

CLUB NEWS

C.C.P.C. Newsletter for April 1996

Well, it does not seem that long since I sent Mark the master copies of my first 'newsletter' and here I am writing the second one. I can tell you this though, the instance you have put them in the post box you find something wrong with your copy. It never pays to be a smart-a*se either, when I did my little intentional mistake for Steve Knox's article I was inviting trouble. There they were, spelling mistakes all over the place, who could have done them?. I know it's Keith's wife Chris, I can blame her, but alas when I read through her typing, it was impeccable. Then at last I found the villain it was that bloody 'spell checker' on my computer. It has a mind of its own, if for example I misspell the word EERIE (as I did last month) intending it to describe to you something 'weird or uncanny' what does it do? It decides that because I missed a letter off the beginning of the word, I must have meant 'The Nest of a Bird of Prey' (or is it pray) or alternatively the name of a big lake on the American/Canadian border. It knows sweet sod all of any use, it doesn't correct me if I use the wrong (Two, To or Too) neither does it spare me the embarrassment of (There, Their, Of or Off) the list is endless. We really start getting into the realms of fantasy when it decides that I live in America and inserts 'Zeds' or is it 'Zees' at random into words which (or is it witch) I always thought contained an 'S', but what (watt?) really

tires me out is when it changes tyres to tires. So I have decided that from now on, any errors are not mine and shall be deemed to be the fault of the 'Microsoft' corporation. Ed.

I am pleased to say that my appeal for articles for inclusion in the Newsletter has met with some good response. In particular the articles and information coming in from sources other than my regulars, (the ones I usually depend on) It is great to see the effort that is put into each contribution whether it is the time spent writing the article, typing it up or putting it on a disk for my convenience, it is all appreciated so keep them coming. If possible I try to leave the article untouched so that what you see here is what I receive (plus an illustration here and there). They are not necessarily my own views, opinions or choice of words. The same criteria must also apply to any comment made by me, that is to say they are my views and not necessarily those of the clubs.

N.C.A. 'SPELEOScene' carried the following snippets of information.

KNOTLOW POLLUTION

DCA are working with the National River's Authority to try to track down the sources of the pollution which regularly affect Knotlow. Unfortunately this is a major undertaking since there are a number of different sources active at various times and it will be some time before the problem can be solved. In the mean time, mindful of the possible dangers of gas or bad air due to pollution, warning notices are to be placed inside the mine. Thanks to Paz Vale and Eldon P.C. for organizing this.

NETTLE POT

There is an extremely unstable pile of boulders perched above the head of Elizabeth pitch and, although it has been looked at and rattled around in an effort to stabilize it, it is still in place and must be avoided. The more direct of the two DMM routes lands you on top of this pile, the alternative route by-passes the pile, although you still end up below it later. The Bolting Co-ordinator, Mark Lowe, has been consulted and for the present a notice will be put next to the two DMM's which should be avoided, advising that you rig the alternative route. (The DMM's will be left in place so that, if and when the situation stabilizes, they can be brought back into use.)

MANDALE MINE GATE

Following the rescue last year and at the request of English Nature, the adit is now gated. It will require the same spanner as the Knotlow bolts or alternatively, a large adjustable. Please ensure that you "lock" the gate behind you when you go in to avoid problems.

ROBINS SHAFT MINE

This has now had DMM's placed throughout, thanks to Crewe C.P.C.

It is with regret that I have to report the death of Mick Stratford.

As I did not know him personally, I will use a quote from Ralph to be our farewell to him.

"Mick will be remembered by our older members for a cheerful, happy go lucky approach to life and for obsession with rapid abseils down 'big pitches'. He almost certainly held the record for the fastest 'free fall' (almost) down GG main shaft and Long Rake was almost renamed after him!"
Our sympathies go to his family.



TELEVISION lies. All television lies. It lies persistently, instinctively and by habit.

Everyone involved lies. A culture of mendacity surrounds the medium and those who work there live it, breathe it and prosper by it.



FALSE: Everything in television from the control room to the studio is manipulated

Having just read the above article, I thought you might be interested in this letter to the B.B.C.

Anne Robinson
Points of View
B.B.C. Television

Dear points of view,

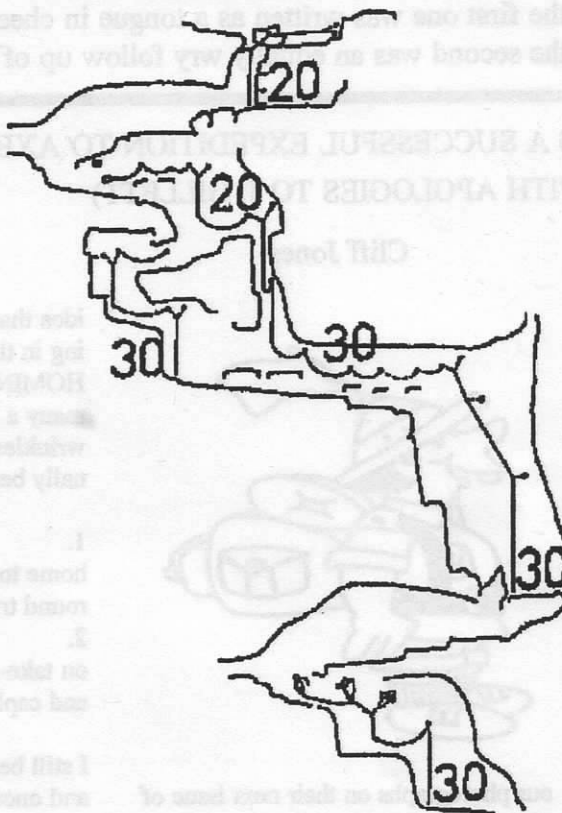
Why? oh Why? oh Why? do those silly people at your police 999 rescue programme insist on getting it all wrong? First of all you insist on giving us all "i" strain by only showing two people who kept saying "i" all the time, according to my sources 'Miss smarty pants Robinson' there were forty two other people involved and are we really expected to believe that half of Derbyshire was held up with only a "Teapot" to stop those poor boys from being crushed.? It is also obvious that you used actors to play certain parts, as on one occasion I spotted two "Robbie Coltraine" look-a-likes standing near to a fake hole in a hillside and pretending to be part of the famous "Matlock Fire Brigades, Expert Rope Team" they looked more like a bunch of potholer's to me, scruffy sods. Wasn't it lucky that those brave lads had a packet of "Woodbines" with them instead of warm clothing and the presence of mind to 'light up' despite the fact that they could have blown the crap out of those trying to rescue them. I was biting my nails as they got down to their last fag, what if that man had not been able to smell the smoke in that rabbit warren of passages and hidden tunnel's, they might never have found them. The weather looked awful, snowing one minute and sweltering hot the next. But what really spoiled it for me was that you included some fake amateur video that contained footage of people who had nothing to do with this rescue at all. It was plain to see by their scruffy unkempt appearance that they had been sleeping rough in that mine, you could have found them by the smell no doubt, at least those other people looked tidy. Thankfully they were only shown briefly. Otherwise an excellent programme showing the rescue work of the R.S.P.C.A.

Yours faithfully,
Isaac Hunt
North Staffordshire.

BULL POT

Due to a number of parties having difficulty during the ascent of the final pitch, the eco anchor arrangement in Bull pot Kingsdale has been changed.

The anchor beyond the small rock bridge has been removed. The final pitch can be rigged thus; initial belay point is the large block at the start of the pitch followed by a natural spike above head height, with a deviation from the small rock bridge;

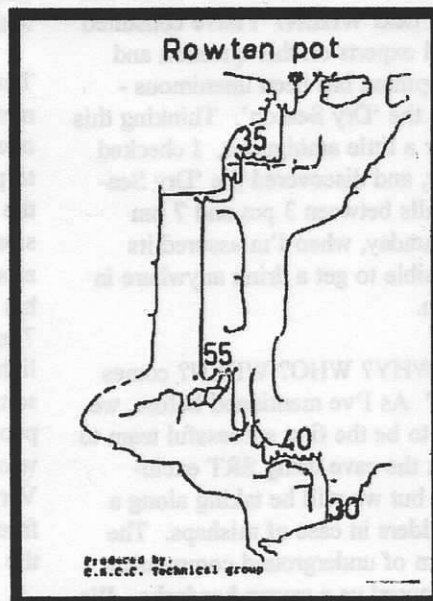


descend a couple of metres to an Eco anchor out over the pitch.

A short sling is required for the spike belay, and two slings, (1) short and (1) long for the deviation.

In addition, an additional deviation has been installed on the 4th . pitch, this additional deviation is about 10 metres below the first deviation, at the natural bulge in the shaft.

As an option to the C.N.C.C. rigging guides they are preparing a series of rigging cards. These will be slightly larger than a credit card as indicated on the right. They will be encased in plastic and as well as the cave route, they will contain all the other information required to plan the trip, locate and descend the cave. Only the more popular and complex caves will be covered. Already on sale at Bernie's and Inglesport.



REVERSE SIDE

This will contain all the information required for the trip.



REPORT THEFTS TO C.N.C.C.

Their news letter reports that thefts from vehicles in the Yorkshire Dales are on the increase. In an attempt to combat this they are asking that you report any incidents to them by contacting the C.N.C.C. secretary or by phoning the information in on 01695 728673 giving the date, time and location. They will attempt to collate the information with a view to staking out vulnerable places and hopefully to catch the culprits red handed.

A BLAST FROM THE PAST

As promised in the last newsletter, the following two articles are taken from some old club journals belonging to Ralph. I believe that the first one was written as a tongue in cheek response to all the planning for the 'Berger trip' and the second was an equally wry follow up of the first article.

PLANNING A SUCCESSFUL EXPEDITION TO AXE HOLE (WITH APOLOGIES TO J. GILLETT)

Cliff Jones

The first question you must ask yourself when planning an expedition of this kind is WHY? Well, why not! Seriously though, Axe Hole, being the deepest (or possibly the second deepest) on Stanley Moor, holds some kind of fascination for most dedicated cavers, and our expedition was planning to be the first successful team ever (I think) to do the whole cave using SRT only. I believe the first expedition to try this mammoth task were the West Bromwich Brownie Troop Speleological Section, who were turned back at the entrance by a particularly vicious looking spider.

I already hear the sceptics amongst you cry "impossible". Well you may be right (who am I to doubt) but our plans are simple (they have to be otherwise most team members couldn't understand them) with an assault team of approximately sixty cavers we will use siege tactics and hopefully get three or four to the bottom.

After asking yourself WHY? Your second question must be WHOO? - easy - anybody. Anybody that is who can afford the expense. I took meticulous care over the financial aspect of the expedition, and programmed all relevant information into my son's abacus and came up with what I consider to be a reasonable cost unit per person, somewhere between three yellow beads and two red ones.

While discussing finance I should mention sponsors. I contacted several but none of them seem enthusiastic, it may well be that they consider the task before us too difficult or doomed to failure - NEAR SIGHTED DIM WITTED FOOLS! My only success was the Post Office GIRO BANK, who donated £4.65p (actually I emptied my savings account, but I intend to recoup this when they use some of



our photographs on their next issue of commemorative stamps).

Well now, we've answered WHY and WHO, next WHEN? I have consulted several experts on this question and their opinion has been unanimous - during the 'Dry Season'. Thinking this answer a little ambiguous, I checked further, and discovered the 'Dry Season' falls between 3 pm and 7 pm on a Sunday, when I'm assured it's impossible to get a drink anywhere in Buxton.

After WHY? WHO? WHEN? comes HOW? As I've mentioned before, we hoped to be the first successful team to bottom the cave using SRT exclusively, but we will be taking along a few ladders in case of mishaps. The problem of underground communications caused us a severe headache. We planned to have a telephone link from Camp 1 to the surface, and to save us time and money, we contacted the experts - BRITISH TELECOM. Remembering how well we had done on sponsorship from their cousins the Post Office, we expected big things, only to be told that we would have to pay an £80 connection fee and 10p a call thereafter. RIDICULOUS!!

It was at this stage I came up with an

idea that could be worthwhile pursuing in the future - HOMING PIGEONS -. We spent many a long day trying to iron out the wrinkles in this one, but we were finally beaten on two counts:

1. The pigeon invariably flew home to Stoke, which meant a 20 mile round trip to find out the message and,
2. The pigeon struggled a little on take-off wearing an Oldham battery and caplamp.

I still believe the idea is a sound one, and once these problems are overcome someone will make a killing. 'HOMING BATS' were also auditioned (illegally I've since learned) but with no success.

Tin cans and string was the only method we found acceptable (the old ones are still the best) but this too led to problems. While testing, we found the string often broke because of abrasion, as the string had to be laid around several sharp bends. To combat this problem we used very thick 7 mm cord, but as we were also using lightweight 8 mm SRT rope this led to some confusion on pitches, where people would sometimes use the wrong rope (or cord) to climb on. Very often one could hear a shout from above "Can you please get off the line, I'm trying to make a call".

WHY? WHO? WHEN? HOW? The next question must be obvious WHERE?

Does anybody know where Axe Hole is?

excellent little tale that was, now read on for Ralphs view as to how the problem could be solved. (ed)

UNDERGROUND TO SURFACE COMMUNICATIONS PART 1

By Ralph Johnson

Having heard on the grapevine of Cliff's attempts at underground communications using carrier pigeons equipped with miner's cap lamps, I decided that an intellectual approach to the problem was called for. The 'Think Tank' (often referred to by jealous juveniles as the 'Stink Tank') were drafted in and the problem placed before them during their monthly meeting on the geriatric ward. For the members unaware of the existence of this powerful group I will enlighten you - it consists of a select band of our elderly members who have celebrated their 40th birthday - several times in some cases - and are easily recognised by the absence of, or gray tinge suggested that this caused by inadequate blood supply to the hardening of the alcohol poisoning.

However, point of this article, The Oldham idea was obviously doomed to failure due to the weight of the battery and the difficulty in getting the correct size of helmet. (Caving Supplies were

approached but Phil Brown was doubtful of the commercial value of stocking helmets of this size). The prototype system involved equipping the birds with secondhand 'Jones Lighting System' minus the 'Willy Warmer' as this was thought unnecessary, since not even male pigeons are equipped with the required appendage.

(These lamps can usually be bought cheaply from the designer or even exchanged for a small quantity of Ruddles County). Unfortunately, due to wiring difficulties the "Willy Warmer" wire coil had to remain in place, causing the birds difficulties on starless nights since the coil produced a magnetic field canceling out the Earth's magnetic field, thus making navigation impossible. Even on clear nights or sunny days when pigeons revert to normal techniques (for pigeons that is) the peaked helmets caused further problems by shading the bird's eyes and when the peak was removed the bright light from the cap lamp seemed to confuse the birds, who seemed to find difficulty in distinguishing artificial light from sunlight. Pigeons weren't the answer.

A number of other animals with homing instincts were considered, but each time the age old problem of lighting reared its ugly head. The solution finally came during the monthly committee meeting, once again held on the geriatric ward - BATS!!

Unfortunately, British Bats are protected by law, so it became necessary to import foreign specimens from a dubious source in Transylvania. These arrived in an odd shaped wooden container, reminiscent of the lower

passages in Knotflow which has already proved useful as a container for carrying bulky equipment and doubling up as a comfortable 'bivvy' should the need arise. I'm sure that the more intelligent amongst you will already have spotted the

flaw - Bats don't 'Home'. This was overcome by an extensive course of

conditioning, (referred to as brainwashing by some authors). The idea was to persuade the bats to return to the desired roost each time they were released. The wooden box was made more attractive by the addition of a red velvet lining, and a number of experiments proved the ideal food to be a mixture of pig-pudding and liquefied raw liver. Despite repeated attempts to feed the animals on proprietary bat food consisting of bed bugs (SWCC) and cockroaches (OCC) they seemed disinterested in anything but the

evil looking concoction supplied by the local abattoir. The conditioning worked well, it was only necessary to release the bats underground. (They seemed to work best after dusk, becoming inoperative round about dawn, which fortunately coincides with one of the 'dry' periods mentioned in the previous article). With the attached message the bat will then fly to the open wooden container (equipped with an adequate supply of pig pudding etc.), placed close to the cave entrance.

The system has not been without its teething problems and one of these seems to be the quality of operator. So far all those involved have disappeared without trace during their first mission, no doubt the attraction of the bright lights of Buxton have proved too strong, but at least the bat population appears to be increasing despite assurances that all those supplied had been neutered. No doubt these minor problems will be solved before the next issue.

For Sale

The ideal furry pet for Christmas. Ring CCPC C/o S-o-T

Quantity of small caving helmets. Apply One 'Jones Lighting System'. Name and address supplied.

Large quantity of Bat Guano. Apply Equipment Advisory Panel, CCPC

Wanted

Experienced bat operators. Ring Newcastle 666 Lost

Forty seven experienced cavers. Contact Equipment Advisory Panel CCPC

YES THERE REALLY IS A RESCUE PRACTICE

9th June 1996

Meet up at the P8 car park 10 am.

DO TRY TO BE THERE



Ralph has the usual items for sale, although no one has yet approached him regarding the 'F' cells.
May I remind you that the 'F' refers to their type and not their condition.
Excellent value at only £6.50



New fleece lined mitts £11.00 per pair.
Gloves £1.50 per pair.



'Gortex' bib and brace over trousers £38.00 per pair.
Fleece trousers £5.00 per pair.



New rugby shirts £10.00 each

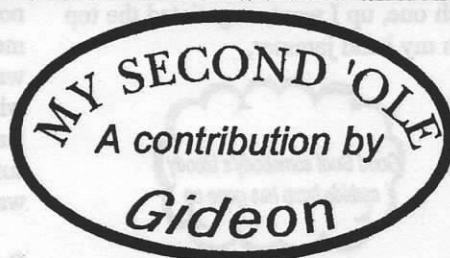


Orpheus Caving Club Cottage, comfortable cottage, up to 18 people midweek, changing rooms, hot showers WCs, lamp charging parking and camping space. Only £3.00 per night. Phone Jenny Potts on 01335-370629

Don't forget to let me have your for sale, swaps or unwanted items.

CAVING TRIPS

Dear all, I have been to several of your gatherings in recent months and heard the clarion call for articles. Now not professing to have any journalistic or even literary skill I thought you might be interested in my experiences with thrusting down dark places from the novices point of view.



Just to be different I thought I'd tell you about my second brush with oles rather than the first. The reason for this is that you must all be bored to tears with first timers going on about how weird and wonderful it was and how they can't wait for a second go. Well not me, for my second hole I knew it was going to be cold, I knew it was going to be wet and above all I knew that bruises would appear on parts of my body that day light very rarely ventures.

To set the scene for the beginning, we start in that mixture of cavers alladins cave / transport cafe upstairs some where in Ingleborough, a place which as far as I remember is miles from anywhere.. What a strange place I must say. Good memories of tucking into a cavers breakfast with a bunch of people who could hardly be described as city types or even vaguely cool. This is obviously the land of fleece jackets, where tales of I've been colder and wetter than you have, are shared. This cavers breakfast can only be described as the artery clotter special with additional flatulence inducing juice for good measure, mmmmm me thinks, so this is how we are going to keep warm, but what about those people with carbide lamps, they could get blow back and internal burns in places where you shouldn't really get them. Anyway on with the tale.....

It was a cold winters day and the drive to the hole was treacherous indeed, mainly because we couldn't see it as it was covered in snow. Out of the car we jumped and into the bondage gear we slipped. This was to be my first go with SRT down a cave. The first party led by a man I had come to know as Brian went up the hill and I was assured that we would meet again later.

Ruth, who I know and I were led to our hole by Ross who I don't know. 20 minutes later, up on this hill and feeling knackered already we located the hole, who is affectionately known as Swinsto by all his / her friend, (I'm not sure if pot holes have genders?) and down we went. Ross shot of saying we would meet again.

Got to the first pitch and there was no Ross to be found, so we SRT'd down, (I presume that's the expression), only to find another hole which was presumably the way, on the premise that neither Ruth or I were going to fit any of the other available crevices. I have now been reliably informed that this is not the best approach to navigating a hole, but it seemed like a good idea at a time. On with the hole, next was a bit of walking, crouching, crawling and finally nose against the ground / water before we came out to another pitch. I can remember hearing the roar of the water fall as I approached. Ruth was behind me at the time, but we don't like to talk about it like that!!!! Cats tails on, Decender on, Ruth checks me over, (come on boys and girls I meant Ruth checks my rig, nothing else), and down I go. Pitch two out the way.

A bit more crawling and pitch three, I'm getting good at this and down I go. Now we came to pitch four, much the same affair, rapidly followed by pitch five, we seemed to have come down an awfully long way, only hope we don't have to go up again!!!

Onward from pitch five and we meet some of the party coming the other way. Now in my appalling memory, I'm sure they went to the top of the mountain like we did, so I guess we have some going up SRTing to do. A few more crawls and we meet Brian,

remember Brian? The came the news that I was actually on the easy route and supposed to be coming out of a place called 'valley entrance', now my geography isn't great, but I know that valleys are in general lower than mountains, oh goody no up bits, then Brian said "valleys shut we have to go back up the way we came". What does he mean shut, can't we go and pick the locks or break the door down, just because it's a Sunday. Now either pot hollers are very law abiding citizens, or may be the entrance was actually impassable and I had a nasty feeling it was the latter of the two.

Back to pitch five, one frozen Mars bar, one look upwards, one load of "oh shit", know what I mean, this was going to be a challenge. One of the returnees held the rope out form the waterfall whilst the other shot up and it looked an awful long way. I think it was Andy who shot up. Then there was a shout, "Gideon its your turn" oh big shits. Chest jammer on, hand jammer on and slowly but very un-surely I edged up. This was knacker-ing, a quarter of the way up I was thinking my legs had gone and more importantly to me at the time I was thinking that I was affected by that famous adjective, you know the one. Newton said "what the **** was that" when the apple fell, Custer said "where the **** did all those Indians come from" and Damon hill just says "*****" every time he gets beaten by Schumacker. Well as for me at the time I was thinking how the bibbly-bopeep am I going to get out of this, (ha ha, you though I was going to say "*****", so you were wrong - smutty minded so and so's). Well I took a few breathers and slowly inched my way up. If this is number one of five.....oh shit!! Got to the top and no Andy, at least I don't remember, but I got off the pitch and connected myself up to number 4.

Number 2 was cold and wet, I think I managed to get off this pitch OK and waited for the others. The others came and shouted, 'you go on with Andy' so I did, but I omitted to tell them that

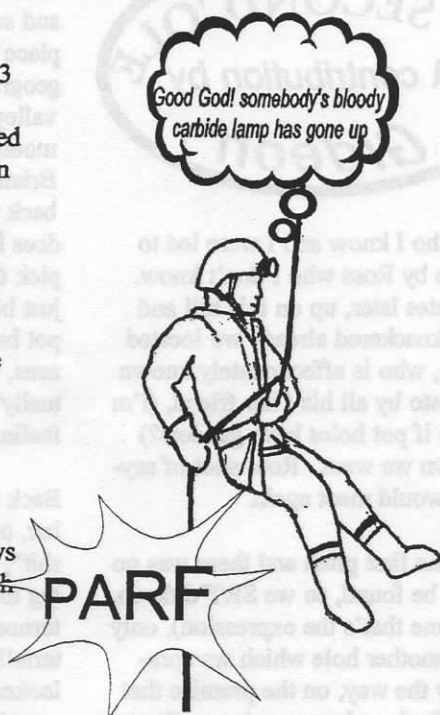
Andy had buggered off and was no where to be seen! Pitch 3. Up I went, just about mastering SRT, now that I had started to remember to use my feet to hold the rope, a small fact that had made the last two rather hard work, plus the fact that my chest harness was expanding as if it was expecting a rather large breast implant or perhaps another body. Now got to the top of 3 and could I figure out how to get of this pitch, could I hell. Tried this, tried that, all ended up with me spinning on the rope, cats tails attached the right bits. Eventually the others caught me up. The next thing I knew Brian was on his way up and all I could see was this carbides lamp aiming straight for my bum, better not fart now, could be explosive!!!! Well with Brian's help off the pitch I eventually got, thanks Brian.

Pitch 2. Up I go, Brian holding the rope and to the very top I got, got cows tail on, disconnect jammers, (yes Ralph in the correct order!), looked over the hole and I'd come up through the wrong one, to high.....bugger. Well managed to climb over the hole and down to where I should have been, loosing a glove in the process. Well I didn't loose the glove, in fact I know exactly where it is, just that I took it off to release my chest jammer, and having got over the hole, was in a position where retrieval could be described as "very silly idea" Anyway of to pitch number one to the tune of "Hi Ho, Hi Ho, it's off to work we go....."

Well this was down the crawl that I remember shooting down on the way in. Now I was feeling very knackered, dehydrated and the old ticker was doing its bit to add to the tension, now this was hard work. It seemed to take for ever to get to the final pitch and it was probably at this bit that I was questioning my own sanity, a pretty pointless exercise as my sanity can hardly be said to be rational or even existent, more degrees of madness would be a better description. I can remember Brian saying of the very wet

bits how it wouldn't be necessary to wash our kit out, on the basis of how wet we were, I think I understood what he meant at the time.

Pitch one, up I went, negotiated the top with my hand jammer,



(a tip from Brian no less!), and onwards I crawled. I know it wasn't far to the entrance but it felt like it. Day light appears and up I pop, much to the annoyance and disgust of a nearby rabbit who was having a crap at the time.

Brian wasn't much later, telling me before running off that Ruth was at the bottom on the last pitch looking knackered, a feeling that was not to dissimilar to what I was feeling at the time, at least I was at the top though!!!! It seemed like ages, (and probably was before the last two came out, (can't remember his name, but he has a funny beard and mustache - you know the type who only shave the parts of the face outside the centre 2.5 inches anyway that's the only way I can describe him) and Ruth. In the meantime I walked around in the virgin snow forming an ever decreasing circle in an attempt to warm myself up. Af-

ter about 5 minutes I heard, (and felt) a muted brrrrup, followed by a larger more potent one. Ah the flatulent microbes from the mornings breakfast had obviously been in hibernation and now I'd warmed up were compus menatus and doing their stuff. What a warm feeling that was, god knows what scorch marks it was going to leave on a certain part of Dave's wet suit, but I cannot say at the time that I was thinking about that much.

Out pops Ruth and whatshisname and we trooped of back to the car. Whatshisname ran off - flash git. On the way down, the snows had started to melt exposing mud with the colour and consistency of Cadbury's chocolate spread, (buy some if you don't understand what I mean, and if you don't like it pass it on to me because I do!), but no doubt not the taste of Cadbury's. A couple of minor slips and covered in the stuff I was, so much for not having to wash kit out Brian!!!!

And that's about it, (yes I know you shouldn't start a sentence with the word 'and'). Got to the pub, after we had changed of course. Met up with Andy, who was looking a bit sheepish, thought that pot holers were supposed to stick together with more than the adhesion associated with 'post it' notes!

Will I give it another go, you bet!! But only after the bruises have gone, got some absolute stunners!

GR

This is what we want, swashbuckling tales of mates sticking together, risking their necks for each other, all for one and one for all. An excellent contribution, keep e'm coming (ed)

PS. slightly concerned about the references to cats tails, nothing to do with the current hysteria regarding B.S.E. I hope?

Please check if your Subs are
overdue !

JACKPOT

When we got to p8 at 9.30. We got dressed ready to go in the cave. We checked our lamps and went in the cave. My dad helped us in, so did Ralph. We were not half way in the cave and I got my wellies wet. I could feel the water inside my wellies. When we were about half way in we had to climb down a ladder, I nearly fell in but Ralph caught me. We then climbed over the boulders. Then we crossed over two holes to the top of a fixed iron ladder. We climbed down the ladder Me and my dad had a look down this hole, while my brother Jonathan and Ralph were in front. When we had a look down the hole I nearly went the wrong way, but my dad told me where to go. There are a lot of holes that I could fall down so I had to be careful where I put my feet. My brother Jonathan was in front most of the way so he was first going round this horrible bit, my dad told me to stay where I was a minute. I tried to get ready for when my dad came but I nearly fell so I stayed where I was until my dad came (note always do as your dad tells you) I got past the horrible bit, it was OK. I was thinking how people would

fit threw the holes because they were that small, but we went the easy way. We got to the end of the cave where some people had left some diving equipment, we then turned back. On the way out we saw Steve Knox and John Preston we stopped and had a chat for a minute. Just after the iron ladder we saw two more cavers who were going in to dive the sump. When we came to the ladder we decided to go up with my dad pulling me that worked out easily. When we got to Idiots Leap Ralph clipped some rope onto me. Then I walked up the wall while my dad pulled me up. When we got out I said to my dad "it is hot out here" my dad said "it is because the cave was cold". After we got changed we went to the Wanted Inn for a drink. I thought it was good but a bit cold in places, and muddy. My brother thought it was ace and can't wait to go again.

BY

JULIEANNE & JONATHAN
HOLDCROFT

Absolutely brilliant, now that should shame one or two people into putting pen to paper, it was even put onto a floppy disk for me! what you see, is as it came, although I decided it deserved a nice border.
Ed.

FORTHCOMING MEETS

MAY

- Sat 4th **DAN Y OGOF** , South Wales, Swansea Valley, Grade 3.5, Length 15.5 Km.
- Sun 12th **ROWTEN HOLE**, Yorkshire, West Kingsdale, Grade 4, Length 259 Mtrs. Depth 105 Mtrs.

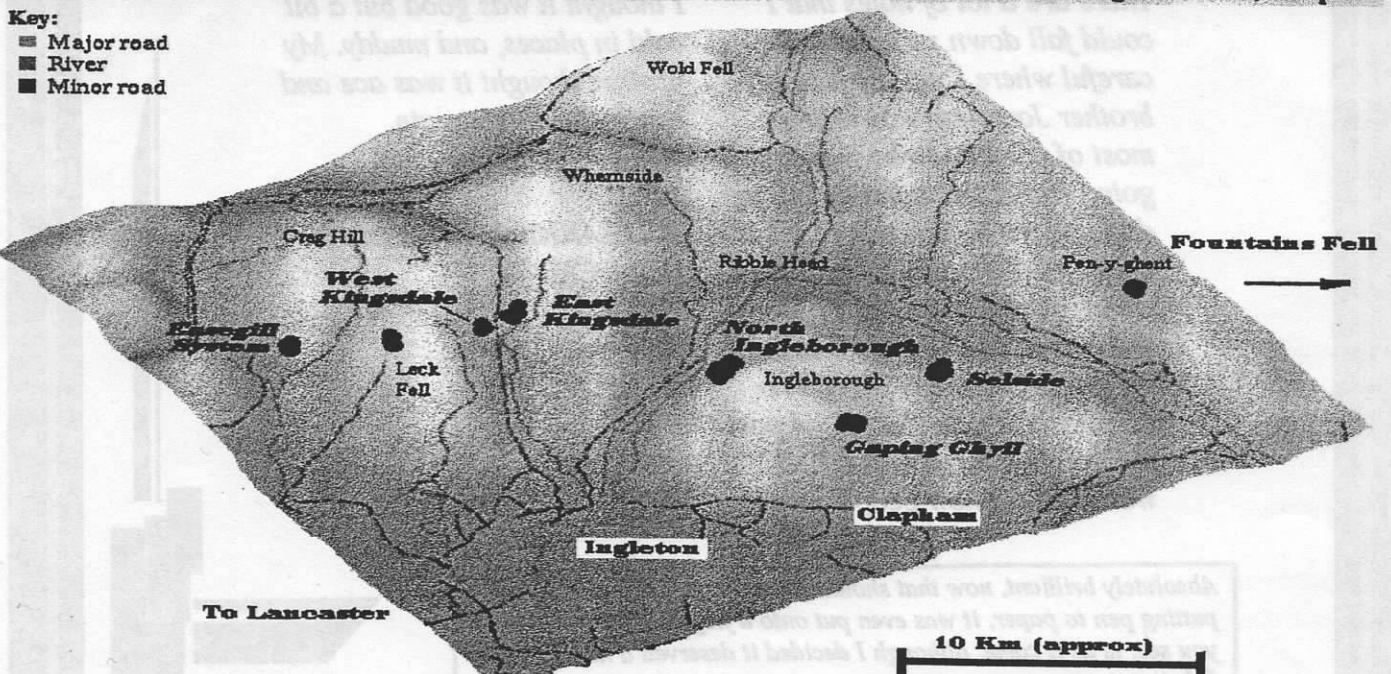
- Sun 19th **ALUM POT / LOWER LONG CHURN**, Yorkshire, Grade 3, Length 888 Mtrs. Depth 107

JUNE

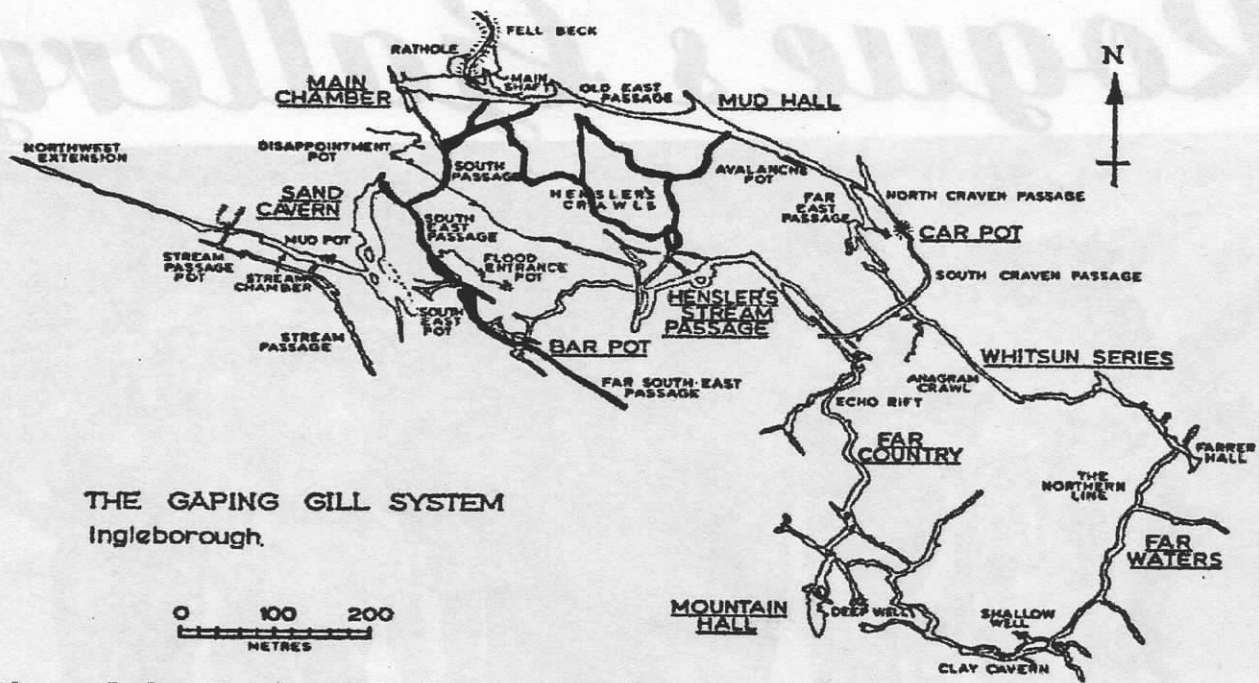
- Sat 1st **LANCASTER / EASEGILL**, Yorkshire, Grade 3.5, Length 52 Km, Depth 137 Mtrs.
- Sun 9th **CAVE RESCUE PRACTICE** , Derbyshire, Meet on P8 Car Park at 10.00 am.
- Sun 16th **OGOF HESP ALYN**, North Wales, Alyn Valley, Grade 3.4
- Sat 22nd **HURNEL MOSS POT**, Yorkshire, Gaping Gyll, Grade 3, Length 140 mtrs. Depth 110
- Sat 29th **WHITESCAR CAVE**, Yorkshire, Grade 3.4, Length 6.5 Km.

JULY

- Sat 6th **SWILDONS HOLE**, Somerset, Priddy Green, Grade 3.5
- Sat 13th **BIRKS FELL CAVE**, Yorkshire, Upper Wharfedale, Grade 4, Length 3.6 Km , Depth 142
- Sun 28th **OUT SLEETS BECK POT**, Yorkshire, Pen-y-ghent Gill, Grade 3, Length 975 M, Depth

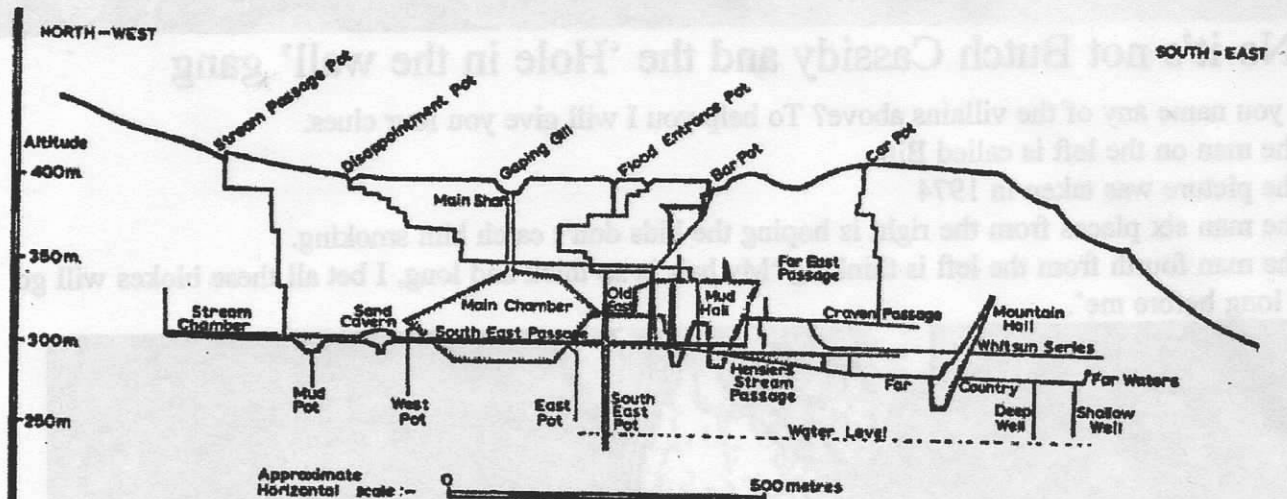


I thought you may like this topographical 3D map of the Yorkshire cave areas showing their relationship to each other, plus a section map of the Gaping Ghyll system etc. Could be useful to new members maybe? Ed.

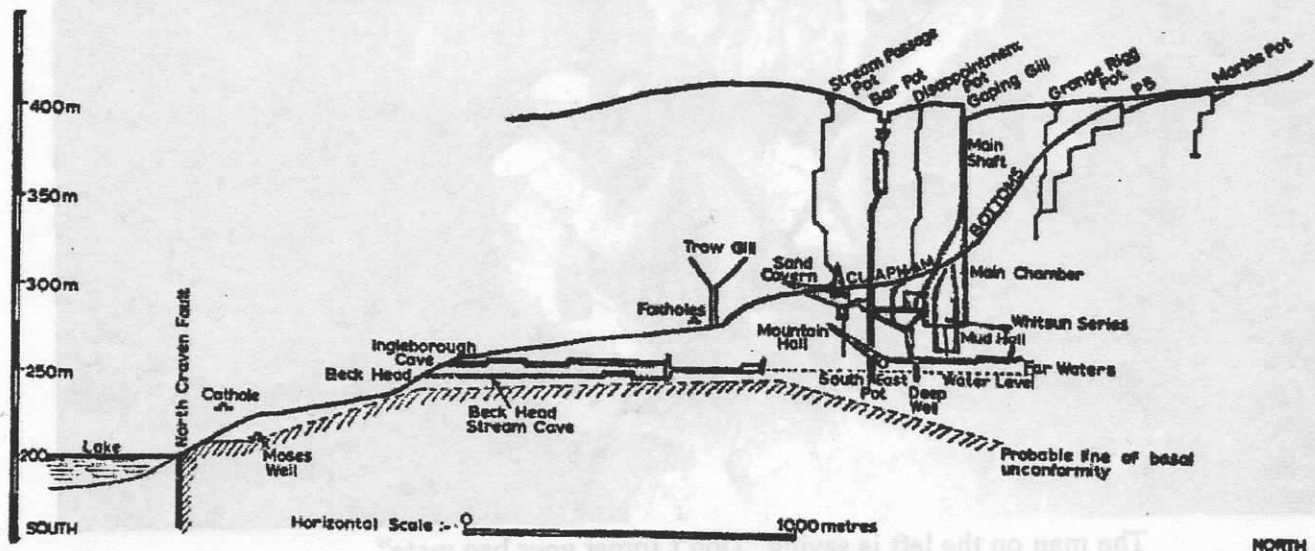


THE GAPING GHYLL SYSTEM
Ingleborough.

Plan of the Gaping Ghyll system showing the Porcellaneous band (the inked-in passages)



Diagrammatic cross-section of the main passages



Schematic section through Gaping Ghyll and clappedale valley

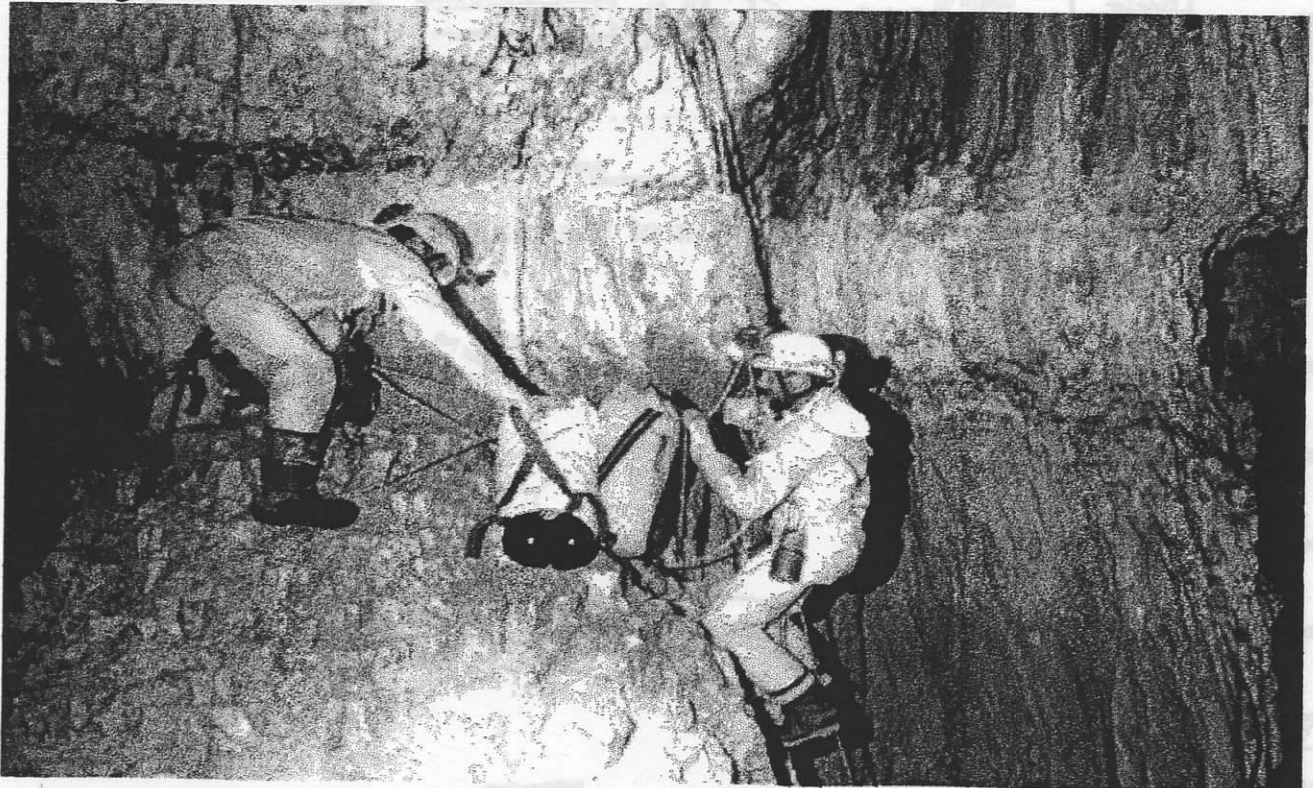
Rogue's Gallery



No it's not Butch Cassidy and the 'Hole in the wall' gang

Can you name any of the villains above? To help you I will give you four clues.

1. The man on the left is called Bill
2. The picture was taken in 1974
3. The man six places from the right is hoping the kids don't catch him smoking.
4. The man fourth from the left is thinking 'My hair is so thick and long, I bet all these blokes will go bald long before me'.



The man on the left is saying "Don't forget your bag mate"

The one on the right is saying "What bag, I didn't bring a bag"

ANOTHER EXCELLENT CAVING TRIP

This article by Steve is particularly interesting as it is the same trip that was described earlier on by Gideon. Here it is described from the standpoint of an experienced caver.

Sunday 25th February 1996:
Swinsto Hole/Simpson's Pot

This was planned as an exchange trip, with each route being rigged, so parties could go in one way and out the other, with Valley Entrance as an easy exit option. John Preston and I took the gear for Simpson's and, after breakfast at Inglesport, we set off to Kingsdale, only to find that no-one else had been that way through the snow! We eventually got to the top of the hill, although John spent most of the last half mile pushing (I've replaced the tyres since then, and these new ones with squiggly lines on seem to work a lot better).

By the time we were changed we had thought up all kinds of reasons why we didn't want to prussick all the way out through Swinsto, so we left a note on the windscreen saying we would leave Simpson's rigged and exit through Valley entrance. Unfortunately I put the note on the wrong side of the car so no-one else saw it. We plodded up the hill through the snow and went straight to the entrance, unfortunately it was the wrong entrance, but by a process of elimination we eventually found THE entrance (nothing like I remembered). Ralph had kindly selected all the necessary ropes

and maillons and I had packed and labelled them for each pitch, so there couldn't be any problems could there?

The entrance crawl was COLD and WET but was soon passed and we reached the top of the Five Steps, which although equipped with 'P' bolts are not regarded as pitches in the guide. We traversed over the Pit and climbed down Chandelier Pot (easy to recognise by the hanging stal mass out over the pitch) and Camel Pot (obvious shaped rock) which again are 'P' bolted but not listed as pitches. At Stake Pot (6m) we used our first rope which was JUST long enough, and after traversing over the next hole we climbed down to the lip of Storm Pot (9m) which on this visit was living up to its name with plenty of water coming in through the roof high above. Just enough rope allowed us to land at the end of a long, deep pool covered in brown foam, but the way onward is less obvious being an arched opening tucked low down in the right wall, and with only a little airspace above the water. I kindly let John go through first, hoping he wouldn't, but then as he did, I had to follow. Apparently the trick is not to leave your feet one side of the duck when you try to stand up on the other!

Being a little damp we pushed on to the next pitch, Carol Pot (11m) followed by a more constricted section of passage to Shuffle Pot (4.5m) and then to Lake Pot (4.5m) which as you would expect dropped into a shallow pool. A decorated streamway led us quickly to the top of Aven Pot (8m) which we were able to rig with a short (very short) traverse line out to the most suitable of the 'P' bolts, no two of which would have given an acceptable 'Y' hang (not that we had enough rope for that anyway!) Above the lip of the pitch a knotted rope led up to the right, eventually leading to the alternative Great Aven (40m), but we decided to give that a miss this time. (Its one of Keith Faulkners favourite routes - ask him about it!).

Only a short way beyond the foot of Aven Pitch we reached the chamber at the top of Slit Pot (24m). By this time we were aware that someone was coming in behind us, and as we finished rigging the pitch Ralph arrived with John and Richard Martin. It was one of those magic moments:-

Steve: "Hello Ralph",

Ralph: "How much rope have you got left?"

Steve: "None, why?"

Ralph: "What about all the pitches you didn't rig? I put in lots of short lengths for them."

Steve: "Yes, we used them all."

Ralph: "Oh!"

The point of that conversation is to warn you that there are actually more pitches than are listed under 'Tackle' in Northern Caves: Volume 3, and although they are easy to climb DOWN, they could be difficult to climb back UP, especially if you are tired.

John Preston had a go at The Slit, but with SRT gear on he had no chance of getting through low down. Further attempts in the 'wider' part above, with much pushing and shoving from us, and suddenly he was dangling on the rope on the other side. I found it desperately tight and got stuck part way, but John Martin and Ralph finally hammered me through The Slit, with various bits of

tackle embedded in my pelvis! We waited below for the others to descend but John Martin was having major problems and eventually gave up trying to get through. He and Ralph helped Richard, although being a slim lad he had little difficulty, and he was soon down with us.

Brian and Ross had arrived via Swinsto by this time, and we were all getting cold hanging around. Brian very nobly set off back through Swinsto to de-rig, once he knew that John P. and I were not going out that way, knowing that there were others on their way in that way who could help with the gear.

The rope on Slit Pot was dropped down to us indicating that Ralph and John M. were going back out through Simpson's, so the four of us set off towards Valley entrance and reached the surface without difficulty. Eventually, everyone else reached daylight, by the routes they had used to enter the hill, so no-one actually did an

exchange trip.

Food for thought:

I can't help feeling that the higher route above The Slit could do with enlarging just enough to make it passable to larger cavers, as despite what the guidebook says, it is not big enough. The Slit itself would not be affected, so the slim ones could still be purists and struggle through. At the moment there must be many who find the pitch head extremely difficult, if not impossible to go DOWN, and even more cavers who cannot get back through when coming UP the pitch with nothing to push on as they hang on the SRT rope. Before thin cavers get too upset, I don't want to make caving EASIER, just POSSIBLE! Has anyone got a large hammer, a good chisel and is not afraid of the fury of the thin men?

Steve Knox

Many thanks to Chris Faulkner for typing up the above article for me.

Well far be it from me to start an argument but! I think he has got a very valid point here. As someone who could possibly be described as *politely plump*, some would even say fat. I must confess to thinking on occasions that caving is a sport that is often denied to the calorifically challenged, or put it another way, if a new system was to be discovered and its entrance was say half way through the 'Cheese Press' and only someone weighing six stone wringing wet could pass through, I am willing to bet that it would be opened up in no time to accommodate someone weighing ten to eleven stone. So where is the difference? I maintain that we more generously proportioned people have to do a far harder trip than all the 'skinney's who can just walk through without any impedance at all, they might just as well have a walk around Buxton for all the effort they have to put in. If I had my way I would blast away with impunity, what I couldn't do with a couple of pounds of 'Semtex' and a big 'Kango' hammer.

'The Vice' would be renamed 'The incredibly wide section in Giants' the 'Cheese Press' would become 'The six foot high section leading to Long Churn' and as for 'Slit Pot' what about the 'Hey be careful that you don't fall through that extremely wide gap! Pot'. Ah well we can all dream I suppose, that's it for this one. Thanks to everyone who contributed to this newsletter, keep your articles comming.

Good caving, Ed.