



## JANUARY 2022 NEWSLETTER



Shongweni after the rain. Picture by **Karen Runge**.

### Introduction from the Editor

Happy 2022, everyone! There's a great mix of stuff to talk about here, in the first issue of a brand-new year.

Our Search & Rescue Team get off the ground around Monks Cowl (page 3), and our fledgling mushroom hunting group, the *Fungus Fundis*, show off their finds on page 5. Iona Stewart tells us about her new year celebration (think damp caves, not sparkling champagne!) on page 12, and on page 10 Gerald Camp shares some truly touching thoughts on Monteseel and the history of rock climbing in our gorgeous province—later echoed by Jon Sargood's special piece on the life and passing of Eric 'Spider' Penman on page 14. Finally, Neil Williamson adds some groovy extra features on page 15.

Let's head in.

~ Karen Runge

### UPCOMING MEETS:

#### MARCH

Saturday 5<sup>th</sup>

Annual General Meeting

14:30

Hillcrest Scout Hall

Jess McTaggart

Friday 11<sup>th</sup> - Sunday 13<sup>th</sup>

Pine Busters

Wonder Valley

Roger Mantel

*(Kindly refer to the latest Meet Sheet for more information on all upcoming meets and club events.)*

**GO OFFLINE...**



**...GET OUTSIDE**

## From Under the President's Desk

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Dear Members,

While the New Year usually means new beginnings and fresh starts, from a club management perspective it involves wrapping up various reports and financials to close off the previous year and prepare for the AGM.

January saw Michaela Geytenbeek take an outreach trip to the Mnweni Cultural Centre, and Graeme Bruschi informed us of the tricky management situation at Shongweni Dam—with rumours of a hostile take-over circulating. Gavin Raubenheimer shared news of a rescue at the bottom of Kwartlands Pass, and Roger Mantel conducted a pine access recce in the Wonder Valley area.



After two years of disruptions to events and club meets, is it not time to return to normality? We need to get our social evenings up and running again. Zoom is great, but socialising in person can't be beaten. Which brings me to an **APPEAL FOR HELP!** We are looking for people to take over the social events in Durban and Pietermaritzburg. Please contact the Secretary (Jess McTaggart, [mcsakzn.secretary@gmail.com](mailto:mcsakzn.secretary@gmail.com)) if you think that might be you. Let's get this going again!

Speaking of being social—it has been said that *Happiness is Hiking with Friends*.

See you all at the AGM!

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Carl".

Carl Dreyer

**President**

**KZN Section, MCSA**

# UP IN THE AIR: Riding Choppers for Mountain Rescue

By Peter Surmon



On the weekend of 21-22 January 2022, the MCSA Search and Rescue team met up with the 15 Squadron of the South African Air Force in the Monks Cowl area of the Drakensberg for rescue helicopter training. Sixteen of us signed up, with some—like me!—having never taken part in helicopter operations before.

I'll admit I was apprehensive about how I might handle being hoisted in and out of a chopper. I have an aversion to heights and a preference to avoid abseiling (which is somewhat ironic, given that I have 15+ years' experience in rock climbing and entertainment rigging!). But I knew I'd be learning a skill which would better equip me to assist others. And scoring some bragging rights, of course!

We arrived on Friday, set up camp at Monks Cowl, and headed down the hill to Dragon Peaks for our first flight. The weather turned as we reached the airfield, with the cloud base lowering and the wind picking up. This did not deter the crew from 15 Squadron, whose confidence was inspiring. Carl Dreyer (leading the MCSA portion of the training weekend) briefed us on MCSA-specific operations and safety procedures for clipping into and out of safety lines in the choppers. The 15 Squadron crew briefed us on safety around the choppers: namely, how to hook ourselves into the hoists, and the approach/departure angles to avoid making contact with the rotors and getting roasted by the exhausts. Once briefed, we grabbed our kit and climbed into our assigned choppers (an Oryx, Augusta A-109 and

BK-117, with me in the Oryx). We flew to the top of the lower Berg, where the pilots practiced one-wheel touchdowns while we drilled trooping in and out of the chopper. At the second pass, the pilot wasn't happy with his approach and broke away. I found this out when I landed on the ground, and turned to see the Oryx pulling back—explaining the sudden distance between myself and *terra firma*. At the next drill, the pilot once again had to break away—widening the distance between the ground and the chopper in one sudden lurch. We learned fast by this that when trooping in or out of the chopper, it's either both feet in or both feet out—no straddling the open air.

On leaving the airfield, the plan was to drop one team off for some cliff training—but with the clouds still lowering, we were instead collected early. We returned to a different spot in the lower Berg to practise hoisting. The Oryx flew off for a short stint, and on its return we were hoisted back into the Oryx in pairs. Normally when abseiling off exposed cliff faces, the minute I'm hanging in free air, my eyes stay shut tight until I feel contact with the ground. But this time, I was totally comfortable—almost at ease. The co-pilot did a quick one-wheel touchdown on a cliff on the way back to base, then flew back and shut down. And so ended day one.

Dinner was held at the Dragon Peaks restaurant. Our bellies filled, we moved to the conference room for training on patient handling and packaging. We were introduced to a SKED stretcher (a combination

of the words 'skid' and 'sled') as well as a vacuum mattress stretcher. Both are incredible, with the SKED packing to a much smaller size and lighter weight than the Alphin stretcher, and the vacuum mattress stretcher conforming snugly to the patient. We had a look at the contents of a SAR medical bag, and took advice on how non-medical rescue team members could assist the medics—even just by providing a cup of hot coffee. We returned to camp and turned in for the night.

The following morning saw idyllic weather conditions on the airfield—but we soon found that the A-109 was missing. The flight commander explained that they were simulating a downed aircraft to see how the squadron would react. As such, the rescue team was divided up, with most of the medics and some rescue team members going out on the remaining two helicopters (as per request from the SAAF) to provide support if needed. My team remained at the airfield, where medic Steven went through his medical bag and detailed the use of the wheeled stretcher. It took us a little while to work out how to attach the stretcher to the wheels, but once done it was incredible to see how easily the stretcher manoeuvred over obstacles. We then faced the very important problem of how to obtain coffee. We could either buy from the restaurant (and risk not being at base when the choppers returned), or we could try bum hot water from the base's kitchen. In the end, a gas burner materialised from someone's pack, and water was boiled for the all-important brew.

The search team soon returned with the A-109. After a quick refuel and aircraft check, the choppers were ready to go. The team that had remained at base was now up to fly, and I was once again assigned to the Oryx. This time we'd be hoisting to disembark. Once connected to the hoist, we looked to be a lot higher up from the ground than the previous day—but this was not the case. Once lowered, I saw we were in fact hovering above a rather small outcrop. The pilot and flight engineer expertly deposited us onto this relatively small target. We regrouped and waited for the chopper to return, and were hoisted back in. We were then deposited on a hillside where we practiced setting up the stretcher, loading it with bags, and connecting the trail-rope before sending it up on the hoist, followed by those of us on the ground. Back at base, we were given a brief overview of Westline Aviation's fleet of helicopters. We



discussed how to enter and exit, how to place a stretcher in the Bell Long Ranger helicopter, and how to prepare a landing zone in the field (as none of the private choppers have hoists).

Formal training concluded, we headed back to the restaurant for lunch. As our orders arrived, though, an extra meal appeared—something nobody had ordered. Adding to the mystery, one person in our party had not received their meal at all. The waitress checked, and it was soon determined that a team member had forgotten what they ordered and instead poached someone else's meal. Once this was cleared up and the guilty party identified (no names mentioned), much hilarity ensued. Some of the team then headed home, while myself and a few others opted to stay overnight and enjoy the Berg for as long as we could.

I learnt a number of new skills on this training, and got some much-needed practice on old ones. Many thanks to the organisers, and special thanks to the phenomenal 15 Squadron crew. Training sessions really are vital. Even if you think you know something, there's always something new to master—even if it's just a different way of doing it.

Earlier I mentioned my height aversion, and my preference for shut-eyed abseils. Would I go through training like this again? *Hell yes!* ▲

# Forest Walks with the **Fungus Fundis**

By *Luis Pereira*

Mushrooms can be magic in more ways than just one, as our group, the *Fungus Fundis*, found for ourselves one wet Saturday in the Giba Gorge Nature Reserve. A forest walk on a fresh morning is always a delight—but add mushroom hunting to the mission, and it's amazing how many more of nature's secret wonder are suddenly revealed. With several million different species and an untold number of variants still to be named, fungi might be among the most ubiquitous species on the planet—uncoiling their spores and enriching our forests with their secrets. Be they nutritious, deadly, medicinal or just beautiful—these mysterious organisms carry their own unique allure.

*Would you like to join future mushroom hunts, and become a Fungus Fundi?*

*Contact Karen Miller at [mcsakzn.hiking@gmail.com](mailto:mcsakzn.hiking@gmail.com) and we'll add you to our WhatsApp group.*

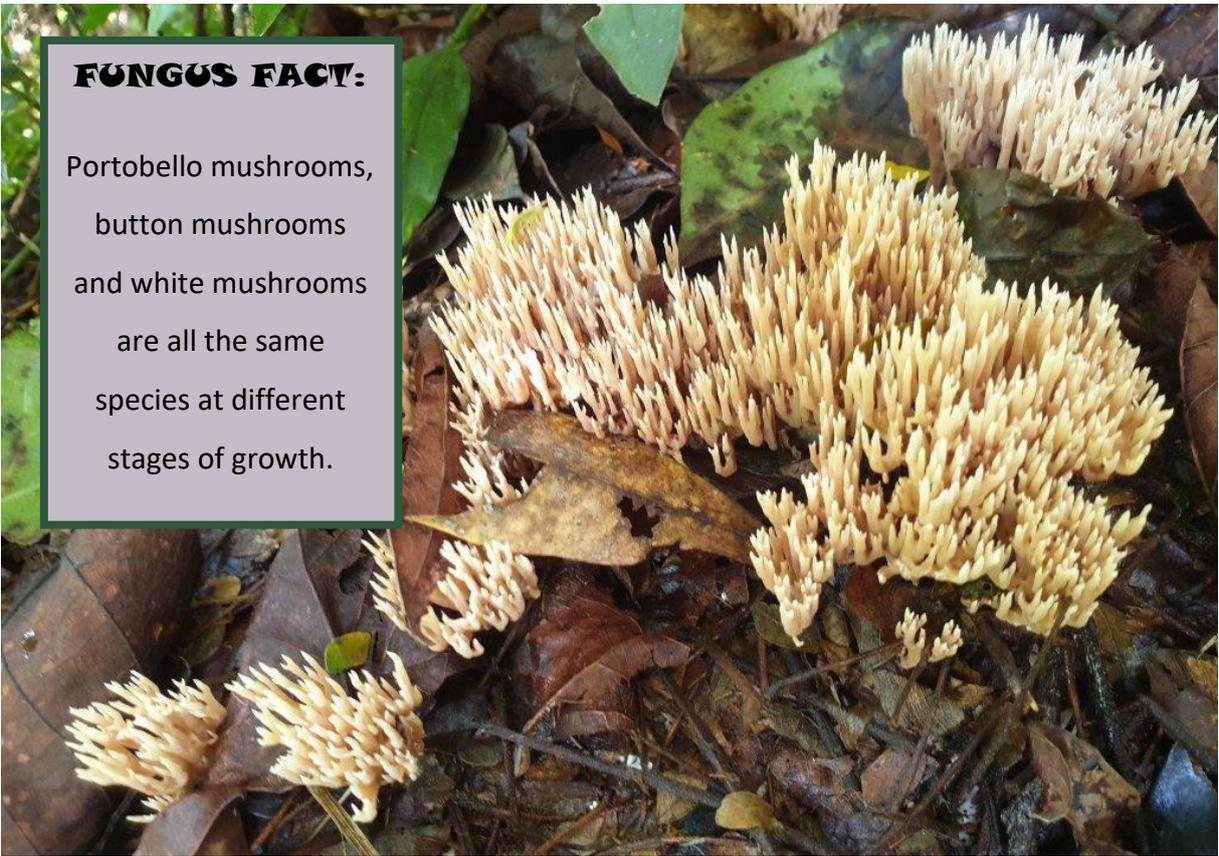
The *Fungus Fundis* aim to meet again for more mushroom hunting in future, cameras ready and reference books in-hand. Here are some of the treasures we found sprouting in the woods. ▲



*Fairy Bonnets*

**FUNGUS FACT:**

Portobello mushrooms,  
button mushrooms  
and white mushrooms  
are all the same  
species at different  
stages of growth.



*Salmon Coral*



*Rosy Parachute*



**FUNGUS FACT:**

In the Middle Ages, people believed mushrooms sprang from the soil where witches had danced the night before.

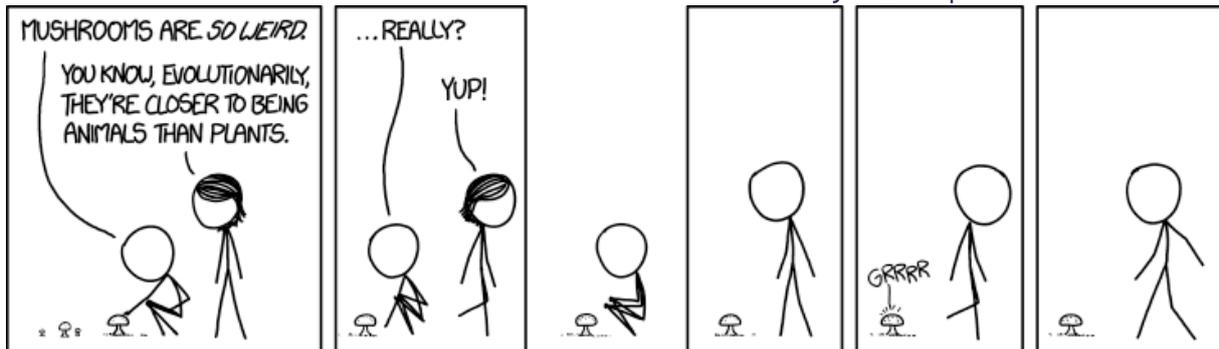
*Twisted Deceiver*



*Three-Lobed Burning Eye*



Art by xkcd: <https://m.xkcd.com/1749/>



### STAY AT CAMBALALA COTTAGE

**Cottage:**

R100 per night (required as deposit)

**Additional fees:**

**Club members:** R70/night

**Non-Club members:** R120/night

*Children over the age of 14 are considered adults. Deposit to be paid at time of reservation. Charges include gas.*

**Contact Clem:** 084 500 4666  
[clemnolarobins@gmail.com](mailto:clemnolarobins@gmail.com)

# WANTED: HAVE YOU SEEN THIS PLANT ?



*Guthriea capensis* a.k.a. “Hidden flower”

## WHAT IS IT?

- A plant that is pollinated by lizards! (and maybe mice?)
- Small, cryptic: 10cm high, up to 30 cm diameter, green
- Found high in the SA mountains: Drakensberg, Sneeuberg, usually 1800 – 3000masl
- Flowers between December and April
- Leaves grow in spring & summer; may be absent in winter.
- Likes rocky areas, dolerite, basalt

## WHERE IS IT? Likely locations:

1. Kamberg: cliffs opposite camp?
2. Organ pipes/ Roland's cave
3. Sehlabathebe: dark loam in road cutting
4. Gateshead/ Naude's Nek
5. More Karoo sites??
6. Anywhere you see *Guthriea* plants in the 'berg...

## HOW CAN YOU HELP?

If you see plants, please contact the research team with

- GPS co-ords
- Estimated number of plants
- Can we camp nearby?
- Leave cameras safely?
- Did you see any lizards or signs of mouse activity?

CONTACT Ruth [ruthcozien@gmail.com](mailto:ruthcozien@gmail.com) 076 304 6769

And please share this poster with any other mountain lovers who might be able to help us!

## MORE INFO

UKZN Pollination Lab website QR code → <https://www.theguardian.com/environment/2020/nov/25/is-it-a-bird-is-it-a-bee-no-its-a-lizard-pollinating-south-africas-hidden-flower-aoe>



## Making new memories on old walls

Monteseel, once a climbing mecca in South Africa, has become something strange to the last few generations of new climbers. For myself and many of the Club's old timers, Monteseel was where we learned to climb. And as we learned, its role in our lives grew, until it became a fixture in the very essence of our existence. In my own beginnings as a climber, I spent untold hours at the crag trying—without great success—to perfect my skills. One new climbing buddy once asked if I was going for a pilot's licence!

Recently, by virtue of Covid and its resultant access issues, there has been a renewed interest in the place. Over the last year or so, I've seen more and more new climbers mingling among the old faces. One such day that particularly stood out for me, leaving me feeling very nostalgic, was Eric Penman's memorial climb. So many ropes, so many climbers. He should have been there, of course.

Despite being out of season, a lot has happened at Montes of late, with many successful onsights, redpoints and G-points. Most readers will likely know what onsights and redpoints are, but the last one may need explaining. The 'G' in 'G-point' stands for 'geriatric'. A climber qualifies for this by sending a route they last conquered 20+ years ago. (It only counts as a G-point if you sweat blood and tears to achieve this, though). And while we're going through the climbing alphabet, there is a new type of ascent called an 'A-point'. This is when a climber completes a route they have done many, many times before, but somehow don't remember climbing. (I forget what the 'A' stands for...!)

In the last month alone, I have witnessed onsights, flashes and redpoints (not to discount the many top ropes) of good old classics like *Grannies Souped Up Wheelchair* (24), *Hallucination* (24), *Pin Up Direct* (21), *Powderfinger* (22) and *White Rider* (26)—the last of which was once the hardest route in the country. It has been heart-warming to see people racking up for *Think, Adam, Republican*



### *The scene that moved the moment:*

*Dylan Williams (young and getting stronger) clips pegs older than he is on White Rider, as he climbs alongside Roger Natrass (older and certainly not getting weaker) on Powderfinger.*

*White Rider was opened by Microbe in 1981.*

*Powderfinger was opened by Steve Bradshaw in 1983.*

and other classics. An epic ascent of *No Feet* by James Voortman was a wonder to behold, followed by a determined effort to overcome some serious self-doubt on *No Thoroughfare*. All these ascents—and even the failed ones—remind me of why I climb, and why Montes is so special.

But my mind is wandering. Let me tell you what prompted me to write this piece. While sitting at the top of *No Feet* one day, I looked down to see two climbers working alongside one another, each on separate, parallel lines. Climbers from different generations, both on routes steeped in history. The past and the present together in one moment, each aligning on a well-loved wall already layered with a hundred magic memories. ▲



# Spending New Year in the Berg

By Iona Stewart

“ This is not a story of heroism, or high adventure, or a report of some great climbing achievement. Early on Friday December 31<sup>st</sup>, six of us headed out from the Mkomazi office to honour tradition and spend two nights in Cypress Cave for New Year. It was overcast with more rain threatening, and the first little stream (which is usually boulder hopped) was deep and strong. So much so that our boots had to come off—*schlepp!* Soon it began to drizzle, which turned to rain, which then became hail and sleet. Like all mountaineers, we soldiered on despite being drenched and frozen. As we neared the cave, Charlene McGillvray (who is somewhat younger and very fit) ran ahead to drop her pack, then came back to relieve me of mine. I was so cold and tired I wasn't so sure my feet would touch the ground where I aimed them. As the cave came into sight, I saw to my horror that it was hidden behind a chocolate-coloured waterfall. The pool below it, where we'd usually swim, was a boiling cauldron of muddy water—anything but inviting.

At the cave, the damp had crept into nearly everything—even reaching deep into our packs. Soon the cave looked like wash day in a war camp, as we lined the walls with sleeping bags and clothes. The noise from the waterfall was so great we couldn't hear each other talk. No matter—we were in good spirits. We boiled up a brew, and snacks emerged. Was it mid-morning tea, or lunch?

The advantage of spending New Year in the Berg is time's flexibility. When it's 8pm in the rest of the country, it's already midnight in the mountains. We usually sing Auld Lang Syne, crack open the



champagne, maybe discuss our hopes for the coming year, and then go to bed. We wake on New Year's Day refreshed for the long hike out, minus any obligatory *babalas*. But this year was different. The waterfall was too noisy for any singing or airing of thoughts and hopes, and certainly no popping the champagne. So we just went to bed!

New Year's Day dawned. The waterfall was no longer so brown, and we got in for a swim, followed by a hike—not over the stream as we had planned, because that meant boots off again—but behind the cave to the proteas. However, we were distracted by two hikers approaching the cave. *How dare they intrude on our privacy? There aren't supposed to be other people in the Southern Berg when we're there!* We returned to the cave for another swim, and to make like lizards spread out on the rocks. It rained again that afternoon, but we'd had a good day enjoying our swim and hike. This is the joy of not having a definite goal: we just took the day as it came. Sunday rose cloudy, so we moved out earlier than usual. The cave had become wet and soggy, and the path to its mouth was a muddy stream.

Our New Year weekend was very symbolic of the times in which we are living. Though filled with expectation and excitement at being in the Berg again, the 31<sup>st</sup> was a dreadful day—walking in mist and rain, getting wet and frozen on the way, all joking and laughter silenced by the roar of the muddy waterfall. In retrospect, that day symbolised the dreadful year that was coming to an end. And just as 2021 was ending, the New Year dawned bright and full of hope for a good hike and a swim: clean and fresh, and with new possibilities—as we all hope the rest of 2022 will be.” ▲



# July Camp Needs YOU

The July Camp Sub-Committee needs new members to help prepare and run the KZN Section's annual July Camps of the future. We are looking for new recruits to share fresh ideas and contribute to making this unique event not only more memorable, but also more appealing to the tastes and interests of all Club members.

This special camp has been running for over 100 years. For the event, a base camp is set up in the mountains, with all cooking and catering taken care of—offering attendees 10 carefree days to enjoy the mountains however they like, exploring their surroundings or simply communing in the joy of wild spaces. Be it nature walks, hikes, birdwatching or bouldering, this no-limits event offers something for everyone, and anyone is welcome. Serving on the committee means sharing in an experience that is quite unlike anything else in the Section, or the MCSA—and it's fun!

New sub-committee members will need to attend 5-8 meetings before the next July Camp, with one of these taking place on-site to finalise details with the farmer/landowner or KZN Wildlife officials concerned. In addition to helping in the preparation and planning of the camp, new members will also join the advance party, where you will be on site for three days before the event starts. The advance party is responsible for loading/transporting/unloading equipment and food, establishing base camp, and organising the food tents. You will also need to be available on the first and last weekends of the 10-day July Camp, and the following Monday for dismantling and packing up, and to help return everything to Howick for storage.

Please contact me if you are interested in becoming a vibrant new part of July Camp—we are passionate about this event, and we welcome you!

WhatsApp: 082 538 5389

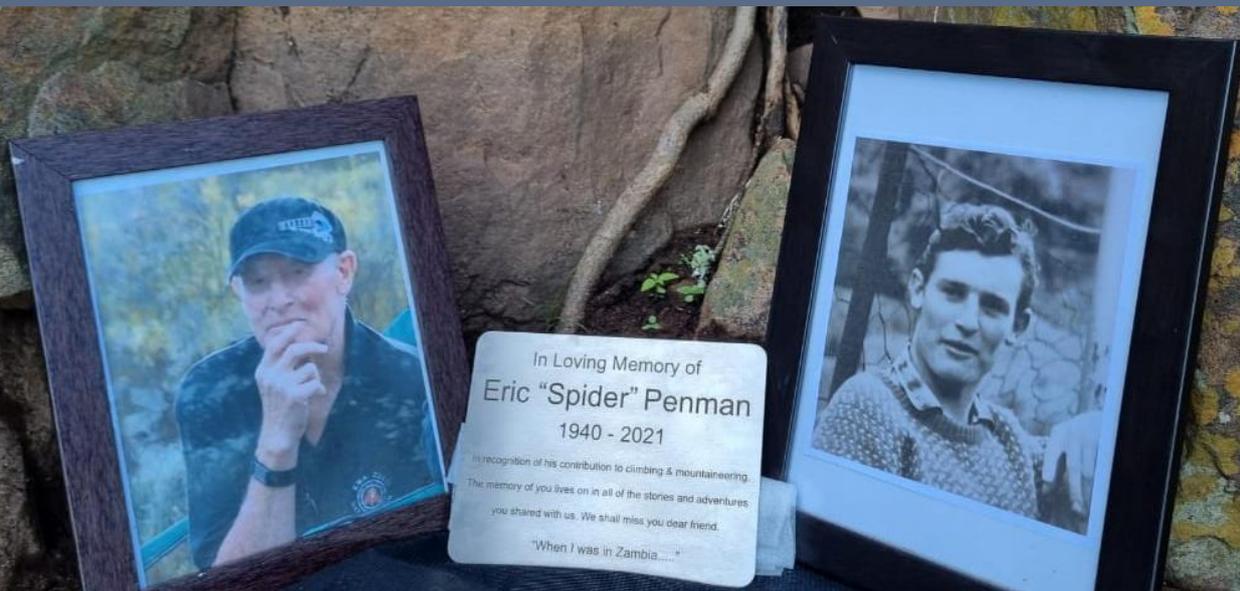
Phone: 033 239 2374

Rikki Abbott Wedderburn



# Memorial Climb: Eric “Spider” Penman (1940-2021)

By Jon Sargood



**15 January 2022.** Standing atop *Think* with rope in-hand, I gazed into the valley below the celebrated crag of Monteseel. As the early morning sun warmed my back and melted away the valley mist, I imagined the countless times our friend Eric Penman had stood in this very spot. It was a fitting canvas and beautiful day to remember him. The scene was set. The ropes had been dropped, and coffee was brewing at the base of the crag. A framed picture of Eric sat perched on the rocks below *Powderfinger*—lest we forget his likeness to a young Clint Eastwood. The banter was wonderful; jokes wove themselves between stories of times shared with Eric and advice called up to those climbing. It has likely been many a year since the old crag’s walls teemed with so many of our kind—united this time by the memory of our friend.

The climbing done for the day, we took our dry throats and sore fingers to the Hacienda to meet with friends and family. The crowd had doubled to around 50, filling the veranda where we joined in celebration. The light, joyful mood shared at the crag was manifest at the bar, too—just as Eric would have liked. Following lunch, it was my turn to talk. Judging by the laughter, I captured Eric’s memory in my words. One after the other, we swapped tales of our times spent with Eric: some roaringly funny anecdotes, some touching recollections. Some days in life are just right, and this was one of them. Sometimes, as hard as we try, events just don’t live up to expectation. But this one did. The day captured the essence and memory of our dear friend, and was a true celebration of the man he was.

Eric ‘Spider’ Penman: husband, friend, mountaineer, climber, mentor, master of the anecdote and storyteller supreme. Where does one begin to sum up a life so rich with adventure and accomplishment? Many of us will have our own personal, lasting memories of Eric. He will of course be remembered foremost for his many mountaineering and climbing achievements. Countless bold first ascents on the harsh crags of the British Lake District, the relentless Troll Wall, Makalu, the Eiger, big faces in Yosemite.... There is hardly a significant mountain range on this earth that did not feel the weight of his boot or the pick of his axe. His playground stretched from the mist-filled slopes of the Ruwenzori to the cathedral-like spires of the Italian dolomites. Climbing well into his seventh decade and still opening the odd route on the local cliffs of KZN, his passion for climbing never waned. His memory was faultless; his knowledge of alpinism’s history unrivalled. What a privilege it was to share a cup of tea as we pored over his countless grainy photographs and newspaper clippings, listening as he insisted on his resemblance to a young Clint Eastwood.

In the many messages family and friends posted following his passing, the term ‘legend’ was frequently used; a fitting word not to be bandied around. One commenter wrote: “Spider was legendary, a living history of rock climbing.” Joe Brown, Chris Bonnington, Hamish MacInnes, Joe Tasker and Rab Carrington are just some of the



prestigious mountaineers with whom Eric shared a rope. What's more, as a mountain guide and with many years of experience at Spirit of Adventure, Eric inspired a generation of countless young climbers onto the crags and into the hills, particularly here in KZN. For this we owe him a true debt of gratitude. Perhaps no other person in recent decades breathed so much life and energy into the local climbing scene. As a team leader in Langdale Mountain Rescue and member of the MCSA Mountain Rescue team, his fortitude and selfless attitude aided in hundreds of rescues.

Eric Penman beguiled us with his storytelling skills. Barely drawing breath, he wove stories that would drift seamlessly from an encounter with a Yeti in the Himalayas to a tantalising encounter with Marilyn Monroe in the English Lake District. He remains one of the few men to survive being tortured with a pencil in a Soviet prison—and then of course there were his endless tales of Zambia. *“When I was in Zambia...”*

Once on a narrow, single path high in the Drakensberg, we met two hikers on their way down. Unable to pass Eric, he regaled them with his stories and experiences while I stood back and made tea for all. An hour later we were on our way again, the two young hikers a little wiser for the chance meeting. He may have added a pinch of salt here and there, but Eric's stories were recollections of a life so richly lived it was beyond the comprehension of the average man.

Any seasoned climber will tell you the mountains are austere by nature: they are harsh, cold places that test the human spirit. There are times when the only warmth up there comes in the form of companionship—and what a companion Eric was to so many of us. As magnificent as some of the mountains he climbed, Eric was a person who thrived in company and believed in the strength of the human spirit. When all is said and done, his many summits shrink in the shade of his kind and thoughtful nature. The greatest heights he reached were not in the mountains, but rather defined by his personal qualities. A profoundly honest, loyal friend, and for all for all his colourful stories, it's by his humility—and not hubris—that he will be best remembered.

While I will forever cherish our many shared adventures, glasses of wine and fireside chats, I will remember Eric as part of my family. He was a loving friend to my wife and I, and an adopted grandfather to my kids. To our dear friend: Rest in peace, and may your dreams be filled with snowy peaks and glowing campfires. ▲



## HOW TO MAKE AN INFLATOR FOR YOUR AIR MATTRESS

<p>Blowing up your sleeping pad after a long day on the trail can be pretty... deflating. Solution? A pump bag! This will save your lungs and do the hard work for you. While commercially available bags can be expensive, don't worry—bin bags are much cheaper, and will work just as well.</p>			
<p><b>You will need:</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 1 x small, good quality bin liner</li> <li>• A short piece of clear 20mm tubing (available at any hardware store—this size fits inside the cap valves and over the screw valves found on most air mattresses)</li> <li>• Insulation tape</li> </ul>	<p><b>Step 1:</b></p> <p>Lay out the bag and cut a small hole in the bottom corner. Be careful not to make the hole too big.</p>	<p><b>Step 2:</b></p> <p>From the inside of the bag, insert the tube through the hole, leaving a small section inside the bag.</p>	<p><b>Step 3:</b></p> <p>Using the insulation tape, fix the bag to the tube.</p>

*And voila! For a fast-firm mattress, simply let air into the bag, twist the bag shut, and feed the air in.*

	THIS MONTH	THIS YEAR
<b>ALERTS</b>	1	1
<b>STANDBYS</b>	0	0
<b>CALLOUTS</b>	0	0

⋮

xtreme\_climbing

**How I take climbing photos of my friends**



**How they take climbing photos of me**



*Got any activities or adventures going on? Remember this newsletter isn't just about meets and announcements—it's about recording and sharing our most treasured outdoor memories.*

*Talk to Karen R. about getting your news, views or reviews featured:*

[rungekaren@gmail.com](mailto:rungekaren@gmail.com)

*My sincerest thanks to everybody who sent me words or images for inclusion in this issue.*

*The newsletter serves to chronicle our experiences in the mountains we enjoy, and each contribution enriches that record.*

*Please help me keep this newsletter alive by continuing to share the things you do, the things you know, and all the outdoor things we love.*

*Until next month, safe adventures everyone!*



A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Karen Miller".

Hey Mountain Club Members

Have a suggestion or idea for inclusion in the next issue?

Is there anything you want to correct, or maybe there's something you'd like to see changed?

Why not drop the editor a message?

*(Just be nice about it!)*

WhatsApp: 071 282 8304

[rungekaren@gmail.com](mailto:rungekaren@gmail.com)

## CONTACT LIST: MCSA KZN COMMITTEE 2021-2022

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