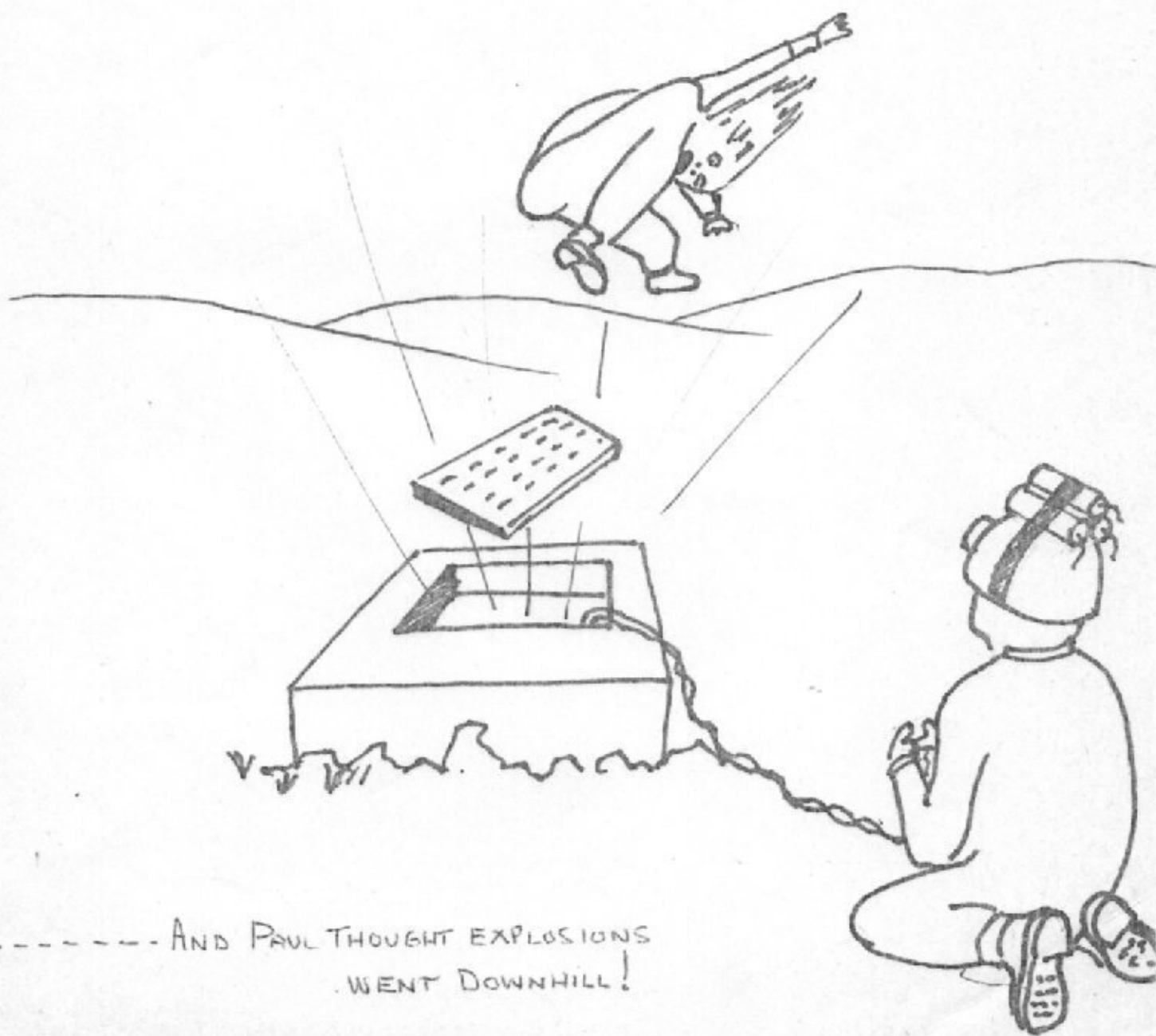


C.C.P.C

NEWSLETTER N°13



LADDERS AND LIFELINES

I was new to caving and was arriving back at Geology Pot after being dragged to the bottom of 'Giant's' by a big cheerful bloke who never stopped singing old Elvis tunes throughout the whole trip. I attached the lifeline to meself and, as it tightened, prepared for an energetic climb: my belt dug deep into my ribs and, suddenly, I was off the ground - my legs flailed around wildly in midair whilst my hands frantically tried to keep pace with the oncoming rungs. On arriving at the top I swore that Brian's overenthusiastic lifelining was the logical progression from SRT - after all the ladder was practically redundant!

I don't know what method was used to lifeline me that day, all I know is that it was safe - if I'd have let go of the ladder I'd have gone up, not down! Unfortunately many cavers lifeline in a most unsafe way as was graphically illustrated by an Orpheus video, shown at the last BCRA conference. There were lots of 'oohs' and 'aahs' from the conference audience as trusty 'volunteers' fell from ladders whilst various styles of lifelining were used to try and hold the fall. Much to the audiences amusement most of these valiant efforts ended with climber and lifeliner flying in all directions and coming to rest in a tangled mass of bodies, ladder and rope!

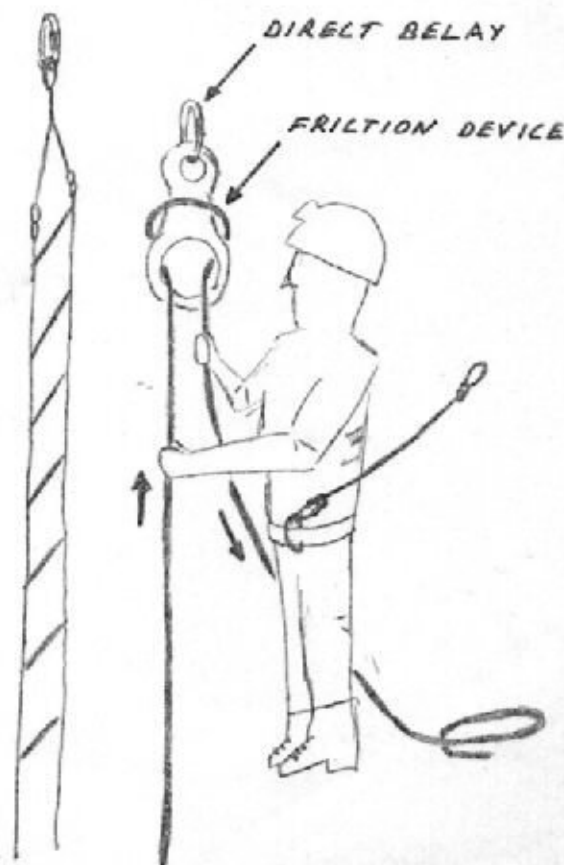
It was clear that many commonly used lifelining techniques just weren't adequate: traditional lifelining (rope around waist - like most of us use) proved to be disastrous.....the chances of stopping a reasonable fall being virtually nil. The fault in such lifelining is us - the caver (or, more accurately, his/her back): it's amazing - we expend so much energy dragging around nice thick lifelines, spend pounds on flashy belay belts/krabs and take time to look for solid belays then wrap the rope around our own pathetic backs! A piece of equipment that, combined with our hands/arms may do well to hold a shock load of a few hundred kilogrammes. If we are prepared to accept such a weak link in the lifelining chain we may as well save ourselves a lot of money and effort by using 3mm (250kg) lifeline! Effective lifelining clearly can't involve the caver as a 'strain-bearing part'.

Direct Belay

With direct belay the force of any fall is transferred, via a friction device, directly to a strong belay. The lifeliner is no longer a load bearing part of the system (but should still, ideally, be belayed to another totally separate belay). If a fall occurs the lifeliner can arrest it with little effort by pulling on the loose end of the lifeline so as to stop the rope threading through the friction device. In the Orpheus video heavy falls were held with the lifeliner using just one hand.

Friction Device

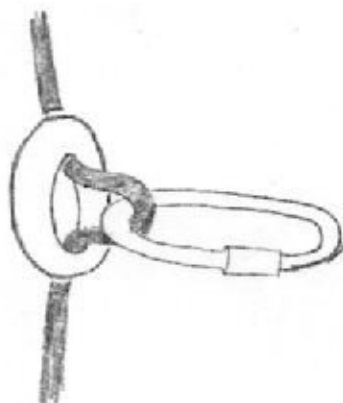
A friction device is essential in direct belaying - it is this that enables the lifeliner to arrest even a heavy fall without the super-human, back-breaking, arm-wrenching, knee-aching, sweat-drenching efforts of traditional lifelining! The device is



attached directly to a good belay using a sling. Rope is fed into it with one hand and away with the other. This can be hard work due to friction in the device and especially if a helping tug is being given to the climber. A small amount of slack in the rope travelling through the device helps in passing the rope through it.

There is a choice of friction device. Many people use a figure of 8 descender - probably because many cavers carry these around as a standard piece of equipment anyway. A stitchplate is an easier device to use - designed by climbers specifically for lifelining, it is a much smaller, lighter and cheaper than the figure of 8 although it doesn't double up as a rope descender (except in desperation that is!)

Friction can be introduced into the lifeline by using a friction knot such as the Italian Hitch (see diagram). This is perhaps the cheapest and lightest method as only a large D-gate krab is needed. The Italian Hitch is a 'knot' that allows rope to travel through itself easier in one direction than the other. When a force is applied to the knot it turns within the krab - using 11mm rope a large D-gate krab is essential or the knot won't be able to turn.



STITCHPLATE



Apart from reducing the effort needed to stop a fall there are other advantages to direct belaying:

- (i) The lifeliner can easily lock-off the friction device and go to the victim's aid.
- (ii) The lifeliner is in no way permanently attached to the lifeline - should the direct belay fail the lifeliner will not be dragged over the edge of the pitch to sustain a fall even greater than that of the unfortunate climber.

The aim of this article was to jog people's memory of a lifelining technique, safer than the traditional method and suitable for cavers who do not have the necessary equipment to self-line. Hopefully there will be a session on ladders at the next training meet - then we can all try to arrest an unexpected fall in controlled (!) conditions. If you can't wait until then try lifelining your granny up the stairs or something!

Finally, the best advice in lifelining must be 'Lifeline as you would like to be lifelined' - hopefully this means without that 3mm rope!

Tippie

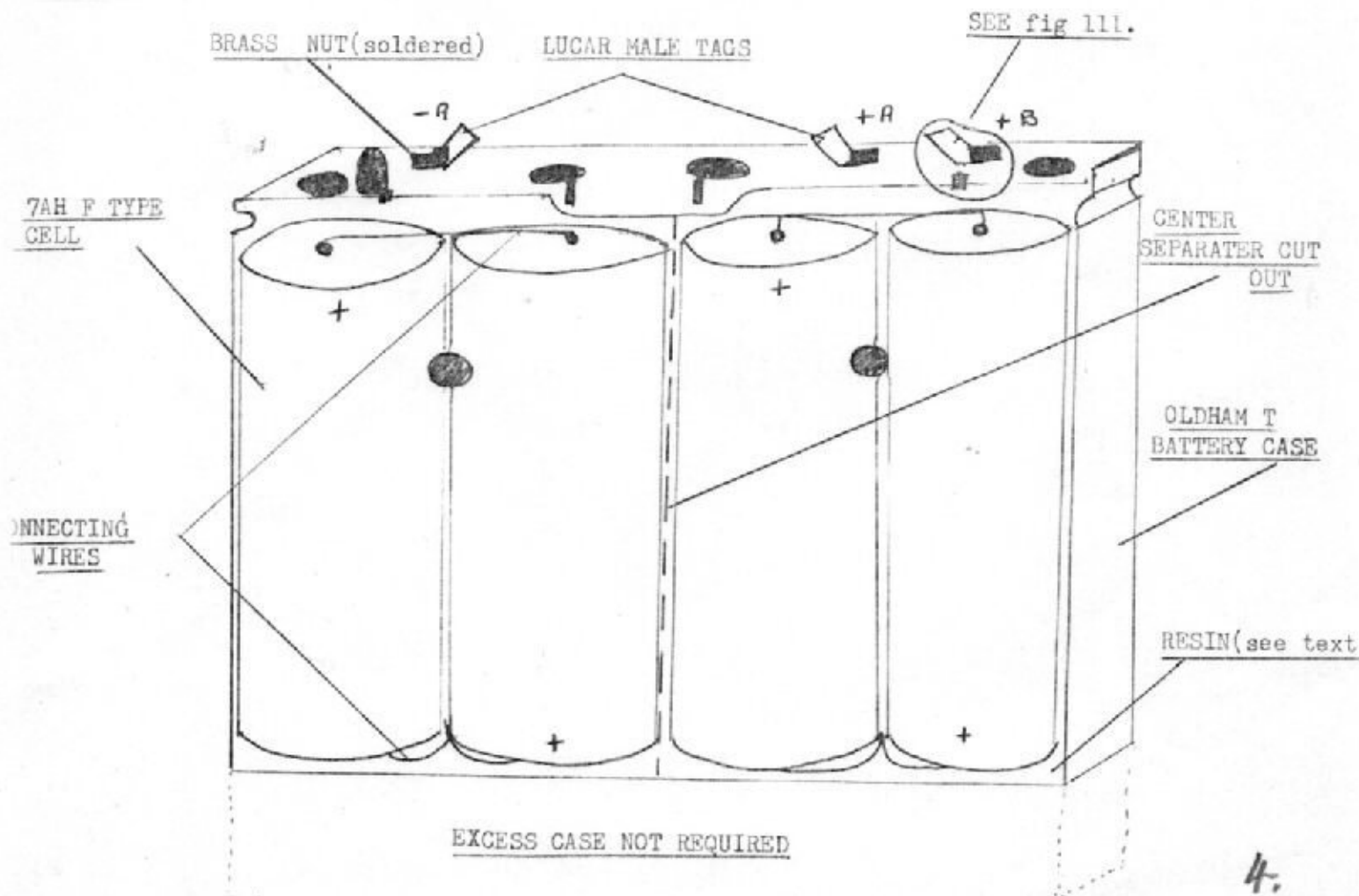
FX 4?

By great popular demand (but more likely we are running out of articles for our mag) I have been asked to write an article on the much acclaimed FX 4 (Ralph's joke).

So here we go. First get yourselves the following:

- 1 old Oldham T Caplamp
- 4 f type nicad cells
- 3 male lucar tags (screw down type)
- 3 4ba brass screws & nuts
- 3 4ba tinned brass ring crimp terminal
- 5' .5mm insulated multistrand wire
- 2 female lucar crimp tags (and boots)
- 1 1" brass 2ba screw
- 1 2ba wing nut (a std 2ba nut may be used but you may have to carry a spanner)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ litre fibre glass resin or similar

- 1) fig 1. Measure and cut the battery case (about 5" from the top); beware of acid. Undo the nuts from the top of the case and remove the old cells. Wash out the case with water and dry. Cut out the center cell separator to at least half way down or until all four cells will fit inside the case. Drill three holes to take 4ba brass screws in the top.



- 2) Wire the four cells as in fig 11. leaving long enough leads to reach the top of the case. Crimp and solder the ring crimp terminals onto the three long wires -A, +A and +B and assemble with nut and lucar tag as in fig 111. not forgetting to solder the ring terminal to the screw and the nut to the lucar and screw thread.

fig 11.

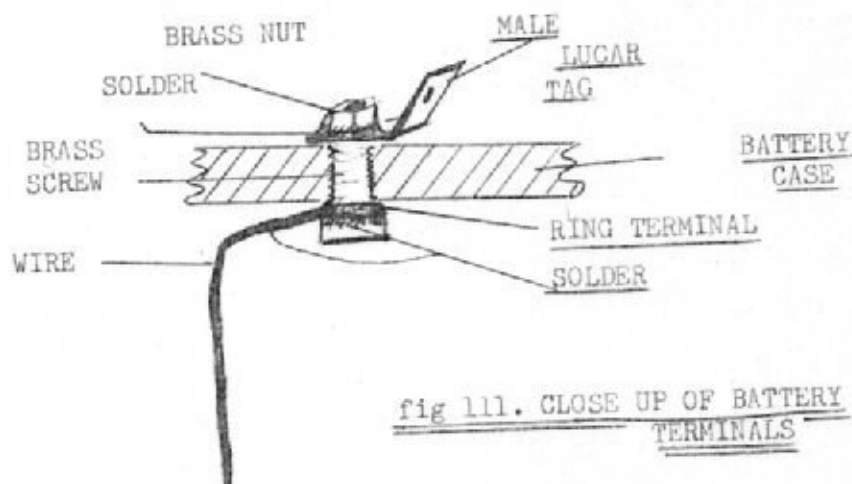
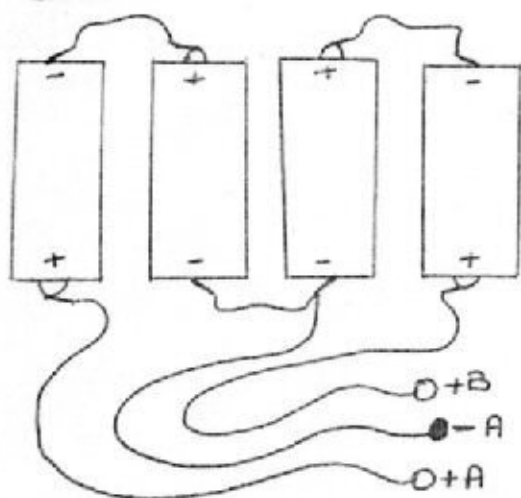


fig 111. CLOSE UP OF BATTERY TERMINALS

- 3) Check all your wiring observing the polarities (positive and negative) and that all the solder joints are well formed. Push the cells into place.
- 4) Snap off the screw holder on the battery lid retainer fig 1V. (this is quite tricky and requires a little muscle if you can't do this ask your big brother or daddy to help). Screw the 2ba brass screw into the battery lid from the inside. Crimp and solder the female crimp tags onto the wire not forgetting the insulating boots.

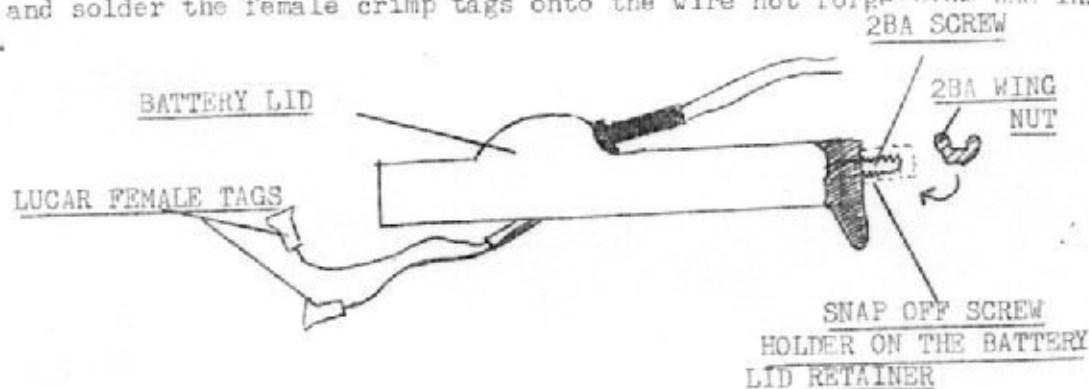


fig.1V BATTERY LID CONVERSION

- 5) Change the main and pilot bulbs to 2.4v 1A and 2.5v .3A respectively. Clip on the female crimp to the male lucar, black (or blue) wire to -A and red (or brown) wire to +A, switch on the lamp. The lamp may light, if it does leave it on until it is discharged, if not (or when discharged) take the red wire to +B and repeat.
- 6) Charge both sets of batteries at .875A for 5mins and then repeat 5). Both sets of batteries should have some charge and so the lamp should now light on +A and +B if it does not recheck wiring and if you can't find any fault seek advise. If the lamp does light fully charge both sets of batteries at .875A for 12hours each. When charged connect the red wire into +A and switch on making a note of how long it lasts, repeat with +B. You should be expecting at least 7 hours on main beam for each set of batteries. If this is correct mix and pour in the resin, which is best achieved by sealing the base and holes on the front and pouring in from the top.

Typical discharge time is 14 hours (7+7 hours switching over manually underground)
but by using different bulbs you can vary the brightness and discharge times:

BULB	WATTAGE	DURATION
2.4V 1.25A	3W	11hr
2.4V 1A	2.4W	14hr
2.4V .8A halogen	2W	17.5hr
2.4V .65A	1.6W	20hr
2.5V .3A	.7W	47hr

This lamp as you can see is very versatile and by using a spare lid you may also be able to use more than one battery underground for expedition, DAREN etc.
If you intend to make a lamp using my design if you get in touch I can name suppliers where you can buy the parts.

DEREK. (Jane has not typed this blame me for any mistakes)

B.C.R.A. Film Evenings

The B.C.R.A. are holding film evenings on the following dates:-

Sat 21 June	(Ingleton Community Centre)
Wed 25 June	(Birmingham University Students Union)
Thurs 26 June	(Bristol University)

The programme includes films from several leading continental film makers and Sid Perou.

Tickets £2.00 available from Ingleton or Jerry Woolridge (phone: 021-426 1803)

Cwmdwr Access (pronounced Come Door - for those of you who don't speak Welsh)

The Nature Conservancy Council has extended the O.F.D. National Nature Reserve to include in and around Cwmdwr Quarry. The entrance to Cwmdwr Quarry Cave now lies within the Reserve and access is now controlled by permit available from D.E. Samuel, O.F.D. Permit Secretary, 85 Cavendish Avenue, West Ealing London. Maximum party size is seven.

White Scar

Were you one of the lucky ones who went down White Scar last year before the management changed? You probably won't be going again! - an entrance fee of £3.00 per head will now be charged making Giants a relative bargain!

C.N.C.C. report that bookings for Gingling and Hammer are down.

- I wonder why ? !!

"Send For The C.R.O....."

My caving exploits on Sunday 27th January were curtailed when a flustered caver came flashing across the fell to tell us there had just been an accident in Rowten and could we help.

Apparently a caver had rigged the entrance pitch (220') and abseiled off the end of a rope 30' from the bottom. The CRO were sent for as he had a suspected broken leg. We thought we'd send him some light reading eg. "The Spur Book of Knots." Within half an hour of our arrival, the CRO arrived on the scene, a total of 50 minutes following the accident.

Fortunately the group had a survival bag to place him in but after an hour his shouting ceased, as did our joviality in trying to make the best of it. The CRO, led by Jack Pickup, displayed remarkable efficiency in getting the pitch rigged and first aid to the victim but it was 4 - 5 hours before the doctor arrived. Things were obviously worse than suspected and it took 6 hours and 40 cavers to get him out.

He had extensive injuries. This should act as a warning to all cavers never to neglect to tie that knot!

Whether it was co-incidence or a Deific warning to us, that morning we asked our rope-packer if he'd tied a knot at the end.

"No", he said, "but it's alright, there's one at the top." We all laughed then, but by that afternoon the joke had turned sour.

LIN.

EXTRACTS FROM CAVES & CAVING (FEB 86)

FURRY SUIT DANGER

Dr. John Frankland, Chairman of CRO reports in Caves & Caving of the danger of swimming in caves whilst wearing a furry suit.

Recently, a caver of many years experience, drowned in Lancaster Hole sump after plunging into the deep cold water. He swam for just a few yards, turned onto his back and sank, without warning or crying out. He was wearing a fibre pile suit and an oversuit (both new and intact), wellingtons, and a miners light.

The Doctor goes on to state that his death was caused by the shock of the cold water. A sudden plunge into very cold water in fact causes the heart to beat irregularly. This in turn creates uncontrollable rapid respiration, making it impossible to hold the breath when the face becomes submerged.

This caver's unfortunate and untimely death should serve as a sad reminder to us all that furry suits, oversuits and wellingtons were not designed to swim in.

THE BITS & BOBS PAGE

Club Raffle

As many of you know, we have run a raffle in conjunction with Orell RUFC each year for more than a decade. In principle, we buy tickets at about 1/3 face value, then we hope all money is returned. Last year was a good year for sales, so this year we estimated that we could sell £300 worth. (£6 a head) Each book costs £2.50 so most of you received 2 books: Had all tickets been sold we would have made a profit of £210 approx (not counting postage and endless phone calls!)

Unfortunately, 9 books were returned unsold and 19 not returned at all! This represents a profit deficit of over £47 (an overall actual loss on the tickets bought of £22.40. The profit is therefore about £153, £35 of this from one member - T R ! It appears that many members are buying the tickets themselves thus putting up their subs by £5. (£3.30 to CCPC £1.70 to Orell RUFC!) It was felt at a recent meeting that these members would find it cheaper to pay an extra £2 ? subs and forget the raffle. The price of tickets (25p) has been blamed for making sales difficult, but figures suggest that those who normally do well still do well, and those who don't still don't!! (they also do no worse.)

It has been suggested that as we have decided to abandon Orell, those who object to the inevitable membership increase might be interested in an 'alternative raffle' with some sort of sliding scale which reduces the membership fee in proportion to the amount of tickets sold. Give it some thought. It's your money.

Dear Marjorie,

Thanks to Christine and all those involved in organising the Club Do at the 'Out of Town'. A lot of effort is required and much time is spent running around before hand. Very often, all we get at the end of the day is criticism! However, I feel that we should consider starting the next one at a later time, say 10.30, in order to give members the opportunity to arrive on time. Some of us felt like lonely pebbles on a beach waiting for the tide to arrive.

Dissatisfied !

(Name & address supplied.)

B.C.R.A. Library

A comprehensive list of publications held at the library has now been published and is available to all members who send a stamped addressed label? for 52p to librarian Roy Paulson, Holt House, Holt Lane, Lea, Matlock (Tel: 0629-84 775). Non-members can purchase a copy from sales officer Bryan Ellis, price £3.00 inc p&p. The club will receive a free copy. The library is located in the Local Studies Department within the Derbyshire County Council Offices in Matlock and is open on weekdays 0900 - 1700 hours or by appointment on Saturday mornings. Tel: 0629-3411 Ext 6840 and ask for Mrs. Jean Rudford or Ruth Conway.

Ropes for Lifelining

By the time you read this, all the club hawser lay lifeline rope should be a thing of the past. It should all have been replaced with kernmantel rope. This rope is not suitable for SRT or climbing, but is OK for lifelining or self lifelining. Sticht plates (or similar) are strongly advised.

PERRYFOOT CAVE TO PERRYFOOT SWALLET

DCA Newsletter No 61.

Told you !! This system was explored by C.C.P.C. in the late 50's by your's truly & co and by Rob Heath in the '70's. Both of us noted this in the club log (the club what?) pointing out it's potential, but efforts were diverted to the cub dig (the club what?)

Perhaps you'll listen next time !

See DCA Newsletter No 61 for further details.

Ammendments to members list

Tony Gamble

Nick Armitage

Redacted

Rich Phillips.

George Crane

URGENT

SUBS.

STOP PRESS

In the next exciting edition - the full story - exclusive -

- Hammer, House of Horror !

An Old Fable

You've all heard the joke about the old bull and the young bull looking across the field at a load of cows; the young bull suggests they run down and screw one. The old bull replies "No, let's walk down and screw them all!"

This little story is about two cavers, an old one and a young one, who went to Yorkshire to go caving. As they sat in the Marton Arms watching the thunder clouds gathering, the young caver said "Let's rush out and do a cave before it starts to rain." The old caver replied "No, let's take our time and do them all."

The moral of this story is - the cave will still be there next weekend.

P. Ton.

AN UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE 1985

The week before we left was hectic to say the least: 1300 ft of rope, 100 maillons/hangers, carbide generators, food, tents, insurance and travel arrangements all had to be sorted out. That hectic in fact that the first ever incidence of Kelly refusing a drink was recorded: "Sorry, I've got to finish packing" !

Friday 5 July saw several vehicles from Crewe and Rotherham heading for the late night channel ferries (predictably Phil's Lotus 'wasn't quite finished'). I was in Simon's VW camper van with Phil, Spud and Ken. After boarding the ferry all of us crashed out on the TV lounge floor with the exception of Ken who headed straight for the bar. 5am the next morning we awoke to find no sign of Ken - surely he couldn't still be in the bar! That, though, is where we found him and the combined effects of half a bottle of whisky + two bottles of wine + rolling boat appeared to have taken its toll: a paralytic Ken couldn't even recognise any of us!

Ken was dragged towards the van as disembarkation was imminent but, after a violent outburst on the car deck, was left to find his own way. This he failed to do and after a quick search of the boat we were made to disembark leaving Ken's passport, money and clothes with the port authorities. The ferry quickly reloaded and (after we'd convinced the authorities that he wasn't overboard) set off for Portsmouth with Ken, apparently, fast asleep in one of the crewe's bunks! After sobering up back at Portsmouth he was made to pay his ferry fare again and set off on his third channel-crossing in 24 hours. This time he managed to get off at France catching the train to Grenoble and arriving a day late.

Meanwhile the rest of us had an uneventful drive through France. As dusk set in, the Vercors loomed up impressively above us and Simon's van struggled for the best part of the next hour to reach the top of the plateau. Here the abundance of GB stickers showed we'd arrived. The camp fire was burning brightly, up went Phil's tent, down went our heads.

Sunday morning the sun drove us out of our tents at an early hour (why does this never happen at Ingleton ?). It was supposed to be a rest day but clearly Bob (our leader) was itching to start so several of us donned furrysuits and went to do a tackle drop at Garby's pitch (-340 ft). This trip involved the 'dreaded' Meanders traverses which fell well short of their ferocious reputation.

The next day saw us in the Berger proper; we were supposed to rig from Camp 1 (-1600 ft) to Grand Cascade (-2900 ft) - a tall order which, inevitably, we failed to pull off. After the second part of the Meanders we arrived at Aldo's - a beautiful 140 ft shaft - which was followed by a short scramble and squeeze then a massive change in dimensions: the walls parted and faded to darkness. The booming echo of our jubilant cheers indicated we'd arrived at The Great Gallery of the Starless River - what a contrast to the weekend before's caving (Knotlow!!). What do we mess around at in Derbyshire ? We cruised on, awestruck, down passage of ever increasing size - our carbides making little impression on the walls either side of us. Then down 400 ft of boulder slope - the aptly named 'Great rubble heap' - to Camp 1.

It was midnight by now and sleep was in order but we decided to carry on - a bad mistake. Phil continued to rig down Balcony, past the 'Elephant's Plonker' and down to Vestibule pitch (-2100 ft). At this point things were getting ridiculous, nobody could stay awake and we decided on an about turn with a kip at camp 1. Arriving at the camp around 5am I had a very traumatic experience in the 'Black Hole' (Camp 1's unofficial toilet) - nobody told me to squat over the hole and NOT to climb down into it! Talk about Otter, mud will never put me off now! One person who definitely did squat over the hole was Lin - only we wished she hadn't so unfortunately placed her carbide behind her creating a massive shadow on the roof above our sleeping pit! To save her blushes we all closed our eyes (well I did at least). Sleep quickly overcame us and an eerie silence closed in, punctuated by the constant dripping from high in the caverns roof.

I awoke in total darkness and comfortable warmth. Nobody else was awake (or so I thought) which please me - this was one morning I definitely was going to have a lie-in. I turned over and slept again. This same process happened several times to several of us (so I found out later) - it seemed nobody wanted to make the first move out of the warm sleeping bags! Suddenly I perceived distant echoing voices, the voices grew louder as over the space of many minutes the next rigging party made their way down the Great Rubble Heap. Noisily they greeted us - a rude awakening for some - it was 3 o'clock in the afternoon! After coffee and Beanfeast (a sort of do-it-yourself Bernie's breakfast) the others continued rigging whilst we started the slog out.

Phil and Melv set out well before Paul, Lin and myself. After I'd prussiked up Aldo's Paul and Lin came up together (there were two ropes down). Both clipped in at the top, Paul hauled his sack up but then Lin refused to pull hers up - she wanted Paul to do it! Paul refused, Lin shouted, Paul refused again..... and so the domestic dispute continued, bridging across the top of a 140ft shaft! After several minutes they were still at it and my patience wore thin so I set off out alone. A few hours later I arrived at the entrance. It was midnight and a few of the lads had come to meet us in case we couldn't find our way back to the campsite in the dark (two people had already been benighted in the forest). We sat waiting for Lin and Paul and on hearing their voices I went to collect my helmet which I'd left by the entrance. Just as Simon shouted "watch that hole" my foot slipped down a crack in the limestone pavement and I was sent off balance. I fell over backward hitting my back on the rock before being thrown forward to notice a strange sensation - freefall! I didn't know how deep the hole was and I didn't intend to find out this way so I stuck arms and legs out at peculiar angles in hope of jamming across the shaft. I rattled down the narrow shaft in total darkness for what seemed an age before grinding to a halt in the "classic traverse position". For a split second there was a deathly silence, shattered by Simon's shouting: "Are you OK, don't move". I was making a quick appraisal of my position - I could feel that I had two reasonable footholds but what, in the darkness, was I straddling below? - 6 inches, 6 foot or 60 foot?! Somehow I had managed to hold onto my helmet during the fall and I reached over to twist on my zoom: quickly I pointed it beneath my feet to see the passage slope off to one side below me. Not too bad. I stayed still my back hurt, my ankle and the skin had been taken off the backs of my fingers. Ken derigged the Berger entrance pitch and used the rope to lifeline me out. Escapade over I was patched up by Simon before limping back to camp.

At this point the Berger ended for me and the rest of my time was spent frustratedly with Chris (pulled ligaments) and Lin (Bronchitis) as the sunbathing invalids! For an insight into the bottom 1500ft of the Berger I'll leave Paul to tell his secrets:

The cave changed in character at Vestibule - one enters through a door like opening onto the pitch which is split into two separate hangs by a large ledge. Almost immediately after are the canals where George dropped a tackle bag and rescued it by his own brand of cave diving - bottom walking! (without air). The streamway at this point is typical of a British cave - fast flowing in a narrow rift passage. The cascades were soon left behind and we reached Claudines which in my opinion was the most enjoyable pitch. One more pitch and we were at the top of the Grand Canyon from where we could see another party at Camp 2 who resembled ants! We stumbled down and on arrival at camp discovered they had turned back at Little Monkey - so near but yet so far. After a brief pause we said our farewells and parted company.

At the next pitch (Gache's) we came to a temporary halt when Phil got the gibbers getting on to the rope; this involved a traverse high on the right hand wall and then a lean out across the passage to reach the rope about 4ft away, it was a case of sitting on the edge and swinging out on the bolt into space. There seemed to be endless bolt changes on the next three pitches which were continuously rigged against the left hand wall. The latter (Grand Cascade) was quite damp as there was a large inlet at the top: I struggled to keep my carbide lit but failed and had to resort to my unreliable electric back up which gave out as much light as a glow-worm. It was a relief to load my rack on the rope and abseil into the blackness after fumbling about with the knitting at the top of the pitch; when I reached the bottom there was no sign of anyone so I lit my lamp and set off down the enormous passage away at full speed. The passage soon closed down again at La Baignoire (the bathtub) which involved a traverse on a steel wire stretched about 4 metres above a deep pool.

I still hadn't caught the others up when I reached a low section and thought I'd gone wrong, there was no other way on but to get down and crawl! I emerged from the low wide passage to find Melv, Bill and Phil huddled together in a draughting passageway, "What's wrong?" I asked, "Nothing", said Phil, "we're waiting for Tim to rig Little Monkey": after what seemed like eternity we set off one by one along the traverse and down the pitch. The line the rope took on the pitch necessitated one to clip in to a taut rope to avoid abseiling in the water. The rope was continuously rigged along the left hand wall at the bottom to stop people falling over Hurricane Pitch. I crawled along a narrow ledge to the top of Hurricane which Phil was in the process of rigging; there was a sudden scream from below and I feared that Phil had abseiled off the end of the rope. I lay there for almost half an hour petrified; Melvin finally persuaded me to go down the pitch which had an extremely difficult take off. The others followed and we all shook hands at the bottom and strode off down the boulders towards the pseudo siphon. Melv and I reached a waterfall which we didn't attempt to climb down and so retreated to the bottom of Hurricane. I was so pre-occupied with reaching the bottom that I hadn't even contemplated the climb out! We progressed slowly to Camp 2, where I felt very cold until I drank some soup. When we arrived at Camp 1 I didn't want to stop, I felt I could carry on for ever; my stomach however was telling me otherwise! The famous Beanfeasts came out and we all tried to eat one; few succeeded! It was fantastic to get into a warm sleeping bag, even though it was wet.

Everyone went out at their own pace, I surfaced at 4.45pm. I was so enthusiastic to reach base camp I stole off in front of Melv, confident I knew the way back. The red marks painted on the path appeared rather brighter than usual; I had been following the wrong path all along - the paint was wet! My story of how I reached camp doesn't need recounting, to say it was embarrassing is an understatement.

At this point Tipple takes up the story again:

George had built a large fire this night and we sat in the warmth waiting and drinking. Suddenly a dark shape could be made out lurching towards the fire. The staggering figure was soon upon us and the firelight enabled me to discern two white eyes and a set of white teeth behind a totally blackened face - Paul's face. Looking like a miner tied up in a fibre-pile sack he looked bloody funny, but he wasn't amused: "Well you soon find out who your mates are - there's me lost in this bloody great forest and nobody comes looking for me ". Paul was soon talking jibberish about big hairy animals hunting him down in the forest: " I looked up and saw this big pair of eyes staring at me from the dark of the trees - I thought it was a bloke and shouted Hello - but no reply. I tried again - no reply - this ain't no man I thought and ran like bloody hell in the opposite direction until I couldn't run any more ". At this stage he sought protection in the Berger entrance and even considered abseiling down to the safety of a night at Camp 1!!! Well to cut a long story short he eventually stumbled across some French campers in a clearing and DEMANDED to be driven to La Molliere! Apparently they spoke no English but obliged. I wonder what they thought of this crazy English 'miner' in a filthy furry-suit demanding to be driven to the top of the mountain!

Ken Griffiths is looking for Instructors in various activities such as camping, caving, climbing, canoeing, sailing etc. for 4 weeks in August. £3.00 per hour aprox. , about 40 hrs. per week. Contact Ken on SOT267489

FOR SALE. Tackle sacks, personal sacks, sit harnesses (M and S) ...no not Marks and Spencers!!! Lamps T type. Sweat shirts, T shirts. Contact Ralph.

Sid p. watch out !!! There is an evening arranged at the Biddulph Arms on Friday 20 June 8.30pm. This is a last get together before this Summers trip to France. To round off the evening we will be showing the 60's B/W film of the Berger plus I.C.'s latest box office blockbuster shot entirely in the British Isles, (Rumour has it that many of you might recognise the venue kept top secret on the grounds of conservation!!!)

STOP PRESS. George has refurbished our Russom drill..... anyone wishing to be the pioneer of a new and as yet undiscovered extension to Giants rivalling the Three Counties System had better get their finger out since the queue which is growing by the hour.. All applications should be made as soon as possible to avoid disappointment.

LECK FELL. All cars must use the LOST JOHNS car park even if you are doing Netts !!! NO MORE THAN THREE CARS PER PERMIT.

3rd CWD MON finally does Darren carrying tackle bag containing everyones gear !!! Rumour has it that this could be his last trip !!!