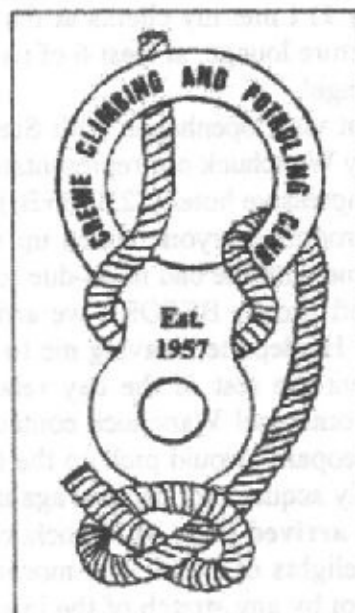


C.C.P.C.

Newsletter 68.

Dec. 2000.



Xmas Special!

Did you get yours?

If for any reason you didn't receive your copy of "First Aid for Cavers" (written by our own "in house" expert-Tom B.) with the last newsletter then now is the time to ask. There are also a few copies of the booklet "Ladder and Line" available. (written by our own world renowned expert Ann Kerr.) These are now a collectors item! DCRO newsletters are also available if you haven't received one.

Ghostly goings on.

OK so you've all heard Terry's story of his encounter with the ghost in Water Icicle. Recently the tale appeared on the "Caver's Newsgroup" from a different source but nevertheless an identical tale leaving no doubt to those in the know exactly where the tale originated. Doubting the authenticity of the story and never having seen the apparition despite numerous visits I wrote to the Newsgroup eliciting the following response: It was one of the first trips I ever did on a very cold day in Feb. about 10 years ago if I recall correctly. The wind was bitter and it was a relief to get in the shelter of the shaft. I went down first and half way down sensed some activity below me although I cant honestly remember the exact nature of what I saw or heard, I do remember doing the fastest abseil to prussik change over of my life and left the hole at near explosive velocity.

Some months later I was talking to a couple from the Buxton area. I think it was during a cave rescue practice at Knotlow 4 ways shaft. She told me that she had a similar experience with light below her and something violently flinging the bottom of the rope around. I believe she said she hadn't/wouldn't go back since. I Had subsequently been down a couple of times -what a s\$%t hole-but her story cured me of the place.

Unlike Ralph, cynical old bugger, I do believe in ghosties: My mothers old house in Newcastle was seriously haunted when we first moved in and we quite regularly saw a phantom bald headed man. Sometimes the animals would come flying out of a room with their hair standing on end. They are allegedly sensitive to these things. In the end my mother had the bogie exorcised to stop it scaring the kids. Being a fairly scientific sort of a guy I have to say that if I hadn't seen the ghost at my mums all those years ago I wouldn't have believed in them either. I certainly hated being the last man out of any mine- which usually meant that everyone else contrived to make sure I was.

I suspect the reason that the ghost never shows up when Ralph is around has more to do with the fact that he will ask it to carry his damn tackle bag!!

Cheers and happy spook hunting, Keith Faulkner.

Has Anyone else come across this-or any other ghost in one of our caves or mines?

Nubra Valley Trek, Ladakh 2000.

Sat (Day 1) I met my clients at the Heathrow check in. Formalities completed we went through into the departure lounge, at least 6 of us did, the six "friends" had passes which got them into the business class lounge!

The flight via Copenhagen with Scandinavian Airlines went smoothly and having been met at Delhi airport by Wanchuck our representative from "Snow Leopard" we were soon settled in "The Imperial", a very impressive hotel (\$230 B+B!) dating from colonial days. My first problem as trek leader was to sort out rooms-everyone ended up sharing double beds, not popular with the "singles"! Wanchuck then hit me with the bad news-due to an administrative error (Indian Airlines got the blame) our flight to Leh left shortly BEFORE we arrived in Delhi! Apparently we were now booked to depart on the Tuesday. He departed leaving me to break the news to my clients who were unimpressed. Most of the folks spent the rest of the day relaxing or taking in the sights, apart from hassling me about the eventual outcome! Wanchuck contacted me to say a tour had been arranged for the Monday and that "Snow Leopard" would pick up the tab for the Monday night and pay for the tour. Half the group, the six already acquainted, decided against the tour.

Tuesday arrived (Day 4), Wanchuck and the coach containing our guide duly arrived and we set off for the delights of Delhi. The morning went well apart from our guide telling us repeatedly in ways that cannot by any stretch of the imagination be described as subtle that he expected a substantial tip! We had lunch in a "Chinese" restaurant then, despite our protestations, we were delivered to a carpet factory where we were subjected to a high pressure sales team who became quite aggressive when it became obvious that we had no intention of parting with our cash. Barbara in particular felt quite intimidated. We returned to the hotel to receive the good news, we were booked onto the early flight to Leh and would have to get up at 3.15. We departed to bed well before 10-at 10.30 I received a phone call "could we leave at 3.15!" I decided to give the clients a wake-up call in the morning.

Wed(Day5) Got up at 2.30, rang all the clients, we eventually got away at 3.40-1/2 an hour late! We arrived at the airport at 4 ish, I spoke with the duty manager, who didn't show any interest, to the check in clerk who was up to his eyes in requests from numerous agents and trek leaders all frantic to get their clients "on the next available flight"- whenever that might be and to anyone else who looked vaguely important. I chatted to a French group who had been waiting for a flight for 3 days. Apparently a good number of planes had been grounded following the recent crash and escalating trouble in Kashmir had resulted in the army commandeering many of the aircraft still serviceable. Marcus, who spent much of his time with Alex in the business class lounge, couldn't help making regular visits to various airline staff in attempts to "jump the queue." Suddenly it happened-we were to go to the flight check in desk- needless to say Marcus and Alex were missing. After getting our luggage checked in we were told that the flight had been delayed until mid day, my clients were getting fraught, even a free airline meal did nothing to placate them! A long wait causing much frustration followed, eventually we were told the flight would leave at 1 pm.

I continued doing what I could to find out what was happening and to keep the clients informed although in reality it made little difference. Marcus repeatedly interrupted my discussions to "give advice" or to pass an opinion. At 1 pm the flight was cancelled-we were to receive overnight accommodation at the air lines expense. Our tickets were handed back in exchange for our boarding cards and coaches were arranged for the numerous stranded passengers (including Bonny Mason's group from Jagged Globe who were programmed to do Stok Kangri.) Marcus decided to book a couple of taxis in order to get his group of 6 to the hotel first.

It was a very short journey to "The Raddison" which made the palatial Imperial look like a Youth Hostel! Marcus and co. were already in their rooms, I negotiated suitable accommodation for the others, the accommodation and service were excellent as were the numerous restaurants.

Wanchuck arrived in the evening to explain that an extra flight had been arranged for the morning (5.45 am) to cope with the back log. In the meantime David (Marcus's father) had emailed HK with a list of complaints which I dealt with via email and phone calls to Al at HK. The evening meal was

excellent. I was about to nod off when David rang me again-he had noticed a discrepancy regarding our flights leaving LEH! Try as I might I could not placate him.

Wed (day 5) We were ready to depart at 3.15 and as I left the hotel I was confronted by a couple of coach drivers having a blazing row with Marcus who seemed incapable of understanding that these were not OUR coaches. I took him aside and asked him to leave further negotiations to me as I felt that his aggressive manner was likely to delay our departure even further. He found difficulty in getting my gist and, as the discussion heated up, Rod chipped in with a few well chosen words! Then it happened-our flight was delayed until 11!! We went back to our rooms with folks complaining that "the other groups" were at the airport. Instead of going back to bed I sat up with Wanchuck and a colleague (who was also trying to facilitate our departure) After about an hour the groups who had boarded the coaches were returned looking less than pleased! Our Ladakhi friends had hardly slept for several days so I offered them my bed so that they could get at least a couple of hours in before our next visit to the mayhem at the airport. We breakfasted at 7.20 then assembled in the foyer for a 9 am departure to learn that we had been delayed yet again-an hour this time.

Finally at 1025 we left the hotel, the airport staff were incredibly efficient and following several personal searches the plane finally took off. The flight took less than an hour, disappointingly the Himalayas were completely covered in thick cloud!

We arrived in Leh to be met by Wanchuck (same name different person) the proprietor of "Snow Leopard" It later turned out that Wanchuck was, apart from being very personable, the "Arthur Daley" of the Nubra Valley. If he couldn't get things done it was likely that he knew a man/woman who could-often a close relative!! We were greeted at the hotel "Kang Lah Chen" with gifts of "silk scarves" followed by lunch. Most of us spent the afternoon wandering around Leh a town of about 25,000 inhabitants and the capital of the region. It reminded me very much of Skardu in Pakistan except that everyone, including the women, were much friendlier and the dogs and cows of which there were plenty were in much better condition. (This may be on account of the main religion being Buddhism as opposed to Muslim.) Known as "Little Tibet" the locals are more Tibetan than the Tibetans (following the Chinese occupation) although there is a large population of Kashmiris who occupy most of the shops. The town and surrounding area was heaving with troops- apparently there had been a "massacre" of around 60 in Kashmir. Wanchuck and I spent sometime planning a new itinerary for our trek taking into account our 2 "lost" days. Davis collared me prior to the evening meal expressing concern about our return flights. I had already discussed this with Wanchuck but David seemed to find the explanation less than satisfactory.

Thursday (Day 6) We had decided to abandon our "day in Leh" and get straight on with our Gumpa (Monastery) visits. David and Marcus decided on a different set of Gompas. We left at 0930 arriving back at 4 taking in 3 Gompas the largest being at Hemis which houses over 300 monks plus the 500 year old one at Thikse where a 15 metre high Buddha occupies three stories. A little excitement was added by a military vehicle which left the road to end up in a ditch, fortunately no one seemed the worse for wear. After the evening meal both Duncan and Patrick complained of upset stomachs!!

Friday (Day 7) My dose of "Delhi Quickstep" arrived at about 2 am.!! Fortunately the loo was a few metres away and I was eventually able to reach it in a split second. This accompanied by severe stomach cramps was to last all night plus most of following day. I remember little of our journey over the Kardung Lah (reputedly the highest motorable Pass in the world at 18372 ft) other than stopping to be sick close to the summit. Our sirdar Jigme was most sympathetic taking over completely the organisation of things as I struggled to recover.

Saturday (Day 8) I awoke feeling much better but "only firing on 3 cylinders" decided against the walk to Ansa monastery. All except Marcus, who was by now also feeling rough, did the walk returning mid afternoon complaining of the heat (41degrees in the sun!) and lack of transport on the first part of the journey which follows the road. Having had a short walk up and down the road (one can hardly call Panamik a village) I found all the locals extremely friendly particularly the children who were obviously not used to seeing Europeans. Barbara returned feeling unwell, Alex with an enormous blister on his heel and Peter with no sole on his boot! By this time Marcus, who had been

taking his own temperature every few minutes during the day decided he had got malaria (from a recent visit to E. Africa). David, his father, set off for Diskit several hours away to "get a doctor" ignoring my advice to take Marcus with him. Fortunately they called at the local dispensary I had spotted earlier in the day where a visiting doctor was happy to visit our camp. He quickly pronounced Marcus OK and was persuaded to take a look at Barbara who was by now really suffering and unable to take "normal" medication due to a long standing (and serious) medical condition. Advice given he spent a very interesting couple of hours explaining Buddhism and the medical benefits of meditation. Interestingly there was no charge for this "private" visit. About 10 ish all hell broke loose-the locals had organised in impromptu disco and the open window was next to my tent!! Eventually they were persuaded to at least close the window and I struggled to sleep amidst the din! Being charitable and having seen the harsh life they lead I persuaded myself that they were entitled to a few hours of enjoyment even if it was at my expense.

Sunday (Day 9) Barbara was still quite ill so was transported by jeep as we completed the 6-7 hour walk to Pinchmik stopping at Yuksam for lunch. Our temporary repairs to Peter's boot lasted about 20 minutes! No one bathed in the hot springs as we left Panamik (they were VERY hot) and the surrounding area is pretty grotty. The days walk is rather "artificial" as it snakes down the valley sometimes on and often crossing the busy road running down the centre of the valley. One is often in sight and ear shot of this highway which was very busy due to the increase in troop activity. The area is "desert" but there were a couple of "interesting" stream crossings. An awkward boulder field preceded our arrival in camp where we found Barbara "a little better". In the evening we had a lengthy discussion on further modifications to our itinerary following the "gaining of a day" in Leh.

Monday (Day 10) Barbara was a little better but it was Peters turn to feel ill. Our trek to Sumur took us about 4-5 hours but this included a lengthy stop at the Samstanling Monastery. Nestling in apricot orchards the gompa houses about 60 monks and we spent an interesting half hour or so in the kitchen where two monks were busy preparing a meal in massive antique cauldrons. We were also invited to take tea (tea plus rancid yak butter and salt) which I declined on health reasons. On arrival at camp at Sumur we were served with lemon tea and chips(!). Peters boots were dispatched along with a tube of "Superglue" to a local cobbler and one of the horsemen was dispatched to purchase a supply of chang (beer made from barley) returning several hours later much the worse for wear clutching a plastic oil container full of strange looking fluid. Most of this was eventually consumed but being truthful if it had been served at my local I would have sent it back-it tasted like sour scrumpy. I was told by Jigme (somewhat of an expert in these matters) that it wasn't a good vintage! A sandstorm occurred during the evening, fortunately we missed the worst of it and were able to shelter in the tents. I spent most of the night awake as the local dogs serenaded the (almost full) moon.

Tuesday (Day 11) Despite searching the hillside none of us managed to spot any wild urial or ibex although David claimed to have seen a couple of camels. They were that far away and indistinct even with binoculars that they could have been anything and I put it down to the previous nights chang! Peters newly repaired boots lasted best part of half an hour before the sole fell off again reducing him once again to trekking sandals! Good views were had looking north where our previous couple of days route lay and we even saw tracks of a wolf(?) in the sand. We also managed to loose (temporarily) Duncan and Roger whom had asked if they could follow a slightly modified route! We camped at a "permanent" site in large tents equipped with real beds!! There was beer (not chang) available plus other goodies. It turned out that the site belonged to Wanchucks sister (now that was a surprise) and we were eventually invited into the kitchen for tea (including the yak butter and salt!) and copious amounts of chang which proved to be far more palatable than the stuff from the oil container! All the Ladakhis present were as always polite and most generous. The evening was spent sketching and painting, consuming yet more excellent Indian beer, dressing Alex's blisters and repairing Peters boots which we decided were to be kept "for use in emergency"! A Belgian group gave us a demonstration of their satellite phone- very impressive! Tomorrow should have been a "tourist day" but we opted to forgo a day in the jeeps in favour of an extra days walking. This would save another "lost" day.

Wed (Day 12) A bad start to the day. Bed tea at 5, breakfast at 6, away by 7-or so we thought! The transport that arrived was a small coach which was obviously totally inadequate. Jigme insisted on faffing about for about 40 minutes trying to get us and our kit (plus the camp staff) into and onto the bus before flagging down a passing lorry and putting everything on the roadside (including some of the clients) onto the lorry which roared off followed closely by the 'bus. People were gesticulating as we passed them-it was only when we stopped we realised how precarious our kit was perched sky-high on the roof of the 'bus. Fortunately it all reached our destination.

Unfortunately the coach driver had had enough and refused to take us all the way to our drop off point so we sat tight. He soon solved that by turning the bus around, picking up a load of locals then setting off back the way we had come! We vacated the 'bus! Setting off in the direction of the Kardung Lah up a **very steep** road we were less than happy and Pat was obviously beginning to suffer. None of us were ecstatic but the "road bash" was fortunately over in less than an hour. The next 3 1/2 hours saw us plodding along a partly constructed jeep track heaving with road gangs, some obviously prisoners judging by the number of guards. At one stage blasting was about to take place resulting in us being separated from our horses who were not allowed to pass until it was deemed safe. 1 and 1/2 after the end of the jeep track we came to what initially appeared to be an ideal camp site until we realised there was no water! Eventually we did find a tiny spring about 20 minutes up the hillside but it was going to be a nightmare for the camp staff. At this point a dust storm blew up which continued for what seemed ages until our horses arrived. We gave the cook the casting (and only) vote and he opted to press on to the next site which he reckoned was within a couple of hours.

The route was over a steep cliff which barred the way. After a long day in the heat many found this strenuous and exposed in places. Reluctantly the horse men were persuaded to follow. As we arrived the heavens opened with thunder and lightning to boot! Everyone pulled together and the tents were pitched and a meal prepared in record time. The horses were ecstatic at being released from their loads and a journey through the camp became increasingly hazardous as they rolled over and over in the dust in sheer delight. Joe provided us all with an excellent nigh cap-whisky tea. It rained on and off throughout the night, rather surprising since the annual rainfall is quoted as around 2 1/2 inches!

Thursday (Day 14) We woke to a very wet site, particularly the horsemen who had slept under an old parachute-they were soaked. The days walk to Akgyam was very short due to our enforced extension the previous day, around two hours. I did consider moving on but as Patrick was now suffering badly with a chest infection and Rod had the runs so a rest was more appropriate. The entrance to the tiny village of Akgyam, which consists of one large house, is marked by an impressive mani wall and gateway decorated with the usual prayer flags. Following an excellent "Chinese style" lunch most folks caught up with their laundry or strolled around the surrounding area. The day was overcast but warm bringing out hordes of flies attracted by the large amount of horse shit! Later in the day we had yet more rain. Four ibex were spotted on the nearby hillside. The horsemen spent part of the evening replacing "lost" shoes on their horses a task which they had to do most evenings. The horses didn't seem to mind but the mules were far from cooperative!

Friday (Day 15) It took us about 3 to 4 hours to reach Kyuungru where a monastery reputed to be the oldest in Nubra clings perilously to the face of a very unstable looking cliff. The building is tended by a solitary monk and houses, amongst various religious artefacts, the skull of its founder. We were invited into a house where black tea (no yak butter and salt for a change) was served. An elderly resident who was looking after her grandson gave us a demonstration of the hand spinning of wool. As we approached the village our tents had been unexpectedly pitched! I got the impression that the horsemen were protesting about the rescheduling of our plans and were unwilling to go up to Khema and over the Kilkar pass claiming the fodder there to be inadequate for their horses. I later found this to be untrue. As Pat was by now quite ill I didn't force the issue as a climb up to 14,500 feet could possibly have caused problems.

In the afternoon David led his friends (minus Marcus) up to Kheema, Rod and Barbara returned to the family that had been so hospitable with presents and the remainder of the group swam or spent a lazy afternoon in the shade. Later in the day I walked up the valley to meet the group returning from

Kheema (it takes about 2 1/4 hours) On arrival back at the camp site I was to learn that the horses had vanished! Around 15 ibex were spotted quite close to camp and Jigme who had also visited Kheema startled a herd of around two dozen blue sheep as he returned to camp. These animals are incredibly well camouflaged and not easy to spot.

I decided that the route to Amdo over the Kilkar pass would be too far (around 10 hours), particularly with Pat in his weakened state, so a route back down the valley through Tangyar was planned. This led to a somewhat heated discussion between myself and various fractions of the group, particularly Marcus who tried to persuade the sirdar to take Alex and himself over the pass leaving me to guide the rest of the group via Tangyar. Eventually I pulled rank and made an "executive decision"!

Saturday (Day 16) A pleasant stroll through the fertile fields of Kyungru took us to a bridge on the point of collapse which we crossed one at a time. We spent some time watching vultures and Peter managed to leave his binoculars behind, fortunately they were picked up by the horse men. We rested on a grassy bank watching the marmots and hoopoes while Duncan and Viv sketched the multitude of wild flowers. Tangyar is quite a large village with 43 families. The gompa is excellent although several of us gave it a miss preferring to socialise with the local children. Barbara and Rod spent the time teaching them nursery rhymes.

A group of both sexes were busy having lunch in a partly constructed building that they were putting up as some sort of community centre. One or two of us gave the children an impromptu English lesson and each was given a pen and exercise book to practice in. After lunch we attempted to help them with the building work for a while before moving up the valley to our camp at Amdo about an hour or so further up the valley. Jigme managed to arrange a party in the evening at Amdo which is really just a name for the summer pastures although a few small stone buildings can be found here and there.

The "party" was scheduled for about 7.30 but nobody seemed to know the exact venue, Amdo being a rather vague location. At about seven we set off down the valley in the direction of Tangya. After what seemed a long way we came across a deserted parachute canopy suspended from a pole that certainly wasn't there on our visit a few hours previously. We sat down on the carpets and were soon inundated with kids. Once again Barbara and Rod (god bless 'em) had the kids singing nursery rhymes and doing the Okay kokay (is that spelt correctly?) Gradually numbers increased as did the age of the party goers and eventually someone produced a light-rather like a UV insect trap in the local chippy.

Soon the party was in full swing. The young boys were first to dance followed by a dance and song from the young girls of the village. Later the teenage girls got up to dance, rather shyly at first, but they soon warmed to the applause. The chang flowed freely and my glass (actually a china cup) was rapidly filled to the brim each time I had a sip. Eventually the older ladies of the village joined in at which point we were asked to put on a display! We began with a duet from Joe and his son Alex who gave a rendition of "The keeper of the Eddystone Light". I'm not certain the Ladakhis made any sense out of the translation nor did they out of my contribution of "Ilkley Moor Bar t'hat" but at least they all made an attempt at the chorus! I don't wish to blow my own trumpet but I felt that my attempt at organising the multi-lingual choir sounded quite good but less complimentary members of the group blamed it on the chang! As a finale we were invited to join the ladies on the dance floor. It was noticeable that the menfolk kept well out of it, all except Jigme that is who enjoyed himself thoroughly knocking seven bells out of the drums and of course the guys who were kept busy topping up the chang.

Sunday (Day 17) I awoke with a surprisingly clear head but vaguely recalled promising to visit the school that day. Despite it being Sunday the children had been ordered by the head man of the village to turn up for lessons although we learned later that the only teacher was missing having "gone home" to help with the harvest. During the night the toilet tent had blown down and Joe had managed to break the A-pole on his tent. Following moans from various quarters I had arranged a trip over the Kilkar pass and down into Khema. The less energetic would climb the pass which would take a couple of hours then return to Amdo to visit the school. In the event nobody descended into Khema but several took a walk along the ridge where the views apparently were stunning. My GPS put the height of the pass at 15,186 rather higher than the 14,500 quoted in the itinerary.

On returning to camp we found 27 children sitting patiently waiting for school to start. Once again Barbara stepped into the breach and, with assistance from Viv, entertained them while Rod did his lesson plans. Lessons began and in no time at all it was time for lunch. Following lunch (chocolate bars were all we had to offer!) the children played various games most of which seemed to involve getting very wet! Another lesson followed before they were all sent home with a pen and obligatory chocolate bar. Not enough exercise books were available for one each so they were parcelled up and sent to the village head man. Jigme returned with tales of snow leopard tracks -I put it down to the chang since he appeared to drink gallons of it the previous night (the party had continued long after we Europeans left!) It was a cloudless sky and went quite cold in the evening (we were camping at around 13,500 ft) and most of us were in bed by 8.30. Needless to say the horses had gone AWOL again.

Monday (Day 18) We were away by eight, many clients had developed coughs, Marcus seemed to suffer the most (judging by the complaints) Dick's chest sounded really rough preventing him from talking. Being an American attorney he found this affliction particularly hard to bear! On route to Jungley we saw dozens of marmots, loads of dzos and yaks and the biggest bull yak you can ever imagine. We gave it a really wide birth but Jigme, on account of being the fastest runner in the group, was dispatched to take a photograph. It was meant to be a close up shot but when the bull got to its feet, looked him straight in the eye with an evil glint he stopped then beat a hasty retreat as it made noises somewhat akin to an angry pig! As we approached the first site at Jungley we spotted a bulldozer, obviously work was to start on a jeep road this side of the Wuri Lah. We opted for a slightly higher camp site(16,000 metres) next to a stream with an impressive peak (over 20,000ft) above us. Everyone thought the site stunning. As we pitched tents we were observed by a family of curious marmots and a solitary eagle which soared overhead.

In the afternoon I decided to go for a walk up to the rim of a hanging valley to the east of our camp and I was eventually joined by Patrick (who was feeling well for the first time in about a week) Duncan, Rod and Roger. With the bit between our teeth we eventually climbed to an estimated height of 5,300 metres (I had to abandon my altimeter as it only goes up to 5000 and my GPS was in camp) where we met the terminal moraine and could clearly see the snout of the glacier. We were only 200m below the summit ridge and both summits looked readily accessible but a rope is advised. On our return we literally bumped into a flock of about 50 blue sheep! To round off an excellent day the cook had baked a special cake as it was B+P's wedding anniversary.

Tuesday (Day 19) Summit day-of the pass that is. We left at 8, Marcus going very slowly. After an hour or so it began to snow and, as we gained altitude, got very cold. Peter had put on his boots for the first time and miraculously my temporary repair held! On gaining the summit (17,465 ft-240 ft higher than quoted) we stopped for the customary photographs, several of our Ladakhi companions left gifts of food on the chorten which was festooned with prayer flags. Despite being ill Marcus shot off like a rat up a drainpipe once the descent began. We were all disappointed to see the jeep road was virtually complete as far as the pass. In a year or so this idyllic and remote valley will become a "jeep safari" and a unique way of life will be lost for ever. We felt privileged to have seen it in its unspoilt state.

We camped at a grassy location within sight of a road builders camp. This proved to be a mistake- it was Independence Day and a group considerably the worse for wear on chang gave us some hassle during the afternoon. Fortunately the problem was solved by Jigme-I managed to sleep through it all! It was our last night under canvass and the camp staff had organised a bonfire of dried yak dung. I have to confess that copious quantities of paraffin were used as a means of ignition!

Wed (Day 20) It had snowed overnight, needless to say the horsemen under their parachute were less than comfortable! (We learned later that a heavy fall of snow had prevented Jagged Globe summiting on Stok Kangri -a few miles away) Several clients donated them kit plus a couple of karimats. Marcus still complained of feeling ill, Peter had the trots but this was our last day! As we descended the temperature soared and we soon stripped off our thermals and plastered on the sun screen! The jeeps were waiting but we still had one last gumpa to visit! The journey to Leh took us 2 hours, it was going to take the horses 3 days to make the return trip over the pass. We lunched then wandered around town

doing some last minute shopping. Surprise, surprise- on our return we learned that our departure had been delayed 24 hours. Fortunately nobody complained preferring an extra day in Leh to one in Delhi. The evening entertainment consisted of a cultural evening where we were given a display of local dancing in traditional dress. It was really a refined version of what we had seen at Amdo. Nevertheless it was very entertaining and the chang was replaced by rum that was free and handed out in large measures

Thursday (Day 20) I organised a 25k rafting trip down the Indus for those interested (Duncan, Joe, Rod and myself) the others had yet another lazy day around town. We spent the afternoon relaxing and drinking beer in the hotel garden.

Friday (Day 21) Peter and Rod managed to sleep through their alarm call but eventually we all ended up at the airport on time. Some confusion ensued when we couldn't find Wanchuck with our tickets but eventually after the usual panic from Marcus and David everything was sorted satisfactorily. Apparently there had been more trouble in Kashmir (only a few miles away) and security was really strict. We were searched four times before boarding the plane and ALL the batteries were removed from every piece of my equipment. The flight over the Himalayas was stunning with good views all round. Most of us spent the afternoon relaxing in the hotel before having an excellent meal in the hotel restaurant.

Friday (Day 21) Believe it or not we had an incident free transfer to the airport and the plane actually left on time depositing us at Heathrow about 11 hours later.

Ralph Johnson August 2000.



Many thanks to Mark L. for organising an excellent evening at the Miners Standard. The evening began with an excellent meal followed by the opportunity to see some of Dave Webb's underground videos and to meet some friends old and new. It was particularly nice to see so many visitors from other clubs such as DUG and Masson.



DIGGING NEWS.

The Conde brothers have found yet another promising dig(s)-in Neptune Mine. Darren persuaded Paul H. and Ralph to help place bolts to protect the definitely doubtful bridge. The rest of the mine is in remarkably good condition. Apparently further visits are planned.

With the rediscovery of explosives the Pooles Cavern mid week sessions are back on the agenda!!

Work continues, albeit slowly, on Robs dig.

Pumping out the sump at the bottom of Hillocks may have to wait for better weather!!!

Plans are afoot for John Cordingley to make dive the terminal sump in Lumb Hole.



Fab Four Face Film Stardom!!

Following his film debut where he was accompanied by Tom Bailey in "EMAS Underground Support Group" Ralph was asked to star in a film for Transworld Sport! The script sounded a bit like an underground version of "The good, the bad and the ugly" so he asked Paul H., Mat and Rob (in no particular order!) to join him. (Tony R. was "unavailable"!!) Accompanied by two camera men and armed with a mountain of gear for filming and caving including a 55m rope for Alum Main Shaft!!(80m required!!) the four did Upper and Lower Long Churn plus Alum Main Shaft (on a short rope!!)The day didn't get off to a terribly good start when Rob who was demonstrating how to rig a pitch dropped the bag plus a quantity of krabs and slings down the main shaft. Give him his due he carried on as though it was intentional and we always rig like this!! (Probably true!!) Copious amounts of film were shot of "competent" cavers shooting up and down ropes and ladders interspersed with

interviews on such topics as "Why do you go caving?"* and "Do you always use ropes too short for the pitch?" We await the final outcome with baited breathe!!

(*No one managed to come up with a vaguely satisfactory answer to this one!!)

Weekend at Winstar.

After the DCRO rescue practice at Jugholes, it emerged that quite a few CCPC members were not familiar with the caves and mines of the South Derwent Catchment Area (SDCA), so we decided to have an informal social weekend in the area, pool our knowledge and explore some of the popular 'oles.

Unfortunately, the only weekend that the Miner's Standard could fit us onto the camping field (£1 a night!) clashed with a cave rescue conference just down the road at the Bull 'ith Thorn. However, ten members/partners turn up over various bits of the weekend. We were also fortunate enough to pick the best weekend (weather wise) so far this year!

After a wamble around the village to look at various shaft tops (and ice-creams), we decided that the first trip should be in Northern Dale, and so we all squeezed into Mark's Land Rover and went to see Mr Greateorex at Lobby Farm. He lent us the key to the shaft into **Old Ash Mine** - unfortunately, a 'Paddy from Chesterfield' had lost the key to the adit, thus foiling a great through trip.

By the time we had slogged up Northern Dale (on the hottest day of the year), no-one fancied the climb up to the shaft (or the prussik back out) so we compromised with a trip down **Lords and Ladies Mine**. This was a pleasantly cool scamper around in a typical small SDCA mine-come-cave complex with everyone disappearing/emerging in/out of all kinds of rabbit holes, one which contained an inflatable doll - I suppose with all those sheep looking the same, the novelty must wear off eventually!

On the walk back, we cursed 'Paddy from Chesterfield' for losing the adit key (how could he be so stupid) before realising that I had *misplaced the shaft key!* Steve slogged back up Northern Dale and eventually found it by the adit.

I remembered a sough which I had found some years earlier. It was not in the 'Caves of Derbyshire' and all maps (dating back to 1827) described it as a 'well'. In 1991, 'Merrydown Mark' and I had crawled up it as far as a dam formed by a roof collapse. Back on the surface, we noticed that all the cattle troughs (previously crystal clear) were filled with a brown sludge, and realising that this might be connected with our underground activities, we left sharpish.

The other three liked the sound of this, and so assuming that the water had had time to clear, we decided to revisit the sough. As we walked past the only cottage in the valley, a voice came out of the door

"You're not cavers, are you?"

Being in full caving gear, it was hard to make an outright denial, so we made vague noises like 'nice day' etc. and carried on down the track. We were gazing into the (constricted and collapsing) tail of the sough when the occupant of the cottage came bounding down the lane.

"Are you thinking of going in there?" he asked. I thought he might be the owner of the cattle troughs.

We're only looking" we lied.

"Can I come with you? I've been wondering what's up there!" he exclaimed and introduced himself as a member of some Southern Caving Club, living in exile in the Peak District. He ran back and got his gear on, Mark cleared the entrance of fallen rocks and the five of us wriggled up what we now know to be **Basrobin Sough**.

The sough was virtually dry as far as my previous limit of exploration, followed by a nuts deep wade to a collapse after several hundred feet. Someone at some time past had had a 'tidy up' down there but there were no signs of recent activity. Mark climbed up into some of the more accessible passages in the roof and the rest of us mooched around discussing the possibility of digging into the collapse.

After returning to the surface, Colin showed us some other local features which he plans to explore including open shafts, open adits and a series of small holes which were drafting enough to move the grass on this otherwise still afternoon. He later took us back to his cottage to show us old plans of the area over a bottle of wine - what a thoroughly nice bloke!

Back at the Miners Standard, Kev and Bromwyn had brought Robert (the Czechoslovakian) over for a flying visit; It was great to see him and his photos of his six months old child camping, climbing and canoeing in Canada (I'm sure the health visitors would have him certified if he tried it here!)

Next day, Mark, etc. went to Tearsall Pipe, Brightgate Cave and Jugholes. I took advantage of the glorious weather and walked over to Bonsall for a pint. A couple of members of Operation Mole were in the 'Barley Mow' and they told me of a very unusual mine in Wensley (10 x 10ft climbs lead to the base of a 100ft shaft to surface) - I think that CCPC could have a few more trips to this (for us) neglected part of Derbyshire



Free to members only. Various waterproof containers such as rocket tubes, Darren drums etc.

For Sale. Warmbac oversuit XL £56.00 Designer tee shirts £6 (CCPC) £7 (DCRO) Hurry while stocks last!!! FX2 charger (offers) Wet suit M (offers)

P8 DIVES

The following is an account of a series of dives that although were not ground breaking or particularly note worthy on the grand scale of the diving being done in this country at the moment. They do however form part of a steep learning curve for myself and might give others an insight as to what is involved.

I suspect that nearly every caver in the north of England has made a trip down P8 at some point, and it being the first trip I made as a school boy, it seemed fitting that I did my first sump dives there.

Attempt number 1 was made in October 97. Not knowing any other cave divers, or even met any at this stage, I packed a rather poor choice of equipment to say the least - 1 medium sized cylinder, 1 small cylinder, 2 poorly protected regulators, lots of lights, an assortment of gauges, 18 pounds of lead and wore a big thick new wet suit and diving harness. My friend Richard (who had caved once before) was conned into helping for the carry. The trip was doomed from the start.

Sure enough, after one hour of painful progress it was apparent that even if we reached the sump that night (which was debatable) I would be in no fit state to dive. We dumped the gear and made a quick trip to show Richard the sump and by the time we had dragged the gear back out I was absolutely knackered. The first of many lessons was learnt.

The obvious way forward was more manpower so Darren was recruited and after many hours of persuasion Richard agreed to help again. Seven days after the first attempt we were back again. The fact that it had rained solidly for the past 48 hours and was still doing so, caused a little concern but we thought we should have a look anyway. Water was absolutely bucketing down the entrance and looking back, this might not have been the best time to dive but we had come thus far!

Darren rigged the traverse to the right of the first pitch and the three of us easily whisked the kit across in no time, the extra person made all the difference and with only one bag / cylinder each we made the main streamway in about an hour. The sump had backed up a bit and was a very dark brown with a three-inch layer of dirty brown foam on top. Not the most inviting dive sites I had ever seen. I kitted up with the help of the others and decided to have a look in the sump pool to see what the flow was like. With no idea of the condition of the fixed diving line, I had brought a short (10 m) line of my own and tied this off at the flake on the far side, waived goodbye and off I went.

Visibility was absolute zero and so all progress was made by feel, I had barely left the surface before being confused by a belay around a rock projection, in the dark I had felt my way onto the belay instead of the main line, it sounds stupid but it took a minute or so to build up a mental picture of what was going on and find the way on. The passage then descended at 45degrees, about two feet high with a deep silt bottom, I soon came to the end of my 10 m line and tied this onto the main line before moving on.

Several times the roof closed down, forcing my face into the mud so I had to feel each side for an enlargement and drag the line across to it. Twice I hit my head quite hard on rock projections and was glad to be wearing a proper caving helmet instead of the canoeing hats that seem compulsory for diving. At the elbow the gap was only ten inches high but the bottom was so soft that I just slid through, following the line up to the first airbell after 30m. This had a steep mudbank going off to the right. I did not stay long enough to remove my mouthpiece but ducked back under to return to the others. After getting confused again at the belay I surfaced from my first successful sump dive.

After checking air pressures and turning two of my lights off (no point in wasting batteries when you can not see) I swam back through the sump, the line had moved back to its original position so I swam into the same undercuts and headbutted the same rocks as before. Sump two felt a bit more roomy than one (I now know that sumps 1-3 are the same sump, the line just pops up into the airbells off to one side, also the sumps change dimensions with each flood as the silt moves) and the second airbell was about the same size as the first but with the line belayed to a spit on the far side with the continuing line coming back in the same direction as the home line, of which I kept my hand on to avoid mixing them up. Sump three was more of the same but with a constriction on a 45 degree slope near the end where I had to do a bit of leg thrashing to get through.

Surfacing in the stream passage, I crawled a few feet to a spot solid enough to take my fins off. This was the first "new" bit of cave that diving had accessed for me and felt quite an achievement (yes I know lots of you went through in the drought but it was new to me, ok) Apart from my fins, I did not take any gear off for the fear of problems getting kitted again to go back. After following the passage for 30m or so, it turned 90 degrees right (East) through an arch where the roof lowered into the next sump a few meters on. Assuming the line would be just below the surface I began to look for it, but no amount of groping around could find it and not feeling confident enough to lay new line in zero visibility I turned for home.

Back in the second airbell I let go of the line to check my gauges then dived again to make my way out, underwater I passed a constriction on a 45 degree slope (sound familiar?) sure enough I surfaced back in the streamway. I had mixed up the in and out lines and swam back into the cave! not a great problem this time as I had bags of air to spare but another valuable lesson learnt. Second try and I made no mistakes and was soon back to find Darren and Richard shivering with cold (Richard was also lacking in co-ordination due to cold) dekitting was swift as the others were keen to go, as was the carry out. Total time underground = 3h 15mins.

It was then over two years before I dived in P8 again during which time I had gained some experience, joined the Cave Diving Group who provided a wealth of information and advice, and finally learnt how to pack diving gear for transport down a cave.

It was now May 2000 and Ralph announced that Matt and himself were going down P8, too good a chance to miss! Whilst Ralph "did some bolting work" at the first pitch, Matt and myself dragged my gear including two 6 litre cylinders down to the sump where he agreed to return after one hour. Back at the arch after sump 3 there was no sign of the sump but an ongoing streamway which I followed for 40-50m to a pot with two fixed iron ladders. The water level was at least 8m lower than the last visit and I had to balance on the bottom rung of the ladder to get my fins and mask on before falling into sump 4. The pot continues down underwater for a few meters then the line sneaks off through an undercut on the East Side. Then followed 70m of twists and turns over silt beds with the line crossing the passage at one point, visibility was a reasonable 20cm. Sump 4 surfaced in a high chamber with a rope leading off to a passage in the roof, sump 5 started a few meters on and was identified by a swirling liquid mud whirlpool which I tentatively tried to enter feet first but changed my mind after feeling a rather tight passage, even for my feet. (Plus, my side-mounted cylinders are only streamlined going forwards and tend to act like sea anchors when going feet first) Chuffed with my progress I turned for home. The return swim was uneventful except for a valve freeflowing at the start of sump 3 which was turned off and attended to. I surfaced from the water a few minutes late where Matt was waiting to help carry out.

The next month saw a more organised attempt, Paul Gamble offered to dive with me, and poor Darren was recruited again. Two sets of diving gear, an extra SRT kit and a camera proved quite a load and Paul's cylinders are not the lightest in the world (Darren is still moaning about his "bad elbow" today) but it was all duly carted down to the sump where we kitted up and arranged to be back in 2 hours, But (and how familiar is this scenario) it turns out I am the only one wearing a watch! Which after much discussion I handed over to Darren.

We dived separately, myself dragging a small tackle bag through the silt banks destroying any visibility there was for Paul, and Paul getting tangled up in the line in the constriction in sump 3 but were soon both looking at sump 5, I had brought an SRT kit in case sump 5 was blocked and we had to take the high level bypass, but taking the easier option we decided to try diving first. Sump 5 looked no more attractive than last time but surely had to be better than hauling gear over the top. I dived first and down to the elbow was not too bad, tight but comfortable, however coming up the other side proved to be a nightmare. The passage became tighter and tighter until I was

stuck with my arms out in front of me, not being able to get my shoulders through and no room to kick my feet, worse still every time I pushed the tackle bag up, it slid back down onto my head threatening to knock my mouthpiece out. I gained a couple of inches by thrutching about and felt my hands come out of the water and resorted to pulling on the line (a big no no in diving) to inch myself through. After a minute sat down recovering I thought about Paul who is bigger than I am and wears bigger cylinders. I shouted up towards the bypass but he had already set off. Eventually a hand appeared but came no further so I pulled it and after a while he too inched through.

After another recovery period we set off to explore. A little duck was passed (very similar to Far Curtain in Giants) and on to a low streamway with heavy silt banks on each side where I deposited all my diving kit. This led to a 4.5m deep pot (Budgie Pot) with a fixed iron ladder! Whoever brought it this far must have been superhuman. The passage then continued south coming to junction with sump 6 going off to the east and far too small to get into (presumably this is where the blockages occur that back the water up in sump 4. water also flows down from 7 to 6). Continuing south is an ascending phreatic tube called the Cresta Run, this starts off a reasonable stooping size but gradually becomes smaller as it goes higher until it becomes a flat out, arms out in front job. It was at this point that I had to stop and quietly chuckle at Paul's cursing behind me, as he (having opted to keep his diving gear on) could not get any further and was now trying to get his cylinders off in a somewhat confined space. The tube emerges at water level in another chamber, waist deep in water, of which sump 7 starts at the far end. Before we waded about too much the visibility looked excellent and Paul had a quick look with a mask at the first couple of meters.

With no idea of the time we decided to get back and were soon kitted ready to tackle sump 5 again, however, all our standing around at the entrance had pushed the slit down the little passage and after a couple of attempts at squeezing and digging to no avail, we opted for the back up plan of the by pass. I have yet to find a chapter in a caving book on how to SRT in full diving gear with only one SRT kit between two and no safe place at the top to swap gear at, but I think we are now both qualified to write one. I'm guessing it took about 40 minutes of pushing, pulling, balancing and sweating to get us both over, talk about Silly Rope Techniques. Another lesson learnt. We both then made our way out as fast as we could, knowing full well that we must now be late.

A very cold and relieved looking Darren greeted us back in the main cave. We had been gone for three hours! And Darren was just about to go and call DCRO (a task he has had to do in the past for me) To stop any further moaning on top of his aching arms he was then treated to a couple of pints in Buxton.

We were now faced with a bit of a logistics problem. Any advance into sump 7 would obviously involve 4-5 hour trips beyond the first sump which is a bit of an unreasonable length of time to expect anyone to wait to help carry out, and its hard enough organising numbers for one party, two in one day would be a none starter. Which left only one option, cut the gear down to a bare minimum and carry our own. The start of September saw us get about 20m past the entrance before realising we had no chance. A quick rethink and we hid half of the gear and took minimal dive gear for one diver, rope, spits and bolting kit to re-rig the very dubious sump 5 bypass and 70m of diving line to re-line the area past sump 6 in case it should back up whilst we were beyond it. I dragged this through the first three sumps only to find sump 4 backed up again (being 8m deeper than planned I did not fancy trying to pass it with 3 litre cylinders) so I tied the extra kit high up on the wall along with a survival bag and some food, then made my way out.

The following week saw a quick trip to deposit a pair of 6 litre cylinders near the sump, with the intention of returning within the week. However, due to a combination of petrol shortages, bad shift patterns and wet weather it was over five weeks until I made a return. Sadly sump 4 was still backed up and after 20 mins of trying to find a way on in the sump I gave up. Assuming that conditions have been life this for at least five weeks I thought it would be some time yet before they improve and so then spent the afternoon ferrying all the gear we had accumulated beyond the sump, back to the surface.

I am now going to leave any P8 trips for at least another two months, so if anyone is doing a P8 trip after Christmas and would not mind a little extra hand luggage, please give me a call.

Max Higginson.

He's finally gone!!

By the time you read this Kev will have finally departed these shores for a new life with Bron in New Zealand. A member for well over 20 years and holder of the title "Youngest ever CCPC member to bottom the Berger" Kev has served the club well acting in various roles such as training officer, newsletter editor, equipment officer not to mention all the social gatherings in Sandon Road!! (Apparently the residents can no longer claim a rate rebate!!!) Kev will certainly be missed but we wish both Bron and Kev well. Looking on the bright side it does open up the possibility of caving in Kiwi-land! (assuming they don't keep their address secret as a precaution!)

Clatterway Levels, Matlock, Sunday, 5th November 2000

Paul Nixon finally persuaded me that it was time to go caving again after a long lay-off, but I didn't fancy his suggested quick trip down P8, especially after the heavy rain all week, so I picked Clatterway Level as an alternative. Neither of us had done it before (in fact neither of us has done very much at all in the Matlock area) and I'd never heard of anyone else doing it, so with a bit of luck we wouldn't be able to find it and could spend the afternoon messing about instead.

At the bottom of the Via Gellia road we turned left up towards Bonsall village, and parked on the village lorry park next to the recycling bins ! After changing, we walked about a hundred metres back down the hill to a cluster of cottages on the left, round a small spring, then followed the public footpath up a narrow entry between the cottages. The path climbed alongside Burton Place Cottage, then entered the woodland beyond. We were looking for a way up to the left, but everything was well overgrown, except a little mowed terrace overlooking the cottage garden. Further up the footpath we found a faint trail which eventually led to an outcrop of rock with a black cleft at one end. Paul was ready first and crawled in, with me close behind, then we crawled out again feeling stupid, as it was the wrong hole and finished after about four metres !

A search back downslope, towards the cottage, revealed another outcrop and another black cleft, just above the end of the mowed terrace, and very close to the cottage garden. This looked more hopeful, and Paul wriggled in headfirst, which I thought was very bold considering that the entrance was tight and sloped steeply downwards. Anyway, his feet soon disappeared and he called back that he was in. After passing the bags in, I followed rather more cautiously, having stripped off bits of dangling SRT kit first. It was actually quite easy, certainly bigger than the squeeze at the top of Lathkill Head Top Entrance. Inside, the passage is a dry, walking size rift, which stretches away almost straight, and which is quite pleasant, despite the enormous spiders which festoon the walls and roof ! I followed Paul along the passage for about twenty metres, to the lip of an open shaft which was the full width of the passage floor, about one metre at this point. Beyond, we could see the passage continued for a short distance to a blockage of loose deads, possibly backfilling from the Masson Club's activities when they worked in the system during the late eighties.

Paul rigged the drop from a line of three spits, which were better placed for ladder and lifeline than for SRT, but by jamming a pebble in a crack in the opposite wall of the shaft he was able to rig a sling for a deviation which effectively removed the rub point at the pitch head. Paul descended and found the continuation passage going off at about six metres down. While he took photos I descended to the boulder choked bottom of the shaft at about thirteen metres down. The shaft clearly continues, but may link back to another level already accessible from further on. I climbed back up to Paul's level and we followed the passage to another shaft, where the bottom was clearly visible about four metres down. Before descending we traversed over the hole to explore the short stretch of workings beyond. The whole area is heavily mineralised, and there are numerous shot holes and areas of curving pick marks, as well as some intriguing picked-out 'marks' on the walls.

The second pitch is supposed to be a free climb, but we managed to find a belay of sorts and rigged a short rope, which I certainly found useful on the way out. Below, the character of the mine had changed and we were in a maze of interconnecting pipe workings with gritty floors and low arches encrusted with large calcite crystals. After checking out various side passages we picked up a substantial draft, and this led us through a wider section, with large breakdown debris, to a straight rift-

type passage with a flat roof, similar to the entrance passage. This main route headed off, essentially straight, with a few ups and downs, and the odd low section for a considerable distance. Workings to either side were ignored, once we checked that we were still heading into the draft, and then, just as we reached a deep depression in the passage floor we began to notice spiders again, and an occasional moth or mosquito on the walls. The bottom of the depression was cluttered with odd bits of broken timber and a building plot notice, but it was spanned by a single metal rail which made crossing it easy. Ahead, daylight streamed in through a low rabbit-hole entrance, and with a bit of wriggling we popped out onto the hillside, a couple of hundred metres down valley from where we had entered the mine ! I thought we would be miles away.

Going back through was straightforward, and we emerged without difficulty after a total trip time of about three and a half hours. No doubt it can be done much more quickly, but we spent time taking photographs and looking at the mineral remains. Ideally the two pitches need proper belays installing, then this would make an ideal through trip for novice cavers. No-where is it tight, the pitches were spacious, there were no obvious problems with loose leads or areas of unstable roof, and best of all, it was dry.

Steve Knox. 7-11-2000

Seen the Cave Safe videos? Want to see them again? Come to a meeting or ring Ralph.

Meets.

Dec 7,8,9,10. "Expedition First Aid" Course	16 DCRO Dinner
Dec 16+17 Santa's Grotto (Pooles)	22 New Mills Street collection
Jan 14 Layby-Carlswark	28 Sell Gill
Feb 10 Lancaster-County	25 Peak (White River-Moosetrap)
March 11 Juniper Gulf	24 Clatterway Level
April 7 Alum-Diccan	

If you are new to the club, a reminder- there are numerous trips on in addition to the above. This applies to weekend and mid week. All you need to do is pick up the phone or check your e mail.

Want a Gore-Tex waterproof?-ring Ralph NOW.

A full report on the DCRO Training Day at Whitehall and the "Monyash" practice will be included in the next Newsletter in March/April.

Work on stabilising the slope in Oxlow continues.

The Nettle "pull thro" chains are now in situ(but for how long!!) and the route to Derbyshire Hall has been bolted.

As the water at the foot of Wharf Engine Shaft was 12' deep last week the task of pumping out the sump in Hillocks has been postponed-as has the proposed dive in Lumb Hole.

Don't forget-if you are free on a Wednesday evening there's always the dig in Poole's Cavern!



It looks as tho' Nigel will shortly be back in action!!



Programme Of Events 2001

Month	Date	Day	Special Note	Cave	Perm Req.	Reque st sent	Chased	Perm Rec.	Comment
January	6	sat	New Years Day	Lay by Pot/ Carlswalk	No				
	7	sun							
	13	sat							
	14	sun							
	20	sat		Sell Gill	No				
	21	sun							
	27	sat							
	28	sun							
February	3	sat		Lancaster/County Pot	Yes	12 nov		21/nov	
	4	sun							
	10	sat							
	11	sun							
	17	sat		Peak Cavern	Yes	12 nov		3 dec	
	18	sun							
	24	sat							
	25	sun							
March	3	sat		Clatter way Levels	No				
	4	sun							
	10	sat							
	11	sun		Juniper Gulf	Yes	12 nov		3 dec	resheduled
	17	sat							
	18	Sun							
	24	sat							
	25	Sun							
	31	Sat							