



各位會員：

風霄霄兮易水寒，壯士一去兮．．．．會長潘耀雄於聖誕檔期領軍，四位會員極速遠征玉龍雪山，海軍水兵，祝各壯士全身而歸。

十二月會訊，悉逢要協辦中班，瑣事纏身，實在嘔不出任何可觀文章，供各位一讀！幸得幹事文志光秉筆相助，賜文閱覽，請細心欣賞！

本月會員人數持續上升一百三十人，但剛過去的抱石會活動，出席人數竟得三人，嗚呼哀哉！Where have all the climber gone?

十二月；期盼聖誕來臨，普天同慶日子；活在一個鼓吹消費的世界裏，你們可有憐心自問，何故要慶祝聖誕？耶穌係你邊個呢？佢生日與你何干？

若果你的神聖答案是：〔聖誕節是爲了記念耶穌基督。〕那麼基督精神；施比受更有福，你應該好清楚！來吧，由今天起一切從簡，將你們所有的攀石器材，拿來施捨給我們這些窮困的信毅攀石會幹事吧！橫豎你們都不攀石，不要浪費嗎！

但，相信好多年輕人的答案會是：〔我都係借耶穌來過吓橋而已？平安夜、割豬夜，畀吓女，索吓Q！磨刀霍霍向豬羊！〕．．．．．若此；我要說個故事給你做聖誕禮物：1987年，友會有個Climber，於平安夜達旦狂歡，第二日於Main Crag solo jungle column，失手下跌，聲音如雷貫耳，人似雪球般滾下Main Crag底，停下時一股雲霧從周遭升起，久久不散。結果．．．他從頸以下的軀幹自始失去知覺！

最近番生總會的網站留言板，充斥著怨氣和吹噓！其中以一篇題爲〔九死一生馬特航峰〕的文章尤甚。文末提到：

- 如果寫自己真名是吹噓，那麼出假名是無胆專躲在背後搞事的！
- 殖民地日子已過，還要看翻譯書，何不看

中國人無論國內外都有寫感受，無須做假洋鬼子！

- 如沒有機械栓子，快掛和掛片就不懂攀爬實在太可惜！寵壞了
- 當年英雄，現今應該重出江湖推動後輩支持攀總，而非留在回憶中，指指點！

本來好一篇平凡攀登遊記，硬加上述註腳，變成一道酸溜溜的雜文。

攀山、攀石應是個人內心的追求，不應爲名，更非逐利。

社會上，求名逐利，有很多比攀山更具成本效益的途徑，犯不著用〔九死一生〕來出名。今日當下，即食文化充斥社會，崇拜英雄，自不可免！但若果自覺黃袍加身，天降大任於斯人，肩負〔推動後輩支持攀總〕神聖任務，何不將此活動的黑暗一面，展露人前。因攀山，攀石失手而付出的代價，終生抱憾？

今期會訊將九九年八月Climbing雜誌的一篇文章送給各位，看不懂請查字典！

唔好再扮英雄了！攀山無英雄。曾經有位腦科醫生對Climber作出以下評價：

〔D Climber 個腦可能傷過，攞到唔識保護自己，有危險先走去玩！〕

信毅攀石會有個傳統；〔爬咗都唔話被人聽。〕是否敝會衆人生性謙虛，不慕虛名？非也！而是，唯恐遭人恥笑；〔個傻子做完傻事後，又四出宣揚！唉，真替他的家人痛心！〕假洋鬼子又好，真洋鬼子又好，人又好鬼又好，最重要是知恥！九死一生有幾悲慘，唔生唔死才悲哀？

秘書

譚永發

今期輪到我講嘢喇！

我係邊個？之唔係個個阿咪，又或是阿

BUT，叫光頭仔又得（其實仔期過了很久，但佬期有耐未到喎，所以唔好叫光頭佬，否則反面有之）or 蛇精（名詞又好，動



文志光玉照

詞又好，總之讀者自己估前咗）

上期本會新俊幹事柯公子話本會並非唯利是圖與謀人寺喎，真係唔明喇，

個個都咁講架喇，又駛唔駛特別聲明呀！又有你進步神速全靠你自己啫，本會只不過每月例有D上山下海嘅活動；5-6個晚間攀登呀；參加些什麼攀石比賽、教練班有多D資助；又間唔中有D廢話講座幫補吓啦！幫補吓啲還有人生的點滴，以下便是我的片段片語：

「又是你們呀！」試想像由一把柔美的女子聲音，用國語說出是多麼的動聽啊！

只可惜是在高雄醫學院急症室的一位女醫生口裏說出。每次到台灣玩飛行傘總有意外，每次在醫院也碰上當時還是學生醫生的她，而她總是說：「太危險了！這玩意有何好玩？」『在人生裏總有一些驚險的歷程才精彩吧』。

這次旅程有三人，我、發仔、IQ，而這次意外也是由一句話引起「就這樣平平無奇的玩飛行傘沒有甚新意思，太悶吧，又未到玩花式階段，不如鬥遠咗？」「好咗，怕你不成？」，當我和IQ著陸後，爭論著誰領風騷時，發仔已在我們的頭頂上空飛過，就在此時有一台灣人在另一方不遠處

失速，在20-30米高墮下，我和IQ當仁不讓，第一時間飛身搶救，話晒IQ當時都是半個醫生咗，「可能草地茂密掛？」；「可能佢囉咗掛？」；「或者佢祖先保呢！」，總之佢無昏迷，無骨折，無大礙。你一言，我一語，擾攘多番，加上為台灣人檢查，足有半小時才驚覺發仔呢？「發仔係邊到？」；「點解仲未到？」，我回頭沿路往遠處望，像見一動物在地上攀爬，「咁大條蛇？」；「狗嚟架？」；「有些似人喎？」凝視良久像向我們揮手，求救？像發仔！？曄！一百公尺9秒9的速度跑往，但見他一息尚存，四肢健在，五官無損，有排未死得；只痛苦申淫道：「呀．．．好．．．很痛．．．撞正棵樹，．．．大脾痛到．．．呀．．．我癱咗好很耐，才癱到出嚟．．．幫我把傘拾回來吧．．．重有．．．係咪我飛得最遠？」飛行傘30米外一樹上，IQ留守照顧發仔，而我往取傘，行至才驚覺樹旁四周滿是一呎多高給削尖的樹幹，如跌在其上肯定萬樹穿身，IQ便苦口婆心地對發仔說：「係咪呢！我倆天生相剋，在一起係無好結果，嗱，有歷史為証，每次我和你一起旅行或者 expedition 受傷的總是你，我於心何忍呢？分手吧！」就是這樣便在高雄醫學院裏又遇故人！

*“The road to serfdom is paved
by kindness!”*

以下是番生總會的德政公告

[本會網頁近日有不知名人士提出有關山藝教練考核，可能出現問題。雖然本會至今仍未接獲任何投訴，但對事件同樣關注。並已安排時間了解事件，檢討是否有改善空間。執委會再次呼籲所有會員，若有任何建議，歡迎以正常渠道向執委會提出。執委會定必認真處理。

本會網頁深受會員歡迎。登入人次每日數



以百計。「自由論壇」更爲全港愛山人士提供一個自由交流經驗及心得的平台。

惟是近日在「自由論壇」上就上述事件出現之言論，內容非常激烈。部份更指名道姓，互相指罵，抹黑。情況已接近失控，令人擔憂。該等不具名，不負責任之言論，有違「自由論壇」之宗旨。更有機會令本會負上**法律責任**。

爲避免情況惡化；保障本會之利益；防止本會網頁被一少撮不知名人士濫用作攻擊他人的工具，引致本會可能負上法律責任。執委會決定暫時將「自由論壇」限制，**祇供會員登入發表意見**。稍後再作檢討。事非得矣，敬希各界友好體諒。]

留言版天職就是給人發表意見的地方，而所表達的意見，如果關乎網民利益，回應必然熱烈。反之若無人談論，幾個小時就會消聲匿跡，所發表言論的價值只有觀賞者可作出判斷，自由社會，絕不應容許任何權威機構以，虛幻的**法律責任**爲理由替我們選擇資訊。

不過我們尊貴的番生總會，卻因爲最近被人投訴〔行山教練考試不公，試題洩密。〕反對聲音如雷貫耳，**本應盡快站出來向公眾交代**，但總會竟第一時間改變其留言版，一貫任由公眾自由表達的守則，只容許登記人士發言，相信若言論不合主事人口味，會被取消發言資格，變相限制言論自由！結果留言版再無任何反對聲音，成功建立一個鴉雀無聲的世界，只許歌功頌德的留言版。全力與我國大陸接軌，比特區政府還走得更快更前！總會萬歲！

承接著限制言論，第二步出籠的；就是推出所謂「臨時內部紀律聆訊小組」政策，表面目的是加強總會處理投訴效率及公信力，但在冗長條文末段竟寫上：

【解釋及補充權】

9.1 若遇到對本文件內容理解有爭議時，「執行委員會」按訂定本文之精神下，擁有最終解釋及補充之權力。

你們估唔估到，佢地現在用咩**精神搞嘢**？我們的番生總會素有**任意行使行政權力**的前科，加上喜愛控制言論，將來通過上述政策後，主事人必然更加爲所欲爲！

獨裁者素以人民利益爲由，盡量增加自己的權力，而這些權力往往無第三者平衡和監察，各位小心！

記著〔通往奴役之路，是由善意鋪成。〕

The road to serfdom is paved by kindness!

會務動向

- 爲解決會議紀錄於網上更新問題，幹事會一至通過，今後會議紀錄將以電郵發放各會員。

【初級攀登訓練班】

- **給予公眾人士參加的初級訓練班，將於2005年三月舉行**。費用三百元正。
- **因租定場地問題，初級訓練班確實舉行日期未定。**

【二級攀登訓練班】

- 特別爲會員而設的二級攀登訓練班，暫定於來年四月逢星期六舉行，由現任香港代表隊教練陳玉蘭小姐任教，報名方法和詳情，將於下期會訊公報。請各會員留意！

會員的聯絡方法

各位新舊會員，因爲本會通訊；〔包括會訊及一些緊急通知：如攀總消息，活動通知等。〕均透過電郵聯繫，各會員應確保其電子郵件信箱運作無誤。最近數位會員電郵不能正常運作，以至一些重要消息未能成功傳遞。再次呼籲，請各會員保其電郵信箱運作無誤！



會活動

【十二月份會活動】

- 十二月；大東山露營遠足
- 日期：十二月二十六日至二十七日
- 行程：東涌出發，沿黃龍坑郊遊徑，登大東山露宿，翌日按參加者情況決定行程，行程容易，老少咸宜！
- 報名：至電幹事賴家豪 98018401 報名。
- 集合：十二月二十六日上午十二時正，東涌地鐵站集合。
- 備註：費用全免，自備糧水。
- **注意【無人報名活動自動取消！】**

【一月份會活動】

- 一月份；新年蒲苔島攀石
- 日期：一月一日

- 行程：一年之始，遊蒲苔，至南角。南角咀地處香港最南端，素有香港南極之美譽，怪石嶙峋，實為攀石之好去處！是次旅程，路途平坦，老少咸宜！
- 報名：至電幹事陳志雄 92776457 報名。
- 集合：上午七時四十五分，香港仔蒲苔島街渡碼頭（新光酒樓對面）。
- 備註：自備安全帶、防護器材、攀石鞋及糧水。
- **注意【無人報名活動自動取消！】**

【一月份會活動】

- 二月份；二月二十日，飛鵝山主壁多節線攀登。
- 詳情；容後公佈。

—完—

The Fall

By Pete Takeda

An end to innocence

When she hit the ragged talus the whack was so loud that a climber on rappel 20 yards uphill heard it. My friend had fallen moments earlier, plunging from sight in a sinuous twist. Forty feet below, she reemerged as a rolling bundle. She



stalled atop a hump on the steep hillside, in a placid sprawl on her side, a tanned right arm draped over her face like a slumbering child.

Seconds before, Beth had started downclimbing a steep section of loose rock. We had been chatting about work, relationships, and climbing ambitions, thoughts and problems now petty and forgotten. She was in mid-sentence when an edge broke under her hand, shooting her down and out, spinning from sight.

I had met up with Beth Coats a few hours before in the parking lot at Eldorado Canyon. It was one of those fresh spring days on the Front Range. The air held the promise of long daylight hours, and a hint of muted excitement. All things felt possible.

When I arrived, 20 minutes late, Beth was pacing the packed dirt. She had already hit up a few passing climbers just in case I was really behind. This was typical Beth. She possessed a bursting energy packed into her hard 5-foot-5 frame. Beth was an Olympic biathlete and worldclass mountain-bike racer. Her life revolved around seasonally tuned motion - skiing, running, cycling, climbing. She had broken the 5.12 barrier the previous fall. Yesterday she had road biked more than a hundred miles, this morning already lifted weights for several hours.

We went to the nearby Bastille buttress and climbed several pitches. After the last, we unroped and began skirting off along a chossy ledge system, a rubbly break that contoured the Bastille's right side above steep hillsides. Beth had been assertive as ever. She had carried us with her enthusiasm, taking over my lead on a pitch after I blew the sequence and lowered off. (She warned me not to get pissy about it.)

She started downclimbing a bulging wall rather than taking the wide traverse ledge. I think that, in her fatigued state, Beth mistook this obscure section for a similar descent scramble a bit further on the cliff. My silence at that moment still bothers me.



I stood and watched as she started down. Then she fell. When she hit the ground, my first attempt at speech stuck in my throat with a strangled croak. I choked out her name twice, the second call wavering like a scream. No response. She lay still, as if waiting for someone to wake her.

I threw off the rope and rack and raced across the ledge. The neighboring climber, a young guy, stood anxiously above, poised on a wide shelf. "I heard that. What's wrong?"

He let me make a short rap on his rope, and then I ran around the red sandstone wall to where Beth lay. As I approached, I had to fight the impulse to turn around and leave. I wanted to erase the whole incident. Finally I knelt, touching her shoulder and calling her name. No response. Her hair was matted with blood. The only sign of life was her hitched and shallow breathing, punctuated by a low toneless moan.

Airway ... breathing ... circulation ... airway ... breathing ... circulation ... I repeated my first-aid mantra over and over. The adrenaline sang in my head, bright white noise. I was a trained EMT-B but I had never worked on real trauma, certainly not on a friend.

Beth's breathing was labored and raspy, desperate-sounding. In addition to the head injury, she looked to have a broken arm and wrist. The lone climber dashed over and helped roll Beth on her back, maintaining crucial spinal alignment. He then sped down the hill to get help at the ranger kiosk.

I held Beth level, with my knee propping up her left shoulder. I did the head-tilt-chinlift procedure to keep her airway open. Blood from the head injury made my fingers sticky. It was hot in the sun. The air smelled of dirt, sweat, and blood.

What followed were the longest minutes of my life. Beth repeatedly stopped breathing. She trembled, jaw clamping shut like she was fighting some rising menace within her body. I thought she was dying. I tried several times to pry her mouth open to assess her airway, held my ear over her mouth to listen for the next breath before frantically readjusting. I prayed under my breath that God would let her live. I pleaded with her that she was tough, tougher than I could ever be, and that she needed to breathe. I wanted help to arrive to take the responsibility from me.

Two climbers wandered up, then an off duty medic out for a spring hike appeared, and took over airway management. I ran down the hill to look for the paramedics. Twenty minutes after the accident Beth regained consciousness. She wondered where she was. She cried, wanting to go home. She tried to get up but her legs seemed distant. She kept calling out for her boyfriend.

The search and rescue team took her out half an hour later. Then I cried, releasing the

tension and feeling the enormous weight of loss. Alone, I choked out, "This is not worth it. It all isn't worth it."

Nobody was there to validate my revelation. This incident or any like it nullifies the seeming glory of our pursuit. Climbers talk about ethics and what climbing means and what climbing is all about. When Beth was carted away it was as if someone had taken my passion and reduced it to frivolity, a game of petulant children.

Today Beth is paralyzed from the navel down. Her vertebrae were displaced in several places, and she experienced an almost complete transection of the spinal cord. She suffered broken fingers, a broken right humerus, broken left ulna, and hand. Selfpropelled motion had been the focal point of Beth's life; it still is, but now ordinary movement is hard. Plans wisp on the horizon for a return to climbing, maybe a trip up El Capitan. Skiing and hand cycling are potential outlets for Beth's competitive urges. Beth bravely endures daily hurdles and tedious physical therapy. But for now, most of her time and energy are spent managing chronic pain.

Those around her have experienced the ripple effect. For me, a certain innocence is gone. Since the accident I tense up whenever I see someone scrambling unroped or sitting by a cliff edge. I can't stand to watch. Sometimes on a climb I wonder what the point to this activity is when it can cause such grief. Sometimes I am seized by mortal fear in the most unremarkable climbing situations. It is like the impossible happened, a charm broke, lightning struck."

安全

若果你熱衷攀石，遲早你都會經歷下跌 Fall，事實上若果你從未下跌過，你可能未盡全力。所有初級訓練班，無論是攀登或攀石。教練都三令五申要求學生下跌時不要用手握住繩。何解？

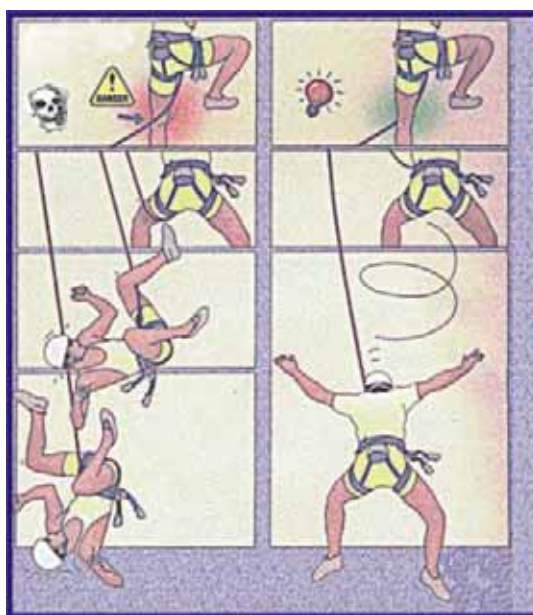
一般來說 Fall 下跌可分為兩類：

[一] 你預計得到的！

你可以有時間準備下跌，例如跳離石場、保持頭部向上、接受下跌的沖擊。

[二] 你無準備的，如 Hand Hold 破裂或被落石擊中等。

這種“意外”的下跌就較危險，因為你意識到下跌時；你已經跌了下來。事情發生在剎那間。根本來不及反應！



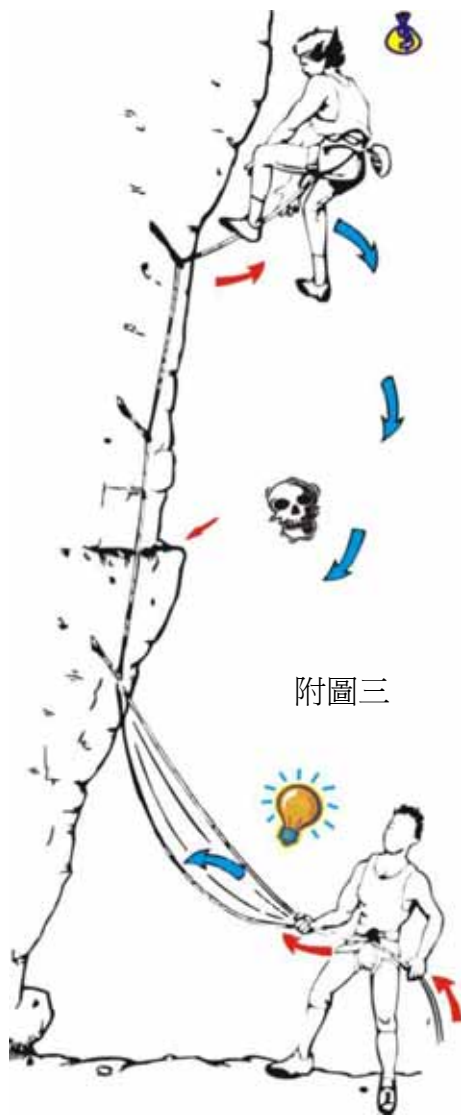
附圖一

下跌時要留意:

- 盡量避免，身處下跌時會有危險的位置，如鐘擺式的下跌及；
- 不要讓繩繞過你的腳後。[參看附圖一]
- 若下跌時，繩在你的腳後，會令你倒頭下跌，頭下腳上撞在石上，可能撞到頭破血流。

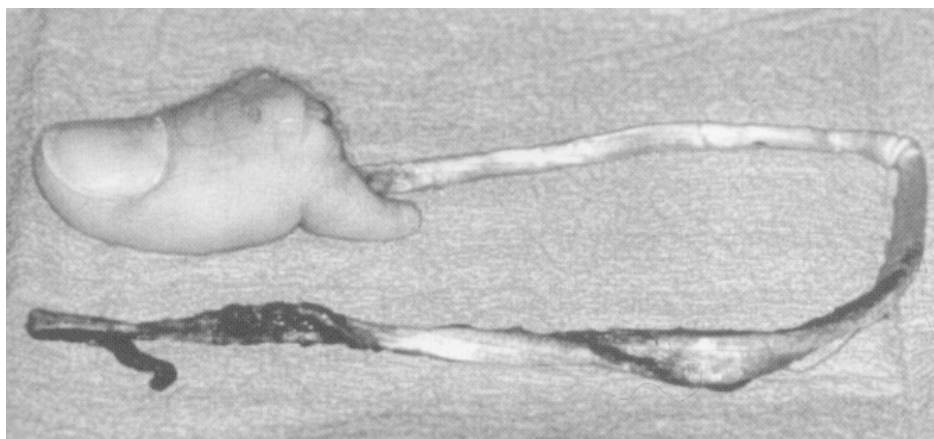
下跌時要注意的地方：

- 領攀者若感覺到，快將失手下跌，可選擇下攀。
- 若保護點安全或不能下攀時，請先警惕防護者，但可能正在睡覺！
- 下跌時要叫 'fall'。
- 下跌時不要握住繩。[後果參看附圖二]
- 雙手腳要準備保護自己。
- 若降落地點是尖石或台階，防護者可將繩放鬆多一點讓攀者下跌遠一點，以防因為落在尖石或台階而受傷。[參看附圖三]



附圖三

附圖二是一位女士於下跌時，握繩，拇指被繩索著，拉斷後具體的情況。
照片精彩嗎？條筋長唔長呀？
祝各位聖誕快樂，新年進步，四肢健全。





十二至一月活動與訓練

日期	活動名稱	時間	費用	地點	負責人
18/12/04	一級運動攀登	1900~2300	-	石硤尾	胡國華 82090830
23/12/04	晚間攀登訓練	19:00-22:00	全免	順利村	胡國華 82090830
26~27/12/04	大東山露營	集合：十二月二十六日上午十二時正，東涌地鐵站集合。	全免	大東山	賴家豪 98018401
29/12/04	晚間攀登訓練	19:00-22:00	全免	鯉魚門體育館	胡國華 82090830
1/Jan/2005 六	新年蒲苔島攀石	全日	全免	蒲苔島	陳志雄 92776457
5/1/2005	晚間攀登訓練	1900-2300	全免	順利村	胡國華 82090830
13/1/05	晚間攀登訓練	1900-2300	全免	順利村	柯弘毅 94777694
19/1/05	晚間攀登訓練	1900-2300	全免	順利村	胡國華 82090830
22/1/05	晚間攀登訓練	1900-2300	全免	順利村	柯弘毅 94777694
26/1/05	晚間攀登訓練	1900-2300	全免	順利村	胡國華 82090830

如有錯漏，以網頁公佈為準。

各位會員如有親朋戚友要入信毅，請提醒今年會籍至明年五月止，有意入會者請留意！