

Newsletter No. 10 of

AUTUMN
1985

C.C.P.C.

EDITED BY PAUL SHENTON
TYPED BY JANE



"BIG BANG THEORY PROVED IN OXLOW"

Paul H. et al. tested the above theory in Oxlow during the BBQ. weekend with 5 lb. 'plastic'....It worked although some of the assistants are still suffering from temporary deafness and rumour has it that the 4th pitch no longer exists!!! There is no truth in the rumour that Oxlow is now "Opencast". Hopefully it is now a safer place to go. Paul had a close shave with a big "nasty" despatched by Cliff as P. rigged the 3rd. pitch but that's another story.

THIS COULD BE THE START OF SOMETHING BIG?

"Eh up kid, we're going Potholing" - a saying I've grown accustomed to over the years, - but way back in May 1976 this statement was as believable as my brother Dan offering to buy a round of drinks; not quite impossible but certain to test your 'Lenny abilities'.

To be fair, he had read a book on the subject from the library and was certain he was the master of the underground universe, but I was doubtful. Only a few months previous he had hailed me across a crowded bar with the statement "Eh up Kid, I've bought a yacht, we're going sailing!" Again the man at the library was to blame, (and a certain amount of responsibility should go to the man next door who sold him a yacht and trailer for £10)

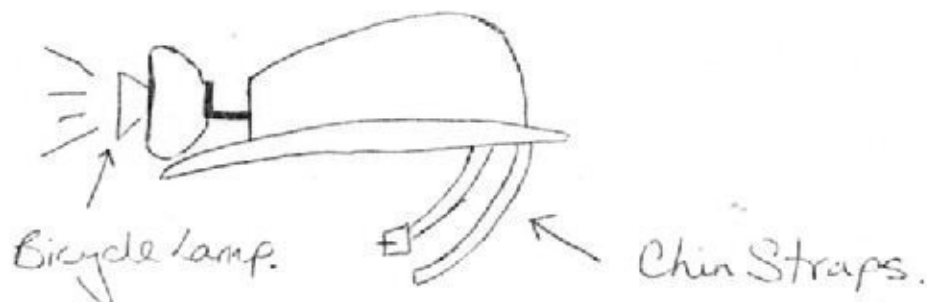
Sailing we never did quite master, although swimming and climbing onto upturned hulls became second nature! We may even have persisted a little longer with the yacht, if the men with the rescue launch hadn't told us after the second rescue, that they were going home for their tea.

It was no surprise to him then when I was not altogether enthusiastic with his latest idea, but after several pints I agreed to accompany him - at least to the cave entrance!

Every night after work Dan locked himself in the shed, and from the sounds echoing from within, we suspected he was building a space rocket. However, on Friday night he emerged with two home made "Caving Helmets."

They were two plastic safety helmets, secretly appropriated from work, and on the front of each was an 'L' shaped bracket, instantly recognisable as the front lamp mounting bracket off a bicycle. Somewhere in Stoke-On-Trent two men are cycling home from work with their front lamps hanging round their necks on string.

To compensate for the weight of the bicycle lamps, the chin straps were fitted to the back of the helmet. Fig 1.



Friday night again saw us in the Pub discussing our first Caving Trip, which we planned for Sunday. By this time we had persuaded Mel Bratt and Paul Smith to come with us.:

..... PTO.

Paul Smith had a rubber torch, and Mel had two Pifco lamps which he would fasten to his climbing helmet with elastic bands. As for clothing, we relied heavily on Dan, our 'Leader' for advice, we were to wear boiler suits and plimsoles, and as the cave was going to be wet, we weren't going to wear socks!

The cave Dan had selected was Carlswark Cavern and we set off from Biddulph at 10.30 am arriving at Stoney Middleton just after twelve! As the cave wasn't going anywhere, and we'd been almost 90 mins without liquid, we adjourned to the Red Lion at Litton - excellent Theakstons beer and superb Sunday lunches. In those days we used to go caving with one eye on the cave guide, and the other on the good beer guide. (It was the latter that persuaded us to go to Priddy in the Mendips a year later!)

2.30 pm saw us back in Stoney getting changed - swimming trunks, singlet and boiler suit and plimsoles- minus socks. On the walk up to the cave my chinstrap broke and my helmet fell forward almost breaking my nose with the weight of the bicycle lamp at the front. So, with one hand holding my helmet up off my face and the other clutching a plastic bag containing a bottle of water, 8 jam jars, and a big hammer (for knocking stalactites off with), we reached the cave.

At the miners entrance there was a large party waiting to descend, so we consulted the book to find the lower alternative and made our way down to it. We entered one at a time, with me bringing up the rear, and stood knee deep in mud in the small chamber. After a brief search we found the low crawl leading to the sump, again I was bringing up the rear, as I find crawling with one hand holding my helmet and the other clutching the bag, very difficult. We found the sump, crossed it, and came to the rope dangling from above. Here I chose to leave the bag and climb up the rope using both hands, but I was in total darkness owing to the fact that I was staring into the dark depths of my own helmet. We reached the chamber above and followed the large passage towards Eyan Shaft.

We missed the Eyan Gap connection and ended up in a boulder choke, where Dan suggested we all turn out our lights to witness total blackness. - I on the other hand had been witnessing total blackness for most of the trip. We turned round and made our way out, stopping at a small side passage for Dan to go exploring. When he hadn't returned after 15 mins, Melv and myself made our exit, hoping against all hope that we'd seen the last of him and his daft ideas.

On reaching daylight, I was frozen stiff and aching terribly, from my skinned and bloodied knee caps, to my bruised and flattened nose, and I vowed I'd NEVER go caving again!

Cliff.

CAVE RESCUE.

Saturday 25th May at 9.30 am! saw some of the brave lads from CCPC & DCRO at King Sterndale on a 'mercy mission' to rescue 2 dogs that had become trapped in a cave the previous Wednesday. Apparently, both animals, (Jack Russells) had been sent into the 'cave' to chase out a vixen who had made her den there. It would appear that she had led them a merry dance, and they had got stuck somewhere inside. With only their occasional faint barks to go by as indication of their whereabouts, the dig began.

Paul Holdcroft and Kev commenced the digging, but it soon became apparent that it was a far bigger task than at first anticipated. Ralph and Bill Whitehouse (Controller of Derbyshire CRO) decided that the best course of action would be to widen the entrance, at the same time as the work on the 'face' was being carried on, to make the removal of the spoils easier. (I don't know what that fox had had for it's supper, but it was certainly more lethal than my Indian Takeaway!) Meanwhile Brian kept us entertained with his whistling and Barbara Woodhouse impressions.

After a very smelly 9 hours, one of the dogs was retrieved from a tiny hole, surrounded by loose boulders. It was in a remarkable condition, I thought, after its terrible ordeal. It was fed on a Kit-Kat and a cup of cold tea, which it gratefully accepted, and even Brian, who isn't at all fond of dogs, made a fuss of him.

We were then relieved by the Eastern Section of the CRO, who spent a further 3 hours trying to get to the other animal, but unfortunately they had to give up, because there was no further sign of where the dog was, or even if it was still alive.

However, one good thing may come of it all. Everyone seemed to agree that it looked a very promising dig, and I believe that one or two of the lads from DCRO intend going back there. If this produces any results, the names 'Dog Holes' and 'Russell Pot' have already been put forward!

Derek.

PICOS DE EUROPE

The following article is from a Spanish magazine called 'Extrem revista tecnica aplisme'. Doug Staffs friend Roy, translated it with the aid of a 'Hugos Spanish in three weeks' book. Doug Staff, who visited Picos de Europe in '84 has sent us the following information:-

Hi,
Picos de Europe is situated about 3-4 hours drive (100-120km) from Santander.
- the main northern port Santander can be reached by car ferry from Plymouth - a most relaxing route.

Prices in Spain this summer - in the Picos - were excellent. Food and toot (cheap souvenir stuff) was below UK prices, beer (weak) and petrol (normal strength) was relatively comparable. Campsites available are Gov't registered and were reasonably priced and excellently kitted out. Driving was very interesting - many of the roads being very windey and the mountain passes were often like mountain ascents. Great unspoilt walking area - good family or/and nude bathing on the northern coastline is all an excellent choice for a holiday in the near future being totally uncommercialised - yet! Any interest for a future trip .. possibly 86/87.....PTO.

CABEZA MUXA

The cavern of Cabeza Muxa can be taken as typical of the type of potholing available in the Picos de Europe region of Northern Spain. The first pitch is generally very vertical, not for the faint-hearted, and a collector of great quantities of water at a great depth. This article is a mixture of many explorations. Cabeza Muxa has never been completely explored, and the question is 'How many feet does Cabeza Muxa extend?'

- 703m.....and still going!

The history of this cave goes back to the 60's, in which different teams of the group Polilermo de Asherios did attempt unsuccessfully to descend the great Pothole Pozo. Of course, at that time, 247m was quite an obstacle in the potholing world, there was a whisper of great drops, and although there were many explorations, the great verticals were taboo.

In the year 1974, the SIE made contact with the cavity reaching 225m and were stopped at the mouth of the Pozo 247m. The new wave of materials and techniques arriving from France in the mid 70's changed our concept of exploration, and therefore our methods. In 1979 we climbed Vega de Hiro with a large group and sufficient technology to undertake the descent, which was no great hole, but nevertheless we came across a new vertical 100m pitch which we couldn't descend for lack of materials.

Around this time started a massive investigation of the Picos de Europe, particularly in the Cornion Zone, by groups arriving from all parts of the continent.

This feverish summer activity brought a flow of great discoveries. It was in this atmosphere when we returned in 1980 and continued the exploration. Descending the hole Pozo after descending 102m and arriving at a full flowing river, which we called Vetusa in honour of a group of mountains. The river was explored downstream to a point of chaos of boulders, of which there was no way through.

Meanwhile the international explorations in Picos revealed the first cave of more than 1000m (Pozo del Xitu). These happenings started to stimulate us and it was beginning to bother us that maybe there was a way through the boulders..perhaps we'd missed something, or didn't see it at all.

So, here we are again in the Picos in the summer of '82. Again we descended to the chaos of boulders and this time, after an intense search, we found a very small path between them. We carried on down the stream but we didn't reach the bottom, for this was the end of August, and our holidays were finishing, not leaving time for new descents.

There were moments in which we sensed the climax of the story was near, for 1983 had to see the end of Cabeza Muxa, but as usual, things can happen, and August 1983 was almost the end of me and us. From the time we arrived the rain never stopped. In two attempts we surveyed down to 703m. In the following descents it was not possible to advance, and what's more, it was not even possible to arrive to the last survey point, for such was the increase in river flow, all the cave. On one of the attempts to progress through the river Vetusta, one expedition member suffered a grave accident, but due to the prompt action of a colleague, did not have fatal consequences. The flood increased, and took with it all the material and personal belongings. In spite of all this, the members of the SIE are prepared to finish once and for all this exploration next summer.

EPITAPH ON A TYRANT

'Twas the night before Christmas, long, long ago,
And up on Ingleborough it was starting to snow.
Three cavers there stood, brave, hardy and strong,
With a bluewater rope, 360 feet long.
Down the rope dropped, with bolts secured,
And over the edge the cavers were lured.
On Birkbecks ledge the water dashed so high -
The rope went slack and up went the cry.
The second caver now ready to descend
Bade farewell to his snow smittin friend -
"Come down to the ledge when the rope goes slack" -
And down he abseiled - but he never came back.
The rope had snapped, but how was he to know
Of the rubbing point in the blackness below?
"A beautiful freehang" or so they said,
And relying on that two cavers were dead!
So next time remember on that jut of limestone,
PUT IN A BOLT IF YOU WANT TO GET HOME.

Paul Shenton.

Feb 3rd saw a merry band of cavers from CCPC braving the hazards (ha ha) of Lamb Leer. We were accompanied by a Belfry-ite who was blasting down there on his particular dig. Meanwhile ... the clunk of metal and the crashing of rock and various associated sounds were heard from the direction of Melvin. "Wonder whether he's seen a 10p piece, or do y'reckon it's a 50?" we mused.

So what was it that aroused Melvin to such heights of passion.....? The legendary lost Palmers Chamber! When he "broke through" it was all of 6" high and 2" wide and desparingly Melv muttered that he might've been wrong. It appeared to entertain him more than the hole which landed him the 'Wally Award'. Oh well - it was a brave attempt. (I think we owe you a pint Melv.)

6.

TRENT POLY - FEB. 4TH 1985.

"Caving in the Far East" by Tony Waltham.

The first area under discussion was Mulu - with a concentrated photographic display of Clearwater. However, we've seen and heard so much of Mulu that I won't dwell on it further.

Next we zoomed over to Java - unfortunately I'd already seen this lecture! The trip was paid for by the Government over there and was ostensibly to find water. The Javanese in the summer months have to walk miles to get to a pool which hasn't dried up and carry a supply home in two 20 litre containers over their shoulder. The drinking water sources are used by man and cattle alike, unfortunately the latter tend to recycle it. Tony, Dave Brook, and Hans Somebody would goto the villages and ask for "Luwang" - the nearest pothole with readily accessible water. The villagers venture into the caves to fetch it, led by a small lad with a burning bamboo stick. Consequently the walls were black and the passage smokey - the nearest thing to the "Black Hell below" which the media popularises during a cave rescue! Some of the shafts the group descended were of immense proportions, but I'm sure they haven't heard of a bolt! Hans and Dave would go shaft bashing, then Tony would locate them when they struck water with the aid of a molephone. He would place the contraption on the floor and say "there's water just below" and needless to say the villagers were impressed, and provided an impressive audience at each entrance pitch.

Unfortunately the entrance pitches were used for political aims and at the bottom of one, 17 hands were found; down others the remains of genuine suicide attempts/successes.

Out of 165 shafts descended, only half a dozen or so were productive. In many, the water was too far below the surface to be utilized by the primitive Javanese. Then it was difficult and unpleasant to have to tell the populus that there was no water below when the cavers were all soaked through.

Water shortage is a grave problem indeed for the Javanese.

Next we moved onto China with an area of conical kapst much larger than Java, New Guinea and Borneo put together. They looked at nothing more than show caves with tasteless lighting, and scanned enormous cave entrances whilst on a train journey through the karst region. The problem in China is access, but it holds amazing potential. If anyone wants to explore this virgin territory it's bound to be productive and it will be China where the world length record will probably be re-made.

Three cheers for red caves, rice and slant eyes. Forget Barcelona '86 - who's for China??

LIN.

First of all - please read this - I had to read the full report - have pity!

I'm sure you'll all be pleased to hear that DCA is financially sound and furthermore, it spends clubs subs on such projects as paying for our Oxlow Stile mess-up. I don't know if they know the whole circumstances of the affair, but certainly at the meeting it was proposed that strict guidelines be laid down for clubs when embarking on such work. Does this mean that our claim has upset them?

As far as ^{the} threat posed on Eldon Hole, by quarrying, is concerned, the man who is geologically well informed on Derbyshire, Trevor Ford, has said that he will not be putting forward a caver's argument on the matter. Also considered were means of stabilizing Eldon in the passage 'twixt the main shaft and chamber.

There was notice that NCC are trying to buy the field where Knotlow is - I guess they're just so impressed with the capping that they had to make it their very own.

NCA matters arising included an official statement that the committee deplored the recent installation of red headed bolts on many pitches. Just a comment on this - there ^{are} members of CCPC who seem to find nothing wrong with the spate of D Lawson & Dave Elliot bolting. But need the face of the cave be plastered with conspicuous-evil-looking bolts when there are adequate bolts already? It is particularly abhorrent that for their mercenary motives, namely to sell their book on SRT routes, they should be allowed to vandalise the caves in this way. I for one will definitely be boycotting their book.

It was also mentioned that the landowners of Leck and Casterton Fells were pushing for a maximum of 5 vehicles with 4 people per vehicle on the Fells at any one time. DCA gave CNCC their support on objecting to this.

The guidelines on access work on behalf of the DCA may be summarised as follows;

- 1.) Work done should be authorised in advance by DCA who should be told who is to do the work.
 - 2.) Estimate of the cost should be given to the treasurer. Those doing the work should liase with the C&A officer to obtain names of people who may be able to help, and those who may supply cheap materials.
 - 3.) The DCA will fund material costs and any special transport costs.
 - 4.) The treasurer may refund £25 expenses, but over that, the DCA meeting must authorise payment. Receipts must be supplied.
 - 5.) These requirements will be waived in the case of emergency repairs.
- If such work is to be done, please contact: Jenny Potts,

Redacted

LIN.

L I N ' S S O N G

- 1) As I was walkin' just past Whernside Manor,
I met a group of cavers who were going down Hammer,
I put on me Petzl and me cows tail on the hanger,
70 foot of free fall and I knew I'd dropped a clanger.

ch Mush a brain at the bottom of the pitch
Send for the CRO, send for the CRO
We've had a minor hitch.
- 2) One day I was caving right in the depths of Sleets Gill,
The stream was rather low but then it proceeded to fill,
I climbed up the ramp and then got at my Mars Bar,
And I planned to sit out the storm when along came Martyn Farr,

ch Saying "grab a bottle son" or
Send for the CRO, send for the CRO
Cause waiting here's no fun.
- 3) One Monday evening, the first one in the New Year,
We had a general meeting and it filled our hearts with fear,
Subscriptions going up some, unless you're a married couple,
We're getting shotgun weddings then divorces at the double,

ch Get the vicar out quick chaps, then
Send for the CRO, send for the CRO
Four women down a shaft.
- 4) We had a couple of members who made a New Years resolution,
Phil's given up caving 'cos of furry suit pollution,
Melv said he would learn to delve down into his wallet,
But on his second go he found instead a mallet,

ch Who dare say "Melvin's round" ?
Send for the CRO, send for the CRO
Zig's splattered on the ground!
- 5) Well we've said goodbye to Cliff Jones, as good a sec as any,
He's lining up the pints to try and compete with Lenny,
He's getting down his 14th and collapses on the table,
But Melvin's mallet swings on Lenny and we complete the fable,

ch Never let Cliff Jones lose (or you'll)
Send for the CRO, send for the CRO
Deaths not so nice to choose.
- 6) Well we've seen Ant Botham's hair turn a deeper amber shade,
We've seen Paul Holdcroft blasting on his epic Giant's crusade,
Kevin, George and Alison have had problems at Ox-low,
And we've jumped out of our skins by Brian's "ay up 'ow at Po?"

ch It's mighty cold in Green Canal,
Oh, send for the CRO, send for the CRO
(spoken) You're a belter do you know?
- 7) Now as we've all gathered, lets promise in the New Year,
Many desperate trips and many, many times more beer,
I'll see you all at Black Shiver on the 26th of Jan,
And if you're not there well you can't be called a man,

ch Get down and warm yer blood and
Send for the CRO, send for the CRO
Black Shiver's all in flood!

HAMMER POT

An innocent enough entrance series soon loses sight of the floor, although it is possible to proceed to the first pitch at a lower level, but I'd not recommend it for anything other than a worm. One party managed to 'undertake' us at high speed carrying diving cylinders, but I'd suggest it's tight enough up top without struggling underneath.

The first pitch is readily free climbable, but a rope for the ascent assists the weary! At the bottom of this pitch comes Stemple Rift which is easily negotiated on the way down to the second pitch- also an easy free climb for even the rankest of climbers (me). Beyond this a roomy chamber is reached where you can actually stand, arms stretched, without touching a rock.

The next pitch, requiring a rebelay on a large ledge, is excellent when wet and only surpassed by the 4th pitch - nice n' short, involving a

thorough soaking. the landing is in a deep-ish pool and to the right progress soon became halted for us due to an excess of water in Sludge Crawl - the foam on the low roof and the thoughts of the rain clouds outside were not conducive to further exploits. Had the water been low enough, access would have been gained to two further pitches and a stream passage reminiscent of that in OFD but rather more "treacherous" to quote the guidebook.



The return journey up Stemple Rift was amusing, annoying, worrying and frustrating all at once. Never before had I heard such a proliferation of bad language! I must confess to a spot of rapid ageing when an attempt to balance 2 tackle bags and me ended in me being held only by my helmet with no body to rock contact at all! The problem is finding a route which is big enough for all your body. Invariably though after a tricky negotiation, having successively pushed through your torso, you'd that your head was most definitely stuck on the other side of the obstacle. People screaming all around to grab this tacklebag or that tacklebag does not help one to stay calm, and it was the nearest we'd ever come to dropping the tackle and putting in an insurance claim.

It's a delightful little trip though, but definitely not recommended for those with over a 42" chest!!

"Stemple Rift" - Hammer Pot

LIN.

BACK BEARINGS

No doubt by now you are all either experts in navigation or utterly and totally confused by my previous article on 'Bearings' and 'Aiming Off'. The following information on 'Back Bearings' should complete the picture nicely leaving even those previously confident in their navigational abilities in a state of complete confusion. Happy map reading!

P. Ton.

Lets assume you want to find your position in 'open country' (on Ingleborough perhaps). Take a bearing on an identifiable feature such as the trigpoint on Ingleborough Summit. Deduct 8° from your compass bearing, place the edge of your Silva compass on the trig point, rotate the compass until the lines inside the dial are parallel to the grid lines (with the 'N' pointing North). Draw a line along the edge of the compass (this should pass thro' Ingleborough trig point and your present position.)

Take another easily identifiable feature such as the shooting hut at 767789 and repeat the process. You should be standing where the lines cross. To be absolutely certain, repeat the process using say the fence around G G.

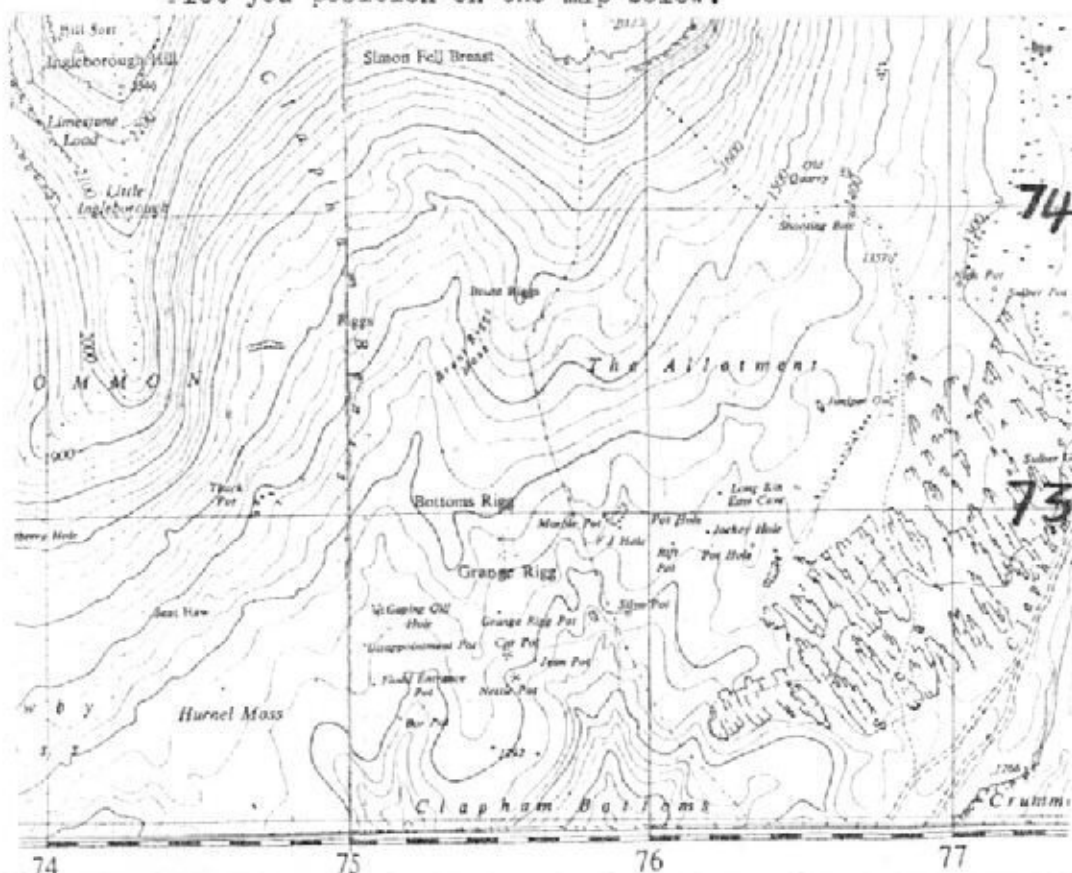
O.K. - lets see how you've done.

Bearing one (Summit of Ingleborough) $304^{\circ} - 8^{\circ} = 296^{\circ}$

Bearing two (Shooting hut 767739) $18^{\circ} - 8^{\circ} = 10^{\circ}$

Bearing three (G G) $253^{\circ} - 8^{\circ} = 245^{\circ}$

Plot your position on the map below.



73 Answer on back page.

ANALWOGUPAR

I.E. AN Alternative Way Of Getting UP A Rope.

Many of us 'old uns' have seen the envy and expressions of amazement on the faces of you youngsters when you try to emulate the rope climbing feats of your elders. "How do they do it?" is a comment often heard as smoke curls out of the jammers of some of our older brethren (i.e. the ones with grey hair and 'thin patches') while you youngsters struggle up with your antiquated 'Frog' systems.

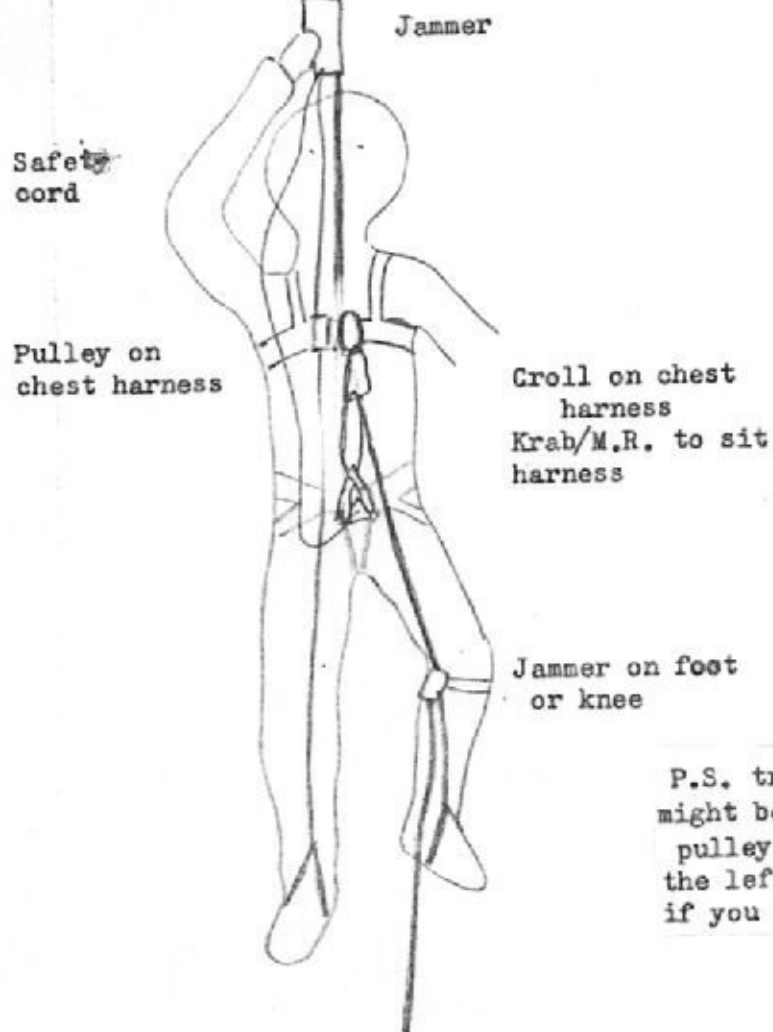
The difference of course is called 'Rope walking', which for the uninitiated involves moving your chest jammer onto a foot or knee and replacing it with a roller box through which passes both rope and foot loop. A.P.S. , Howie, Fantastico elastico, all have their exponents, but the two systems most popular with C.C.P.C. are Frog and Rope walking (actually a modified A.P.S. - see Descent No 36.)

The big problem with 'R.W.' is at bolt changes, and 'getting off' at the top of pitches. This requires experience, skill, practice, strength and intelligence, all common amongst our older members but apparently lacking amongst others. In view of this problem it would appear that a compromise would be the answer - i.e. a 'R.W.' system for climbing with a 'Frog' system for bolt changes etc.

In an attempt to come up with a system simple enough for beginners to understand and cheap enough for them to afford, ANALWOGUPAR was designed.

All you need is a 'Frog Rig' preferably with a Troll type chest harness plus a pulley and that spare jammer that you all carry as 'back up' (!) The jammer should be foot or ankle mounted - Gibbs were most popular but a Petzl might be a better solution.

The foot loop passes through the pulley mounted alongside the Troll using a krab or small maillon. Changing from one system to another is simple - even you can manage it. I'm not going to bore you with further details - give it a try, the diagram should help. (P.T.O.)



P.S. trials suggest that the foot jammer might be better on the rt. foot with the pulley to the left of the Croll and loop to the left foot. Give it a try...but dont blame if you still cant beat T.R. !!!

NEW DISCOVERY IN N. STAFFS !!!!!

It all started with a strange phone call from Stoke Police Station. (You've probably guessed --- Mick Edge !!) STWA had asked if he, or someone, could investigate some 'caves' at Audley. No sooner said than done...George, Kev, Self and Mark J. set off equipped for 'anything'. We arrived at the site to find an old abandoned GRAVEL (YES...GRAVEL) mine!! Exploration took about 30 mins, surprising since the guys sent by STWA had bottled out due to the immense size of the place, reporting all manner of hazards including verticle drops etc. etc.

A phone call to STWA resulted in a request for a report on all potential hazards and a survey. Paul H. and self ended up doing this (2 HOURS) altho' a number of people offered their services. Alan and Chris went back and checked on some of our figures and resurveyed the entrance at the N. end. A plan of the whole 'system' was then sent to STWA who seemed quite chuffed.

CCPC are now considering putting in a tender!!! Volunteers will be needed.
(STOP PRESS...£ 200 DONATED..YES...ETWO HUNDRED!!!!*)

Can you sleep at nights? If not, why not return Ralphs missing copies of 'Descent'. They are easily recognisable--- they have his name written on the front. Now is your chance to make ammends.....PLEASE search through your junk, rummage through your drawers, and make an old man happy.

ADDRESSES

Melv is now at Redacted
(Rumour has it that he's joined the young conservatives, so if you pay a visit (?) wear a tie please!)

Ron Becket actually lives in Redacted

Lin has moved yet again. She now lives at : Redacted

REVOLUTIONARY CHEST HARNESS.

Our equipment advisor P. Ton has come up with a new chest harness suitable for either Frog or Analwogupar or almost any system you care to try. It fits allcomers, no matter how big your boobs or how deformed your chest. A few of these have been made up, so why not buy one at cost price and try one for yourself before the price goes up or supply fails to meet the inevitable demand.

FOR SALE... Genuine CCPC 'T' Shirts reduced to £1 !!! There is a catch they are SMALL!!! If you can get into one and like TIGHT shirts, then you've got a bargain. Why not buy one for the girl friend or kids (or both!) You can have any colour, as long as its black!! See Ralph while stocks last.

'T' Shirts and sweat shirts now available £3 and £5.

Tall thin wet suit for sale.... little used.... £20.... see Ralph.

Thanks to everyone who submitted articles for giving me plenty of practice for my typing exam.

Jane.

(P.S. If they fail me on my exclamation marks I'll demand a recount.)

Answer - Juniper Gulf.

TTTTTTTTOP PTTTTPPRESS*****After what seems to be months of indecision changes of venue, date etc. etc. the annual slide competition/ film show/ plus whatever else can be arranged has finally been fixed for..... SAT. 9th. NOV. at the BIDDULPH ARMS 8 PM. COST about £1.50.

Please do your best to attend and support this event bring your wife/girl friend (or both) granny etc. ,anything to make it a worthwhile evening.

Entries should be given to Alan S. before or on the night.

(There is no prize for finding a good reason why this date is unsuitable !!!)

And now.....The news you've all been waiting for'!!!!. Oxlow is finishedalmost!!!! Just so that you dont feel disappointed a little bit has been reserved for YOU ! O.K. so you've already promised Kev that you'll help him on his sponsored "Stop down" and the dates clash. Sorry ...the "Stop down" has been fixed for Thurs 29 Aug 6PM till Sun 1 Sept..... down Oxlow '!!!! Kev will need lots of support so to avoid the problem of boredom apparent on the "Blind dog" stop down we've left a little bit of work for you to do. Thanking you in anticipation !!!

GEAR. IF you plan on borrowing gear from any of the stores please try to give as much notice as possible to avoid disappointment and inconvenience to others.

ALL GEAR SHOULD BE RETURNED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. Many people ask for gear at short notice and often it is not available 'cos you've got it out !!! GEAR BELONGING TO THE YOUTH SERVICE is not available for loan. Ralph often sticks his neck out and loans this gear out on the understanding that it is returned immediately. Recently an auditor arrived at Holden Lane asking to see all stock books and many depts. had to show the relevant stock. Ralph had a narrow escape... 3 overalls and one furry 'were missing' on loan to ccpc members!!! ALL of these were overdue !!!