

Editorial

A fully packed and bursting at the seams rocket of a climbing magazine. And so it should be (I hear you cry/mutter). In this issue we're talking about Shoreham Wall, Swanage in February, Parlez-vous Franglais? Then some of you have been running up hills and some have been sent to foreign climbs in somewhere called Lancashire. Our special centre page pull out covers the important goals in all our lives, yes it's the club meet list, and whats more....you can pin it up on the wall ! We also have an in depth expose on money laundering (like we could be bothered) in the South East, in the EGCC 03/04 Financial Report.

BOP

Ireland Extravaganza

An Irish Incursion is happening in June 2004, 2nd to 6th June to be precise; you are welcome to join in. The plan is to stay in the IMC hut in the heart of the Wicklow Mountains, fly out with Ryanair (oh what joy!) from Gatwick to Dublin and then using hire car to get ourselves to the hut to climb, cycle, go horse-riding, get yourself out scrambling & hill walking, fishing or to just tour around the surrounding countryside – the choice is yours. Bring a waterproof, it will rain (it is Ireland....) and there is a pub up the road from hut so bring your Guinness money too.

If you would like to join us, give me a call on 07743071046 or 01293 887759, or email me at mcmenamini@hotmail.com

Lou

07743071046



BMC Membership

If you want to upgrade to full BMC membership, having joined EGCC, then you can do this for a mere £9.50. Of course, the BMC also offer a variety of discount magazine subscriptions, each at £27.50.

The link is - <http://www.thebmc.co.uk/services/memship/join.htm#>

Or you can call them (with credit card in hand) on - 0870 010 4878

Shoreham Wall (Mk. 2)

Just an update on the Shoreham Wall. It is about 1.5 times the height of Salford's, you can practice leading but need to take your own quick-draws (or smile sweetly at someone and borrow theirs - Egan's strategy - how does he do it). It is roughly a square shape with a dent in one corner, to fit in more panels. There are long overhangs on two of the walls, and two walls have features.

I liked the route setting, which was quite different but tricky on the unfeatured walls, where I was a bit stuffed when I couldn't reach the next hold, being too short. Some of the more difficult routes are quite technical and not all made up of tiny slopers, which was nice. The grades have been recently revised. On my first visit I could happily top rope 6c (in my dreams), which were really about 6a...these have now been changed. It was reassuring this time that I could no longer climb 6c.

The toilets and changing areas are newly refurbished and there are vending machines for when you get the munchies, although obviously, eating is cheating. It costs £5.50 for non-members and is a nice alternative if you don't fancy driving to the Westway and want to practice leading and train on a higher wall. The wall is also quite toasty so you don't need to climb in loads of layers. There is no shop but Peglers is nearby!

Also it is only 10 minutes from Crawley (in Egan's Porsche), not 25 minutes as stated in the previous article.

Lianne

A Word From Your Treasurer

With 2003 over, the AGM done and dusted and the EGCC Financial Report for 2003 published for the AGM, my job is done. Lars has now taken over the Treasurers job for this multi thousand pence enterprise that is East Grinstead Climbing Club. I leave the treasury with a healthy few pounds in the coffers. For those who missed the wonders of the clubs Financial Report 2003 a copy is enclosed in this edition of the club magazine. Any questions or comments, I will see you in the Caribbean. Hopefully see you all climbing throughout the year. (In the Caribbean)

Bruce (Ex Treasurer)

The 'ard core 8 make it to Swanage.

One rotten apple spoils the cart. Lucky only those with the hardest of cores attended the Swanage meet, proposed as a weekend but reduced to the day due to bitter cold winds, of Sunday 22nd February. The wagons had rondevued and circled at Durston Head by half ten, via a detour by myself to assess the state of the sea in Swanage bay. Not promising, more White Horses than Billy Smarts. With much camoradiary and side ways glances at each other to spy who it was that was to whimp out first, we eight collectively set forth. I should also tell here of the nervous trepidation which saw rolling tobacco gain value quicker than ingot gold as nerves bit in. No point staking your bid in US dollars, Dave, Niel, Tony and Alistair were doing without oxygen for a while.

As we bimbled our way along the cliff top, myself sporting a rather dapper, ney debonare Saturday evening cass, due to having left me muddy boots behind (trackie bottoms and kicker boots would have left me looking like Rumpolestiltskin. I'd rather appear swauve, calm as if these were conditions I would normally encounter with the iron nerve of an interepid adventurer whilst enjoying the preverbial stroll in the park), it became apparent that the day was indeed blessed. The tide rip around the light house head was a mere ripple on a reseading tide, the splash back off the low ledges of the Promenade was close to shore considering the full spring tide and the cloud cover was light and broken. I lead onto the Marmalatra buttress but only one brave soul showed any inclination. Not there on this day, the waves were madening. Last attempt to avoid the senality of Subluminal and the false banality of the Cattle troughs. Having read my vintage Swanage guide circa 1985 closely, the west offers a slash proof boulder beach.

The absail stakes were where I knew them to be although having never been down this section before, what exactly lay beneath was a mystery. Tackling up in the still on a fine rabbit mown lawn, the wind already passing over our heads leaving some heat for the producer, Dave scotched this weeks star prize or more exactly the drinking prize of the Alps bash he'd been on recently. Brilliant all three anchors in one huge 4 meter long micro thin sling. Never seen the likes, so for good measure we enlisted a gorse bush or two to complement the really rusty iron mongory that life was about to be entrusted to. Absolutely no quelling this great mans' enthusiasum went we discovered that my static iron cored ab rope would not pass through a modern belay brake. "Never mind I'll decend on an Italian" was offered. 'Heck do I care, please ye self. If it can't climb then it'll have to swim. Your responsible for your own fetishes!' , I proffered. Nice ab. Then some well timed boulder hoping between waves, passing an under boulder in situ-wet suit, 'gee, nice watch', then a little argument as to which was the line of the route / best way outdahere and which Seagull's bastion looked least resistive to a two pronged attack. Bottomless Buttress was agree apon. The deal struck. Bugger had forgotten the rollies. Still, had remembered the guide book, no sign of aforementioned Italian and suiplied me with a helmet. Contemplating the pros and cons of Dave as able belayer I set forth. Perhaps we should try the golf course next time. Check... score card, rollies, hip flask for front nine, tinnies in bag for back nine, loose change for ten pence bet on each hole. Born gambler man. Not this time, three pieces of gear up someone had laid rest to a friend, so I clipped it. English, ney Derbyshire not Italian. Still puzzled. Great sling belay on spike of areate in wild situation. To my right the Isle of Wight, beneath arhh Dave. T'was beginning to forget about you, not complaining and proving sooo able. Truth was although the cliff base was nearly bereft of wind the wave lick ment I could here a damned thing from dave only thirty five feet below me. Come up to my freshly knitted cats craddle. We hung around unknotting my rope incompetencies whilst upholding the tradition of gossip in sewing circles. Phew, I'll push on. Second pitch was a gem for the days conditions. Thin getting away from the belay, then out there on the arate to the top. 90 foot of clean, soild rock and adequate gear. Dave soon joined me, following the path of blood I had lain, our rope telemetry had worked. Three hard tugs to inform of the Italians' appearance and indeed it's female and would be joining us at the top. Two to confirm male and to leave him at the bottom, in good euro friendly fashion. End of days adventure, the sun was shinning form the west. We had discovered another friendly area of Dorset. The classic Adventurer would have to wait for another day. Coiling up our mess and retreating the ab 'pole', Dave cracked open the piste-da-resistance,

Flask hot ribena. You don't get that often in the nineteenth hole. Fair caddy, comes recommended. The cattle troughs also took a dusting, Niel busting into his virginal 'double' rack and leading on trad. Jo and Louise taking turns to drown their second on belay, whilst ticking through the list of VS. Refreshment, tales and post rope coiling rollies were exchanged in the Greyhound, Corfe. Can't await a return match nine. Only I don't much fancy kicking into that wind second half.

Alistair

Parlez-vous Français

Épisode 2 dans our séries éducatif : Eddie et Adrian à Gavarnie

Escalade de glace – ice climbing

Cascade de glace – frozen waterfall

Neige – snow

Quelles jolies fesses ! – nice arse!

Mon Dieu ! Je fait mourir ! – Oh my God ! I'm going to die!

Eddie et Adrian went en vacances à Gavarnie which est dans les French Pyrénées et world-famous for l'escalade de glace. La Cirque du Gavarnie est très grande – 1,000 feet of frozen cascades, et une grande terrasse de neige et another deux tiers above.

All this makes Gavarnie très dangereuse quand il neige a lot et quand il fait warm. Nous slithered up the hill dans notre voiture avec snow chains, parce que it was bucketing down with neige et at last nous avons commencé to walk in.

'Ou est this place avec la plus grande cascade in Europe?' dit Eddie.

'You told me that il est 3,000 feet high et je can see naff all'.

'Non, mon ami, il est just around that corner là.'

Mais nous stopped, parce que nous thought it was un peu dangereux avec all la neige. Et puis, avec un Growl, un Rumble, et un Roar, une énorme avalanche oblitérait la vallée just up ahead, et covered us avec powder neige.

'Zut alors !' nous yelled. 'Run away, vite !'

Le following day, nous went skiing, parce qu'il y a 50cms of new neige et even nous could tell that l'escalade de glace in those conditions fait bonkers. Et that was amusant, parce que Eddie can ski bien, et Adrian n'a pas skié for 15 années, et was crap then anyway. Adrian only fell over un peu et was dead chuffed et Eddie a décidé to mow down all their children parce que les Français sont bâtards.

On Sunday, le meteo dit qu'il fait cold. Et so we walked back to the Cirque du Gavarnie. Well, on ne peut pas see your hand in front of votre face. Et la neige was running with water et très soggy everywhere.

'Ou est this place with la plus grande cascade in Europe?' dit Eddie encore une fois. 'Je saw it yesterday, quand le soleil was shining, and it was stacked, mais maintenant il a disparu again'

So nous left again, et went au Cirque du Troumousse, which we had heard about. Mais nous still could not see un flipping thing. Eventuellement, nous trouvons les cascades, mais nous had left all our gear behind dans la voiture. There were beaucoup de gens battering their way up les cascades though.

Le Monday, nous allons à Cirque du Troumousse très early, et le ground was crunchy for le première time. Mais il commence à neige more and more. Nous avons escaladé une bonne cascade, mais at the top la neige was thigh-deep powder. Nous avons décidé to abseil down parce qu'il est safer, mais nous could not trouvé un decent anchor for le last steep bit. En fin, we abseiled off deux dodgy pitons, avec beaucoup de gibbering.

Now, le trouble was that le road was now bloquée, and we had an avion to catch à Toulouse. Heureusement, just as we reached the car, Monsieur le fermier decided that it was time to clear the road avec son tracteur, et nous drove slowly behind him for miles.

Et en fin, le check-in à Toulouse airport a décidé que skis sont sporting equipment mais climbing gear est bagages d'excès, et les guards de sécurité ont décidé que we were terrorists. Eventuellement, ils let us through, mais said that 200ft of climbing rope was 'équipement de terrorisme' et not bagages de cabine. J'aime Easyjet moi – but they did give in, éventuellement.

Adrian

Crag Food

Some time ago I had a discussion about the quality of crag food with another climber and he said that crag food is a bit...well...poor. So here you go, a recipe for Granola Bar. *Ed, I expect to have this offered to me next time at the crag Alistar'.*

175g butter	85g raisins sultanas
140g clear honey	85g dried apricots (chopped)
250g demerara sugar	85g dried mango / glace cherry / figs (chopped)
350g oats	85g pumpkin seeds
1.5 tspn ground cinnamon	50g ground almonds
85g pecans / walnut	50g sesame seeds

Preheat the oven to 190oC / Gas 5, and line the base of a large cake tin / baking tray with greaseproof paper. Melt the butter and honey in a large pan. Add sugar. Cook over a low heat, stirring for 5 minutes, till sugar is dissolved. Bring to the boil for 1 or 2 minutes, stiring, till thickened into smooth caramel sauce. Add all the remaining ingredients and stir well.

Spoon it into the tin, pressing down firmly (best achieved by placing another backing tray on top of the first tin, placing it on the floor and jumping on it). Now pick up off the floor and place the baking tray in the over for 15 minutes till brown. Allow to cool, turn out, and cut into interesting shapes.

Preparation time: One week in your local health food shop.

Cooking time: Not long

Time pick granola out of plastic bag when you don't cook / bind it properly: A while

NORTH MEETS SOUTH UP' BOX HILL

A tough lad from up north proved once again the softness of southern softies in the 23rd Box Hill Fell Race on the 17th January. Phillip Winskill (24) from the Dark Peak Fell Runners Club, finding himself at a loose end, borrowed a pair of Walsh's (one size too big) and proceeded to win the race that was entered by 173 local runners. He was however pushed all the way by the promising youngster Dean Lacy (18) from the Cambridge Harriers, upholding his own club's impressive

record in the event. At 51 minutes Phillip's performance was 1 minute outside the course record but for an unseen first attempt it was an exceptional effort.

The Box Hill Fell Race is now almost an institution amongst southern muddy-slope-loving runners. The ascent of Box Hill is just the start as the run is probably the toughest conceivable 7 mile route through the North Downs, barely relenting in its delivery of purgatorial climb followed by savage descent time and time again. A total of 1700 feet of ascent has been endured before the final plunge to the finishing line down Surrey's own Hannenkam. As talented local runner and climber Mark Gould said on approaching the top of the third climb having lost 80 places from his earlier leading position "I think I have bitten off more than I can chew", capturing in this gut-felt masticulatory analogy the challenge that is the Box Hill Fell Race.

The team competition was won this year by the evergreen Worthing Harriers with four runners in the first 24. A notable entry was that much heralded by the East Grinstead Climbing Club whose valiant bid was only thwarted at the last minute by a flat battery on Jo Campbell's (undisclosed) car. The remainder of the team fought bravely but were obviously affected by this disappointment with Mark Gould's debutary 79th, Tony Boud (28) improving to 89th, and Ag Osipowicz (26) remarkably consistent with last year at 128th. Based on this showing the team could obviously go far and will no doubt present a potent threat to the traditional running clubs in years to come.

From our Sunday Tired Sports Correspondent.

Note from the SS:

Training for this event will commence in October – dates of sessions to follow end of summer / early autumn. Consider this one as a challenge, or post Christmas detox, or just an opportunity to laugh or cheer at your fellow beings. I aim to organise a team entry for next year so get your shoes on and start running. For those not interested in burning or panting silly we would appreciate your support on the course and company for a lunch afterwards.

Ag, the SocSec.

There's Bandits up North too

They tell me that worse things happen at sea, but frankly I think that's nonsense. I mean, how bad can it be in a trawler in the North Sea in the winter? I'll tell you this for nothing; it can't be as bad as Lancashire in January. I was banished there in November and have scarce been back home since.

So what have I done? Well, I'll tell you what I have not done: I have not been to the Westway for ages. I have not been to High Sports for ages. I have not been to the sandstone for ages either. I have not gone to Scotland either, because there wasn't any weather, which was a real pain, because Preston is halfway there. This has been A Bad Thing, although maybe the High Sports bit is A Good Thing.

What I have done though, is go to the Pyrenees (and got a well-deserved nagging for it from the Commander-in-Chief, seeing as I have been away endlessly). I have also been bouldering a lot in a rather smart little place called 'Boulder UK' in Blackburn. Blackburn is one of those Lancashire cities north west of Manchester that exists for no apparent reason in this day and age.

Boulder UK, however, has been A Good Thing. Boulder UK is run by Messrs Vickers and Parry, who are not known as slouches. They change all the problems every month (not just one at a time, the whole lot). They change the wall every month too, adding a bit here, taking a bit away there. And then they have Very Strong People who come along and waltz up the problems. They also have Sponsored Very Strong People, who do laps of all the Very Hard Problems. They have very weedy looking people who skip up all the problems and do laps. They have short people with immense shoulders who bounce up all the problems without using their feet.

Then they have me, Punter Man, the official victim of Bandits, north and south.

I lower the tone. I do not have forearms that look like they belong to an altogether Bigger Animal. I have a strange accent. I embarrassingly fail to get off the ground. I have a chalk bag, and not a chalk bucket. I wear beat-up old resoless instead of the latest sponsor-provided specialist twinkle-toes. I am weak, not bendy at all, and I do not wear a hat indoors. I cannot recognise the right designer logos. I cannot hang all my weight off a two-tip pocket or a rounded pinch. I need to wear finger tape. I cannot climb V7 in training shoes. I can only climb V7s before they

get down-graded to V6. I am exhausted before I have warmed up. I am, as they quaintly say up here, 'Shite'.

But, I might be getting stronger – I now attribute my slight weight gain to the acquisition of some strong bits instead of eating pies. They now humour me, 'Ah, bless. Ee's come back again. 'Ow do. Orreet?'"

Moral – Don't get banished to Lancashire in the winter. Do campaign for a really good bouldering wall south of the Thames. Nowhere is safe from Bandits any more.

Adrian

Birthdays

Whilst this is not the beginning of a regular section...It has been brought to the attention of the Editor, from an un-corroborated single source, that Jo Gilbey celebrated her 40th birthday on March 11. **Congratulations Jo! Happy Belated Birthday from us all.**

Position of the month

When its raining outside it is essential that one warms up properly, to avoid cramp or a stitch, before hitting the gear shops and the tea rooms.

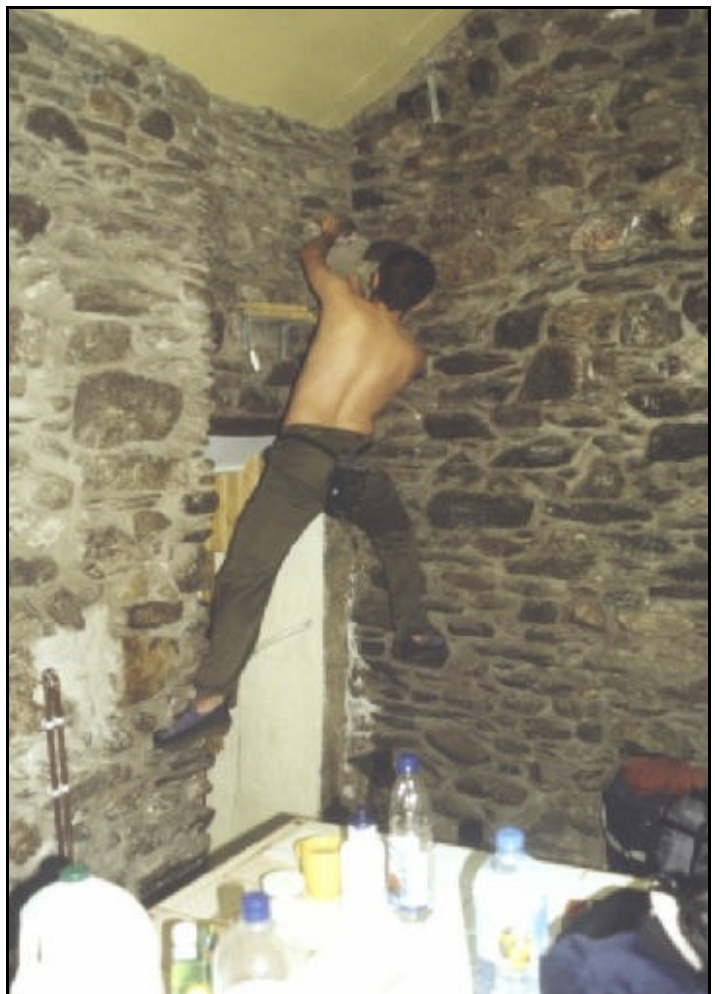
And Finally

To submit an article on your latest conquest (be it a visit to a damp greasy 'Diff' crack or an adventure best viewed with retrospective enjoyment, a recipe or lonely hearts advert for inclusion in the EGCC newsletter then please send emails to:

fallingofftherock@yahoo.co.uk

Deadline for next issue:

End of April.....maybe



NEWS JUST IN (Things I forgot to mention in the newsletter as I got carried away justifying the previous pages, and didn't want to do it all again).

For those of you that have rejoined EGCC then you should have found your brand new membership card (which entitles you to various cheap days out in various gear shops up and down the country). For those of you that haven't found your membership card then look in the envelope... now hunt around on the floor... now rack your brains and think, 'did I join this year?'

So if the later is true, then you can rejoin by contacting Lars or Sarah.

WARNING

Owing to the recent disclosure of information pertaining to the whereabouts of a certain sandstone crag in a certain trailing / walking magazine (you know the one that doesn't know how to get off a certain, particularly high, hill in Scotland). All climbers are advised to be on the lookout for ramblers wondering aimlessly around Sandstone crags in the South East, clutching copies of the aforementioned magazine... Please do not feed.