m still standing and I’m still holding tight on this rope.” I then worked out Garth hadn’t actually fallen off when he pulled the hold he was trying to use. “Good”, I thought, one less thing to worry about straight away. My next thoughts were “Shit that hurts” and not quite knowing how to answer Garth’s calls of “Are you alright? Is your back OK?” as I hadn’t quite worked out all the places I hurt yet or where I was hurting the most. I fairly quickly worked out that I’d had a big knock on the head,



my shoulder hurt and my back was either fine or so bad I’d lost all feeling to it. I called up “I don’t feel so good, I think you should come down, I feel like fainting”. A pause and then I added “I can lower you but what happens if I faint?” All of this with the pain assaulting me and an impending feeling of possible collapse. I’ve broken or cracked plenty of bones and I know I don’t collapse easily so by now I was feeling rather concerned, more for Garth’s safety than mine as I was securely attached to my belay but he had a wobbly belayer with an ATC. One down side to climbing with double ropes! The relief was enormous when Garth called back “I’ll down climb.” Thankfully the climb was a fairly easy one and Garth was only about 6 metres up it. I then had a moment of panic when I found I couldn’t handle the double ropes as neatly as usual, but then quickly realised that Garth had only placed gear on one rope and that watching the other rope pool at my feet wasn’t an issue. Phew! It was a concern that it had taken me that long to work that out; I obviously wasn’t up to feeding out and pulling in at the same time as I would normally be.

It was with relief that I watched Garth’s feet hit the belay ledge and saw him make himself safe before I crumpled to the ground to get my head between my knees and stop the waves of dizziness threatening to take away consciousness. Last year at my First Aid certificate update course the presenter said “If someone has collapsed or fallen to the ground don’t try to get them up, give them a chance to recover and sort themselves out. They’ll get up when they are ready and if they aren’t, and they are safe, then just leave them there.” Thoughts of this returned to me as I sat there regrouping; how right he was!

I was absolutely amazed when I finally stood up again and looked at the rock behind me – a flake no larger than the palm of Garth’s hand and no more than 2cm thick had hit my helmet, glanced off the side of my head and (we are fairly sure) landed edge first on my shoulder. That piddly thing did all this damage? Where was the huge boulder I had seen hurtling towards me? It didn’t exist. Just as well really!

All is well that ends well. After the chance to recover we debated options. Neither of us wanted the bush bash back down the gully so we escaped by scrambling out the much easier left hand wall – which was also very loose. We were much more careful stepping and pulling on holds, testing each first and belaying from the far corner. Garth abseiled down and collected the packs and then climbed back up ever mindful that at any moment his belayer may faint on him. He commented on a much improved colour in my face when got back up to the top of the climb; boy I must have looked bad. A scramble to the top, a bush bash across the top of the pound to Gargoyle wall and an abseil down from the Tim Tam chains saw us back in the main gully just on dusk. A slow walk down and we were back in camp by 8pm, battered, bruised, but not completely broken.

Did we make the right decision to climb up rather than down? We think so as the climbing was very easy and mobile phones work from the top of the pound (thoughts of needing rescue hadn't yet left us completely). We also had a good idea what lay “up” as opposed to “down”. Will I climb again? Very likely, but not without my helmet! Should we have bothered collecting the packs? Maybe not, but they provided us with much needed food, water, jackets, boots and headlamps, as well as the first aid kit, we were pleased we had.

As one of my friends said afterwards “Hooray for helmet wearing.”

I started off by saying “I double that”, but have ended up with “NO TRIPLE THAT! HOORAY FOR HELMET WEARING!!!” They can be heavy, hot, difficult to pack, and generally a bloody nuisance, but I won't be climbing without one. I'm not sure I'd still be here without mine. It is worth considering next time you go outdoors to climb.





Come Out & Try Day

One Sunday last spring the Club ran Come out and try day at Morialta. The word spread well, and soon we were dealing with a full RSVP list, capped at 26. It was a mix of one experienced climber for every three newbies. The experienced folks were on the ready to get the top ropes in place and share their belay skills and climbing tips. There was a shocker last-minute change to the weather forecast, to 36 degrees and sunny in early November, and people weren't used to the heat yet. As organiser I almost had a little cry, but the weather was no deterrent for these keen beans (and I brought my big Pack Tap of water to share). Best of all, we had our pick of climbs in the afternoon shade at Far Crag. A good nine routes were roped up, ranging from Cinch (8) to Resurrection (17). Several participants had climbed before and got hold of climbing shoes, combining some good technique with their enthusiasm. What a great opportunity for them to meet fellow climbers and swap contact details for future outings. There was quite a contingent from the Flinders University Wilderness Club, and our club was grateful to Hayley Truskewycz of Flinders for taking lots of fabulous pictures while we ran around checking harnesses and knots, and making sure everyone was having a good time. She kindly agreed to share some pictures with us, with more linked from our Facebook group page, and in the 2012 Club slideshow. It was really a buzz to see the day go well after lots of organising to make it happen. Some of us had a celebratory drink at the Scenic after, with that lovely vibe of 'we did it, we can climb stuff.' Then we had a fine gathering of Come out and try people at Club Christmas drinks, which took place at the Wheaty, again more space to meet potential climbing partners for the year ahead. Thank you to all who were involved in making Come out and try day such a grand day.



What to climb?



Hayley at the top of Al Sirrat (8)



Happy days



Helen Pink on The Lord's Prayer (15)



CCSA Annual General Meeting (AGM)

Wednesday 15th August 2012

Main Topics

- Committee members chosen for the upcoming year
- Trail maintenance at Morialta
- Come out and try day
- Club climbing trips
- Colin Reece memorial award
- Miscellaneous

Committee Members Chosen for the Upcoming Year

The following committee was chosen based on nomination and subsequent vote at the AGM.

Votes were unanimous for all positions mentioned below:

President: Adam Clay

Treasurer: Liz Milner

Secretary: Kristy Hansen

Editor of CCSA magazine (BOLFA): Celia Clay

Committee member: Kylie Jarrett

Trail Maintenance at Morialta

Scheduled maintenance to Morialta trails has stalled subject to lack of funding. Small upgrades are made when funding becomes available, however it does not appear that CCSA has much say in what is prioritised.

CCSA can work towards improvement of trails through the following:

- Join Friends of Black Hill and Morialta Incorporated (only costs \$15) – Lynne has agreed to follow this up. <http://www.fobhm.org/noframes/index.htm>
- Schedule a day for trail maintenance in the future where volunteers will be rewarded for their efforts with free food and drink (and a fun day out with other climbers!).

Come Out and Try Day

Kylie has volunteered to organise the first “Come Out and Try Day” for new climbers who want to experience outdoor climbing. Participants will need to register so we know how many people will attend. Then we will allocate one

experienced member to each rope. Volunteers with adequate experience of setting up top ropes are most welcome to assist! Adam has agreed to contact the facilitators of future “Come Out and Try Day” events.

Club Climbing Trips

We would like to initiate more club climbing trips, with where we try to gather as many people as possible and organise some car-pooling. It was proposed that a calendar of events could be compiled. A suggestion for the next CCSA climbing trip is Moonarie, with the Frocktober theme. It was not clear who will follow this up.

Colin Reece Memorial Award

An award for young climbers dedicated to climbing was suggested. It was agreed that appropriate criteria and means of assessment would need to be established in advance. Adam has agreed to follow up this idea.

Miscellaneous

- The Norton Summit sign needs to be upgraded because it is old and contains graffiti. Adam is looking into this.
- Material is required for BOLFA! Please contact Celia, if you have some interesting photos/articles that you would like to share: cealz@internode.on.net
- We are thinking of establishing a club library.
- It was suggested that we purchase some basic equipment such as ropes, harnesses, etc. for future “Come out and Try Day” events.
- Future CCSA meetings will consist of a committee meeting at 7pm and the more social segment will begin as per usual at 7:30pm. All are welcome to attend both parts of the meeting. The aim of this structure is to ensure that meetings are more fun and social and do not finish too late.
- Minutes will be sent out in future as a .pdf document via email.

SNAPSHOTS



Pete Arcidiaco on Pagoda (15), Moonarie



James Sunjaya on Eat or Die (22) Moonarie



Steve Kelly flashing The Show Must Go On (V7), Epsilon Wall, Grampians



Oscar Clay bouldering at Mt Crawford



Justin Taylor on Ground Control to Major Tom (V8), Ground Control Caves

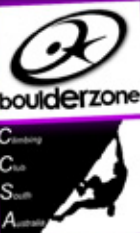


Shaun McCarthy on Rota Loo (V8), Ground Control Caves.



**ADELAIDE'S
BOULDERING
CLUB**

bouldering gym located on 10 ware st, Thebarton.



Categories:

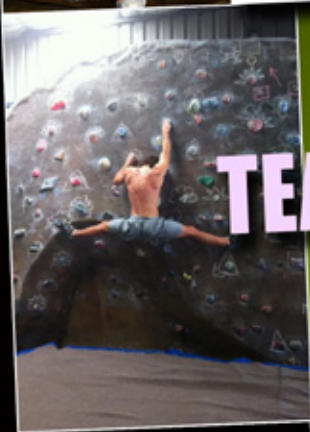
Best team
Best expert
(M - F)
Best rookie
(M - F)
Best coach
Best spotting
Best Grandpa
/Grandma
Longest
Traverse
(M - F - G)

BOULDERING

E3

COMP 2013

TEAMS OF 3



10th
february 2013
4:00 pm
(Competitors arrive at 3pm)

Fees:
Monthly members: free
Casual Members: \$5
Everyone else: \$15
Late fee: \$20
Sign up dates:
28th of Jan - 7th of Feb.
And on the day of the comp
(late fee).

THE NETHER REGIONS

This little crag below the upstream end of the Billiard Table has been cleaned up and now has 5 routes. Some of the rock may still be a bit suspect though. Follow the track downhill 30m towards the creek, then turn right at the next cliff line, at a gum & native cherry tree.

UNINVITED SPEAKER 10m 14

Start at R leaning orange slab/corner at left end of cliff.

Up slab to its apex past 2 BR. Step left at small cavity to ledge 3rd BR.

Move up avoiding detached flake on R to double RBB.

Bill Loftus, Tony Barker 30/11/2011

LATERAL THINKER 10m 18

Climb Thinker in Temporary Residence to 2nd BR. Move left and up through bulge past 3rd BR. Straight up to double RBB. Tony Barker, Bill Loftus 30/11/2011

THINKER IN TEMPORARY RESIDENCE 12m 14

Interesting. Start below prominent V shaped wall. Straight up to base of V with 1BR. Move up ramp forming R side of V past 2nd BR. Take #2-2.5 Friends and medium wires. Tree belay at top of cliff. Bill Loftus, Tony Barker 21/09/2011

KOALA CAPERS 12m 17

Worthwhile. Climb line below central small roof on the cliff. 2BR (1st protruding). Move L to join line of Thinker. Do one more move up edge of groove (3rd BR to side), then move L crossing Thinker. Use same cams here and up L to RBB as for US and LT. Tony Barker, Mike Broadbent, Bill Loftus 22/02/2012

SENSITIVE DEBATE 12m 19

Good climbing. Start right of centre at smooth area behind yaccas. Up wall with 4BR and #1-1.5 Friend to DBB and chain. Care with detached but solid flake on L below belay. Tony Barker, Bill Loftus 6/06/2011

Tony Barker



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



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



boulderzone

We offer CCSA Club members discounted bouldering for \$12 upon presentation of membership card.



**Scout
Outdoor
Centre**

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



We offer CCSA Club members discounted climbing for \$12 on Monday nights upon presentation of membership card.