

EDITORIAL: I MADE THIS.

As far as I can deduce this happens to be only the third journal in 29 years, the last being printed in 1974! Amazingly this relic from the past contains stories the traditional last meet of the first term (Bosigran!), the dinner meet, an expedition in the Bolivian Andes (with 23 routes climbed, some potentially 1st ascents!) and talks by Doug Scott (1st ascent of Everest's north face!) Has the club changed over the years, I ask myself? Well to be honest, NO. There are enough of stories of stopping for "spew stops" and disappearing off to far flung corners of the globe with union money only to end up drinking and pulling to realise we're probably doing them proud! May it continue!

In writing the editorial and having to put the journal together in the first place it is usual to gripe about the hassle and stress of the job. My predecessor described it as "one of the lowest orders of the albatros" next to "grodpole holder"! I can assure you however that after one has experienced all emotional states between fussing (over picture choice) and mad panic (when word crashes again!), this is not the case. Combine this with a picture of me trying to explain to my Greek female office mate exactly why I have a picture of a bum in a bra on my computer screen and you'll understand that this has been far from boring!

I'm now only have my thankyou's to left to say. Firstly thanks must go to the exec this year whos hard work has been reflected through the success of the club, well done. Secondly thanks to Megan whos bright smile followed by swift punch in the groin has "encouraged" many people to contribute! Also thanks to Rich Marr who sorted out all the pictures, aren't they cool! A short note of thanks to my supervisor for not pointing out the obvious fact that I haven't done any work for the last two weeks and finally thanks to the contributors, without whom I would have been shafted good and proper!

By the editor, Rich Marshall.

DINNER MEET: DAVE MAKES A SPEECH.

"You'll never get me p*ssed" says Dave, as we set off in the bus to the Lake District... 24 hrs later, after a bottle of whiskey the fact that he can still stand amazes most people, although getting dressed proved a little tricky with others having to help out. Much amusement coming from Dave assuring us he can put on his tie himself, yeah right.

Anyway, we arrive for the dinner and ask the waitress for a bucket just in case. Phil Wickens makes THE quote, offending the waitresses to the degree that they refuse to serve his table [*Typical caver, Ed.*]. Dave gets up and makes his speech, which was remarkable coherent considering the whiskey. Although nobody can remember what he said, was it the bottle of Tequila? I'm just guessing here. We did however get him to read out the following, Like wot?

Where do I put mi hands now?
No No No No No!
Jiyams.
I didn't fit in the crack.
You'll never get me p*ssed.

The dinner finished swiftly with the elections followed by the first of many chats on the big white telephone. Dave (*5), Rich Marr and Martin amongst the fallen on the battle scene with the another 10 or so casualties the following morning. The few trying to get away with a sneaky vomit didn't manage it, you will be remembered. Those who managed courageously to keep their stomach linings, throughout the previous night fell at the last post, breakfast. The biggest greasy spoon you have



ever seen was served up by the owners of the hut. Consequently many posts were abandoned in the rush to save respectability, and thanks to the unknown person adding diced carrots to the, much used, dunking trough. The best excuse going AWOL came from Graham who tried to get away with blaming it on the Tequila worm he'd eaten, until he realised someone else had drunk it!

Remember the worm is out there...

By Graham Cooper and Phil Mayers [Translated into English by the Ed.]

EXILED TO S&G: FOR BEING SILLY.

Some people over the last year have done some very silly things, haven't they? We all know what happens to you if you do that don't we? Yes, you're exiled to S&G (and if that doesn't teach you a lesson, nothing will!)

Position	Person	Reason (like you need one?)
5	3 rd Earl of Glossop	Because he's yellow and made of rubber!?
3	Ruth	Very scary driving.
3	Ian	Very scary driving. Great kebabs though.
2	Alan	Ok he's already in S&G, but he certainly deserves to be there. After all he did fill up a diesel van with petrol!!
1	Arrow	More dangerous than a fireworks display inside a gas tank!! Should come with a government health warning!

EL CHORRO '97: BOLT CLIPPERS SUNBATHE AND DO BRAVE STUFF.

It all started one afternoon above a betting shop on Fulham Road. A collection of alcoholics watching an evening of British cinema including 'The Italian Job' and Monty Python's '...and now for something completely different'. This unbounded of stupidity was to set the atmosphere for the entire holiday. A Taxi ride at breakneck speed in the wee small hours took us to Gatwick airport, where the more enthusiastic of us raced in luggage trolleys across the deserted terminal.



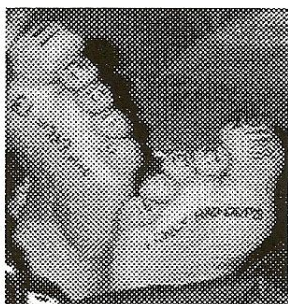
A plane and a train later we found ourselves in El Chorro (the centre of nowhere) only to find an automobile driven by our gracious host, and rally-driver wannabe, Jean, ready to take us further away from

anywhere. The climbing started immediately (although some more relaxed members of the club decided that they wanted to 'acclimatise' to the nice weather before doing anything too strenuous, ie sunbathing). El Chorro is a small town on the train line between Malaga and Seville and is a popular venue for climbers from all around Europe. The gorge (through which the train line winds its way) provides varied routes of all grades for beginners and hard-core climbers alike, with routes anywhere from 20ft to 400ft in length. In addition to climbing, the surrounding hills are excellent for mountain biking.

A 70 year old steel cable, stretching diagonally across the gorge provided entertainment and photo opportunities as three members of the club travelled across (at this point please bear in mind that the cable is over 100m above a white-water river and is



150m long). Surprisingly enough there were no serious casualties during the trip, (and all of the minor injuries seemed to be focused on James `a rock fell on me' Philips). Our honoured treasurer did some rather impressive shit, and we all cheered. He also fell off, and we cheered again and threw beans at him. Arguably the most epic climb of the trip was a route named El Amptrax, graded French 6a (where 8c is about the hardest climbable). Amptrax was a route that went up the highest part of the rock and took the entire day for two pairs of climbers to complete, and included a dramatic overhang on the final pitch.



By Rich Marr (Power Ranger: blue).

Not all of our time was spent being macho, tanned, hard-body types. We also spent some time walking in the hills absorbing the beautiful scenery (yeah right), as well as swimming naked in the reservoir just north of the upper gorge (no seriously we did, apart from the naked bit, I lied about that) [*and the bar, Ed.*]. At this point I would like to say that Belay Bunny only had chips (sorry a personal joke, it's very funny, trust me). At the end of the week we were loath to leave, but with shortening funds and looming exams we returned home, with improved personal bests and some nice tans.

BEASTIALTY'S BEST BOYS: THE SONG.

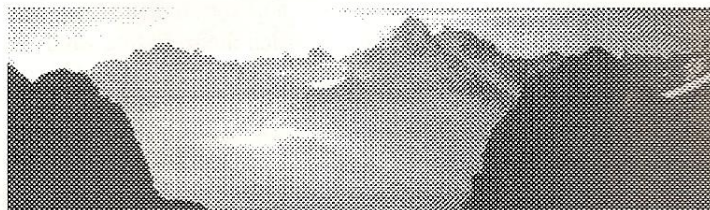
Ok so this song probably isn't the best thing for attracting new members to the club but a journal without it would be incomplete. The verses are taken from Spain last year, everybody knows the tune so...

Have a fly on the sly	Have a snog with a dog
Stick your juice in a moose	Interfere with a deer
Shed your load on a toad	Stick your rod in a cod
Intercourse with a horse	Leave your mark on a shark
Form relations with crustaceans	Saturday night fever with a beaver
Anal battle with some cattle	Deep throat with a stoat
Dip down deep with a sheep	Wave your tackle at a jackal

LES ALPES: SAM'S EPIC.

Quite a few people managed to get out to the Alps this summer [*Graham, Ian, James, Sam, Myself and others*] completing many routes despite the appalling weather experienced. The most notable assents being the Tour Noir, Aig. L'M and the Aig. De Perseverance. With such a large number of climbs completed the reports from the Alps could have potentially filled the entire journal, so I had to restrict the number of entries to a single article.

My reason for choosing this over other potential candidates is simply that it was an epic. It also happened to be the same route that the S & G quote [*See the quotes section.*] came from 2 weeks later when they followed me up the route, ha, ha, ha. So over to Sam...



Finally! The weather forecast from the "Office de Haute Montagne" in Chamonix, predicted a clear sunny day. Our chance had come to do a route on the Aiguille de l'M. My climbing partner, Ben,

and I set off early from the campsite to catch the cable car from the town at 7am to reach the Plan du l'Aiguille. We had decided to do a relatively low route (a maximum altitude of 2844m) to avoid the snow that had built up, but there was still up to a foot of snow on the lower slopes.

We trekked for two hours across small snowfields and glacial moraine. The route we had planned to do had a bit of snow and ice on it and looked very bad. We had crampons and ice axes with us, but we decided to do an easier route which should be in better condition with more sun facing it. After another trek we finally began climbing the NNE ridge of the M. The route was better, but still had snow covered ledges, and climbing in rock shoes made getting over these difficult. A couple of other climbers started to follow us up, and they turned out to be British.

The first pitches of the climb were alright, but they began to get harder. We soon reached a large ledge which had lots of snow on it, and I got my feet cold and wet. The next pitch was a small chimney but it had ice on the inside, which made it difficult to get up. Ben lead the pitch and I managed to scramble up it. By the time I reached the top I was thoroughly tired, and the weather was starting to close in. I was tempted to call it a day and abseil off, but we decided it should be easier to keep going to the top, and find the easy walk out from there. We could see the English couple were struggling, but persevering. We continued to the top, and now the clouds had come in and it was starting to snow. It was also getting late and we were in danger of missing the last cable car down. Finally we reached the top and could hardly see a couple of metres in front of us. Worse still



we couldn't find the route off the top, as there was so much snow, and it looked too dangerous to try.

We were soon joined by the other climbers, Roger and Michelle (from Barnsley), who were also very tired and unsure of the 'walk out' route. Ben and I decided to abseil off the way we had climbed up, as at least we knew the way. The chance of us catching the cable car was now very slim. We had only a single 50m rope with us so it would take several abseils to get down. We had to leave bits of sling and cord behind tied around spikes to thread the rope through. We saw the others following us down, but they were using two 50m ropes tied together.

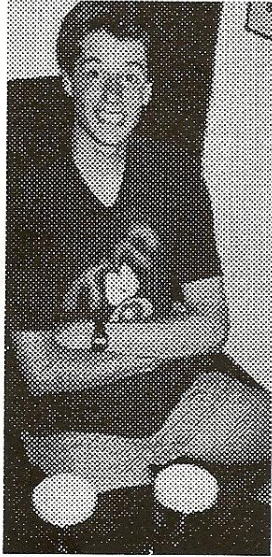
We reached the large ledge about a third of the way down, when we heard shouts from above. We stopped and looked up to see Michelle shouting down to us that they had got their ropes jammed, and couldn't budge them. Roger was trying to free them but without any luck. He was about half way down his ropes and quite stuck. While we waited he managed to cut his rope and retie it to abseil down to where Michelle was waiting. They managed to abseil and scramble down to where we were waiting. They only had two pieces of rope left, about one third of their original length.

It was starting to get dark now, and was still snowing. The four of us abseiled down our rope off the rest of the mountain. By the time we reached the base, it was black and we had missed the cable car down by hours. There was nothing for it but to walk down to the valley, 1500m below us.

We only had a few torches with us, and the ground was very difficult with snow to start with, leading onto the glacial moraine, large lumps of granite which are hard to cross. After several hours we managed to find a path which eventually led to a track through the forest. We were all extremely exhausted and stumbling along these rough tracks, often tripping up over rocks and roots. Our torch batteries were beginning to fade. We kept on going, even though I was tempted just to find a nice bush and go to sleep under it. We could see the town lights, but they never seemed to get closer. At 2am we finally reached the campsite and just flopped into bed.

By Sam Downer

IRELAND: SEA STACKS, DON'T JUMP.



Having conquered the Alps a couple of weeks previously, the Spacevan then travelled off to SW Ireland with Graham and I in it. Having bored the f*ck out of Graham looking for my ancestral home in Cork, we finally managed to climb a handful of stunning pitches near Killarney in Co. Kerry. Even though this part holds the highest mountain in Ireland (Carrantouhill), the amount of rock climbing is quite limited compared to the northern and eastern areas (e.g. Wicklow) - which I encourage you to visit in the not too distant future.

The highlight of the trip was when Graham almost killed himself jumping 18m off a sea stack. Soloing up the 30m high stack (about V.Diff) was nevertheless superb. However, one morning whilst culturing around Dingle in Kerry, I discovered the true magic of freshly made Irish Soda Bread. I have recently discovered a scientific explanation for this magic - it is in the acidity of the buttermilk which reacts with the alkalinity of the soda making it rise even better! Graham was not impressed - luckily he didn't have to suffer this decadence as he had remembered to bring his own strange variety of bread all the way from the co-op in Devon.

By James "NICE" Carter.

JAMES' TRADITIONAL IRISH SODA BREAD

400g Organic Wholemeal Flour or combination of Plain and Wholemeal (more delicate)

½ pint buttermilk.

warm water.

1 bit less than rounded teaspoon of quality sea-salt.

1 rounded teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda (high quality).

Place a floured baking sheet in an oven as you preheat it to 230°C (hot).

Sift the dry ingredients into a bowl. Make a well and pour in the buttermilk. Mix together a little, then add just enough warm water to form a soft but not too sticky dough. It is essential that you mix quickly but gently, otherwise it comes out too heavy when baked. With floured hands, quickly form the dough on a floured surface into a flat round shape about 2" thick.

Then place on the hot baking sheet from the oven. Cut a deep cross on the surface then bake for about 15 minutes. Turn oven down to 200°C and keep baking for a further 20 minutes or so until the loaf sounds hollow when tapped on the base. For added effect, just add a good quantity of finely crumbled high quality cannabis resin into the flour before you mix it up. Also leave to cool before cutting.

By James "HIGH quality" Carter.

POSTCARD FROM LYON: GRAHAM COOPER ON TOUR

Dear club,

being a keen student, I naturally took the opportunity of spending a year in France at a college in Lyon as an opportunity to broaden my horizons and learn the French way of engineering. It had nothing to do with the close proximity of the Alps and endless possibilities of routes on rock, snow and ice to explore.

The mountaineering club in Lyon are a good crowd who I met at the year's first p*ss up, and who then decided it would be a laugh to invite some English p*sshead, to do some climbing with them. The year started well with a few easy warm up peaks (Pic de l'tendard, and the Alberon) which gave me a chance to overcome some quite important communication difficulties. These routes were simple glacier walks although a little steep in places for the Alberon. After that, before it got too cold we did one weekend of big rock routes in the Ecrins massif. this was one of the best weekends I've had this year and we did one route high up graded D, and one route the next day of 350m at a level around 6a, quoted TD/TD+. [*You hardcore nutter, Ed.*]

Unfortunately after that there were lots of parties so I stayed in Lyon. (Two coachloads of students spending a whole day visiting wine caves accompanied by a less than sober brass band being one notable example). Before Christmas however, I did manage to spend 5 days near Chamonix (Cluses) doing some big rock routes (not too high up because it was cold) and a weekend in the Calanques (see cliffs near Marseilles: reminded me of Devon).

After Christmas the ice climbing season begins. We are but mortal men, so interspersed with some climbing a group of us had a go at that to. By half term we were getting quite reasonable and hadn't yet had any fatal injuries, but then one dark night while descending I tripped over and cut my finger. Fully recovered by half term I did a bit more including Chere Couloir on Mont Blanc du Tacul. [*A route I can personally recommend, Ed.*] Finally on the last day I did my first bit of vertical ice which was a cigar of about 10 meters followed by other smaller vertical passages. [*NICE, Ed.*] After that all the ice falls fell down, sometimes with people on them, so we stopped climbing them.

Since half term I've done a few other things, some skiing and ski trekking but what I really want to do is an approach on skis, then an iced up gully then decent on skis, but the weather hasn't been great so that will have to wait.

That's about all, I hope you've had a cool year, and if any one wants to come out to the Alps at Easter or in the summer, I shall be there all the time. Hope you have a good dinner meet, (worms aren't good for you).

Also if it's not too late I'd like to give the presidents spot a go, so don't forget to vote for me.
cheers Graham Cooper (world reputed second rate mountaineer).

P.S. This is the longest mail I've ever written in my life . If it f*cks up and doesn't send I will kill myself.
[*Sounds like a promise to me, Ed.*]

By Graham Cooper [*Translated by the editor (again), Ed.*]

CORNWALL 1: BELAYS LOB.

Apparently, it's traditional to go to Cornwall for the last trip of the Winter term – and as far as I'm concerned it's a bloody good one! The trip started with having our normal early hours arrival at the Count House which was complete with regimented lines of drawing pins, and more rules than a nunnery.

We emerged from our sleeping bags, later that morning (about 4 hours later to be precise) only to realise that we had picked the one weekend in the entire Cornish winter that had seen any sun! The weather outside even managed to motivate Gareth to emerge from his bag with less than the customary seven thousand curses, insults and threats of death. After a breakfast of porridge/concrete (no one was too sure) which really hit the spot (in the bin) we were prepared for the long walk into the crag. Five minutes later we were basking in the morning sun and several members of the club were contemplating taking their trousers off (well Rob had seen some prime lamb).

A day of decadent climbing followed, with Megan and Ruth forming the women's liberation front climbing corps and deciding that all men were bastards on the way up Door-post [*I told you not to let them out of the kitchen, Ed.*]. The old school boys managed to find a few routes that they hadn't done at least twenty times before, while everyone else sampled all the treats Bosigran had in store. Rob jogged up Anvil Chorus and hauled James P up the last pitch after him he then announced that VSs were going OK so he'd try an E1 (Suicide Wall).



While Rob and Al started Suicide Wall, Ian and myself decided to do the awesome Anvil chorus – the first pitches were pure climbing pleasure and then we got to the infamous layback crack. It was all going fine and I was about 2/3rds of the way up the crack when I saw the top and went for it. A purely instinctive reaction, two layback moves (now with a left leg that wouldn't have been out of place in an Elvis dance routine) later and I was covering some serious air miles... One of my bits of gear decided that it didn't particularly like being in the rock, in fact it didn't even like being on the rope and duly detached itself from it, the second held and I bounced on the rope about an inch or two below the belay ledge.

Remarkably Ian managed to sustain the worst injury (I was fine) with a nice little burn mark across his belaying hand (cheers Ian). After establishing that my left leg was now having problems sticking to the ground, let alone the rock (due to unwanted vibrations that a Union van would be proud of), I decided to ab. down later to get my bit of gear out. I spent the rest of the day trying to find my bit of projectile gear and seconding up a lovely slab route with Al.

While James 'Nice' C and his sous-chef Ruth, worked their magic with a saucepan, we all buggered off down the pub... on return we discovered a meal fit for a King, in fact about 500 kings, and we all tucked in. A night of drinking, smoking and pulling ourselves along the floor with some professional climbers ensued, followed by another cats chorus (which I'm sure the other inhabitants of the hut appreciated).

The next day was spent in pretty much the same fashion as the first, with me getting my confidence back and everyone else basking in the second day of lovely sun. We prepared to leave with a great deal of reluctance, Megan providing entertainment for Sam and Gareth – Sam attempting to drown her in the shower and Gareth performing the first steps of some bizarre mating ritual by wiping a dirty T-towel in her face (whatever turns you on 'ehh Megan!). James and Al. sped off in the space-mobile (mark II) while the rest of us chugged back in the van – content after yet another corker of a trip.

By Belay "fancy a sweaty little boy" Bunny.

NORTH WALES 2 '98: SHEEP AND LOTS OF THEM.

Last weekend ICMC embarked on their second trip of the year to North Wales. Although just before the trip the thought of spending two grim days in what I expected to be a very wet and cold Wales didn't fill me with joy, it turned out to be one of the best weekends ever.

We didn't get the weekend off to a great start with most of Friday evening spent waiting for the AA in our traditional stop at Lutterworth. We were at least kept entertained by watching the locals smashing up cars and trying to kill each other, a typical notherners Friday night entertainment.

After arriving at the hut fairly late we got off to a typical start, i.e. slept in till the afternoon. When we did get up we went off to the pass and did some great routes, with Simon coming close to getting a few more Air Miles (as if he doesn't have enough already). The general feature of most of the routes was mud and cr*p, inspiring Sam to do a new route and naming it "Sam's grassy plateau", no prizes for guessing what that consisted of.

Later it was back to the hut to consume a fantastic meal prepared by James Carter along with vast amounts of beer [*What even you? Ed*]. The rest of the evening was spent planning how best to use the spare keys to S&G's minibus which we had somehow acquired! Suggestions included ram raiding the Snowden Honey farm, unfortunately everyone was far to gone to carry any of them out.

Sunday we split up, half climb in Treamadog and the rest go up to Snowden via the Crib Goch ridge with continuous sunshine ensuring both parties enjoyed themselves. The day ended with a complete tour of London on the way back as Dan tried to remember exactly where he lived, pronouncing "I must live near Wembley, I can see the stadium from my house" to much hilarity from within the bus!



By Megan "Mancy-Lancy hotpot" Bradley.

LOB OF THE DAY: THE ANTS.

Three ants carrying a piece of bread slipped on an overhang, although one of them held onto the rock, the bread and the other two ants. [*Climbing in El Chorro is really hard core as you can see, Ed.*]
By unknown.

SCOTY '98: PROPER MOUNTAINEERING.

I'm sitting in a Scottish hut watching Dam busters waiting for the others to arrive. The weather being an absolute pig has been blasting the Scottish hills for the last three days with a ferocity greater than a Jack Russell with a firework up its butt, filling me with a sense of foreboding.

The others duly arrive, a motley crew composed of ICMC and S&G members. Ahhhhh it's a joint trip with S&G I hear you cry, well you'll just have to bean be later! Antoine, of burning water fame, gets underway with organising the kitchen whilst the Gear (Alan) organises the gear! All the other S&Gites loaf about getting in the way with one exception, Hideous Buggar, who manages to do it with such professionalism others start to question his parentage.

An early start (up at 6:30!) was foiled by the weather dumping several inches of snow on the road closing giving us half an hour of hilarity watching incompetent skiers mess around. On arriving at the Cairngorm car park and trekking in the conditions were found to be excellent leading to many ascents over the next few days. These included The Runnel (RH variation), Aladdin's Couloir, Red Gully, Fiacle Ridge, Broken Gully and Jacobs ladder. The hardest route of the week, Invernookie (III/IV) was completed by the mountaineers, of course.

Chosen because the guide book describes it as a route that changes little with conditions. A phrase I now consider to be the biggest lie I've ever heard, including the excuses for not writing articles! The first pitch (out of condition) consisted of using 3 lumps of turf to climb 20m of iceless slab. The second pitch (out of condition), lead by Julian consisted of levitating up s "powder" steps without knocking them down on me. The third pitch (out of condition) should have been a near vertical pitch in a kind of broken chimney, ho ho ho what a joke. Instead it involved hooking iceaxes on overhanging rocks to the left whilst using ice smears for your feet, a technique I learnt very quickly! This was followed by a small powder filled offwidth with an overhanging wall to the left trying to push you onto a totally blank face on the right. How we laughed, tears in our eyes! The pitch can only be best characterised by the

amount of swearing Julian managed in one breath along with the number of times he forcefully suggested I was a f*cking psycho.

The only comfort from this was a sudden heat wave ensured no more routes could be done, topping the last one would be tricky! This meant the last few days merged into a series of distillery trips and bimbles, we had to play along with S&G a little. End of week celebrations gave Antoine the opportunity to surpass himself with a whiskey a haggis evening to beat all others along with Alan claiming a pot prize for managing to pull, something I have never witnessed on a mountaineering trip before.

By Rich Marshall.

P.S. Best wishes to Julian Rickard in the Himalayas this summer!

CORNWALL 2 '98: NICE.

It was a pretty cool weekend - on arriving at 2 in the morning we camped next to the "No Camping" sign in the Chair ladder car park we couldn't be arsed to find anywhere else! After discovering that most of the tents had certain essential bits missing, we managed to erect some vaguely tent like tents and collapse into them only to be evicted in the morning by a pointy head with a dog which wanted to get into James bivvy bag with him! However it did get going nice and early, we were climbing at Sennen by about 9.30!

Sennen was pretty nifty, the routes are quite hard and exposed for their grade. I did two HSs, on the first I had to place a bit of pro whilst using an undercut to reach over an overhang (then proceed to pull over the overhang!!). On the second I had to swing out onto a large flake, hand traverse along it with smears for feet and then mantle shelf onto it - with no hand holds to pull on! [*Phoar, can I have your children? Ed.*] It was excellent! I think I might go back in the summer 'cause it would be gorgeous without a force 10 gale!! We managed to find a valid campsite after climbing, despite James' cained protestations that we should go to St Ives "cause it was NICE"!! The site owner however was a old pointy headed female with the site itself not being much better. Since all the proper sites were shut however it was a pretty good, cheap place to camp, with a pub up the road...

Sunday we went to Bosigran and while Daffy launched up Door post I sat about getting rained on by intermittent showers contemplating whether I could be arsed to climb a very slimy Ding. I decided I couldn't and went for a hard core bimble (hard core since I was carrying a 30-40 pound sack!!)[*No excuse, join S&G, Ed.*]. Of course this was the cue for the sun to arrive for the rest of the day, so when I found a nice secluded beach in the blazing sun I couldn't resist a quick dip. This, of course, caused the entire bay to suddenly be filled with parents and small children leaving me to run back to my bag (half way up the beach) in my wet boxers in front of a crowd Wembley would be proud of!! The others, by all accounts went bouldering in a cove round the corner. After that Alex did his Nigel Mansell impression and drove all the way back - getting us back before midnight.

By Simon "fancy a sweaty little boy" Judge.

BALDRIC THE SAUSAGE

Once upon a time there was a little sausage named Baldric and he lived happily ever after.

Nicked by Rich Marr, dedicated to Simon Judge.

SWANY '98 (13TH-15TH FEB.): NICE.

By far and away one of the best weekends despite a rather low turnout. Upon arriving in Langton Matravers, we headed for a rendezvous with Sam in The King's Arms. This turned out to be a couple of barrels of ale in someone's living room, and we almost apologised for bursting into the landlord's home before we realised it was the local pub. Our local guide arrived before closing time with the news that Old Tom's Field was closed, so we set up for the night in Young Sam's Lounge. This is a highly recommended camp site, but watch out for Sam's chocolate logs. Many thanks to the wardens for the use of their well maintained facilities!

The following morning we took the ferry across to Swanage, a surreal experience in the dense morning fog and eerily silent and calm waters. After breakfast at Ricky's we checked out the local gear shop and agreed to meet back at the bus. As per tradition, we lost Al K and almost left him behind. We chose to go for the climbs at Winspit because they offered a good range of climbs in some fabulous surroundings. Al P and I decided to try a well polished HVS 5b ammonite but by the end of the day it had managed to defeat all of us. Meanwhile Daffy tackled an excellent VS and Ruth, Sam and Al P had a go at some bolted E's [*blot wendies, Ed.*] which were far too exciting. Cursing the bad design of ancient sea creatures, Al P and I went to try the trad routes by the sea but found them to be a bit wet (and there was a lot of water too). We returned to the Quarryman's Wall to play on the bolted routes instead. At the end of the day Daffy lobbed fantastically on an HVS he was trying to lead, and Ruth and Al P found a trad route in the quarry that wasn't apparently in the guide book, and promptly named it Lard Arse.

As the night drew in we decided to head back into Swanage to find a pub. We encountered some particularly odd locals in The Anchor (even odder than us), and decided to hide from them in the back of the pub. However they probably thought Ruth was pretty odd [*and who wouldn't, Ed.*] when they heard her announce that she "always noticed when it was in front of her, but didn't notice it from behind" and that "doing it forwards is much worse than doing it backwards" - abseiling of course. We decided to cross quickly over to The Swan where we dined and danced the night away to the live music from the rocking and totally un-valentines band. Finally we staggered back up the hill to camp out under the glittering stars and sweeping beam of the lighthouse... or on a log if Daffy had anything to do with putting up the tent!

The next morning we arrived at the country park before the crack of dawn [*So that'll be 11ish then? Ed.*]. As the sun rose we knew we were in for a fabulous day at the Subluminal cliffs. Al K promptly established our presence at the cliffs by setting up the "Abseil Rope Of Doom" just east of the popular Balcony route. A number of friendly climbers who politely asked to make use of the rope were seen to struggle back up over the edge of the cliff a few hours later, in an obviously less friendly mood. The bottom of the abseil involved a lovely near-inverted, "don't wanna break my skull", free-fall finish for added amusement factor - thanks Al. This provided excellent practice for those in the group (previously) not keen on the activity, and prepped us for some excellent climbs on possibly the best coastal crags in the country. The easier severe route Gangway provided valuable trad gear leading experience for both Daffy and myself. Later in the day we were joined by other members of ICMC. James took Megan on the climbs near Face, and Ian et al. disappeared to look for some nice hard routes [*located in the pub perchance? Ed.*]. Ruth, Daffy and Al P tried a mixed up combination of Highstreet and Bypass, and later Megan made a leisurely lead up the Highstreet (trust a woman to spend ages on the highstreet). When Al K and I got rudely blocked off an HS route by some other climbers we decided to take a break, but Daffy and Al P carried on by tackling First Corner. As the day came to its inevitable but unnecessary end, Ruth finished off by leading Damo up Curving Crack and after Al K finished his billionth ciggy and went to rescue the infamous ab rope. Of course, he managed to make another spectacular cock-up of the entire operation and almost ended up taking a swim (sorry Al but it's true)! He forgot his prusick (essential for ascending), and we suspect he used fart power from the previous night's Skull-ache bitter to get back up. Overall an entertaining day to round off a perfect trip.

Many thanks to Al P for his excellent driving through the fog-scaped nights and WOCdt Woody for organising the trip (and The Banana Joke).
By Damo.

Trip members : WOCdt Ruth Woodward, Al K Holic, Al P Chino, Daffy Duck, Damo. [*What's a trip member? Ed.*]

QUOTES OF THE YEAR: OUT OF CONTEXT, OF COURSE.

Position	Person	Quote
10	Gob Grieve	"high velocity food + rob in a bin liner = happy ending", erm well yes!
9	Antoine & Fred (S & G)	"Can you drop us a top rope?", half way up the Aig. De L'M. Needless to say we let them suffer.
8	Dan Justice	"I don't think I can formulate a sentence without asking a question, can I?"
7	Ruth Woodward	"I have no wrist action.", believe that and you'll believe anything.
6	Rich Marr	"It's all in the balance" as he fell over on his arse!
5	Graham Cooper	"Alan, have I ever told you how much I like your jumper", 'nuff said
4	James Carter	"I'd like to meet someone who's had sex with a sheep", has he met Daffy?
3	Gareth Purkis	"When you sit on the toilet do your feet touch the ground?", to James P. in Spain.
2	Sue Brown	"Quite often I think about sitting on the tube shooting people", she's definitely been talking to Psycho Phil.
1	Phil Wickens	"Could you rub those garlic mushrooms into my chest", to the waitress at the last dinner meet, very amusing.

PEMBROKE... AGAIN, '98: RAIN GLORIOUS RAIN...

Well here we go again. It's been a long time since you read one of these but lack of a willing substitute has led me to put pen to paper again (oh sh*t - they cry). Back to the point, well we went to Pembroke and you know for once it wasn't gorgeous, quite the opposite in fact. As sh*t storms go this one was coming straight out of Satan's butthole. One of the most memorable moments was setting off to do a wicked climb in gorgeous sunshine, only to find ourselves trying to escape horizontal rain in the bottom of a shell crater five minutes later. The in situ sheep having just been evicted (well James had a camera and I've been captured in enough compromising photos with our ovine cousins to make that one worth a lot of money).

So you're saying the climbing was shit? Yup, 'fraid so. Bit of a crap weekend then? Well no actually it was still really cool [*Not the sheep again, please. Ed.*]. It's the craic you see, we might have been in the wettest place outside of a whales bum but if you pack a bus full of mates and drive somewhere remote you can't fail to have a good time. I'll spare you the all details but we chilled on the beach, the foolhardy and subsequently underendowed went for a swim. (incidentally anyone looking for a novel and charming windchime ensemble should contact Alex, Sam and Simon before they thaw out below the waist). Let ourselves be suffused with mellowness and rinse the city from our souls (pointless crap prose, don't you love it?). This bout of quasi-tantric introspection was followed by the usual night in the pub getting scared of each others bizarre perversions and a decidedly odd morning mud wrestling a Ford Transit out of what in retrospect was quite obviously a pit for catching wayward Brontosauri.

We did actually go climbing in the end, at the Bristol climbing centre, go visit if you ever get the chance it's wicked, there is something so deliciously unique about climbing up the inside of a church whilst bouncing along to banging techno tunes. Well we finished up in this trippy pub decorated in a really brilliant eclectic Caribbean style - too cool; that might even have been Hemingway and Coward propping up the bar.

All in all a cool weekend, a chance to get away and catch up with the hard work of being seriously dormant. Well there's not much else to say so I'll just come up with a list of the Usual Suspects...

PEMBROKE IN THE P*SS: A POST-MODERNIST DRAMA BROUGHT TO YOU BY ICMC

El Presidente: Me: the girly, sun-seeking sports-climber and self-confessed broccoli [*Not broccolli, which is probably some nasty type of pathogen, Ed.*] addict, soon to be president in absentia.

Vindy boy : James (P), if you think London air is bad go for a night down the Curry Mile with this man.

Aquatic Stunt Team: Sam, Alex(P) and Simon, now known as the Clinkers.

Weapons Consultant: Phil, watch out for Phil's new cable TV show, Tank Talk with Psycho Phil.

Electronics Expert: Alex(K), if anyone ever offers to get you Bill Clinton's mobile number it will be this man.

By Rob Grieve the President.

THE COMPETITION: DAMN COOL, SPOT THE T-SHIRTS.

The first competition to ever be attended by the Mountaineering Club and after keeping the opposition awake half the night with a digerydoo we felt our chances were good. On arriving, after belay's navigating ensured a mammoth tour of Sheffield, the teams chose their routes and settled down. The first time period started only too quickly with Ruth and Nick getting off to a cracking start, Ruth scoring a magnificent 114 points giving her a fantastic 13th overall position.

The next session saw Daffy and Mike putting in sterling performances, bagging 115 and 121 points respectively. The final session saw Rich and Simon pitched against some hardcore opposition from the other university squads. Both did exceptionally well getting 136 and 140 points respectively, putting the 1st team into 21st position out of 45. (The second team was disqualified for not having a female member, how IC?)

Overall a seminal performance with much for the guys and gal to be proud of, giving a solid basis with which to continue with next year. Cool.

Oh yeah the winners were Sheffield by about 200 points, no surprise there then although their team manager did set all the routes. Rude or what!

By Rich Marshall, Rich Marr et al.

THE THIRD EARL OF GLOSSOP

Me?

The third Earl of Glossop?

In a pub, in the peak district?

Getting inebriated with a bunch of alcoholics, in the middle of the night?

With my reputation?

Bingo.

THE PRESIDENTS REPORT: THAT'S ROB OK.



A presidents report? What the hell do you write? A general overview of the year? A personal view? First thing that comes into my head? Hmmmmm... *[I'd love to string comments throughout this section but have decided to set the precedent of not doing so to allow the president at least one free speech, Ed.]*

Britain is for the most part, physically and seasonally a filthy place. Years of sitting on laurels basking in the fading light of past glory have led to a state of social, industrial and economic decrepitude. Young Britons, your future's are only so bright because they're going up in flames. Just as well you can go climbing then. Yeah, kick job prospects in the arse, give social responsibility the finger and become a member of the Fourth Class. Join the growing undercurrent of disaffected apathetic twenty something's who scratch an existence on income support and job seekers allowance. Live in Sheffield in a converted terrace house with fifteen other like minded individuals who queue each morning to use the plyometric ladder in the bathroom. Eat beans and Chum so you can save money to go to Yosemite to eat Taco Bell and other assorted American dog foods. And when your time has come, when you've done everything the Grit has to offer, take up ice climbing and go on the requisite Himalayan expedition. Write a book, tell the world, make some holds. Do anything and everything; climb to live.

But is it a life? Or is it indeed different? And who gives a f*ck? Me. I climb because it's the closest thing to a religious/sexual/out of body experience I know, plus you get to stay dry some of the time. Everyone's different but for me that combination of movement and thought is like nothing else. It's a game, a puzzle, a dance and a tryst. But, I can't live in Sheffield, it's just not me. So that's it I'm screwed, my brief though incandescent career as a climber cut short in it's prime. Still there's always the South of Anywhere...

But enough boll*cks. Time for a summary. The year started well: My elevation to post of Supreme Being was timely not to mention deserved. I took it as an auspicious note that the first trip should be to Spain, destination of a thousand dreams and bars with bulldogs somewhere in their livery. Unfortunately it seems I had mistakenly got involved with a party of opportunist picnickers as the desire and ability to do any hard climbing evaporated under the onslaught of waves of beer and insidious sandwich fillings. Still, a trip to remember nonetheless, everyone had a great time and we all came back with a desire to return.

Sadly the ugly spectre of the picnic continued to hover overhead. There were the usual trips over the summer, little parties packed into small cars and whisked off to exotic parts of Wales. Great trips all of them but marked by a distinct lack of climbing and abundant philosophical if not actual picnicking. Apparently there was also a trip to the Alps, where some people rather unwisely tried to climb some mountains despite the obvious fact that they were more inherently suited to the world of wicker hampers and chequered cloth. By some miracle they managed to succeed and so this could mark the most significant climbing achievement in the Club this year.

So came the start of the year: Fresher's fair and its usual combination of politicking and lechery. Again we are treated to record numbers of conscripts, and surprisingly the numbers carry on into the term itself. Initial events and trips proved very popular, in fact rather too much for the existing club resources. Still all the trips despite somewhat inclement weather were good, Cornwall in particular being outstanding.

At Christmas there were two ice climbing trips and a brief pilgrimage to Stanage, something of a record. The Rebel Tour achieved a higher degree of excitement, though without doing any actual climbing

but mainly through unwanted close interaction with surrounding lochs, kerbs, ditches, trees and drug crazed locals. I have looked into the face of Death and it closely resembles Fort William, especially if it's New Years Eve and the pub has just shut at 10:30. Despite this spirits were high mainly bolstered by supreme examples of experimental cooking based on local fare. The State endorsed tour, had as I understand it, a singularly dull time, only managing a string of successful ascents and early nights. Better luck next time lads...

Roll on the second term. Four trips again this term, plus the finale yet to happen. Apart from Pembroke which was a washout, I hear all the other trips, were very pleasant, Swanage and Cornwall in particular. In the meantime I was safely ensconced in sunny Oz, where I went bouldering not just once but twice you know.

Lastly we have at last sent a team to compete in the National Student Bouldering League. Whilst unsure of the details it appears that our boys and girl acquitted themselves well and as such find themselves in the running for climbing achievement of the year.

And so the year has come to a close. It's been good overall. The club continues to grow and develop and we have a continued influx of new and cool people. As a last note I'd like to thank everyone who helped out this year, the drivers, Ruth and Simon especially.

Luv Rob Grieve.

Praise and commendations will be expected.