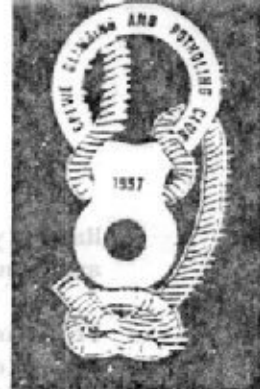


# CCPC



## Newsletter No.21

August 1989

### MISSING PERSON

MICHAEL ANDREW BOULTON, 16 YEARS



### Description

5' 4" tall, slim build, pale complexion, brown eyes, short black hair. When last seen he was wearing a white 'T' shirt with red piping around collar, black shorts, white socks and black "Hi-Tec" trainers.

Michael BOULTON was last seen at approximately 3.30 p.m. Sunday, 7th May, 1989, walking from the village of Eyam along the A623 towards Stoney Middleton.

He lives in the small village of Eyam which is situated in the Peak District National Park, Derbyshire. This area attracts a large number of tourists and is renowned for countryside activities including walking, climbing and potholing.

His disappearance is of concern to the investigating Officers as there appears to be no apparent reason why he should not have returned home. Despite extensive enquiries and searches over a five mile radius of his home, no information has been forthcoming about his whereabouts, therefore, our enquiries are moving towards the possibility of his abduction.

We would be grateful if you or any of your Club Members were in the Eyam area of Derbyshire on Sunday, 7th of May, 1989, would contact the Police at Buxton 72100 or Hope Valley 30950, even if you or they did not see the missing person.

Yours faithfully,

J. Nicholls  
Detective Superintendent

## SRT SAFETY

Have you ever wondered what would happen if you were on a pull-through SRT trip and you abseiled into the knot of a double rope that was too short?

If the rope is simply passed through an eyebolt or over a sling you will be in trouble unless you have a couple of tape or cord slings to make prussik loops out of. Simply attaching your normal jammers to one of the ropes will only result in the rope being pulled over the belay sling/bolt with you at the bottom.

The problem is easily solved. Having passed the doubled rope over the sling (and fed it into a tackle sack for the abseil if the length or nature of the pitch justifies it), tie a figure of eight knot in each of the two halves of the rope just below the belay and attach these by karabiner to the belay. Now the leader can easily change over to either of the two ropes he/she is abseiling down using conventional equipment and tactics. Only the last person to descend doesn't have this option but they have the knowledge that the rope is long enough and not hooked up on a flake, leaving a nice loop for them to abseil into.

It is perfectly possible to ignore this method and prussik using slings on twin ropes but it takes time to set up and is slow once you are going, which is not a problem..... unless you are hanging under a cold waterfall in which case it is quite possible that you might become unconscious before you rescue yourself.

Generally, the way to stay safe using SRT is this. Each and every time you assume something will work or will not break, ask yourself what will happen if the assumption proves unjustified. Due care and ingenuity should leave you expecting injury or death in only three situations:-

- 1) Your sit harness breaks
- 2) Your abseil devise breaks
- 3) The rope breaks.

On that cheery note, remember to look after these critical items and always tie a knot in the end of the rope you put into the tackle bag. If you don't, sooner or later someone will abseil off the end of one and the effort taken to tie a double figure of eight is well worth the peace of mind.

A H-A



89.

(Cartoon reproduced with kind permission of Geoff Harding, DCC).

## IAIN (THE EAGLE) EDWARDS

"Can you ski?"

"Yes I've got nine years experience - well actually I did two hours nine years ago."

This was the answer Iain Edwards gave us as we were on our way to the airport.

"Never mind, you'll be alright, we'll tell you what to do. Jane and myself have had three lessons on the dry slope at Kildgrove." We would teach him!

After a lot of awful pink 'champagne' on the aged plane (and almost a full bottle of Vodka for Iain) we landed at Plovdiv Airport, Bulgaria. Iain was asleep. The plane emptied and Iain was still asleep. Kevin Mountford and myself started shaking and slapping him until eventually he came round. We carried him off the plane. George Crane, also a bit worse for drink, started taking photographs all over the place, not seeing the bold sign "DO NOT TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS - MILITARY". Luckily, no one saw him.

We passed through customs amazingly with no hassle and waited for the coach. George and Melv started bothering a woman behind the bar for more drinks but to no avail. Iain took offence to this woman not serving alcohol and ran into the toilet (ladies) and threw up into the sink. I followed him in and said "Don't you think that you should pull the plug out?" He put his finger in the plug hole and waggled it about, slurring "It won't go down - look." I quickly pushed him out and closed the door behind. The woman from behind the bar went in shortly after.

On the bus, Iain passed out again and George was making a nuisance of himself with Zoe, a pretty 14 year old girl from Buxton who didn't quite know how to take him. More photographs were clicked.

Later on at the Hotel Rila at Borovetz we all had a beer and the bill came to 12 leva - about £12.00 for six of us.

We decided to go to the night club and started on the shorts (not through choice, the only drinks we could buy were vodka, whisky and Brandy). More photo's were taken by George. Jane, Kev, Melv and myself left Iain and George at about 2 am (they came staggering to bed at about 3:30). The bill for ten shorts or so each came to about £10 total.

Next day, 9 am, we had to collect our skis etc from the hire shop. George looked like death and could not

understand why his camera showed frame number 23. He got into the queue and when it was his turn to be served, gave up and went back to bed. We all got our equipment and went to the Gondolla to the snow. The conditions weren't very good. The only place for skiing was right on the top of the resort involving a 4 Gondolla ascent.

On the snow we tried to explain to Iain how to turn. "Ar, it'll be alright" he answered. I started off and turned around to see Iain fall off the end of the ski run and into some scrub on the first corner. Not to be outdone, he got back on his skis and fell at the next corner and so on all the way down. At the bottom was a tow button lift to take you back up the slope. You should point your parallel ski's uphill, grab hold of the bar, place the small seat between your legs and wait for it to pull you up the hill. We all got to the top and waited for Iain who had apparently fallen off two or three times. We later saw him walking up the hill with his skis and poles slung over his shoulder. He then retired down to the hotel and a few beers.

That evening we met up with our friends Nick and Vera who live in Sofia and had a splendid five course meal with wine, champagne and slivoch all for £2. Finally to bed.

Next day Jane, Kev and myself went to see Nick and Vera off at the bus stop. George took Iain up to the top on the Gondolla. They both skied down



to the second button lift. Iain appeared to be going quite well. Just before the second button lift was a very steep section which could be bypassed by a short deviation. George side-stepped down the steep section until near the bottom and then turned around and skied down. Iain decided that that was too much effort and 'went for it' from the top. Almost immediately he fell and skidded down the slope crashing at a tremendous speed into a boulder. This tossed him into the air again and he landed heavily several feet away in great pain from both his legs, side and back. Kev arrived shortly afterwards and a Snowcat ambulance was called for. There was no medical equipment available and only one stretcher which required the victim to be bodily lifted onto it. Knowing that this was wrong, but having no alternative, George and Kev lifted Iain onto the stretcher and into the ambulance. George got into the ambulance with Iain. If he hadn't done, Iain would have been in the ambulance on his own.

At the top he was moved into another stretcher and carried towards the Medical Gondolla. At the Gondolla, the stretcher wouldn't fit in, so he was transferred to a third stretcher and taken down to the bottom. George again got in the Gondolla as no one else was going to (30 minute journey).

At the bottom, Iain was loaded into a builder's van that doubled up as an ambulance with concrete and broken brick around him. Iain was driven to the clinic where it was decided by a doctor (who hardly even looked at him) that he had to go to hospital. The ambulance from the hospital took 1/2 hour to drive the ten Km. Kev and George lifted him from the builders van to the ambulance (while the driver stood by smoking).

On admittance to the X-ray room (by Kev and George) an interpreter was sent to the hospital. Iain was put into position and X-rayed, then moved and X-rayed again etc. Instead of moving the machine, the patient (victim) was moved, crazy! He was

then taken into a lift (with no safety door; you could touch the wall as you travelled up) to his room.

Kev returned to the hotel and explained to Melv, Jane and myself what had happened and what his injuries were. He had fractured his pelvis.

We visited him later in hospital and found that all the doors were locked (normal procedure to keep people out if there is an epidemic?) We took pictures of his incredible bruises and left him in good(ish) humour.

After a couple of days the bruising had coloured from below his bottom to just below his armpit. On the third day, we found that he hadn't been washed since admission. Jane remedied this and he smelled a lot better. We desperately tried to get him repatriated because it was obvious that the medical care was not up to much. Iain also doubted the doctors diagnosis of just a fractured pelvis and was still in a great deal of pain from his back.

Towards the end of the holiday it was looking as though we would have to leave him behind to be repatriated later, no spare seats could be found to allow him to lie down on the plane. This really went against the grain and Jane and I were ready to stay so that he could take our seats.

On the afternoon of the last day, Iain was told that he would be returning home with us and that the insurance company were flying a nurse over to look after him.

That morning, a nurse arrived at the hospital only to be turned away and sent to our hotel. While waiting for an interpreter the ambulance turned up with Iain in it complete with a letter in Bulgarian for the doctors back home!

We flew back home somewhat more sober than we were when we flew out. I could see by looking at the plane why I got drunk on the way out, with turned up carpets and British Rail type luggage racks! To cap it all the

pilot said we were to expect heavy turbulence.

Thankfully, it wasn't too bad. Iain was picked up at the airport by an ambulance and driven to Bradford Royal Hospital where he was X-rayed and told that he would be in hospital for 1 - 2 weeks. His X-rays showed an 'L' shaped fracture 1½" x 2½" and a small chip off his pelvis. Also two ribs were broken. The next day he saw a physiotherapist and set about the arduous task of proving that he was OK.

One and a half days after admission, he was able to walk with the aid of crutches and was allowed home. He is still on pain killers but is mending very well. The whip round at the club raised £12.94 and we bought him the new Staffordshire Gritstone Climbing Guide as a get well incentive. The change bought him a few pints.

Two weeks later he rang to say that he had just been out climbing and what's more, he had done E<sub>1</sub> and E<sub>2</sub>!

Crazy? This guys got guts!

Derek

PLANS to hold a film show at the 'Mucky Duck' (aka The White Swan), Macclesfield may have to be rearranged after the Landlord, Jim, gave all his beer away and locked the doors in a fit of pique after the Brewery put his rent up.

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## CAPTION COMPETITION NO 2

### RESULTS



Not a single entry had anything to do with caving and most were too rude to print! Best entries received so far (all think that Gill should remain anonymous) are:-

Stalacmite (thinks) "Oh no, I think I've got one of my headaches coming on"

Gill "Where do the batteries go?"

Gill (thinks) "It's softer than I'm used to, but it'll do."

Any further contributions gratefully received.

ANSWERS TO LAST  
EDITIONS 'SPOT THE  
DELIBERATE MISTAKES'  
COMPETITION  
CREDIT for the article  
entitled 'Gapping Gill'  
should have gone to  
Gill (pron. Jill, not  
Ghyll).  
Of the many spellings  
of 'prussik' and  
Maillion, these appear  
to be the correct  
ones.  
The River Dean goes  
nowhere near  
Macclesfield and is in  
fact the River Bollin.

### CAPTION COMPETITION No 3



Study the photo and use your skill/experience to fill in the caption to indicate what Melv/George/the photographer was saying/thinking.

Best entries to be included in a forthcoming newsletter.

### CAPTION COMPETITION No 3.

Melv/George/Photographer "....."

"Man's on you" is an anagram of anonymous |\_|

Please give/post entries to Mark Lovatt

Redacted

## THE OTHER CAVES OF DERBYSHIRE

Whilst pursuing the hunt for caves not currently mentioned in the 'Caves of Derbyshire', Gill and I recently explored a mine in the Northern hillside of Hand dale which connects the A515 with Hartington.

This was probably a lead mine and appears to be of no great antiquity. All the shot-holes we saw were round and radiated outwards from the shaft indicating that the mine was dug after 1830 and the mine probably started as an exploratory shaft, the adit being dug later to facilitate ore extraction.

The imprints left by the removal of railway sleepers in the mud are clearly visible and are very uniformly spaced and shaped also indicating a modern mine.

The plan of the mine is roughly cruciform and on a North/South axis. A shallow shaft, now partly infilled appears to have been the original entrance to the mine. At the surface this is in the next field North of the adit and is capped with wooden railway sleepers.

The adit heads South, coming to the surface just above the level of the present road whilst the Northbound passage crosses a hading fault which has been mined along its East/West axis.

I'm sure that the mine would be graded as 1 (maximum), the only hazard being the partly infilled shaft which

1) gives the impression of being like an egg-timer with something blocking the neck, just waiting for some unsuspecting soul to dislodge the blockage whilst crawling beneath it, and

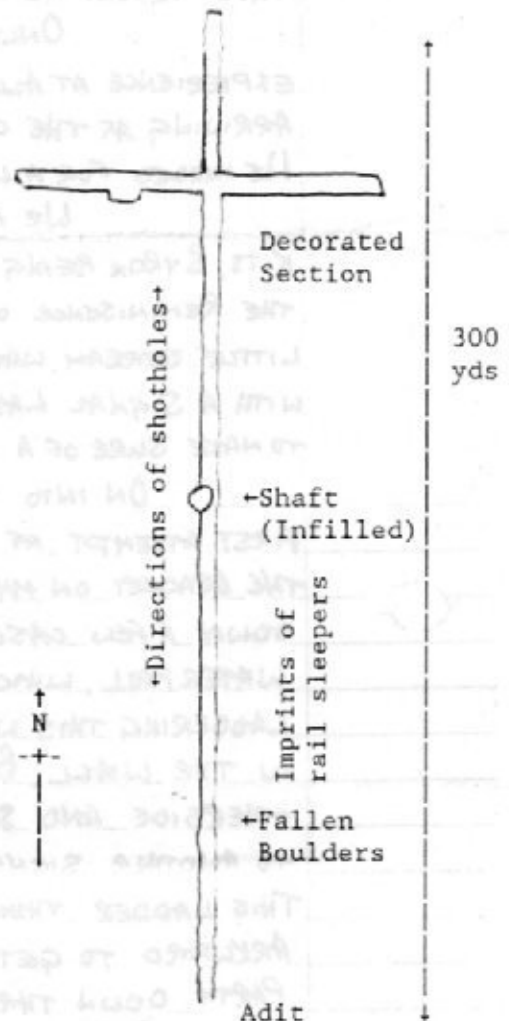
2) the infill seems to consist mostly of sheep carcasses and broken glass (tetanus/typhoid/cholera/black death inoculations essential!)

There are also several large blocks of stone (10 ton plus) which have fallen from the roof since the rail tracks were removed.

This undisturbed little mine is showing the foundations of what will someday become very beautiful formations. There are already small gour pools and cave pearls along with some of the whitest flowstone formations I have ever seen. Perhaps it is worth not drawing this place to the attention of boy scouts etc by keeping it out of the C.O.D.

To summarise, the mine doesn't warrant a special trip but is worth visiting if you are in the area anyway. It is a very easy mine but be careful when squeezing under the old shaft. The formations are developing nicely and quickly and (like all formations) are worth preserving.

PLAN  
(Grade 0)



375 m. total.

Anyone know of any similar places which are worth a mention in the Newsletter?

Mark



"ONE SMALL STEP FOR MAN..."

(Extracts from the log of a famous club member  
translated into English by Tony Reynolds)

3.10.73.

JACKPOT OR PS.

ALAN WALKER AS A JOKE ASKED IF I'D LIKE TO TRY POT HOLLING.  
BEING THE FOOL THAT I AM 'YES' WAS THE ANSWER I GAVE.

WHEN THE DOOR SHOOK WITH ALAN TRYING TO KNOCK THE DOOR  
IN AT THE RIDICULOUS HOUR OF 8 O'CLOCK ON A SUNDAY MORNING  
WITH A LAD CALLED BYRON CHAPMAN, WE SET OFF FOR A BUXTON  
CAFE WHERE WE WERE TO MEET THE REST OF THE PARTY.

ONLY BYRON, ALAN AND ANOTHER TONY HAD ANY  
EXPERIENCE AT ALL. FOR THE REST OF US OUR FIRST ATTEMPT.  
ARRIVING AT THE CAFE FOR TEA AND PASTIES (FOR SUNDAY BREAKFAST)  
HE HEADED FOR A LITTLE FARM ON THE CASTLETON ROAD B6061.

WE CHANGED IN AN ONION FILLED SHED INTO OUR  
KITS, BYRON BEING THE ONLY ONE TO POSSESS A NET SUIT OR  
THE REMINISCE OF ONE. WE CROSSED ABOUT 7 FIELDS TO FIND A  
LITTLE STREAM, WHICH DISAPPEARS INTO A CONCRETE SQUARE HOLE  
WITH A SIGNAL LADDER, VERY UNSTEADY AND JUST SHORT ENOUGH  
TO MAKE SURE OF A DROWNING FOR EVERYONE DESCENDING THE THING.

ON INTO THE DARKNESS (AS USUALLY HAPPENS ON ONE'S  
FIRST ATTEMPT AT ANYTHING, NOTHING WORKS OR FITS PROPERLY  
THE BRACKET ON MY HELMET REFUSED TO HOLD THE LAMP AS IT SHOULD)  
DOWN A FEW CASCADES A CRAWL AND SMALL CRAB WALK TO A  
WATERFALL, WHICH IS THE FIRST PITCH ABOUT 25' DROP.  
LADDERING THIS WITH A WIRE LADDER BELAYING IT TO A BOLT  
IN THE WALL, BYRON LIFE LINED US DOWN, CLIMBING UP THE  
OTHERSIDE AND SCRAMBLEING OVER A FEW BOULDERS WE CAME  
TO ANOTHER SIGNAL LADDER THIS IS OR WAS THE SECOND PITCH.  
THIS LADDER THANK HEAVEN IS SECURELY FASTEND TO THE WALL'S,  
ARRANGED TO GET DOWN BUT SAFE. ALAN TOOK THE MAIN  
PARTY DOWN THROUGH THE MUD HALL TO THE FIRST SUMP.  
WHILE BYRON TOOK BOTH MYSELF AND ANOTHER TONY DOWN  
TO THE 'OVER FLOW PASSAGE' A COUPLE OF CRAWLS LED US TO



THE MAIN STREAM PASSAGE TO THE SWAMP. TO MEET ALAN AND CO. A QUICK PADDLE AND A DARK RETURN THROUGH THE MUD HALL (IUE HAD MORE LIGHT OUT OF A MATCH THAN FROM THE THING IS TAKEN DOWN AS A LAMP) BACK UP THE LADDER AND ON TO THE WATER FALL, QUITE A STRUGGLE TO GET UP UNTIL YOU'VE LEARNED HOW TO DO IT PROPERLY. A GOOD LAUGH UNTIL ITS YOUR TURN, WE ALL MANAGED TO STRUGGLE TO THE TOP AND SO OUT, CHANGED AND TO THE PUB FOR A WELL EARNED PINT.

to be continued.

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 \* GOOD NEWS! JOHN GILLET has FOUND his PETZL HEADSET! \*  
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ANYBODY KNOW THIS MAN?  
 (Don't be fooled by the  
 presence of hair!)

### GIANTS HOLE

(Relax in a Warm Radon Bath!)

Ralph recently asked that anyone going down Giants Hole should take a knife and cut down the rope which is hanging from the dig and remove it from the cave. It is in a very unsafe condition and is presently used as a climbing aid by people coming up the cascade (something they may think twice about if they saw what it was belayed to! See page 12, fixed aids).

Whilst on this subject, has anyone studied Garland Pot recently? Some plonker has been destroying the natural eye belays. It is probably the same person who keeps installing rock climbing pittons in the cracks. It is only a matter of time before one of these pulls out on an unsuspecting party. Could be nasty if these are left in!

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### SO THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT "LOST JOHN'S"

It must have been 1.30 - 1.45 am when I arrived home on Saturday morning feeling extremely happy after too much of the dark liquid the Irish are fond of. I was greeted with "There's someone called Gill after you" from my missus, so that was it, off I went to bed dwelling on what I must have done tonight, but I could not remember any Gill, plus how does Carrol know already and why is she taking it so well? After a night of tossing and turning and taking numerous trips to the bathroom I woke up in the morning with a mouth tasting like an rhino's fart in a bath of rotting sardines (How does he know what that tastes like? Ed) and thinking "Oh shit, who's Gill and what have I done?"

When Breakfast was over, it all became clear. It was Gill Argo phoning for a lift to Yorkshire, so my night had not been as bad as I had thought.

I set off at 8.00 am arriving at Tony's ten minutes late. It didn't matter as Tony wasn't ready (again). Gill was already there so we had a brew and loaded up the car. "Youv'e got the ropes, havn't you Tony?" thinking we could set off now. "No, youv'e got them." was the reply. Brilliant, let's do Lost John's with just my 40m rope. We were just about to set off hoping that Adrian must have the rope when Gill mentioned that she had the ropes from Oxlow in the back of her car which had been used the day before, so we unloaded the back of her car into the back of mine, and away we went.

A good drive down for me, only one near miss on the motorway because like most people, I can't read and drive at the same time, but it doesn't stop me trying.

Through no fault of mine, we arrived at Bernies and met up with Adrian and three of his climbing mates, but no

Lenny! Off to the entrance, still no Lenny so we got changed following a big discussion on what ropes wer needed. Still no Lenny, so off we went.

The descent was reasonably straight forward until we got to th Battleaxe. It should have been an easy enough traverse followed by a 100' pitch. Tony, followed by Adrian, traversed too far round, resulting in the rope being too short. Tony, not knowing this, abseiled down, only to meet a very welcome knot suspended 30' above the ground. On with the climbing gear and back up he came. Now, this could be fun for Tony and Adrian, but Gill and I were stuck on the traverse with no foot or hand holds.

An hour passed and I decided that my legs had had enough so I started climbing back to the rest of thr group, who were sitting in the approach passage talking about what

they wore in bed and not having a clue what was going on. I got a message from Gill to move back, followed by Adrian and Tony who then found and rigged the right descent. This allowed the party to move on which greatly pleased the climbers who were starting to feel cold after their long sit down.

The rest of the descent was plain sailing down to the main drain. Tony was a little dissatisfied as the water was only ankle deep.

After a scout around the bottom, we set off in pairs. My partner was Gill, well someone had to draw the short straw and Gill lost and ended up with me. Off we set for the long climb, maybe a little slow, but no problems until we reached the top of the first pitch. Just a short amble and we will be out, or so I thought. With a tackle sack on my back full of wet ropes, off we went. That's when the fun started. We came to a traverse over three drops that neither I nor Gill could remember crossing on the way in. When we started our return to civilisation, Tony had told us that the only thing that we had to remember was to bear left once we were at the top of the first pitch. With this in mind, we decided that we must have missed the turning and backtracked. This made the way on to the right.

Back we went to the top of the first pitch. No way out to the right or the left, we must have gone the right way in the first place. Forward we went, again traversing the three drops. Gill noticed lights below us, "That's where we went wrong, we are too high." but there was something strange as there was no sound with the lights. I told Gill to turn her light on and off and did the same with mine. I realised that the lights we saw were the reflection of our own lights in the water below. On we went until a tight squeeze. At this point, I took off the tackle sack and continued alone.

After about 30' I was in a small chamber with water cascading down through a hole about 2' in diameter just above my head. Somehow, I think

that I would have remembered squeezing through that. Wrong way again.

Back I went through the squeeze to Gill, put the tackle bag back on and we retraced our steps again. This time we found a passage on the right. Overjoyed to have found our way out, we trekked on, but not for long for we came face to face with an 8' climb with a loose rock balancing in the way. At this point, cold wet and tired, I looked at Gill and said "I don't think that this is the way, do you?" "Well, I don't remember this." was her reply. I had to agree.

At this point, it crossed my mind that the rest could be out and on their way to the pub, not knowing that we were lost. The only consolation was that I had the car keys so that Tony was locked out and would have to come back, eventually.

Turn back yet again at the junction, over the three drops and to the top of the first pitch where Tony and Adrian were derigging. What a welcome sound was Tony's voice, "You're going the wrong way, you soft cunts." Nectar to my ears.

It turned out that the last way we went with the 8' climb and the balancing rock was the right way out. After eight hours underground we reached the car in total darkness with cold wind and drizzle thrown in for good measure.

Quick change and off to the pub for a couple of pints and 'phone the wife to say that I was safe and I would be late, but not to worry. There was no need to have bothered, she hadn't missed me. "Besides, I could have done with the insurance money" was her reply.

So now it was the long drive home and I must be the only person to get lost on the M6. Whilst talking to Tony, I left the motorway and joined the M55 without realizing 'till it was too late. Blackpool, here we come. All was not lost, getting back to the right road, we stopped at a set of traffic lights in Preston. Gill, who until now had been asleep in the back,



## "LEGAL ASPECTS OF ACCESS UNDERGROUND"

This booklet, published by the BCRA, 32pp, price £1, explains some legal aspects in everyday language. Some thought provoking extracts are:

**"FIXED AIDS** Removing other caver's ladders or ropes from pitches whilst they are clearly in use would be an extreme example of wilful disregard for the safety of other cavers. This would not be the case, of course, if those same ladders or ropes were rusted or rotted and evidently abandoned. Fixed artificial aids such as belay bolts, iron ladders, knotted ropes, traverse lines etc, are put in place for use of the cavers installing them. They should not be regarded as for use by any and all who follow, unless there is clear evidence of a policy and practice to this effect. The temptation to make use of aids already in place must not outweigh a leader's commitment to the safety of his party. Some fixed aids may be perfectly safe for use; it is the leader's responsibility to satisfy himself on this point. Persons installing such aids for their own party's use have no legal obligation for their safe use by other parties which follow. At the same time persons should be mindful of putting others unnecessarily at risk by abandoning fixed aids in a cave or mine and allowing them to fall into a dangerous state." Is this aimed at the rope left in Giants Hole?

**"DUTY OF CARE.** Some duty of care is owed to trespassers, in the sense that deliberate steps must not be taken to endanger their safety. It is illegal for an occupier to threaten a trespasser with a firearm, or to loose on him a savage dog, or set traps." I think that we should send a copy of this to certain Derbyshire farmers.

**PUBLIC LIABILITY.** .."Belaying a rope across a public path or bridleway or leaving an entrance pitch open that is normally covered by a lid, are examples of thoughtlessness that could lead to a claim against a caver." and "Liability for abandoned digs lies with the caver or cavers who last undertook serious excavation work."

**PROTECTION OF BATS etc.** "Serious offences against the law such as harming a bat or its habitat, killing badgers or wild game birds, destroying nests or birds eggs, picking wild flowers, or damaging limestone pavements, can lead to criminal proceedings being taken against offenders." (with a maximum fine of £1000 per item)!

**LIABILITY FOR DISUSED MINES.** .."Such mine entrances are deemed to be statutory nuisances under the Public Health Act of 1936."

So now you know!

Mark

\*\*\*\*\*  
LOST JOHN'S (Continued)

awoke, opening her eyes to the sight of a young drunken buck who had got more than his fair share, standing with his trousers around his ankles. With Monty winking in all his glory in our direction. With this, Gill did not mind the detour too much.

Arrived home knackered at 11.55 pm now knowing why the cave was called 'Lost John's'.

Coddy

+ + + + +  
↓  WANTED ↑  
↓  
↓ OVERSUITS For sale. 7 oz (same as ↑  
↓ Troll suit) Nylon reinforced PVC. ↑  
↓ Available in all sizes. Survived ↑  
↓ many trips. Good value at £12.50 ↑  
↓ Lionel ↑  
↓  
↓ I HOPE the person(s) who kindly ↑  
↓ loaded my tackle bag with rocks, ↑  
↓ chains etc whilst it was left ↑  
↓ unattended in West Chamber, Oxlow ↑  
↓ catches crabs. Mark. ↑  
↓  
↓ SWEAT SHIRTS With Club Logo. All ↑  
↓ sizes £7.00 Hurry, going very ↑  
↓ fast Ralph. ↑  
↓  
↓ DURACELL BATTERIES Suitable for ↑  
↓ 'Petzel' Headsets, £1.90 Ralph. ↑  
↓  
↓ LOST one blue webbing sling, ↑  
↓ possibly in Oxlow. Mark. ↑  
↓ + + + + +

.....  
.  
RALPH IS PREPARED TO CALL AN AMNESTY for the return  
of his copy of "NORTHERN CAVE VOLUME THREE"  
(INGLEBOROUGH). He has lost his copy and would  
greatly appreciate it's return. It is easily  
recognised by 1) all the pages have become loose and  
2) his name is scrawled all over it. If you  
have it and do not return it, I would advise that  
you do not read it in his presence!  
.....

## In Memorium

Well it would seem that the advertisement in the newsletter has proved lucky for me. After many attempts, I've managed to get myself a job in South Wales which not only puts me in the area I've always wanted to live in but which also pays a good whack as well. It's a bit short of the 25 grand that was mentioned by Mark in the newsletter but I reckon that I'll be able to support a wife and 2 kids, a Norton Commando, an addiction for caving and buy my own fags on what my salary will be.

I'm being employed as a project leader by West Glamorgan County Council, training youth workers. I hope that I will be living within 15 miles of Dan-yr-Ogof and that this move will herald a new era of exploration on the Black Mountain.

This brings me to the sad bit. I've lived up North, either in Cheshire or North Wales for 13 years, 11 of which I have been a member of CCPC. I've carried Ralph Johnson's bag on more occasions than I care to remember and I've seen Kevin grow up from an obnoxious youth of 15 to an obnoxious adult of whatever age he is now. I helped him rig his first ladder pitch down Hillocks for God's sake!

The club has changed a lot since 1977 (except for Reynolds who has always been an awkward old man who's got too much to say when you cock things up) but then the club has always been good and dynamic because it's moved with the times and been about the people who are in it.

I'm going to miss CCPC and my regular arguments with Reynolds. I'm going to miss Northern caving too. There's nothing better than a big black hole with water throwing itself over the edge of the abyss. Still, I'm going to have to make my holidays in Derbyshire and Yorkshire, not to mention Leek and Macclesfield, but I've often laid awake at night listening to the caves on the Black Mountain calling out to me to be found. They say that home is where the heart is and my Welsh/Irish background keeps on dragging me back down there.

So thanks to everyone I've known in the club. To Reynolds for being a first class caving partner, to Ralph for the inspiration and encouragement he gives to us all, to Phil, Kev, Lenny and Melv for Belgium, to everyone else for the friendship and good times that we've all shared together and to Marguerite for all the fags she has given to me. Needless to say there will be a welcome in the hillside for all members of the CCPC in South Wales. What with Lenny in Yorkshire and me in South Wales we will have colonised the caving world before much longer. Now who can we persuade to move to Mendip???

Liam.