

SKYHIGH



**WITS MOUNTAIN
CLUB JOURNAL**

'85/'86

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Subsequent to this report being written, Ian and Andrew went to Monteseel. despite the fact that "port-a-pub" opened in Braamies, and stayed open for several 100's of kms, some hard climbing was done. However, helmets had to be worn during the trip as protection against retaliation from cars that were "shot down" ! Once on the crags, Andrew lead 'Flaming Desperation' 25 with 7 falls, cruised 'Freewheeling' 21 and soloed 'Pin Up' 20, to show them their

ex-chairman could still climb ! Ian lead 'Granny's Souped Up Wheelchair' 23 on sight, taking two falls on his first H1 ! The wally became one of the few to have fallen off above the crux ! After such success, port-a-pub was re-opened on the way back to Jo'berg - but as the driver refused to stop for pit stops, the "Peo method" was adopted - Ian discovering that it wasn't such a good idea to have one's hand downwind at 140 km/h !

Andrew



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 Top Right: Liz on Winnie the Pooh, Monteseel.
 Left: Ian hanging in for a photie, Morgans Bay.

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N-N-N-NINETEEN
(A TRIP TO MORGANS BAY)

It all started bright and early, (well about 7.30pm), all 19 of us, a dog and a windsurfer squeezed into two kombis, one from Avis, the other from the ASC. Guess which kombi was better (more powerful), guess which one had to tow the trailer. Guess which one would later give mechanical problems. No Prizes !

On the way down to the coast, there were three kinds of people: the tired, the drunk and the arrogant.

"Myles, shouldn't we stop for petrol here?"

"No, the next town will have." HA !! and

"Myles, shouldn't we have turned right?"

"No, this is the right road." Nuf said.

Early in the morning, in the Eastern Cape, it SNOWED. - We thought it was stuff falling off the lorry in front. Stutterheim and specifically the Woodpecker Restaurant was invaded for coffee and a little impromptu thumbnail sketching on the waitress' order pad.

Nineteen bleary eyed Witsies (and it wasn't only lack of sleep) arrived at Morgans Bay in cold, windy weather to find Rhodes and Natal already there and away climbing.

"No dogs allowed" quoth the apsigner.

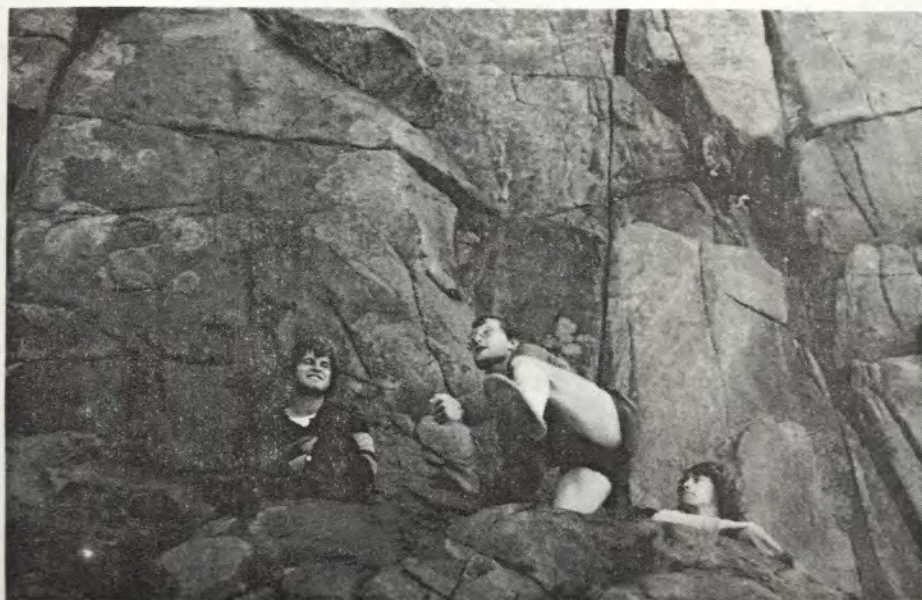
"No problem" said the chairman. "This is a cat."

After a few hours of heated discussion and telephone conversations, it was decided that if the dog was kept on a leash, it did not exist. Firewood was



purchased (we hadn't seen the driftwood on the beach yet) and the rest of the day was devoted to gapping.

Sunday came, and WUMC hit the cliffs



Above: Shortsighted members checking the map reading.

Left: Say no more.

early (10.30) on the Natal headland. "That must be 'Catch 22' 18" says Ian, looking at the wrong page of the RD upside down. Later, having taken strain, nearly fallen off and declaring the place undergraded, it was found that he had lead the 'Lap of Luxury' 20/21. Various other routes were done including 'Radio Free Moscow' 18, 'Natal' 19 - the best route there - and 'Ticket to Ride' 14.

Back at the campsite, party time until the small hours (or the large hours) depending on your constitution). UCT arrive in the middle of the night and fall out of their kombi.

Monday set the pattern of things to come - Linear Ledge (on the Linear Accelerator headland) - very like the Granny's ledge at Monteseel i.e. short, steep good quality routes. Routes done and rated by all those who did them were: 'Fiddlers Green' 16, 'Bird on a Wire' 19, 'Linear Accelerator' 17, 'Old Fashioned Book (Direct)' 17 and 'Worm on a Hook', which saw the Chairman being reeled in.

Further afield saw the "Hurl" (Earl/Viscount) nearly crater (head down, ropes between legs) off of 'Yellow Jester' 23. 'The Carnival is Over' 17 was done by all and sundry, while Ian and Stewart did the pumpy 'Superheroes' 21. New routes were also opened - 'Redemption' by Lobster and Stewart, and 'No Pain, No Strain, No Brain' 20 by Stewart, whist Flycatcher went pushing grade on unprotected slabs.

Monday night was Pub Night with Gin & Orange being deemed the best supplement to Nam?????? Killer. Pub closing time saw the organising of a few bottles of wine, and the retirement to the beach to enjoy them. They actually lasted longer than 5 minutes (thanks to a few sneaks from another province trying to hide them away). Certain unnamed persons, with a penchant for nakedness (see last year's journal) went for a beachfront streak.

The noisy return to camp was followed the next morning by a far more subdued and painful rising - strain was taken by many climbers the next day. Wednesday was a day of sloth (the biggest problem with Morgans is that an onshore wind greases up the routes and makes them unclimbable). The time was spent paddle skiing, hiking from Kei Mouth back to Morgans and the really keen collected shells on the beach.

All good things come to an end, and on Friday Myles declared: "I want everything packed and ready to leave at 4.00pm" - Whose tent was the only one standing at 6.00pm? Three quarters of the "team" had 'flu by so the return journey was relatively quiet, with only a few stops to collect signposts to decorate the Clubroom. A roadblock was encountered in the OFS - the kombis had FREE MANDELA and VIVA ANC scrawled all over them by the club radical. A quick stop at Bart's for coffee and climbing videos rounded off an excellent trip.

Stewart Middlemiss

QUOTABLE QUOTES

"Don't move ! I want to take a photo."

- Stewart talking to Mike behind his Audi 80 seatbelt for the last time.

"Don't move ! I want to take a photo."

- Stewart taking his second off belay on the crux.

"I only make little coils."

- Little Liz in Cape Town.

"I'm not Big Liz', I'm Petite Liz'

"
- ? Liz.

Roger to Paul Schlotfeld at the Wilds:

"You're not really pumped, you're just making those noises for effect."

Paul to Roger, five minutes later:

"You're not really pumped, you're just grunting for effect."

Roger:

"Is that Michele Smith?"

Ollie:

"No, it's Pete Hawkes."

Excited four year old kid:

"Hello Spiderman!"

Mike:

"Piss Off!"