

BOLFA

2017

HISTORY OF THE
BOLFA SIGN

SICILY ON
THE ROCKS

STICK CLIPPING

QUICK TIPS FOR
BETTER CLIMBING
PHOTOS

FIVE DECADES
OF ADELAIDE
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ADELAIDE'S
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A NON-CLIMBER

THE SUMMIT &
THE SATURDAY
MORNING CREW

HOW THE KID
LOST HIS SOUL

Q&A WITH
SIMON WILSON

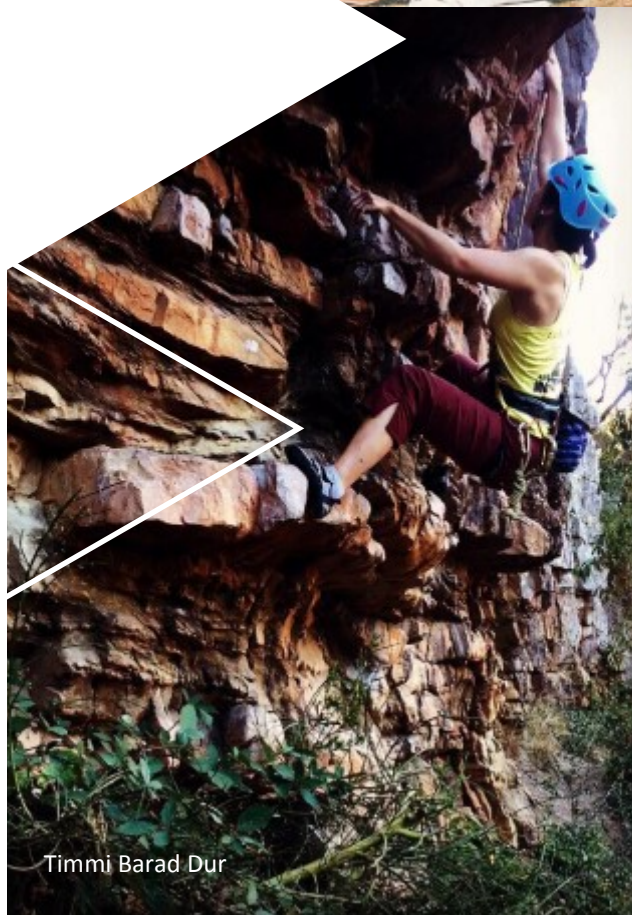
COVER IMAGE: Tracey Hua
on "Way of All Flesh" Blue
Mountains, NSW



WELCOME TO BOLFA 2017!



Crag dirtbags: 'Simon Wilson, Andrew Jennings & me in the 90s'



Timmi Barad Dur

I'm very pleased to bring you this fat issue of BOLFA which commemorates the 50th anniversary of the CCSA in September 2017, and I hope you enjoy reading it!

Stuart Williams investigates the mystery of the original BOLFA sign from the Flinders Ranges, as seen on the wonderful historic photo by Tony Barker. Emma Kent distributed a survey to research the attitudes and fave climbs of Adelaide climbers, which resulted in her articles on our climbing scene through the last five decades, including a delightful revealing of our top climbs. A lot of work went into these, and a big thank you goes out to folks who took part in the survey.

We've also packed in a Sicily Trip report, a Q&A with Simon Wilson, classic Dorks cartoons by Mark Witham, tips for better climbing photos and more!

A heartfelt thanks to our generous contributors to BOLFA this year and to Stacie Walker for her good work on the design and layout.

I'm going to hand it over to Tsz-Tim Timmi Hall to show us a fine example of passion for our SA crags. SA veteran Eddie Ozols, active in the mid-70s to mid-80s, picked up her comment on social media about her nemesis climb, the classic Barad Dûr (22***):

"Oh I have finally climbed up the Dark Tower. Stoked. Finally passed the start of blackberry doom without falling in & collecting few sharp splinters. When I got to the first loose-ish rock I squealed but I quickly overcame the horror and carried on. However I fell at the jamming city".

Rock on!,

Kylie Jarrett :-)
BOLFA editor



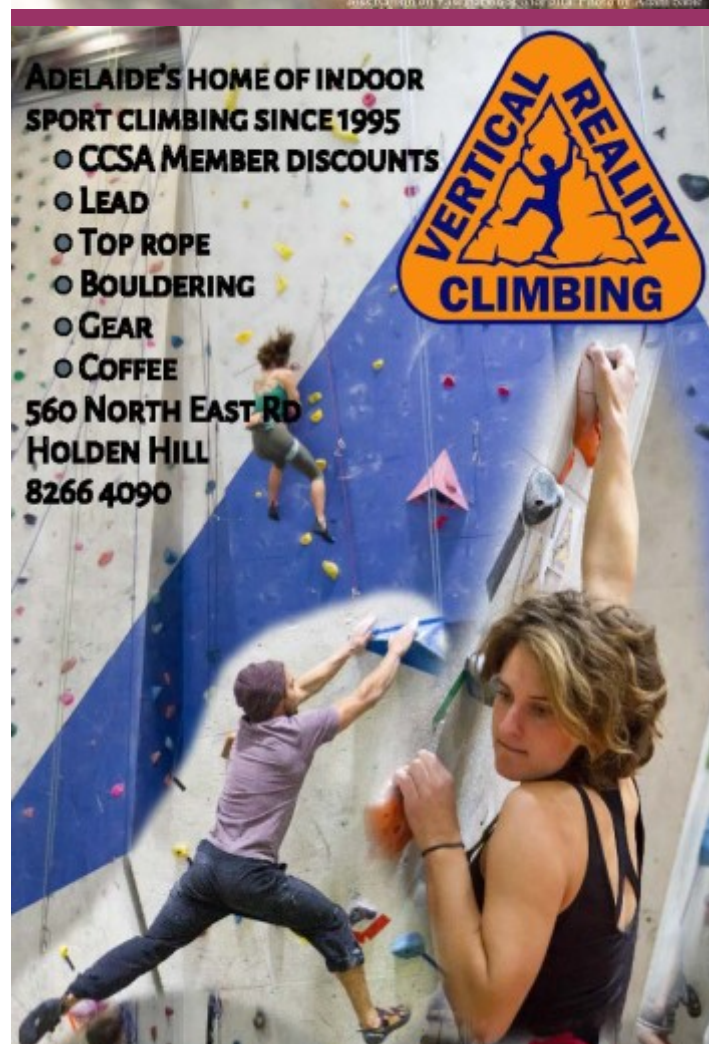
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Rockclimbing is dangerous. It is your responsibility as a climber or boulderer to have received adequate training and to know and accept the risks involved.



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HISTORY OF THE BOLFA SIGN



BOLFA Conspirators L to R: Eddie, Simon, Ian, Graham, Tony, Quentin

STUART WILLIAMS

White line fever – call it what you will, but long night time drives to the heart of nowhere do strange things to the mind. That's why I find it completely unremarkable that the "BEWARE OF LOW FLYING AIRCRAFT" sign on the way out of Hawker captured and articulated the collective absurdity of the Moonarie pilgrims of the early 1970's. Furthermore fuelled by campfire mugs of Chateaux Red and the infective lunacy of the Easter moon, it also seems perfectly logical that some folk would conspire to steal the sign with the intent of perching it at Top Camp. The theory was sound but the execution was wanting and then the story stopped. It was possessed for mere moments but that only intensified the legend.

My first trips to Moonarie were in the early 1980's and over the years was told various stories of what had happened that night. The most convincing was that in 1976 the motley crew of Tony Barker, Eddie Ozols, Quentin Chester et al did indeed manage to steal the sign and get it a long way up the track, where logistics such as a lack of manpower or a lack of red wine, possibly both, conspired against the team so it was unceremoniously dumped off the side of the track on the way up to the cliff. Over the years a few of us used the scraps of information available to make occasional searches for it but all were to no avail – it truly was a mystery.

I spent the best part of winter 1989 alternating between freezing in the Ramparts and lolling in the warmth of the sun at the base of the Great Wall. It was during one of those lazy warmth seeking sessions that my climbing partner, Tim Fry, called out to say he could see a flash of white way down below that he thought must have been the BOLFA sign. Even after that sighting it was no mean feat to find it, but eventually we did and even though it was half buried upside down in the red Moonarie dirt there was no mistaking it. It was past it's glory days but was a sight to behold. The paint was half flaked off, but the overwhelming impression was that it was BIG – those boys of the 1970's had vision! What they didn't have was route finding ability cos the thing was miles from the track and it was little wonder it took so long to find; either that or maybe there was something other than goon in their system that night. We would have liked to finish off the job and somehow get it to Top Camp but it was too big for Tim and I to move.

In the years that followed there was a lot of campfire talk to go back with more people and drag it up the hill but nothing ever amounted to anything. Then sometime in the early 1990's Matt Adams returned with his posse not to drag it up the hill but back to bottom camp. Not only that it was chucked in the back of someone's ute and driven back to Matt's woody at his parents house in O'Halloran Hill. There it stayed for a year or so, and when Matt left home the rumours are it got shifted to someone else's woody and then to someone else's and now, true to form, it is lost again.

In the past few months I've emailed everyone who was around at the time and who I thought might know something more about its final resting place, but no one seems to know anything. A while back I heard a rumour that it had been taken to the tip out of spite, because someone's magnum opus in The Hole was downgraded because someone else chipped another route too close to their baby – if there is any truth to that one then no one is talking.

Wherever it is now, given that since the original caper in 1976 it has spent more time lost than found, it seems fitting that it is now lost again. However I hope that it is out there somewhere, so in ten years time somebody can add another chapter to the story of a sign that gave birth to this magazine.



SICILY ON THE ROCKS

DEMETRIUS KALATZIS

In October 2017 my brother Nick and I joined a group of seven other Aussie climbers on the World Expeditions Sicily on the Rocks climbing trip, lead by Monique Forestier and Simon Carter. We climbed the limestone cliffs around the seaside town of San Vito Lo Capo. Here are some of the highlights.

Base camp served as a fitting introduction to climbing in Sicily. This is where it all started for Daniele Arena (our local guide), he spent three months living in a cave bolting the whole crag. Despite the hardships Daniele endured, the approach was very civilised, a short drive and a two minute walk to the crag. Being day one there was a bit of confusion about how this was all going to work. I hadn't seen a guide book so spent my time trying to work out which climbs were feasibly warm-ups. Our group comprised of varying abilities so those warm-ups were quickly snapped up by the guides putting up top ropes for those not wishing to lead. Daniele pointed out a cool line through a water runnel and suggested Nick and I start there. It was a 5b called No Drill No Party but in my meticulous preparation for this trip I'd neglected to learn what that meant in the Ewbank system. After staring it and checking he was sure it was a warm up I roped up and gave it a crack.

The climb itself was great, there were a few polished footers at the start which gave me pause for thought but otherwise it was as good as it looked! Daniele had warned me that the drop in anchors at the top were a little different to what I may be used to, more like a puzzle than the standard double bolts or chains. I reached the top and just started laughing, my laughter at the top was answered with more from him at the bottom. After five or six attempts I had the rope in a good place, twisted so I had to come underneath but secure. I am pleased to say that by the end of the trip I could thread these anchors with only one (sometimes two) attempts! Through the morning we worked our way along the cliff

slowly increasing the grade to finish on a cruxy 6b called Dolores. I'm still not 100% what that translates to, high teens/low twenties I think.

It was a beautiful sunny day so we made the most of the conditions and went deep water soloing for the afternoon. DWS is something that I had never tried and I was in two minds about getting my shoes wet, but when we saw the perfect little cove with crystal clear water there was no doubt in my mind that I had to do it! Simon went first to show us the route and drop off a few strategic chalk bags along the way. It was a traverse along the cove to the middle pillar, which turned into several variants as the evening progressed. I'd worn my aggressive shoes in the water and learnt a hard lesson the next day, when they reverted to the same foot mutating tightness as when they were brand new.



Deep water soloing.

Tufas were mythical formations to me, which had only appeared in yellow or purple lengths of about a foot and a half affixed to the walls of Vertical Reality. I relished the opportunity to climb on the real thing and Melchiorre (6b) in Grotta del Cavallo was just that! You negotiated your way up a mass of tufas with all their alien features and then clipped the anchors standing on a giant stalactite. It was an awesome experience! We ventured deeper into the grotto to get our first taste of climbs in the grade 7 bracket on Archeotalpa, with its delicate greasy

slabby start through to the bouldery finish on the roof with more tufas! This was a little beyond my ability and I was very grateful to have a top rope set up to try it! We also climbed Bue, a delicate 6c slab, no tufas here but some fantastic face climbing. It got a little tense as I found myself on a sharp mono undercling unable to reach the next hold, but after a bit of down climbing and another attempt at the move I made it through, and even managed to enjoy the view as a storm rolled past us out to sea!



Getting a taste for tufas on Melchiorre (6B).

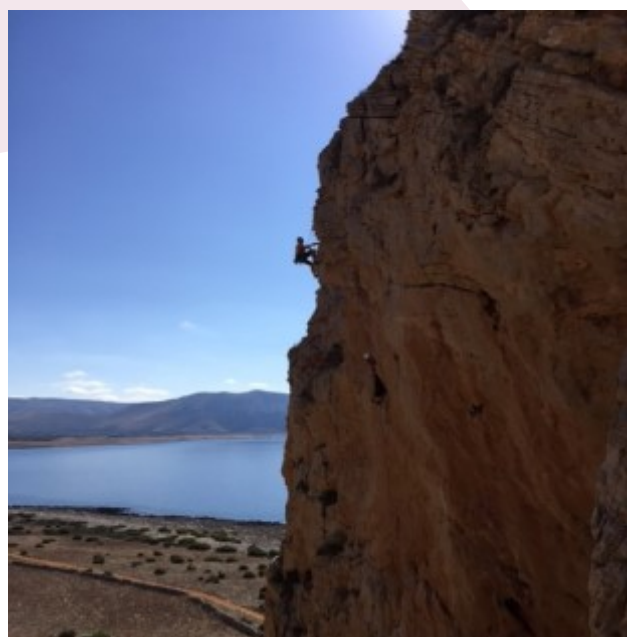
I think the route I was most proud to get through was Il Coniglio va a Sinistra (6b+). Our guide Anna selected it as a bit of a challenge for me – it had a common start with Gatto Silvestro (6a+) so we figured if it got too tough I could break left and take the easier route. It started out over some nice jugs and interesting features so despite some initial nerves I was feeling pretty confident and passed the chance to bail left. Then I reached the crux. Suddenly there were no holds to be found at all! It looked like there was a block that had come off the wall and that must have had the elusive hold on it, right?

Maybe that question distracted me from properly assessing what was actually available to me. Fortunately down climbing to the slab just before the crux offered a nice rest, I think I did this three or four times so I could thoroughly inspect the missing block and properly speculate as to just how good that missing hold would have been. Eventually I committed to holding what little there was and throwing for what I prayed was a jug but was just out of reach. Luckily it was a jug and luckier still I managed to hold it, and with a complete absence of elegance force the rest of my body up the wall. From here there were two paths to the anchors: the direct path which looked pretty tough and a leftward deviation which looked significantly easier. Needless to say my survival instinct kicked in and made this choice pretty easy. I followed the leftward path of least resistance. It felt like a true triumph to get to the anchor without falling, so I was pretty chuffed when I returned to the deck. Then Daniele piped up, “Demetri, did you go left at the top?”

Yes I replied.

“This climb is called The Rabbit Goes Left”

So I guess after all that I’m a rabbit! There was some consolation when Monique climbed it and paused for a nanosecond at the crux to let us



Becoming a rabbit on Il Coniglio Va A Sinistra (6b+).

The limited research I had done prior to leaving had highlighted two crags to me; Crown of Aragon and Never Sleeping Wall. We didn't get to Crown of Aragon but Never Sleeping Wall lived up to expectations! Once again we were able to climb on Tufas so I was naturally excited to get on anything I could! I started out on Sweet Dreams which was a fantastic introduction to the wall. The start went up the edge of a cave with a stone facade that in the past was used to



Nick Kalatzis experiencing some Sweet Dreams (6c) on the phenomenal Never Sleeping Wall.

store cheese, now it provides some interesting foot holds. Then it moved up through some tufas and small caves only to finish on a tough sloper sequence to a good stance before the chains.

Once I was back down Simon decided this would be a good time to get his camera out and he took some stunning shots of the group. I had started up Conscious Change when he Jumared up behind me to get some shots from above. I think my vanity took hold a bit here because I did not want lose the send by resting on the

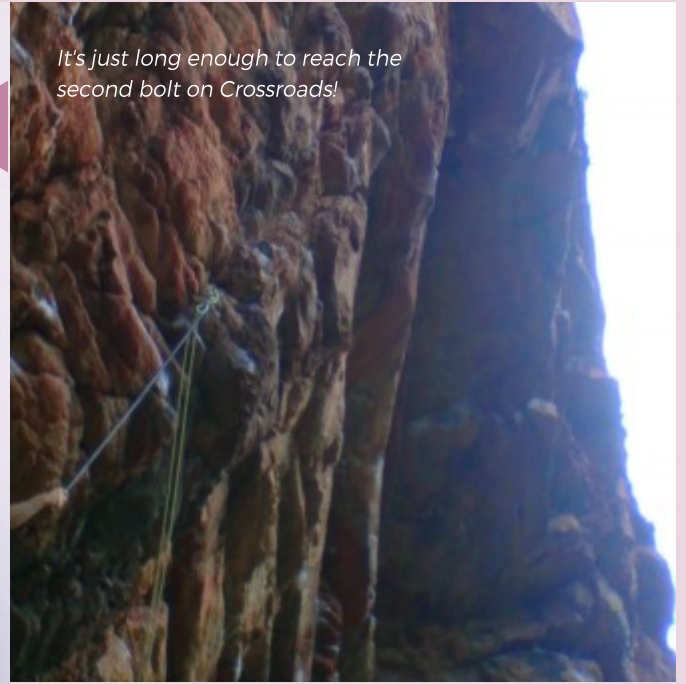
rope and nor did I want to finish before he reached the top. Luckily I managed to find two no hands rests where I spent a good ten minutes cramping my calves. I think it was worthwhile as I managed to get through cleanly and Simon snapped a few shots – whilst it's very unlikely they'll see the light of day, it was a bit of fun and a good memory! (I take that back, one of them has since appeared in the Onsight newsletter!) At the end of our time on Never Sleeping Wall, Monique set a top rope on Tears of Freedom for us to try. This is an outstanding route 35m running up incredible tufas but with a technical crux which took me several attempts to get through. Another reason to go back!

San Vito was a fantastic destination with a wide range of grades and mostly really well protected. It's also a great gateway to the rest of Sicily – in hindsight I would have liked to extend the trip and explore a bit more of the island to take in some cultural sights too. I think there is a high chance I'll be returning as we only just scratched the surface with our ten days! Simon, Monique and our local guides were fantastic and I'd certainly recommend a trip like this to anyone like me who is after a safe way to try travelling and climbing!



Erice, just a short drive from Never Sleeping Wall!

STICK CLIPPING



It's just long enough to reach the second bolt on Crossroads!

DEMETRIUS KALATZIS

There is quite a debate around stick clipping and the ethics involved. I'm not going to enter that but will suggest that if like me you frequently find yourself at the intersection of ambition and ability it's worth considering. Especially whilst travelling, say to the Blue Mountains (or Thorn Butte for that matter).

I started out taping draws to sticks, but got sick of twigs falling and the gate closing as I was just about to get the draw through a bolt plate, and sick of the ratty little bits of tape I was using to secure my draws getting everywhere. I couldn't justify the ~\$100 price tag on the real deal so decided to try and make my own. There is a multitude of ways to make a stick clip but I thought I'd share the one I'm using currently, as it's often a conversation starter at the crag.

Tools required: Pliers and Drill

What you need:

1. Stick — any stick will do but I found a telescopic painters pole from Bunnings for ~\$10.00 that extends to 1.68m, even came with a free paint roller for next time the woody needs a coat*
2. Clip—I used a coat hanger but any wire of sufficient gauge will do

Cut the coat hanger with the pliers and bend into a cradle so that it will support a quick draw – refer to the pictures to get the general idea.

Drill a hole through the painter's pole. Thread the non-cradle end of the coat hanger through the hole and wrap it around the pole with the pliers to secure the coat hanger in place.

I used electrical tape to try and prevent the coat hanger scratching my nice shiny draws but it may be better using something with a slightly higher coefficient of friction, as occasionally mine drops draws. Now put a draw into the cradle so that it holds the gate open and reach for the nearest bolt!

Unlike a superclip or a squid you will not be able to retrieve draws with this design, that said I don't think you can with a beta stick either and I am yet to witness a successful retrieval with the other designs in person.

Please note that I've used Tom Grundy's design which you can read about on his website, where he mentions that he's happy for the information to be spread, provided he gets a sentence like this acknowledging his fine work (<http://tom.grundy.tripod.com/basedir/camfix.html>).

*or for the primary coat when I build a woody

QUICK TIPS FOR BETTER CLIMBING PHOTOS

NICK DUCKER

Climbing photography is one of the most deceptively nefarious disciplines of sports photography. Seeing our friend halfway up a route, looking like a super hero, surrounded by spectacular rock and scenery, we whip out the camera, thinking it would be impossible to get a bad photo. Alas, more often than not we find ourselves disappointed by the result and thinking: "Why is it so hard to get a decent shot?!". Climbing photography, like climbing itself, is something that requires planning, preparation and practice. However, by following a few easy guidelines you'll find a quick increase in image quality when you shoot.

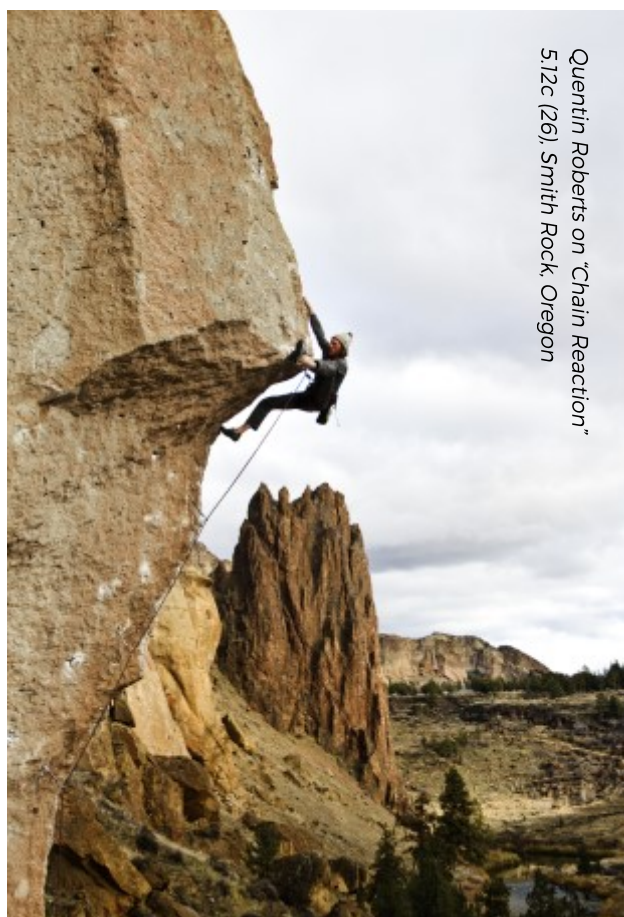


Zachary Cannon on "Twinkie" 5.12a (24), Red River Gorge, Kentucky



Rule of thirds

The golden rule. You can try this with your phone camera. Take a photo of an object with it dead centre in the frame. Now imagine there's a grid dividing the frame horizontally and vertically into thirds. Frame your object so it sits at one of the four junctions where these lines meet then take another photo and compare the two. Why does the second look better? You've created more than one point of interest by moving the subject out of the centre of the frame!



Quentin Roberts on "Chain Reaction" 5.12c (26), Smith Rock, Oregon



Beware the Butt Shot

A "Butt Shot" can be summarised as the casual photograph of a climber, taken from the ground at a sharp angle, resulting in the accentuation of the climber's butt, whilst doing little to capture the overall scale. Avoid these at all costs! While it's possible to get a good butt shot, you'll have much more luck if you try and increase the distance between the camera and the climber, especially when you're below them.



Logging some face time

We humans are social creatures. When we first meet someone the first thing we look at is their face, or more specifically, their eyes. Capturing the face of the climber, or even better, their eyes, allows us to empathise, extrapolate and appreciate what might be going through the climber's mind. This lends the photograph much more depth than a portrait of the back of someone's head.



Liam Mason on "Flaming Robins" V4, Carrickalinga, SA



Lighting

Be aware of lighting. A camera can't compensate for a bright light like your brain does. If you shoot a dark subject on a bright background, you'll end up with a silhouette or a washed out background. Watch for sharp shadows and shoot in the shade when you can. Try to find a position where light naturally strikes what you're trying to capture.



Michiel Telkamp on "Punching the Pussy" 24, Norton Summit, SA



Throwin' Shapes

Look for shapes in the climber's posture and try to capture them. Another thing to try is to mentally draw a smooth, curved line from hand to toe of the climber. This requires a bit of practice, but with some trial and error you'll find what looks good.

Nick Ducker on "Madge McDonald" 25, Blue Mountains, NSW, Photo by Tracey Hua



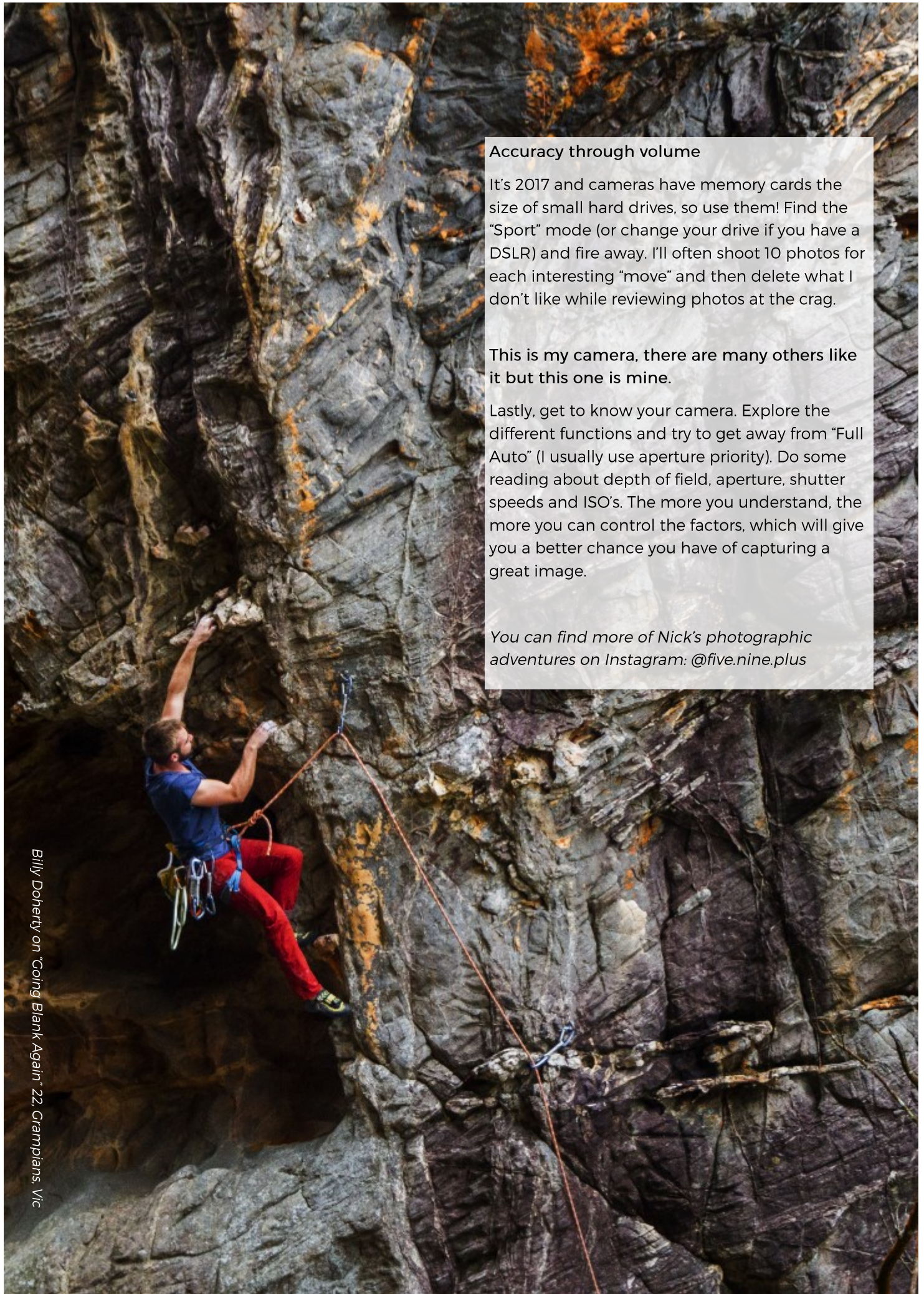
Tracey Hua on "Way of All Flesh" 25, Blue Mountains, NSW



Get High

Shooting down on, or beside your climber opens up a whole new world of photographic options! Depending on the crag this can be easy, or super tricky. If you're confident in your rope skills, you can set up a fixed line on the climb or the climb next to it to really try and get that money shot.

**Photo Credits: All photos taken by Nick Ducker unless otherwise stated.*



Accuracy through volume

It's 2017 and cameras have memory cards the size of small hard drives, so use them! Find the "Sport" mode (or change your drive if you have a DSLR) and fire away. I'll often shoot 10 photos for each interesting "move" and then delete what I don't like while reviewing photos at the crag.

This is my camera, there are many others like it but this one is mine.

Lastly, get to know your camera. Explore the different functions and try to get away from "Full Auto" (I usually use aperture priority). Do some reading about depth of field, aperture, shutter speeds and ISO's. The more you understand, the more you can control the factors, which will give you a better chance you have of capturing a great image.

You can find more of Nick's photographic adventures on Instagram: @five.nine.plus

Billy Doherty on "Going Blank Again" 22, Grampians, Vic

FIVE DECADES OF ADELAIDE CLIMBING



EMMA KENT

Data compiled from the 2017 CCSA Climbing Survey

The Climbing Club of South Australia is turning 50, so it seems like a good opportunity to stop and reflect on the last five decades.

After compiling data from 121 Adelaide climbers from the 15-20 age group to the 50+ age group, it appears that not a lot has changed over the years. There are many similarities amongst responders as to how they got into climbing and why they love it.

One constant throughout the decades is that climbing is a social sport.

Many of you have been introduced to climbing through friends or school groups or scouts.

"My school teacher introduced me to mountaineering," said George Adams.

For others, it was by accident...

Like Will Morphet, "[I] wandered up to Norton Summit accidentally."

Or by pure luck...

"Three years ago my partner and I wrote a list of 30 cool things to do on weekends. We tried climbing first, loved it so much we didn't bother going on with the list," said Charlotte Chircop.

For the 41-50 age group the gym became a popular place to start, and continues today. The 21-30 age group quoted overseas adventures and exes for getting them into climbing, as well as friends and the gym.

"I missed a flight in Sicily and was invited to join a weekend climbing trip. I thought climbing is not for me. On my first route, I realised I will never stop doing it," said Anzhela Malysheva.

Climbing by nature is a social sport or partner activity; even with bouldering it is good to have a spotter.

So it seems fitting that many Adelaide climbers had people in their lives connect them to climbing. Another constant among all age groups was that climbing is fun – pure, simple, fun.

"To get out on rock and in the mountains, the sense of accomplishment/enjoyment, the travel to different crags and mountains worldwide, currently to get out and climb with my son," said Doug McLean.

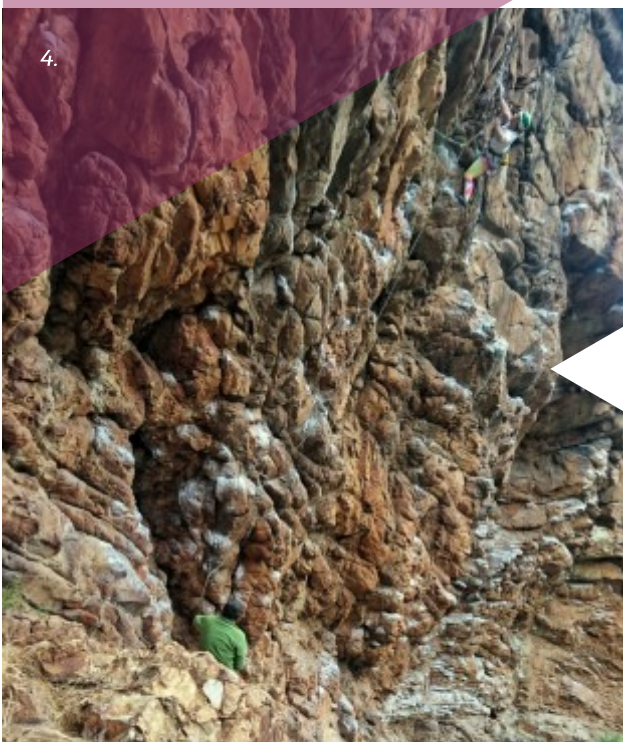
Mental and physical challenge is another big reason why climbing is such a passion among us.

Even a climb you have done what feels like hundreds of times before can still throw you a curveball if the weather is different or you're not on your game.

"It is a challenge that stimulates both your mind and your body, and it forces you to only focus on climbing and blocks out all external thoughts," said Raife Gehren.

Many of you also quote a sense of accomplishment as a reason behind your love of the vertical life, like Michele who said, "Rock climbing is a great combination of physical and mental strength, endurance and problem solving. I feel a great sense of accomplishment upon completing a climb."

1. Alicia Anson, Mount Aspiring, New Zealand
2. Doug McLean enjoying Plexas, Boulder Bridge, Morialta
3. Doug McLean on the Pioneer Ridge of Douglas, Mt Cook region, probably the south face near the top, December 1969
4. Mieka Webb on Anzac, Norton Summit, belayed by Bill Begg. Photo by Sam Doolette
5. George Adams on Al Sirrat, Far Crag, Morialta, 1980
6. George Adams, 1st ascent of Pulpit, Far Crag, Morialta, 1970. Photographed by Doug McLean



"I'm so glad that when I was getting into climbing I had some wonderful mentors/role models to look up to – not just because they climbed pretty strong, but because they encouraged me to think and question and get out and explore things ...

It's so important that we keep doing that for new climbers coming through – take them out and take them to places that they wouldn't get to otherwise, let them learn from our mistakes. :)."

Mieka Webb

Fitness was a big contender for most age groups (exceptions were the 31-40 and the 50+ age groups). However fitness was substituted for nature in the 31-40 age group.

"The community and the positive feeling it gives from being outside connected with nature," said Shannon Barton.

Finally some of you might relate to Lea McClurg, "it has changed over the years but has variously included peace, perspective, fun, friends and fitness."

The biggest climbing achievement question from the survey exhibited the biggest variation of responses.

Many of you decided that particular climbs were among your greatest climbing achievements. Whether it has been a hard climb, like Belinda Baker, "Onsite trad 22."

Or a famous climb; like Trent Searcy, "I'd say my ascent of Punks in the Gym, Mt Arapiles. The history behind the route; it's a classic bit of climbing. Famous for being the first graded 32 in the world by the German legend Wolfgang Gullich. The rock is great and the movement [is] technical and powerful."

Or an iconic line, "I think my greatest climbing accomplishment has been leading the Billiard

For those of you in the younger age groups (15-20 and 21-30), leading in general or leading certain projects were ranked high as a great accomplishment.

Some accomplishments were all about making and building friendships.

For the 50+ and 31-40 age groups, international peak bagging rated highly.

"[I] have summited a few peaks in the Swiss Alps. Did a few massive multi's (i.e. approx. 8 pitches) in El Chorro [Spain] with after-dark abseils to descend (after the guidebook incorrectly stated there was a walk-off)," said Brugh O'Brien.

There were two more accomplishments that stood out, the first among the 41-50 age groups, which was teaching climbing.

"Introducing lots of kids to the sport," has been Adam Clay's greatest achievement.

Finally, some thought just any time out climbing was great, some thought accomplishments weren't important and some said the greatest accomplishment was yet to come.

A bit more about the typical Adelaide climber

George Adams and Doug McLean are the only two survey responders that have out-climbed the CCSA's 50 year history, and the average length of climbing career was 12 years.

Adelaide climbers consider themselves mostly trad and sport climbers followed by top rope, bouldering and gym climbing.

Amongst the other disciplines included mountaineering and the faithful woodie.

Adelaide climbers are mostly males (68% of responders) and in the 21-30 age group (34% of responders).

Thank you everyone for putting in the time to complete this survey. The number of responses was overwhelming and that just shows how much the climbing community wants to share their stories. I could have written so many more stories based on some of your responses. I am so glad to share these experiences with you all.

Rod Vincent, "keep up the good work CCSA."

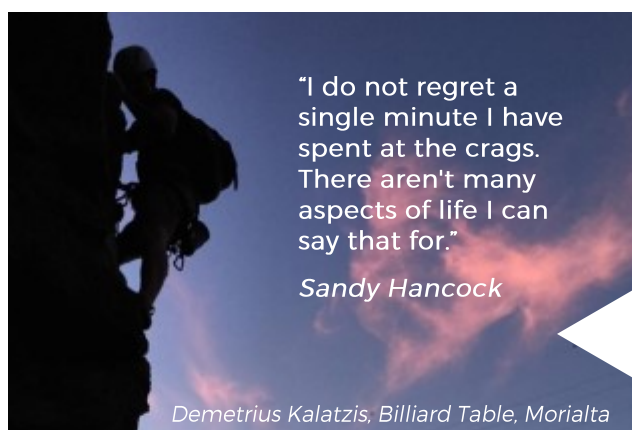


Table and it is because of this it rates as one of my favourite climbs. The Billiard Table was one of the climbs my dad had raved about when we started to venture outdoors, on some level it was like connecting with my climbing heritage. I recall the excitement I had when I first climbed it on top rope and calling dad to let him know I agreed it was a phenomenal line," said Demetrius Kalatzis.

ADELAIDE'S TOP CLIMBS

EMMA KENT

Based on data compiled from the March 2017 CCSA Climbing Survey

Adelaide is lucky to have so many quality climbs so close to home. Therefore it is no surprise that the most popular and well-loved crag in South Australia is less than half an hour drive from the Central Business District.

Boulder Bridge at Morialta is home to two routes that keep people coming back for more.

Adelaide's favourite climb is Muesli – and what is not to love about the slightly overhanging climb with holds that create the perfect amount of pump? Colin Reece and Mike Round first ascended Muesli in 1972 but the finish we all know and love was added by Eddie Ozols and Dave Vitek in 1977.

Those of you that have mastered Muesli have fallen in love with Muesli's neighbour Extra G. Extra G and ANZAC Highway Amble across the hill at Norton Summit tied for second place as the most popular climbs in Adelaide.

Norton Summit, including the Cave, the Hole and Bachelor Pad hold the largest concentration of favourite climbs.

The popular winter crag's ability to stay relatively dry in bad weather certainly outweighs the suffering required to hike the steep ascent to reach the base of the cliffs.

Norton Summit is also home to the largest concentration of hard climbs. With all but a few climbs graded in the mid to high twenties, the saying goes, "the only way to get strong for the Summit, is to climb at the Summit."

Other than ANZAC, Adelaide has a great time on Come out Fighting, North Terrace Stroll, Kensington Park Duck Massacre, Peregrine, Punching the Pussy, Crossroads, Trundle Down Rundle and Filipino Out.

Six hours north is home to Adelaide's second favourite and world- renowned crag, Moonarie. The lack of luxuries at camp and the decent walk in doesn't deter Adelaide climbers from falling in love with Downwind of Angels, Outside Chance and Pagoda.

The anticipated plans for Onkaparinga with the introduction of a campsite should increase climbers travelling south. The climbs that hit the mark at Onkaparinga are Absolute Alcohol, Hard People, On the Rocks and Bacchus at Top Cliff, and The Hat and Around the Horn at Red Cliff.

Further south, Flight of the Gull and Mercy are the highlights of the sea cliffs of Waitpinga.

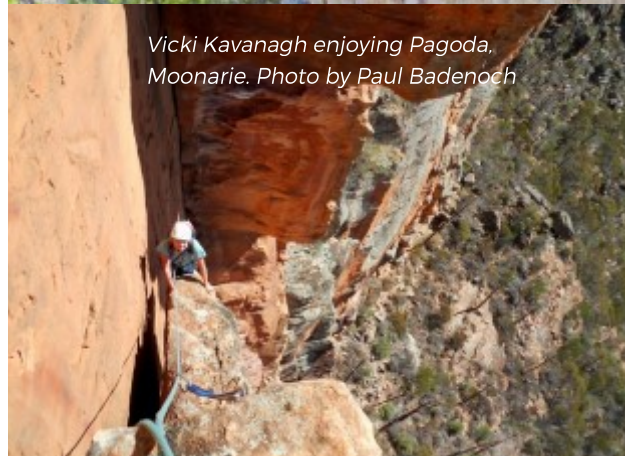
Finally, Buckaringa*, Kangaroo Island, the Bluff, Car Crash Quarry, Paul's Roof Blackwood, Enchanted Forest, Thorn Buttress and Billiard Table all have some spectacular climbs and boulder problems if you haven't checked them out already.

While the temptation to quickly duck over to Mount Arapiles for a weekend is always there, this is hopefully a good reminder that there are some quality climbs to check out here at home.

*Access is currently not permitted :-)



Felicity Eve Pearce on Muesli. Boulder Bridge. Morialta. Photo by Adam Sabic.



Vicki Kavanagh enjoying Pagoda, Moonarie. Photo by Paul Badenoch

REFLECTIONS OF A NON-CLIMBER

SUE MCLEAN

Driving to The Flinders was a lot different in the 70's than it is today.

We always drove via Peterborough (I had family at Peterborough), then Orroroo, Carrington, Hawker and onto Moonarie. The bitumen stopped at Orroroo with the rest of the trip on dirt roads, and that was where the interesting bits came too. The road was always very corrugated, which made the dust fly so no opened windows, and every so often you would hit a bit patch of bull dust, which not only filled the car with dust, also made it impossible for any other vehicle to follow until the dust settled a bit. Nearing the Flinders the road narrowed and was very winding due to the big red gums, and dozens of creek crossings. Generally the trip would take at least six hours. Leave work at five, pick up a passenger or two, Peterborough by eight – eight thirty, head off around nine, Moonarie just before midnight if all went well.

One particular trip we got to Hawker and Teagues' was closed, petrol low but we decided to carry on. Ten miles or so out of Hawker the trusty Renault ran out of fuel so we got the car off the road, tipped Alan our passenger out, laid the seats down and went to sleep. I was woken by a car driving past, then reversing at rapid speed with voices saying "That's Doug's car hope they are all alright". Once it was established we only needed petrol it was decided to syphon fuel from Martin's car into ours. However it was not that simple. After some procrastination it was decided that we needed a longer hose to get from one tank to the other. Solution - Martin drove back to Hawker cut off a few meters of hose from someone's garden, which did the trick.

I was usually given the job of buying food, which I did in my half hour lunch break. I would rush around the supermarket with my list and grab what was needed. Asked in the morning where the milk was - in the esky of course, but no-one could see it. I came along and grabbed the milk and wanted to know how come they couldn't see it, until it was pointed out to me that it was strawberry milk. It was fine on cereal but not too good in coffee. To top it off - on that particular

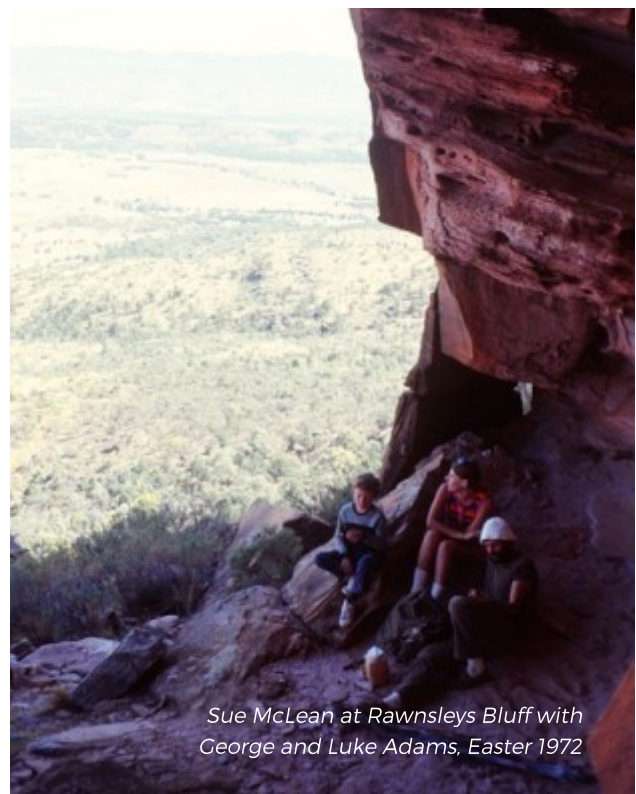
trip I also forgot to pack sugar. I take neither milk nor sugar so it was not a problem for me.

Another trip I said I was tired and was going to have a sleep. Alan said he was fine and would talk to Doug to keep him awake. I was woken with a bang and the car was driving in the dirt parallel to the fence on the wrong side of the road having missed all the trees and low shrubs. Yes you guessed right - both driver and co-driver had also fallen asleep. How anyone could sleep with all the corrugations.

A quote from John Nitsche, one Easter while trying to cook damper. "It took Jesus three days to rise and it looks as though this damper may need that long."

Competitions were held to see who could cook the best jaffle. Rules were you must have an egg and the centre of the egg still had to be soft. Other variations were allowed but not judged. Banana and chocolate were common at Easter.

Dinners also had the Master Chefs out in force as to who could cook the best meal over the coals. No pre packed meals or freeze-dried products from these chefs!



Sue McLean at Ravensleys Bluff with George and Luke Adams, Easter 1972

THE SUMMIT & THE SATURDAY MORNING CREW

SIMON BOU

Climbing began for me, like it does for many people in Scotland, with a journey up into the Scottish Highlands to do a wee bit of hiking. Anyone who has experienced hiking in the mountains of Scotland will attest to the beauty of the rugged landscape, it's a place that appears trapped in time. It was not long before I found my true calling (rock-climbing) and the rest, as they say, is history.

I moved to Adelaide in the late 1990's, a place that's about as mountainous as a dried-up pancake, hardly the place to continue my love affair with rock climbing. Still, lurking in the eastern suburbs lies a mysterious crag that also appears stuck in time. The Summit, home of the Cave and the Hole, was where I departed from my traditional Scottish roots and began to dabble in sport climbing.

It was at the Summit I was first introduced to the Australian art of sandbagging, stick clipping, sledging and dogging (which I excelled at). In the Hole, I learned that drilling was also okay and given that most climbs went from right to left, good lock off strength in your right arm was also important (obviously, there were no left-handed climbers who owned a drill back in the day).

It was here I met the Saturday morning crew, the strong (old) boys of Adelaide, Ingram, Laheney, Hallie, Hillan and Kinnane. Back then Ingram could do ten laps of "Tim" without breaking sweat, and Laheney could get off the couch and do Itchy Finger, gear in hand. Hallie had the endurance of a marathon runner and the power of a twelve-year-old girl, although these days that would something, back then he was just weak. Hillan and Kinnane were the cunning old foxes who seemed to be able to pull a rabbit out of the hat when it mattered most.

Most people who first come to the Summit begin in the Cave, and they start by getting someone to put a top rope on Peregrine. Not me, I'm fae Scotland, it's ground up, on-sight all the way! The Saturday morning crew encouraged my futile endeavours. However, I eventually realised that the on-sight approach on a crag where route finding is indeed an art form, is flawed. I

succumbed to their scurrilous ways, and soon found success and enjoyment in ticking off the major lines in the Cave. I will never forget my first year climbing at the Summit, it was as they say a stellar year. It began with the siege of the "Pussy" and ended when I ticked "Come out Fighting" – it was a great apprenticeship in sport climbing. I learned a great deal from the Saturday morning crew, for over a decade the Summit for me has been the place where friendships are forged and climbing trips are planned. It's been said that the Summit is a great training ground for those crags where eight metre roofs are all the rage. But my experience suggests that it can translate to the bigger stage and even help with on-sight traditional climbing. It is a place for all seasons, for all men and women and for all time.



Simon Bou on the 1995 Stuart Williams route, Stugang Willich Extension (12 m, grade 28), the Hole. Belayed by Paul Kinnane; Photographer Damien Hall

HOW THE KID LOST HIS SOUL

MARK WITHAM

Big Betty supervisor at the Dork Climbing Gym is giving the Kid his first performance review.....

Big Betty: "Look Kid; I'm not happy. Things are going to have to change."

Kid: "Please don't fire me; I would work here for free."

Big Betty: "I know you would kid; but we have to pay you a pittance otherwise we don't get insurance. But I'm telling you there are 3 other gym monkeys just waiting to take your place."

Kid: "But what have I done wrong? The customers keep telling me I set really good routes."

Big Betty: "Exactly Kid, that is the problem. Your routes are interesting, they tend to wander; they resemble real outdoor climbs and intelligent climbers climbing at the grade can often flash the routes first go."

Kid: "Isn't that a good thing?"

Big Betty: "Hell no. First of all the customers are not your friend. We do not want them flashing routes. If they did that we would have to change the routes every few weeks and we do not have enough money to do that. Hell we are already insolvent most of the time. What you need to do is make your routes more like mine. The customers hate my routes and almost never flash them. In fact there is not a single climb that I have set that does not have at least one totally bastard manoeuvre with a secret hold or other bit of bullshit. Have you ever heard anyone say one of my routes was fun?"

Kid: "I think not".

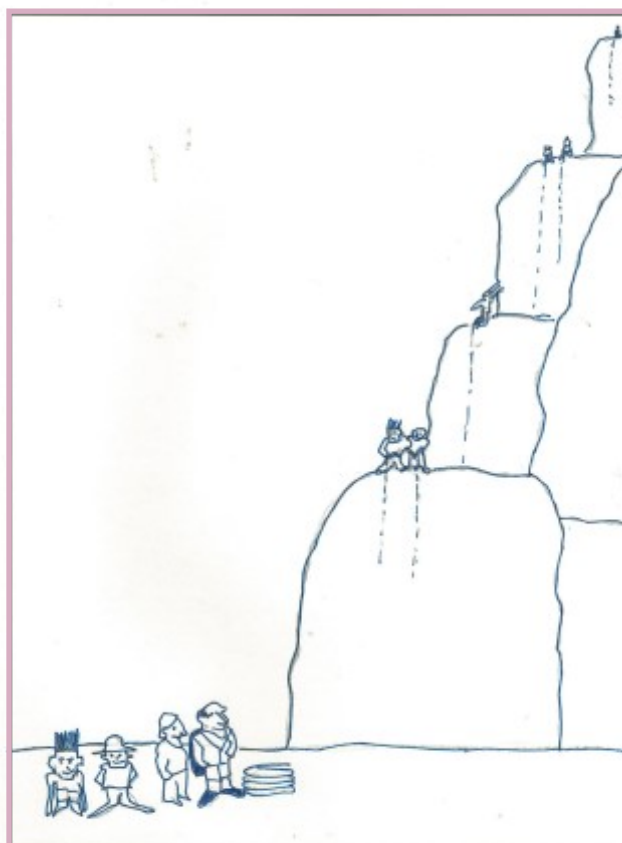
Big Betty: "That's right - but what you will see is all these climbers who think they are really cool out on real rock and they get totally humiliated on one of my routes. This is by design, not by accident."

Kid: "but my routes reflect my personality and my aesthetics - they are like my children and they are crafted with love."

CLASSIC DORK SIDE CARTOONS



It was one user application the manufacturers of green kiddy slime had never anticipated.



The route had no stars it was an awful, thrutchy ramble on 4 pitches of loose rock - but folk came from miles to experience the great pissing ledges.

Big Betty (in a spluttering rage): What the? Aesthetics? I don't even know what that means and if you are putting love into those holds... oh my god it would be a PR disaster. If you want to make the holds slippery use the extra virgin olive oil spray can that I use. It's just behind the counter and totally hygienic. Seriously Kid what you need to do is cultivate your inner bastard and express that in the route. If you can't do that I'm afraid there is no future for you here."

Kid: "I will try Big Betty, I promise."

Big Betty: "That's better. Now Kid there is another thing I am not happy about. I have seen you climbing routes while customers are here watching."

Kid: "But you told me I could climb here for free."

Big Betty: "But not when the customers are here. If you show them how to do the routes all my bastardry is for nothing and we will need to change the routes more than once every 6 months. Furthermore if they see you actually climbing the routes, they will expect me to be able to climb the arsehole routes that I set, and bugged if I can do that with my slow metabolism."

Kid: "What do you mean slow metabolism? Are you ill?"

Big Betty: "Don't get cocky Kid. I am going to be here a very long time yet. But when I started here I had a normal metabolism and I could almost climb the routes I set back then. But now my metabolism has slowed I have trouble getting off the ground."

Kid: "Is this another way of saying that you are fat?"

Big Betty: "Good Kid; that was a bastard thing to say – you're getting the hang of it – now try to use your inner bastardry to humiliate the customers in your route setting. Seriously Kid; route setting is just one part of our job here. What you also need to do to succeed is go around and criticise the most experienced climbers for not belaying properly or for using too much chalk. Use the whistle for god's sake. Threaten to throw them out and never, never, smile or be friendly. Remember the customers are not your friend.

We will have another meeting next week, and if I don't see rapid improvement I am afraid you are out of here Kid. Now go away practice your scowl, grow a proper beard, be unkind and reset all of your routes with a big dose of bastardry. Now get out of here"...



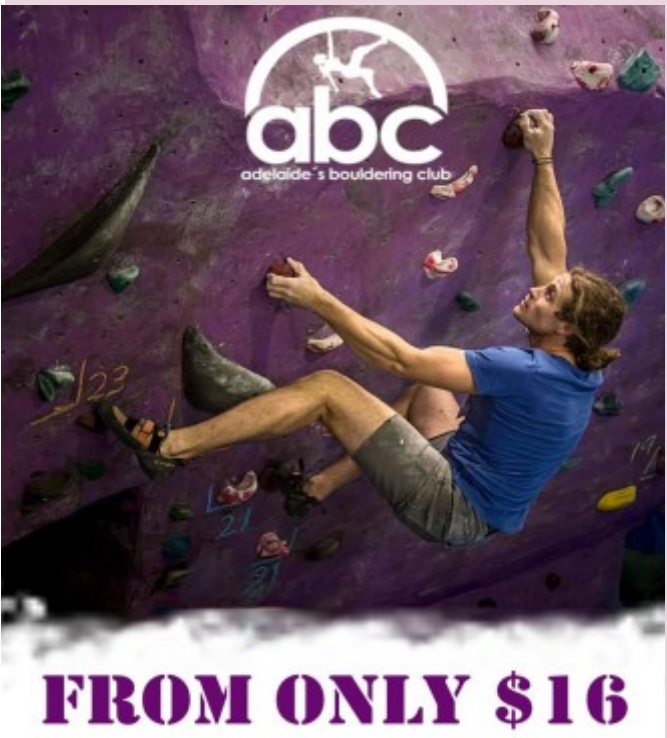
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Q&A WITH SIMON WILSON

KYLIE JARRETT

Meet great climber and outdoor instructor Simon Wilson, chatting to BOLFA editor and old mate Kylie Jarrett about his climbing life.



Simon on Rumble in the Jungle (24), at Fairy Cave in Sarawak, Malaysian Borneo, in 2013

Tell us a bit about yourself

I'm in my mid-40s and I've been climbing since the mid-80s – you can do the sums on that one! I have done a lot of climbing since then but also periods of not much climbing. I live in Adelaide – started climbing in Adelaide – lived in the Blue Mountains for eight years, then to China for three years, then back here.

How did you get into climbing?

I started climbing while I was at high school, it was an optional activity – I tried it a few times, loved it, then did whatever I could to go climbing, so that's where it started and I haven't really stopped much since then. Things ramped up in 1991 when I lived in London and started bouldering two or three times a week, and went from being a bumbly to knowing a bit more about what I was doing.

What do you love about the sport?

I love the diversity of challenge. I like trying different things and having to think about what I'm doing; looking at the risks but taking calculated risks and thinking about the way I move, thinking about the safety. Climbing is so engaging on so many different levels – the pure physical aspect, being in nature, and the friendships with the people you're out there with. Also how your thinking affects what you do, and that sometimes you need to learn to control that to improve at your climbing.

Share with us some of your finest SA climbing moments

One of the times I've had a really good day climbing was the first time we linked up Tim in the Gym to the Peregrine chains in the mid-90s. It was Stuart Williams' concept. I was there with Stuart and with Matt Adams – we took turns having shots, and we'd get on the headwall. This was before bolts were there, just one rusty piton which disappeared below your feet. You'd do a tricky move on the face when you're pumped, and not being able to see gear below you made it psychologically challenging. It was a leap for us. Eventually I was the first one to get to the top, much to other people's chagrin! They were good times.

The only time I ever stayed at Top Camp at Moonarie was to spend my third day of attempts on Animal Attrition [28**]. That made a lot of difference for attempting Stuart's route, to recover and not have to lug a pack up the hill. The route took a bit of a fight, but it was a good one, worth putting in the extra effort for. There have been a few trips to Moonarie with great people. Stuart Williams, Matt Adams, Jared McCulloch, Rob Baker, Rob Knott, Adam Gower; Col Reece appeared randomly as well. There were a lot of good routes done – one time we set up a massive 50 or 60-metre-high top rope on the Buzzard Arete wall before any of those routes existed. We top roped randomly, did some moves, fell off and swung and bounced out into space and then the next person's go! We didn't get very far but it was kinda fun. Cool to have a massive face to play around on!

Were there SA climbing mentors who inspired you?

Always there to give good advice, especially when I was younger, was George Adams. I'd lob into Paddy Pallin and have long chats with George and he would always be a font of support and advice. He's someone I definitely looked up to and admired, and had fun talking about climbing with.

Stuart Williams was definitely a good climbing buddy back in the day, someone who I admired and got a lot of learning from – I think Stuart probably taught me how to put my first bolt in. That was a good relationship.

How would you describe your decisions around the risk-taking?

Most times I like to climb safely, but there are certain times that's not what I'm after. Usually there's a reason for it. It might be a first ascent, the way a route needs to be done, or something deeper inside me, I don't know sometimes. I think one of the weird things about climbing is you can choose your own adventure, your level of risk. Some of the stuff I've done over the years I can say was definitely risky probably wouldn't repeat now I'm older, I've got kids and the stakes are different; I don't think I'd repeat the things I've soloed.

I think most people who put themselves in risky climbing situations don't do it blindly. Whether you're climbing a route on lead or you're climbing up without a rope, there's going to be an assessment of the risks involved and what you can manage around that. Should I do that or not? Do I know the route? Do I know the type of rock? Is there a chance there's going to be something loose? Is it a style that suits me? Is it within a grade I'm confident at? Enough to put myself in a situation where I don't want to come off?

Tell us a bit about the highs and lows of being a professional outdoors instructor.

I guess it's something fueled by my love of climbing but also can make it difficult. I've gone through periods where I've worked intensively outside and it got to a point where it's the weekend and the last thing you want to do is go out and be cold and miserable, and might want

to sit on the couch and watch a movie. But I think most of the time I've managed to divorce what I do for work from what I do when not working and the reasons behind it all.

What's your fondest climbing memory, anywhere in the world?

I think probably competing in the World Cup in 2004 in Shanghai. That was 37th place, out of 45 or something. It was really cool to be sitting shoulder-to-shoulder with the best in the world. I certainly didn't feel like one of the best climbers in the world but to feel like you're somewhere within that league was pretty cool and it did a lot for my climbing afterwards. After that I think I climbed really well and the confidence I gained from that sort of exposure put my head in a good place for future stuff.

Do you have a kernel of advice for new people starting on their climbing journey?

It's never too late to learn technique haha! And also I guess... be humble. Be considered, and do what you want to do for your own reasons. Because at the end of the day climbing is a selfish sport. You do it for yourself, you do it because it makes you feel good.

Original Bolfa sign whereabouts?

That's a really good question – Stuart Williams quizzed me about that recently. Matt Adams had it and then it went from his woody to somewhere. I don't know, maybe Fred Bonnet? Has anyone asked Matt? I reckon it found its way from Moonarie to a little stint in the Hole in the early 90s. Who knows. It's probably at Brian Felch's place [fictitious character!]. He's in the guidebook as first ascensionist of numerous routes around Adelaide.

A very big thanks to Simon!



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