



The occasional newsletter of

# East Grinstead Camera Club

The editor would like to offer his apologies on behalf of EGCC for not having gotten the latest issue of the magazine out sooner. But in best tabloid style, its all Jonny Foreigner's fault. So this month I'll be blaming; St Helena, large waves, the weather, and of course....errr ok I have been back a while.

Everyone that I have spoken to about St Helena says the same thing, 'St Helena! Where the f\*\*k is that?'. And to be fair I can understand why. Its not a up there on the crag baggers list and its not a quick 6hrs up the M6. But its interesting rock! Oh has it got rock! Its Volcanic, Its big lumps of Basalt, Its..... Well I'm glad I didn't waste 400grams throwing in the shoes. Whilst the island is indeed volcanic, with 300m sea cliffs it seems that this rock is dangerously weathered and fractured (such that bits keep falling off knocking out the power station for three days) and some of the formation is essentially screed. Now this might sound like some of the crags that I've been to before. But I'll wager that none of the crags in the UK host the Brown Widow Spider. A relatively small spider as spiders go, but nonetheless poisonous, and guess what, it likes hiding under rocks and in cracks. And of course no-one has an antidote, anyway on with your contributions...

Because I've been trying to catch up with everything not all of the articles are hot of the press, however they are all exciting.

**Phil**

### **CHAIRMAN'S CHAT**

My apologies for taking so long to produce the first chairman's chat. The first part of the year has not been great from the committee point of view; first the Newsletter Editor is sent to St Helena, then the Meets Secretary puts himself into hospital. We are under fire here, and now the Members Secretary is going to be sprogging! (Well maybe she did warn us!).

First of all a quick bit on the committee targets for the year. The primary functions of course are the club trips and socials, on both of which we have already spent some time. Lianne has done a fine job re-hosting and up-dating the website, it is the main source of club info, please don't forget it ([www.eastgrinsteadclimbingclub.com](http://www.eastgrinsteadclimbingclub.com)). The Newsletter, as you can tell, is going from strength to strength! We are also working on a Club constitution to capture the club policies and will unveil this at the next AGM (unless we find the old one first!). Nothing too challenging here, keep it simple, stupid..

With regard to socials we have most items arranged but we also have some free slots and I would like to encourage you to consider if you could help to fill those. What we had in mind was not necessarily big presentations but just showing of photos from club trips (on the digital projector). Like a singers night at a folk club (am I giving too much away?), anyone can get up and show some pictures, and talk about them as well if they feel so inclined. I am sure any minor

technical hitches (like “I haven’t got a lap top” or “I haven’t got a digital camera”) can be sorted out with the combined will and capabilities of the current committee.

A boring bit now. I have noticed that our club membership BMC card runs Jan 1 to Dec 31 but we only submit our payments to the BMC in March. This would seem to me to leave us a little exposed for three months so I am proposing to bring the subs payment forward to Dec. Now I realise this is good cause for complaint for having to pay twice within the year but it’s only £13 (for a year!)

We will be in touch..

I was thinking about doing a pep talk on target setting but I think I have probably bored you for long enough now, I’ll save that for the next one. So sit back and enjoy the new newsletter ..

**Tony**

### **Bosigran**

A small mushroom cloud formed and rose gracefully over Lower Treave. Adrian reluctantly conceded that it was perhaps time to invest in a new stove. Rather a shame that, he thought. The old one brought a good whiff of alchemy to club events. The continuous roar of its barely-controlled explosion alerting sleeping club members to the approach of dawn and the promise of a cup of tea, spiced by fear that they might not live to drink it. Still, the new one looks promising. Lots of brass, stainless steel and aluminium – a few pints of the Middle East’s highest octane should take the shine off it soon though.

Easter in Cornwall: land of sun and sparkling waves, or land of clag and mist? Somewhere in between on the whole, with a tendency towards cloud and chill this year.

Alasdair (who is 13) and Adrian (who is old enough to be his father) stood at the foot of Bosigran Ridge on Good Friday. Alasdair was young enough to find the prospect of a thorough soaking by an Atlantic roller exciting; Adrian timid enough to be profoundly alarmed. The hasty belay was sound, but the whole process would have been faster had not long-armed six-footer placed half the belay well out of reach of five-foot second. Live and learn – don’t do that if you can’t handle being told off by your son. Excellent route, and done in a fine time and a good settler as the first rock route since last autumn. We had the route to ourselves. This was a point not missed by the hordes on the other parts of Bosigran. We duly swapped places on Saturday, so that we had the choicest routes largely to ourselves and they fought each other for even the tiniest ledge on Bosigran Ridge.

Some people though. Al and I are roping up at the foot of Doorway, when up scampers a studenty type. She points to the coiled rope at the foot of the route and declares that she and absent partner are going to do the route. Al and I are chilled, no problem. We sit down, have a cuppa, natter a while. Up comes absent partner. He tries to put his shoes on, but cannot, for he fell and hit the ground on Friday and his toe is sore. Off they wander again, without a word. Al and I set off, and in due course arrive at the belay where Little Brown Jug and Doorway cross.

Lo! And behold! Our favourite student turns up, as third body on a rope doing Little Brown Jug. Is that right? So what is that clown up front doing, leading on up our route? So Al and I sit and natter for a while again. Another student arrives, intent on following the leader. Al and I point out both the error of his ways and his belay to him. Off he struggles, and soon all that can be seen is a pair of belly-flopped legs sticking out from his ledge. Feeling generous, we haul hard upwards on his rope to help him overcome the massive drag he has engineered (and to prevent him falling on our heads). The flailing legs wriggle out of sight.

Ochre Slab Route (1/2) next – the VS with the moves that aren't VS. I'm bumbling along, with a happy Severe head on, when all of a sudden it turns awkward and blind. Falling off is not an option – not really fair on Al at this stage of his career – and so I change up a gear, gird loins and all that, and pull through to the belay. Al, however, has no extra gear to engage, tries heroically and does what any sensible second would do – falls off, swings gently across the tricky bit and scrambles up to the belay. We opt for a pleasant finish, instead of the evil slot that the guidebook recommends.

Sunday, it rains. But we are filled with blind and baseless optimism and head off to Gurnards Head for a mass ascent of Right Angle. What a giggle that turned out to be – the sun was merrily shining and off everyone wandered, up a bit, along a bit, down a lot, backropes and bodies everywhere. 'Atmospheric' sums it up, and that's on a nice sunny day, with low tide and no swell. God help you on a day with weather. The traverse is outstanding, with the most perfect of holds, except for the last little bit of descent, which is straightforward or alarming, depending upon your position on the rope and the care taken by others to look after you. The corner itself is a hoot, jugs and gear everywhere, with a nice 'pop out onto the top' finish. Lovely.

**Adrian**

### **A Welsh Winter Wonderland**

We had been watching the weather forecasters all week as they tentatively promised a cold spell. While my colleagues fretted about the potential effects on public transport and the road network, Stuart and I started to dust off ice axes and crampons. It was all looking very promising as it started snowing when we got to Birmingham on the journey up. Then it started getting worrying as the snow became blizzard-like as we reached Llangollen where for some reason they hadn't gritted the roads. Progress slowed to a crawl as we negotiated snow drifts and we began to worry that we might not make it over the Llanberis Pass. Then thankfully it stopped snowing and the roads improved and we made it over the pass with no mishaps.

We woke up the next morning to a snow covered Snowdonia and decided to go up to the Trinity face on Snowdon. We started to trudge up the PYG track and the higher we went the deeper the snow became, and the more ice appeared, but the cloud also thickened. The only way to find your route on the Trinity face is to identify it from the path and then walk across, unfortunately we couldn't even see the Trinity face. I wasn't terribly keen on climbing blind, so we decided to focus our attention on some small iced up crags just below the zig-

zags. They weren't much more than 30 feet high but they were smothered in ice and we had quite good fun cragging on them until Stuart unexpectedly removed a 4 foot high by 2 foot wide icicle. Luckily it broke off just below his ice screw, so he managed to stay where he was, although the weight of it landing on the ropes dragged me right off my feet. We decided to call it a day at that point and were quite surprised to find just how much snow had melted during the day as we descended.

The next day dawned clearer, and although there was very little snow lower down in the valley we could still see some hanging around higher up and we were fairly sure from the amount of snow and ice we'd seen the day before that it wouldn't have disappeared overnight. So we headed on up Cwm Glas to have a go at Parsley Fern Gully, a grade I/II classic. As we approached the base of the climb we could see it was stuffed full of snow and ice. The climb started easily enough, and as ice screws and nuts went in with ease I really started enjoying it. The first couple of pitches were straightforward enough but as we gained height the gully narrowed and steepened. The wind had also picked up and was blowing spindrift down onto us continuously. It got so bad that while I fuffed around trying to find some protection before I tackled the crux I nearly got buried. With a bit of coaxing I eventually made it over the hard bit and we were soon back on easier ground.

By this time the weather had deteriorated so we could barely see, I was exhausted, and so pretty much crawled to the top. We topped out at Crib y Ddysgl in a howling gale and bumped into Derek and Rob. The others were keen to get down to the zig-zags as quickly as possible to get out of the wind, but I took my time as despite the high winds the weather was quite clear and there were fantastic views down the Llanberis pass to the sea, and also across to the Trinity face, which to me seemed like a mini Eiger Nordwand. As we headed back down I felt so smug charging down in crampons past so many people slip-sliding around without them. Unfortunately the conditions weren't to last and as we stomped back down the road to the hut the heavens opened and drenched us, and thawed everything out, but even that couldn't spoil such an unexpectedly fantastic weekend.

**Jo**

### **The loneliness of the long distance boulderer**

Ah, just time for a little bouldering before my meeting, methinks. Why is the traffic always so bad when you have got something important to get to? I battle out through Leeds city centre and Headingley and screech to a halt in the lay-by below Caley. The dreadlocked gentleman with the bouldering mat looks disinterested, but manages a surprised 'Ow do' when blue pinstripe also removes a bouldering mat from the boot.

My check-list for meetings these days generally includes notebook, pen, phone, blackberry, bouldering mat, shoes, tape, chalk bag, scruffy clothes, training shoes and water bottle. The training shoes are important but easily forgotten: black brogues are not good for crag approaches and peat is really hard to remove from the little holes. The water bottle is essential for washing chalk from the fingers, to achieve that well-groomed look. A quick look in the mirror is also vital to remove the tell-tale dab of chalk from the end of the nose.

Right then – time from Caley to city centre, half an hour. Time to find destination and park, fifteen minutes. Time to walk to office, sign in and compose self, fifteen minutes. That still gives me an hour to play. Speed is of the essence here, so I tape fingers as walk in and have a feeble attempt at warming up too.

Ah nice grit! Haven't been here for donkeys years, but I still remember some of the problems. Mmm. Can't do this one though. I'm sure the ground has got lower (which is more than likely in this bouldering age). No matter what I try, my foot keeps slipping off. Someone wanders around the corner, and I glance up and ask if they can do this flipping thing. They agree that it is tricky, and I then realise that I have just asked Ben Moon if he can do a pretty average problem at Caley. Bang goes my street cred. Still, we have a chat and then go our separate ways.

A few more problems and I scurry off to do my corporate bit. I've got a meeting in Sheffield soon.....

### **EGCC at the Blue Mountains, Australia, Feb 2004**

Not quite a club trip, but it was a meeting of club members - about as far away from East Grinstead as you can get. The agreed meeting point a cosy little breakfast joint in a cosy little country town in the Blue Mountains. Mid February, mid Australia, the sun was pouring down already. Sandals, shorts and lots of water were the order of the day.

Uncle Harvey and Auntie Lynn turned up and were entertaining their nephew Andy, very shortly prior to his wedding. It was important not to cause him any damage, but at the same time offer up some suitably dangerous looking challenges. I was the holder of the guide book and hence the guide, and Ag assumed the role of Andy's climbing technique instructor. We decided on Mount York as our venue, a well established crag offering a mix of bolted and trad climbs on a peninsular of rock that jutted out into the tree filled blue-ish valley.

Upon arrival at the car park there was no sign of the crag but all was soon revealed as the path dropped away and entered a gulley between immaculate sandstone walls. Not the kind of sandstone that we are accustomed to you'll understand. More like Fontainebleau rock, hard, reliable and still with the good variety of holds. Unfortunately nobody fancied leading the nursery route we had picked for Andy and the guide then decided on another sector and suggested a walk around the outer perimeter "to get a better look at the rock". Half an hour later Harvey's achy ankle had totally erased his sense of humour (as had leaving a pair of walking boots on the roadside in Manly earlier that morning). The guide was doing his best to stay the other side of Auntie Lynn. Luckily then, the mighty line of "Thunderfart" rose above the party (which I had been looking for for a while) and I was able to announce that we had arrived.

The sun was coming down in stair rods now so we found ourselves a nice little wall in the shade and set about the day's tasks with some relish. I have noticed, in my worldly experience, a rather high proportion of sandstone routes have hard starts and sure enough the same natural law seemed to apply here. Having greedily grabbed the few straightforward routes we were soon into some curious mixed tactics to get up to the better holds. Harvey was recorded at one stage bridging ever more widely between bendy tree and rock and on another occasion Lynn was able to convert herself into a very useful step ladder to assist Ag upwards. Andy struggled with everything and was particularly delighted when Ag demonstrated a balletic little sequence on side pulls and smears that he was supposed to replicate. I excelled myself and earned the Spiderman badge by climbing an almost blank start but paid higher up when holds like door handles weren't good enough for my pumped out grip. I very nearly made a rapid vertical exit (I wonder if anyone noticed..?). Andy was suitably impressed with the whole show and particularly by his Auntie whom he now saw in a completely new light ("is that really my Auntie Lynn?").

By mid afternoon the sun had come round and we were completely cooked, and our fingers were completely cooked and the whispering call of a cool distant beer became stronger than our strength to resist.

The walk back to the car was a mere ten minutes..oops.. sorry Harvey! I'll get the beers..

**Tony.**

### **The Pinnacle Award. Eddie's Top 100.**

#### **My part in his down fall!**

Having harboured an interest with the histories, esoterics and cutting edge development of Grit stone climbing over the years, there came to me a golden opportunity to quench this fascination as a member of the EGCC. First off, I studied the video True Grit, so kindly lent from the bowls of the club library. Then with a little Ey 'Ol Kentucky tongue loosen'er devoured on a club night during November, Eddie ventured his requirement for an able second to join himself on 'day-raids' to Derbyshire. As I herald from the 'deep south', the Grit stone edges were a holiday destination. I had only ever once previously visited, over a four day period with my brother and a good friend. Never did I believe that these edges were amenable to a days return travel from the south. Eddie's enthusiasm provided otherwise.

Nos. 85 to 90.

'Arh, I know the place', I remarked at Eddie's suggestion of Cratcliffe. It was a bit of a bleary eyed statement born of the 'not- quite-with-it' hour at which we had met at some spurious roundabout off the M25. It was the crag of Suicide Wall, which the vid True Grit had so

wonderfully 'spoofed' by period drama. The re-enactment of the first ascent by Peter Harding and Ms. Veronica Lee was played out arriving on 'flying pigeon' bicycles dressed in tweeds and himself smoking a pipe. A nineteen fifties HVS 5A, 'got to be do-able' I thought.

We arrived at the crag suitably fortified with northern culinary tea room breakfast, black pudding included, only to find a couple already on the route. Damned they're keen. It's still the crack of a winter's dawn. The parody of the northern types was boundless. Norman, with strong black moustache and flat cap, beckoned down to Gladys in a broad Potteries jowl to 'give slack'. Gladys duly provided and proffered back in equally thick dialect 'enough chuck'? To which no answer was given, Norman being the silent type. Ears popping holding in the chuckles, I surveyed the surrounding area for scavenging Whippets, before I removed my sack from shoulder to floor. The 'warm-up route' was taken. Eddie wasn't to be abated. He quickly set about an alternative. This lay half way up the crag on some finely perched grass. At around shoulder height in a broad vertical crack Eddie placed a huge nut. 'Great', I thought 'that's me safe form the void of the forest floor'. Not a chance, the lead ropes went through and he took to the vertical like a man possessed. I soon realised I was in trouble, well out of my league in fact. Eddie had not offered a grade to this climb, opening and closing the guide book within a flash, without shared or impaired knowledge. Thirty foot up, dead vertical, Eddie tipped himself hands held upwards on under clings in to a shallow recess. Legs pushing hard to straighten the back, puffing hard, then twist to free an arm and reach all the way to the break high above. My world crumbled as I looked on in bewilderment. Then, hold on. That scratching noise! It seems to be coming from deep within the crack where the first nut is seated. Eddy above me, reaching for the break on tip toes. 'Yer, yer hold it Eddie', I thought. There are bats in this 'ere crack. Oh, I wonder what variety. Should they not be asleep by now? Shouldn't there be a conservation notice placed here? 'Let me see if I can spy them', then my harness was jolted. Eddy having made those audacious, powerful moves had now found some protection and was hauling up rope to clip in. Another pump and he was at the top. I'm gonna have to follow! Bye bye bats.

I got to the top, Eddie having cranked to a start the first pocket size portable diesel driven winch; in a mess. Half ten and my day was at an end. I lay on top of the crag, festooned and knotted, amongst ropes, on my back, puffing like some pit pony having been asked to run the Aintree National course. It must have taken a full three minutes for me to affirm my own name. That wasn't just hard. Everything ached. I was flooding sweat, saturated and throbbing. I not only didn't know how to hold on to grit, I simply didn't know how to form the necessary shapes, how high to reach and what if anything at all, was adherable to the feet. I was really messed up and totally confused.

Next up Eddie pointed at Four Finger Exercise which I knew as it is featured in Extreme Rock (told you I was good from the arm chair – sentence No.1). After initial placements Eddie tendered onwards and upwards with an air of braced disbelief. The preverbal fox passing through the open door of the chicken coup. The top gear was plentiful to his satisfaction so a committed pull and swing was made then strenuously smearing onto the arête a loud whoop of disbelieving delight was released before the top was attained. Incredible, Eddie had creamed an esoteric E3. I got to the top..... gear and requested a reverse gear on that winch.

Eddie was chuffed, his days work done, some plumbs in the bag. I was enjoying the crag camaraderie. I lounged a while hoping my arms might come back to me. My failing thermos flask's cold tea provided no recovery as I eyed the fashion of the crag. I styled my wardrobe to be the honed grit dude. Down puffa jacket, beanie and industrial grade cord trousers. This I could get to like but its going to take an age and commitment because at present I had to be tendered to on the crag path like a hyperactive five year old with a belly full of Coke and food colourings.

Suicide wall had eventually become free. Every group was 'trading it'. Eddy set forth. Now please, if there is any goodness in Grit, please let me have it this time, please! No! Gear placements I simply couldn't get balance to retrieve, jams that consumed me too deep within, skin coming off my knees, arms that couldn't tie my shoe laces tight, feet that were either shod by wheelies or covered in oil. Bugger lets get the hell out of here sharp-ish, before Gladys and Norman get to witness what I hadn't just achieved. Whose ears were popping now?

**Al.**

### **The decline of man.....**

This weather is pish. How is anyone supposed to maintain any sort of training programme when it keeps tipping down with rain? I mean, I go all the way to Stone Farm to find a little black rain cloud parked right over the top of it. Bone dry everywhere else, but Stone Farm, oh no, different story altogether. And another thing, club barbecue: rain, buckets of the flipping stuff. Here am I, arrangements made, all dressed up and nowhere to go, except to High Sports, which I avoid as a matter of policy. But this weather, you see, it chips away at a man's principles and before you know it, High Sports. It's a steady decline. One minute High Sports, the next – kerb crawling; furtive slinking around the seedy side streets of Covent Garden, 'Psst. Wanna do some finger tape, man. It's good stuff. You know you need it'.

### **New Members**

There have been a number of new members recently, but show you that the newsletter is uptodate, I've included a piece on Steve and Ann:

#### **Steve**

Began climbing in 1984 and was a regular second to my climbing partner until 1992. Climbed sporadically until 1997 when I finished University and became a bike journo and got my adrenalin kicks from drag racing and racing circuits. Now I'm back.

Done a few winters in Scotland and one crap one in Wales. Go to the Alps at least twice a year, although I snowboard rather than climb, but happy to change that state of affairs.

Best ever climb - 'Pressure Drop' E3 5c, at Speke's Mill, North Devon.

Worst ever climb - 'Pressure Drop' E3 5c, at Speke's Mill, North Devon.

Favourite saying - 'Fancy a pint?' Actually I lied, my favourite saying is actually 'Fancy another bottle of Chateau Haut-Cissac 85'...

Least favourite saying - 'It's bomb proof'

Favourite colour - Blue

Oh yeah - one another thing...There's a small independent camping shop in Brighton called Open Spaces - they give EGCC members 15% if your buying more than a crab or a chalk ball. Nice people too.

### ***Ann Michael***

"I first started climbing through Venture Scouts, down at High Sports and at various locations around the country depending on where camp was. I carried on at uni, especially during my second year, when I went on an exchange to Oregon, USA, so I spent a lot of time at Smith Rock. Then I fell out of the climbing for about five years and earlier this year I decided I wanted to get back into it, especially to get outdoors more, in scenic locations."

### **Sardinia**

In April, we went to Sardinia for Jo Gilbey's 40<sup>th</sup>, we being Egan, Eddie, Bruce, Amira, Jo and I.

Egan and I flew out Thursday morning. We chilled out at the airport so much that we nearly missed the flight. I went off to buy climbing holiday essentials (ear plugs). We thought maybe we should have a look at the board, our flight was flashing "Final Call", and the gate was supposedly 15 minutes walk. The flight was meant to leave in 10 minutes. "Oops", we said, "we better hurry", and walked quickly as we could to the gate. I had visions of a voice over the tannoy, "Will Passengers Ying and Harburn please proceed to Gate 1006 immediately". Being super-fit climbers it only took us about 5 minutes but we were still admonished by the EasyJet representative at the gate. "You are late," she said, "You are naughty!"

"Yes" I agreed, "we are very naughty". Thank fully Frau EasyJet Rep let us aboard. We expressed the minimum amount of gratitude that was socially acceptable and jumped on the plane. Egan then order and ate an unfulfilling EasyJet sandwich... Don't worry I will get to climbing part soon!

Cala Gonone is about 2 hours drive from the airport. Thanks to numerous texts from Jo, we got there without getting lost and in time for dinner, avoiding the perilous "short cut". We arrived just in time to order and I tried out my Italian phrase book. Jo was the best at speaking Italian and we usually got what we wanted. I pondered why

"thrush" was in the "Menu Reader" in my phrase book, and not the "At the Venereal Disease Clinic" section. The mysteries of Berlitz.

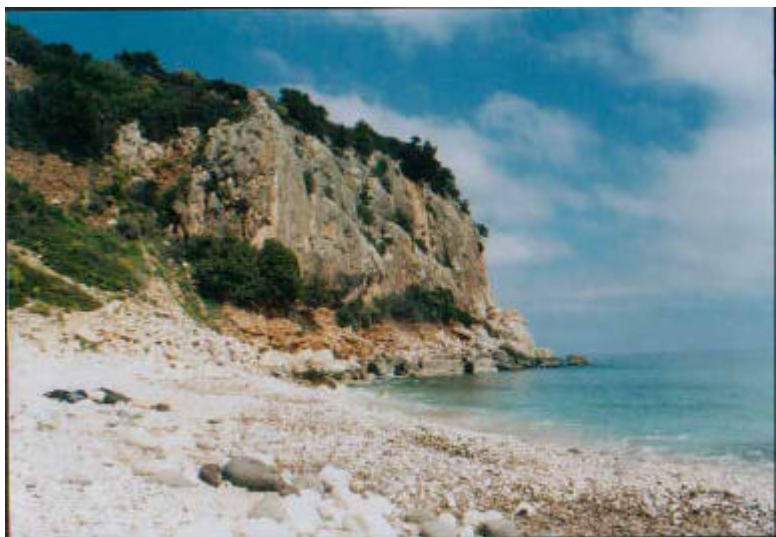
Bruce and Jo spent a whole week in Sardinia, to get some extra climbing done. They climbed Monday at Biddirscottai (a seaside cave). It rained Tuesday, it rained Wednesday. They spent a lot of time driving around chasing clear spots on the horizon, trying to find somewhere dry to no avail. Thursday, Eddie and Amira arrived and they all climbed again. I really liked the fact that Sardinia was fairly undeveloped, as it was quite quiet but the draw back was there was not that much to do when it rained.

On Friday we climbed at Settole Ferry, about 5 minutes drive from the apartment, with a short walk in down a path to the beach. We all agreed the routes were under-graded, either that or Sardinian climbers are super-knarly geezers. From the look of the local climbing stars that may be the case. Climbing is popular in Sardinia but luckily we hardly saw any other climbers, and generally had a good choice of routes. There were only a couple of other climbers there in the whole area on Friday, and one man lying on the beach all day (English I guess). Bruce kindly provided us all with Sardinia mini-climbing guides. All the crags were bolted, the rock was great and not polished.

Egan and I "warmed up" on a 6a and 6b (Ferry 2 and Faithful), Egan leading. I led a "broken blunt arête" route (8. Unnamed, 5+). We ate lunch on the beach. Bruce and Egan had a go at something a bit harder, while I had a chat with Jo.

Amira and Eddie were working a very tricky looking route with a difficult start (10 Secondi, 6c), which they both managed to get. We crossed over to the routes on the opposite side of the bay, Settole Spigolo.

*Nice spot for a spot of lunch*



On Saturday, in continuation of the freak weather conditions we were experiencing: it rained. *Che tempo orribile!* [What awful weather!] *Che previsioni ci sono per sciare?*

I found the apartment was particularly conducive to sleep. I just had to sit down for 5 minutes, and I was asleep (I know I sleep a lot but this was something else). The lounge often had several sleeping bodies in it, one on the arm chair, one or two on the sofa,

someone stretched out on the dining room table (sleeping) and Amira on her prized possession, her zed bed. Jo would wonder in and say, "Hmm, another day at the old people's home", and no one would disagree. Eddie made super strong, amazing coffees on request, and we stayed awake for long enough to talk about climbing and the weather some more. At some point the traditional Eddie-sans-trousers photo was taken on my camera (*eel flash!* – Translation, if needed: *A flash!*).

That night we ate at Aquarius again. The proprietor owned our apartment and seemed to like us (no surprise there). Egan had an upset tummy from something he ate the night before, but being an all-round adventurous chap, he ordered octopus pasta. Well, tagliatale verde with octopus sauce (black slime) to be precise. It put me off my dinner somewhat, so I reverted to my phrase book again and looked up some "Making Friends" phrases (for Eddie, without asking, and whether he liked it or not). (Does not take much to amuse me).

*Vuole venire anche Lei?* - Would you like to join us?

*Vuole venire a prendere il caffè da noi questa sera?*

Can you come for coffee this evening?

***Mi piacerebbe avere un po' di compagnia.***

I'd love to have some company.

***Andiamo in un posto più tranquillo?***

Shall we go somewhere quieter?

*Vorrei prendere qualche lezione.*

Yes, my friends smell.

***Mi piacerebbe vedere...***

I'd like to see... [then turn to the Body Part section of the phrase book]

*Si spogli fino alla vita!*

Undress to the waist.

***Perché ride?***

Why are you laughing?

On Sunday we climbed in the famous cave, Biddirscottai. It was a twenty-minute walk along a path by the beach. The holds were very greasy and felt like marble to me. I fell on my first lead when my foot slipped, which unnerved me a bit but I managed to

finish the route still feeling quite scared. Stone Farm has great friction on a green day compared to this. Egan was not feeling the best after his octopus stew so I did a few more leads, 5's (Lithium, and Eddy) and the "superb" route, Bucio de culo, (5). Egan slipped too and we all concluded that some practice was needed to climb on this rock. Egan had a headache, as well as his other ailments and decided not to do Eddy that day. Eddie and Amira climbed a route that spanned the top of the cave (Dai tossina/Un-named, 5/6c).



Unfortunately it was time to leave for the airport. I packed up, thinking I would like to come back for a week next time. When I finished, I noticed the men had stopped to watch a very well toned local knarly climber. Only wearing shorts, he had the sort of back I could watch for hours. The men later confirmed that the topless climber was "definitely" a woman. Non esageriamo! [That's outrageous!]

Thanks Jo for organising a great trip. It gave me the opportunity to indulge in two of my favourite hobbies - climbing and sleeping.

What we've been doing in photos



**Top Left** "Darren Holman fiddling with his nuts on Manzoku." Courthousey of Tony **Right** "The man with the shineyest rack in the world (Steve) on Gritstone" Thanks Will. **Bottom Left** EGCCs newest member

## EGCC SOCIAL DIARY

DATE	EVENT	DETAILS
Sat 21 August	Sandstone Sleepover	Climb at Harrison's all day then set up camp, light a fire and while the night away under the stars without a traffic jam on the motorways (**remember next week is the big trip to Cornwall!!!)
Tues 7 Sept	Club Social	<i>Dorset Arms in E. Grinstead</i>  Will you be the one leading the entertainment - any ideas???
Tues 8 Oct	Club Social	<i>Dorset Arms in E. Grinstead</i>  QUIZ - who will be crowned the clever cookie this year
Tues 2 Nov	Club Social	<i>Dorset Arms in E. Grinstead</i>  <b>Reg ("Jim's dad")</b> - present the Karsten's Pyramid experience
Tues 23 Nov	Christmas Curry	An early Christmas Curry, we're going to have a big Christmas this year!  <i>Balti Khan - Forest Row - BYO bottle!!!! The finest curry in Sussex!</i>

### Club Meet List

28 - 30 August Summer Bank Holiday	Cornwall	The big one! Over the last few years this has become THE big meet of the year. Climbing in glorious sunshine all day, then BBQ on Saturday night - and annoying the campsite owners.....
18 - 19 September	Mid Wales	Dolgellau and Cader Idris area. More mountains - or Maybe not.... As well as the mountain crags, you need to check out Bird Rock - A cracking roadside crag with no climbers on it?
23 - 24 October	Wye Valley / Cheddar / Bristol	Only 2 hours down the M4. Wye valley is OK, but Cheddar and Bristol Gorge are subject to restrictions as at points the cliffs are overhanging car parks, which has led to some interesting incidents in the past.
23 November	Club Meal: Venue TBC	Club Christmas meal - somewhere near East Grinstead!
4-5 December	Club Annual Meal:	Has traditionally been at Tan-y-Garth, the Gwydwr MC hut in Capel Curig, but there were some rumblings about investigating a new venue for this year.

I was going to put some more photos here, but the file became too big. So err.... New section.

**Notes:**