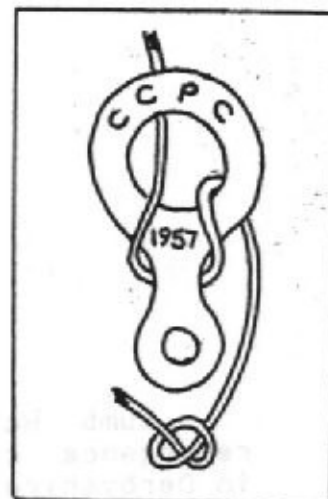


# CCPC



## Newsletter No.37

February 1994.

### RESULTS OF THE 1994 A.G.M.

CHAIRMAN.....	Brian Edmonds.	Tel :-	1
SECRETARY.....	Mark Lavatt.	Tel :-	4
TREASURER.....	John Shenton.	Tel :-	2
MEETS SECRETARY.....	Darren Conde.	Tel :-	3
TRAINING OFFICER.....	Sharon Brandwood.	Tel :-	7
DEPUTY TRAINING OFFICER...	Brian Edmonds.	Tel :-	1
NEWS EDITOR.....	Tracy Conde.	Tel :-	4

Tackle stores,

Ralph Johnson.	Tel :-
Mark Lavatt.	Tel :-
Key Mountford.	Tel :-
Paul Holdcroft ?	Tel :-

SUBSCRIPTION :- No change.

### DATES FOR YOUR DIARY:

Sunday 13th February	*	Simpsons Pot	Top sink.
Saturday 19th February	*	Nettle Pot. NGR 126819	Grade III-V
Sunday 27th February	*	Bullpot of the Witches NGR SD 662813	Grade III
Sunday 6th March	*	Peak Cavern. (MAX 15 PERSON)	- 4 NGR 149825 Grade I-III (part show cave)
Saturday 12th March	*	Streaks Pot. NGR 212760	Grade IV
Sunday 20th March	*	Irbey Fell Cavern. NGR SD 673773	Grade III
sunday 27th March	*	Alum Pot/Lower Long Churn. NRG SD 775756	Grade III

APRIL 30.

OTTER. Sonly.

## LUMB HOLE " THE STORY SO FAR ".

by Neil Conde.

Lumb Hole (also known as Cressbrookdale Resurgence) is a resurgence cave at the bottom of a wooden gorge at Cressbrook in Derbyshire. Map Ref: 173733.

It was about three years ago when we were still keen and not very bright, ( nothing changes ) that Liam Kealey grabbed his chance and asked us to help out on his new dig.(us being the Conde Brother's and Tony [never on time] Renyolds ) It was a thirty foot flatout crawl ending at some rocks, which blocked the way, at least it was clean not like his other dig.

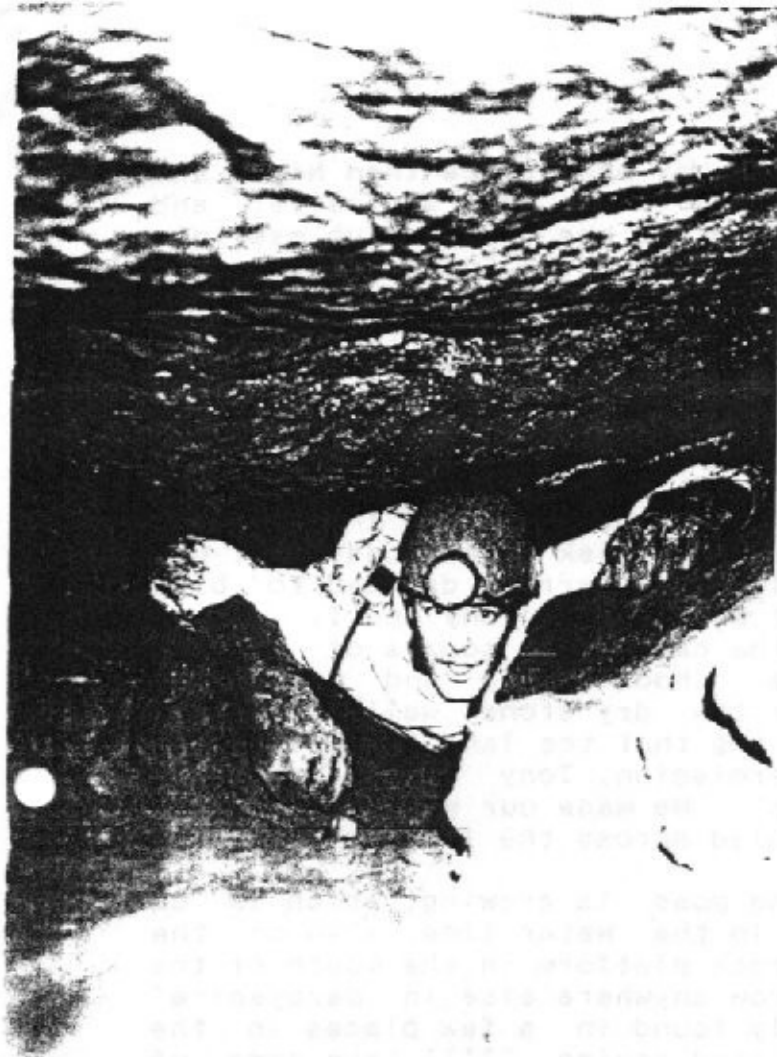
At this time Liam decided to pack his bags and move to foreign parts (South Wales) leaving us to it. So with tooth pick and sweat we scratched away. Three trips later and a lot of hard work, only four foot of passage had been gained. So we decided to go for the master plan, and got Darren to scout out for new recruits. After a lot of bullshit and saying the dig was about to go, we managed to talk Ross (dig it out) Evans into coming along. (who needs a JCB when you've got Ross).

Any way Ross came along and had a good look, said it looked promising, so he had a word with Paul (blast it to bits) Holdcroft, and a trip was arrange. Holes were drilled, bang in place, dets set off.

We went back a week later to see the damage. Ross, Coddy and myself crawled to the dig face and started moving rocks away, while Darren and Tony started clearing the entrance out. We had been at it for about forty five minutes, when we heard a loud rumbling sound, stone silence and then Darren shouted back that a rock had fallen and blocked the entrance. I thought, oh shit cave rescue! we're in for a long wait.(Ed, if you remember correctly Neil nobody knew of our whereabouts at the time, so we where in for a very long wait.) In the mean time Darren and Tony managed to crawl over the boulder which was blocking the entrance and shouted back, " DON'T PANIC! DON'T PANIC! Mr MANNERING you are still able to crawl out" so we called it a day and returned to the entrance to way up what had happened. Apparently they had removed a small rock which was holding a large boulder in place, which everybody else saw and had the sence not to touch and so resulting in the collapse.

Months went by between trips and we dug a bit further, then we got Ralph (just hold this) Johnson to bang it for us, dug it a bit further, then left it a few months while we did other things. During this time we had a bit of bad luck as Paul and Ralphs bang licences ran out. Because of new regulations in the law, they were refused new licences, so we were back to square one tooth picks and sweat.

At the moment the cave is around sixty foot long and flat out all the way with the odd bend, its tight and awkward in places and you can only turn around at the end with difficulty, the cave can be seen to go on but its getting tighter and needs banging desperately to carry on.

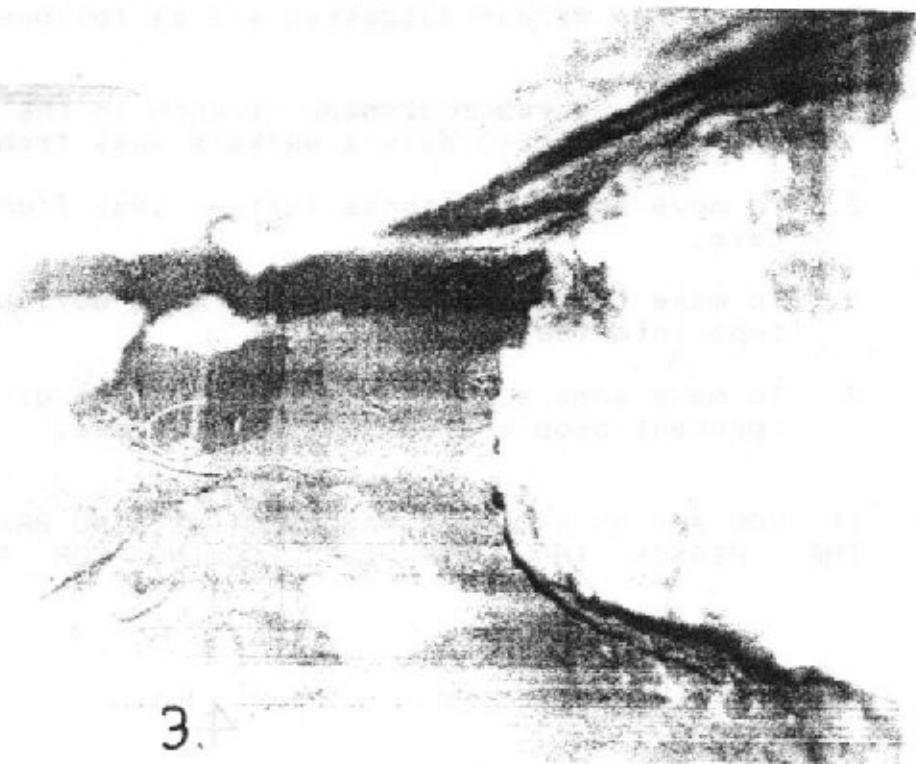


FIRST PART OF THE CRAWL  
ENTERING THE DIG.

PASSAGE VERY MUCH THE  
SAME ALL THE WAY.

ENTRANCE TO  
THE DIG.

NOTICE THE  
PLASTIC TANK  
ON THE LEFT  
FOR SPOIL.



The last time we went was in May and since then Nigel and Lionel have received bang licences for a new explosive, and have offered to bang it for us. But at one of the club meetings we found out that we were number one on the English Nature Hit list for digging the cave without permission. So I rang one of the wardens at Manor Barn to plead and beg for forgiveness and found out that he didn't mind us digging the cave. The problem is, there is a rare moss growing near the entrance, and I got the impression he wanted to come to some arrangement about the route we took to the cave, so as not to damage the moss, so I set up a meeting with him for the 5th December.

I rang Caddy and Darren to tell them the date, but I think they must of been running scared, because a week later Caddy went out and got himself a job (Wally) and Darren decided to blow himself up (Bigger Wally), so it was down to Tony and I.

We had only been waiting in the car for a couple of minutes when the Warden arrived. We shook hands and made our acquaintances. We climbed over the dry stone wall, where at this point the warden informed us that the land is owned by a Duke and asked if we had permission. Tony and I faced each other, grinned and replied "yes". We made our way down to the bottom of the gorge, and scrambled across the flowing river to the large open entrance.

The Warden pointed to where the moss is growing, which is on one side of the cave entrance in the water line, also on the top and down the front of the rock platform in the mouth of the cave. I asked him "does it grow anywhere else in Derbyshire" and he replied that it was only found in a few places in the World, [just our luck]. Tony joked saying, "I'll take some of that home and grow it in my fish pond to sell." The Warden didn't look to happy and gave us a polite warning, that you could get fined up to £1,000 per plant removed.

There is a path running along the top of the entrance leading to a climb down to the mouth of the cave, then to stepping stones in the river to another path, which is occasionally used by walkers. This is where the Warden wants us to make the climb down more obvious, so to keep walkers away from the platform. So we decided to offer him our help, which was well appreciated, to keep up good relations.

The plans the Warden suggested are as follows;

1. To dig a three foot deep trench in the stream in front of the platform, to deter walkers away from the moss.
2. To move stepping stones further away from the edge of the cave.
3. To make the climb up and down more obvious by cutting teps into the rock.
4. To make some sort of a barrier on top of the platform to prevent people from getting to close.

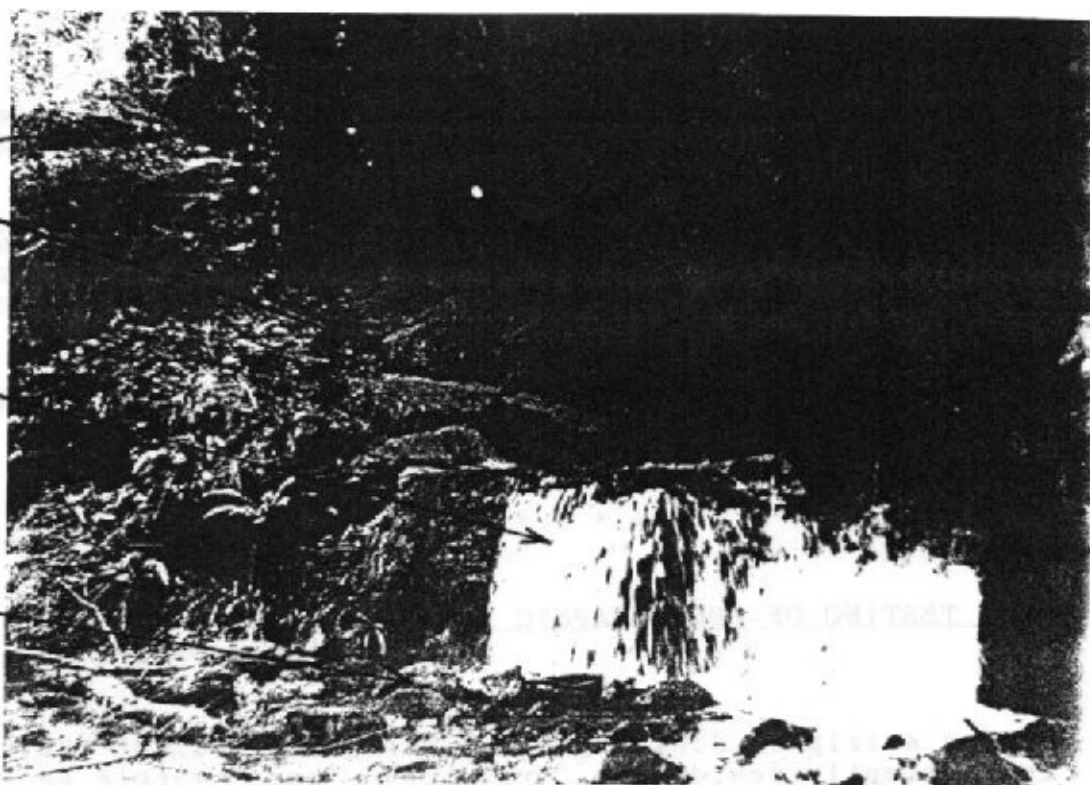
IF YOU ARE AN ANOREXIC MASOCHIST WITH NO BRAINS, YOU ARE JUST THE PERSON THE CLUB IS LOOKING FOR TO JOIN THE DIG.



CLIMB DOWN IN  
CORNER AND ON  
THE SLOPE.

MOSS GROWING  
ON PLATFORM  
AND DOWN THE  
FRONT UNDER  
THE WATER LINE.

STEPPING STONES  
IN FRONT OF  
WATER.



SURGESTED 3ft DEEP TRENCH TO BE DUG IN FRONT OF PLATFORM.

PICTURE LOOKING FROM THE ENTRANCE.



STEPPING  
STONES TO  
THE LEFT  
OF THE  
PICTURE.

SURGESTED  
NEW LINE  
FOR STEPPING  
STONES.

### THOUGHT FOR THE DAY.

The young man who has the courage to risk his life climbing a mountain, or exploring some dangerous terrain, or crossing an ocean, or going down a pothole, will never turn out to be mean-spirited, never become an outsider or a social misfit. He has proved himself in meeting the challenge of that kind of adventure which offers no material rewards, and he will prove himself again in the adventure where there are many rewards to be won, the adventure we call life.

Taken from a book written by Jacques Attout, on the PSM.

\* \* \* \* \*

### DROP TESTING OF PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT.

#### "Bodmen Drains"

During a trip to Jingling Pot a certain member of the club inadvertently decided to "drop test" "ones" tackle sack, containing two BDH bottles and an ammo box full of camera bits.

Upon inspection of the sack and contents at the bottom of the 43m shaft, the tackle sack was found to be in good condition, and the ammo box appeared to be O.K. but both the BDH bottles were split open. Inside, one of the flash guns was obviously all right, its fully charged LED was on, and it fired correctly. The other one however was in bits. The camera itself looked alright, but its built in flash no longer seemed to work. If "one", who conducted this valuable test has had the film developed, maybe "one", could let us know the results, can a 35mm camera survive a 43m fall onto rocks. Flash guns it seems, only have a 50:50 survival chance in this situation.

Incidentally, the sticky goo all over the sack and its contents was not a dead sheep as initially thought, but condensed milk, whose container did not pass the drop test.

\* \* \* \* \*

### COMMENT OF THE MONTH.

I have had another comment passed onto me too share with all you members, I think it is only fair not to name the person involved, but the worrying thing is, that its a lady. On a windy day in Wales this person is reported to have said " The last time I was on Gt Gable I got blown off. It was a real hands and knees job !! ".

### FOR SALE.

Rugby Shirts & Sweat Shirts, all sizes, £11.00  
One 25 litre Rucksack, £20.00 Contact Ralph J.