

BOLFA 2021

Featuring.....

Obituaries for Michael Hillan and Simon Bou

Visiting the Goddess of Love at the Moon

Enjoying the Ride in Bohuslän

A historic walk through climbing gear from the
60's and early 70's

Trad Rack feature

And more....

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Front Page photo: Moonarie, South Australia.
Photograph by Adam Sabic. *Spot the Climber*
(Note. Photo has been stretched to fit space
provided)

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

Editors Note

Welcome to BOLFA 2021.

For our new readers, my name is Emma
Adams and I am the current editor of the
CCSA BOLFA, this is my second issue.

BOLFA took a year off last year mainly
due to the effects of COVID-19 but also
because I was growing the next
generation of climber. My daughter Grace
Adams was born in December 2020.
Being a fourth generation from the Adams
family of climbers, she is destined to also
love the outdoors....and hopefully
climbing.

This issue brings a lot of interesting
climbing reading as well as two trip
reports, one from our very own Moonarie
by Luke Adams which has seen a lot of
local love with constant border closures
and also surprisingly and international trip
report from Paolo Grasso who was
fortunate enough to be "locked down" in
Europe during 2020. Paolo's article "Enjoy
the Ride" will have you booking your
flights to Sweden as soon as it allows.

This issue also features obituaries written
for Michael Hillan and Simon Bou by their
close friends. It has been two years since
Mike and Simon had a tragic accident at
Moonarie. I hope you enjoy reading and
celebrating their lives in these two articles.
The Climbing Club of South Australia still
mourns their deaths and this issue will be
dedicated to their memories.

Thank you to this years' contributors,
BOLFA certainly can't operate without
you. Thank you to Paul Badenoch, Luke
Adams, Paolo Grasso, Doug McLean, Liz
Milner and all those that contributed to the
Trad Rack article. Special mention to Rob
Baker, thank you.

Climber's Code

The Climber's Code put together by the Climbing Club of South Australia Committee Members is a good refresher for those that frequent the outdoor climbing crags and a must read for those venturing outdoors for the first time.

Please take your time to read through the Climber's Code below.

Learn the skills and etiquette before you venture outdoors

- Outdoor climbing is awesome, however, you are at risk of serious injury or death if it isn't done safely.
- It has always been an activity learnt over time under the guidance of more experienced climbers. Books or online videos alone cannot impart the knowledge necessary for climbing safely and using safe, solid skills. Seek qualified instruction or learn from experienced people with a good attitude to safety.
- There are expectations set by the outdoor climbing community that you should understand before you head out. This Code is a starting point to educate yourself.

Climbing can be dangerous; we're human. Don't get complacent. The danger level doesn't change but our attitude can become more casual.

- Cliffs present risks. Those risks don't change, but what can is our level of vigilance. As we get more experienced we can become complacent about the risks. Don't do that.

- Complacency remains a major source of injury and sometimes death in climbing. Don't be a victim of complacency. Those safety practices you learnt when you first started climbing are relevant to every climb that you do.

Climbing can be dangerous; it's smart to wear a helmet

- Helmets are strongly recommended due to the risk of rockfall that is present at all of our cliffs and for protection against dangerous falls which could happen at any time.
- Helmets save lives and injury – this has been proven many, many times which is why many climbers wear them.
- Wearing a helmet not only protects you, it also saves your climbing friends from having to deal with the very stressful situation of rescuing you after a serious head injury.

Be inclusive and look after fellow climbers

- The South Australian climbing culture has enjoyed a long history of inclusiveness,

friendliness and guardianship. Keep that culture alive and look out for your fellow climbers.

- Nurture a safe, respectful, adventurous, fun climbing community.

Be a role model and respectfully address dangerous practices that you see

- New climbers are watching what you do. Role model best practice to them. Be a mentor.
- New climbers, or even climbers with some experience, may be ignorant of the mistake you see them making and may get hurt if no-one helps them out.
- Our actions affect more than ourselves. They affect our entire community.

Observe and respect access agreements and restrictions, including fire ban restrictions

- Access is not our right, it has been granted to us. It can be easily taken away. Know what the access agreements and restrictions are and ensure you are respecting them. Teach new climbers about access agreements and restrictions.
- Never light a fire on someone else's property.
- If you notice behaviour that may jeopardise access, politely remind climbers of the correct behaviour and/or report the issue to the CCSA committee.

Minimise your impact: use existing tracks, use existing anchors when present and never chip the rock

- Climbing areas can be impacted through erosion and disturbance to plants and animals. Stick to existing tracks to cause minimal impact.
- The National Parks service requires that where permanent anchors are installed, they are to be used and not trees. If no anchors are provided, use broad slings or rope protectors to protect trees.

Don't disturb nesting birds or other wildlife and protect all native vegetation

- Know what the seasonal restrictions are for the protection of wildlife.
- Be mindful not to trample native vegetation when moving around cliffs.
- Be a good environmental guardian.

Respect cultural heritage sites

- Know what the cultural heritage restrictions are at climbing sites and respect them, both here and interstate.
- Climbers visit remote places. If you find a site or artefact that may be of Aboriginal heritage, do not disturb it and report it as soon as possible to the CCSA committee and the local land manager.
- When possible and appropriate, attend Welcome to Country ceremonies and foster positive

relationships with local Indigenous people.

Respect the peace of the bush. Don't play your music out loud.

- Most people visit natural areas, including climbing cliffs, for the peace and quiet and the sounds of nature. They don't visit these areas to hear your tunes. Respect this perspective. Use your headphones or leave the music at home.
- Noise travels, particularly at night and through gullies. Consider this when choosing the volume of your voice.

Minimise your use of chalk or try tinted chalk to decrease the visual impact

- Chalk marks on climbing cliffs can be viewed as an eyesore by other site users. Try to minimise the amount of chalk you use and try ball chalk instead of loose chalk.
- Tinted chalk is now on the market, designed to blend in with the rock. Give it a try.

Carry out all rubbish, including food scraps and cigarette butts

- Our national parks and climbing sites should not be used as rubbish tips. Please carry out all rubbish including food scraps. Banana peels, orange peels and apple cores can take 3 months to 2 years to break down. Unfortunately, the

presence of rubbish gives other people permission to litter – don't be the person responsible for that.

- Create rubbish-free crags.

We need to talk about poo. Carry it and your toilet paper out with you (yes, it's possible!) or bury it properly and away from waterways.

- Ever gone for a bush pee and been grossed out by the toilet paper lying around? Don't add to the problem! Zip-lock bags are great for discreetly carrying out toilet paper or feminine hygiene products. Plastic bags and Poo Pots (strong, sealable plastic containers) are great for transporting your poo.
- If you need to bury your toilet waste, do so well away from waterways (at least 100m) and bury it at least 15cm deep. Foxes will dig up shallow poo pits.
- Of course, if you're a day visitor, be organised and go before or after you've visited the crag.

If you have a large group, car pool to the carpark and offer to share ropes with others

- Our crags are getting busy. Recreational climbers, commercial operators, training organisations, universities and TAFE are all sharing the cliffs. Be courteous, make sure your set-ups are safe, and offer to share ropes where possible.

Trad Racks!

A collection of Trad Racks from Adelaide Climbers

After the success of last BOLFA's Woodie feature, I bring you the Trad Rack!



Steve Kelly

What's the coolest climb you have taken your trad rack on?

The Bard, but I had to borrow two other pieces.

What is your favourite trad pro?

Probably the No. 4 WC Friend, as it's the only piece I own, apart from a blue Tri-Cam which is useless.

Have you rescued any booty?

I once found a No.8 wire on Arachnus, but I was down climbing it, and I think I might have passed the owner en-route.

Do you rack on your harness or on a sling?

Definitely on harness, as I've seen too many 'Friend imprints' on the backs of climbers over the years.



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Demetrius Kalatzis

What's the coolest climb you have taken your trad rack on?

Barad Dur! One of the most aesthetic lines at Mori in my opinion. A while ago this was a top rope project which took a bit of work for me to get through and since then the thought of leading it has been in the back of my mind. I figured if we could protect the first move it might go, so when home for Christmas we gave it a crack. I quickly realised that the rock at Mori was a far cry from the Sydney sandstone and I was struggling to read the route all over again. We managed to find a small cam to protect the start and thankfully never tested it. With some trepidation I made my way to the final crux and could recall one side of the loose block was good but in the intervening years had forgotten which one. Of course went for the wrong one and came off. Chastened and shaken I



Photos

L: Leah seconding the Araps test piece, Dramp
Above: Comparing Demetrius' cam to his dads

clipped into the top anchor and cleaned the route, that first cam zipped out as I reached the ground. Round 2, thankfully went much smoother but it was with no small relief I topped out!

What is your favourite trad pro?

I'm very partial to my cams, a green ultra light always seems to be the perfect piece before a roof!

Link cams are another, though more for the ingenuity than application, I only own one and find I tend to save it for a tight situation that doesn't eventuate.

Have you rescued any booty?

I've tried on a few but never been successful!

Do you rack on your harness or on a sling?

I've mostly used my harness. I was using the climbing tech 6 loop harness which had heaps of space. I used a sling as a bandolier on some longer routes but haven't found it as comfortable.



Luke Adams

Coollest Climb

Mt Kenya. 5200m of elevation and beautiful alpine rock climbing just above the equator in Eastern Africa. We took mainly larger gear - cams and a few larger nuts and lots of 25mm taped slings for tying off and bolstering rappel anchors.

Favourite piece

Black Diamond Camelot C4. .3 - thickness of my finger and most easily and commonly placed piece.

Booty

Found a brand new DMM stopper at the top of Funk at Moonarie last year.

Sling/harness?

On a black Diamond padded gear sling. It's a bit faster when swapping leads but the quick draws go on the gear loops of my harness.



Stuart Williams

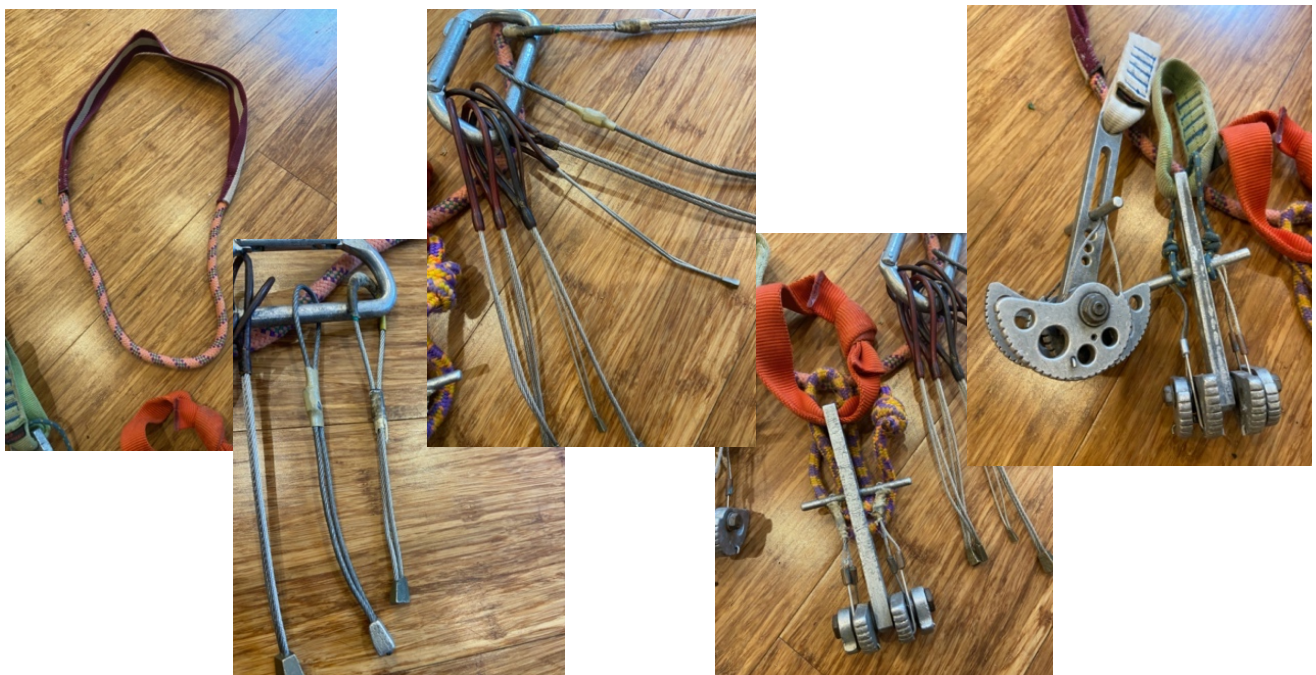
The gear sling I still use was made out of the strap from my school bag from the 1980s, a bit of rope and fishing line to sew it all together. I bought two of the friends from Nyrie Dodd when she worked in Mountain designs on Grenfell Street in the 1980's. As I was about to pay I blacked out and fainted smashing my head through the front counter to awake with Nyrie on top of me administering first aid very efficiently. Ended up with a few stitches above my eyebrow. A week or so later I went on a "school trip" to the flinders doing new routes at Rawnsleys Bluff, ended up copping a bunch of loose rocks on my head needing more stitches! So was truly looking like Frankenstein at the time which got my parents a bit concerned about this climbing caper their son was getting into.

The #2 friend with the red sling was bootied from PB at Araps from the time I did the direct finish. Jon Muir was also attempting the DF at the time so I always had the romantic thought that it might have been a cam that Mark Moorhead used.

The offset yellow wire with the tape around it was bootied from Punks in the gym around 1988/89. Probably the original fixed wires used by Martin Scheel or Wolfgang. Think there is a bolt there now but there used to be a cluster of wires around the crux. I was given the wire by Jared McCullough who bootied a few other fixed pieces from punks. I'm pretty sure he gave me the wire as a "payment" for me to keep my silence about him stealing gear from the hardest climb in Oz at the time.

Best climb I've taken them up??? Who knows but I used them on everything I climbed, so would be either Primrose Dihedral in Canyon Lands in the states (I still dream of that climb over 25 years since I did it) or anything at Moonarie.

Photos: Some of Stuart's prized original rack that didn't make it to Melbourne when he moved





Rob Baker

Favourite piece is the yellow alien

Coollest climb: many to choose from but Downwind of Angels at Moonarie and regular NW face on Half Dome in Yosemite stand out.

Collected lots of booty over 25 years but also left a lot behind descending off alpine climbs. Sometimes 10-20 wires on a big route.

Prefer to rack on harness

Jake Adams

Coollest Climb

The Spanish Inquisition, it is a cool route that doesn't get a lot of traffic

Favourite Pro

Blue offset wire, it fits everything

Booty

A second blue offset wire

Sling or Harness

Sling, easy to get what I need

Photo: Jake climbing Balthazar, Boulder Bridge in a dinosaur onsie, photo by Adam Sabic



Adam Sabic

Coollest climb?

Think the coolest, or really my proudest was my first ever big lead at Moonarie which was Pagoda. I remember it being super intimidating stepping off the flake to traverse across that wall, but keeping calm reading the moves was so satisfying and left me feeling totally euphoric. It was an awesome moment and the beer that evening tasted especially sweet.

Favourite pro?

It's an even toss between my .3, .4, .5 and .75 camalots.

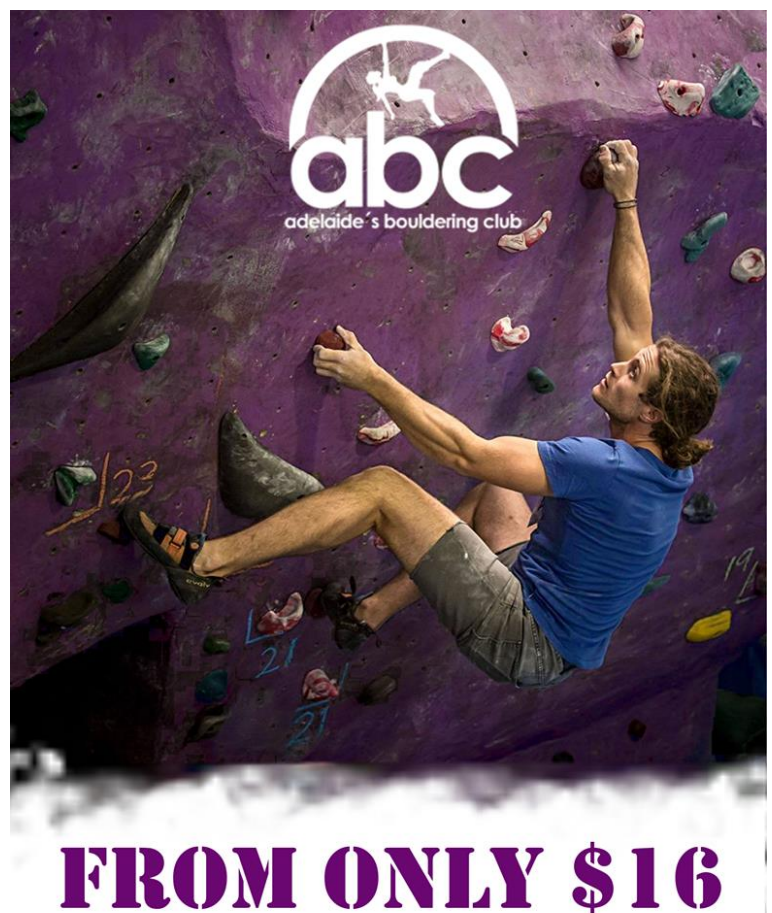
Sling/harness?

Both. Nuts and small cams on my front loops, the rest of the cams on a sling. On longer routes, everything goes on the sling - makes passing over the gear at the belays much faster.



I started building this rack in the late 90s. Apart from the stoppers, I've been updating and adding to it gradually over the years. The hexes are in a tub and never see the light of day - ever since I got the Camelots anyway. The kit consists of a comprehensive set of Black Diamond Stoppers, a full set of BD C3's and a full set of C4's up to size 4 with doubles up to size 1.

Although you can see a cordelette pictured, I now favour a 240cm sling for anchor building. - its so light and compact. I generally don't use quick-draws as I prefer extendable alpine draws because I hate rope drag! But, I have half a dozen or so of those, and a couple of longer 120cm slings to complete the set. And that's it, has worked for me pretty well, pretty much everywhere I enjoy climbing.



Mieka Webb

What's the coolest climb you have taken your trad rack on?

Paradigm at Raetjens Gap (with one sit and maybe clipping the bolts next door) otherwise Outside Chance at Moonarie.

What is your favourite piece of pro?

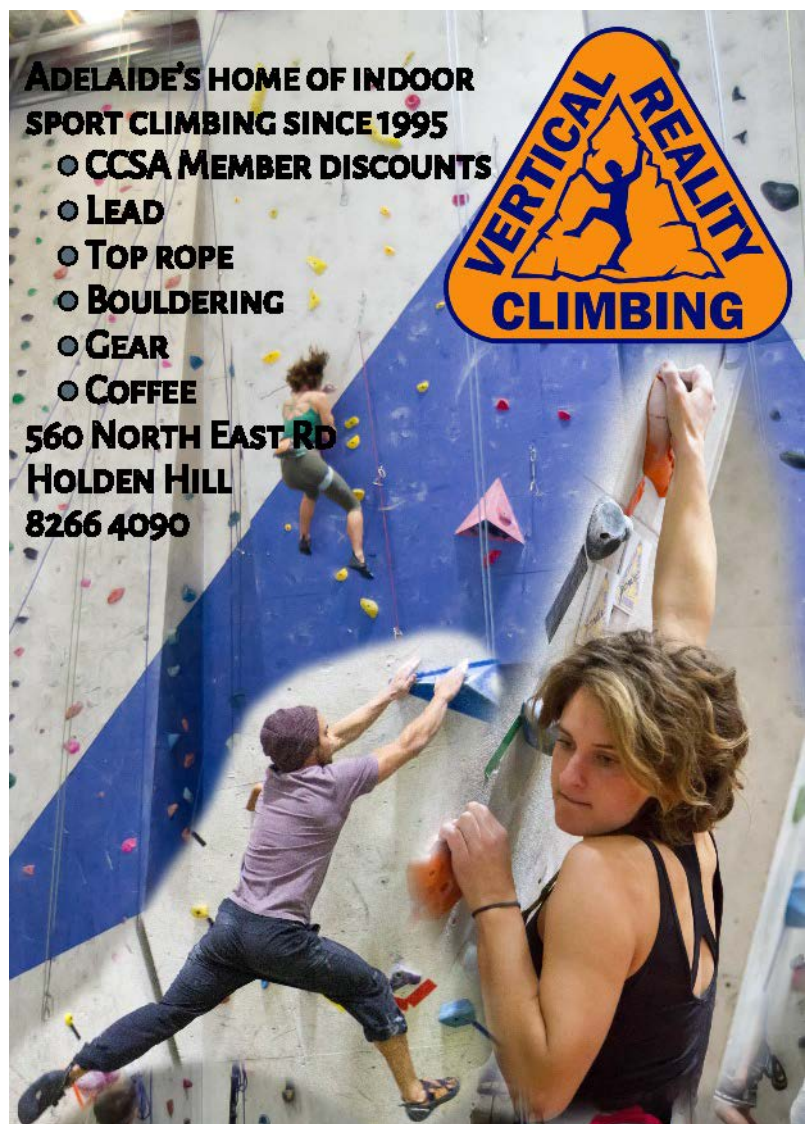
Hard to pick, but I'd say the DMM size 11 offset (the bright blue one). Close seconds are the DMM size 3 peanut (pink) and my BD size 6 cam.

Have you rescued any booty?

Extracted an old Kong cam from a climb in the Grampians. Was a two-nut-tool job and the cam was definitely well ready for retirement.

Do you rack on a sling or harness?

Harness for sure. Seven gear loops (DMM Puma harness) is the key!



Michael Hillan (1956-2019)

Written by Paul Badenoch

The following article is republished, with permission, from Vertical Life issue no. 32 (autumn 2020).

Michael Hillan and Simon Bou died in a fall at Moonarie in August 2019. Michael was married to Jane, the father of Alicia and Richard, and a professional architect and builder. He was a good friend and quite a character.

Mike was about 40 when he read an article on climbing Aconcagua in an airline magazine. Interested, he joined a guided trip which became shambolic due to illness and poor leadership. At top camp many of the clients were ordered not to go higher. The next morning the leader was surprised to find Mike's tent empty - he was, of course, on the summit enjoying the view. Back home in Adelaide Mike discovered climbing gyms and never looked back. "I realised I can do this", he told me.

I'd met Mike in 2001 when preparing for a New Zealand trip organised by Luke Adams. Mike completed the TMC

at Mt Cook just before we headed over and to say he was fired up was putting it mildly. Aspiring, Green and other mountains were soon ticked. Luke hurt an ankle on the Bonar Glacier so it was just the two of us on the final objective, Cook. At the top I looked



Photo: Michael at a planned bivvy on Mt Kenya

around and muttered something offhand like, "I hope we get down." Mike would have none of that attitude and fired back, "Of course we will." It was a long day but all went well.

Luke also organised a challenging cross-country ski trip, Kiandra to Kosciuszko. Mike was as keen as a ferret and wasn't going to let the fact he'd never done

anything like that before stop him. He did pretty well.

Much of Mike's early rock climbing was with local identity Brandon Saunders. One night at Quamby Lodge in Natimuk, Mike made the mistake of pointing out Brandon's relatively short stature. Brandon - wiry, strong and very competitive - wouldn't put up with that and challenged Mike to a wrestle. The ensuing struggle in their

underpants was disturbing viewing for all those present. They settled for a draw and remained great friends.

I never saw Mike happier than on our trip to Africa with Luke and Adam Sabic. He loved adventure. On Batian (Mt Kenya) we still had some distance to the summit although it was 4pm and snowing. We discussed the merits of pushing on which would mean a high unplanned bivvy on the descent. Mike had no hesitation, "It's Africa - how cold can it get?" Well below zero, we found out. We also ticked Kilimanjaro.

On a trip led by Duncan Chessell, Mike climbed Vinson via a new route from the east. The approach up a valley where no human had set foot was meaningful to him. Mike wanted to set a record for the longest time to complete the seven summits - he'd climbed Kosciuszko as a kid and was saving Elbrus for about 2040!

Mike said he enjoyed trips with me because I snored less than some people and we would always encourage each other to try hard, particularly on trad at Arapiles. His calm onlook of Comic Relief, among other classics, was impressive. Mike was a busy man so it was my job to select climbs and, when necessary, describe how he'd tried a move last time. He could push himself to the limit when leading. He thought that's how climbing should be and he had my respect. Then there'd be the happy chatter on the way home, at least until Goroke when he'd fall asleep. On one trip I fell off the Missing Link wall and was airlifted to the Alfred Hospital.

Mike went out of his way to visit and reassure my mother in Adelaide.

We all enjoyed Mike's company and his strong opinions, some of which could even be modified by reasoned argument. Nevertheless, his on-air comments about nepotism in local councils was too much for one Adelaide shock jock and resulted in him getting banned from the station!



Photo: Mike on top Mount Vinson, Antarctica

Mike climbed widely around Australia and overseas but rarely bouldered, saying it was a good way for someone our age to get injured. His major legacy near Adelaide is the popular Red Cliff, a sport crag at Onkaparinga he developed with Matthew Broadbent. He was a regular at Norton Summit, gaining inspiration from younger

climbing friends such as Simon, Paul Kinnane and Damian Hall.

The tragedy brought people together. The Adnyamathanha people invited families and friends to a healing ceremony at Moonarie. We were touched by the concern the traditional owners showed for Michael, Simon, the people who knew them, and the country.

I'll let Mike have the final word. For a BOLFA article, Emma Adams asked us why we climb mountains. Mike's reply:

'Questions put in simple words belie the complexity of the answers. It would be trite to say "just because" but in many ways that is all there is to it. So ... you get to places very few people see. These places are remote, wild, dangerous and unbelievably beautiful. In many cases you have a whole mountain to yourself and your

companions. It is a privilege. And when there are other people they are, without exception, the best people you will ever meet. Whereas most people I meet use their considerable creativity to work out how many ways to say "no" to everything, these mountain people are in with a confidence and enthusiasm that is contagious.

There is a simplicity to it. No rules, no civilization – just you and your companions working together to do something that is testing both mentally and physically in what can be a deadly environment. You are totally responsible and you carry all the risk. It is meaningless in terms of paying the bills, bringing up a family or being part of the day-to-day existence of suburban life. And beyond many people's comprehension. But meaningful to me in many ways that are not easily expressed. No adrenaline rush, just ... just ... because.'



Photo: Michael climbing Hellspite, Arapiles, photo by Paul Badenoch

Where Eagles Fly For Simon Bou

We're a strange brew us climbers. I never even thought to ponder why Bou-Bou still climbed. I just accepted that he did. Like the smoker. Drawing in and reconciling fleeting memories of a cancer and the heaviness of those last days in the final waiting room of life. It's a powerful thing, this dance that we do. And he had it bad. He would of course...his was the Gaelic flair and artistry of the French mixed with the stoic pragmatism of the Scot.

Son père Michael danced his last dance on the icy slopes of Ben Nevis at the age of 40, leaving behind his Bonnie Ma, Simon and his younger brother. Michael's père also passed at the age of 40. All too

soon. Our Bou-Bou danced his last dance on the orange stuff at the Moon...a world apart, at 44 years young, and leaving behind sa femme and his two bonnie lasses. And us... with our haunted thoughts and our what would have been.

We used to laugh at the shared coincidences of our lives. Our family dynamics were erringly similar. Bou-Bou shared his Australia day birthday with my eldest; we both had two

daughters of the same age and spread with an unnerving similarity and disparity of character that prompted much discussion about nature versus nurture. He was, without doubt, a philosopher. He played the Devil's advocate oh too well. Opinionated, argumentative, seemingly arrogant...we got on well on those long drives. But he was always willing

to consider alternatives... and to concede ground with gritted teeth and smiling eyes and the clink of a glass. And did I mention he was a sensitive soul too? Our wives paired us together in 2006 and we had climbed solidly for a couple of years. Best of all, he didn't give a hoot what he climbed!



Photo: Simon on Fantoochi at Araps. Photo supplied by Damian Hall

Unfortunately, he owned no trad gear of note, which led to some thin moments. But no questions were asked, just the occasional pointed observation, as is the usual way of us expats. He knew how to prod the rat in you, to get you on those maybe things. He wasn't ready to lead just yet, he'd say. These were his comeback days after some shoulder issues. The understanding was implicit. We went through the wringer together, it spat him out sometimes... he bloodied himself on

Birdman, took the swing on the big K and never asked why we were on Auto with melting shoes and dancing with the run-out gods. And we'd toddle on back to our homes and our nine to five and pretend we weren't living out some of the best days of our lives.

Of course, he turned the climbing tables pretty soon, like we both knew he would. Woodies were built and relentless training was done. He had a leaning for the hard bolted stuff and set siege to the Summit. Bou-Bou was an immensely dedicated and talented climber...deceptively powerful with the subtlety of fluid movement. Life and change eventually put an end to my gnawing and we started to go our separate ways but remained good and easy friends. He never failed to disappoint when we caught up – prodding, pushing...chiding me for not climbing and regaling me with tales of his latest trips away with the crew. All done with those smiling eyes, a Scottish drawl and the clink, clink of a glass.

He loved his French heritage more than his Scottish roots I'd say. But nothing eclipsed his love for sa famille, and this was the motivation for him to change course and return to university to study and to be able to be the provider he always wanted to be. He fed his insatiable appetite for knowledge and was outstanding in this area, going on to complete a Master's degree and landing a job that he was more than content with. Dreams of the older life spent living around the Gramps and surrounded by horses were had. Of course, anyone that

knew him also knows this could have been a total disaster as his practical skills fell way short of his theoretical nous. But he'd always have a go and give it his best shot...learning, improving, and striving.

I found myself thinking back to the last time we caught up, a month or so before that final dance on the Great Wall. It was his daughter's 18th birthday celebration, and he was true to form. Wine flowed, drams were had, and I will always remember him rockin' it out on the old Karaoke, singing along and laughing it up.

Earlier on in the evening, the conversation had inevitably turned to climbing as we perused the hallowed woody. I admitted I had been secretly preparing to return to the fold. I fobbed off the invitation that came and realised afterwards that my negative



Photo: Simon on a route in Palmer. Photo supplied by Damian Hall

response was born of my own delicate ego and that the wicked glint in his eye was probably all in my imagination. And so what if it wasn't? I should have gone with you mate. I owed you.

*Between the world of earth and sky
There's a place where eagles fly
There you'll find my heart and soul
carried on the wind
And in you I believe, now and forever
Where eagles fly, I will wait for you*

Back then, as I sat through Bou-Bou's service, thoughts with the living, I was also enormously uplifted at the spirit of what I felt and saw in those around me. I can't do justice to Bou-Bou here, or to the words that were spoken about

him on that day. What more can one do in this life but pursue what gives you the joy to live and to let others do the same? To strive to better oneself and to constantly move forward on the journey of one's self-enlightenment? To forge meaningful and genuine connections with those around you? To feel and to show your love and devotion to your family every moment of every day? And so, when I am feeding my rat and doing the dance, and I pass by these places where we shared a moment - you are never too far from my here and now. And since, and for always - whenever I climb on the Great Wall then I will share my thoughts with you and look to the sky. I ask you all to do the same.



Photo: Simon at the Millennium Caves, Grampians. Photo supplied by Damian Hall

Visiting the Goddess of Love on the Moon

Written by Luke Adams

Over the summer and autumn months, Arapiles had kept us heading to the convenience and comfort of the Wimmera but as the weather changes and borders opened and closed. We made our first 2021 trip to Moonarie in late June.

June at Moonarie is always cold, so finding a climb that was in the sun, neither Adam Sabic or I had done before and was easy enough to ease our way back into the style of climbing that rock in the Flinders dictates was the task at hand. Aphrodite (13) seemed to fit the bill.

The usual slog up to top camp followed by gearing up and walking over to the Little Great Wall area took a while on our first day.

Walking past the site of one of Moonarie's most serious accidents below the Great Wall, filled us with sadness, remembering our friends that made a fatal mistake in 2019.

A cool breeze was blowing through the trees as Adam & I stopped to reminisce of trips we had completed with our friend Michael. We agreed that even though we didn't believe in organised religion, we felt that Simon & Michael's spirit were still in the rocks & trees of this most beautiful place.

Taking our time, we ascended the first pitch of climbing highlighted by much complaining.

Both hands laybacking up a rounded arete through a small roof with feet



Photo: Little Great Wall at the start of Aphrodite

pasted on small, rounded footholds, I was left asking which part of the grade 13 these moves were.

The route then follows a low angle slab corner with great protection to a roof that is easily passed to a glorious belay ledge.

Sitting there belaying Adam, I thought Michael & Simon would want us to climb here and enjoy this spectacular place as they did.

Finishing up an offwidth sized crack that slowly narrowed to take a number 4 Camelot the second pitch ends on a large ledge under another ancient Callitris.

The walk down had us scrub bashing across to the Northern Gully and then an easy walk back to our bags.

Not hard but humbling was our opinion of Aphrodite.

It was a fantastic way to get reintroduced to the intricacy of climbing at the Moon.

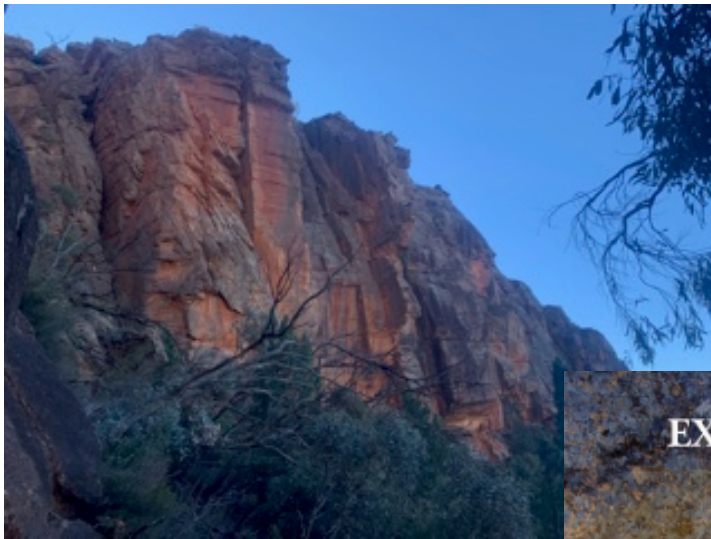


Photo: Looking towards the Northern Group

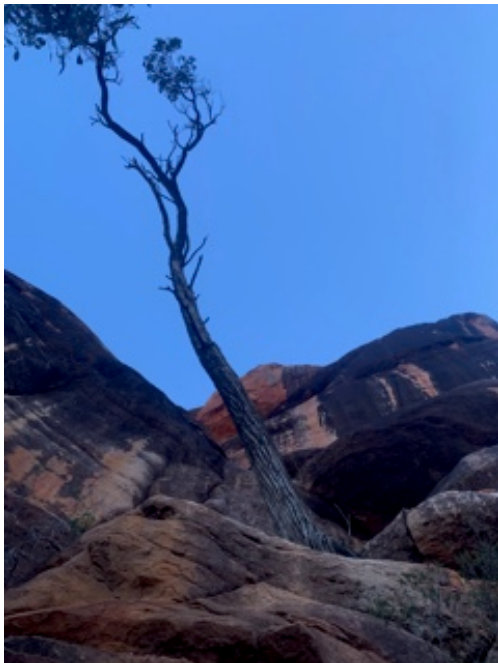


Photo: Looking up at Aphrodite from the start of the route

Aphrodite 13 * 55m

Delightful climbing that's technical and not too strenuous. The first major corner left of the north gully. A tree marks the start initial steepness gives way to a slabby corner.

1. 35m 13 Negotiate the bulge then continue up the corner, bypassing the overhang by stepping left a few metres. Up to a ledge with a shady Callitris.
2. 20m 12 The short awkward corner on the right then straight up.

FFA Mike Round & Hans Muhlack May 1972.

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Paddy Pallin
SINCE 1930

Photo Credit: Adam Sabic

Enjoy the Ride

Written by Paolo Grasso

I'm not in a rush. Comparing my progress in life to others seems counter-productive in so many ways. I enjoy doing things at my own pace, and seeing them through to their logical end, enjoying the journey (how cliché) and the process as much as possible. This mindset led me on a trip recently, and I found myself living out my dirtbag fantasies in a place called Bohuslän, a little slice of Scandinavian climbing paradise.



Photo: Danny crushing Mélange (7)
Photo by Danny @danny_tucker (instagram)

I remember laying on my back in a field of lush green grass, the summer sun warm on my face. Gently dozing, I could still make out the laughs of friends, the

clinking of harnesses heavy with well-seasoned racks and the encouraging words of belayers as their climbers pulled hard; frothing over yet another classic granite splitter. The last weeks had been spent exploring an idyllic labyrinth of fjords, forests, and lakes. Each day a new area, each area heralding a new climb to add to the ever-growing tick list of best climbs ever. Some nights we camped in magical misty forests carpeted with moss, intimidating cliffs with searing crack lines and overhangs soaring above us. Other nights we sought out wooden wind shelters perched atop granite slabs overlooking the fjords below; watching sailboats gently bobbing with the swells and rivers of jellyfish streaming past. In the forests, carpets of blueberry bushes heavy with their fruit stretched as far as the eye could see. One day I even stumbled across an enormous patch of Smultron (wild strawberries). These little beauties brought new meaning to the word delicious; the taste was like a psychedelic explosion of pure joy, leaving your mouth watering and your brain fizzing for more. I'd give almost anything to shovel another handful of those wondrous berries into my mouth. Rainy days brought forced respite from climbing, for which we were sometimes grateful. It was near impossible to say no to another day of exploring, no matter how tired. Rain also brought mushrooms to bloom in the surrounding area. Mushrooms are a closely guarded secret for any forager but we sniffed

out garbage bags full of chantarelles, later cooked up on the campfire and devoured with buttered sourdough and garlicky caramelised onions. I almost had to pinch myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming.



Photo: Forest Delights
Photo by Patrick @patrick_thats_me (instagram)

But where is this amazing place? Let's back track first to 2018; It was a rather serendipitous occurrence that I met (now good friend and Kiwi) Danny Tucker. He was the sole respondent to my social media post in a Melbourne Climbing group searching for partners. He and his mates had been long-term funemployed in Europe, and he was currently on a 'gap year' to work and save some cash. It wasn't really a new idea to me, but this chance meeting was the catalyst for my plans. We developed a solid climbing partnership over

many a weekend strike mission to Arapiles but eventually life forced us in different directions; me to live in my car and climb in Tasmania and him back to Europe to embrace that glorious all-access Euro Mountain Culture. We kept in touch, and he enticed me regularly with stories of mountains, and the plethora of mountain-related shenanigans one could get up to with unlimited free time.

By 2020 I'd got my s**t together (well, in my opinion, anyway) and landed in Europe with a no-plan plan: follow your bliss and everything will work itself out, etc, etc. At this point there were only faint murmurs of a novel bat-related respiratory illness in the media and life was pretty damn good. Soon after



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landing, I visited the quaint Swedish city of Malmö for my friend Emma's debaucherous 30th birthday weekend. I have a series of bizarre and disconnected memories from the party, like smoking cigarettes in the train station and a strange Swedish party ritual that saw us fishing shots from behind a curtain with a plastic rod. Despite the foggy memories of the night, one subject was burned into my mind; dozens of separate conversations singing endless praise for a place called Bohuslän; crack climbing par excellence featuring solid granite, splitter cracks and beautiful scenery. Later I discovered a movie on the place (Crackaholic – The Climbing Movie) detailing history, ethics and some of the local legends. It's basically Valley Uprising but set in Sweden! I promptly returned to Austria and informed Danny of my discovery; a granite climbing mecca to which we simply must travel. Turns out that he already knew of the place and had already told me about it... guess I'd filed it away for future Paolo to worry about!

My no-plan plan was sorting itself out; we would head back up to Sweden in the summer to get a little taster of this supposed granite paradise before continuing around the alps to clip bolts on polished limestone sport crags. Well, fortunately, even the best-laid plans can come undone and the murmurings of a novel coronavirus had now become full-blown Covid-19. Travel became a little trickier. Danny had escaped to Sweden with his partner a day before Europe closed down its borders, and I was stuck in Austria. Following a few strict weeks of



Photo: The author about to fall from the thin crux of Internationalen (7-)
Photo by Patrick @patrick_thats_me (instagram)

lockdown, and a couple months of hiking, road-cycling and bolt-clipping, we needed a change. We needed to go first some granite. I hatched a plan to get to Sweden with my mate Tim involving some quasi-legitimate navigation of the border closures, a long train ride and an overnight ferry. With all of our climbing gear on our backs, and a suitcase full of exploding bottles of home-brewed kombucha in tow, we had made it to Sweden to take refuge from the pandemic in Bohuslän. It was time to settle in and take it slow, we had nothing to do and nowhere to be.

We had high expectations of Bohuslän; I hadn't shut up about it since Emma's birthday. In the end, our initial 3-week trip turned into 3 months exploring an area that was even better than we could have ever imagined. It's a subtle place; the pace is slow, and the beauty is understated. There are no majestic mountains, and the cracks are not quite as clean as those in Squamish, but there's something truly magical about it. I recall six-hour long sunsets in the height of summer, igniting the walls vivid hues of pink and orange, dense forests of oak and pine obscuring cliffs of perfect granite beckoning us to climb them, and a sense of wonderment and discovery every time we arrived at a new crag, ready for another best day ever.



Photo: Bergkirstis Polska, a gem hidden in the Woods.
Photo by Danny @danny_tucker (instagram)

But the one thing I remember most was my battle with a line called Afterburner (7-/22). Located at Hallinden, one of the mightiest and most imposing walls in Bohuslän, Afterburner is a line that catches the eye. A gently over-vertical crack system splitting the wall, a few restful looking horizontal breaks, and a simple chimney to top out, what could go wrong? I even thought I'd have a shot at flashing it! Well, the wall was steeper and more cryptic than I first thought, the horizontals were more pumpy than restful and the simple-looking chimney was a tricky offwidth. I recall my first lead burn, pumping out before even making it to the first rest, absolutely gripped and placing too much gear. I relegated myself to top-roping it to dial the moves, and figure out the rack. Another lead burn; I felt more confident but I was far too pumped. I made it into the crux and ended up taking a sizeable whipper onto my brand new #1, bending one of the lobes and rendering it useless. A nut that I had placed at the bottom took so much force that when it popped out; only the dogbone and the rope-end carabiner were left swinging down the line onto Danny's Grigri. We never found the nut or the 'biner, a sacrifice to the crag gods for having been so foolish to attempt such an endeavour? This seemingly simple project was becoming my nemesis. Over many more attempts, I couldn't reconcile my fear of the fall, constantly over-gripping or whipping at the crux. I tried for weeks before finally leaving Bohuslän to take some time off. I was burned out, pun certainly intended.

After almost a month off, we took a final two-week trip to Bohuslän to deal with unfinished business. Afterburner was on my mind, but I didn't feel strong enough. On our last day in Bohuslän, Danny talked me into trying again, maybe because his project was also at the same crag, or maybe because he believed in me. Disappointingly, upon arrival his project was a waterfall. After a quick rap down Afterburner I was actually glad to discover an acceptable level of wetness, maybe it would go today after all... Still lacking confidence, I got on top-rope and proceeded to flail up the climb a number of times, each burn further compounding my self-doubt. It was useless, I was a s**t climber, and I was going home empty handed. Somehow, with his sultry Kiwi tones, Danny managed to tell me onto the sharp end for one last burn.

I'm not sure what happened, maybe I found that flow state that I hear so much about, but I floated the climb, making every move perfectly and in control. My heart was racing as I stood at the rest below the offwidth, one weird move separating me from my goal. A deep breath, then I climbed into it, karate chopping the back of the crack and finding purchase, before pulling through and mantling onto the victory ledge. I let out a cry that they may have heard in Norway. It was done, and I was stoked. We headed to the Tempo, Brodalen's grocery store and climbing gear shop, where we celebrated with Skor bars and ice-cream from the tub, eaten with our nut tools and then that was it. I hopped on my bike, and Danny drove in the other direction, both of us

grinning from ear to ear with the memories of a summer well spent.

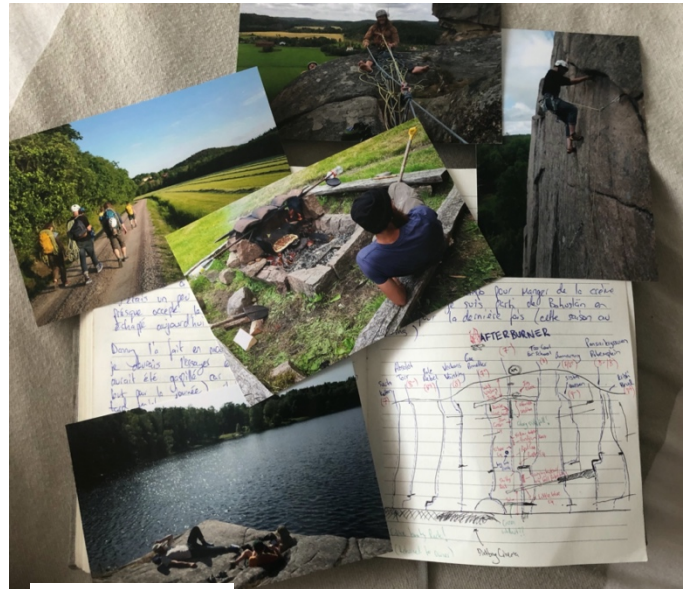


Photo: Memories

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Where to Stay: Bohuslän is actually the name of an entire region of the Swedish west coast however to climbers it is centered around the idyllic town of Brodalen. Paid camping with kitchen and showers can be found at the base of the enormous and awe-inspiring cliff named Häller. A cheaper (and far more enjoyable) option is the Bohuslän Klätterklubb cabin featuring flushing toilets, a barn with an overhanging crack woody and an unlimited supply of firewood. Many a rest day was spent here getting creative with campfire cookery, we once converted the fire pit into a wood-oven and had a full-blown pizza cook-off! For the ultimate budget option (read:free) you can wild camp almost anywhere. Sweden has a wonderful access right whereby people can pass through and camp on any public or private land provided you respect the ethics of leave no trace. Note that this can occasionally be subject to conditions and some landowners have expressed wishes that climbers do not set up camp in their back yard. Please do your due diligence and help maintain the access if taking this option!

Getting Around: I'd recommend a car if you are here for a short time; there's just too much you'll want to see. However if you can spare the time then Bohuslän would be a cycle tourist's paradise. Young frother Patrick had pedalled up to Bohuslän from Germany and opened my eyes to the possibilities for people-powered adventure on two wheels. If you're really keen, you could even tour around by boat or kayak and still have plenty to climb.



Photo: Bush Luxury
Photo by Patrick @patrick_thats_me (instagram)

Guidebook: Klättring I Bohuslän by Hanna & Petter Restorp (~\$80 AUD). Expensive, in Swedish and with weird digitally drawn abstract topos but essential. Make some Swedish friends or learn the basics of climbing Swedish: Crack = Spricka, Hand = Hand.

Rock Type: Perfect pink and orange Granite; Splitter cracks, three-dimensional weirdness, technical faces, semi-cylindrical stem chimneys, featureless friction slabs, fearsome off-widths and everything in between. The variety of climbing was truly astounding. One of the coolest climbs we did (Mélange) is a perfect corner crack starting at tips width and ending in fists, exposed during granite quarrying in the 1800's. According to British crack aficionado, Pete Whittaker, the rock quality here exceeds that of Yosemite, Squamish and Val di Mello... not a bad rap at all.

Climbing Styles: Trad- This is primarily a well-protected trad climbing area but you do get the odd runout slab climb or death-route protected by taped on skyhooks, pick your poison.

Adventure – When there's that much rock around, crags are bound to fall into obscurity. Treat yourself to a few days of mystery cragging by heading further out from the main popular spots, it's a hoot.

Sport- There are a few hard sport routes between the cracks and even a whole overhanging sport crag but bolting new routes seemed to be frowned upon. A local guide told us that the climbing club were informed of a new bolted route and after rushing to the cliff to chop it, an anonymous local had already taken the liberty to do so themselves!

Bouldering - There is an entire bouldering guidebook, and I'm told that Bohuslän has a lot to offer if you're that way inclined.

DWS – Maybe unsurprising for a seaside area, there are a lot of DWS routes spread around the region. Perfect for those hot summer days... just be wary of the jellyfish! I have received a nasty sting whilst skinny dipping one afternoon!

Rack: Climbs here gobble up gear however you could get away with a single set of nuts including RPs, and a rack of cams from micro to #4 C4, doubling up in small to mid sizes. Tricams were useful in many climbs, so best bring a few of them too. A single 60m rope works fine for most climbs and descents as there is usually a walk-off option, however many climbs wander a little so if using a single rope then bring a number of long slings/alpine draws.

Grade Range: Sweden uses yet another grading system, and Bohuslän tends to the sandbagged end of it. Here you can find anything from chossy, mossy 3- (8) to outrageously steep and unlikely 10+ (36/37 if extrapolating our scale of existing climbs). People climbing from 17 to 25 will have no shortage of classic lines, with some stellar hard lines out there for all the travelling crushers.

Seasonality: Winter – Expect freezing temps and snow, but climbing is possible on clear sunny days if you can find the right aspect. Daylight hours will also be severely limited.

Spring – Crisp Temps and typically less rainy than autumn.

Summer – Can get too hot to climb but there's always a shady cliff, or a body of water to take a dip in. Enjoy ultra-long days under the (almost) midnight sun, we didn't even unpack our headtorches for two months.

Autumn – Send temps but might get wet. Most cliffs dry quickly but seepage can be an issue.

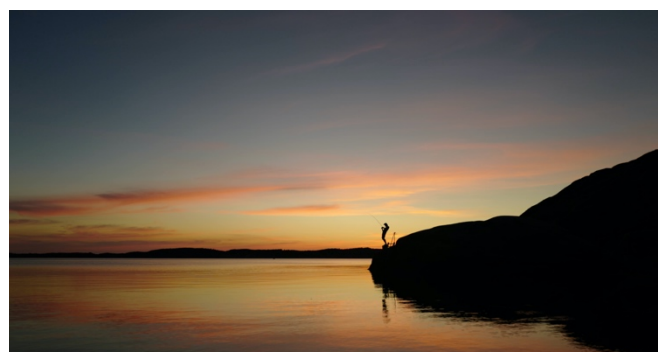


Photo: Dusk reflections by the Sea
Photo by Danny @danny_tucker (instagram)

Climbing gear from the 1960s and early 70s

Written by Doug McLean

In this article I'll describe some of the gear in my collection from rock climbing and alpinism in the old days. I'll also include comments and photos to illustrate the techniques we used. My memory of the exact details and timelines may be a bit hazy.

I started climbing in 1964, firstly around Armidale and in the Warrumbungles in northern NSW, and then in South Australia. My period of serious climbing ended in late 1971 when Richard Horn, another founding member of the CCSA, had a fatal accident in the Dolomites. I returned to SA and married. Thus, the serious climbing only lasted about eight years. I continued to climb on and off thereafter, mostly top roping or easier seconding. I climbed an 18 for my 70th birthday in 2013 and, three years later, a 5.6 (14) in Yosemite.

Nevertheless, those eight years were a period of rapid change in climbing equipment and I will try to cover the gear we used.

Rockclimbing

The rope

I began climbing just after the era of Manila ropes. We used a No. 4 cable-laid nylon rope, 120 feet (37m) long with a circumference of 1.38 inches (a diameter of 11.2mm) and a breaking load of 4200 pounds (18.7kN). Double No. 3 ropes were also used for leading. They had a diameter of 10.2mm and a breaking load of 15.6kN. No. 2 cable-laid nylon rope had a diameter of 7.1mm, a breaking load of 8.9kN and was commonly used for slings. Nylon ropes were said to have many advantages over Manila ropes such as being lightweight and quick drying and having high tensile strength, extreme flexibility and greater elasticity.

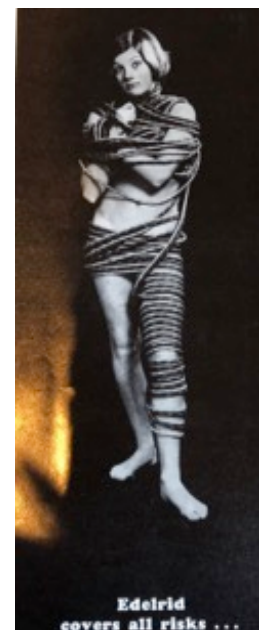
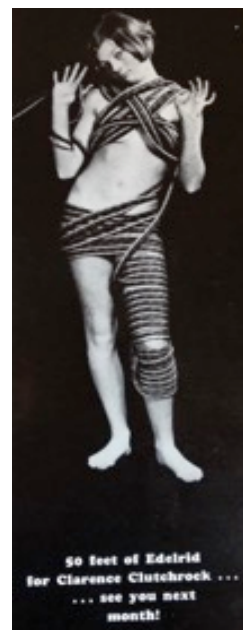


Cable laid rope.

Kernmantle ropes were available in the United Kingdom by 1965 but I'm not sure they were available here. Richard Horn bought one and we used it on the first ascent of Peregrine, Norton Summit, in 1970. Unfortunately, I pulled off a rock and nearly severed it!



Kernmantle rope (the rest was cut off to tie bales of hay on the ute).



Advertisements for Edelrid kernmantle ropes in *Mountain* magazine in 1970.

Tying in

I remember just tying a bowline around my waist at first – surely that wasn't leading, just toproping?! It was an option recommended in the 1965 handbook *Mountaineering*. The next idea was a length of no. 2 rope wrapped 6 or 7 times around the waist. It was tied with a double fisherman's knot and had a large steel screw-gate karabiner clipped in. Before long the rope was replaced by a length of seat belt webbing and the karabiner was eliminated. We just tied straight in to the webbing with a bowline or, later, a figure-of-eight.



Stubai steel screw-gate karabiner and a roll of 2-inch seat belt webbing.

A big breakthrough was the introduction of the Troll Whillans sit-harness, developed by Don Whillans for the Annapurna South Face expedition in early 1970. A few months later we were wearing them on Peregrine. This was the forerunner of modern climbing harnesses.



Whillans sit-harness.

Slings

A length of rope or tape joined by a double fisherman's knot could be looped over projections or threaded around jammed rocks to form a belay or a runner.



A double length 1 inch tape sling.

Pitons

Bob Hardin introduced me to climbing in 1964. We started climbing in the gorges of the New England Tablelands. There were no other climbers in the region at the time so reading how-to books was the main source of information. Examples were *Know the Game: Rock Climbing* (C.M. Dixon, 1958) and *Mountaineering: From Hill Walking to Alpine Climbing* (Alan Blackshaw, 1965). Before long two Sydney climbers, John Davis and Ian Logan, came up and helped us develop sound technique.

Pitons were the main means of attachment to the rock, either as the belay or as runners, when slings could not be used. Initially we used European pitons of various shapes and sizes made from mild steel. They were hammered into cracks with a piton hammer; a rising tone was meant to indicate a good placement. The main problem was trying to get them out again, particularly from an awkward stance. Later we used Chouinard (USA) pitons made from hard Ni-Cr-Mo steel. These also came in various shapes and sizes – RURPs, knifeblades, lost arrows, angles and bongs. Ed Leeper manufactured a piton with a Z-shaped blade.

The phasing out of pitons in favour of chocks was gradual and depended on the area. I don't think pitons were being used often at Arapiles by 1967 when I returned to SA. However, we used them on the first ascents of Atlas in 1969 and Peregrine in 1970. I guess we used pitons on new aid routes when chocks would not suffice.



Eight European soft steel pitons by Cassin and Stubai and, on the far right, a hard steel piton made by Stuart Fishwick. *George Adams collection.*



Chrome-moly pitons. From left to right: two Leepers (made by Ed Leeper), two Chouinards and two Clogs (UK).



(L) Chouinard chrome-moly angle pitons and (R) Chouinard Bongs: two aluminium alloy and two chrome-moly steel.



Stubai piton hammer.

Chocks

Prior to the use of crackers, drilled out nuts on a sling were used.



Nuts on a tape used by Stuart Fishwick.

John Ewbank, a Sydney climber who established many hard routes and introduced the open-ended numerical grading system we now use, began manufacturing and selling crackers in 1967. These chocks were cut from hexagonal rod of various sizes and had tapered ends. I think his double-use taper was a world first. Dave Moriarty (the first President of the CCSA) and I went on a road trip in 1969. We dropped in on John and had a look at where he made the crackers on his back veranda.



A selection of John Ewbank crackers with wire and tape.



(L) Chouinard Stoppers and Hexentrics and (R) a Troll or MOAC chock (no brand visible), a favourite piece for gear placement.

Stuart's T sections

In SA, Stuart Fishwick manufactured T-section chocks of various lengths for the wide cracks at Moonarie. A company called Troll had actually begun making 'Tee Chocks' from extruded T-shaped bars in 1967. As Moonarie wasn't 'discovered' until 1968, Stuart's chocks must have appeared sometime after the Troll Tee Chocks but I'm not sure he was ever aware of the competition.



T-section chock manufactured by Stuart Fishwick.

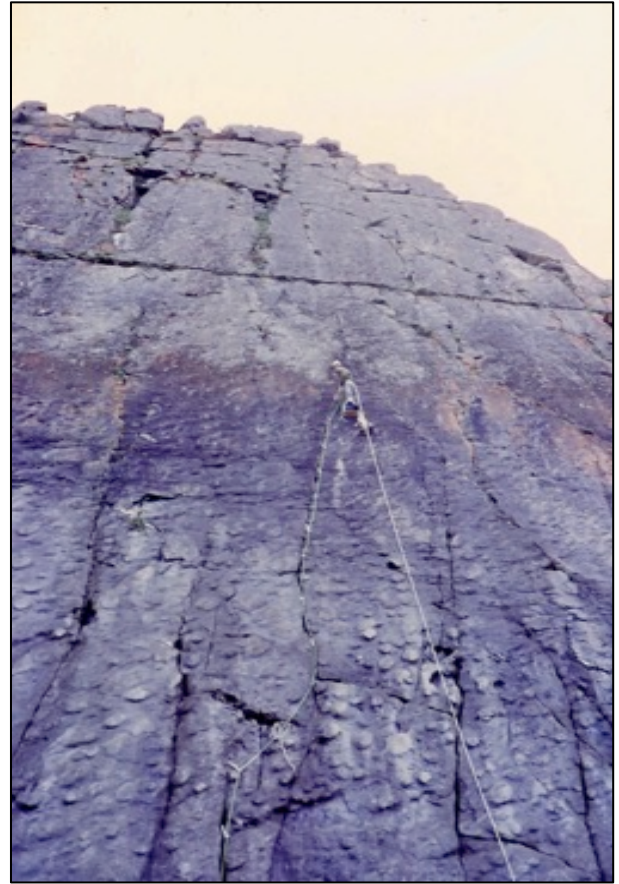
Bolts

We used a hand twist drill and hexagonal steel bolts with the threads filed down (a system developed by Bryden Allen in Sydney). The bolt brackets were home-made.



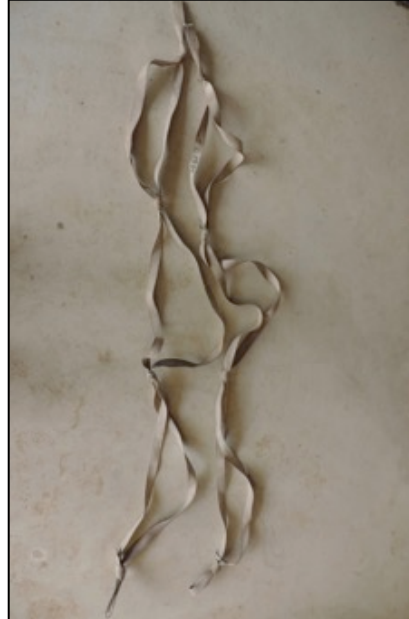
A twist drill and home-made bolt brackets.

Atlas, a route on Cephalopod Wall at Waitpinga, was climbed by Richard Horn and myself over two days in 1969. Richard put the bolts in and used a home-made portaledge to belay.



(L) Richard Horn leading Atlas. Note the tied-off piton and the tape etriers but no sit-harness (he's probably tied in with seat-belt webbing). (R) On the portaledge at the first belay.

When attempting a new route in this era, we often resorted to artificial climbing to overcome a section of rock which was beyond the leader's capability. Richard and I did a number of new routes which included aiding such as Atlas at Waitpinga (15 A2), Peregrine at Norton Summit (17 M5, pitch 1 now free at 26 as Itchy Fingered FNG), and Pagoda (13 M1, now 17) and Orion (16 M2, now 21) at Moonarie.



Richard's portaledge, used on Atlas and Peregrine, and a pair of tape etriers.



Putting in my first (and last) bolt ever for the belay on pitch 1 of Peregrine, a five-pitch climb graded 17 M5. The upper section of the cliff is not climbed now because of the nesting peregrine falcons.

Footwear

When we first started climbing we wore sneakers or walking boots. My first real climbing shoes were a pair of blue suede kletterschuhe. My next shoes were EBs and I still have them. They are a very well-worn pair of E-B Super Gratton 'friction boots' (Ellis Brigham was a UK gear supplier).

A well-worn pair of EB friction boots and a pair of Galibier Jannu by Richard Pontvert, bought in Chamonix for the Dolomites (1971).



Abseiling

When I started climbing a 'classic' abseil was used. The doubled rope was passed between the legs, back over one thigh, across the body and over the opposite shoulder. It was quite a painful experience. More commonly, a large screwgate karabiner was clipped into the No 2 rope /seatbelt webbing waistband. Doubled rope was then clipped into the karabiner and passed over a shoulder and down to the controlling hand. Later, a figure of eight was used, then a Chouinard/Black Diamond ATC belay/abseil device.



The karabiner/shoulder abseil.

Belaying

A waist belay was used initially – the rope from the leader was passed around the back of the belayer and then through a large steel karabiner on the rope or seat-belt webbing waist band. The principle was the leader should never fall!



Keith Bell using the waist belay, Howard Bevan leading.

Belaying the leader practice at Arapiles. A heavy metal triangle was hauled up into the tree and released – the belayer, using a waist belay, and wearing gloves would stop the fall. This was also done by throwing a weight off a cliff at Morialta. Later, a figure-of-eight then an ATC were used.



Mountaineering

Ice axes

My first trip to New Zealand was in 1964 to attend a climbing course at Ball Hut, Mt Cook National Park, organized by the Australian section of the NZ Alpine Club. They gave me a list of gear to buy so I visited Bevan Napper's and Oscar Coberger's shops in Christchurch. I bought a 105cm long Stubai Aschenbrenner ice axe, made in Austria, with 'O. Coberger, Arthurs Pass' stamped on one side. Over the years, with climbs of increasing difficulty, I had the wooden shaft shortened firstly to 80cm then to 55cm. The first mountain I climbed was Mt French in the Aspiring National Park in 1965. Thirty-seven years later I used the same axe to climb Mt French again with my son, Hamish.



The shortened Stubai Aschenbrenner ice axe

The pick of the Stubai axe has very little droop. However, we managed to climb quite steep ice using step cutting. I tried indoor ice climbing at Franz Josef Glacier in 2008 and was amazed at how easily I could get up vertical ice with a modern ice axe and ice hammer.



(L) Steep ice on the top section of the Pioneer Ridge on Mt Douglas where we veered onto the South Face and (R) on an indoor ice wall at Franz Josef Glacier.



My Stubai ice axe and ice hammer. The hammer was bought in Chamonix in 1971 and has a much more curved pick than the axe. I had considered getting the axe pick drooped more. The photo shows Hamish on Mt French on my second ascent, Mt Aspiring behind.

Boots

The first mountain boots I used in NZ were Paddy Pallin walking boots. The leather leaked so you often had wet feet and the soles were flexible so not ideal with crampons. Later I had a pair of Galibier Super RDs, designed by Rene Desmaison,



then Trappeur Gaston Rebuffat boots (below) bought in Chamonix in 1971.

Crampons

I purchased my first crampons in 1964. They were heavy steel contraptions made by Ralling Fulpmes with tape to fix them to the boots. They had front points which were fairly new and controversial in NZ at the time. Later, I had a pair of Stubai alloy crampons which had two pairs of angled front points.



Steel front point crampons, made in Austria by F Ralling Hammerwerk Fulpmes. Bought in 1964 from Beven Napper, Christchurch, NZ.



Tirol alloy front point crampons, Stubai, Austria.

Puttees/Gaiters

We used puttees in the first year in NZ – long strips of woolen cloth which were wound around the top of the boots to keep snow out. Later we used short gaiters and then calf-length gaiters.



Calf-length canvas gaiters.

Belaying

We were taught to use an ice axe/boot method of belaying when on snow (I think this was a NZ technique). Various types of ice pitons were used to belay and as runners.



Ice axe/boot belay being used on Mt Aspiring – note long ice axe.

Ice pitons/screws

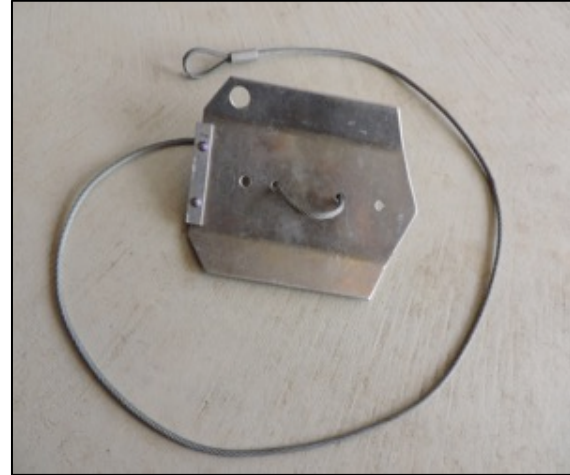
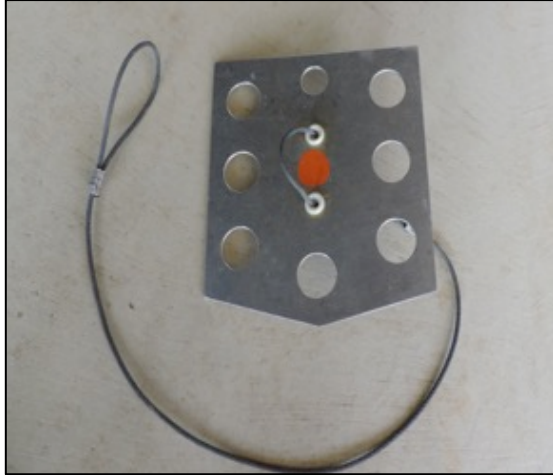


A collection of ice screws, from left: a large coachbolt with a ring welded on top (home-made), a Stubai ice screw made in Austria, a tubular ice screw made by Salewa DBP in West Germany, an ice screw by Claudius Simond in Chamonix

and an ice piton drive/screw 'Dubek' style (no brand).

Deadmen/boys

We had both deadmen and their smaller version, deadboys, but I don't think we used them very often.



A deadman (L) and a deadboy (R).

Rucksack

The first specialized climbing rucksack I had was a Troll Don Whillans rucksack. It was made of orange canvas with a black leather base and had a removable/clip-on bivvy sack.



The Don Whillans climbing sack (L) and the removable bivvy sac (R).

I bought a Mountain Mule Featherlite pack (below) in the late 60s. It was the pack I used in Europe in 1971.



These goggles were of the type commonly used in the early years of my climbing.

Head torch

The first head torch I used had a massive 4D-cell battery holder. They became smaller and more efficient over the years.



More recent models of head torch.

Sources of climbing gear

When I lived in Armidale, I bought gear from Paddy Pallin in Sydney. We also sent overseas for gear from catalogues. I remember mailing off outlines of my feet to Graham Tiso in Scotland to buy boots.

Returning to Adelaide, I joined the Adelaide University Mountain Club and then the CCSA when it was formed in 1967. Very little climbing equipment was available in Adelaide at the time; the Scout Shop had a bit.

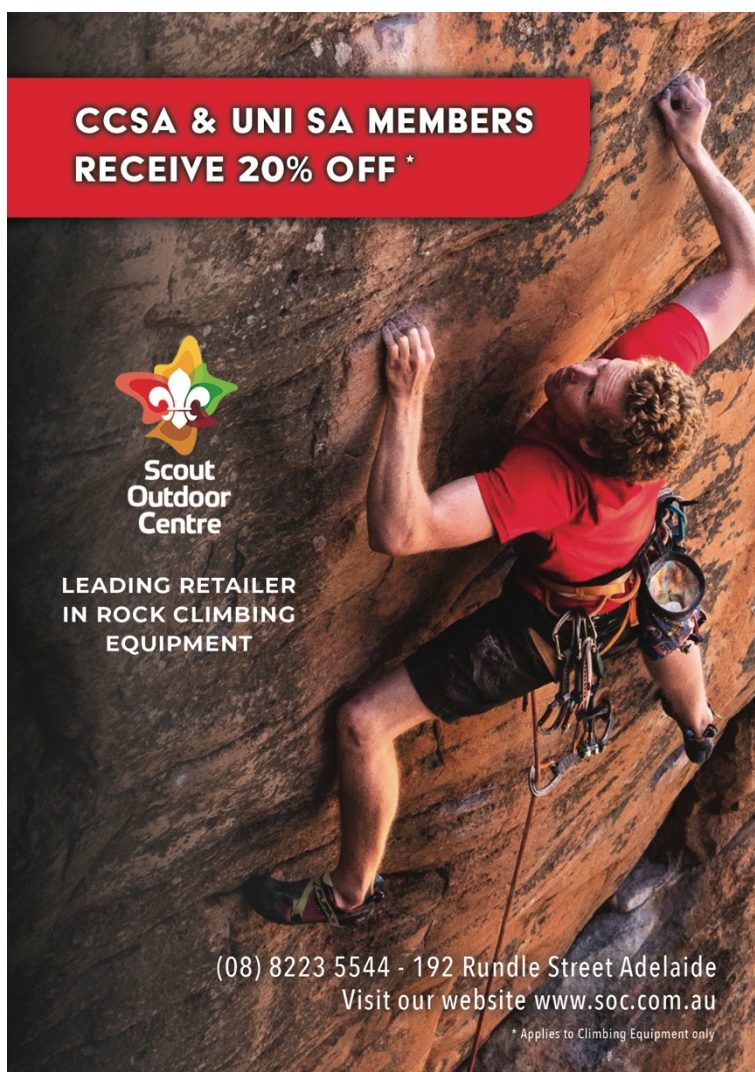
In 1970 George Adams, Martin Bell and I put a small amount of money together and started Thor Climbing Equipment. Initially, we obtained gear from Rick White in Brisbane whose wholesale business was Odin (hence Thor, the son of Odin). Rick also owned Mountain Designs. The name Thor somehow ended up as a travel business in Adelaide - Thor Travel. George operated the retail shop in his home garage. Martin dropped out fairly early. The partnership started importing climbing gear as well as operating the shop. George was a plumber and was very keen to get out of that profession and operate the outdoor gear shop as a full-time business. I worked as a research scientist and was not as keen to commit so much time to Thor. Eventually, George and Carmel ran the shop and Sue and I ran the importing business. Brands we brought in included North Cape clothing from Scotland, climbing gear from Cassin-Bonatti in Italy, and Lowe Alpine and Kelty backpacks from the USA.

Thor Climbing Equipment proved successful and moved out of George's garage, first to Muller Road in Greenacres and then to Fullarton Road in Kent Town, Waymouth Street in the city and finally the Rundle Street/Frome Street corner where it is today. Thor became a Paddy Pallin franchise in 1980. George ran the shop until he retired in 2001 and his son Luke took over.

Books and Magazines

Books and magazines had a big influence on our climbing, both as instruction and inspiration. The two books mentioned above, *Know the Game: Rock Climbing* and *Mountaineering: From Hill Walking to Alpine Climbing*, were important. A local publication, *Rope and Rucksack* (1969) had a comprehensive section on rock climbing written by John Davis. My inspiration for mountaineering in the early years were two French books, *Starlight and Storm* by Gaston Rebuffat (1956) and *Conquistadors of the Useless* by Lionel Terray (1963). I also read several books on early NZ climbing by authors such as Samuel Turner and Malcolm Ross. *Mountain* magazine was a great source of information on climbing gear, techniques and news. I also read *Climber and Rambler*.

I hope my wander down memory lane has been of interest. Certainly, the ethos and technology of climbing equipment has developed greatly since those early days and will for many years to come.

A full-page advertisement for Scout Outdoor Centre. The background is a photograph of a male rock climber in a red shirt and black shorts, ascending a reddish-brown rock face. He is wearing a climbing harness and has a rope attached. In the top left corner, there is a red banner with white text. Below the banner is the Scout Outdoor Centre logo, which consists of a stylized fleur-de-lis in yellow, green, and red. Below the logo, the text 'Scout Outdoor Centre' is written. Further down, the text 'LEADING RETAILER IN ROCK CLIMBING EQUIPMENT' is displayed. At the bottom, the contact information '(08) 8223 5544 - 192 Rundle Street Adelaide' and 'Visit our website www.soc.com.au' is provided. A small asterisked note at the very bottom states '* Applies to Climbing Equipment only'.

Crag Care

Written by Liz Milner

I have to begin this article with sincere thanks to the people who help co-ordinate this project and make all the good stuff happen. The Crag Care team have had an amazing 2 years! COVID-19 closed down all our projects completely between March and May 2020, but we came back in July 2020 with a mind boggling 27 attendees popping olives and pulling broom, even though it looked like rain! Crag Care events can be exhausting and exhilarating to host with 20-odd climbers and Friends of Black Hill & Morialta members coming out to help. Without experienced people to help mentor the newcomers we would end up in complete chaos. Rob Brooks, Ross Christian and Garth Wimbush are all integral members of the Crag Care coordinating team. Thanks team, love your work!

So what have we been up to? Olives are still high on the agenda. Incredible work has been performed over the past few years, clearing them from the park entrance, the base of Billiard Table, down our "Weedy Gully" east of Muesli Wall and above both Throne Room and Far Crag. We have also pushed the front along the walking track into Boulder Bridge and it is beginning to look very different along the entrance trails to all the climbing areas. There are still plenty more to be getting into though!

Billiard table before and after photos



The team had a special day set aside in both September 2019 and 2020 to learn about Muraltia and do their best to find as many as possible. Teaching people how to identify this weed is a long slow process and you know you've been successful when you receive a message from a climber saying they had found a plant in the climbing area in 2020! We're hoping the team will go out on a search and destroy mission again this September – and if they don't find any there is plenty of boneseed off to the the east of Far Crag which needs getting rid of too. Muraltia time is also Cape Tulip time and the team has made great inroads into the infestation at the top of Far Crag.

It's not all about weeds though - Crag Care team members have been out helping our Senior Ranger Steph Cole by removing graffiti from cliffs below Pretty Corner in Morialta. Huge thanks to Rob Brooks & Annie Drahos for an amazing job well done!

Before and after photos





However the biggest success of the past 2 years was the treatment of the last of the blackberry known to exist above the cliffs in the area affectionately known as our “Weedy Gully” November 2019. We have no illusions that we will have removed it all first go however the transformation of the area in the past few years speaks for itself in the before and after photos.

Before and after photos



The Department didn't stand still through the COVID-19 lockdown; whilst we were in lockdown new signs and safety fences were added to the area to help inform non climbers about the dangers of being above the cliffs. This was a direct response to the number of non-climbers entering the climbing area and then being injured. A

number of incidents happened which threatened climbing in Morialta, but rather than banning access, the department installed the gates which are designed to make people think before entering and not just assume they are on normal walking trails.

Sign and gate photos

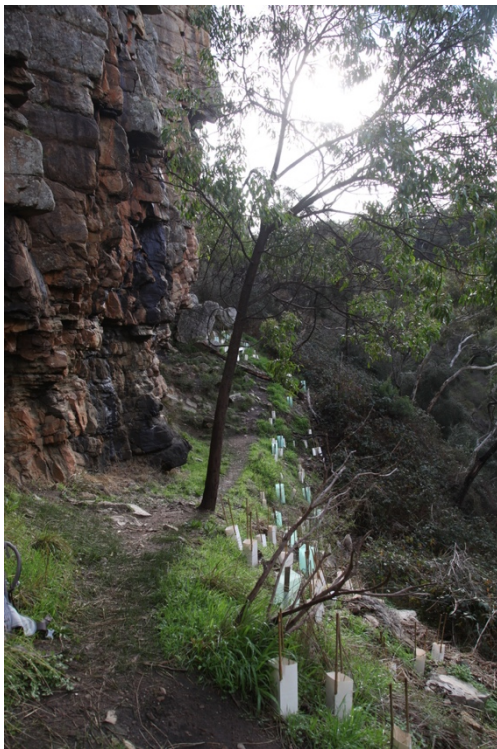


The Climbing Club of South Australia successfully applied for funding through the Hills and Fleurieu Landscape board's Grassroots grants in 2020 to increase the equipment available for Crag Care days and re-vegetate Far Crag. This area needed a bit of a helping hand after the past few years of intensive blackberry removal and preparing the site for planting took up much of our time early this year. The project garnered so much interest on the Landscape Board's Facebook page we were asked if we would participate in producing a video to provide information about the project and to show how the grant program supports community projects like ours. If you missed it on Facebook you can still see it on Youtube at <https://youtu.be/UAvZkWpnT00>. Climbers gathered the Saturday before Mothers Day 2021 to get the seedlings in the ground and we believe the before and after images speak for themselves. The seedlings are doing well with all the rain - it has been an amazing turnaround in this area!

Before



After



The hotter months can prove challenging when working on north facing cliffs, so early this year as well as clearing the area below the Throne Room of woody weeds the team jumped the creek and begun works removing the blackberry at the entrance to Thorn Buttreass. This has really helped make the access for climbers better and we will continue to open up this area with the long term aim of meeting up with the works proceeding down Twin Creek. But that's a story for next year!

Thanks to all the climbers and Friends members who have helped with this great work the past 2 years. NPWS officers have all heard of Crag Care and are all amazed at the great results we are seeing on the ground. I am so proud to be a member of our fabulous climbing community which has come together as their time permits and helped to make this one of the most talked about volunteer projects around! You are all fabulous.

Liz Milner
Crag Care Co-ordinator
June 2021

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