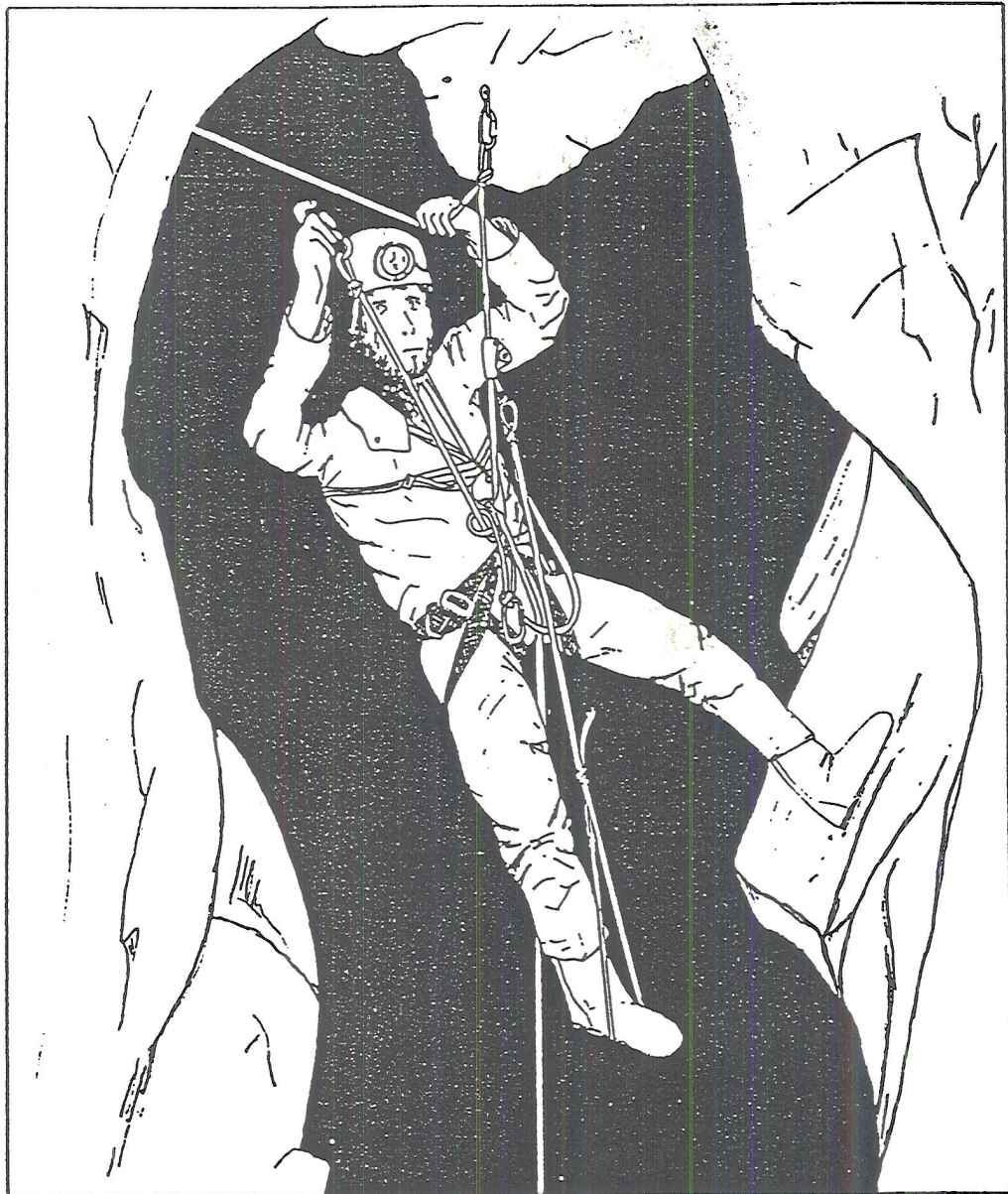


# IMPERIAL COLLEGE CAVING CLUB



## NEWSLETTER

NUMBER 4  
January 1985

I.C. CAVING CLUB COMMITTEE 1984/85

President: Steve Lane  
 Treasurer: Neill Pattinson  
 Secretary: Harry Lock  
 Tackle Officers: Simon Seward  
 Dave Wilson

Transport Officer: Dave Warrington

Weekly meetings are held on Wednesdays at 1.00pm. in the Union Lower Lounge, I.C.Union, Prince Consort Rd., London, SW7 2BB,(01-589 5111)

1985 SPING TERM MEETS AND PERMITS

<u>Dates</u>	<u>Area</u>	<u>Hut</u>	<u>Permits</u>
Feb. 9/10	Yorkshire	N.P.C.	Pippikin/Link
Feb. 23/24	S.Wales	W.S.G.	O.F.D.(D.Y.O.)
Mar. 9/10	Yorkshire	N.P.C.	Dale Head, Pen-y-Ghent Pots.
Easter vac.	To be arranged.....		
May 4/6	Yorkshire	Provisional dinner meet !	

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All future articles for the newsletter should be handed or posted to Harry.

S T O P P R E S S \*\*\*\*\*

Easter 1985

From 13th April to 21st April ( Total of NINE days), the club will be in Yorkshire at the NPC.

Permits applied for: Pen-y-Ghent Pot  
 Birks Fell Cave  
 Washfold Pot

And, on Saturday 20th April, for those of you who are fit enough, 'The Three Peaks Race'

AND.....

June 21st-23rd Gingling/ Hammer Pots Meet, Yorkshire

EDITORIAL:

I.C.C.C. Meets/ Expedition Policy 1985 onwards

Recently, two opinions regarding club policy have been voiced, usually after a good Saturday night session, when they have not been given their due consideration.

The first is that the annual 2-day course in SRT at Whernside Manor should be abandoned a) there is not enough emphasis on 'new, advanced' skills and b) what is learnt could equally well be taught by experienced members of the club.

The second, partly prompted by a series of disappointing experiences in South Wales, and by a general low attendance and lack of interest in Mendip or Derbyshire caving, is that some weekends in these areas should be cancelled and replaced by Yorkshire weekends, which admittedly offer the best caving in Britain.

The primary function of this, a college club, is to provide safe, effective training, and an all round introduction to all that caving in Britain and abroad has to offer. The Whernside course helps to clarify and synthesise information on techniques which the novice had previously gleaned only by reading books and articles, and by listening to the occasional mumbled comment from a more experienced member.

One weekend or less per year in Mendip, Derbyshire and South Wales would be the net result of an overspecialisation in Yorkshire caving, and, however attractive that prospect might be, at the end of their three or more years at college, we would be producing cavers who would be blinkered to the substantial gaps in their experience.

A more worrying attitude is that all British term-time caving meets are merely a preparation for foreign tours and expeditions, with the comment "That's the '84 exped. over and done with, where are we going in '86?", as if a major expedition should follow as a matter of course, rather than as the culmination of several years training and preparation. This will result in the inclusion of expedition team members who do not really possess the experience, both of caving and of living and working in a close knit team for several weeks in arduous conditions, fully to pull their weight during the expedition. In other words, the expedition will have become the scenario for training which should have taken place at Whernside and whilst gaining all round caving experience in Britain, and thus its final results and discoveries may well be limited by the need for the 'match-hardening' and 'onsite training' of those who took an expedition for granted.

Comments on this will be appreciated.

Quote to be remembered;

"The general rule of thumb for tape and stitching is that 'if it looks OK, it probably is OK; if it looks bad, replace it'.

Inspect your gear regularly, and don't be proud of its tatty condition. Frayed stitching or furry tape is about as macho as a stretcher ride to an intensive care unit."

(Climber and Rambler, Jan 1985)

re; dodgy cow's tails, slings etc.

by Dave Warrington

6.30pm outside the Union Bar, supping a quick pint (or two), were 3 cavers, wondering what we could do to fill a 17 seater van. Upon their arrival, Chris Birk. and Charlie attempted to fill the yawning gaps, but for once a heavily underloaded van headed towards Priddy, picking up Helen and some chips in Bristol.

Saturday morning saw a keen bunch of cavers heading for the ravages of the Welsh Border, and the delights of Otter Hole. Arrival at the car park was well timed, getting there just before Richard( our leader from Hades C.C. ) and four Irishmen from Queens University arrived.

The first hour or so of the trip was relatively straightforward hard work through thick mud and various squeezes. The sump was very low and had even thicker, stickier mud. On we pressed, leaving the sump to fill up behind us and cut us off, up the fixed ladder climb and over boulder ruckles to camp 1. Here, Mars bars were consumed, washed down with the only drinkable water in the cave. Shortly afterwards we reached the 'Mendipian Way', a rather awkward, narrow passage. Then, quite suddenly, the mud stopped, and the famed formations began with the 'Hall of Thirty' an unbelievable collection of thirty large bosses. Further on was the 'Hall of Long Straws', where our trip terminated. Cameras appeared out of the tackle bag for the long photographic section, before heading back into the mud.

Fortunately, there was a hose-pipe outside the cave, so we could wash off at least the worst of the mud before getting changed. A few welcome pints were downed in the Tredegar Arms, along with some good food, so arrival back at the Belfry was rather late.

Nobody really noticed Sunday morning as we slept late. As no one could decide what to do about caving, we thought about it over a couple of pints in the Hunters (a good move, I thought), and eventually four of us had a sprint down Swildon's, while the other three went for a walk.

There was the inevitable stop at the Wagon on the way home, to round off a good end of year trip.

( Chris Birk., Harry, Dave, Chris and Julie Backhouse, Charlie and Helen.)

SOME DATES.....

8/10th March	Whernside Cave Photography weekend
15/17th March	" Surveying weekend
20th April	BCRA Daren Cilau Symposium, Brynmawr
May/June	BCRA Study weekend
August/September	ICCC Summer Tour to Vercors/Chartreuse
September	BCRA National Caving Conference

SOLO CAVING- The Little Neath Incidentby Richard Colcott

A couple of months ago, I found myself in an interesting situation- alone in the entrance to Little Neath R.C., I had gone back in to check on Chris and Donald, and see if they were possibly experiencing problems in the Entrance Series.

After negotiating the tight section of the entrance steamway, I sat waiting for Chris and Donald for some 15mins. with my light off. At this point I started to feel cold and decided to continue into the cave, which I felt confident about, having effectively done it twice that weekend; This was a mistake!

In the cave, not only did I lose track of time, but I also entered a part of the cave that was new to me \*- this concerned me a fair bit!!

Luckily I managed to get out; Chris about to call for the Rescue at any moment. On reflection, I was stupid to go in alone with only one cell, no spare bulb, and not really knowing the cave as well as I thought. However, I did enjoy my solo caving experience, especially the new exhilarating feeling it gave, and may do it again with the proper precautions having been taken!!!

\* North-East Inlet Series.

UNDERGROUND SURVIVALby Steve Lane

For most cavers being trapped underground will never happen. This I suspect is often due to luck rather than judgement. However, no matter how careful you are this could happen to you. There are a number of causes for becoming stuck in a cave. Flooding is an obvious reason but rock falls also happen. Getting injured can make getting out very difficult, effectively trapping the injured caver. The biggest problem when you are forced to wait is how to stay warm and avoid hypothermia. For an injured caver this can be an extremely serious problem. Dealing with cold underground can be made considerably easier with a few simple precautions. Carry a balaclava and warm gloves inside your oversuit. These can be worn at any time and are very useful. Carry a survival bag taped inside your helmet and another inside your oversuit pocket. Small vacuum packed bags are available. A small piece of Karrimat to sit on is very useful. Alternatively, a coiled rope on a folded up rope bag. If caving on carbide you have a ready made heat source, if on electric take a small candle and matches, together with a small first aid kit inside a small BDH cannister. In the first aid kit include aspirin, indigestion tablets, immodium, a triangular bandage, a small wound dressing, zinc oxide tape and your lamp spares. There should also be room for one or two small items which you may think useful. The BDH cannister can be made waterproof with a band of wetsuit material inside the lid.

Now you've got all this gear, how do you use it? When (if) you get trapped for some reason, find as dry and sheltered a spot as possible. Move away from pitches and other draughty places. Remember to conserve your lamps. Use the Karrimat to sit on. Stuff it inside your oversuit. Huddle up inside the survival bag with your balaclava and gloves on. Put the survival bag under your helmet for better insulation to your head. If using carbide, put the generator between your thighs and use the flame to warm the air in the bag. Remember to try not to burn holes in either the bag or yourself! If using an electric lamp, light the candle inside the bag to raise the temperature inside. In this fashion

a reasonable temperature can be maintained and a long wait can turn from being dangerous to just boring. It is useful to carry some food in the first aid kit, perhaps some chocolate and some peanuts.

So, with just some simple precautions you could survive a considerable wait underground. I realise it means carrying a bit more gear, but if you always carry it it blends into the rest of the essential gear and soon becomes unnoticeable.

### AN OUTWARD BOUND SUMMER

by Harry Lock

This summer I worked for nine weeks as an Assistant Instructor at Outward Bound Loch Eil, near Fort William, Scotland. The experience was thoroughly enjoyable and educational, and I would strongly recommend anyone who is interested in the instructional and leadership aspects of outdoor pursuits (including caving, but mainly climbing, canoeing, and mountain walking) to consider trying to arrange a similar period of experience before resigning themselves to forty year long sedentary office or factory job.

I assisted one other instructor in taking groups of ten 16-20 year olds through the 3 week standard course. The teenagers came from all types of background (e.g. school, army, youth training scheme), but once on the course all artificial divisions such as these were discarded as everyone joined in group activities. The emphasis all through was on development training through the medium of outdoor pursuits, rather than outdoor pursuits as an end in themselves, as at Plas y Brenin or Glenmore Lodge. The importance of effective group management both on the hill and about the Centre, was stressed to the groups.

During a 3 week course, there were three expeditions, gradually increasing in duration and difficulty. The students received gradually less positive leadership from the instructors, our role on the final expedition being simply to shadow the group at a distance. During this time, we made observations on the groups internal organisation, the strong leaders, the easily led, those who contributed, and those who did not.

There were many memorable experiences:

- 1) The Bridge Jump - 30' into a raging waterfall, and deep plunge pool.
- 2) The group being arrested at Urquhart Castle accused of breaking and entering by the Ancient Monument inspector, while the equally guilty instructors jumped off the headland cliff, and swam back out of the castle grounds!
- 3) Superb weather on a 4 day sea kayaking expedition around the coastal lochs and headlands.
- 4) Sunset and moonlight canoe trips, and sleeping on sandy beaches next to a glowing wood fire.
- 5) Magnificent sunny walks on the Grey Corries, Aonachs, and Mamores. Spending the night on the summit shelter of Ben Nevis.
- 6) Clinging on and crawling along the arete of the Mamore Ridge while 60 m.p.h. cold winds and lashing rain tried to force us off.
- 7) Walking, swimming, and diving in mountain burns, pools, and gorges.

Certain routines became somewhat tedious, such as explaining to people x times, how to erect a tent/cook a dehydrated meal/and use a map and compass.

Altogther a great experience to be recommended!

Rebelays are an essential part of good pitch rigging, so knowing how to pass them safely and quickly is useful.

1) Passing a rebelay on descent

Abseil level with the rebelay. Clip the short cow's tail into the knot loop of the rebelay, or, if a maillon is used, into that. Never clip into a krab on a rebelay. Abseil down into the rope loop, until all the weight is taken onto the short cow's tail. Clip the long cow's tail onto the rope loop, either above or below the descendeur. Remove the descendeur and replace on the next section of rope, making sure it is properly locked off. Remove the short cow's tail and put weight onto the descendeur. Unlock, and abseil a few inches to make sure everything is correct. Remove the long cow's tail from rope loop and continue the descent.

2) Passing a rebelay on ascent

Prussik to within a few inches of the knot. Clip the long cow's tail into the knot loop or maillon. Transfer the chest jammer onto the next section of rope, pulling it through until weight is taken by the sit-harness. Transfer the foot jammer and prussik a few inches before removing the cow's tail.

THE RED BOLTS

by Richard Colcott

"Once caving was hard and dangerous"

Recently, there has been a lot of controversy over one man's goal to bolt, and in some cases rebolt, caves in the Yorkshire Dales, with the aim of providing interesting and at the same time safe routes for S.R.T. users—the man is of course Dave Elliot. Listening to conversations and participating in some, I have formed my own conclusions.

Not long ago, a group of us bottomed Juniper Gulf; a good classic S.R.T. trip, and on the way down we rigged off the occasional "Dave Elliot Red Bolt Anchor". At the time I did not think too much of it, only that on two occasions I could have used other bolts, but in comparison with Dave's they appeared poorly put in, and in bad positions. Another case of Dave's rigging was in Black Shiver (yet another classic S.R.T. trip.)

Before going down, we had been informed that almost all the cave could be done on 'naturals', but in the cave those famous/infamous red bolts were there in excellent positions all flush with the rock, easy to see and allowing us to rig well out of the water - obviously very important from a safety aspect. These bolts simply gave far better hangs than any natural belay points could have, and anyone who disagrees is either blind or a suicidal maniac who likes being trapped in caves due to a combination of poor pitch rigging and bad weather.

In discussions, comment is often made about these bolts destroying the beauty of the cave, but no mention is made of the lumps of rusty iron so-called rigging hangers or rings, or even lengths of dish cloth in place e.g. down caves such as Vesper. These are much more offensive to me, and appear less safe.

cont....

I find S.R.T. a very enjoyable method of vertical caving, and see Dave Elliot only furthering my pleasure of caves with his bolting programme ( and also furthering my life span).

NEWS.....NEWS.....NEWS.....NEWS.....NEWS.....NEWS.....NEWS.....NEWS.....NEWS

Clive, Steve, Chris, Simon, Mark, Jon, Spike and Kath have all returned safely from a very successful expedition to Peru last summer. See the expedition report and forthcoming 'Caves and Caving' article.

Some members of the club attended the BCRA Conference at Lancaster University- very interesting by all accounts.

John Harrison has returned to the club this year, while he studies for a Rock Mechanics MSc.

Debbie is in Dumfries on a BP contract job.

Mark is now at Leeds University doing a PhD.

Jon Sims is now in Sandhurst, sponsored by the Ordnance Corps.

Spike is working for Austin-Rover, and I think Kath is working for Mars Confectionary.

The club held a highly successful Christmas Dinner at the Orange Brewery, Pimlico( thanks to Simon for booking it ), followed by a real feast the week after at the Brass Cat, Settle.

Initial talks between Harry and QMCCC, and Chelsea College CC are to be initiated, with the aim of reforming LUCC ( London University Caving Clubs ).

Clive, Neill, Malcolm, and Jim all spent the New Year at the Mamore Lodge, near Kinlochleven. I'm not sure which Munro's were bashed, but Ossian's Cave was done (Grade ?), and Hogmanay was a night to remember.

We welcome to the club 4 new members;

- Sarah-Jane Hunt Geol 1
- Dewi Lloyd Physics 1 (also NWCC)
- Jane Enderby Min Ex MSc.
- Rowan Carr Min Ex Msc. (also Queens Univ. CC.)

Hope you enjoy caving at Imperial!

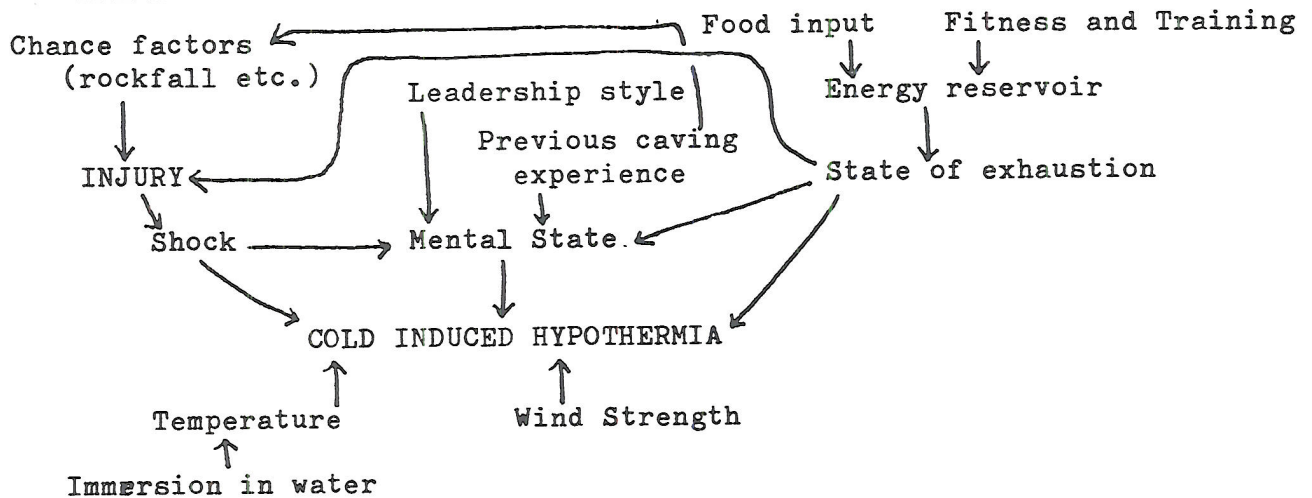
No! let me taste the whole of it!  
 fare like my peers, the heroes old.  
 Bear the brunt, in a minute  
 taste glad life's arrears  
 of PAIN,  
 DARKNESS  
 and COLD.



( Robert Browning, 'Prospice' )



FACTORS IN THE ONSET OF HYPOTHERMIA - a flow chart



5 Essentials for safe caving.....

- 1) TRAINING/FITNESS
- 2) PROTECTIVE CLOTHING
- 3) FOOD
- 4) STRONG LEADERSHIP
- 5) EXPERIENCE

GUIDELINES for the organisation of cliquey trips

(Cut out and keep)

- i) A cliquey trip must have the full approval of the President.
- ii) " shall have a minimum of 2 members and a maximum of 6, below and above these limits the trip shall classify as solo caving and pleb/fresher trip respectively.
- iii) No financial assistance shall be sought from IC Union.
- iv) No food from Waitrose shall be purchased, all eating to be done in establishments listed below.
- v) Eating and drinking
 

Out/ Non-U	= Bernies, the Hill
In / U	= the Fountain, the Marton
- vi) Caving trips to Mendip, Derbyshire, or South Wales, however poorly attended, shall not at any time be regarded as cliquey trips.
- vii) No clique, once formed, shall remain formed for more than 2 trips.

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Talking of trips, if everyone who wants to do some 'circuit training' in Yorkshire this summer, before heading for the big stuff in France, could let me know some suitable dates, then we should be able to sort out some mega-permits and accomodation, transport etc.

Also, regrettably, the proposed official club visit to Co.Fermanagh has been cancelled due to lack of time/ interest, but, now all the relevant information has been collated, a visit during Easter 1986 is very much on the cards.

CHARACTER ASSASINATION SUPPLEMENT

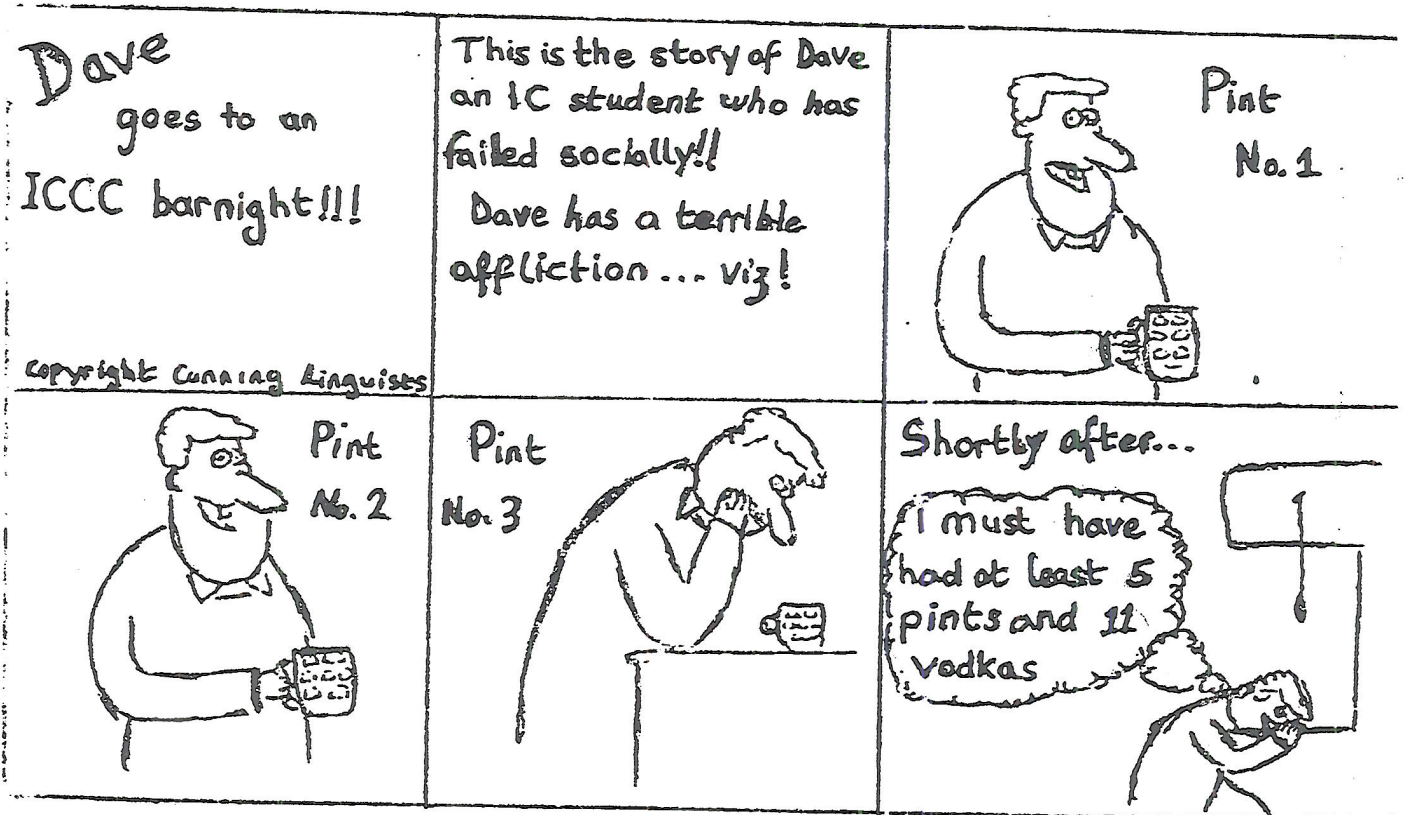
Dear Auntie Harriet,

I am profoundly upset. Since the weekend of 2/4 Nov. 1984, I have been unable to sleep at night, and my work has suffered. I refer, of course, to that disturbing incident, or should I say revelation by someone I shall call 'ex-President X' to me and my colleague in the caving club. He, for it was most definately a 'he', revealed what a terrible handicap he lives with— he has a log for a ~~sexual organ~~! When did the substitution occur? Is it still growing? But, more to the point, will all ex-Presidents become afflicted in this way? Has Charlie already succumbed? Will Malcolm grow a 'third leg' in the coming years? How will this affect Jim and Clive? Will Steve have a new dimension in his life with Jen? But, is there a still more sinister explanation- could a third party be a carrier? Out there, on the polar continent, in -60° chill factor and viceous penguins (who always have headaches), is Steve Gill at this very moment undergoing a horrible transformation?

Yours, Shocked of Battersea. (who?)

Auntie Harriet repies;

Yes, what you have describe is the disturbing and little understood disease we call EPIDS. However, you need have little fear of ever catching it yourself, since as you quite rightly observe, it seems only to affect ex-Presidents of ICCC. Anyway, you win £1 for our best letter of the term.



( Acknowledgements to RCS Broadsheet )

Richard Col du Coq Productions

present.....C A V E W A R S

In a galaxy far far away, the gallant Rebel force fights for freedom against the evil might of the Imperium. A new devastating weapon has been made by the Imperium devilish scientists code-named OFD4. The Rebels have captured plans for OFD4, and are now fleeing from an Imperium Cruiser through the depths of space.

"Princess Sarah, they are gaining on us" coolly commented the relaxed Captain Warrington as he lit another cigarette.

"Well Captain, there is only one thing to do- encode the plans of OFD4 and hide them in my trusty robot FX2, and then put him into an escape pod and blast him onto the nearest planet"

"That just may work" replied Warrington, taking possibly his last drag.

"It's a big risk, and I think someone should accompany FX2 in the pod" commented the Princess, her eyes straying to where cool, sophisticated NP30, recently escaped from an Imperial Jail, sat. Catching onto what Sarah was saying, NP30 took a massive swig of Drambuie and collapsed.

"Good luck FX2 and NP30" said Sarah, as the pod was ejected into space.

"Bee-dup FX2 zippy wa polyester Burnley" said FX2.

"F\*@?KI&&G S&@T" commented NP30, taking another massive swig.

A few moments later, the Imperium cruiser catches the Rebel craft and is boarded by the Imperium Stormtroopers, known as Cawthorne Elite Squad (+ friends). Princess Sarah is captured, and sent for interrogation aboard the massive Imperial Death Star. But what of the secret OFD4 plans?

"Come on you box of junk, you can go faster" spitted NP30 "God, why did Sarah choose me to go with you?"

"Zee wup wongy double zip fisherman's zat zumas" retorted the irritable FX2.

"What's that I see over there across the desert? Looks like an astroford Transit coming our way"

The sharp eyed (and slightly desperate) NP30 was right, and just as luck would have it, the astro-Transit contained a great Rebel; OBI STEVE LANOBE and his charismatic pupil hhhHarry Skyscraper.

NP30 quickly puts our heroes in the picture, and a plan is quickly formulated.

"We must go to the old dingey Imperial Space Port, and find a pilot to take us to the Rebel base on the beautiful planet En-Pee-Cee" said Lanobe in a masterful voice, surprising NP30, who wondered why he looked like a tramp freshly dipped in a garbage can.

"I'm with you Lanobe" assured Harry.

"As long as it's not dangerous" commented NP30, taking the last swig from his last bottle of Drambuie.

"Dee zup dark zum beep and wet" said FX2.

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? Find out in episode 2 of this adventure.....

(That's enough Cave Wars for now- Ed., cont.p.93)

## Cave Wars (Part 2)

At the space port, Lanobe uses his strange powers and funny walks to bypass the Imperial guards. Parking the astrotransit outside a weird pub, Lanobe and Harry enter, leaving NP30 and FX2 in deep conversation;

"Woop pooh pipekeen link zoo trep"

"Don't blame me, you overgrown tin can, I didn't nick your Drifter; it was that Harry Skyscraper!"

In the pub our heroes are looking for the fabled Simon Solo-pilot extraordinaire and galactic pork pie eating champion. Unfortunately, Simon is having trouble over an unpaid loan from Jabba the Spike.

"Jabba wants the money, scab-face" venomously insisted Jabba's henchman Merk Brown, his ice-axe shifting from claw to claw. Simon tries to persuade Merk that he'll pay up soon, but Merk doesn't believe him.

"Sorry punk but you're going to have to die as an example" cackled Merk, hefting his lethal axe ready to strike. But Simon was too fast, thrusting a poisoned pork pie into Merk's laughing face which soon contorts to a horrid death mask as Merk collapses on the floor.

"What a waste of good food" thought Simon and, spotting Lanobe and Harry at the bar, his experienced eyes knew they were potential customers.

"Hi, I'm Simon Solo, do you need a really ace pilot to fly you through Imperial forces to reach a rebel base in order to destroy a monstrous weapon of the Imperium?" (Simon had a certain knack of knowing what people wanted, and cutting down the dialogue).

After a short conversation, Simon agrees to take our heroes to En-Pee-Cee in return for a years supply of pork pies and a dumper truck of greasy chips. But our heroes hearts sink when they see Simon's ship K.L.O. FALCON.

"What a heap of rubbish" sneered NP30.

"Woooo Zee wheres mii old ham spenner?" added FX2.

"Don't laugh at this ace baby, she can do 85 parsecs a day at full throttle"

"More like 85 miles" whispered Lanobe to Harry.

On board, Simon's co-pilot Malcy, a 7 foot tall wookie who looked very mean in a pair of steel rimmed glasses, introduced himself to the team.

"Grrrr arrr"

"Have a nice day too" remarked NP30 (keeping his distance).

"OK, let's go" shouted Simon, and reversed into a massive freight carrier. Going slightly red, our brash ace pilot sent K.L.O. into space, buckling and shaking as she went.

"With a pilot like this, we'll be dead before we get to the En-Pee-Cee" joked Harry.

"Have faith Harry, Simon is a good man, though 'a bit enthusiastic'" assured Lanobe.

"Enoughs enough, the joke's over, just drop me off at the nearest asteroid" whimpered NP30.

But FX2, with his keen senses, had noticed something wrong in the cargo bay, and had gone to investigate..... at this point the whole adventure is hanging over a ~~pitch~~ cliff.

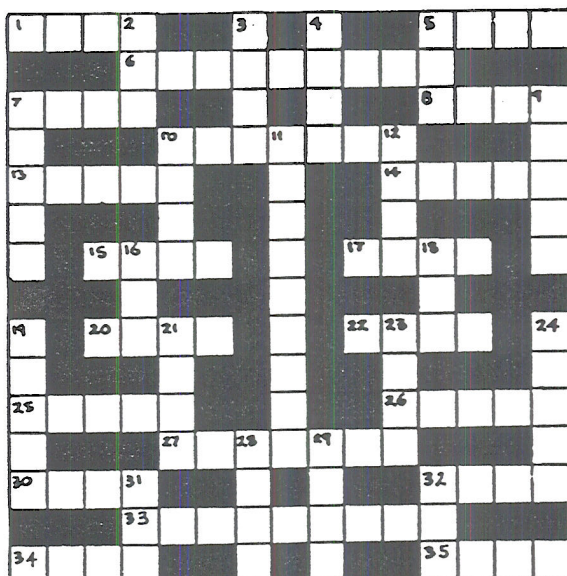
Read the next part in the next newsletter.....

Across:

1. Common (or not so common) troglomenes. (4)
5. A simple bit of equipment. (4)
6. Deep in Greece. (9)
7. A part of Cwmwr. (4)
8. Useful thing to have when abseiling. (4)
10. "An evil slit", on the slopes of Penyghent. (4,3)
13. P. Courbon's "Atlas des Grands Gouffres du .....", of where? (5)
14. A pot in Thrupe Lane. (5)
15. Alas not a natural belay. (4)
17. A pet makes acidic water. (4)
20. A Scottish seaside cave. (4)
22. Earl Grey's expedition to Sarawak? (4)
25. Needs a key to get in. (5)
26. A classic Yorkshire pothole - in Mendip ?? (5)
27. His is a classic route into W. Kingsdale. (7)
30. ΣP as a cave feature. (4)
32. A broken formation. (4)
33. An American caver. (9)
34. Also called Helln Pot. (4)
35. (K)not water - see 12 down. (4)

Down:

2. Like Buxton, a high class spring. (3)
3. High roof. (4)
4. A descender. (4)
5. A disappointment for the alkies? (3)
7. Ascender. (5)
9. A salt: MgSO<sub>4</sub>. (5)
10. A pretty place near Picadilly. (4)
11. (Bit of a cheat this one) One of the 3 Peaks, in Australia? (9)
12. Protects the pretties? See 35 across. (4)
16. A European cave salamander. (3)
18. A caver's reward to himself. (3)
19. A temple beneath Friddy church. (4)
21. eg. Galena. (4)
23. Dubbed the resurgence from Alum. (4)
24. Mine waste. (5)
28. Like Alum, but with you its a bit backward. (4)
29. Large cavern in G.G. (4)
31. Deep in the French Pyrenees. (3)
32. Not a toothpaste, but its still good for the health. (3)



MY MATE STEVE, BLAH.....  
 BOLTING AVENS, BLAH, BLAH.....  
 GOING TO AUSTRIA, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH.....

