

# Scarborough

Caving Club



## January / February Newsletter. 1998

Not a lot has been happening in the world of caving the past two months hence only the one newsletter.

As you are all probably aware it is coming around to the clubs AGM again which means several things.

Firstly the club needs to appoint its officers. This year is different from the previous years as the club needs to appoint a new secretary as I wish to give it up to pursue other interests this does not mean I will be leaving the club though. Jerry would also welcome anybody who wishes to enter into the role of chairman as due to yet another a new job will be spending a lot of time away from the area. As far as I am aware all other officers are willing to continue for another year. Nomination slips are enclosed with a list of members eligible for nomination.

Secondly it is the time of the photo competition which is open to all members. The categories for the competition are; best colour print; best black & white print; best slide; most funny / humorous print. Photo must have been taken between March 97 and March 98.

Thirdly it is time for your subscriptions to be paid prices are unchanged from last year at ; £20 per individual and £30 per couple.

And finally on the subject of the AGM the date. The date and venue for the AGM are still to be confirmed but are provisionally set for Thursday March 12th at The Buck, Wrelton to commence at 8.30pm prompt.

Due to Jerry's obtaining a new job as mentioned earlier Chalky has become the tacklemaster anybody wishing to use club equipment should contact him by leaving a message on 01723 506697. This is a neighbours answer phone but leave a message and Chalky will get back to you.

As most of you should be aware Bog Hall Rising is a cave dive just outside Kirkbymoorside which several of the clubs divers frequent well not any more. With extensive searching and digging a new route has been forged into the cave which means that you don't have to be able to dive to enter. Further details on this breakthrough are enclosed.

If anybody has any ideas as to how the club can mark the new maillons which we have recently obtained please come forward.

Don't forget the club still has a selection of club T-shirts and sweatshirts at very reasonable prices. T-Shirts £4.00; Sweatshirts £8.00; £10 for both. Various sizes are available all in green with Scarborough Caving Club printed on in blue.

**Members eligible for Committee Posts.**

- |                                       |                        |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------|
| Shaun Aconley                         | Michael Appleby        |
| Andy Brennan                          | Jamie Dixon (training) |
| Keith Dobson (novice trip supervisor) | Peter Fambely          |
| Jerry Gibbs (chairman)                | Pete Shaw              |
| Ernie Shield                          | Rob Simpson            |
| Chalky Thomas (tacklemaster)          | Lee Vasey              |
| Mick Ward                             | Richard Wilsdon        |
| Jack Taylor                           |                        |



- I nominate :
- for the post of Chairman. ....
  - for the post of Secretary. ....
  - for the post of Tacklemaster. ....
  - for the post of Training Officer. ....
  - for the post of Novice Trip Supervisor. ....

Remember to ask the person you are nominating whether they are willing to become a committee member.

Please return to myself or bring to the AGM.

Provisonal Trip List 1998

Month	Day Date	Pot Hole / Cave	Permit	Grade	Requested By
March	Sat 7th	Cow Pot	yes	4	Mark
	Sat 14th				
	Sat 21st				
	Sat 28th				
April	Sat 4th	Car Pot	yes	4	Jerry
	Sat 11th				
	Sat 18th				
	Sat 25th				
May	Sat 2nd	Echo Pot	no	5	Jamie
	Sat 9th				
	Sat 16th				
	Sat 23rd				
	Sat 30th				
June	Sat 6th	Gingling Hole	yes	4 / 5	Jamie
	Sat 13th	Magnetometer	no	3 / 5	Chalky
	Sat 20th				
	Sat 27th				
July	Sat 4th	Gaping Ghyll Main Shaft	yes	4 / 5	Jerry
	Sat 11th				
	Sat 18th				
	Sat 25th				
August	Sat 1st	Hammer Pot	yes	5	Jerry
	Sat 8th				
September	Sat 15th	Birks Fell Cave	yes	4	Jamie / Richard
	Sat 22th				
	Sat 29th				
	Sat 5th				
	Sat 12th				
Sat 19th					
October	Sat 26th	Lost Johns	yes	4	Shaun
	Sun 4th				
	Sat 10th				
	Sat 17th				
	Sat 24th				
Sat 31st					
November	Sat 7th				
	Sat 14th				
	Sat 21st				
	Sat 28th				
December	Sat 5th				
	Sat 12th				
	Sat 19th				
	Sat 26th				

The Stephen Nunwick Lecture

# Deep in the Forests of Borneo

Exploring the Caves and Wildlife of  
the World's Oldest Rainforest

7.00 pm

6 March 1998

The Middleton Hall

Y.F.C.

All Welcome • Admission Free



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UNIVERSITY  
OF HULL

## **BOGG HALL CAVE and the 'Oh My Ears and Whiskers' Entrance.**

Bogg Hall Cave is the only active cave that has so far been discovered in the area. The cave has two entrance sumps and these have up to now limited the access to just a few fish - and cavers who seem to think that they are fish.

The dives started many moons ago (actually 1981 when I was one year old!) when a few members of the Scunthorpe Caving Club decided to dive into the cave. Years later one of these cavers (Richard Wilsdon) was taken by a load of Scarborough Cavers into the new extension of Kirkdale. Richard, who didn't much like the mud in Kirkdale, related stories of how Bogg Hall was a real cave! A small diving team was formed with Jerry and Nial. They dived into Bogg Hall three or four times to re-line the sumps and to continue with the exploration of the Font. Later, Neil, another of the original Scunthorpe Cavers, joined the team. He was keen to dive the font again, so he did! At around the same time I decided to try my luck at cave diving. On my first attempt I dived quite confidently to the air bell, then after being told about the possibilities of getting stuck in the second sump I turned back. This opened few eyes but the question was asked, 'Why can only divers get in?'

The next time we dived I made it through both sumps and received the guided tour. Jerry took his dive reel and explored a direct route through, bypassing the airbell. We played about in the cave until I turned blue and we were just about to dive out when Richard noticed a rift that seemed to rise quite high above the dekitting area near the entrance sumps. We dived out and asked the cold and bored surface party outside the question, Why can only divers get in?

Next time Richard had got hold of a ferret tracker which was tied to some bamboo canes and poked these up to the top of the rift. Outside, the surface party again cold and bored could not pick up the signal. The rift was obviously not close enough to the surface and a campaign was launched to climb the rift. Diving continued even when the river was in flood. On one occasion Neil and Richard found the water level was so high that the airbell was flooded making it one long sump. The water level in the cave was also very high at one point Neil, who was still wearing full kit, stepped off a ledge into deep water and sank. As he drifted past Richard heading towards Jerry's new unlined bypass SUMP, Richard grabbed his disappearing helmet. The moral of this story is don't wear half a ton of lead around your waist.

The dives after that, apart from Neil transiting bottles to and from the font, concentrated on the rift. Armed with crowbar and bang we worked our way upwards until eventually we came up into a mud passage (sort of). Digging

here, Jerry found a small chamber with a roof formed from a dome of clay and the odd root. We knew we must now be close to the surface!

The ferret tracker was borrowed again and further technology was deployed in the form of walkie talkies. The plan was to have two surface diggers, Richard and Peter while Nial, Neil and myself dived in. We were to try to make radio contact, if this worked we were to zero in to the right area by switching to a set of children's walkie-talkies and finally we would attempt to use the ferret tracker to get a precise pin-point. On the way in I had quite an unpleasant experience. I was diving the second sump when my regulator started to flood and I couldn't clear it. After what seemed to be an eternity of breathing off the purge while my life flashed in front of me I found my other reg. But things got worse before they got better, I had lost the hand line, again while the rest of my life flashed in front of me (which was quite nice) I found the line with my foot and hauled myself out of the last three feet of the sump.

After dekitting we all headed up the rift, I went first to take my mind off the near death experience I'd just had, I climbed into the small mud chamber and took out the walkie talky I turned it on and shouted into it, the voice of some old man replied 'HELLO CAVER' it was in fact Richard. By this time Nial and Neil were behind me in the mud passage. After a brief conversation with the surface diggers I gave up my front line position to Nial while I crawled into a corner. Nial laid there and placed the ferret tracker while Neil and myself listened to the messages for about an hour. Meanwhile on top Richard and Peter were digging and we could hear the banging of the bar in the rift. I decided I should go out as I was in shock and Neil said he would go with me.

We left Nial in the rift while we dived out. It took some courage but I did it. I waited in the air bell for Neil but he didn't show up, all of a sudden a load of bubbles and lights appeared behind me from the first sump. At first I thought it was Neil, I said to the diver 'Who the Fuck are you' he moved his lights from my eyes it was Richard. Shortly afterwards Neil arrived having taken three or four attempts to get into the sump because the equipment he was carrying was so buoyant.

For the next three or four hours Nial and Richard lay digging in the rift, while Neil, Peter and myself were digging on the top. On the surface we could hear the constant tippy-tappy sound of the cavers below playing with their crow-bars. We knew we were close! We constantly hammered the six foot bar into the ground with the aid of a sledge hammer, hoping to impale a caver but it always managed to get it stuck. Nial suggested we try to make a vocal connection, they shouted but we heard nothing, then we decided to try, so like badger baiters who'd forgot their shovels we stood shouting down a hole in the ground. Surprisingly this sort of madness paid off and they could hear us!. While they kitted up and dived out we spent another hour digging.

The next time we returned we decided there was no need for anyone to dive as we were armed with Chalky and coincidentally he had some slightly oversized bang charges on him. When we got there Chalky jumped straight into the hole and seemed to double the size in a matter of minutes. The going got tough with tree roots making the digging difficult but Jerry swung an axe and cut through the problem. We all decided that some of Chalky's sticks of dynamite were called for. We made the charge hole by hitting the six foot pole into the ground as far as we could. We dropped the charges into the hole then packed it with mud balls and sausages. After we had retired to a safe distance we were all waiting for an enormous bang, Jerry pressed the button, nothing happened apart from a pop which was not dissimilar to one of Jerry's Farts. Returning to the hole we could smell the distinctive scent of eggs which comes from a charge, this was in fact half contributed by Jerry's rectum the other half coming from the charge. As nothing happened we decided to try it again, and nothing happened again. Oh well at least we have something to blame on Chalky. We carried on digging between Chalky, Jerry, Peter, Richard, Shaun And myself. After about two more hours of digging and another few feet down we were about to call it a night and go to the pub when I suggested we drop the bar into the hole (I was only joking around) But when I dropped the bar it disappeared and Richard just caught it. Everyone stood in silence for a split second, then Richard shouted ' WE'RE IN ', and somehow Richard managed to make a rabbit size hole in seconds. The next thing I knew Richard had jumped in and Chalky closely followed. On reaching the river Richard went for a celebratory dip in the river passage while Chalky sat on a Rock.

And the name? - When Alice fell down the rabbit hole she landed at the bottom of a deep shaft on a pile of sticks and dry leaves. The White Rabbit was hurrying down a long passage and she was just in time to hear it say "Oh my ears and whiskers, how late its getting!" - It was and it was just as well for us that they are understanding down at the Buck. Later we decided to all go into the cave the following week, but that's another story.

**THE END**

Report by Andy Brennan