

12/99

Scarborough

Caving Club

News Letter 3

Dear Members,

I have now nearly finalized the year 2000 trip list I enclose the latest version. This may be subject to small changes I am still awaiting confirmation for some of the permits. This month has been brilliant for contributions to the newsletter, Keep it up!



Trip Reports Etc. (Jerry Gibbs)

Following on from Tuesday 14th trip to the Grinkle Mine at Boulby. I asked Pete, Scarlet, and Andy to Draw a rough map survey from memory in order to check my survey – Enclosed is Andy's – A star effort well done.

Also as mentioned in last months News Letter a new series for your ring binder or dartboard. Called caver profiles. In which members are indiscriminately slagged off and ridiculed for the benefit of the club, we start this month with Dick Wad and this will be followed up with Andy the Bren Gun, Cabin Boy, Percy Thrower, or any other you might use for our skilled surveyor.

Finally in the closing months before our photo competition I have just recovered our trophies from the engravers where they had been left and forgotten for six months. Much distress was caused however by the engravers making a mistake and misspelling Wilsdon!

More Reports from the caving front

News Flash Nial (Living Joke) Adams has paid his 1998 subs. Champagne all round (Can he pay 1999 before 2000).

Saturday or was it Sunday 18th/19th September 1999

Some members of Scarborough Caving Club and some members of the Scarborough Cave Diving Club formed a new sub group 'The Scarborough Cave Four Wheel Drive Club'. (Didn't actually include anyone from Scarborough!) the main activity was crashing Scarlet's Diahatsu into as many trees as possible, apparently it was quite good fun!

Sunday 26th Sept 1999 Diving at Flamborough' North Landing

Attended by Dick Wad, Living Joke, Andy, Mike-a-pleby, Family Fambely and Myself and family (who were so bloody cold).

The day started off with the usual bugging about followed by half an hour of forgetting things, losing things, and locking things in other people's cars (including my car keys – much to Sue's annoyance). Then we were ready. Once into the water it was only minutes before Appleby was forced into The Fambely Family boat having run out of bottle and also of air, whilst the rest of us fought against a four knot tide (it was Living Joke's choice to dive on the tide). I found it very difficult to swim against this tide and was swept away! My saviour was the Fambely Family Boat which towed me back to dive site, from there, the only method of reaching the other divers was to was to climb along the sea bed, a good E3 by anyone's standard! On the whole it was a good dive with good visibility and Dick Wad found a cave for us to explore. A most enjoyable day was had by all (except

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Sue who couldn't get back into the car to get the picnic hamper) and another trip is planned for the future!

Saturday 9th October 1999 Grange Rigg Pot

Attended by myself, LJ, and Andy.

The day started in the normal way, the café had been burgled our breakfast was late. I left my packed lunch on the kitchen table and so had to go shopping. Ten minutes after leaving the car we were forced to return I had left the survey on the dashboard (bloody idiot). Try as I might I could not open LJ's car, backwards and forwards with the key.....nothing! L.J. had a go the key went round and round and round, still nothing (was this car nicked?!). Entry was eventually gained from another door, survey retrieved and off we set!! On arriving at Gaping Gill Visibility was reduced to about 50m and Grange Rigg is about 400m due east, with no compass, we set off in a direction we thought was east. After immersing myself in apeat bogg up to the waist we found the pot! After that everything was straightforward except for no hangers and LJ abseiling down the traverse line. As with most caving trips, someone starts humming a tune that you can't get out of your head(why oh why I ask)! This trip's tune was La La-Le Lee Lee La-La Which turned out to be from Chitty Chitty Bang Bang where the woman pretends to be a music box (For future reference) and was particularly annoying! The cave ended (for us anyway) at the top of the fourth pitch bypass where the squeeze at the top was about the size of a shoebox! We didn't fancy L.J.'s chances! Finding our way back to Gaping Gill and the path back down was a bonus, and after being run off the road by a camper van and then taking a tour through Weatherby (because we took a wrong turn) we arrived home to cave again! A good trip but next time we will bottom it.

Tuesday 12th October The Well

Attended by Myself, and Andy of many nicknames.

The intention of this evening was to continue digging at the bottom of the well to enable a diver to get through. The evening started normally. I decided to drive down the track and got the car stuck while trying to turn around at the bottom but with Andy pushing and much wheel spinning we came free. On getting down to the well itself I was keen to try my new modified equipment all thanks to Dave Ryall and Scoff Schofield whom I met at the hidden earth conference. I now had a different bottle harness a better method of attaching the bottles and best of all a very bright dive light, all home made of course. But I really couldn't be bothered to get cold and wet so I let Andy go first. Andy geared up and set off. The dive light was brilliant; turning the water a bright orange and even when Andy was well out of sight I could still see the orange hue. After a few minutes Andy surfaced and muttered something about losing his nerve but he had left the light on at the bottom so I geared up in order to retrieve it. At the bottom of the well it was tighter than I remembered and I struggled to get down, but when I had squeezed through the hole it immediately started to get bigger, forcing myself backwards and dragging the light with me I slithered down a gradual slope and after 12ft in and 3m down I found the main streamway wide open for exploration. Choosing to go down stream heading for Bog Hall I carried on slithering backwards dragging the lamp with me. The passage started to get bigger and I could turn around but I stayed feet first as I wanted to see my return. After about 15ft I started to emerge into a much bigger area but with no fins and regretting not taking the line reel I had a frantic crawl/swim to get back against the pressure of the water, but I had done it! I had found the main streamway and the way forward! Whilst savouring a cool pint in the Buck I took great delight in gloating to Dick and Peter as we planned our return.

Thursday 14th October The Grinkle Mine at Sleights

Attended by Myself, Keith Dobson, Stewart, Andy Mike-a-pleby and Pete Fambely.

The evening started in typical fashion. We had arranged to meet in the Pub but after two pints Andy Mike and Pete had not turned up. We thought they must have crashed. So we went to the lay-by and started to kit up. Keiths light wouldn't work and a screwdriver was required to fix it. We didn't have

one but using two crowbars and a six inch nail a screw driver was made. After fixing Keith's light we saw a car's headlights driving up and down almost every road in the next valley. We knew it must be them and that they were lost! This proved to be true because Andy was the navigator! After getting changed and entering the mine, compass bearings were taken to correct my map (see last news letter) and to my surprise it was quite accurate. Different bearings and distances but apart from that it was the same. Next we looked at Jamie's dig (as he was on holiday we took the glory). After 5 minutes of digging we were through into another well decorated chamber. With two ways on (I had forgotten my camera again) straight on went for at least 100m until Andy and Mike complained of bad air (or lost bottle) turning left took us over some collapses and to a deep pool (much deeper than previous pools) with only six inches of air space. Mike being the only one in a wetsuit, was volunteered to go in and Andy clad in a furry suit had a go as well both went through only to find the passage blocked just beyond never mind a good effort anyway. Returning back at the pub we were rewarded with bowls of beef stew, which made a nice end to a good day.

Tuesday 26th October Bog Hall Rising

Attended by Andy, Mike Peters, Dick Wad, and myself, Scarlet couldn't make it he was washing his hair.

The intention was to dive the font but high water prevented this so the trip was to show Mike Peters around and open a passage, which had been blocked with fill when the dry entrance had been opened up. This was achieved with minimal effort as the floodwater took the mud and silt away, we only had to move the rocks and within 15 min the job was done. Andy and Mike set off up the rift, and I dived out giving me another opportunity to test my gear and light. As we had been digging in the mud and silt only minutes earlier the visibility was disgusting and with 50 watts of light power I was struggling to see my out stretched hands but it was a good dive. Mike Peters coped well and we look forward to see him joining our club the evening was finished off in the traditional way, in the buck at Wrelton!

Ashberry Windypit II (R.Wilsdon)

Sick Rewart, Andy Bentgun, Mike Appleday, Floor Matt, Pierre Flambé, M*** *****, Old Enough to Know Better

A surprisingly large turnout rendezvoused at Helmsley Market Place for a Thursday evening trip. Those keen for adventure opted for Andy's car and the (as it happens) older folk traveled behind enemy lines with Richard.

Sick showed an obsessive knowledge of the geography of the cave guiding us through various named junctions and chambers to the 15' Chimney. Andy led the young lads down the squeezes followed by Nearly Knew Better. This in time led to the bottom where we were rendezvoused with the others. It turned out that Sick had never been to the bottom before, so how come he knows the cave so well?

The local vigilantes had spotted our cars and we received a visit from the Old Bill while we de-kitted. Realizing we were not poachers, he did not seem to be too bothered but the next evening the local member of the Uniformed Branch suggested we give the gamekeeper a call before going there again. He is:

Derek Heaton. -. Telephone 01439 798323 (but not often in).

He is apparently an ex caver and will give us the OK but he doesn't want his pheasants and other wildlife disturbing. He had obviously given the Police plenty of flannel including the story of 2 couples that had 'recently' been picnicking near the windypit. The men folk went for a short explore having said 'call the rescue out if we are not back by morning'. They dropped their torch and had to sit it out until the Upper Wharfedale Rescue was called out the next day. - This was actually in the early 1970s!

DickWad.

A BEGINNERS VIEW OF THINGS (Mike Peters)

It all started innocently enough as things often do.

It was a pleasant sunny evening and I was climbing with a friend in the quarry near Ravenswick. Half way through the evening it felt as though most of Baden Powells's scout movement turned up to watch. I decided to call it a night and we coiled up the rope and headed for the road.

As we walked along the path, we saw another group standing below a rock wall, all watching someone bolting their way across the face. We moved closer and I was convinced that the guy on the wall was none other than the infamous Swampy of the underground protests fame. We all continued with the intros and niceties and I was informed that we were in the company of the renowned Scarborough Caving club (SCC). The climbing finished, we moved off to the dry entrance to Bogg Hall rising to await the surfacing of a party of cavers. What a cheery bunch of guys I thought, perhaps I should apply to join the club. It had been more years than I cared to remember since I had been taken down a couple of easy caves in the Dales.

The summer drew to a close, and a year passed before I made contact again to join the SCC.

It was a nice surprise to find that a number cavers lived in or near Kirkbymoorsde. Even more so was the quality of the local caves. If there is such a classification, the regal Bogg Hall must be the "Queen" of the local caves, and Kirkdale can only be described as being at the bottom of the anal class.

Trip Report SRT Kirkdale viaduct. Thursday

Richard...Andy...Peter.....Mike2 (me)

My first experience was to set the "standards" of the "Kirkby Chapter" of SCC. It had been wet and windy all day and I was sure (hoped) there would be a message on the answering machine when I got home saying common sense had prevailed and the evening events had been called off. In addition I was pretty sure there had been a mistake regarding the start time of seven thirty, surly they new it would be pitch black by then?

Lesson number one.....daylight for cavers is irrelevant.

So there we were on the viaduct, pitch black (I told you) in heavy rain and me trying to get to grips with this cumbersome lump of alloy called a rack. I really wished for my trusty figure of eight as I attempted to thread the rope through, up, down, over and round the bloody thing. A few abseils and prussiks later, plus a visit from the local plod wondering what was going on and we found ourselves in the Black Swan in Kirkby. Richards's pictures of the caves were passed around for all to see, but the conversation always returned to the Bogg Hall cave. The photographs of the cave looked good. I tried to gain information regarding the route in the cave, but my requests were brushed off with the mention of just a small duck, and a bit of a narrow passage before you got to the main cave which I would love..

Lesson number two.....all cavers are liars.

Trip Report Bogg Hall Rising Tuesday 26th October

Richard...Jerry...Andy...Mike2

We met at Richards house. It was my first encounter with cave divers. Don't they take an age to get ready?

We set off up the road. I am sure we must frighten the hell out of motorists when we do this. All they must see is a group of yellow Cyclops walking towards them with a enough gear to lynch a village. Down the oil drum we go and through a tight squeeze. Breath in and you stop descending,, breath out and down you go. Getting back up should be fun methinks.

We finally got the air bottles and flippers down and off we set towards the exit sump. Richard in the meantime had swum in, and surfaced near me cursing the current. The water level is high he says. God.....this is all I wanted to hear.

At times like this you wonder if the experienced guys can remember what it was like to be a newbie, and have some empathy with you. I had the sneaky feeling that Jerry might be the one to stick with in case I got gripped. So here I was looking at the torrent as it disappeared into the exit sump, and I was told to step around the corner into the chest deep mainstream and avoid the drop somewhere beneath my feet, and not to get swept away to certain death.

If there was a God of caving this was the time I wanted his support.

Thankfully Andy went first and just dragged me round the corner and into the wider passage. My feet had never touched the rock beneath me as I went round.

The current eased as we moved further in and we made for the duck. Richard and Andy went through and announced that the levels were too high to continue. What lay beyond the duck then? I did not ask. We returned and dug out the end of a passage, which now brings you to the base of the dry entrance thus avoiding the dodgy corner step next to the exit sump. "Richard the Purist" thought it was unnecessary to open the passage and thus miss all the fun! I will leave you to make your own judgement.

I was not wrong regarding getting back up the squeeze. Just made Wrelton for last orders. Expensive beer here.

Lesson number three.....divers need sherpas.

Trip Report Bogg Hall Rising Tuesday 2nd November

.Jerry...Andy...Jamie...Mike2

Jerry swam into the cave. His new super light looks extremely effective. He was first through the duck. I dipped out of the passage into the small area before the duck. The only problem was I could not get my face out of the water. Must be in the wrong place, so I shuffle around banging my helmet repeatedly on the roof, and I am still blowing bubbles. Is this the end then I ask myselfso soon? I turned my head to the side and thankfully felt the cold air. "Errsorry about that Mike, I should have told you to take your hat off" says Jerry. I swear he was laughing.

This was my first duck and it was not quite what I had expected. I had imagined I could just crouch down and pass through in a fairly upright position. In fact the body had to be in a horizontal position. To me it seemed a long way, because your head went under the water well before the pass under the rock.. After a few false starts and ponceing about and getting colder by the minute, I pulled through..easy..brill... relief.

Jamie, the lean swine went over the top through a seven-inch gap!

It was my turn to feel a purist ☺

We moved on up the passage to locate a passage going right for the main cave. Jerry reckoned he had gone to far and said that I was opposite the passage. I looked right to a blank wall. I looked down to see a little overhang about three inches off the water. IN THERE? Have you ever had the feeling that reality has stopped and something else takes over? Maybe it is part and parcel of the caving scene, but as a beginner I found it pretty surreal. We removed our hats, and rolled on our backs and eased into the narrow and low passage.

My chin and nose were now pressed up into the small v crack above as we moved serenely through this passage. No point in panicking in here. I slowly moved along only seeing what was directly above and not knowing how far to go or what to expect. It felt as if the cave had enveloped me and I was at it's mercy. The water went over my ears and I stopped and slowly reversed. I continued on again with my ears under water and my face forced upward. Slowly the roof lifted and I heard Jerry say I had made it. Speechless.

We all moved to the end of the cave and sat down. I felt really privileged to be there. Jerry got sorted and dove eight metres against a strong current before surfacing.

We turned our lights off as he returned to the surface, and we watched the beam of his super light lighting up the water brighter and brighter. What a sight.
He still had not reached the bottom.

The return trip was uneventful apart from Andy dropping a kit bag in the main cave. He had been impersonating an otter swimming on his back and carrying the kit bag on his stomach, until it rolled off into the depths.

I never experienced the same feelings on the return along the low passage I had felt on the way in. The duck was passed quickly and I climbed out the oil drum to a frosty starry night.

Lesson number three.....You never know what you can do, until you try it.

Trip Report Ashberry II Windy Pitt Thursday 4th November

.Richard...Rich....Matt...Mike....Mike2....Peter....Andy

A mass invasion of the Windy Pit gave a relaxed trip for all. The guys with the carbide lights provided the entertainment by putting out their opponent's light whenever they could. We used a rope to descend a pitch to explore a bit more, and then somehow we emerged at the same level as the top of the rope.

The route finding was left to Rick as he has spent many hours in the pit.

We had the duty visit from the police as Richards's vehicle was reported as being suspicious. Looked ok to me☺

Trip Report Kirkdale Cave Tuesday 9th November

Jerry...Andy...Mike2

I think this is one of the tests that club members have to go through for some reason that escapes me. Andy must have decided to make the test tougher as he did not pick up a TSR suit for me at Richards. There was no offer to use his suit, but he most kindly lent me a boiler suit.....he reckoned. In we went and I soon realised I might have as well have gone in naked with a candle on my hat. I was soaked and covered in mud in minutes. We squeezed and slid and wallowed and glooped our way to the Bait box which I have now renamed as the Thunder box. Read on.

We located the bucket and rope and Andy disappeared down into Asphyxia to dig. Jerry went halfway and I sat in the rift. Jerry took shift two and I reluctantly went a third of the way to guide the bucket. The first bucket was pretty full and we told Jerry it was too much. "OK" he says. The next three buckets were full to the brim. I reckon it was something to do with the carbon monoxide build up. With Andy farting down there on his shift, the air was getting pretty foul so we called it a day/night.

I was last to leave the Bait box and as Jerry departed he let rip, announcing it was national curry day or something. There was no escape from the stench in that awful place which I have now renamed the Thunderbox.

I followed the pair of them as they grunted and farted their way out.

The boiler suit came to a sad end; it was lost in the culvert under the road due to being sucked in as I was washing it in the river.

The tragedy of the night was that we missed the pub. Definitely a testing evening.

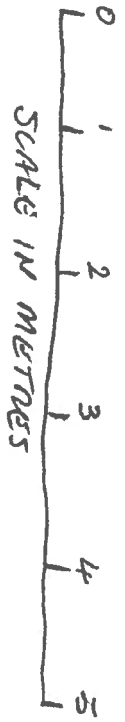
Jerry's Top 10 list Of things that women never say

1. I'm bored let's shave my fanny.
2. Shouldn't you be down at the pub with your mates?
3. That was a great fart! Do another.
4. I've decided to stop wearing clothes around the house.
5. You're so sexy with a hang over.
6. Would you like to see a video of me going down on my friend?
7. I think a big motorbike is brilliant idea.
8. Actually we shouldn't have been given the vote, we're better off in the kitchen.
9. You'd better drive you're far safer than I am.
10. And besides, everyone knows women can't drive.

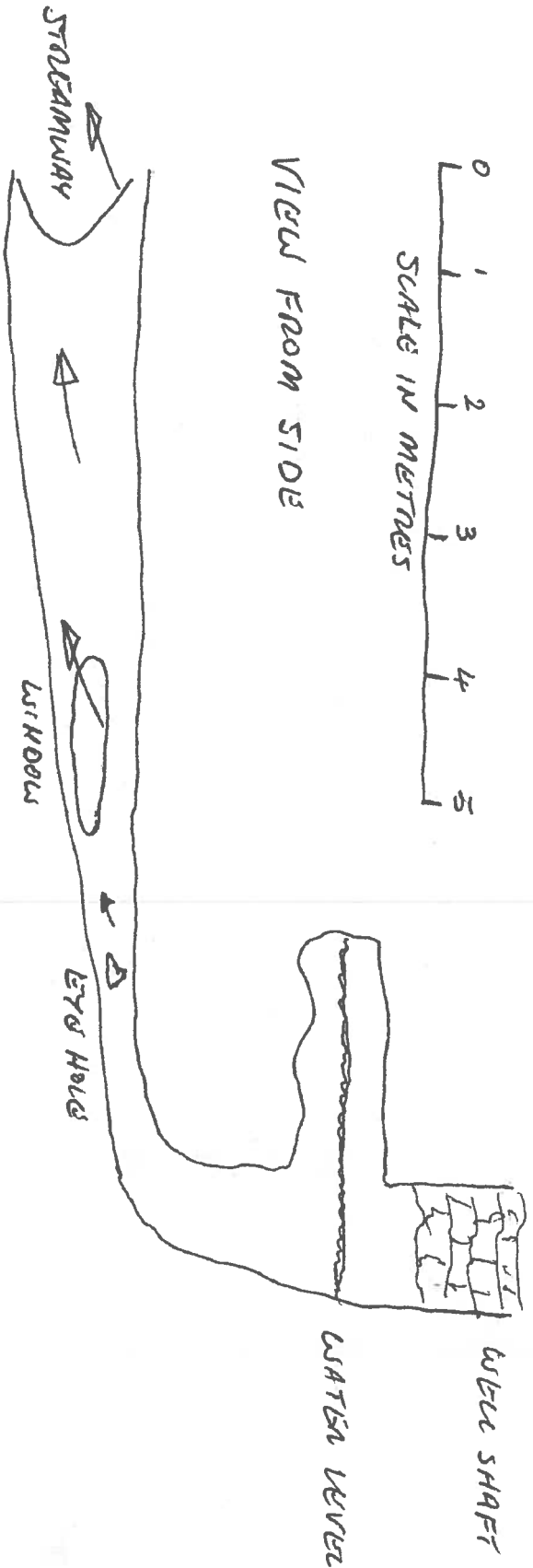
Trip List 2000

Month	Day	Date	Pothole/Cave	Permit	Grade	Access
January	Sat.	1 st	Simson's / Swinsto	No	3/4	Thornton Hall
	Sat.	8 th				Thornton Hall
	Sat.	15 th	Bull Pot (Kings Dale)	No	3	West Gate
	Sat.	22 nd				West Gate
	Sat.	29 th				West Gate
February	Sat.	5 th	Large Pot	No	4	Thornton Hall
	Sat.	12 th	Brown Hill Pot	No	4	Braida Garth
	Sat.	19 th				Braida Garth
	Sat.	26 th	Lost Johns	Yes	3	CNCC/Leck Fell
March	Sat.	4 th	Roaring Hole Hurnell Moss Rift Pot	No	3	Southerscales
	Sat.	11 th		Yes#	3	IEO
	Sat.	18 th		Yes#	4	IEO
	Sat.	25 th		Yes#	4	IEO
April	Sat.	1 st	Dale Head Pot Sunset Hole Southerscales Pot	Yes	5	CNCC/FF
	Sat.	8 th		No	3	NatureCC
	Sat.	15 th		No	3	NatureCC
	Sat.	22 nd		No	3	NatureCC
	Sat.	29 th		No	3	NatureCC
May	Sat.	6 th	Black Shiver	No	5	NA
	Sat.	13 th	Red Moss Pot Meregill Hole	No	3/4	Top Farm Horton
	Sat.	20 th				Top Farm Horton
	Sat.	27 th				NA
June	Sat.	3 rd	Pennyghent Bleagill Cave	Yes	5	CNCC/PG
	Sat.	10 th		No	4	Dent Dale
	Sat.	17 th		No	4	Dent Dale
	Sat.	24 th		No	4	Dent Dale
July	Sat.	1 st	Birks Fell	Yes#	4	CNCC/Wharfdale
	Sat.	8 th	Quaking	No	5	
	Sat.	15 th	Magnetometer Gaping Gill	No	3/4	Neal's Ing Farm
	Sat.	22 nd				Neal's Ing Farm
	Sat.	29 th				IEO
August	Sat.	5 th	Stream Passage/Far Waters Sleets Gill	Yes#	4	IEO
	Sat.	12 th				IEO
	Sat.	19 th		No	4	Mosssdale
	Sat.	26 th		No	4	Mosssdale
September	Sat.	2 nd	Bar Pot/Far County	Yes#	3/4	IEO
	Sat.	9 th	Longkiln West Vesper Pot	Yes#	4	IEO
	Sat.	16 th				IEO
	Sat.	23 rd				Braida Garth Farm
October	Sat.	30 th	Longkiln East	Yes#	4	IEO
	Sat.	7 th				IEO
	Sat.	14 th	Nick Pot	No	4/5	Gill Garth Farm
	Sat.	21 st				Gill Garth Farm
	Sat.	28 th				Gill Garth Farm
November	Sat.	4 th	Echo Pot	No	5	Neal's Ing Farm
	Sat.	11 th	Gingling	Yes	4/5	CNCC/FF
	Sat.	18 th				CNCC/FF
	Sat.	25 th				CNCC/FF
December	Sat.	2 nd	P8	No	3	Perryfoot fm
	Sat.	9 th				Perryfoot fm
	Sat.	16 th				Perryfoot fm
	Sat.	23 rd				Perryfoot fm

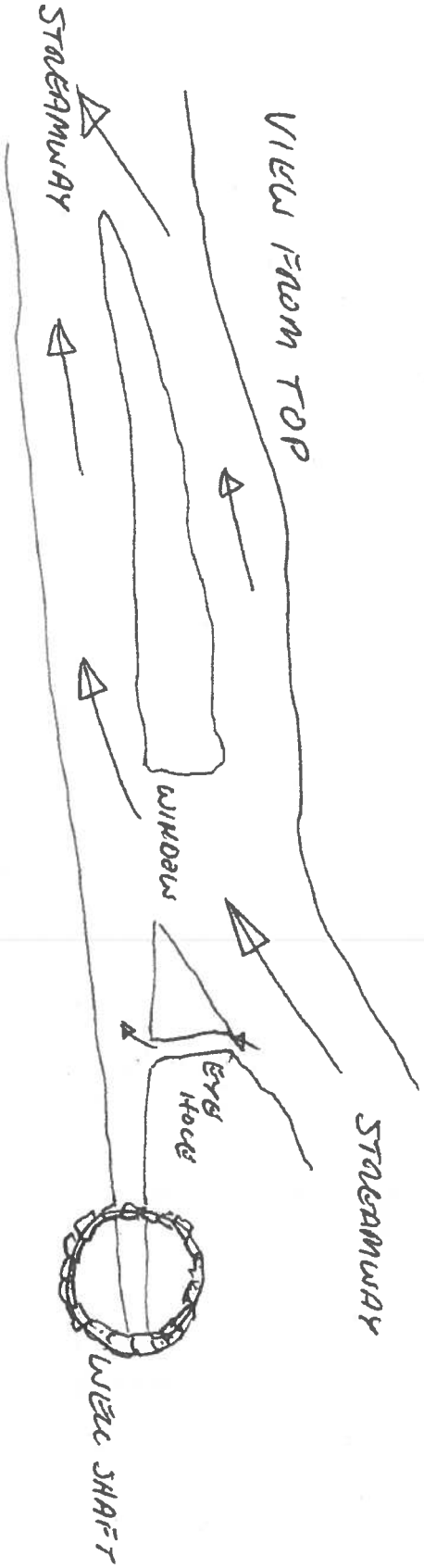
THE WELL (A ROUGH SURVEY BY STARY)



VIEW FROM SIDE



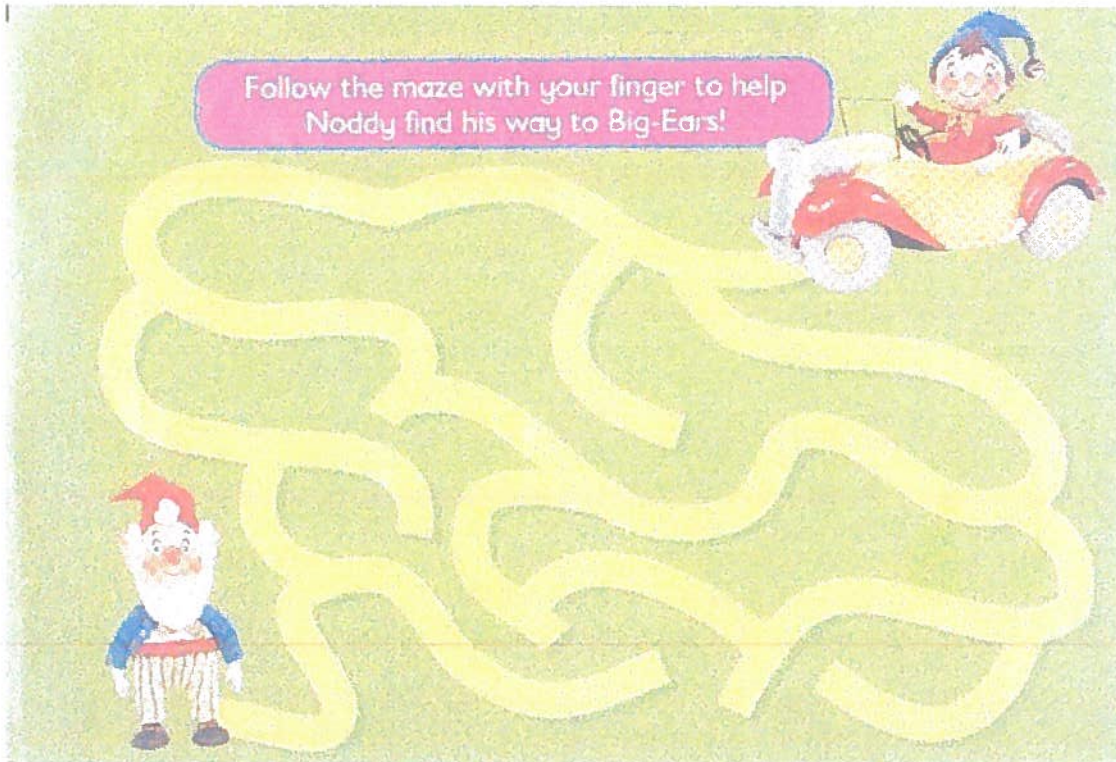
VIEW FROM TOP



ARROWS INDICATE WATER FLOW

The Grinkle Mine

A rough survey drawn from memory by Andy Brennan



Well done Andy, Congratulations are in order for this magnificent achievement!

Caver Profile Series

Number 1 Richard 'Dick Wad' Wilsdon.



Photo:

Courtesy of the
J.Gibbs
Collection.

Title:

'Dick Wad'
Shows us how
not to wear a
condom

Chemical Composition

70% H₂O 10% Neoprene 20% Gun Ho Attitude.

Age

Unknown (though pre-date the last ice age).

First Caving Experience

Finding somewhere to live 8,000 years ago

Most Memorable Quote

Just drape the rope over that lip, it will be all right!

*******PUBLIC HEALTH WARNING*******

Dick Wad is suffering from the old age virus. I have seen its effect. I have also found out that old age is infectious. I have been lucky to avoid most of it but every day I spend with Dick Wad I get a day older, I age at least 15min each time we speak on the telephone. My sympathies goes to Dick Wad's family who must age constantly and also the cavers who went to France who must have aged at least a week I note that Living Joke Adams was on the French trip I think he caught the same virus.