

Scarborough

Caving Club

News Letter 4 (26/03/2000)

Minutes S.C.C. AGM 09/03/2000

Those Present

J. Gibbs,
R. Wilsdon,
A. Brennan,
J. Dixon,
P. Fambely,
M. Appleby,
R. Stewart,
M. Peters,
M. Gentals,
Chalky Thomas (Ex Member).

Apologies

R. Simpson
S. Aconley
K. Dobson
N. Adams (tendered by AB)

Chairman's Report

The chairman presented his report, which follows.

This years caving got off to a slow start with confusion over leadership and direction. Fortunately this was soon resolved and by August things were looking up. We started producing brilliant newsletters, we pushed things on the diving front, we did some damn good trips and we gained more members but above all the club ran for the members. We are very much a social club branching out into many areas including climbing, shore diving, and even four wheel driving. New discoveries are being made all the time and the prospect of having a major stream way on our doorstep is more than we could wish for!

We have an excellent trip list for this year and an excellent group of cavers who are keen to cave, we have a strong digging team with more members than before, some members digging twice a week and still caving on a weekend. This is excellent. The future of the club lies with these people. Keep it up!

The club would like to thank all the membership, for with out them we would not have a club. The diggers for their determination in atrocious conditions, the divers and sherpas for pushing, Andy Brennan for maintaining standards in the tackle store and Pete Fambely for ensuring the club has excellent trip lists and the production of a succession of brilliant news letters. Well-done lets keep up the fun in 2000.

This year's big girls blouse award was a close run between two candidates – Richard 'Dick Wad', who hasn't caved in this millennium, and was heard saying "I'm saving myself for Ireland, I don't want to burn out", and on the diving front "I'm waiting for the water to warm up." The award was won by 'Extreme Bob', who also hasn't caved this millennium and didn't do much in the last either. In future 'Extreme Bob' will be known as 'Lilly the Pink.



both deviations were missed out. Andy rigged the fifth but 2old who had been doing rather well up to this point had problems chimneying along the rift so we made our return. Andy derigged and suffered the awesome swing from the second deviation and the resulting impact with the wall, whilst we sat on a ledge singing such great songs as 'Red Bag' and 'Rope Free' in 'Barber Shop' style. On arrival at the car, L.J. showed us some Ti-Che which seemed to be a cross between paper folding and Morris Dancing and was quite amusing. Later L.J. factored some other drivers before attempting 'Robot Wars' with my car, which finished the day off quite nicely except for the lack of pints.

Trip Report 5th February 2000 Jerry

Andy Bent Gun, (Andy) Mike2oldenoughtoknowbetter, (Mike) Mike Apple-a-Day, (Mike), Scarlet Ponce, (Jamie) Myself

Large Pot

Apologies from extreme Bob, who was shopping for a new dress.

The day started with an interesting drive as there were five of us in the Peugeot and Mike, Andy and Lard were in the back. Breakfast was excellent at the Cottaging Café, and after the normal bugging about we were changed and at the pot entrance. This is where the fun started.

Mike2old had one of Nial's L.J. Factors (left over from the last trip) in his SRT kit; and he played it like a trump card on the entrance pitch. In classic L.J. style, 2old set off from the pitch head with his legs straddling the "Y" hang. Much amusement was caused and I tried to photograph the scene, but my camera was caught in the Factor and so the flash would not work. After the eventual arrival at the bottom we were greeted with a small chamber and a squeeze. Scarlet rigged the second pitch in the squeeze and descended. Andy followed....no problem. Mike Lard boy tried....problem, he came out, turned around and tried again...problem. After many tries Lard came out and I had a go. I slipped through on my left hand side.....no problem. Mike2old followed.....no problem. I descended the pitch....no problem. Mike2old tried the pitch....problem! With Mike and Lard stuck at the top, myself, Andy and Scarlet at the bottom, all we could do was to chant "who ate all the pies, who ate all the pies, you fat bastards, you ate all the pies"! Then we made our way out.

Back at the surface it was still daylight, so we thought we would have a look in the Mohole. Scarlet rigged again. The lack of hang points slowed us down, and the sheep carcass in the squeeze was a bit of a treat. Then we were off, Scarlet found a decent re-belay and I followed on down. On arrival in a small chamber, Scarlet rigged the next pitch down a slot in the floor, whilst Andy passed the re-belay above.

Mike and Lard (The Piemen) when forcing their bulks down the entrance series, managed to dislodge most of the cave in the process. Forty feet below, Andy was struck by falling cave, and forty feet below I was struck by the same boulder which came to rest, teetering on a ledge above the slot that Scarlet was in! The next pitch was too "doggie" in the hangar department, and we made our way out.

Arriving back at the car in darkness, we got changed in between my car and somebody's Escort. After we had all pissed up against a wall on the other side of the Escort, we realised that there was a woman sitting in the passenger seat. Life's a bitch!

I would like to thank Mike2old for typing this report out. I now feel a sad and very guilty person for slagging him off in this report. From now on I am going to write nice things about Mike2old because he has found me a computer, for free, to do my own typing; and also because he is just a great guy ☺

Trip Report Thursday 10th February 2000 Jerry

Andy Bent Gun, (Andy) Mike2oldenoughtoknowbetter, (Mike) Lardy Boy, (Mike) Sick Rewart (Rick) Pete Shaw, Myself

Dowson's Pot

Only half an hour late, Sick and 2old have been cursing. I make some excuse like "its Andy's fault", and we get changed. Sick, Mike2old and Lardy have a quick look in Lingmoor, whilst me, Andy and Pete enlarge the entrance to Dowson's. Although we know Dick-Wad would object, we feel it would be easier and safer for extracting spoil. This was done with the minimal effort and soon we were at the bottom. Today's task was to remove some large boulders left from last weeks dig. So with the club drill, a hammer and Hilti caps, the boulders were progressively broken up and removed. The way on now seemed obvious, and we took it in turns to, dig, place spoil in bucket, pull bucket up shaft, pass through entrance and throw down hillside. This continued until pub time was called, and we got back to the Buck for a few pints.

It made a change not to have to pick mud off our ears whilst drinking.

Trip Report 12th February 2000 Jerry

Andy Bent Gun (Andy), Lardy boy (Mike), Rick Fordham (Plantpot), Rick Stewart (Sick), Myself

Dowson's Pot

Late again! Sick's been waiting half an hour again! I blame Andy, again! The dig started with Lardy and Andy showing Plantpot how we use Hilti caps. Two minutes later Lardy showed us how delicate our eardrums are! Four attempts later the rock was broken and on it's way out. Andy and Lardy dig the "obvious way" whilst Planpot hauls, Sick and me chat. After half an hour we change over and Sick and me dig whilst Plantpot still hauls. The "obvious way" looking good, we will just pop this boulder says Sick. I drill and pop. After blowing a large lump of boulder off, we have another look. The boulder is about the size of a washing machine, and is part of the cave, the "obvious way" is now not so obvious.

The pub calls and we leave, but not before deciding that the pot needs a ladder. A fall could be fatal for both persons falling and persons being fallen on!

Jerry

For those people who were unable to attend the "Steven Nunwick Memorial Lecture", I can honestly say "**you missed out**". Gavin Newman, one of Britain's leading underground photographers and a very experienced cave diver to boot, presented this lecture. It contained still photographs and videos of caving, diving, and even some sailing. It was visually stunning.

surprisingly looked as dim as mine when I put it on charge after a long trip. Club policy deems we have no leader, and the Training Officer post has been downgraded to "Not the Training Officer", so there was no one who could tell him to fuck off and get kitted up correctly.

"Not the Training Officer" Scarlet, opened the entrance lid and peered down into the gloom. "Listen to the water down there, we will never get in". Well Tel did tell us it had not stopped raining for six days, and this was the first brilliant day they had had all week. Nevertheless we squeezed down the entrance and through to the first chamber. No water in here, but you could hear it roaring below. The next section took us down and through a boulder choke and along small passage to the second high roofed muddy chamber. A short awkward ladder section (we found a ladder here and claimed it) took us down onto the polished, muddy, outwardly sloping, protected no longer by a wire rope, Band Stand traverse. This takes you along the side of the chamber twenty feet above the floor. Even some of the handholds were cups of moulded mud. We gingerly crossed and climbed down to the bottom of the chamber. The stream was now crashed twenty feet to the floor and roared on down our next narrow pitch. The route was down for twenty feet, and then turned ninety degrees, and crawled under a block to a hole in the floor of a small passage. The water cascaded down obliterating every part of the route from above. Nile got a grip of the situation, and having been there before was first down. He disappeared immediately in a maelstrom of water and spray. Keith was next, and got as far as the hole in the floor and was not sure where to go next. No sign of Nial for a long time, but he returned full of optimism. I was then turned upon and shamed into having ago.

Another first experience coming up. The water hammered down everywhere, neck, sleeves, holes etc. but it was quite refreshing and tasted real sweet. I was enjoying this. I worked my way down and found the passage and passed under the block and through the heavy waterfall. There was still water pouring all over me but there was the small hole in the floor with the water swirling down through it. I tried to shine my light down but there was too much water about. Was it the right hole? I slid myself into position and let myself drop so far down the hole. I swung my feet around but could not feel anything below. It could have been a hundred foot drop for all I knew. I pulled back up and was annoyed I had failed to get down further. I dropped in again with the same result, and as everyone else was way above me, and me thinking perhaps I was in the wrong place, I reluctantly retreated and made my way back up to the chamber and to the welcoming lights of my fellow cavers.

Trip Report Saturday 11th March 2000 Mike2oldenoughtoknowbetter

Continued

We climbed back out to the surface to be met by a group going in. "Ah you have found my ladder" the cave diver exclaims. Oh dear.

What to do next? No SRT gear. We decide on Middle Washfold to Great Douk. 914m long, Grade 1, but we reckon the Washfold crawl deserves a grade 2. Our local knowledge has increased as we now know the hard to find entrance at Washfold. On the way across the moor we watch a nice party of "20 somethings" lasses, abbing down Little Douk into the main passage. The sun really has some heat in it at last and it seemed a pity to go down under. The entrance found, we crawl in and miss the right turn down the correct passage. Tel's light is pretty dim now. The back runners spot the right way and we find ourselves at the back of the pack. Just like Hashing! A flat out crawl in a roof passage leads us on, as the stream is less than a metre below. We crawl over a hole in the floor and then reverse and drop into the stream. Mmmmmmm nice. Crawling in the stream eventually brings us to the easy part. At Little Douk we catch the girls as they are ready to move off. They are Australians on a Radiographers course in Lancaster. Nial knows the college and proudly

Caver Profile Series

Number 3 Nial 'Living Joke' Adams.



Photo:

Courtesy of the
J.Gibbs
Collection.

Title:

'Nial forces the Red
Bag to tell him the
whereabouts of the
clitoris'

Chemical Composition

20% Public Schooling 30% Oxford English Dictionary 20% Whiskey 29.99% Cheese
0.01% common sense.

Age

Older than most and nearly as old as some others. Radio carbon dating carried out on skin samples taken from hands dates to middle ages.

First Caving Experience

Crying for mummy after getting lost under the duvet.

Most Memorable Quote

This is F---ing Tight, I cannot believe this is only a grade 4 (Brown Hills Pot Sat. 19th Feb 2000).

*******PUBLIC SAFETY WARNING*******

Nial carries a chaos factor around with him. Like a bad smell, it affects everybody and everything that cones within a 30 ft. radius. This strange phenomenon is called the L.J. Factor. The L.J. Factor was presented to Nial at birth and like all L.J. carriers, Nial exhibits the classic symptoms, the Penguin's feet, the decrepit hands and the excessive use of face cream. Although these side effects do not cause problems, the chaos factor certainly does. Nial is able to turn most caving trips into his own grade 5, taking twenty minutes to pass the simplest of re-belays is not uncommon. On the diving front, the L.J. Factor turns serviceable diving equipment into a death trap with more air leaks than the M.I.R. Space station. The factor effects Nial's car and any car Nial is sat in. It affects Nial's driving and every other driver within the radius, making driving with Nial a very interesting experience. Fortunately, modern technology has found a cure. And in the interests of global safety a full frontal lobotomy is planned.

Emergency Call Out Car Details (@ 24/03/2000)

Name	Manufacturer	Model	Colour	Registration
Mike Peters	Vauxhall	Astra	Red(ish)	G431 PAA
Richard Wilsdon	Ford	Galaxy TDi	Blue	P903 PNE
Jamie Dixon	Landrover	Defender	Blue	N982 CWX
Jerry Gibbs	Peugeot	405	Beige	F927 OKV
Jerry Gibbs	Ford	Transit	Red/White	
Mathew Gentles	Rover	214SEI	Red	M525 XUA
Andy Brennan	Peugeot	309	Grey	E?
Mike Appleby	Fiat Tipo	Formula	White	H--- W/AT
Rick Stewart	Ford	Fiesta	Ivory	H374 HDY
Peter Fambely	Ford	Fiesta 1.8D	Red	H24 OEF