

Scarborough

Caving Club

News Letter 3 (13/02/2000)

Hello Cavers,

Welcome to the new Millennium. This month we have again lots of contributions well done everyone.

The AGM has now been arranged, it is to be held at Buck Inn Wreton on Thursday 9th of March 08:30 pm. As usual there will be the Photo Competition. Categories best colour, best black and white, best slide, and most humorous! Photos do not necessarily be underground but must be caving related, and must have been taken since the last AGM. Membership Subs. Are again due at the AGM so bring a wallet!

It has been noted that the call outs system has in recent times been neglected. In to revitalise this we need a current up to date callouts list detailing car ownership, descriptions and registrations. In an emergency situation the first information that will be requested by CRO is the caving party's transport details. This enables the CRO to establish/verify the location of the overdue party. I will circulate a form at the AGM for completion by all car owners. It is the responsibility of all members to notify the secretary of transport changes, so that an up to date list can be maintained.

A Reminder! This year's Steven Nunwick Lecture – A Year Underground with Action Photos. is on Friday 25th Feb. @ 7.00 pm. University of Hull.

This newsletter features Caver Profile Number 2, Andy Brennan, Who will be number 3. We wait with baited breath!

The club welcomes Richard Fordham. Richard caves with the Newcastle Uni. Club. But has joined us while he is on a work placement with Scarborough Planning Department.

Trip reports by Chairman (Jerry Gibbs)

Tuesday 2nd November 1999 Bogg Hall Rising

Attended by Myself, Andy Big Gun, Scarlet Ponce, and Mike Peters.
Apologies from Nial (L.J.). To far to drive and Extreme Bob A likely candidate for this years Big Girls Blouse Award.

As with all diving trips there is one hours worth of bugging about before I get my gear ready, then I change my mind and spend another 20 min adapting my kit to take Dick Wads super slim 3 litre bottles before dumping all the kit on the sherpas and off we set. Andy and Mike rigged the ladder down the dry entrance whilst Scarlet helped me gear up at the rising and then I was off, cool clear water, fish darting for cover, the reassuring rumble of air from the reg. The super light cutting a broad swath through the gloom, like the grim reaper in a rest home, and then up breaking the surface into the sump pool. I watched the non-divers struggling down the dry entrance (one of the perks of diving). I met the sherpas at the duck in the main drain, I shot through and talked Mike through. I confess to forgetting to tell him to take off his helmet before entering the duck and could only watch with horror as he surfaced with his helmet occupying 90% of the air space fortunately Mike's face easily converted into a snorkel and the problem was solved. The rest of the drain system passed off without a hitch and we soon arrived at the font. Sherpas Andy and Scarlet took an age to arrive at the font with the rest of my kit. The mind boggles at what delayed them. After kitting up I set off down the font, I put the super light on at about 4m and watched some eels disappear into the shadows. The water rising up the font still had great pressure left from last weeks floods and I drifted to one side, not recognising where I was I chose to carry on down. At 6m I thought I was in a different cave and

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At 8m I recognised a rock, it was tied to a diving line. I had tied it on two years previously; it marked the bottom of my last dive. I remembered leaving it on a rock floor by a window and this had been the way on but it was too awkward with my old diving rig. But where was the window and the rock floor now? I was upside down looking down a rift; the rock was hanging on its rope in space. I had to go down. Finning down against the current was impossible I started to climb down the rift but fought a losing battle and when my air was nearly depleted I let go. Shooting upwards, feet first, was a truly bizarre experience. Exiting the cave would have been uneventful except that sherpa Andy dropped one of my dive bags whilst doing seal impressions with Scarlet (Don't ask!). This now took us another 20 minutes to recover, then through the drain. I dived back out and arrived at Dick Wads 10 minutes before the sherpas. I was able to gloat that I had seen the way on and it begs my return.

Tuesday 9th November 1999 Kirkdale Cave

Attended by Myself, Andy Big Gun and Mike Peters.

This started out as a normal Kirkdale trip, this was to change when first we forgot to pick up an oversuit for Mike and second we told Mike the cave was dry and gave him a thin cotton boiler suit to wear.

Kirkdale was its normal slimy muddy wet self and it was no surprise to hear Mike's teeth chattering during the dig. After pulling out seven buckets we decided to head for the pub. By the time we arrived at car the pub had already closed. I couldn't believe we had spent so long and it was no wonder Mike was cold. Washing off in the stream was good but very cold. The odd car came past; the drivers must wonder why some nutters are stripped off in the stream in mid winter, but what the hell! The last laugh came from Mike he was washing his boiler suit near the culvert under the road, the suction created by the current caught the leg of the boiler suit, Mike started shouting and yelling, he struggled keep his grip but the culvert won the day and the overalls were never seen again.

Tuesday 16th November 1999 Kirkdale (again)

Attended by Myself, Andy Big Gun, Mike 2 Old Peters and Newcastle University caver Rick Fordham (Yes Another Richard!)

What more can be said about Kirkdale cave the dig still goes on (and on) The mud is always there and the sphincter is always wet, but this time we were joined by 'never been digging before' Rick Fordham.

As Rick was new to the S.C.C. Kirkdale and digging it was decided that he should have the first go. After only three buckets panic set in Mike and Andy were quick to exit the dig as Rick came flying out, feet flailing and muttering something about bad air and not having done it before. Fearing further panic attacks and hearing the pub calling we made our way out.

Tuesday 23rd November 1999

This Kirkdale trip was cancelled due to Erin's hamster escaping and me having to search for it. It was not found until two days later in the chimney breast, but hey! Who wants to cave in Kirkdale when the can cave under the furniture in the comfort of their own home.

Saturday 11th & Sunday 12th December Sunset Hole and Great Dowk

Attended by Myself, Andy Bent Gun, Scarlet Ponce, Keith Dobson, Nial 'Living Joke Adams' and Mike 2old Peters

This was the last caving trip of the year and a big piss up was planned but it was also one of the wettest trips of the year. The day started with the normal bugging about, picking people up and stuff, it was definitely a bonus to wake Dick Wad up at such an ungodly hour and we all decided, Dick Wad looks like a mouse when he has just woken up, He must store his face under the pillow for safe keeping, but if obviously gets pinched up. We eventually arrive at the new café (Fountains has been taken over by a sour faced lesbian and the price has doubled). The new café is 'The Cottage Café' which is down the lane opposite Inglesport. A good breakfast was had, with free tea and toast. Living joke embarrassed us in front of the blond bird by stealing the butter (This was used later whilst sharing a room with Scarlet). After breakfast and shopping, we were off. We were quickly

changed and Scarlet drove us to the cave in his land rover, breaking our limbs and backs in the process. We found Sunset Hole and Keith lead everyone into the wet entrance; I chose the dry entrance and met everyone in there. At arrival at the first cascade (Normally free climbed) Keith rigged a rope clear of the water whilst we waited for L.J. (Who was waiting for me near the entrance not knowing there is a dry entrance, although he had done the trip before and been in that way). The second cascade was the same and again a rope had to be rigged clear of the water, at the big third pitch/cascade it was a different story the water was awesome and there was no way down by SRT. Scarlet and Andy found a high level bypass but L.J. could not fit his bulk through and so we made our exit. Whilst walking back to the land rover a big brown bog was spied and after a big fight, Scarlet and Andy were thrown in. Nial had a very lucky escape and Mike 2old, who didn't quite know what to make of us, very wisely stood well back. A little further down the hill a fence post was found and despite the blizzards we had a javelin throwing contest, I won, Mike 2old lost but he snapped the javelin. The broken javelin was used as a shot put. I won yet again and Scarlet came a very close second. The next event was the tackle bag throwing contest which Scarlet won, with me coming second. Both Mike and Andy managed to throw the bag behind themselves which seemed quite some achievement. On arrival back at the land rover, we decided to take a look at Great Dowk which might be sporting due to the flood conditions, and it certainly was water shot out from the cave mouth like a dragon breathing fire, a monstrous sight, but this didn't put us off, nor were we put off by a group of cavers shaking their heads at us as we passed by, and in we went. The water inside didn't seem too bad at first as the cave was quite wide but as the passage became narrower it became interesting, in the narrowest parts the water was 4 ft deep as this was melt water from the mountain and we didn't have wetsuits on it gripped your balls like a vice, further in to the cave we arrived at some cascades, here the water curled around at least 5ft up the wall. Climbing the cascade was impossible so we attempted to chimney up and over but the curling water peeled your feet off the wall before pressure could be applied and so we were forced to leave the cave. Arriving back at Scarlet's land rover in the dark, dripping sleet, Scarlet made us undress before he would let us in. We were absolutely freezing, and to make matters worse, Scarlet broke our backs again on the drive back down, Still we all ended up at the pub alive for beer and food, which was good. Later we played cards and then Fuzzy Duck which wrecked us and others who tried to join in as well. Andy used the ladies toilets all evening (Don't ask why) and back at the camp site Andy showed us Percy, Well done Andy!

Boxing Day Raft Race

Attended by Myself, Andy Bent Gun, Mike 2 Old, Mike Apple-a-day Mike Lawson, Greg 2old(Son of Mike) Shaun and Riggs.

The raft which had been constructed earlier to the plans of J.Gibbs Ship builder Extraordinaire arrived at the harbour on the back of an Andy Hire pickup, overhanging by two and a half feet on every side, it looked like a Scud missile launcher and it certainly turned heads when we arrived. After man handling the raft into the water, a seating plan was worked out with the lightest at the front and heaviest at the back. Riggs was nominated as the flour bomb thrower and sat second from the front. The rest of us took our places aboard for a little test, we were sure to win! As the start loomed Riggs showed some trick shots with the flour bombs smacking an opponent on the back of the head! Then the fun really started. Flour water and eggs flew everywhere, we crashed into at least four other rafts before the first turn, but they all passed us and morale dropped. This was given a boost before the second turn, firstly by the cheering of our supporters and secondly by Riggs hitting a bloke with a water cannon on board a trawler with a very accurate flour bomb, much to his surprise. After that the fear of being run down by the sub aqua club kept us going and we reached the finish line in 11 Min 15 Sec. The Winners were the surfers who made it round in only six minutes. This will not happen next year as a new raft is already planned. The afternoon was rounded off quite nicely by getting pissed in the sub aqua club and surprisingly we won a bottle of bubbly, which went down a treat. The club would like to thank everyone who made this day possible and Andy Hire for the materials to make the raft plus the pickup needed to move it.

Tuesday 11th January 2000 Eastfield Caves

Attended by Myself, Andy Bent Gun, Mike 2 Old and Rick Fordham

I first heard about Eastfield caves at least four years ago, but I didn't know their location and not having had the opportunity to look they slipped to the back of my mind and were forgotten about, that is until I attended a breakdown in Eastfield and the caves were located. So there we were in the middle of Eastfield, getting changed in the road, much to the amusement of the residents, the dog walkers and the occupants of the bus. After a short walk we arrived at a small quarry face with a series of body sized tubes in a limestone band of about 5ft thick all of which have been frequented by generations of kids with burning pieces of paper and also the drug users group. All of the tubes bar one ran parallel with the cliff face and either choked or came out further along or pinched up, but a lead was found going further into the hillside and issuing a strong draught. A small exploratory dig took place (and it was small too, you couldn't get in with your helmet on). A small chamber (if you could call it that) was reached, it was barely 7 inches high, and three feet wide, it had three ways on. All required digging and another trip might be planned. The evening ended up in 'The Hole In The Wall' Excellent!

Trip Reports - Mike Peters

Dent Mike2oldenoughtoknowbetter 11/12th Nov1999

Jerry Andy Me Nile Jamie Keith

The weekend started well, and in retrospect it just kept rolling along in that vein. I was caught by surprise at home in Kirkbymoorside as I listened out for the rattling of Andy's pride and joy truck, or the banging noise from the back end of Jerry's car. In fact the first thing I heard was a knock on my door. A breakdown already I wondered. All was fine though, bollocks to the beef ban, we were going to travel in comfort in Nial's Peugeot. Everything is squeezed into the boot and off we go. Kirkby was entertained by the car's radio system at max decibels as we passed through. My ears stopped whistling somewhere near Helmsley. We cruised along in comfort again for many miles, and the conversation swung from the state of Nial's love life, to how high the streams were looking from the previous nights rain, and threats for a full exposure in Jerry's profile in the next newsletter. Ha ha ha.....whatJerry looking worried.....YES!!!

Some rich yobs passed us in a 4x4 grinning down at us. We forgave them for it was purple man Jamie and king of cards Keith.

It was at this point of the journey that someone made the mistake of bringing up the topic regarding those strange endurance tests that *some* cavers take delight in. It wasn't long before Nial decided he could no longer wait until we got to wherever to inflict some sort of torture. Did you know that a Peugeot car heater can push out a monumental amount of heat when it is set flat out with the fan full on and all the windows tightly closed? We must have looked like one of those cooling chimneys at Drax power station. The windows constantly streamed and I swear the plastic at the top of the doors was feeling quite tactile after ten minutes. This was only half the challenge, as the next fifteen minutes we were to endure cold air full on with the windows wide open. No removal or addition of clothing was allowed. We had almost reached the snow-covered hills by then. Time up for the first part, Nile swerved off the road and we fell outside, sucking cold clear air into our burning lungs. Three minutes later we were off onto the second part of this nightmare. At sixty miles per hour with the windows fully down, everything loose inside the car started screwing around as the vortex built up. Hurricane Nial careered on looking for all like Mr Toad as he sat hunched over the wheel gripping it tightly between his hands with a manic smile on his face. Maps, books and anything else that weighed less than a tonne (metric now) were now being hurled around inside the car, and was in danger of being sucked out by the vacuum we were creating behind us. I do not know how long this experience lasted, as time seemed to stand still. Just as the first stages of hypothermia were hitting Andy, Mr. Toad elected to close the windows just enough to cause the whole car to throb as if a Chinook helicopter was sitting on the roof. Thankfully Ingleton appeared ahead, and we had given ourselves an appetite for breakfast. The renamed "Cottaging Café" was our next port of call. Breakfasts all round with as much tea, toast and coffee as we could eat all in the price. Fortunately we were the only customers so there was no one to upset. Apart from that is the little 12 year old

waitress who handled the situation quite well I thought, when Nile asked for more butter as he sat there with at least a pound of it on his side plate, leaving little room for his toast. She looked at Nile's plate and then again at him, and decided not to push the point and got more butter.....smart girl.

Shopping was next. A look in Bernie's and Inglesport where I bought the SRT rigging bible to frighten myself. A pound cheaper in Bernie's. I returned to Inglesport to see someone at the back of the shop acting like Houdini as he struggled to get out of a new TSA suit, which was obviously two sizes too small for him. It was Nial, who else, surrounded by his trusted and loyal friends who just watched the pantomime refusing to come to his aid in his hour of need as he struggled with his arms locked behind his back We need a club video camera for these treasured moments.

Ahhh yes, the caving, I nearly forgot. The snow had been at road level as we approached Ingleton and now it was raining and all I could think of was all those holes underground filling up rapidly with melt water. A few unheard of to me cave names were bandied about, until Sunset seemed to meet with everybody's approval. We drove to the lay-by and changed in the driving rain and then transferred to the Jamobile. That saved quite a bit of energy as we got through three gates before we could get no further. We walked on until a six-foot hole was spotted near the path, which broke into a small stream passage below. Andy and Jerry decided to have a look as Keith said he did not know much about it. Down they went and disappeared down stream. It was at this point Keith admitted that it only went for approximately 200 feet and then tightened. So we passed the time outside by blocking up the entrance with boulders, and finally throwing barbed wire down for good measure, and then retired to watch the two explorers struggle out on their return.

We entered Sunset under a very black sky and proceeded down a nice stream passage to the first small pitch, which we passed with the aid of a rope to keep us out of the increasing torrent. There had been a small delay as we waited at the top of the pitch for Nial to arrive. In fact the cause of his delay was his own caring character. He had seen Jerry walking off to relieve himself, or so he thought, and he decided he would wait at the entrance for Jerry to return before descending. In the meantime Jerry had entered via a dry passage, which rejoined the main passage 20 metres further in. So Nial was waiting in vain, and we were waiting for Nial and wondering what the hell was going on.....Good start. On we went to a further pitch which all agreed was impossible to return by with the amount of water that was crashing down it, plus the lack of SRT gear. Jerry went the furthest down to have a look, whilst the young guns found a high traverse and a squeeze and got down below the waterfall. Nile had a thutch at the squeeze and thought better of it. I went halfway down the pitch with the rope to get a feel of it all, and Keith decided he had no chance of getting through the squeeze, and so we returned back up the passage. The water by now was definitely pouring more heavily through the roof as we neared the surface. We sheltered in the cave entrance and watched the rain hammering down outside and sang songs. That was nice.

The last Ingleborough games of the millennium were held on the way back to the Jamobile. "Anyone, any pond ducking" lasted throughout the event. Andy definitely lost the contest as he was held completely off the ground with his face two inches above a pool, with his arms held locked behind him. Uncharacteristically he was shown mercy and was thrown elsewhere. Sheep shit slinging contests onto yellow TSAs proved most popular, as the weather conditions for the excrement's consistency was damn near perfect. A javelin was brought forward which soon disintegrated into a shorter javelet. Jamie I think proved to be the winner of this prestigious event. The hammer-throwing contest proved popular as we tested the kit bag and rope.

At this point it was getting dark and I thought we were finished for the day. Will I ever learn? We climbed up across the hillside to find Great Douke. We passed the enormous depression, which I assume is a collapsed cave roof, and watched the water ferociously pulsating out of the cave. Our aim was to find the top entrance and come down stream. Forty-five minutes later we arrived back at the main entrance after wandering around failing to find the way in at the top in the failing light. A group of weary cavers immersed looking very wet, cold and tired. "It is chest deep in there" he shouted above the roar of the water. I noticed he had trainers on. "It is worse coming out with the flow of the water than against it" were his parting words. I wonder why I thought. Jamie climbed the normal route into the cave next to the waterfall, which is not the norm in these conditions, whilst the rest of us traversed in via a short open sided crawl. Pretty soon we were knee deep in a fast flow in a huge passage. The way on started twisting and turning and the water deepened as we progressed, and I soon lost sight of the leaders. It was not long after that I heard the front runners making roaring

sounds at the top of their voices as they forged ahead. What is all this then I thought, some sort of new cavers ritual. It was not long before I was hollering myself. The water was now over my waist and bloody freezing. With only a furry and an oversuit between me and the water, roaring seemed to help no end. On to a normally simple climb out of a pool which was now a raging torrent of great proportions. Jamie climbed up against the fast flow of water and got up. Nile decided he was up for the challenge. To the background singing "Nile will die this beautiful morning" (apologies to the musical Oliver and "Who will buy this beautiful morning") he bravely attempted the pitch. Whether it was our singing or not, he retreated a broken man. We all did an about turn, and were pushed along by the strength of the current to the exit.

We immersed outside to darkness, driving rain/sleet in a very cold wind. A brisk walk took us to the Jamobile where we were told by the merciless driver that no oversuits were to be worn inside the vehicle. Worse was to come would you believe? Arriving at Nial's machine still in a howling gale full of freezing wet stuff, he announced that **no one** could get in his car with clothes on! It must have been quite a sight for any onlookers as they drove past as four naked blokes could be seen hopping about trying to pull off wet furies.

The pub in Dent was ok, a bit dead for a fifty one year old I thought. Out came the cards after a good bean feast. Keith was hustling to play for money, and finally caused uproar when he thought that getting out the dominoes would be a good idea. The only bit of talent in the place was the attractive slim and ready young barmaid who kept giving Andy the come on. He responded by burying himself deeper into his pint and basically got pissed. Andy.....shame on you.

Next day still loads of water about, we did a bit more shopping and returned home. Good weekend.

Bull Pot Mike2oldenoughtoknowbetter Jan 15th (I think)

Jerry (SBG) Andy (Galley boy) Nial (LJ) Me

07:15 rendezvous at Andy's and on to Malton to find Nial. Everything loaded in to Jerry's car and Nial says, "lets go in my car". A quick reloading exercise and off we go.

Into the Cottaging café in Ingleton for a hurried breakfast, (Jerry has to get back for 8pm) and a quick trip to Bernie's for a few bits of SRT kit and one of those rather expensive Q lights.

It is clear, sunny and cold, and it seems a shame to plunge underground on such a fine day. Never mind, this is my first pot and I am looking forward to it. Somehow we manage to park at least two lay-byes further down the road in Kingsdale than we need to, but wise one Nial says we will get warmed up with a walk.

I had watched the "Cave Safe" videos and was not prepared. Cave Safe three showed all the advanced stuff and was pretty interesting, but it was way above my standard with those rebelay and deviants etc, and Andy had assured me that Bull Pot was straight up and down. I took this literally, and took it to mean it was just a series of straight abseils. Ha Ha.....ignorance is bliss. First pitch straightforward and straight down. Then a wee walk to a high traverse which seems quite alien in welly boots, and on to an awkward (to me) drop to start the abseil and on down to the slot in the floor at the bottom of pitch two. This is the drier of the three possible routes onward. Now people around me are talking about deviants and rebelay. Hang on fellas, Andy Sparrow says I must practice above the surface and be able to do the manoeuvres in total darkness before I venture anywhere near a pothole. Too late now methinks.

Heart rate up to 180 bpm now. My turn through the narrow slot, and down to my first rebelay. I jam myself across the rift and pass the rebelay with a bit of difficulty. I had been concentrating so hard on the rebelay as I had approached it, that I had not noticed a huge ledge behind me where I could have stood on with ease. Ah well.

On down to a further traverse to the top of the big fourth pitch. Nial was our rigger for the day and it was at this point he decided not to completely rig the big pitch with its two deviants. Instead he chose to take the directissima route along with the waterfall. You could hear the muffled cursing and water hitting him way down below. Jerry was next and I peered over the edge to watch him.

Geez.....there he was swinging to and fro across this huge dark void, trying to reach the 'p' hangar and place the sling and krab. How he hit the spot I will never know. Glad I will not have to swing like I thought.Wrong...

The rope not being fixed at the bottom, swinging was the only way to get across. So I found myself doing almost the same thing trying to catch the sling. With muffled hollerings (I assume encouragement, but "old fart" seemed loud and clear) from Andy above, I finally caught the sling and passed it, and continued down. I saw the large spiky flake, which Jamie had missed in his free fall descent on a previous occasion, and I thought how lucky he had been to miss it. Jerry, now in full "I am going to win the photo competition" mood, took loads of piccys of my ugly mug in various parts of the passage, whilst Andy rigged the last pitch. The last pitch was mainly for my benefit, in which I completely failed the horizontal traverse in the jamming rift. A complete lack of technique, and the thought of dropping down and jamming, ashamedly made me lose my bottle.

All this taught me a lesson. In a matter of minutes I went very quickly from being happily confident, to a mild anxious state of whatever. It surprised me at the time how quick the transformation was. I now felt hungry and thirsty and was pleased that Jerry suggested we start back up. I reckoned it was just bruised ego or something, plus a bit of expounded nervous energy in my first pothole. We returned to the base of the big pitch at the bottom of the waterfall and Jerry clipped on and disappeared up into the void.

I stood alone in the darkness and spray, contemplated that it all seemed far away from my first evening with the club at the Kirkby viaduct; with someone to check me over before I made any move. Perhaps a bit more practice would have made me feel more confident.

Just me now! How was I going to manage the deviants? Would I get knackered half way up? "Rope free" came the faint call from above. Here goes then.....move into the water....clip on.....looks ok.....sit down.....feels ok.....do or die, here I go. No problems prussiking and I passed the deviants in a sort of uncontrolled procedure, which I am sure was not quite how Andy Sparrow intended his students to proceed. Who cares, I was up and had enjoyed it.

We regrouped above the top of the second pitch, and sat on a ledge. It was from here that the resounding singing of stupendous quality came forth from our vocal chords. Bull pot must now be renowned for its acoustics, as the sound was truly wonderful. The harmonies would have put any male voice choir to shame. Exhausting our repartee, we reluctantly moved on to the base of the last pitch where we could see the stars above in the clear frosty sky. I was the last one to clip on the rope as my main light completely died. My £17.25 Q light seemed a good investment now. The air was extremely cold and still on the surface and I hurriedly de rigged the final hangars, and then it was a brisk walk down the fell and back to the car. Great day.

Mike2oldenoughtoknowbetter

There is this guy who I communicate on the uk.walkers newsgroup, and I asked if he ever had tried caving. This was his reply: -

Caving! No, not for me. I get claustrophobic crawling under the bed.

Oddly, I have had a sought of experience of caving in Dent. There's an outdoor shop there that I was wandering around trying to find a book. I hadn't got my glasses on and couldn't see the titles properly and as I walked about I suddenly found myself falling underground into 'la cave' of the shop: the owners had left their trap-door into the cellar open.

I got a nasty graze and the wind blown out of me. The owners helped me out, put me on a chair, brought me tea, clucked like mother hens and on my bellowing about it quickly restored the trap door. We chattered away and as everybody was settling down I said in my usual offbeat style, "And my wife's a solicitor, so that'll make suing you a lot cheaper". Gosh, they went white!!

Michael Farthing
cyclades
Software house

Andy (galleyboy) Rick (Sick) Me, Jerry (SBG)

We meet Sick near the ford. Sick confided to me that he hated his nickname Sick. Shame about that Sick. Don't be Sick..... Sick.

Sick is not really a bad name, maybe a bit sick perhaps.

Into the cave we go, and find it is somewhat wetter than on my previous visits. Jerry still obsessively taking photos for the competition. Sick goes down to the face in Asphyxia and we spread out along the passage. There is something in the air tonight, and it does not smell good. Perhaps sick. The bucket is really hard to pull through in the sticky sickly conditions. Sick does his three buckets and starts to reverse out complaining of feeling sick due to the lack of air. The mud has turned really glutinous now and seems to sick (oops) suck you onto the floor and hold you there. Sick gets stuck at the low ceiling part reversing towards the Bait Cabin. Sick finally immersed blowing like a puffer fish.

Jerry next down and makes it sick (oops) six buckets. Sick and I lead out. Me now getting a bit blasé (well this is my third trip down this hell hole.....why?) leaves battery on my back in the tight squeezey bit. I get a bit jammed, I know with a quick side wiggle I can pop through this as always. The mud now taking its toll and my helmet jammed between floor and roof, and the battery is tight in my back. I feel sick. I am not going anywhere. Must be in the wrong place.....MUMMY. A whole five seconds of rising panic then I am through. It was a pleasure to reach the sphincter in the cave passage.

Everyone found it hard work tonight, and it was suggested we let it dry out a bit before the next visit. Progress is progress, but we now have lost the four-inch gap at the face between the roof and the fill. SICK!!

We dried and dusted off in the George and Dragon in Kirkby. Does sick need a new name? Letters to the editor.

Noddle End *Mike2oldenoughtoknowbetter* *Jan 24th 2000*

Me, Andy (Galley boy) Ernie, Jerry (SBG) Rich (Plantpot)

I meet Ernie for the first time as he sat patiently in the dark above Peak Scar. We were a bit late. Mitigating circumstances were evenly blamed on a wrong turning, and the continuous locking up of something on the front end of Plantpot's aged car.

We descended via Murton cave, which I had climbed on numerous occasions, never imagining I would ever reverse it in the dark.

We did a line search on the hillside on our hands and knees for the small entrance in the woods. Hands and knees because it was steep and slippery and in some parts thick low bushes/trees etc. Plantpot was at the end of the line and ten feet to my right, and he walked straight up to it, thankfully. In we went and now I could appreciate the fun the diggers of the club must have had dodging stones and soil as they dug their way out. Progress was mainly sideways interspersed with some interesting up, down and under some tighter bits. The crustations and formations were excellent for a windy pit. More photographs for the annual competition. Coming to the main T-junction we could smell death in the form of rotting sheep thrown down by the local farmer. There is now a stinking soup running out from the carcasses. Jerry now turning on "investigative roving reporter" mode, took photographic evidence of the mess for the Environment Agency.

We visited the digs and then made our way out. The Hambleton Inn was our watering hole, which we made by half past ten. Chatting away we never noticed the time until we were asked to leave. It was twelve thirty! Not bad for a Tuesday night.

Mike2oldenoughtoknowbetter

"Listen up!" The Yeti said with a demanding voice. "There will be NO sex on this trip. Not even the wetting of the tips of your penises. All of you males take off your dicks and hand them to my sons. I will sit over there and write you a receipt. After we see land, you can get your dicks back." After about a week Mr. ink stormed into his cage and was very excited. "Quick!" he said, "Get on my shoulders and look out the window to see if there is any land out there!" Ms. Tropicat got onto his

shoulders and looked out the window. "Sorry, no land yet." "Shit!" and out went Mr. ink. This went on every day until Ms. Tropical got fed up with him. "What is the matter with you? You know it will rain for forty days and nights. Only after the water has drained will we be able to see land. Why are you acting so excited every day?" "Look!" said Mr. ink with a sinister look on his face as he held out a piece of paper. "I GOT THE DONKEY'S RECEIPT!!"

Two pedophiles at the beach, one says to the other "you're in my sun."

"Old age and treachery will overcome youth and skill"

Contribution from Rich Stewart.

From the archives

In my ever expanding and worryingly obsessive hunt through esoteric windypit literature I unearthed a copy of the 'British Caver' dating from 1944. Said magazine contained a rather interesting letter from Raymond Hayes:

"NR PICKERING, YORKS. (Letter to Editor from R.H.Hayes.)

30/1/44 Last year I was shown a peculiar hole in a field at Swinsty Farm 1 mile N.W. of Pickering. It was a circular pit about 12-15ft in depth. Passages leading off were blocked by earth. I was told it was an old water-course and someone had explored one of the three passages but had to return because of foul (sic) air. The district is on rising limestone ground and to the east are extensive quarries which we examined for caves but found none.

A similar hole was reported from Wrelton (3 miles west of Pickering). This was filled with thorns and rubbish by a farmer, who had a horse almost engulfed in it many years ago. There was a short passage from the bottom. The hole was about the same dimensions as that at Pickering. "

(HAYES 1944)

Also from the archives but a bit more recent comes a rather interesting snippet from the Cave Diving Group News Letter apparently written by someone calling himself Richard Wilsdon!

" I followed up a local story of a well near the sinks in the valley of the Dove, in which water in which water could be seen to be flowing. The well is about 3m deep with unstable sides, to about 2m of horizontal passage and water, which does indeed move. With the earth that fell in. I found no way of pushing this, and there is little room below the water level. '*There is no future there.*' (The italics are mine!).

(Wilsdon 1983)

References

Hayes R.H. (1944), Letter on a cave at Swinsty Farm, British Caver Volume 12.
Wilsdon R. (1983), Dive Reports, CDG Newsletter No. 66.

Rich Stewart 10.01.2000

BULL POT

Attended by the Scarborough Caving Club male voice choir

By the time we had reached the cave we had all managed to meet in Malton, survive the journey, eat and pay for a breakfast. With a large and serious problem of the *L.J. factor* affecting every single event no matter how big or small. Not only did this problem affect us, but it also affected anyone who had contact with *L.J.*

After we had got changed we were hit with a dose of the *L.J. factor* because we were parked in completely the wrong place, which meant a bit of a walk. At the entrance *L.J.* had a few problems on the Y-hang as a direct result of the *L.J. factor*. On the 2nd, 3rd and 4th pitches *L.J.* rigged without too much influence of the *L.J. factor*, apart from on the 4th pitch where the *L.J. Factor* prevented him putting any deviations in therefore descending in the full force of the water.

I rigged the final pitch, which is awkward and tight. Of course I had been infected with a dose of the *L.J. Factor* via oral diarrhoea and couldn't find most of the bolts so I had to make do.

On the way out *L.J.* derigged the last pitch but the *L.J. factor* made him forget to pull the rope up behind him. After about 25 minutes of waiting *L.J.* called me to come and help. I found him in a web of rope, after freeing him we headed out.

Throughout the whole of the trip there was an extremely ^{BOB®} good 4-man choir who will be releasing their BEST OF album including hit songs such as Red Bag, Rope Free and the classic Nial Will Die This Beautiful Morning on double CD or CASSETTE in the near future*

On the way home *L.J.* stopped the car at a petrol station to get some food and girly mags, when we went inside we found *L.J.* stood at the magazine stand reading *Woman's weekly*.

*Available from all good record shops wishing to go bankrupt.

Report by Galley Boy

PHRASES OF THE MONTH

You know when you've been L. Jayed.....Nile living Joke Adams

Sorry I can't go caving tonight I'm making Marmalade....Dick Wog Wilsdon

Isn't it to dark to go caving at night?.....Some idiotic tourist

Off course it's a leopard skin helmet.....Mike Apple Tree

CAVING AND DIVING IN APPIN

WHERE IS IT?

On the west coast of Scotland. About 100 miles north of Glasgow and 18 miles south of Fort William.

Glencoe, beloved by walkers and climbers, lies a few miles north east of the Appin peninsula which is bounded on the west by Loch Linnhe.

WHAT'S THERE?

The peninsula has two main caving areas:
Glen Stockdale and further to the east Glen Creran.

(There are also a few caves in Glen Duror just NE of Glen Stockdale)

The caves are found in metamorphosed Ballachulish lime stone, a black brittle rock. The limestone beds have been folded and are now steeply inclined.

GLEN CRERAN

Exploration started in the 70's by University College London, Grampian Speleological Group and others.

At least 40 caves are known - but most of these don't amount to much.

The longest ones being between 100 and 200 metres.

Getting to the caves involves a steep and strenuous ascent (1300 feet +). Most of them are in well shattered rock and there are plenty of dodgy boulder chokes.

I haven't visited this area.

GLEN STOCKDALE

Is lower lying than Glen Creran and easier to access.

Exploration started in the late 70's by Grampian Speleological Group and local cavers.

There are at least 35 known caves, but most are something and nothing.

The three most significant ones being:

1. Uamh nan Claig-ionn, Cave of the Skulls.
Grade 3. 160m long.
Scotlands deepest pothole at 48m.
4 pitches leading to passable sump 1.
Sump 2 not pushed.
2. Uamh A'bhruthaich Chais Fhada, Long Drop Cave.
Grade 2. 95m long.
12m pitch to sump.

3. Uamh Steall na Burich, Cave of Roaring Water.
Grade 1. 52m long.
Resurgence for Long Drop Cave (?)
Access is a tramp over moorland for 3 miles, with fine views of Lismore Island and beyond.
Nicely decorated with stall and little gour pools, probably best in Appin.
Ends in a sump which I'm diving.

The cave usually has a small stream meandering through it. But severe winter floods must make it live up to its name.

Leaves and bits of grass high up the cave wall indicate it nearly fills to the roof in places. Also in 1997 the force of water through the sump had blown heaps of gravel into the approach passage, as well as one of the original explorers line reels from 14 metres in.

PAST TRIPS

My first visit to Appin was in 1991 as a post script to a Scunthorpe Caving Club diving holiday at Oban.

We got half way down the Cave of Skulls and retreated from below the dubious stack of boulders which is the take off for the second pitch.

Returned in 1994, this time after a diving trip with Scunthorpe BSAC. Located the Cave of Roaring Water and had a peer down into its sump with a mask (and snorkel!).

Decided it wasn't for me - the sump passage being quite small and descending and daunting. But I've been drawn back with diving gear and have laid a line down to a small chamber at the bottom of the underwater slope.

This seems to be the current psychological limit of my explorations.

There is a rift in the roof of the chamber which Malcolm Stewart of Grampian Speleological Group ascended in 1988. He went up the west side of it which proved too narrow.

I've been put off ascending the rift by the copious amounts of silt which come down it as you get near. Also because it seems quite remote. But would like to have a look up its east side. And I'd like to find out where the water flow is coming from in the chamber - possibly not from the rift.

1999 TRIP

1. DESCENT OF LONG DROP CAVE

The idea being that I'd maybe try and dive the sump.

However, my efforts on the 12m pitch convinced me that getting myself in and out was enough, never mind diving gear as well.

The pitch take off was from a smelly bedding plane (a resting place for sheep remains).

Going over the top was fun, thoughts flooded into my head of how long it would take for the rescue services to get there if I got in a tangle.

But it was OK, with a gentle spray (like lettuce being shaken) as I descended.

The sump was large, clear and inviting. A steel peg was already in place to belay a line to, but I haven't seen any reports of dives there.

2. CAVE OF ROARING WATER

The sump was relined and surveyed.

Two cross rifts in the sump passage roof were investigated. The one after the 5m tag leading into an air bell.

FUTURE TRIPS

My next visit is planned for the end of March 2000. With a drysuit and more air on board. The rift out of the chamber should hopefully be ascended.

Anyone interested in coming along for diving, caving and / or climbing will be welcome.

NEIL HANAN

UAMH STEALL NA BURICH

APPIN, ARGYLL

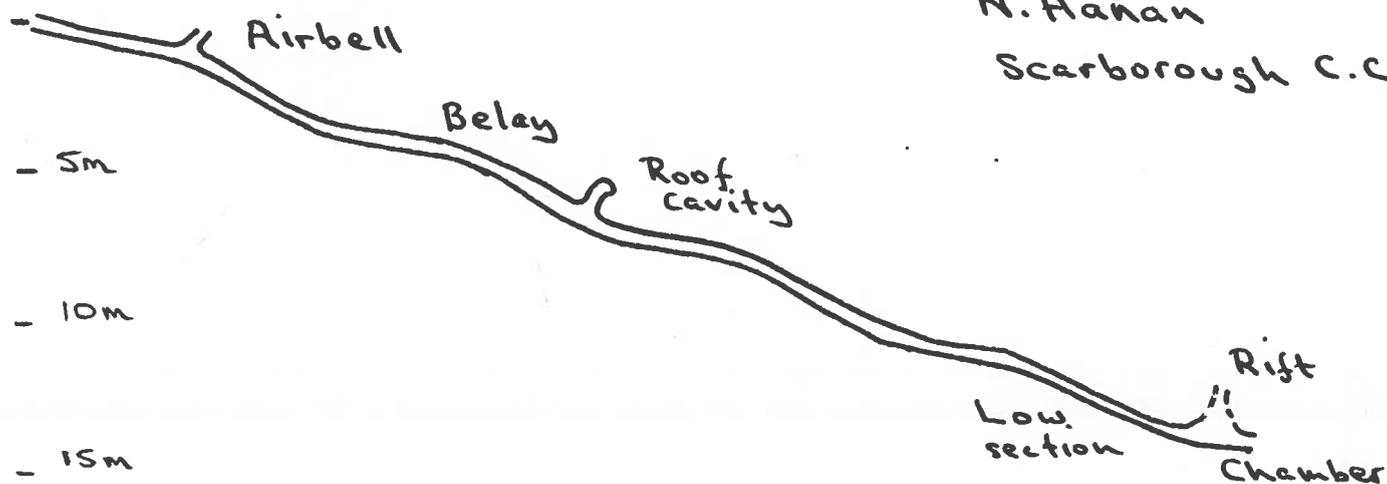
NM 95884953

October 1999

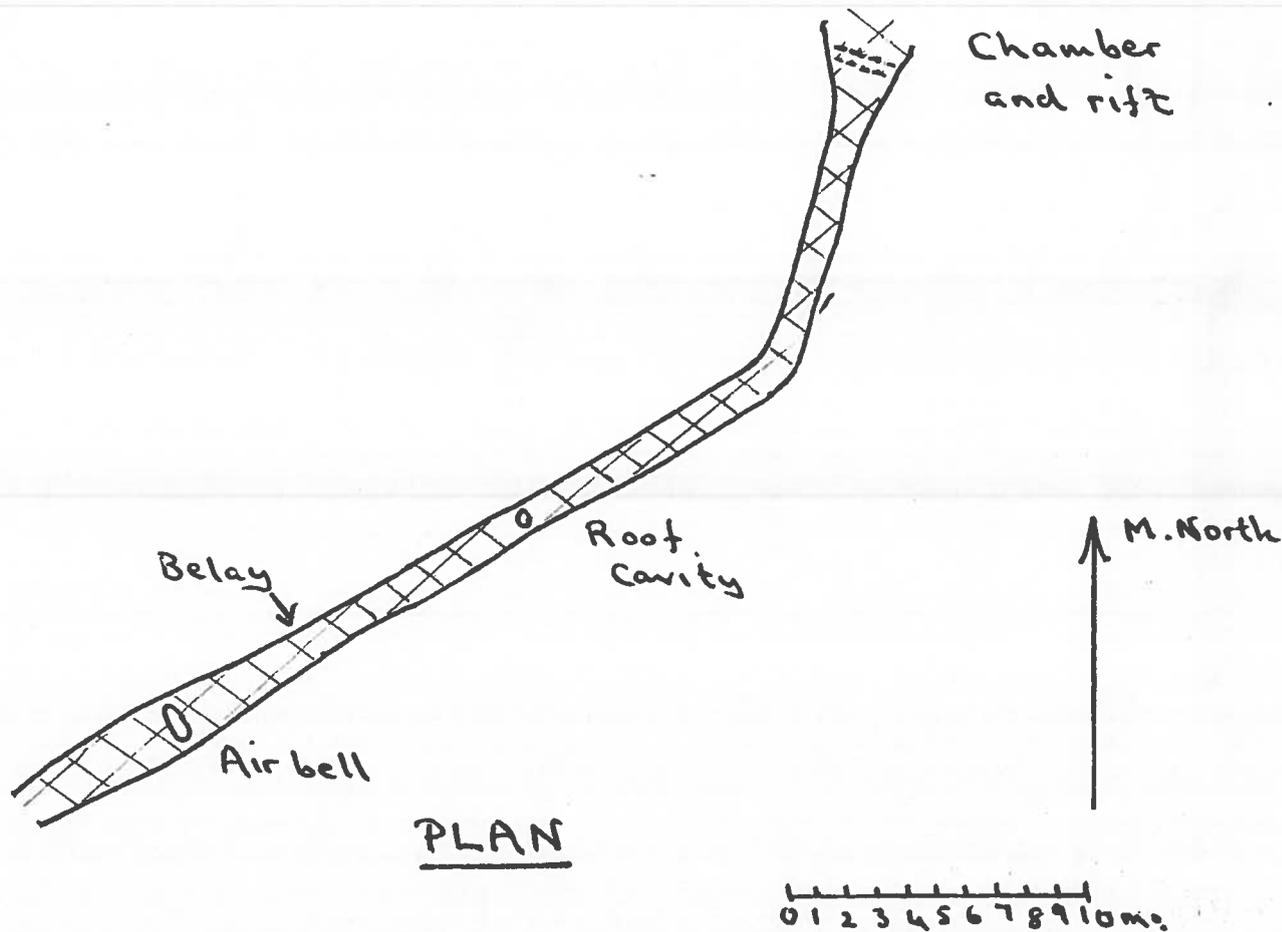
Sketch survey of sump
- parts are best guess.

N. Hanan

Scarborough C.C.



EXTENDED ELEVATION



PLAN

Caver Profile Series

Number 2 Andy 'Bent-Gun' Brennan.



Photo:

Courtesy of the
J.Gibbs
Collection.

Title:

Andy Shows us
'A woman's
work is never
done'.

Chemical Composition

10% Alcohol 15% Second Hand Wetsuit 25% Japanese Rust 50% Feminine Tenderness.

Age

Just reached puberty.

First Caving Experience

Entering the birth canal

Most Memorable Quote

I'm not using the red regulator! It tried to kill me.

Andy Brennan™ (Made in Taiwan)

In 1996 the club bought an Andy Brennan™, it was the most popular cave digger on the market, as it bore more than a passing resemblance to a bamboo pole and powered by a single AA battery it could last most trips. It was available in three different colours, we chose the white model as brown ones easily get misplaced in the mud and pink ones clash with Extreme Bob's Skirt (white can be converted into green by adding alcohol but performance is impaired). It was also available in kit form, but we bought ours ready made, it was £4.99 well spent. In the 4 years of ownership, it has only let us down in two areas, It was never designed to drive cars (and struggles to do this safely) and it may cause embarrassment if allowed to consume more than 2 pints of shandy or three wine gums.

What the papers say: We sold out immediately (INGLESPOUR), Our leading line (CAVING SUPPLIES), I use mine in the bedroom (FOUNTAINS CAFÉ), Andy Brennan™ ironed my underpants (NEWS OF THE WORLD).

Trip List 2000

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

@13/02/2000

Permit Granted

Please note Gingling has been swapped with Echo and Dale Head Pot cancelled as currently blocked