

# BOLEFA



CLIMBING CLUB OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA



BOLFA 18

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All uncredited illustrations are courtesy of Deb Semple.

Front cover: Chris George framed by The Pleasure Dome, 13, The Bluff.

Rear cover: Damian Barrett absorbed with an Inadequate Grope, 19A0, Raetjen's Gap.

As everyone is no doubt aware this is the first Bolfa to appear in over 3 years. This has been due to a number of factors, perhaps the most apparent being a general lack of enthusiasm by everyone. It was heartening to see a couple of people get together to produce the recent Not Bolfa. Let's hope this interest can be maintained. The critical point to mention here is that everyone is capable of contributing something. As Rod Young is attempting to prove with his new magazine, climbing ability and writing ability are completely unrelated. Please do not be put off by thinking otherwise. If you as a club are serious about maintaining the existence of the resurrected Bolfa, then you must put pen to paper for it.

BOLFA Editors : Nick Neagle and Paul Gray

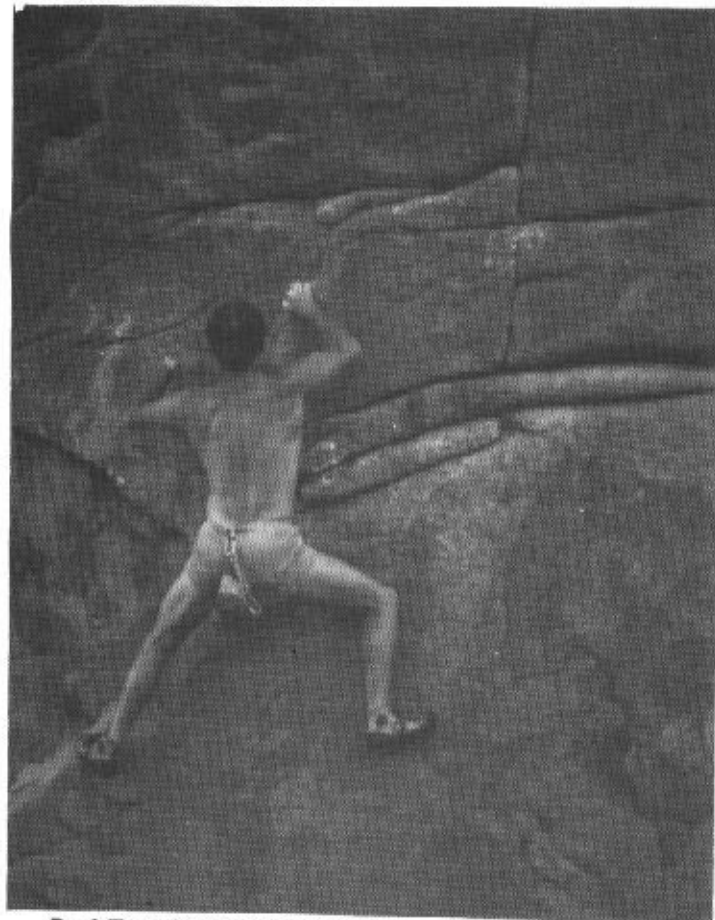
## GREEN BAY

by Luke Adams

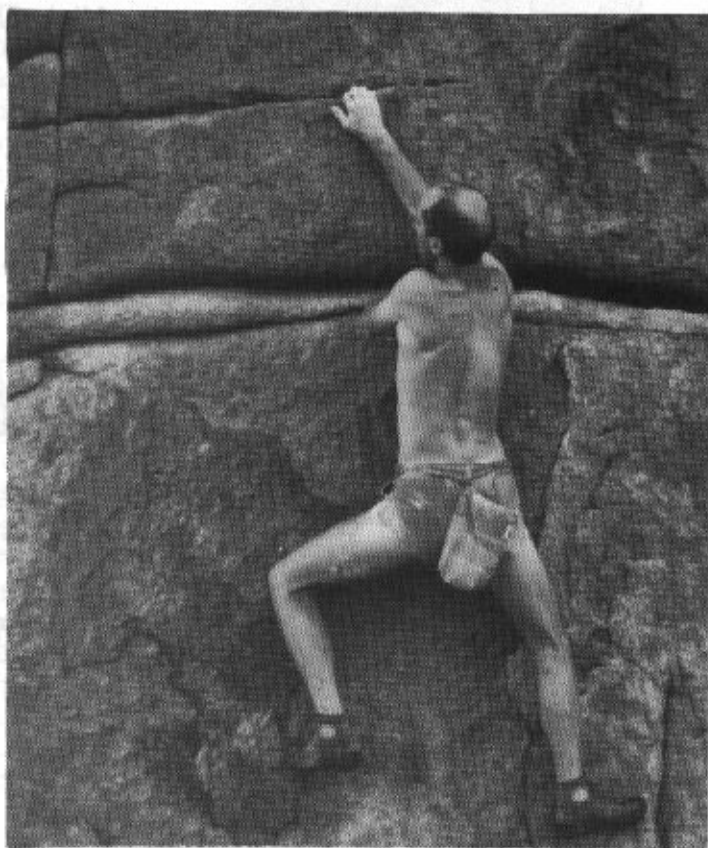
In the summer of '83 after being blown off the Bluff, Ian, Paul and I decided on checking out the routes Frank Williams had done at Green Bay. As a light drizzle descended over the town of Pt. Elliott we descended into the bay.

Green Bay turned out to be steep granite on the southerly aspect of the rocky cove. The cliff starts high up the beach and runs out into the sea. After consulting the Green Guide we decided to try a likely looking route. Ian pulled his way through the steep, wet crux to give our first new route, Quenching Fires (15). Heading home we decided to return on New Year's Day, to do some more new routes.

Arriving early New Year's Day with deck chairs, beach towels, ghetto blasters, family dogs and sore heads, Ian again set off up the granite toward a small crack in a large boulder. After a prolonged battle lasting over an hour, Blind Mullett (17) was born. Setting off from a small stance below a bigger crack in the same boulder, I jammed my way to the top of Windjammer (14). Then it was off to the Pt. Elliott fish shop to rub shoulders with surfies and eat prawn crackers and steak sandwiches for lunch.



Paul Francis in action bouldering at Port Elliot. Photo: Mark Witham.



Mark Witham displaying the effects of weight training whilst bouldering at Port Elliot. Photo: Mark Witham collection.

Back at the bay Paul put up the 'mega' classic, Spume (10). This involved climbing the mungey wall and clawing his way up the pigface to belay off the path railings. Setting up a top rope to check if a slab would go, it was decided that with a No. 7 stopper lightly tapped into a shallow pock-mark with a figure 8 the crux was protected????? Holding my breath I timidly set off up the blank slab, with Paul belaying and Ian on spotting duty. After arriving at the top I tied on to the handrail and stated I would never lead it again.

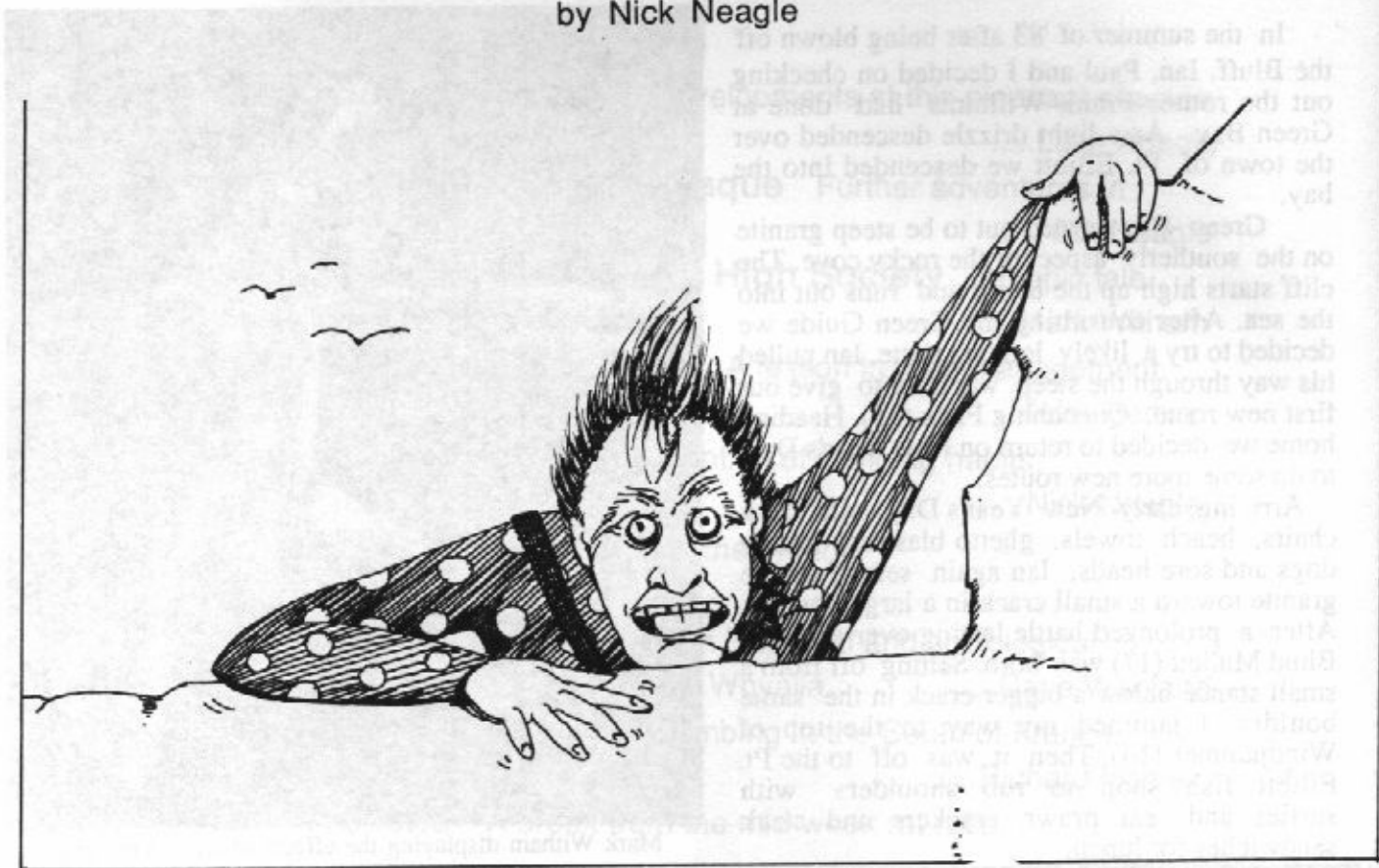
Not to be outdone Ian decided on the sloping corner to the left of Spume. He climbed the corner easily for 5 metres until the crack flared impossibly at the crux. While reaching up to the only hold high on the right Ian peeled off pulling 3 runners and landed on the belayer. This was enough for him! Returning the next weekend he got it right to produce Verey Flare (18). This was the final route with a belay on solid ground.

During the recent summer we have been lowering each other off into the sea to top rope some of the more inaccessible routes. In summary, an absolutely excellent place to climb on a hot summer's day.



# LA RETOUR DE LA DINGOMANIAQUE

by Nick Neagle



The forecast mentioned 'beau temps' amongst a lot of other indecipherable babble. That's all we wanted to read. That's all we could read! Up at 5 a.m., indecision due to light rain, then sunshine, commitment and a rush for the next freak (= telepherique, in affectionate English translation, or cable car) to the top of the Midi.

The Aiguille du Midi is the tallest and most exploited Aiguille in the Chamonix range. A restaurant and observation deck sit slap bang on its summit catering to the hordes - climbers and tourists alike. The freak deposits you right there, too, eliminating the bug bear of the committed climber - the walk up.

The ride up was stunning. Striking vistas opened in all directions, and the freak-load of goggle-eyed garlic-gobblers gasped at the grandeur (or lack of oxygen, I wasn't sure). Either way the odour was apparent. Having only climbed on the valley side of the Aiguilles in the past I, too, was suitably impressed by the view over their heads to the south - the Vallee Blanche, dent du Geant, Grande Jorasses, Grande Capucin, the outlying summits of Mont Blanc itself, and the Gran Paradiso range far off in Italy.

We had a sportsplan to cover a few days and planned on staying at the Simond Hut

below the south side of the Midi. First on the list was the Rebuffat route on the Midi. This meant a walk down to start. Outside the human induced security of the summit complex a well trod channel led down the snow crest of the Midi's east ridge. We'd counted on this as I had no crampons and wasn't exactly rapt in the prospect of zipping off the ridge - a non stop one-way ride back to town being the only result. Further protected by Paul's belay I descended carefully and uneventfully.

A classic route, a south face, a sunny day. What more could we want? Answer - about four less French parties on the same route! But to be fair, the problem didn't exist to begin with. Only one other party was present as I stepped off the snow into a sling, and began the first pitch - and they were well above anyhow.

The first pitch required the quiet use of a sling on a very thin slab. (Why spoil a nice day with hard climbing?) Even with this assistance, however, the following moves were testing, unprotectable and uncheatable. This brought me to a sloping stance under a massive roof. The next pitch was the classic. Traversing out from under the oppressive roof I was presented with the famous S-shaped cracks. Exquisite, clean, open, off vertical

granite breached by a curling finger crack. And more, it bristled with pegs! Traditionally Al in your big boots - but with Fires it's a delightful pitch of sustained jamming at around grade 18/19.

Paul, my dry-witted Yorkshireman companion, had opted to spend the day on the blunt end with the sack on his back. Admirable performance. Thus weighted he unashamedly aided up to join me on my sunny perch in the centre of the lower sweep of the face. Superb climbing in such a stunning arena. Nice place, France.

Immediately above was more of the same, leading to a damp groove. No place to mess with ethics. A few synthetic holds brought a spacious ledge. Now a slabby corner and an exposed, sunny belay. Following, Paul had trouble extracting one nut and spent many minutes diligently prodding, poking and wiggling the stubborn offender. I took time out to view the approaching hordes. One pair of Frenchmen were only a couple of pitches behind and gaining quickly. Behind them, one particularly persistent punter was purposefully plummeting his way up the S-shaped cracks, unconcernedly trusting completely to ancient in-situ ironmongery and the human body's skin regrowth capabilities. Lower down yet more of his countrymen were impatiently banking up on the belay.

Number five stopper retrieved, I hurried on, not wanting a part in the circus below, and cleverly went off route. The time spent aiding to safety allowed our nearest rivals to join us at the next belay. Preparing myself for the expected ensuing entanglement I was almost disappointed when they announced they'd had enough and were rapping off!

Left alone with the upper reaches of the face, Paul and I, (well, mainly me, really) managed to lose the way continuously and became bafflingly bewildered by the barrage of possible lines to try. I traversed left and up into the definitive nasty, narrow, holdless chimney-groove. A bit of sling assistance overcame this. Immediately above, a snowy ramp ended abruptly beneath an horrific overhanging groove. An escape off left seemed possible. It was, and we ran away. Around another arete was a long easy, though snowy, gully, and I thought I'd cracked it. All it gained me unfortunately, was a neat ledge on a narrow ridge with nowhere to go next. The far side overhung beneath me to who knew where. The ridge above began with the proverbial holdless vertical wall! No option but to retrace my steps.

At this point I was beginning to wonder where the other French parties had got to. Surely our pissing about must have allowed them to overhaul us. Typical. Where were the Frogs when you needed them? They must have rapped off, too!

Having run out almost a ropelength in the



from Australasian Post

wrong direction pleased me immensely, but not half as much as downclimbing a slippery gully with still little idea of where I should be headed. Halfway back to Paul another option presented itself. Some cracks led up left to what, hopefully, must soon be the summit. An impressive corner seemed certain to lead where we wanted. However, it looked a little too hard for this time of day and we certainly didn't have enough gear to aid it all. One choice remained. A leaning offwidth slanted up left to a small arete. What lay beyond we had no idea.

I felt increasingly fragile and committed the further I went from Paul. At the arete my spirit groaned loudly. I was confronted with a corner which seemingly led to the summit - only it was another unprotected offwidth! A peg at the base seemed scant protection. Driven by terror and the strong desire to get off the route I thrutched, sweated and farted (Neil Smith would've been proud of me) my way up that final pitch.

So finally the summit. We still had a short abseil and an exciting snow traverse to perform to reach the freak station though. Plunging my gloveless hands into the soft snow gave me (just) enough purchase to make it across. Meantime, Paul had managed to signal to one of the workers inside to let us in the side door. Excruciating pain ensued as my hands thawed.

At about this time we became aware of the fragility of our supposed sanctuary. The restaurant was ablaze! It didn't seem to have reached the critical stage, but we were more than a little concerned that the freak station



might go too. Thoughts of a few days in the hills were quickly abandoned as it seemed the wise move might be to catch the next available freak back to town. Slight problem here. Our packs were at the base of the route we'd just climbed. (We'd left them there as we'd planned to pick them up en route to the hut in the evening.) Now it meant a quick descent to retrieve them, but a slog back up. Ascending the ridge on our return we were presented with one of those striking sunsets that you remember partly for the beauty, and partially for the annoying fact that your camera was buried so deep in the mess of your pack that search and retrieval of it would've required just too much time and effort.

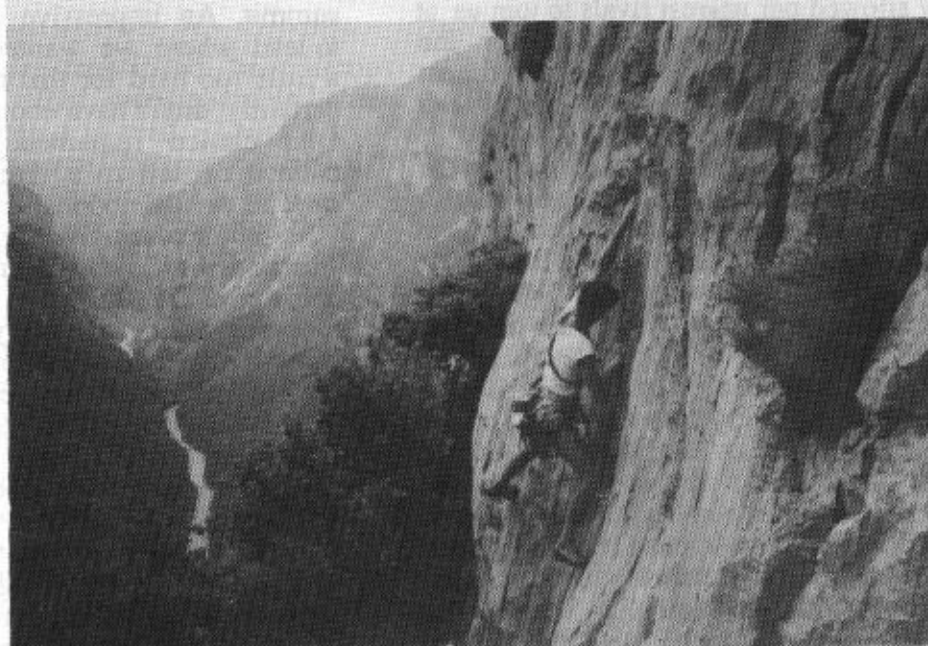
It was getting on towards 10 p.m. by the time we made it back to the top this time. Loads of other stranded climbers had set up camp near the dunnies waiting for the freaks to resume service. We found a spot to doss amidst this. About an hour later one car did go down but we already had tea going and gear everywhere. Besides, we figured if the freaks were running, then the fire must have been quelled. Thus, there was no reason why they wouldn't be in operation the next morning, too. Having comforted ourselves in this way,

we tucked into our ratatouille and chilli beans, washed down with several mugs of tea, and drifted into much needed sleep.

Upon rising at 6:30 a.m. we were a little alarmed to find all the other climbers gone! We guessed they must have either taken the offered ride down last night or have gone off already for another route that day. Whatever the story we were on our own (apart from the French workers employed there).

It seemed the freaks (both types) weren't working, or only very occasionally, and then only for employees. The wishes of two English speaking climbers didn't rate too highly in their priorities that morning either. They had a good chuckle at our expense, and then proceeded to ignore us for several hours. Nice guys, these French! By mid-morning they'd grown tired of us getting in their way and consented to allow us to ride the next car down.

From the window of our descending cabin we spotted two friends of ours, Mark and Tim, plodding up the now soft snow of the Frendo Spur. How distant they seemed now struggling up that arete, while we were hurrying down to coffee and croissants in town.



The magnificent Verdon Gorge. Nick Neagle leading the top pitch of Delirium Tres Mince, 20. Photo: Simon Wooley.

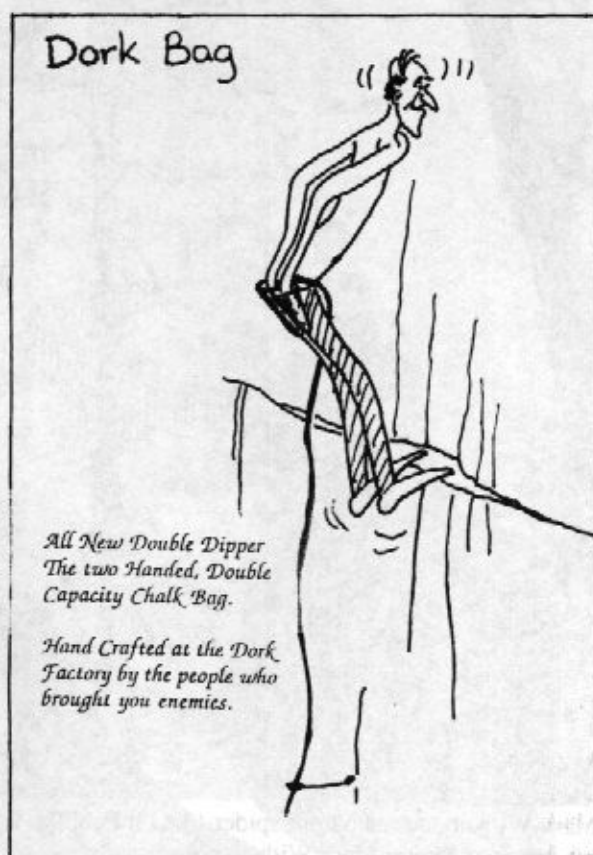
# Social Climbing in Western High Society

by Mark Witham

Things had changed in the two years since I had left Fremantle. On the previous visit I inquired at the local scout shop whether there were any climbers in the shop. "I don't think so but I'll have a look", said the shop assistant as he walked around the shop gazing at the shelves. He came back and said, "No, we don't have any". I kept a straight face and left. Since then, the scout shop has closed, Kim Carrigan has visited, WACA has reformed, the SAS barracks have remodelled their climbing wall, lycra tights are sold and a new wave of hard people have emerged. There are also more climbing areas opening up, including the traverse at Blackwall Reach, hard limestone bouldering at Peppermint Grove, as well as greater development at areas such as the Blow Holes, Willyabrup, the Stirlings, Peak Head, West Cape Howe and the Gap. The local crags at Churchman's Brook and Roleystone are also seeing much more activity. One thing that has not changed is the friendliness and good humour of the climbers.

The highlight of my trip was an 'expedition' carried out in total secrecy... The bosses were away so we borrowed their cars. Friday night: drove 250k south to Bunker Beach; slept on the beach; up at daybreak; back to Dunsborough for breakfast; then on to Cape Naturalist. Just off shore is a small stack of rock rising from deep treacherous waters. I prepared to dive in. "Back lad, these waters have claimed too many lives already." "Aye Cap'n", as I retreated to dry ground. We then had a group photo displaying our Sugar Loaf Rockers '87 T-shirts proudly (?) sponsored by Mountain Designs. "Calm as a mill pond", was the report of the advance party two weeks earlier. Presumably the cyclone was absent on that occasion. We spent an hour looking for a suitable place to launch. We then gave up and four of us got in with gear. Captain Wood guided us across the narrow channel expertly. The landing was testimony to his immense skill - a bloody big wave threw us up against the rock wall, my foot jammed in a crack, air gushed out of the dinghy and, as the water subsided, we scrambled to safety. We had broken two of the four oars, one was floating in the swell and another was bent. We re-inflated the dinghy by mouth and diligent use of tongues. Then Captain Wood and a helper went back for the other two members of the team which included his first mate.

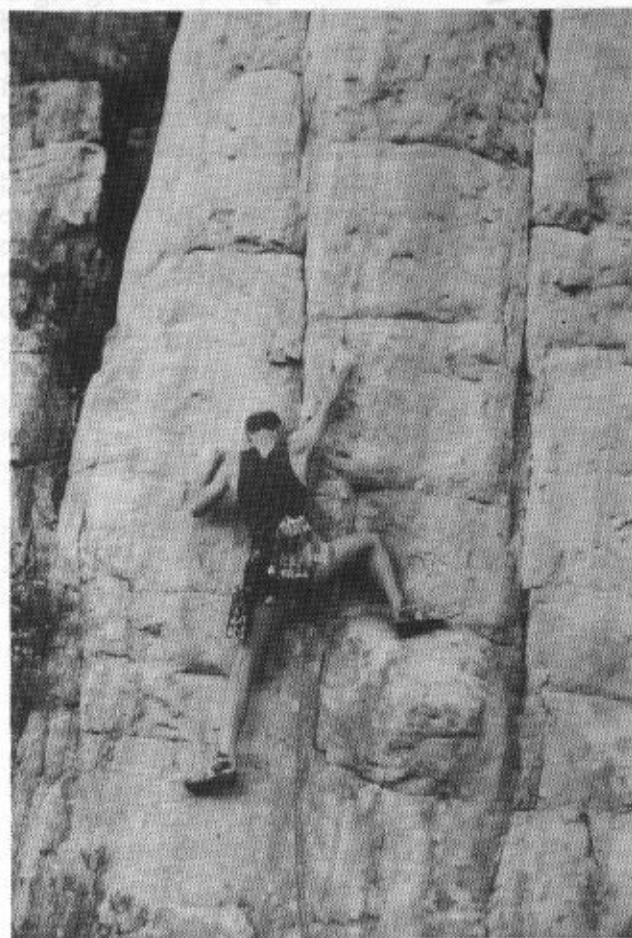
We quickly hid the dinghy from the prying eyes of park rangers and scampered to the off shore side of the rock. We found a great ledge



where those hard persons amongst us donned lycra tights. The rest of us made soup out of each others undies. The rock was hard with good friction and completely clean. It consisted of a crack system with generally good natural protection. Most of the climbing was easy - about grade 8 (DGS). Some of the climbs were retreated from as they were too difficult or unprotected. These were roof problems, probably also at grade 8 (DGS). Roland solved one of the roof problems by totally avoiding the roof then traversing back on top of it. This was probably the hardest climb that was done. It was grade 8 (DGS). Another smaller roof which I wasted hours on consisted of an overhung wall and roof on one side of a narrow angled gully.... good pro, bridging, chalk up, lay back, get the crack over the roof, woofer ground fall. With utter disbelief I hit the opposite gully wall much to the pleasure of the locals. The others all tried but retreated after reflecting on the gravity of the situation. This was hard work for a climb that was probably a grade 8 (DGS).

We put up about 12-15 new routes that day. By the time we left the water had become rough. Cap'n Wood did good and although it took 3

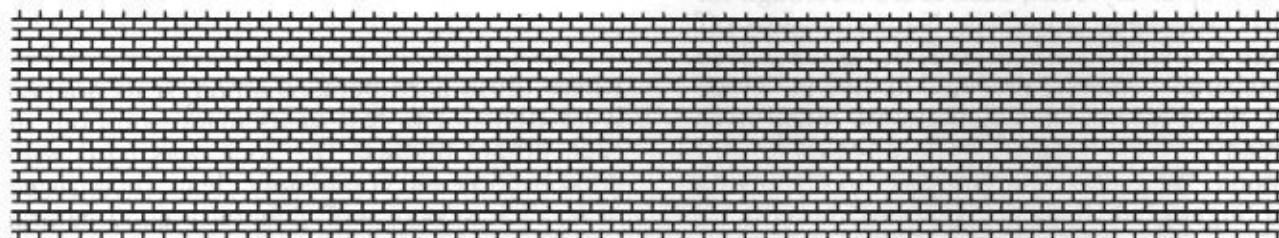




Mark Witham, stretched out spider-like on Pebbles, 22, Mt Arapiles. Photo: Mark Witham collection.

For those who are interested, the DGS grading system was developed by Lowe and Flemming in New Zealand to overcome some problems with the Ewbank grading system. Briefly the problems that were overcome were: different anthropometry of the leaders on the first ascent resulting in a variance in the grading; the hard-man mentality of undergrading everything by inconsistent increments; and grading by the inexperienced and sexually insecure. A further problem was the actual difficulty of grading using the Ewbank system: i.e. "Is this a 15 or a 16?" "What other 15's have I done?" "What do you reckon Allan?". This also leads to inefficiency in that more than one ascent is required to verify the accuracy of the grade. To overcome the general inconsistency of grading, a new system was devised that provides consistent grading without the need for a complex system of benchmarks,

while at the same time providing a simple method of allocating a number to a climb even for those climbers without basic numeracy skills. The DGS was born. This system, brilliant in the simplicity of its conception can be applied to any climb by a person of any experience or intelligence. It removes the hard-man effect and is totally consistent and is so efficient that a grade can be given without an ascent - every climb is grade 8. (DGS stands for Dorks Grading System).



trips to get us ashore and we were all wet at the end of it, none of us died. This was fantastic fun and we didn't lose any more gear. We met up with a late arrival to our team and had tea at the Dunsborough pub. We slept on the beach and got up late the next morning. We then went into the forest near Wellington Dam and eventually found Waterfall Gully and the dry granite falls. We didn't climb this at all but continued on to the Wellington Dam Quarry. This was a place that had been climbed before once or twice. It is a granite quarry about 20-25m high, very stable rock, no runners, floodlit at night and the floor of the quarry has been levelled and lawned. To the amusement of the local picnickers we donned our uniforms and bouldered for the rest of the day. It was superb bouldering. So ended my stay in the West.

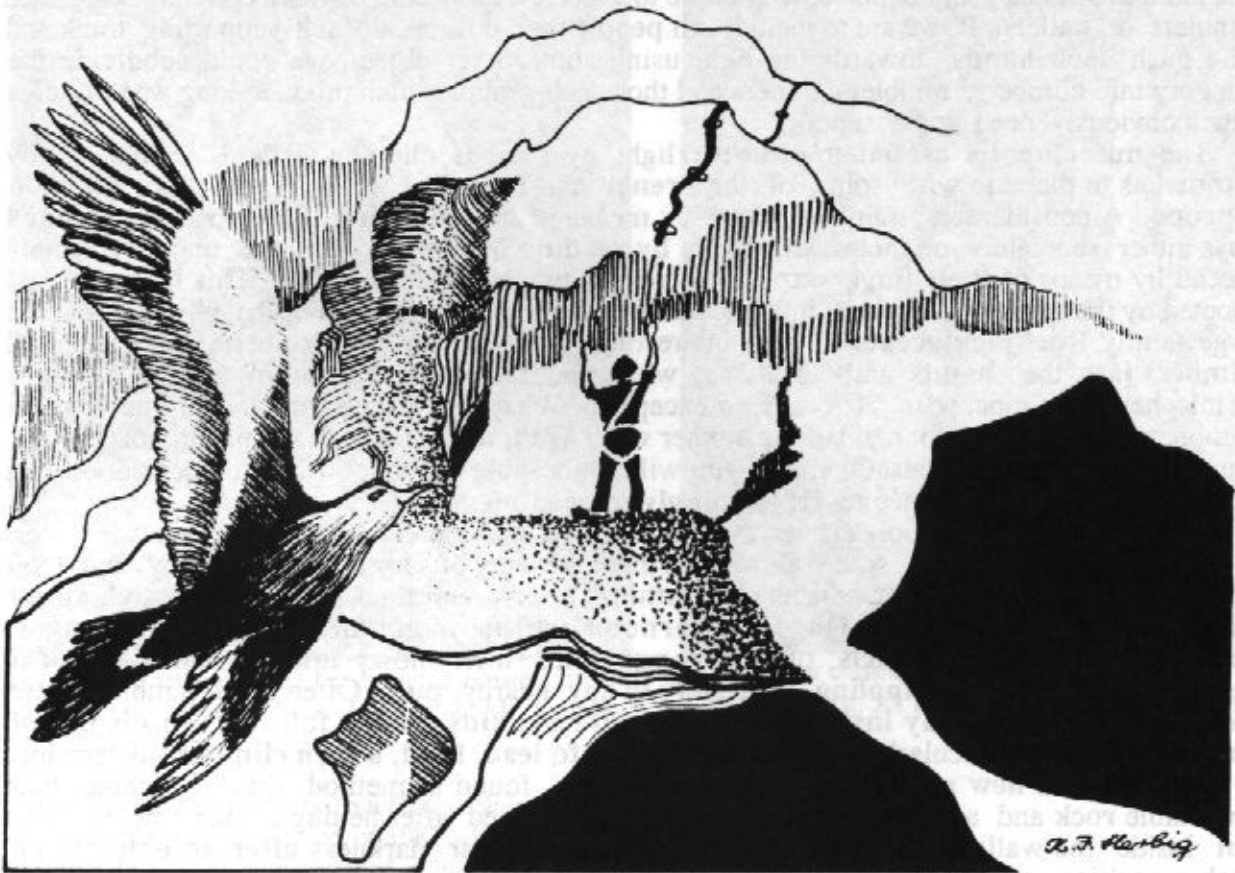
### Comparative Grading Table

Australian	American	English	French	DGS
17	5.9	5a	6a	8
18				
19	-		6b	
20	5.10	5b	6c	
21	+			
22	-	5c	7a	
23	5.11			
24	+	6a	7b	
25	-			
26	5.12	6b	7c	



# NEVER LET GO OF THAT ROPE

by Keith Herbig



I had been climbing with my partner for a couple of months when I rang him one Thursday night to organise some weekend climbing. "G'day. Would you like to do some climbing this weekend?"

"Sure, I have been wanting to try Norton Summit."

"What about the A.U.M.C. route? It's a 14."

"OK! Sunday at 12:00."

And so our epic began. (Dave had turned up to take some photographs of my partner leading his first multi pitch climb.) I had scrambled up to the first belay ledge, but when my partner began leading the second pitch it started to rain. Dave, who had been taking photographs until now, decided to leave when my partner was having problems on small wet holds. Dave yells, "You can come back to my place for coffee!" We reply, "Great, see you at about 3:00."

My partner backs off and I take the lead carefully in increasing rain and wind. On the second belay ledge I was sheltered, but a peregrine falcon swooped noisily at me. "Why am I here?" feelings passed through my head. My partner having joined me, I led off in haste to escape the rain and indulge in hot coffee.

Well back from the cliff edge I set up a belay and called, "On belay, climb when ready!" No reply. I repeat the command. Again no reply. After a while I presume we cannot hear each other in the wind, so I take in the rope for several metres until it pulls tight. I wait, and thinking he is having difficulties I continue to wait another thirty minutes. I finally realize I need to investigate so I tie him off and down-climb.

I find my partner in a sorry state, wet and with a hostile falcon making repeated attacks - and cursing me for taking up the rope. The rope end was about four metres above him caught in a karabiner.

We were a miserable pair when we arrived at Dave's house for coffee at almost six o'clock. What is the moral to this story?

# WHAT IS A CLIMBER?

adapted by Nick Neagle

When used to describe **humans** the word "climber" is used rather loosely. Many **people** that fall into this category do not strictly climb themselves, but would be more correctly designated **ramblers** or **trailers**. If we are to include all **people** that possess no self-supporting trunk and **who** push their **hands** towards the light using some other object, we could subdivide the category into **climbers**, **ramblers**, **trailers** and those sub-groups which produce long weak **bodies** which obviously need some support.

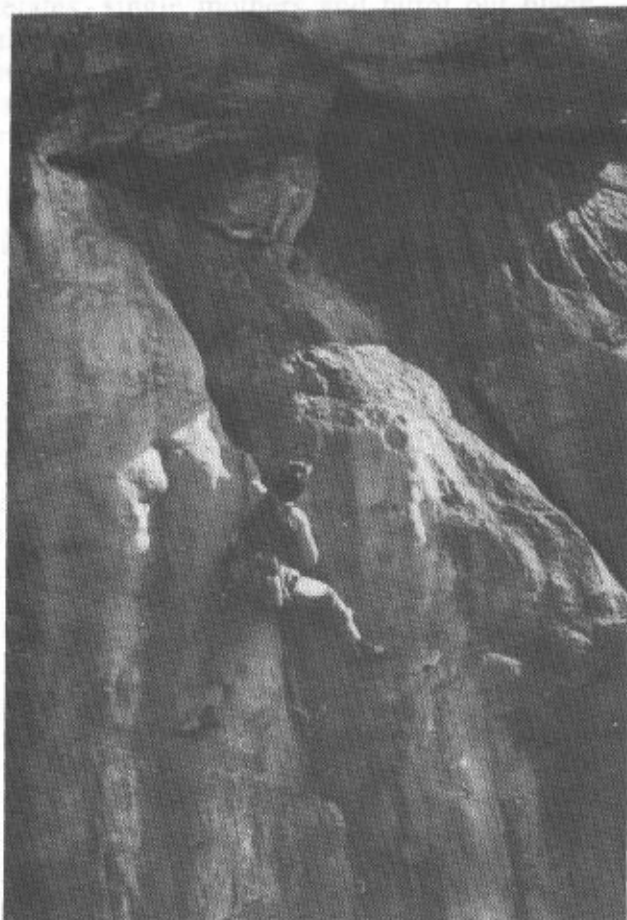
The true **climbers** ascend towards the light by various clinging methods. Some employ **pitons**, as in the case with some of the **French** and **Italians**, while others **place bolts on top rope**. A considerable number climb by means of **hangdogging**, developed by the **hard boys** either separately on their own, or else by **reading Mountain**. But the majority simply ascend by means of **their fingers and toes** which twine around the **rock**. This is the method adopted by the common climbing **junkies**, and is a feature that marks all of the **climbers** of this large family **Rockjockiaceae**. It is an interesting fact that in the Northern Hemisphere all **climbers** **jam** their **hands** anti-clockwise, while the same **people** climbing in the Southern Hemisphere **jam** clockwise. There is no exception. What child has not carefully unwound a climbing **jam** and tried to make it go another way? Well, next time **jam** the tips the other way round, and see what happens. Of course you will not be able to change what you have done, but all fresh growth will at once revert to an **ugly minced mess**.

Then there are the **people** classed as **climbers** that are merely **ramblers**. These are content to **sprawl** over the ground if space allows and there is plenty of sun for them to enjoy; but more often they take advantage of adjacent **swimming pools**, and their soft **flesh**, searching for more light and sun, **tans** through the **afternoon** until they find the freedom they enjoy. Amongst such are the **Francis** of **Noarlunga**, with their showy **tans** of scarlet, violet or near-black, and **muscles rippling** their glory in any nearby **pub**. Often such **ramblers** prefer a cool root-run for the **day** instead, while the **wife** and **kids** revel in full sun. This is true of our lovely **Paul**, particularly when he's required to **lead**. **Paul**, a keen **climber**, determined to succeed **on a new route** after numerous failures, found a method that overcame both unsuitable **rock** and an unsuitable climate. He succeeded after he dug a dozen holes about **3m** inside the walls of the **cliff**, **ending the climb** in near darkness **after an epic**. From such a position of even coolness **Paul** emerged out of the **many** sent out into the light to transform the **climbing scene** of his home with prolonged displays.

Next are those low-graders or **bumblies** that obviously need some other support. In the Northern Hemisphere many of them are listed in nursery catalogues under the heading of climbing **infants**. They are doubtless very attractive when **training on** walls or allowed to **traverse around toilets**. Included in this section are various suitable **novices** or **scouts**, **incompetants**, **glamour kids**, **dangerous types** and others. Because such **people** are not generally treated in other countries as trained **mountaineers** or **big wall climbers**, they have been omitted from this text.

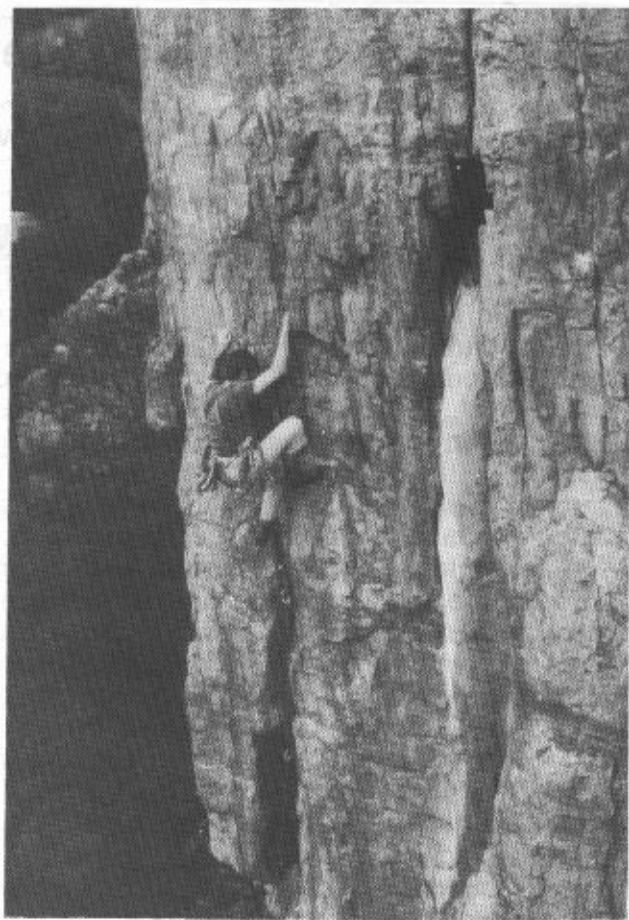
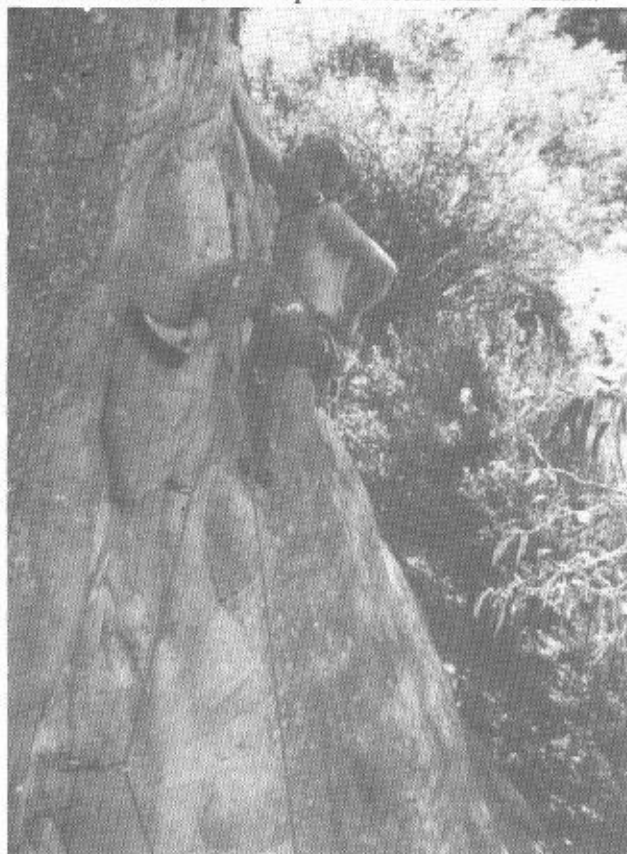






Dale Arnott demonstrating her jamming prowess on the slick middle section of Gilt Edged, 18, Mt Arapiles. Photo: Tony Barker.

Fed up with long term study Paul Gray took to climbing virtually full time at the end of 1987 with impressive results. He is seen here engaged with the crux of In Lemon Butter, 22, Mt Arapiles. Photo: Mark Witham.



Tony Barker cruising the sustained Arapilesian test piece, Christian Crack, 20. Photo: Tony Barker collection.

"Rising star" Stuart Williams, complete with headband and Ninja's (optional fashion gear), at play on Snow BLind, 23, Mt Arapiles. Photo: Nick Neagle.



# Behind the Iron Triangle

by Dave Wagland

The cycle of life could easily begin and end in Whyalla. Bundy on; fresh from the womb, and an infant's eyes focus on the steelworks with its cranes, chimneys and puffs of steam, whilst through the dust, the letters B H P are made out. A, B, C and Sesame Street may come later. Driven out from home the baby is lurched around in the back of dad's car as it skids through roundabouts the size of football fields, into Westlands Shopping Centre car park. Strapped into a pram, he is then pushed into an air-conditioned world of bright fluorescent lights, advertisements and cash registers. Head high shopping trolleys weave through aisles of frozen food specials and past magazine stands displaying 'New Idea' and 'TV Week'.

But geography is only an ingredient of reality. Some humans are able to make the most of an otherwise bleak environment by utilising external and internal resources. After all, the Iron Triangle is blessed with the sparkling blue Gulf waters. To the south there is an ocean and to the north there are the Flinders Ranges. However, for most of Whyalla's inhabitants the atmosphere is akin to a black hole. Social gravity consumes even the hardest locals.

Rock climbing in the hinterland of Whyalla was first recognised in 1967/68 by a fellow called Gordon Oates. He found a popular picnic area in the midst of the four hundred square kilometres of 'Roopena' sheep station to be overshadowed by a ten to twenty metre high sandstone cliff. Red Rock, as it is known, forms the nose of an inconspicuous ridge, and is located on the Eyre Peninsular between Port Augusta and Whyalla. In the company of Peter McGee and various Y.M.C.A. boys, Oates named and listed about twenty three routes on the cliff, although some ascents are thought to be dubious claims. One such route, 'Flibbertigibbet' by Kim Carrigan in 1986 involves a sort of upside down rotation on a diagonal finger crack and was graded 23. Typical of the Oates era, large painted initials were left all over the base of the cliff, some possibly symbolising top-roped ascents or dreams. Further exploration by Oates located a conglomerate escarpment behind Corruna Station near Iron Knob, but luring belayers to this poor rock was difficult.

Meanwhile back in Whyalla, juveniles barely out of the larval stage play with boredom on skateboards on suburban driveways before retiring to hours of gun-toting American videos. Adolescence, acne and the departure of innocence and health. A pot belly is already

developing under a black t-shirt. Iron maidens in the Iron Triangle wear skin tight blue jeans and chew gum with mouths wide open.

Several years after the Oates era, a young wild-eyed Colin Reece made several visits to Red Rock from Adelaide. In 1976 he climbed the classic 'Victorians Crack'; a thin, direct, no nonsense 17 crack on the far right end of the crag. 'Ghastly Rabbitfoot' (18) was another Reece product, with a bold crazed streak, as it crosses the poorly protected flakey wall just left of 'VC'. Other Reece routes in that year included a few well protected crack routes in the grade 15 to 18 range, culminating in the impressive 'Faux Pas' (18). This latter route originally had some aid(s) that Colin freed the following year. It follows a line up a roofed corner, with a delicate traverse and scanty protection.

The mid teens in the Iron Triangle mean driver's licences and under age drinking. Black t-shirts are soon worn beneath flannelette shirts; elbows draped out of panel van windows with Bon Jovi blasting out from the tape deck. Soft options include paranoia, computer games and Kylie Minogue. After a few laps of Darling Terrace, it might be off to the pub, to drink and to abuse teachers and rock bands. At the same moment a denim clad youth sprints away from behind the Pizzeria, after being caught trying to break into a car. Several blocks away, a Molotov Cocktail is thrown into a policeman's home.

In 1977 Colin Reece returned to Red Rock in the company of Eddie Ozols, Ajax Greene and a variety of other seconds. Colin soloed a few routes that year along with Ajax, who put up 'The Big A' (17). This route has an overhanging bouldery start followed by a rambling wall. 'Cretin' (20) appeared mid year as a contrived finish to 'Poltroon' (14), tackling a roof through the thin top prow of the cliff. It's apparently a long-sleeved shirt climb due to the struggle converting from upside down to horizontal. In late 1979 the Mark Barnett and Gary Scott team arrived on the scene during a frenzy of new routes across South Australia. Apart from a few variant type routes, and 'Indigenous' (15), the highlight was a 'death lead' by Barnett on 'Zanzibar' (20); a short undercut arete that tests the balance out.

The wild years pass, and a few squirm into apprenticeships, labouring jobs and retail positions. The Big Australian announces further cost cutting measures, and the Department of Social Security is left bustling with despondent



literate, single mothers and burnt out black t-shirt illiterates. Families fuse; heat waves; unemployment and hopelessness severs links. Fission, chain reactions of break ups spread through the streets. But the cycle has minor reversals. Romance is sought after at the Whyalla Workers Club, 'Grab-a-Grannies' night and similar theme cabarets. Love is an intangible word for some, perhaps a video-induced illusion super-imposed with lust.

The 1980's signalled higher standards of free climbing at Red Rock, commonly with bolt protection. Colin Reece returned to Red Rock in 1983 and established 'Statagem' (22) - a searing diagonal undercling flake through overhung territory. 1984 to 1987 were busy years as resident teachers David Brayshaw and Peter Beavis, along with BHP engineer Steve Hobson, further developed the crag as well as a smaller top-rope practice area just north of town in the Wild Dog Hills. 'Charlie Goes Surfing' (23) is a three star gem created by Brayshaw. This tricky and strenuous overhang is a definite crowd pleaser. Whilst placing a bolt a bit off route on a nearby climb Brayshaw conceived a line of holds leading directly up to that point. The result, a pleasant consumer face route called 'Drunken Otter' (21), that requires a stretchy reach at the crux.

The Brayshaw, Beavis, Hobson trio also re-established a questionable Oates route, 'W' (22). Due to the proximity of a large ledge just below a difficult roof, this route has only been top-roped and is generally lunged or dynoed. 'Caught in Slips' (23) was boldly led. 'Flibbertigibbet' (23), previously described, also fell, although typical of Red Rock the easier looking upper wall was deceptive, and required a bolt. 'Twilight Sailing' (24) was another Carrigan contribution, being a thin low angled wall with three bolts just left of 'Victorians Crack'.

Steve Hobson produced a limited edition photo-copied guidelet to the crag shortly afterwards, with the introductory comments describing "the working class infested towns of Port Augusta and ....Whyalla".

This despairing attitude of other climber residents gradually became cancerous. The sullen, blank and tepid faces of Whyalla residents dragging their feet along the pavement during a BIIP 'happy day', or holiday time at the supermarket, further encouraged escape to greener pastures. Many school teachers refer to Whyalla as the 'Siberia' of South Australia. In 1987 Red Rock's limited size and potential was reflected in a wane of interest from the 'trio'. Dave Winnell, a music teacher, arrived that year and was introduced to climbing via an apparently debauched erotic finger board training session. It seemed Red Rock was becoming more of a training site as other interests crept in and destinations such as



Moonarie and Buckaringa showed more appeal. Later that year the 'trio' gradually drifted away, leaving Dave Winnell residually enriched in their knowledge of an obscure pastime in a remote area.

Middle aged obese workers sit at home drinking beer and listening to the shift report on 5AU. At 4pm, down tools time, there is a mass exodus of cars and motorbikes leaving the steelworks in a cloud of oil smoke along 'The Mad Mile'. A new shift starts, and a forty-eight year old man joins the production line again, so familiar after thirty-two years. Entropy rules his workbench and body, as functions collapse, become blocked and disordered. Sensory synapses become shortened and corrosion sets in on the exterior and the corrugated iron roof. Iron in the blood.

I have become involved with the Dreamtime during recent contract jobs in the Iron Triangle in late 1987 and early 1988. My first trip to Red Rock was with Peter Beavis. During the drive out along the corrugated gravel road, we gazed at the sheep nibbling on tufts of dried grass scattered amongst light green ground shrubs. The undulating desolate landscape gave no indication of any looming cliff.



On arrival the crag looked compact and impressive, often overhung, with all sorts of futuristic seams and roof-capped dihedrals. I appreciated the right-angled aspect of the walls which produces a distinct sunny and shady side. We led, then top-roped a variety of climbs in the fading light as peregrine falcons flew in hostile arcs and eagles glided down in the collapsing thermals. Driving out with eyes squinting into the setting sun, we observed large numbers of 'roos hopping towards the water troughs. The owners of the property, the Nicholsons, proudly claim their property isn't really marginal with a little over 200mm of generally reliable rain per year, but despite good water bores it requires 45 acres to feed a single sheep. (Their stocking rate is actually 6 hectares per sheep, and with small flocks using independent watering points the Nicholsons have managed to maintain their flock sizes - even during droughts - with little effect on the carrying capacity of the land. Something few other stations can boast. - Ed.)

More recent trips to Red Rock have resulted in a few late edition routes. Shortly before Peter

Beavis' departure he top-roped a new grade 20 variant start to 'Poltroon'. Later, I became obsessed with an overhanging seam just right of 'Caught in Slips'. Grossly under-estimating the difficulty to be around 25/26, I proceeded to whack in seven bolts from abseil and aid. The ensuing free ascent attempts left me aghast over polished rounded holds and far away layaways. Finally determined to complete the route, I aided, rested and thrashed up in a style a non-climbing friend observed and described as "inorganic". The result - 'Birdsville' (20M1) - mixed fun and aid.

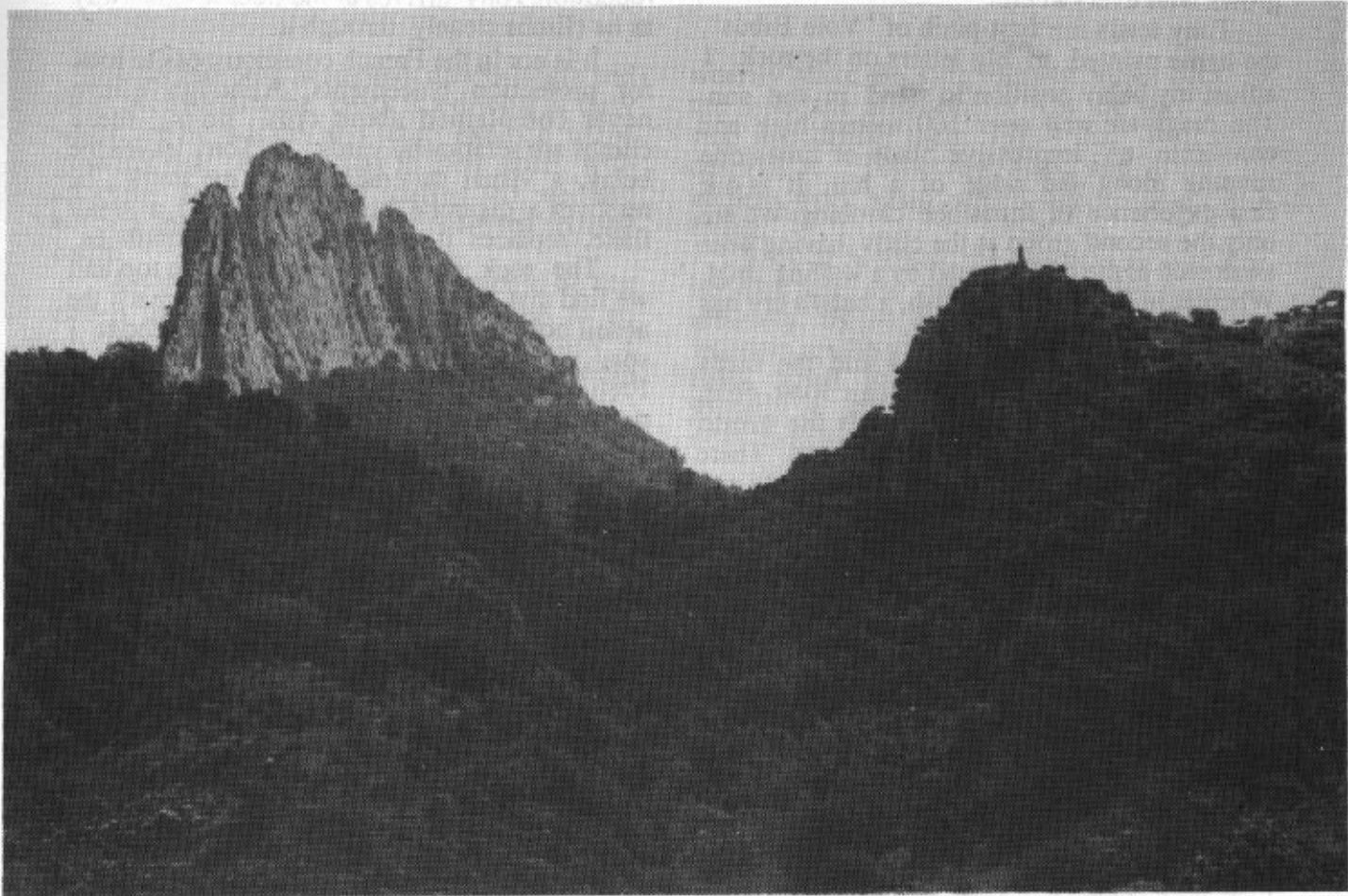
A week later I added a much easier free climb with Dave Winnell, that follows the left edge of the blank North Wall. Two bolts supplement the sparse natural protection on this slightly contrived seam and arete problem. That day ants swarmed all over the rock. At a similar time, back in the BHP Single Mens Quarters in Whyalla, where I stayed, a large elderly man collapsed and died alone in the pantry. Somehow the cycle seemed complete. The name 'Edge of Extinction' (21) was coined. Bundy off:



Paul Gray suspended beneath the overhang of the, as yet, unrepeatable Blade Runner, 23, Onkaparinga Gorge. Photo: Mark Witham.

## Lecon Un, Exercise Un

by Richard Harvey



Les Roches de Saint-Julien a Buis les Baronnies. Photo: Richard Harvey.

We head south away from cold Chamonix toward Buis les Baronnies, in Provence. Superb countryside progressively becomes more arid and extremely varied in colour and formations. Limestone crags and outcrops protrude from slopes slashed by black silt-like earth. The villages become provincial. Clay tiled rooves, typical of the south, support the growth of lichen of many colours. Brightly coloured shutters continually surprise. Amid pastel cream, grey and pale buildings, shutters appear perhaps pink, green - almost fluorescent green; one time pink and green together.

The village of Buis (buis means boxwood) has a core of close houses and shops broken by cool narrow alleyways that rarely see the sun, but hide delights in their boulangeries and patisseries. Old Toms with docked tails reminisce on doorsteps. It's best seen from the top of the crags which wall the southern skyline - the central village a hard knot of tiled rooves - the lichen blending to a sort of yellow/brown at distance. Then the density of houses decreases and they spread radially along major roads

and the river.

This arid climate is nostalgic. On the way to the crags we drive through olive groves. Signs indicate "les produits de la ferme" - olives, goat cheese. The provincial life is unspoiled.

The walkup to the crags is hard - steep, limestone chip scree, slippery when wet and with a heavy pack. I missed the path but stupidly floundered on. Once up, the nostalgia flood continues. There are lizards, cautious but inquisitive, darting across vertical rock. Like myself, their lowest common denominator is sunshine. And flies! Never were they more welcome. They do not stick as they do in Australia, but are just there, contributing to the ambience. The sounds of other insects too. And the plants are aromatic. The hills outside Strasbourg are beautiful and their sounds, or lack of them, special also, but the flora has little smell. Perhaps rank decomposing leaves if disturbed, or pungent cowshit that has fallen from a farmers cart - but the air is mostly cold and the living plants odourless.



Here, a third sense is active. The grasses smell strong - sometimes oily, sometimes volatile - again in certain harmony. Lavender grows wild everywhere.

Tony leads the first pitch of "Voie Bibus", the name painted in big letters on the rock. I adjust my belay position to stand in the sun. The crags are well over 100 meters high and constitute an impressive blade of limestone running along the ridge of a hill. It is our first experience of limestone climbing. We are only the second group at the cliffs, having been awakened at the campground by a wailing child. Whether in French or English, a baby's cry has the same toxic effect.

The place feels deserted and the faces ominous. A jug-haul here can look cold, blank, desperate. I head towards the grotto where Tony is belaying - nervous, tense. There is no Madonna to greet me. My unfit state and the unfamiliar texture communicate to me through throbbing forearms - my breath is not in rhythm with my blood. I gasp at a bent bolt.

The grotto is reached and I head out onto the face. The small holds cause an illusion of steepness. The flakes are hard and reliable - my fingers are not. There are small pockets - "goutes d'eau" - drops of water. Bubbles in the primordial soup. They sometimes occur in concentrated patches, giving the impression of climbing through limestone emmentalla, but they accommodate only one or two fingers. If closely packed, you can put a finger in each. It is obvious how barefoot climbing must have evolved here.

I rock myself to a stance, bending a pectoral to pull on a high undercling. I thought it was the crux. I clip a pin, but the next slot bites my fingers and smiles. It chuckles behind me as I move past. The sequence blurs and is instantly forgotten. This is superb, why can't I enjoy it? The fog remains. I traverse to the bottom of a vague rounded corner. Hands high, I swap them trying to rest each. The fragile equilibrium between recovery and anaesthesia. I am oblivious to time. Two moves bring me below a tree. I hesitate, hoping to climb through it in good style. I gnarl my elbow around the trunk; the hold is compromised. I hesitate again, then grab it and swing to the ledge.

Tony begins. From my stance I watch the evolution of a haystack in the farm below. Every blade of grass is mown. The hay is raked and stacked onto a trailer by hand. At the end of the day the trailer is bulging, pregnant. All the family participate. Their pace is slow and rhythmic. A perfect cone is built around a single upright pole - each stage compressed by body weight. The result is perfectly sculptural - a focus. Something about this peasant life

haunts me. I fear it is just nostalgia, but know that it is something more fundamental. I know that I climb partly for its rhythm and repetition. Tony arrives at the tree. I look away as he climbs cleanly through it.

It is not in the French consciousness to look for protection placements. Although I have never complained about crux bolts, these climbs are scrapmetal yards. As Tony leaves the belay, a visual statement makes me smirk: he removes a cigarette butt from behind a small flake, replaces it with a nut, then continues.

The rock deteriorates towards the top and we find that we must downclimb it to reach the abseil bolt. Before leaving the belay ledge I spar with some French climbers in pidgin French/English. They were absolutely delighted that we were Australian and not British. "Kim Carrigan," was fired at me with a confident glance. As I stepped into space I asked if they thought he was a beautiful climber.

"Good.....mais...."

"Good, but not as good as Patrick?" I prompted. "Oui, oui".



Nyrie Dodd moving thoughtfully up the testing Sporting Life, 19, Weatbix Wall, Myponga. Photo: Mark Witham.

## THE WEEKEND

by Adam Cooper

Sunday morning in summer dawns bright and clear. At Morialta the creek is a dribble of dirty water, the bush is dry and set to explode in the growing heat. Rabbits stay in their holes with splitting headaches, not daring to venture beyond their cool burrows beneath the sizzling earth.

At this time, some people would be fast asleep in their beds, others geared up to go to Church, but a number of people (only a small number) are walking down the track from the Norton Summit road to the cliffs. They risk the high temperature, the lack of sleep and miss Bishop Gabriel's early morning service just to climb their bodies to exhaustion - just for the sake of a few hours of ecstasy and thrill.

But what do these band of merry folk do for a living? During the week, they slave over desks covered in a messy scrawl of letters, receipts and other business "bullshit". But the weekend finally drags itself into being, and provides a time for the climber to relax and release all his worries and cares into a void, and to experience only something climbers experience. The crag is a place where work tensions can be let off like a cork in a champagne bottle (that comes later!), and the fury and strain built up during the week is beaten off in the full physical and mental concentration required by the rock climber. Through climbing, the body and mind can relax. The climber exerts himself to the limit, and exhaustion can only be cured by rest and recreation.

And so the climbing people of Adelaide hit the cliffs in scores on warm weekends and, like ants, crowd and crawl over sheer vertical rock faces with glue-like grip until fingers unfold and the familiar cry rings out, "Oh shit!". The tough and grim battle on, until, in diffused jubilation they scramble over the lip of the cliff and reach the top. The weaker or perhaps the less competitive and intense climbers retreat with bruised and battered bodies and will wait for next weekend to test their bodies' capacities.

The end of the day draws near. The sun falls behind approaching thunder clouds, and an array of brilliant colours in a natural kaleidoscope are cast into the western sky. The climbers pack their multi-coloured rucksacks, for alas, the light is fading. With stiff limbs, sore fingers, but happy hearts, they file out, one by one up the track, back to the world of reality. In their machines, they

wearily make the long journey home, back to the mundane atmosphere. On the way many stop and drink their fill - and well they deserve it. Tomorrow starts the grind of endless work again, which some people call a living.

Back at Morialta, the darkness grows. The hot rock faces are simmering still but deeper in the gully, by the creek it is cooler. A breeze wanders up the valley, rabbits poke their noses from holes to sniff the air and frolic about joyfully in the cool night. All is quiet, until next weekend.....



Working out at Norton Summit. Adam Cooper on the cave traverse. Photo: Adam Cooper collection.



# THE ART OF FALLING .....GRACEFULLY

by Nick Neagle

Now let's get this straight right from the start. I don't fall regularly and don't recommend it. Sure, there's a little glamour in relating gripping - though often embellished - tales of pluck and plummets, but that all consuming, bowel-wrenching terror immediately prior to losing contact with the rock ranks with the worst emotion I've felt.

It began, for me, on a wet weekend on that long suffering mount - Arapiles. It was on perhaps THE most obscure route on the cliff - "Mudeye". Never heard of it? It makes "G String" look like a classic. My hazy memory of that momentous event brings to mind something about an undercling/layback up a very steep flake when, a monumental 6" above a runner, my friction boots skidded off (they don't always work you know!). It was a truly wonderful experience. I felt as though I'd just gained entry to a very elite society. I now had a story to tell at the pub. I'd cheated certain death. I'd fallen a foot and lived!

My next tumble followed soon after. Inflated by other successes I ventured onto "The Prince" at Moonarie. Apparently some out of touch first ascensionist thought it to be 16. You'll find easier 18's on your travels. Too pumped to either "bustle up the edge" or downclimb, and no protection to grab, I took the only option left - and jumped. There was time enough for thinking, "I should've stopped by now", before the rope did its restraining job. "The Prince" had claimed another, and Quentin's half smile revealed much. How had I missed it before?

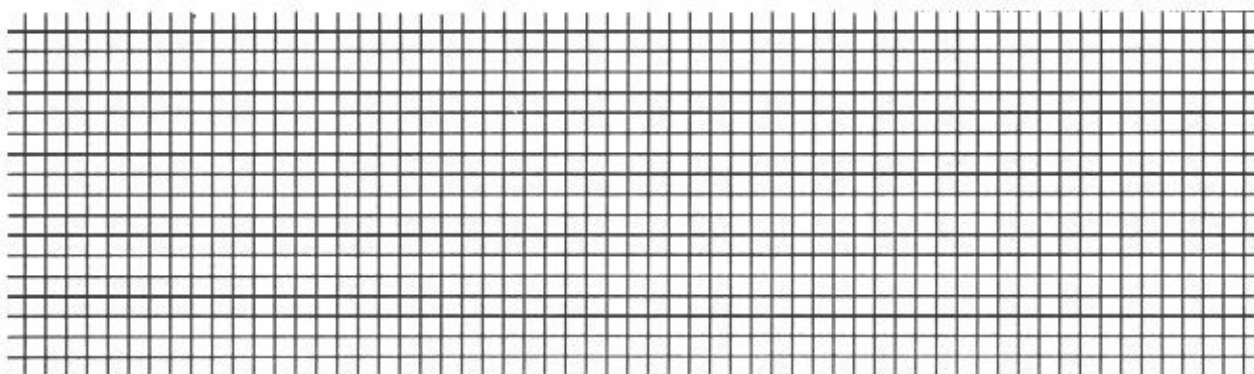
Feeling fully initiated into the falling fraternity - and again egged on by the cagey Mr Chester - Richard and I decided it was time we entered the new route business. From the belay cave atop the main pitch of "Outside Chance" I stepped out and up. There was pro, there were holds. It seemed OK. Then, inexplicably, I was hanging by my left arm only. My right still clutched rock, though without warning, it'd snapped off the cliff, leaving me dangling, my confused brain desperately trying to assimilate what had happened. The left arm packed it in first and I plopped back level with Richard, who hauled me back into the belay cave.

I was starting to get the hang of it now. While actually in the air, and immediately after the tumble as you re-oriented yourself, were carefree times. Either you were enjoying the sensation of plummeting (with your concept of time stretched to include the single beat of a fly's wing), or you were suspended on the end of your line marvelling at how ropes don't really break, knots you tie stay fastened, protection doesn't always rip and various other cosmic revelations. Enlightenment was mine.

Ah, how quickly new found confidence is demolished. "The Ferrets are Coming", yet another Arapiles classic(!), saw to that. Having just ticked "Morfydd" I saw no reason to fear the short, pleasant looking line of "Ferrets". After much effort and two falls I finally made THE move and foolishly blurted out, "Looks like it's all over now". It very nearly was! This comment only prompted my top runner to leap out of its allocated position. This, in turn, sent my legs into paroxysms of shaking and opened the floodgates in my hands. Thoughts of another punter's fate just around the corner on "Marmot's Wall" bludgeoned their way through my consciousness and weren't to be ignored. In short, dear reader, this little black duck thought he'd clicked his last carabiner, frigged his last 15; dipped his last sweaty digit in life's chalk bag. My number was up. But it wasn't really, of course. Colin calmly talked me back down to a position of safety, from which I could be lowered in a quivering heap of jelly. The next day I picked wildflowers.

To these early gravitational encounters I've added quite a few more without ever becoming remotely accustomed to the sensation. There is always those who will tell you you're not climbing at your limit until you fall. Maybe so. Without doubt this makes pushing the grades exciting. At the very least it keeps the adrenal glands in top production.

So if you feel the need, then by all means take a few dives. Get the feeling. But beware addiction - it's often terminal.





## NEW ROUTES

As can be witnessed by the size of this section of BOLFA new route activity in the Hills of late has been higher than for many a year. In order to maintain an up to date register of new developments - both for BOLFA and any future guidebooks (e.g. Buckaringa and an Adelaide Hills update) could you please provide me with details of all your recent additions, either by entering them in the 'New Route' book in Mountain Designs or by sending them to me at :-

Nick Neagle  
62 McLaren St  
Adelaide SA 5000

No routes at Buckaringa Gorge have been described here due to the lack of space (here, not at the crag!). There have, however, been many new routes completed there in recent times. It is hoped that the guide to the area will be out later this year.

Myponga has not been included either, for the same reason. Paul Francis will be producing a guidelet soon to the area. This should be free to members, but a nominal cost may be charged to others.

### **ONKAPARINGA GORGE**

#### Scouts in Kingcabs 4

The shallow corner 2m L of Sauterne.  
Paul Gray (solo), 24.1.88.

#### Scotch Mist

The FFA by Nick Neagle was made before the bolt was placed, but after top rope rehearsal.

#### Help, I'm a Rock \* 19

From the bolt on Scotch Mist go straight through the roof above. Continue up the middle of the wall. Don't forget your R.P.'s and remember to keep to the middle of the top wall for the best climbing.

Peter Cooper, David Paull, 14.8.87.

Note: Several other variations to Scotch Mist have also been done but involve very little new climbing.

Gin may be 18.

#### Hard People 19

First lead ascent: Sandy Hancock, Roland Tyson, Mark Witham, 14.6.87.

#### Certain Substances \*\*\* 21

Reportedly one of the best routes in the Hills. Begin by climbing the short, sharp arete beside Sandpiper. This leads to the steep wall R of Hard People which is climbed via well spaced holds.

Paul Gray, Mark Witham, 10.87.

#### Baby Cham 13

A little fizzer. Easily to the roofline midway between Ethanol and Red Mountain. Step up onto the red and black wall and climb the short, shallow corner which marks the boundary of the mottled rock with the moss. Now follow the mossy arete to the top.

Nick Neagle, Paul Gray, 19.11.87.

#### A Different Drummer 20

Unashamedly contrived! Just R of Warm Beer is a smooth V-groove capped by a roof. Bridge up and over this. (The ledge on the R is strictly out of bounds!) Now straight up via the two short aretes.

Nick Neagle, Paul Gray, 19.11.87.

#### Dork Walk \* 15

A bit contrived, but nice. Start just R of Moselle. Up to, and straight through, the overhang. Now climb the wall and arete above, staying out of the corner.

Paul Francis, Alan McCulloch, Mark Witham, 10.87.

#### Riesling 16

FFA : Paul Francis, Mark Witham, 2.87.

#### D.T. 21

Good, thin climbing, but the rock is still a little worrying. Where G on V goes R climb directly to make a difficult move out of the corner and up onto the ledge.

Paul Gray, Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 19.11.87.

#### Gerbils on Vacation 16

Previously top roped as Delerium Tremens, it is essentially a piker's variant to D.T. The loose blocks can apparently be overcome with care and accommodate good protection. This steep and strenuous route follows the diagonal crack 2m R of Titties and Beer to where it relents to easy, but mossy, ground.

First lead ascent: Roland "Rat" Tyson, Sandy Hancock, Mark Witham, 14.6.87.

#### Bundy 15/16

A one move wonder. Starts about 3m R of Urea Diluted. Gain the wall R of U.D.'s crack, then balance R to the arete and up.

Paul Francis, Paul Gray, Mark Witham, 11.87.

#### Lime Spiders 15

Beware the cobwebs. The discontinuous arete system L of Shiraz. Scramble up to the base of the arete, then pull into the short corner on its L. Step out onto the arete proper at the spidery block and move delicately past this. Scramble to the continuation of the arete where a bit of a heave brings easier ground.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 29.11.87.

### Two Pints of Lager and a Packet of Crisps Please \* 18

The route can be done in less time than it takes to recite the name! Very worthwhile all the same. Climb the wall and arete R of Shiraz. Tackle the roof on the arete.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 29.11.87.

### LH Variant \* TR 22/23

The frantic crackline directly over the roof above the undercling. Originally tried by Mark Witham, but completed first by Tony Barker.

Note: Nyrie's book describes Southwark (9) as being on the arete R of Shiraz. This must be incorrect, but its exact whereabouts are unknown. Similarly, Pernod is located 6m R of Cabernet, but the description supplied does not fit with any features to be found there!

### Closet Drinker 12

The line up the centre of the face L of Grot. Dirty to start, dirty to finish, but the middle is nice!

Paul Francis, Mark Witham, Grant Tode, 11.86.

### Velcro Merkin 12

The well cleaned pink strip L of Lust in the Dust.

Mark Witham, Paul Francis, Paul Gray, 11.87.

### Lust in the Dust 18

The removal of a layer of moss revealed a layer of dust. This route will definitely improve with traffic. Begin 3m L of Leave it to Beavis and climb to the tree at the first overlap. Over the roof and onto the short arete on the R. Balance up this onto the slab above which terminates at another roof. Pull directly over this with an energetic swing or, alternatively, teeter up the stacked blocks on the R (slightly easier but not recommended). Finish easily above.

Nick Neagle, Damian Barrett, 12.11.87.

### Leave it to Beavis \* 21

In the same vein as Gorbit and Stretch for Short (i.e. the roof in the middle is the crux), only nicer. Begin at the nose L of Dubonnet's initial corner and climb easily up L of this to beneath the double overlap. These bulges, though well protected, now prove rather troublesome. Finish up the corner above. A 50m rope enables a belay to be taken at the multi-stemmed tree back in the paddock.

Nick Neagle, Mark Witham, 29.8.87.

### Gorbit 21

The rest at the roof was eliminated on the 2nd ascent.

FFA: Nick Neagle, 9.86.

## Bonkers at Le Onkas

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### Stretch For Short \* 21

.....but not for long. The grade is an average. For the 5'10"+ brigade it's considerably easier. If you are much under this, well look, there are plenty of other routes around! Anyway, it's the next breach in the roof R of Gorbit. Lurch over this, then more easily up the wall. 2 bolts protect the final bulge.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 21.3.87.

(Mark Witham had placed the bolts and 2 dangerously superfluous "fixed" wires at the roof during earlier attempts.)

Toward the R hand end of the cliff is a long roofline (Gorbit is at the L end of this). Below this is a large cleaned ledge 4-5 metres above the track, called the Beer Garden. The next routes begin off this.

### Night Flight \* 20/21

When the first bolt proved too small a late afternoon dash back to town was needed to acquire another. Only then, and as the sun sank below the rim of the gorge, could this gem be completed. From the L end of the Beer Garden breach the initial overhangs 2m R of Stretch For Short at the bolt. The top wall, though somewhat easier, is still rather balancy.

Nick Neagle, 5.12.87.

### Beer Tricks 12

The roof is narrowest at the L end of the Beer Garden. Cross it here on good holds and continue up a series of slabs and ledges to the top.

Robert Moog, Mark Witham, 23.11.86.



#### Rambo \* 21

A metre R of BT is a double roof with a distinctive "V" at the lip of the second roof. From a good jug on the first lip, undercling the second roof and move up through the "V" (crux, with groundfall possibility). Continue up the ramp and a series of short slabs and ledges, moving R to the top.  
Robert Moog, 30.11.86.

#### Namby Pamby \* 21

The more obvious line. Start just R of Rambo behind a small tree and below a prominent blade. Move up from here and continue in the brushed line.  
Mark Witham, Paul Gray, 24.1.88.

#### Blade Runner \* 23

L of PG is a L tending crack through the large roof. Up the crack, pull over the lip (sounds easy), and on to good finger locks below the prominent blade. Step onto the blade and continue up easy ground to the top.  
Dave Atkins, 10.5.87.

#### Animal Noises \*\* 21

Another good recent addition. Immediately L of Physical Graffiti. Gain the ledge easily, then steeply past a bolt to a dicey mantel. Now straight up the difficult slab, steep red wall and troublesome final bulge.  
Mark Witham, Paul Gray, 24.1.88.

#### Physical Graffiti \* 18

Start off the track and climb the centre of the slab to a ledge. Over the roof to a stance and on up the nice red wall.  
Mark Witham, Robert Moog, 3.1.87.

#### Cocktail Party \* 13

One of the best routes at this level in the Gorge. It takes the groove system several metres around R of Physical Graffiti with the dramatic finale.  
Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 2.12.87.

#### Partners in Grime 20

Much cleaning and many drill bits were required to produce this. Climb the wall R of Cocktail Party to reach easy ledges. The wall above provides the interest and is ably protected with a bolt. Finish easily.  
Paul Francis, Mark Witham, 13.3.88.

Further R there are two short black slabs at the base of the cliff-the Alcove.

#### The Six O'Clock Rush 15

Mossy, but could clean up with traffic to offer a reasonable outing. Begin in the first little, clean corner (or just L) of the Alcove. Up to ledges L of the two saplings, then the wall above breaking the the overlap at the weakness. Finish up R.  
Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 12.3.87.

#### Tap Dancing 19

The crux of this is extremely contrived, but worthwhile as a bouldering exercise. Tighten your blinkers, then tiptoe up the middle of the first little black slab (the corner and the arete are out of bounds!). Continue up between the trees to a ledge and final corner.  
Mark Witham, Jeff Smith, 13.1.87.



### The Cones of Silence 19

The corner immediately R of TD goes easily to the bulge. Reach high here for a good jug and runner, then scurry up to the ledge. Finish in the crack above.

Mark Witham, Nick Neagle, 22.1.87.

### Sorry About That Chief 17

The second, and larger, of the two parallel black slabs, and immediately L of a prominent roof. Climb the middle of the slab. From the top traverse L 2m before crossing the bulge on big holds (careful of the rock just here). Continue to the next roof but avoid this by moving R.

Mark Witham, Jeff Smith, Robert Moog, 6.1.87.

### Get Smart \* TR20

Boulder diagonally up R under the roof R of SATC to easy ground.

Mark Witham, 13.1.87.



Paul Francis beginning the second ascent of The Hindley Hustle, 19, Norton Summit. Photo: Nick Neagle.

### Claytons 8

Okay, but not too stimulating. A few metres R of Get Smart a small tree grows right from the base of the rock. Begin beside this and amble straight up to the jam crack at the top.

Nick Neagle, (solo) 3.12.87.

The following climbs are located on the slabs at the R end of the Top Cliff.

Bounding the L side of these slabs is a large vegetated corner.

### Noisy Neighbours 14/15

Start at the L side of the groove 2.5m R of this.

Move L, then straight up the steepening slabs.

Paul Francis, Mark Witham, 7.3.87.

### Living on Borrowed Slime 15/16

2m R of the groove R of NN climb the slab to a gum tree. Move L here and up a black slab to a series of overlaps. Traverse L, then up the black slabs to join NN at a narrow ledge below the last steep slab.

Mark Witham, Paul Francis, 7.3.87.

### Quokka Lust 8

Climb the slabs 1.5m R of LOBS to the roof. Straight over this and on to the top.

Mark Witham, Paul Francis, 7.3.87.

## WATERLOO WALL

### Ghost Riders In the Sky \*\*\* 21

A fine climb with a bit of everything - bridging, jamming, traversing, laybacking, a face climbing crux with a bolt AND loose rock. It is the free lead version of the old toprope route Gostroket. Begin by rappelling to the ledges just above the water line around R of Waterloo's corner crux. Belay off the rap rope. Traverse L around the arete into the corner (as for Gostrich). Climb this to the dicky mantle up L. Now step R and jam the widening crack to a sit down rest atop the pedestal. From here, a short traverse L gains the bottom of the flake. Layback quickly to the top of this where a bolt awaits. (Lose points for a rest in Gostrich!) Skip up past the bolt and out to the arete, from where the top is easily attained.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 15.4.87.

About 50m upstream from Waterloo Wall is a reasonable sized buttress projecting out of the southern bank. Here lies....

### The Blitz \* 19

The brave belayer dodged a steady bombardment during the first ascent. Much cleaner now, but still be wary. It deserves 2 stars but for the rock. Climb directly to the

L-facing corner capped by a roof at 8m. Make an exciting swing R around onto the front of the buttress and pull up to a ledge. Take the crack to the next ledge. Leave this via delicate moves onto the top wall. Beware of some loose rock right at the top. Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 24.10.87.

### *SPIDER SLAB AREA*

This cliff is at the upstream end of the Red Cliff.

#### The Fool Prances 5

The shallow corner 1m L of QD.  
Mark Witham, (solo) 18.5.87.

#### Quokka Desire 12

Start just R of the black streak and climb directly to a mantle and roof. Step L around this and up to a stance. Now the black streak all the way.  
Mark Witham (solo), 10.5.87.

#### Slime the Casbar 18

Just R of QD. Up to a large block at the roof. Over this on the R to where balancy moves lead up a slimy crack to a slab.  
Robert Moog, Mark Witham, 18.5.87.

#### Happiness is a Warm Gun 17

Good. The start (1m L of the corner at the R end of the black slabs) is marked. Interesting layaway moves off the ground lead up and L to a roof. Easily through this via an obvious undercling, then delicately (crux) onwards.  
Mark Witham, Robert Moog, 18.5.87.

### *EMERALD POOL AREA*

Walk downstream from the Red Cliff to where a dark pool abuts the cliff.

#### Inky Stinky Traverse of the Ants 15

The upward tending hand traverse above the pool to the arete.  
Dave Atkins, (solo) 1982.

### *THE PUNCHBOWL*

#### Sun Trap \* 21

A good, though obscure, route that unfortunately fails to live up to its name. R of Nimrod's pinnacle is a short wall with a groove and thin crackline at the centre of its base. Nip up the overhanging start to the not-quite-a-rest where the angle lessens. Now hurriedly jam the crack on the R to a real rest. The short corner above goes easily to a ledge and final overhang. Top-roped : Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, Grant Tode, September 1986.  
FFA : Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, Paul Gray, 13.6.87.

## **GREEN BAY**

#### Sand Castles in the Sky 14

Formerly topoped as Pig Face.  
FFA: David Ellis, 7.2.87.

## **HINDMARSH FALLS**

### *MAFIA WALL*

.....because if you're lucky it will give you a little protection. The wall where a fall will land you in the waterhole. Word has it that bolts and a spot of gardening would improve it no end.

#### Sicily TR 16

Up the black-steaked corner and through the roof on small holds. Now follow the weakness to the slabs at the top.  
Ryan Robertson, Peter Kraehenbuehl, 11.1.87.

#### Calabria TR 17

Take the thin seam 3m R of Sicily to the large horizontal crack. Move L to the nose, then up on delicate holds just R of the weakness to a slab finish.  
Ryan Robertson, Peter Kraehenbuehl, 11.1.87.



Jeff Smith swinging sensationally through the roof of Juxtaposition, 20, Raetjen's Gap. Photo: Sue Moog.



## RAETJENS GAP

### MAIN CLIFF

#### Inadequate Grope \* 19A0

A huge effort over several weeks was required to bring this poorly protected and barely independent route to this almost free condition. Climb the L edge of the wall R of Paradigm (Syllogism appears to have lost a hold from the start rendering it much harder now) to the horizontal break. Straight up now with only marginal protection.

Damian Barrett, 1987.

### GAP ROCK

#### Uncle Ryan's Deep Soothing Banana Throaties 14

Start under the overhang on the far L side of Gap Rock. Up the wall to the roof, then jam the crack to surmount the overhang.

Peter Kraehenbuehl (who else?), Terina Manley, 18.10.87.



During a rare break from BOLFA editing we see Nick Neagle leading Blue Hawaii, 21, Mt Arapiles. Photo: Anne Veitch.

## REEDY CREEK

#### Occupational Hazard 15

FFA Dave Trehearne, Peter Kraehenbuehl, Dave Chenery, September 1986.

#### Whippersnapper \*\* 21

Short and sharp. Technical jamming in a steep crack makes this a classic of the Hills. Quite an effort for a mini route and well worth the drive. The climb is situated on the northern side of the creek below the main lookout near the car park. It is the obvious short thin crackline ending at a sloping ramp.

Toproped by Grant Tode, 1985.

1st lead ascent: Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 28.3.87.

#### Meet Me Tonight in Atlantic City 17

Almost directly opposite the "Waterfall Overlook" is a huge orange boulder with an obvious crackline up its northern (upstream) face. Start in the cave, then spin around to face the climb and jam up the crack to a positive hold between the niches. A long reach is a bonus (When isn't it?-Ed.) at the top.

Ryan Robertson, Luke Adams, 9.11.86.

#### The Gash 6

Slippery when wet - this climb is usually a waterfall. It's the unmistakeable slot in the rock L of Treebeard. Thrutch up the walls of the gash to grab the large boulder at the top for an orgasmic finish.

Peter Kraehenbuehl, Jim Roberts, Kate Murrie, 8.3.87.

#### A Girl's Best Friend 13

Originally toproped as A Waste of Money.

First lead ascent: Nick Neagle, Barry Conoley, 1980.

## KITTICOOOLA

### THE SMEAGOL SLABS

These small outcrops are the first decent cliffs upstream (several hundred metres) from Pandora's Box on the south side of the creek. A prominent landmark - a jutting outcrop with a large roof - is higher up the southern bank and a little further downstream. There are short walls on 3 levels here. On the lowest are :-

#### Rectal Offering 17 15m

After landing rear first from a bouldering spill (and suffering a bruised ego) Damian completed the route without further fuss. It takes the slender nose at the L end of the wall and, in keeping with its neighbours, has the hardest moves first.

Damian Barrett, Paul Gray, 30.8.87

### Smeagol 18 13m

Not for hobbits! The first route on the crag. It's the black water streak just in from the L arete of the main wall (a narrow gully separates this from Rectal Offering). Once over the initial bulge tip toe up the slab to belay off the tree.

Nick Neagle, Paul Gray, Paul Francis, 1.8.87.

### My Preciousss 17 13m

1.5m R of Smeagol is another unprotected bouldery crux off the deck.

Nick Neagle, Damian Barrett, 30.8.87.

### Hobbit Sense 15 13m

This follows the vague central rounded groove 1m R of My Preciousss. Again the crux is getting off the ground.

Paul Gray, Paul Francis, 30.8.87.

### No Rings 18 7m

An anti-Tolkien protest. The crack up the tiny buttress R of the slabs. A touch awkward at half height.

Damian Barrett, Nick Neagle, 30.8.87.

On the next level up, and behind the last route are :-

### Black Magic \* 18 18m

Above the slabs is a black wall, also less than vertical. Follow a thin seam past a small hanging gully on the R.

Paul Francis, Paul Gray, 30.8.87.

### Strider 16 16m

Begin immediately R of Black Magic (directly beneath the little gully). Up to the little bushes, then R to climb the L side of the black wall. Protection is only just adequate.

Nick Neagle, Damian Barrett, 30.8.87.

## CAPE WILLOUGHBY

### *LIGHTHOUSE WALL*

The area already described in the guidebook. Access is via a 35m abseil.

### Thunder Road \*\* 19

10m R of Country Music. Start just L of the large block under the overhang. Haul through the roof to a stance on the lip. Move 1m R, then take the jam crack till the wall steepens. Exit up and L.

Ryan Robertson, Glen Hordacre, 14.3.87.

### Glissading Penguins 15

Begin at the twin cracks 2m L of A Safe Place. Up these and ledges to a jam crack. Step R around the arete and up on to the sloping pavement. Now up the vague crack.

Dave Chenery, Paul Gray, 14.3.87.

### Pavement From Shanghai 13

Follow A Safe Place for 8m, then take the L tending line across the sloping footpath. Finish as for Thunder Road.

Dave Trehearne, Peter Kraehenbuehl, 14.3.87.

### A Safe Place Direct Finish 15

Instead of veering off R, jam or layback straight up the crack.

Glen Hordacre, Ryan Robertson, Dave Chenery, 14.3.87.

### Fush and Chups 15

From the niche 5m R of A Safe Place head up the crack to the wide ledge. Traverse 2m L and finish up the parallel cracks.

Paul Gray, Dave Chenery, 14.3.87.

### *UGLY DEATH WALL*

The first wall on the southern side of the cove. It got its name when "Ugly" Dave Chenery took two handholds to the deck while attempting to lead the arete.

### Boomer Beach 16

Start 10m R of the arete. Follow the sloping, flaring crack past the obvious horizontal, then take the line of least resistance to the top.

Paul Gray, Dave Trehearne, 15.3.87.

### *SCHWEPPE WALL*

The second wall on the southern side of the cove, with the huge flake at the L end.

### Terina Spa Water 5

Climb the corner made by the flake, then the shallow L facing corner to a ledge. Directly up to finish at the two big boulders.

Peter Kraehenbuehl, Ryan Robertson, 15.3.87.

### Passiona 6

The R leaning diagonal 4m R of Terina Spa Water to where it meets Solo Orange at the diamond shaped boulder, then the thin seam.

Peter Kraehenbuehl, solo 15.3.87.

### Solo Orange 7

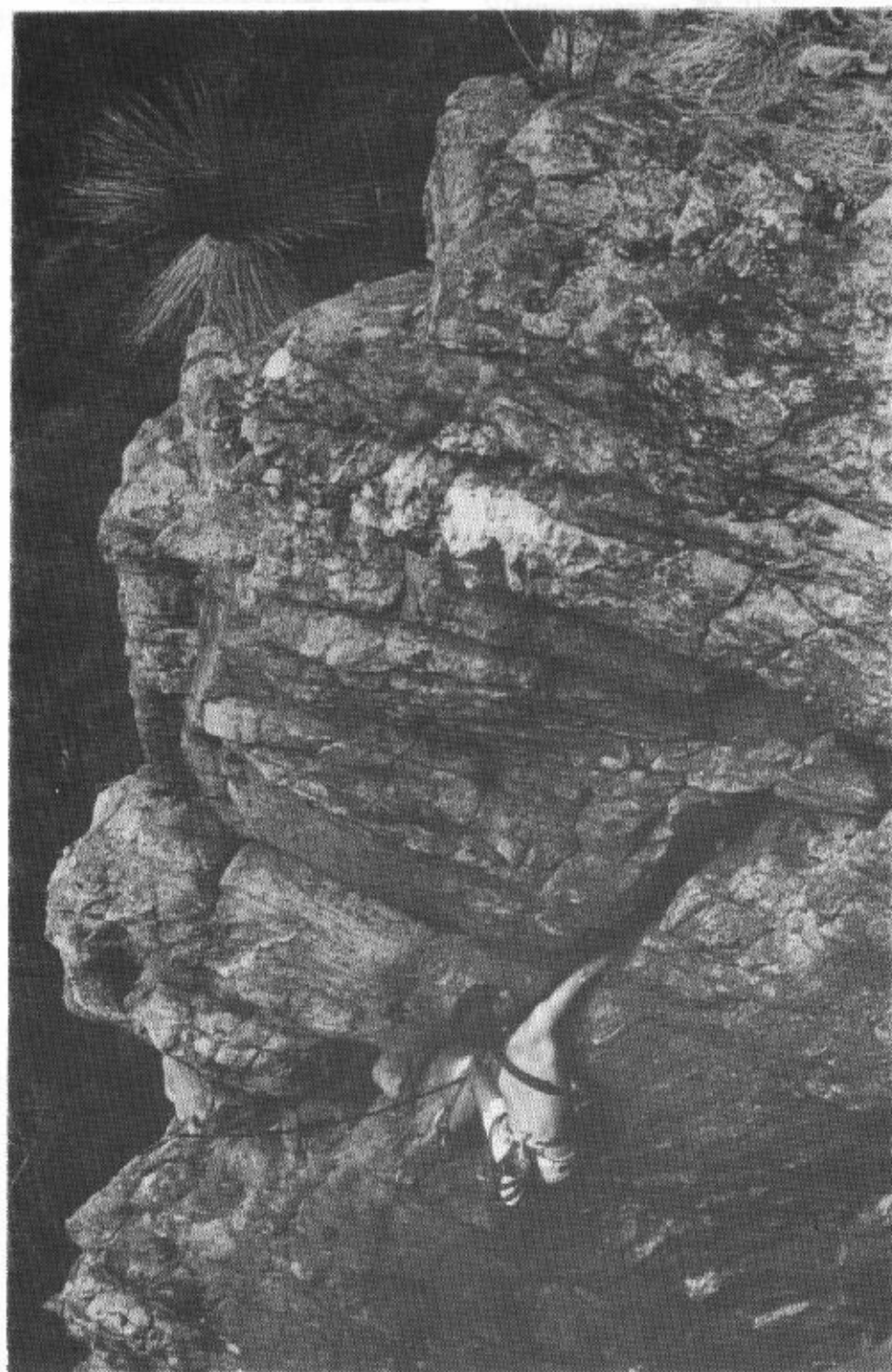
Start as for Solo Lemon but take the L line at 2m. At about 12m take the line at the L side of the blank wall, then easily (!) to the top.

Ryan Robertson, solo 14.3.87.

### Solo Lemon 8

This was the first climb put up by the "Uglies" on their 1987 K.I. trip, and the first new route on the island in 14 years (hardly worth the wait really). Start at the furthest R of the obvious lines on the wall. At 2m take the R tending diagonal and follow it up past the flake to the top.

Paul Gray, solo 14.3.87.



Tony Barker jamming the awkward wide section of  
Gorilla My Dreams, 19, The Butress, Morialta Gorge.  
Photo: Tony Barker collection.



## MONTACUTE

### Nipular Ecstasy \* 18

"A mammarable route that moves directly and sensuously over the left nipple." The face between Kindacute and Czeslaw. Up this, keeping well L of Kindacute, to the distinctive roof bisected by an R.P. sized crack. Lunge up to grab the nipple, then struggle onto the ledge. Continue easily up the wall to a larger ledge with small trees. Finish up the R wall of a shallow corner.

Mark Witham, Malcolm Hughes, 4.7.87.

## MORIALTA

### THORN BUTTRESS

#### Pussycats and Crushed Kneecaps \*\*\* 24

A major accomplishment. This frees the line of bolts and chipped holds (left over from days gone by) up the wall L of Terratheia. Clip the 1st bolt with a stick and get motoring. The climbing eases above the 3rd one.

Stuart Williams, Jarryd McCulloch, 11.2.88.

#### Get Smart 21

The centre of the small buttress R of Hyperion is more overhanging than it looks. There is a bolt for protection, however, the final move requires #0 and #1 Sliders (#0 TCU may suffice). Go gadgets!

TR: Tony Barker, 3.88.

FFA: Tony Barker, John Nitschke, 27.3.88.

#### Thorn In My Side 11

Surprisingly painless. Quite pleasant, in fact. Start behind a black boy where the track meets the cliff (3m R of Moss Wall). Straight up the initial steep wall to a good ledge. Slightly L now, to stay near the middle of the wall above. Nick Neagle, solo 13.3.87.

### FAR CRAG

#### Shewoodenduit Variant Finish \* 17

Pull over the roof to gain the ledge on the nose, then climb the wall above. Can be harder if you climb directly through the roof.

Paul Gray, Stuart Williams, mid 1987.

#### Bung Left Side 24

Despite rumours that a crucial hold had been lost from this wall it has now been led free at an easier standard. The crack on the L is used for protection ONLY.

First lead ascent: Nick Neagle, 30.5.88.

### Legato Fae 22

A smooth spiritual experience. The wall L of, and independent of, Asgard. Side runners can be arranged in Asgard (the less brave can even place a high runner in that climb). Top-roped prior to the first ascent.

Paul Gray, Tony Barker, 3.88.

### THE THRONE ROOM

#### Slugs on Jugs 11

The L side of the arete R of Picnic.

Nick Neagle, solo, 29.9.87.

#### The Black Slug 11

Nice bridging in the black corner 5m R of Carmel leads to a blocky arete.

Nick Neagle, solo, 29.9.87.

### THE BOULDER BRIDGE

#### Polish Old Boy's Route \* 22

First free lead ascent : Wally Niewiarowski, 25.10.86.

#### High Fibre 13

The crack in the wall R of Stoned Again.

Nick Neagle, solo 29.9.87.

### THE BILLIARD TABLE

#### Minnesota Fats 19

Outdoes the Hustler at its own game. A far better alternative. At the L end of the caves wrestle with the initial 2 rooves (crux) to gain a stance on a block in the middle of Malignancy's traverse. Now follow the crack up R to where it ends below the top wall. Nice moves lead onto this and an easy finish.

Nick Neagle, Andrew Peterson, 7.3.87.

#### Fast Eddie \* 19

Good climbing and a suitable rival to Minnesota Fats. The bouldery start leads to quality face climbing. Begin off the ledge 2m L of VC and HT. Lurch over the undercut start and pass the roof above at its L edge. Now climb the neat wall above, just out from the corner.

Nick Neagle, 17.10.87.

#### Gang of Four \* 20

Climb the wall and overhang R of Wee Swinger past 2 bolts to join that route at a small ledge in its top corner. Move boldly up R from here to gain a small crack at the very top. Initially top-roped by four, some controversy surrounds who actually made the first lead ascent.

(Most likely) Paul Gray, 1.88.

### Solitary 18

Thin climbing with just adequate protection. Up to a ledge about 1-2m R of Sanitarium. Now climb the arete with a bold move over onto the slab above. Straight up to the corner and follow this to the top.

Nick Neagle, Tony Barker, 21.11.87.

### Swing For the Crime 21

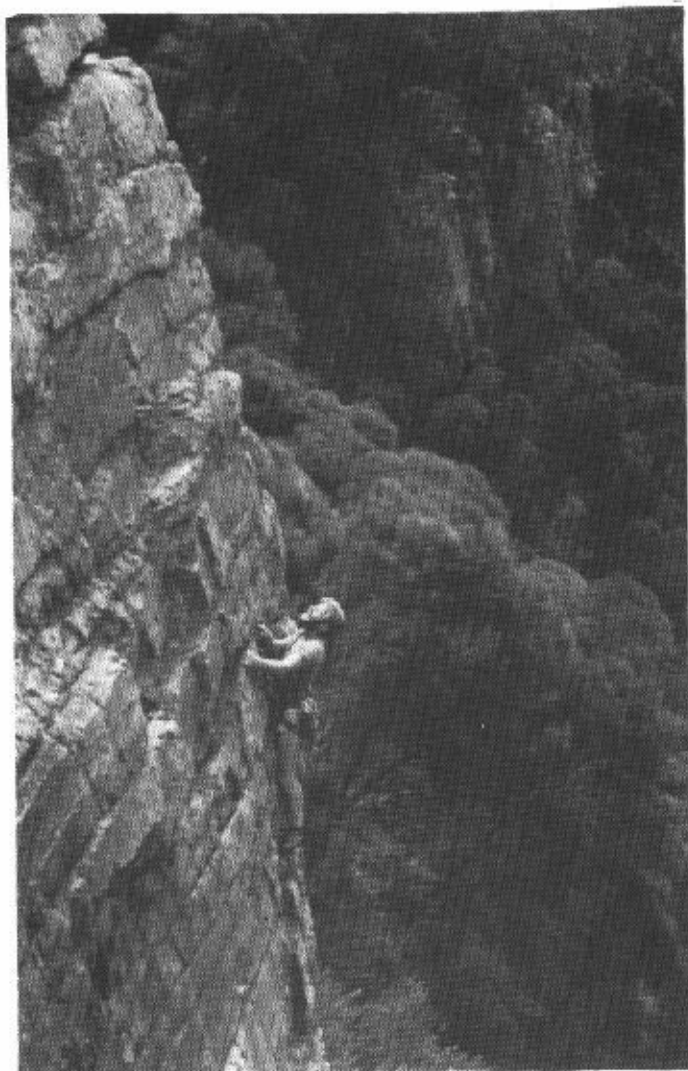
Exciting moves up a steep prow make this an adventure route. Start as for Solitary but take the diagonal line on the R that leads to a series of rooves. Swing round the first one to gain a good horizontal break, then straight up (quickly) to a stance above the final lip. Finish easily.

Nick Neagle, Tony Barker, 21.11.87.

### Petty Theft 10

Fairly forgettable. The middle of the narrow buttress just R of Swing For the Crime.

Nick Neagle, (solo) 29.9.87.



Wally Niewarowski thoughtfully surveying the top wall of Pot Black, 22, The Billiard Table, Morialta Gorge. Photo: Mark Witham.

### Brass Knuckles \* 20

A substitute for steel fingers. The arete R of Puckoon starting from the R.

Nick Neagle, Richard Harvey, Paul Francis, Paul Gray, 3.1.88.

### LHV 13

Gain the arete from the L.

Nick Neagle, Tony Barker, 2.1.88.

### Dreadlocks \*\* 21

Excellent jamming that, as always, is too short lived. The overhanging thin crack R of Brass Knuckles (staying out of the corner). Very well protected.

Nick Neagle, Paul Gray, 15.3.88.

### THE PINBALL TABLE

The small crag immediately downstream of the Billiard Table i.e. just beyond Dreadlocks.

### The Max Factor \* 16 15m

How to make a short climb longer!

1) 15 10m The slab to the L of The Pinball Table is short and sweet.

2) 16 5m The monumental wall above contains two of the best holds in the Gorge.

Paul Gray (pitch 1), Nick Neagle (pitch 2), 24.3.88.

### The Pinball Table 16

A smaller version of the Billiard Table. The small flat wall in the middle of the crag. Very loose and poorly protected. (The best protection is a twist of fencing wire hanging over the top.)

Paul Gray, Nick Neagle, 15.3.88.

### A New Groove in the Neighbourhood 17

Steeper and better protected than it looks. The R-hand of two grooves several metres R of The Pinball Table. Easily up the groove to pull over the roof on good holds. Finish up the wall above with the hardest moves last.

Nick Neagle, Paul Gray, 24.3.88.

### THE BUTTRESS

### Coalition 17

Unstable, lacks solidarity. The true L arete of the Buttress chimney. Begin just L of the painted "G". Fiddle some little runners, then haul up onto the arete. Somewhat contrived now as easy ground (Gillette) is only a step L. At the ledge marking the beginning of the GMD crack, launch up the continuation of the arete. Protection and rock are only just adequate.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 1.3.87.

The Company of Lovers is now thought to be 19.

## MILESTONE BUTTRESS

### Blay Da Fam 16

The centre of the face between The Shaman and Milestone Corner. Climb the centre of the wall to the tiny rooflet, then L to a thin crack. Finish up this. Note: this might not be a lot different to The Shaman.

Mark Witham, 1.86.

### Maelstrom Arete \* 20

An airy and well positioned crux. Follow the little inset corners L of Macbeth's start and the short arete above to gain the halfway ledge. Step R and clip the bolt. Now swing up the undercut arete and scrabble for improving holds.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 19.6.88.

### Breaststroke 14

Tackles the compact rock just L of Ulysses. Begin immediately L of the painted "U" and go directly up through the bulge to belay on the obvious ledge. To get off, traverse L and downclimb the gully.

Paul Francis, Nick Neagle, 21.2.87.

### The Land of Green Ginger \* 17

Extremely pleasant climbing on some of the best rock at Morialta. Begin at the undercut arete L of Northern Lights. Easy at first, until a step R to a short crack at half height introduces the difficulties. Finish at the black band as the rock above is pretty dodgy. Descend by soloing down the buttress on the R.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 28.2.87.

## THE LOST WALLS

A significant find in an otherwise congested gorge. This "new" cliff is the L continuation of Thorn Buttress beyond the blackberry filled gully. Having languished for years in complete obscurity, forever being dismissed as loose and worthless, it now sports some real gems, some of which rank with the best in the gorge. Access is as for Thorn Buttress to beneath Japetus, then drop down and head directly across at this level to join the next cliffline. The routes described are at the L end of the cliff where the rock is most compact.

### The Harvard Professor 19

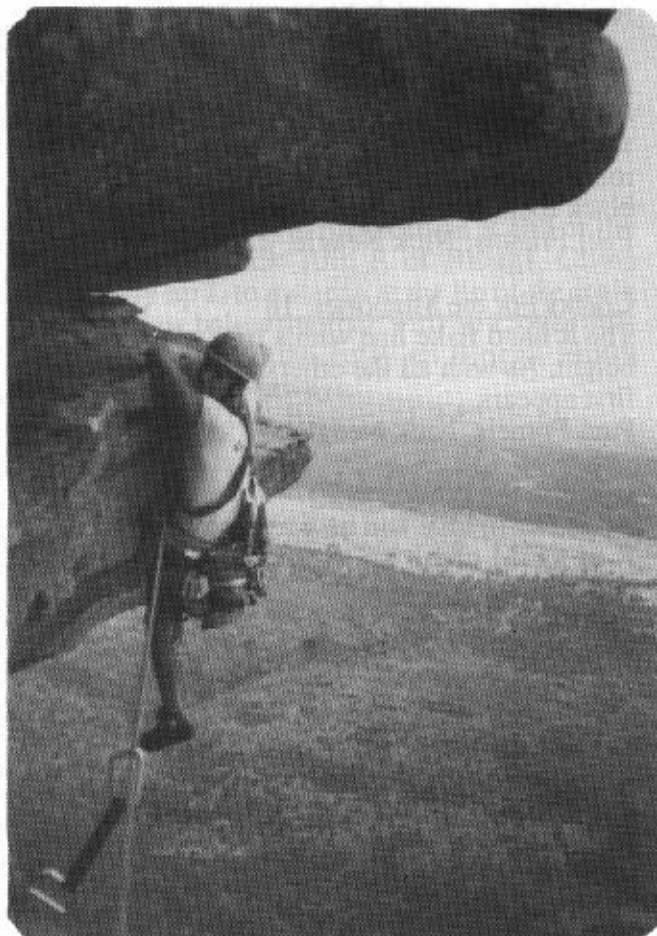
Tough but classy. Takes the vague groove line (just L of the black streak) at the L end of this superb wall with a gymnastic start and a pumpy continuation.

Nick Neagle, 4.2.87.

### Fighter Jock Heaven \*\*\* 22

A contender for the best route in the gorge! Technical, sustained and strenuous. Was the scene of a memorable HB breaking fall on the attempted second ascent. After a hard start follow the line of lighter rock into a groove near the top. At the top of this surmount a bulge and finish up the pock-marked wall.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 8.2.87.



The classic shot. Dave Trehearne hanging out on the very exposed hand traverse on Hangover Layback, 15, Moonarie. Photo: Dave Trehearne collection.

### Bliss \* 18

Rather nice, though still a little tiring. Up the wall past the pocket 1m R of FJH to the stance on the R. L now, and more easily, to finish at the same little tree as for FJH.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 31.1.87.

### Procrastinator \* 16

The "easy" line on the R. As with the others the start is not to be taken too lightly. Paul put it off as long as he could before firing up it one evening. Take the groove to the platform on Bliss, then straight up to a fun finish on the highest point of the buttress.

Paul Francis, Nick Neagle, 4.2.87.



### Wet Zebra 18

Can be dangerous without a cautious approach. Start behind the slender gum growing close to the base of the crag and climb directly up the jutting blocks (beware, some are loose). Where the angle relents continue up the arete R of Procrastinator. Not the finest the Lost Walls has to offer, but it does provide adventure.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 22.4.87.

### Boiled Rice 16

A non-appetising filler. Just R of Wet Zebra is a squarish groove evident at half height. This route takes a direct line up the R side of this on black rock. At the top, finish just R of the arete.

Paul Francis, Nick Neagle, 22.4.87.

### Cranks For the Memories 18

The R hand flake line with a tricky bulge at mid height. As with all the others it is steeper than it first appears.

Paul Francis, Nick Neagle, 17.2.87.

### Disguise the Limit \*\* 20

All is fair in love and new routing! Immediately R of CFtM climb up to the L side of the large depression. Now straight up to the energetic top cracks.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 17.2.87.

### The Outside of the Enevelope \* 22

Pushing it. Protection is just adequate despite appearances to the contrary. An RP#4 and Rock#1 are essential equipment. Climb up R of the depression to the obvious short crack in the centre of the wall. Devious moves now lead up through the black bulge and relent only when the summit projecting block is reached. Inspected on abseil prior to ascent.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 8.3.87.

### Gardening By Moonlight 17

Just another steep route. Start up the slope at the R end of the wall and climb the face as much as possible before being forced into the cracks on the R.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 25.2.87.

### Alarm Bells 20

.....sound a warning! The next wall to the R begins with a ragged, blocky arete. About 2m further on is a narrow and more compact wall. Alarm Bells takes the R edge of this. A hard start with dubious protection leads to a rest on the R. Straight up now to a sloping ramp. Leave this with difficulty to gain a dirty corner. Pick your way up through the jumble of mossy blocks to a tree belay. Beware - look before you pull on some of the blocks near the top.

Nick Neagle, Tony Barker, 16.12.87.

### Lurking Suspicion 17

Roughly halfway between GBM and the blackberry gully is a prominent steep black wall on the L of a loose, blocky corner. This climbs the red rock that bounds the L side of the wall. From the niche at 4m to the tree, the climbing is continuous, mildly technical and ably protected with small wires. A pleasant outing.

Nick Neagle, Alan McCulloch, 18.9.87.

### The Bleeding Obvious 21

A thin crack guarded by an energetic overhang. Recommended. Immediately R of the loose corner is a prominent blade beneath a thin vertical crack. Begin on the scabby rock beside the rose bush. Step over this to beneath the blade. A quick flurry gains access to the crack (which only takes Nyrie-sized fingers). Continue in the line to the top, being wary of some of the rock en route. Belay up the slope at the nearest stringy-bark.

Nick Neagle, Nyrie Dodd, 27.9.87.

### Man of Flowers \* 21

Another good find providing fine wall climbing above a bulging start. 2m R of The Bleeding Obvious hard moves lead over a bulge onto a ledge on the arete. Now follow the crack just L of the arete all the way to the top.

Nick Neagle, Paul Gray, 14.11.87.

## **NORTON SUMMIT**

### *The Far Left Wing*

Before the rock face degenerates into the hillside there is one last outcrop worthy of attention. It has a cave-like hole part way up on the L side, and two trees growing at its base.

### Slaps and Shricks \* 21 30m

Surprising. Very worthwhile climbing up a series of slopes and bulges. To the R of the R hand tree is a bowl shaped depression in the cliff base. Climb the L hand crack above this with a precarious move to gain the ramp at its top. A tall man's reach now brings a good layaway edge to hand. A frantic heave and you're over the worst of it. However, another bulge with a sloping top still awaits. Inch over this (a 2 Friend fits nicely in a shallow horizontal just over the lip) and on to easier ground. Continue up to where one final bulge gives way to a good ledge and big boulder belay. To get off, thrash L through the prickly bushes to the descent gully.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 20.6.87.

## THE LEFT WING

### The Hindley Hustle 19 22m

A deceptive route at the L edge of the caves. Start as for Graunch, but go straight up the steep, juggy wall to the little R facing corner. Where this arches over R, make one difficult move up R to easier ground. Rap off the sheoak.

Nick Neagle, Ron Parker, 7.5.87.

## THE BOULDERING CAVE

Both John Marshall and Stuart Williams have been expending huge amounts of energy on the stunning route R of North Terrace Stroll in recent times. Stuart has made it to the lip but didn't have a quickdraw for the bolt! It's 26 so far, but may have to wait until the Uni holidays (when study won't interrupt Stuart's training regime) to be completed.

### Black Dwarf 21

On the extreme R side of the cave there is a black streak 2m L of the start of Pedestrian Rule. Climb this with a #2R.P., tricam and #0.5HB for protection. Belay on the ledge with the rusty peg. Scramble off R to descend. Stuart Williams, James Mapletoft, 13.6.87.

## THE RIGHT WING

### Continental Drift \* 19 45m

More like full steam ahead. A devious route named after a European trend towards fixed protection, it involves difficult route finding but rewarding climbing. Climb Assinine for 15m to a BR. Up to a PR in a horizontal, then traverse R to pull through the overhang via a layaway move to gain a hidden horizontal break and rest. (Another option here is to go straight up from the PR - more logical, but scarier.) Head up and L now between overhangs past another BR (careful - the karabiner hangs over an edge) to another rest. Move R up the initially steep wall, then back L to a third BR. Directly to the top to finish. Alternatively, traverse R below the third BR to the rappel chain on Tectonic Plates.

Tony Barker, John Nitschke, November 1986.

### Tectonic Plates 21 25m

The layaway crack and overhang R of CD constitute the crux. Start at the R facing corner 8m R of CD. Up this to the ledge. Move L and up above a BR to a small ledge beneath the overhanging crack. Energetically up this to clip a BR high on the R before moving up L to a small sloping hold and so to the belay ledge. A rappel chain provides the descent.

Tony Barker, John Nitschke, 24.12.86.

### Karstaways \* 21 40m

A good find tackling the overhang L of Blogg's Direct. Start 5m L of Blogg's.

1) 25m 21 Move up the wall to a pair of L facing grooves and climb the far one (looser, but easier) past a BR to a shattered ledge. Tackle the overhanging wall above (clipping a BR up R) to gain a horizontal break. A hard move up and R brings good underclings to hand in the roof. Move R on these to place a #1 and #3 Rock in a low vertical slot before pulling over the roof on jugs. Traverse R to Bloggs' ledge.

2) 15m 14 Straight up the small corner above the belay. When this expires continue directly to the top.

Tony Barker, Nick Neagle, Robert Marshall, 11.3.87.

FFA: Tony Barker, Paul Francis, 11.4.87.

### Subduction Zone 20

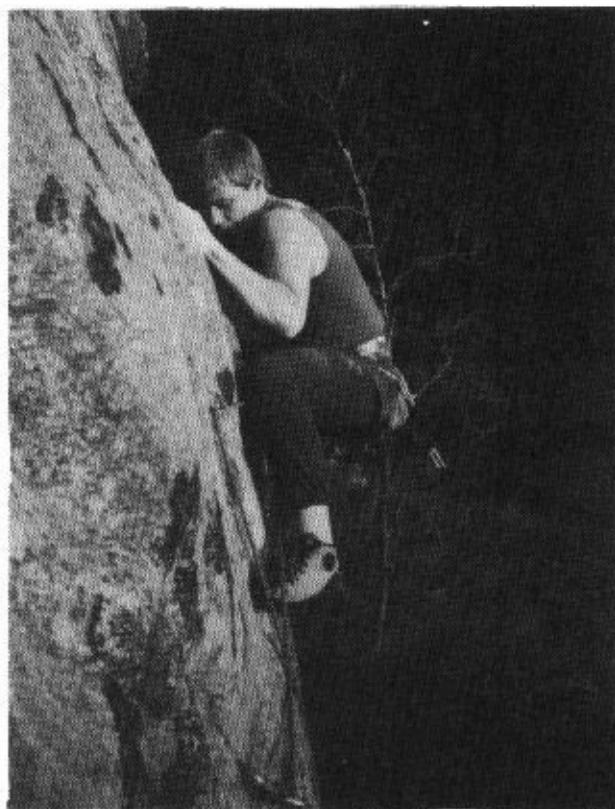
Going under. Begin at the extreme R end of the cliff on white rock 10m R of Bloggs. Climb diagonally up L to a stance at the lip of the main roof and just below another. Pull up L over this, then straight up to the belay on Bloggs. Finish up pitch 2 of Karstaways.

Nick Neagle, Tony Barker, 11.3.87.

## WATERFALL GULLY

### *The Urban Goat Crag*

This crag can be found upstream from the top of the main falls and high on the NE side of the valley. Although small, mainly scrappy and generally easy angled it does sport some worthy routes.



Paul Gray attempting the second ascent of Sucker For a Peanut, 19, Elephant Rock, Waterfall Gully. Photo: Nick Neagle.

### Kids' Stuff 8 20m

A pleasant ramble up the main clean slab midway between the small grassy corner on the L and broken ground to the R.

Nick Neagle, Neil Teasedale, 28.6.87.

### Puffing Billy 19 10m

A boulder problem start yields to a very easy conclusion. Begin on the wide ledge slightly higher and about 10m R of KS. Negotiating the bulge at the base provides the crux - wildly out of keeping with the continuation. Tackle it between the obvious break and the R arete.

Nick Neagle, Neil Teasedale, 28.6.87.

### Wild and Woolly \* 17 25m

An entertaining route up the pillar at the R end of the crag. From the toe of this buttress pull up onto the neat little slab. Delicately up this until large holds enable the final easy wall to be attained.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, Neil Teasedale, 28.6.87.

### Elephant Rock

Long overlooked, this small, though significant, outcrop offers some very rewarding routes on mostly excellent rock. Its exposed position means it dries quickly even after heavy rain. Approach via the waterfall track. Just beyond the top of the falls cross the creek and follow the path slanting up the hillside. It soon zags back L and angles up gently to the crag.

Elephant Rock is not an extensive area, nor is it high, but several of its routes will certainly test most Adelaideans. Although, like Morialta, it overlooks a busy weekend visitor area, its aspect provides a pleasant change to the familiarity of its far more frequented neighbour.

### Baby Elephant Walk 16 6m

A nano route (i.e. even tinier than micro!). The little crack around L from JD. If only it were 10x longer.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 1.7.87.

### Just Delightful \* 10 10m

As the name suggests. Just in from the front L arete climb the crackline with the first move being the toughest.

Paul Francis, Nick Neagle, Neil Teasedale, 28.6.87.

### Sucker For a Peanut \* 19 10m

Begin as for JD but take the very thin R crackline via one very delicate move up R.

Paul Francis, Nick Neagle, 1.7.87.

### Ingrid 8 11m

A traditional route (=wide crack). Climb out of the corner under the roof, then up over the



jammed blocks into the little chimney, with a smooth ramp to finish.

Nick Neagle, (solo) 1.7.87.

### Shooting From the Lip 22 11m

Fiery. This tackles the obvious roof on the front (west) face of the crag. From an undercling at the back of the ceiling lean out to grasp a jug at the lip. Gaining a stance above now proves rather troublesome!

TR Nick Neagle 11.7.87.

First lead ascent: Nick Neagle, 20.9.87.

### Big Ears 9 11m

The L arete of the blackberry choked gully.

Nick Neagle, (solo) 1.7.87.

### Plummeting Pachyderms 13 13m

Climbs the arete L of EM. Slink in from the R above the blackberries to beneath the diagonal overlap. Good holds on the R lead past this. Finish up the now smooth, rounded (though easy) arete and belay off the boulder.

Nick Neagle, Neil Teasedale, 4.7.87.



### Elephant Man \*\*\* 21 15m

A great line up the R hand tower culminating in the fiercely overhanging prow. This is the free lead version of the previously top-roped route Sunset. Start by swinging up into the short hanging corner (which features mottled orange and grey rock reminiscent of Arapiles) and climb this on good holds to a rest ledge below the thin crack and now ominous headwall. A quick flurry gains the wider crack above with the problematic exit.

Nick Neagle, 28.6.87.

### John Hurt 12 10m

Climb the ramp on the southern side to the R end of the large ledge. Step up, then R to the slab and thence to the top.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 1.7.87.

### John Hurt Direct 16 10m

From the ledge bridge up the 2 short grooves to the thin flakes plastered to the top wall. Straight up now using these and the R arete.

Nick Neagle, Neil Teasedale, 4.7.87.

### Trunk Line 12 10m

Up R from JH a single tree grows beside the cliff. Climb up L of this to the undercut nose. Edge up R and, using the crack on the R briefly, shuffle up L onto the front of the buttress. A ramp and sharp arete complete the outing.

Nick Neagle, Neil Teasedale, 4.7.87.

The obvious layback to the R features rough rock, though easy climbing.

L across the gully from Mahout is a steep crack that provides good bouldering at a reasonable standard.

### Mahout 10 10m

This ascends the grey slab above the blackberry gully. Traverse in from the R to gain the toe of the slab, then climb it trending slightly R all the way. The blackberries below provide incentive enough for success on this one.

Paul Francis, (solo) 1.7.87.

### Loxodonta 15 7m

Face climb the back of the boulder farthest up the hill via good little edges.

Paul Francis, (solo) 1.7.87.

### Tode Hall

Follow the track beside the creek upstream from the top of the falls. A short walk (about 5 minutes) takes you around a bend to the L, beneath some little crags on the R, to below a buttress up the slope on the L. Cross the creek and scramble up to its base.

This cliff was first climbed in 1984 but its name, and that of the first route, have since been applied by more recent visitors (sorry Grant!). Shaded in the hottest part of the day, and with three good routes at the same grade (19), this should prove a popular summer venue.

### Softly, Softly 21

The miniscule wall on the L side of the crag. Okay, so it's tiny, but it's also hard for every move with a precarious finale.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 30.9.87.

### Tode in the Crack 16

.....because you put your mate in the crack. The most obvious feature of the cliff when viewed from the creek. Jam the crack to the ledge. Either finish up the arete or scramble up the corner to the tree.

Grant Tode, Paul Francis, 1984.

### The Eye of the Spider \* 19

.....was peering out at Paul as he hurried by. Good climbing up the shallow corner and face L of the nose. The top wall could slow a few people.

Paul Francis, Nick Neagle, 30.9.87.

### The Wild Blue Yonder 19

The prow of the buttress is gained from the R via a thin move. Straight up to the roof on improving holds and neatly over this on more of the same. Finish easily in the line.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 26.9.87.

### Raggedy Man \* 19

A continuously interesting and technical route. Boulder into the groove over the undercut start just R of the nose (TWBY starts here too) and continue to the next short groove. Up this with difficulty and the wall above to a ledge. Now the fine, short wall.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis, 26.9.87.

### Queensland Cane 8

R of RM is a big boulder, nearly half the height of the crag. Climb the wall beside this to the main R facing corner, then follow this to the top.

Nick Neagle, (solo) 30.9.87.

The next short crack on the R is about 6.

### Tadpole 16

Boulder the short wall up R.

Nick Neagle, (solo) 30.9.87.



## WARREN CONSERVATION PARK

A George Adams special secret cliff between Kersbrook and Williamstown. After months of trying to arouse interest in the place George finally found a likely ally in Sandy. Directions: 7km beyond Kersbrook turn R onto Watts Gully Rd and follow this for 3.5km to the park entrance. A 20 minute walk along the Heysen Trail, crossing 2 small creeks, brings you to the cliff. Barossa 1:50,000 sheet, about 085551.

### The Generation Gap 10m 10

"A big wide easy-angled crack in the truest bumbly tradition." The crack L of a knobbly slab past a tree at half height.

Sandy Hancock, George Adams, 24.10.87.

### Psoriasis 15m 10

Describes the slab covered in lumps and flaky moss. Boldly up the middle of the slab, pausing only to look for holds under the moss (! - Ed.). A good wire brushing would work wonders.

Sandy Hancock, George Adams, 24.10.87.

### Daylight Robbery \*\* 20m 13

"They'd be queueing for hours if this was at Far Crag." The L leading diagonal R of Psoriasis. Climb delicately up the line around 2 small rooves to finish up the steep jam crack.

Sandy Hancock, George Adams, 24.10.87.

## RED ROCK

### Birdsville 25m 20M1

A mixed aid and free climb problem that follows 7 bolts up the R leaning diagonal seam through the overhangs between Caught in Slips and Flibbertigibbet. Start as for the former. Up and

rightwards to the 1st bolt, then aid off the 2nd, 3rd and 4th. Another 3 bolts (rests off the 5th and 6th) and some natural protection show the way to a ledge and easier climbing through the upper overhangs.

Dave Wagland, 27.2.88.

### Edge of Extinction \* 20m 21

Contrived, but interesting climbing up the seam and L arete of the North Wall beginning just R of the painted letters "TT". 2 bolt runners.

Dave Wagland, Dave Winnell, 5.3.88.

## MOONARIE

## CROCK'S ROCKS

Crock It or Rock It was misspelled in BOLFA 15.

### Juan Foot 'n' the Grave \* 20m 20

The obvious v-cleft in the centre of the cliff. The corner leads to exciting face climbing.

Nick Neagle, Tony Barker, 29.3.86.

## GOAT CRAG

### The Goat Steps Out 10m 13

The obvious diagonal crack 5m L of Proximity. Nick Neagle, Dave Wagland, Easter 1984.

### Slopes 'n' Goats 10m 19A1

A point of aid to overcome the difficult start leads to worthwhile climbing. The line 3m R of Proximity.

Dave Wagland, Nick Neagle, Easter 1984.



The classic crack line of Myponga. Paul Gray on the crux of Fibre Plus, 21, Weatbix Wall, Myponga. Photo: Nick Neagle.

## FRANNY'S POINT

### Little Jack Corner Deviant Start 20m 16

Start in the undercut corner about 2m R of the normal start. Up this to join the top corner. At its top move out L through the roof.

Mark Witham, Jeff Smith, Robert Moog, 9.87.

### Logic of Feeling 20m 18

Begin just L of Hey Wire and mantle onto a slab. Undercling up the slab to a finger crack. Follow this as it widens to a hand sized crack that splits the buttress.

Mark Witham, Alan McCulloch, 10.10.87.

### The Birthday Party 23m 18/19

In honour of an old man. Begin beside Zooney under the roof. Stretch out to the arete and mantle onto a good ledge. Up the wall to the little bulge. Over this (crux), then the crack to the top.

Nick Neagle, Paul (birthday boy) Francis, Mark Witham, Paul Gray, Stuart Williams and the Hawker RSL Club, 11.10.87. (Don't forget this date!)

### Blowing Out the Candles \* 17

The easy looking slab a few metres L of Pining Away. Delicately up the poorly protected start, then step R and up into the corner.

Paul Francis, Mark Witham, Nick Neagle, 11.10.87.

### Scorebusby Finds an Odd Thong 20m 23

L of Compression Depression (using the pine tree as a foothold).

Louise Shepherd, Dan Michael, 10.85.

### Compression Depression 20m 26

On the bulging orange wall capped by a roof between Woodward Wall and Pining Away. Start up the RH crack (put in a wire with a stick), then traverse into the LH crack past a fixed wire. Finish over the roof (not yet done, but it is easier than the crack!).

Dan Michael, 10.85.

## WOODWIND WALL

### Triumph of Youth 21/22

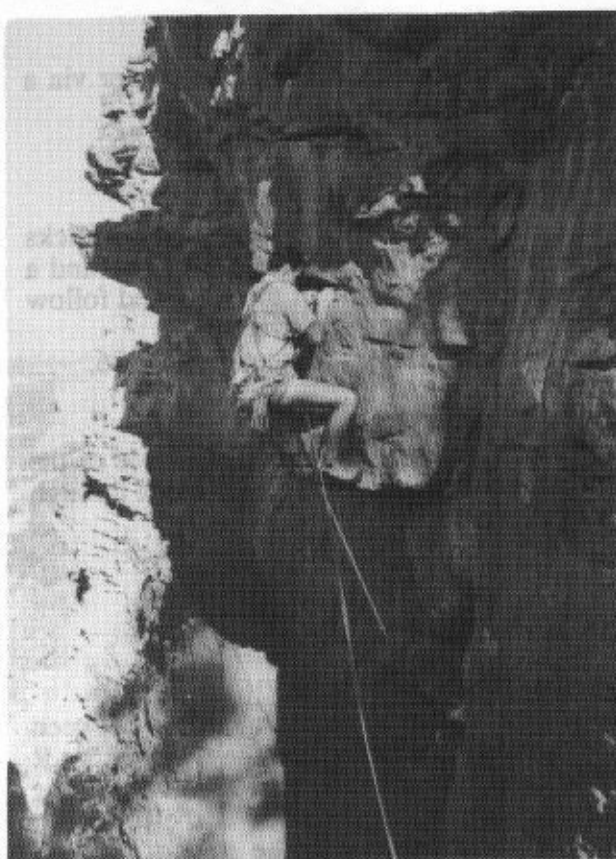
The crackline immediately L of the big V-corner L of Oboes in Love. Step R from the initial crack to the shallow groove that is unfortunately interrupted by a roof.

Stuart Williams, Nick Neagle, 11.10.87.

### Second Fiddle 22A0

The crack 1m R of Oboes in Love. Up this to a desperate move at 3m. Beyond, the climbing eases significantly but remains sustained. To descend, rap from the tree.

Stuart Williams, Nick Neagle, 11.10.87.



Nick Neagle struggling to avoid a 25' fall (I bumped my top runner out!) on the superb Down and Out, 20, Mt Arapiles.

### No Thank's From Reggie 14

A R-hand variant to Women at Work. Start 5m R of a wide corner with a large chockstone in it. Up the line 1m L of a small pine. Step R under the overhang at half height and into a R-facing corner. Follow this to the top.

Stuart Williams, Dave Nelson, 26.8.86.

### Rigor Mortis 15

A L-hand finish to Piping Hot. Start 2m L of the wide corner. Up a short R-facing corner until it terminates, then one thin move straight up into the L-facing corner. Watch for BIG loose blocks at the top.

Stuart Williams, Tim Fry, 20.4.87.

### Pirouette 16

On Paul's first try he thoughtfully leapt off rather than bring the cliff down on himself and those around him. Described as being a good 5 minutes walk from Top Camp (with the wind at your back). Perhaps more useful to know is that it begins behind a large gum tree and takes the L arete of a buttress approximately 20m R of Piping Hot (I think).

Paul Gray, Stuart Williams, 11.10.87.

### Jericho 12m 10

The shallow, blocky corner 5m L of the water streaked wall at the R end of WW Wall.

James Mapletoft, Stuart Williams, 27.8.86.



### Chateaud 18m 9

Near the middle of the wall. The corner via a move under the huge chockstone.

James Mapletoft, Tim Coventry, 26.8.86.

### Hard Day's Night 12/13

On the far R of WW Wall a steep buttress sticks out before the cliff degenerates. Start behind a small gum on the L side of the wall, and follow the wide crack through an overhang.

Stuart Williams, James Mapletoft, 27.8.86.

### Mondo-Bondage 15

A not well protected route up the R side of the same wall culminating in a finger crack through an overhang.

Stuart Williams, 27.8.86.

## **THE RAMPARTS**

### Barren of Emotion \*\* 45m 26

The superb and much speculated line between Curving Wall and Grand Larceny. Begin 5m R of CW and climb directly past 2 bolts (keeping your cool for the final moves at the roof!). A hands off bridging rest at the start of the two tiered roof provides some respite before the crux on the final headwall!! A very impressive effort. Warwick Baird, Keith Egerton, 5.86.

### Smooch With a Pooch 25m 25

The next thing to Poodle Lust! Climb Duke for 6m, then step L and up past 2 bolts to a ring-bolt rappel.

Louise Shepherd, 20.11.86.

### Fists and Toys 30m 25

Some people like them! This "modern desperate" was made famous via an excellent photo on the front cover of 'Rock 87'. Climb the small corner 2m R of Hairy Guru, cross the latter and launch off into the overhanging groove on the red wall past 2 bolts. A rappel station exists at the lip. (Take a #4 Friend.)

Louise Shepherd, Chris Peisker, Easter 86.

Note: This start may be combined with the top of Hairy Guru to provide an infinitely better option than "the bowel loosening offwidth" one must otherwise grapple with on HG.

### Another Excess \*\* 30m 25

"You gotta say yes to ....." (Yello). Has the dubious distinction of having more bolts than any other route at Moonarie to date. A CLASSIC. The middle of the red wall between Victour and Counterbalance with 4 bolts.

Louise Shepherd, Chris Shepherd, Clare Kermode, 5.86.

## **NORTHERN CRAGS**

### 16 With a Bullet \*\* 45m 16

Excellent climbing at the L end of the cliff with a

hand traverse more exciting than Hangover Layback's.

1) 16 25m Begin up Arequipa's chimney before branching out R up the leaning corner. Belay at the horizontal above the corner.

2) 16 25m Unlikely. Traverse 2m R around the small arete into an easy corner. Up this to the roof, then swing wildly L under this around the arete. The final crack and wall are harder than they look.

Nick Neagle, Paul Francis (alt.), 10.10.87.

## **CRAG X**

### Pom's Folly 20m 23

Begin 10m L of the dead tree of Capricious Folly. A scary mantel leads to interesting moves up the V-shaped chimney. Finish L under the overhang.

Steve Mayers, Masahide Ishibashi, 20.11.86.

## **RAWNSLEY'S BLUFF**

### **THE RED TERRACE**

This is the second band of cliffs around L from Rawnsley's Bluff. Approach by walking up from the caravan park (45-60 minutes).

### Blade Runner 6

The hideous slot L of G.A.C. Route.

Tim Fry, Dave Nelson, Stuart Brown, 5.86.

### G.A.C. Route \*\*\* 15

On the L side of the cliff take the crack leading to the LH corner, and then through the small overhang.

Stuart Williams, Stuart Brown (of the infamous Gumeracha Alpine Club), 5.86.

### Act of Mercy 13

The second jam crack on the wall L of the large gully.

Stuart Williams, Stuart Brown, 5.86.

### Boy Wonders Blunder 10

Begin a few metres R of Act of Mercy and take the crack to a small roof. Avoid the three large loose blocks and step up onto a ledge on the L. Continue up the short wall.

Tim Fry, S. Madigan, 5.86.

### Valium Blues 11

The layback corner on the R wall of the blocky recess in the middle of the cliff.

Stuart Williams, Stuart Brown, 7.86.

Note: About 10/15 more of the main lines on this cliff have been done by Dave Nelson and others. (Does this mean that any new routes put up in the future will be claimed in retrospect by the G.A.C.-Ed.)

