

Imperial College Caving Club



Stream Passage, Old Ing Cave

Newsletter No. 11 - Spring 1989 Issue

Editorial / President's bit

Now is the time of year for reflection, with the new club officers about to be ~~ratified~~ elected, and all the new members settling in to their respective niches within the club. The only real business is the organisation of the summer tour, and the spending of the rest of our grant, with the issues of recruitment policy, fresher's trips, etc. somewhere in the dim distance. Or so I thought, until the following bit of text found its way to my PC, as a result of a last minute request for items to put in the newsletter. The following text is reproduced essentially verbatim from the handwritten original.

*A Fresher's Eye View Of IC3
by Simon Lawes*

The thing that struck me most when I joined the Caving Club was the general air of proficiency and confidence of the existing members. Having previously caved a few times in the Mendips, with very little equipment or experience, this generated a certain awe. The impression I took from the obvious knowledge of the older club members was a well-meaning arrogance to all we newer members. The feeling of being a complete novice, no hope, fresher caver was with me for most of my first term, and while this was totally correct, it was not pleasant to be confronted with.

I realise now that it was, and is, merely a reflection of the humour of the club, and that no slight was intended at all, but I feel that it is something which should be borne in mind in the future.

Now that I have settled into the club, and have becoming reasonably proficient, if only by my own standards, I very much enjoy caving with IC3, and appreciate the humour and friendliness of all its members, and I am certainly glad I joined in October.

On receiving this, I began to wonder about what sort of club image we do project to freshers. Incidentally, reading between the lines, or, more accurately under the crossings out, of the original, I find that even the term fresher is to be avoided, as is 'typifies our arrogance to the newer members, albeit unintentional'. There have been no other similar views put forward in other years of which I am aware, and so possibly this is a problem confined mainly to this year.

Possibly, the 'problem' could be caused by the unusually rapid transition this year from absolute novice to keen young caver, as many new members have attended virtually every weekend. This causes them to progress from the initial, highly impressionable state, into a 'full member', who is exposed to the full terror of our devastating wit, once it is obvious that they are here to stay. Another likely reason is that some people seem to attract sarcasm, etc., due to their responses to it, and I would tend to say you-know-who is one of those people.

Anyway, on to more serious issues.

Annual Report

Firstly, the annual president's report. Having covered most of this in my scribblings in the last newsletter, there is little more to add, save that a few more members have been recruited, and the standard of trips has continued to grow, with even the odd grade V done. There was some hassle caused re. huts, etc., mainly due to the "It'll be alright, don't worry" attitude of our supposed secretary.

The gear situation is relatively good, with a gradual increase in hangers, etc., although the FX2s are showing signs of ageing, and some have had to be replaced. The drift towards carbide use whilst in the UK has eased pressure on the lighting front, and probably saves money overall, when a 70kg barrel from the summer will last all year, and only costs about £40.

The large proportion of female cavers this year, in marked contrast to last years zero level, has changed the atmosphere of the club, much for the better. Why the last two years have been so different I cannot say, but I suppose it is possibly due to the lack of the "I won't join because there aren't any other women in the club" sort of vicious circle, as well as the inevitable quantum-style effects in a club of our size.

Summer Tour

There's not much more to report on this, except that deposits are due about now, and exact details on who is free between what dates would help booking the ferry, and insurance. Any other details can be sorted out nearer the time.

Elections

Quick Job Descriptions for 89-90

With occasional reference to current and likely appointees.

President

Puts our point of view forward to the Union.

Is responsible for anything that goes wrong.

Expert on explosive removal of body hair.

Vice President

Books transport.

Looks after medical kit.

The Social Face of the club, must dress impeccably at all times.

Secretary

Conscientious, reliable worker.

Maintains address list and contact with ex-members.

Like, books the huts and things, man.

In charge of getting everyone up in the morning.

Treasurer

Looks after club funds.

Attends RCC treasurers meeting every Wednesday lunchtime.

Must be devious and/or honest, with overdraft below 4 figures.

Tackle Officers

Maintain and charge lamps.

Responsible for seeing gear gets cleaned - this doesn't mean they have to do it all themselves.

Keep stores in some sort of order.

There are two tackle officers, so that when things go wrong, they can blame each other.

I suppose I should write a bit more to take it up to 4 pages, but I can't think what else to say.

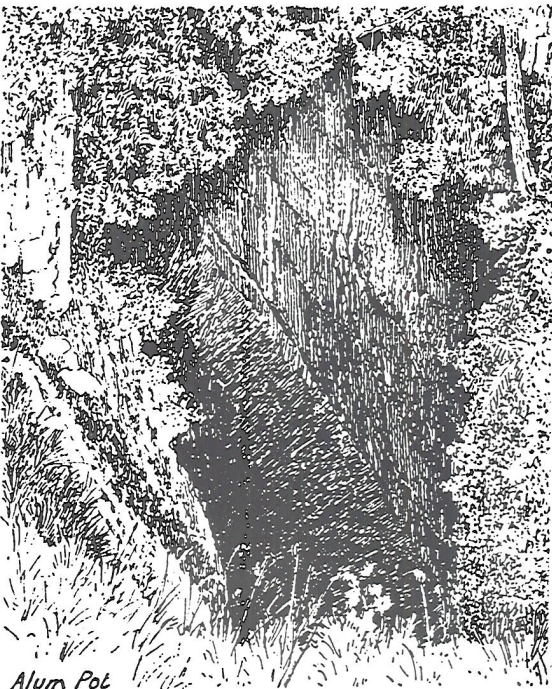
Finally, congratulations to Neill Pattinson on his forthcoming marriage.

Many caves and potholes, particularly those with large or spectacular surface openings, have intriguing names. Such obvious caverns have been a source of fascination for centuries, being the subject of distorted tales of wild imagination and legend. Caves have been seen as openings to the otherworld, the world of the dead, the route to Hell, the Devil and his demons, and yet others as the entrance to fairie, paradise and riches. They have been inhabited by goblins, giants, witches, dwarves and fairies, but in Britain, rarely by monsters. More plausibly, caves have been the lairs of robbers and murderers, or the scenes of infamous deeds. Most however simply derive their names from associated natural features, although often retaining the language of earlier times.

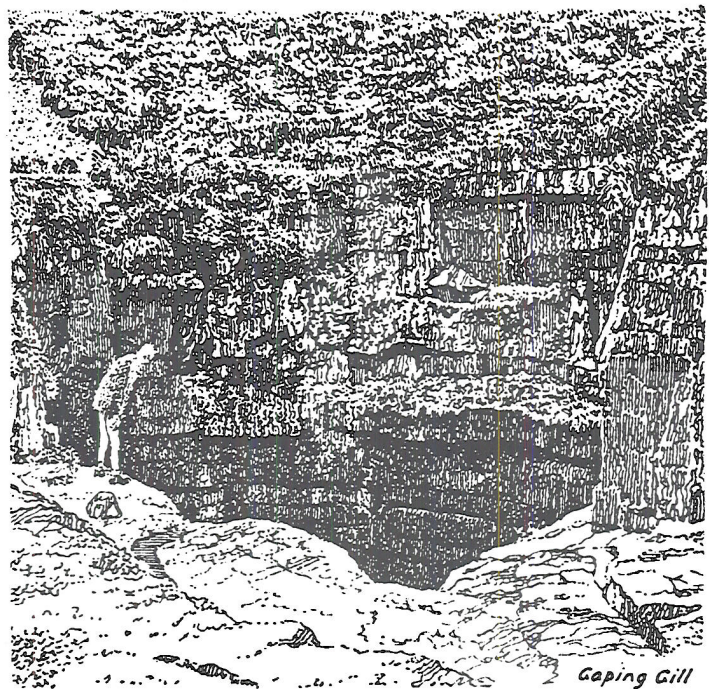
The following speleo-etymological ramble across the Dales may serve to enlighten the next trip down Alum, or disturb the nervous in Ibbeth Peril. The next time you gaze up from the foot of the open shaft of, say Rowten, think of the Norse settlers who once looked down from the surface with a mixture of fear and awe, and who gave the cave its name. While the surface has changed immeasurably since then, the cave is probably much the same, even the goblins may still be there ready to catch the unwary!

.o00o.

Probably the best known pothole in Britain is GAPIING GILL (or Gaper Gill as it was known in Craven dialect). Although obviously very deep and impenetrable G.G. seems strangely free from any demonic inhabitants or sinister legend. The name simply reflects the yawning aspect of the surface opening, while gill (norse: gill) usually means a ravine but its usage often includes streams flowing into potholes, particularly those at the end of blind valleys such as Gaping Gill. The pseudo-archaic spelling ghyll is incorrect, being apparently due to the poet Wordsworth.



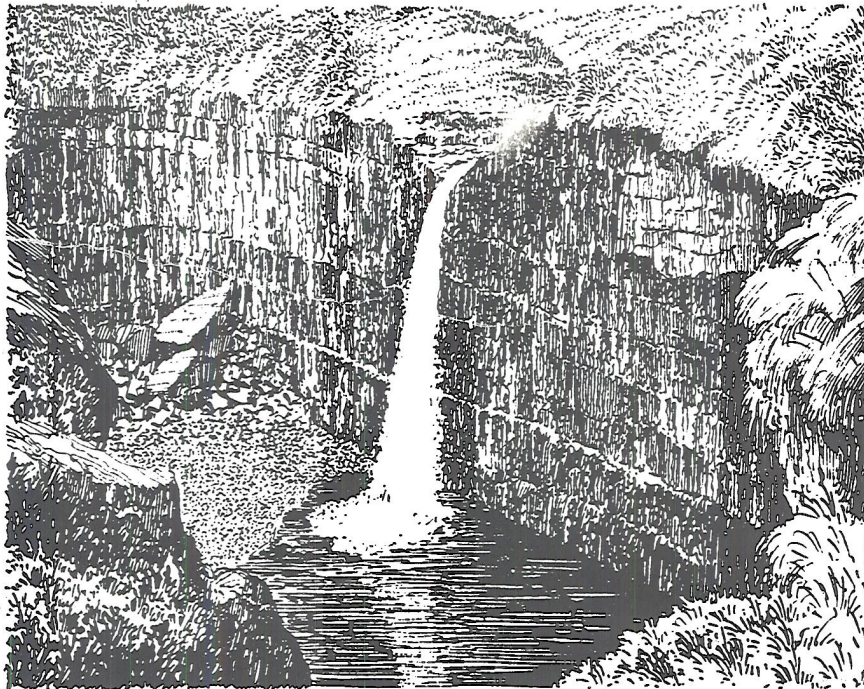
Alum Pot



Gaping Gill

That other renowned shaft ALUM POT is not so free from legend. Variouslly spelled as Allam, Alan, Helln, Alum has long been associated with the underworld, perhaps as an opening to Hell itself, although the exact meaning of the name is unclear. By contrast, Alum Pot's resurgence, TURN DUB, that isolated circular pool on the far side of the River Ribble is simple norse/old english (trun = circular ; dubbr = a pool).

Further away from the Ribble in the hills above Horton are HULL and HUNT POT. These two neighbouring shafts both have older, alternative names. Hunt Pot was once called Thund Pot, which may refer to the thunder of the water echoing up from the depths. Hull Pot was known as Thirl Pot, which appears to be a corruption of thyrs. A thyrs or thyrst was a savage type of scandinavian ogre and certainly Hull Pot is big enough to house quite a large giant. Since there is a tumulus on the other side of Penyghent called the Giant's Grave, it's probable that the ogre is no longer resident.

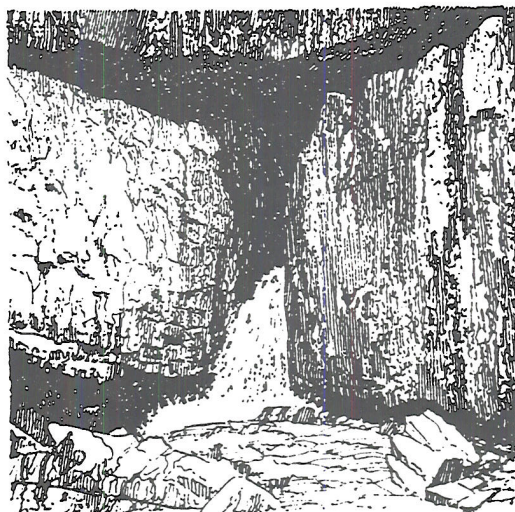


Hull Pot

Leaving Penyghent we cross the River Ribble again; perhaps at Stainforth (stoney ford) where there is a small natural shaft emitting a mysterious grinding sound. Nothing to do with underground streams of course, this is the sound of millstones revolving, the mill having sunk into the ground when the miller continued to work on a Sunday. Finally climbing out of Ribblesdale and skirting the south end of Ingleborough we pass the curiously named BOGGART'S ROARING HOLES. A boggart is a mischevious, though not particularly dangerous, type of goblin. A stone thrown into the holes supposedly caused the boggart to roar, more likely now it will be an irate digger from the NCC or similar club.

Descending into Chapel-le-Dale (pure Norman!) the caves are mostly named after natural features. BLACK SHIVER derives from the surrounding bog, Black Shiver Moss, as does QUAKING set in a quaking bog. In dialect many bogs were also known as carrs, hence CAR(R) POT on Ingleborough. MEREGILL of course refers to the deep pool at the bottom of the surface shaft, and WHITESCAR is the gleaming limestone escarpment (norse: sker = rocky cliff). But take care !!! GREENWOOD POT does not hark back to the days when the dale was still forested, but is so named after Mr. Tom Greenwood, the first manager and an early explorer of Whitescar Caves. Incidentally, it was the Norse settlers who first extensively cleared the natural forest to give the present open fells ie. areas cleared by felling. Deforestation was of course completed by those mediaeval sheep ranches, the abbeys. Ancient tree stumps can still be found preserved in particularly boggy or peaty fells such as Casterton, while JUNIPER GULF is recorded as having juniper bushes round it as recent as a couple of hundred years ago.

At the upper end of Chapel-le-Dale are GREAT and LITTLE DOUK, whose etymology is somewhat uncertain. Dowka or dowkie was a local word for marshy (as in DOWKABOTTOM CAVE over in Littondale). Douk however, may derive from a latin root, douche ie. a jet or stream of water spurting out of a duct, or, it may be related to the old english dyke or ditch, signifying a hollow in the ground. There again it may be none of these.



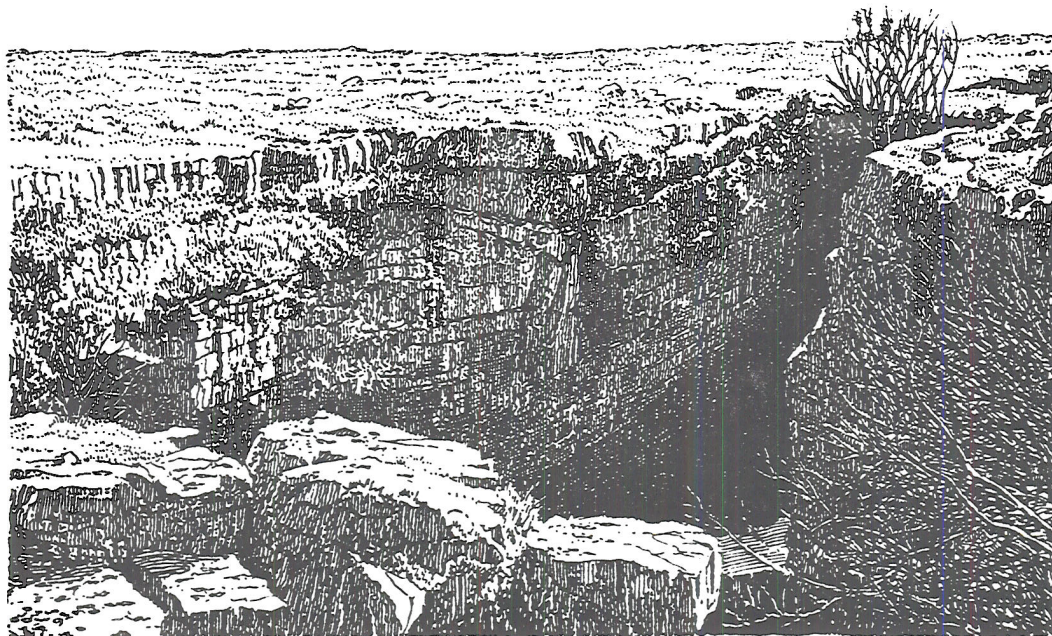
Great Douk Cave

On the other side of Chapel-le-Dale is HURTLÉ POT. Hurtle was supposedly inhabited by a particularly nasty goblin whose hobby was hurling victims down the muddy slope and drowning them in the deep pool at the bottom. Although now fenced, and with a road on one side, Hurtle Pot still exudes a rather malevolent air.

Hastening away from Hurtle and along Twistleton Scars (twisla = confluence of two rivers ie the R. Greta with the R. Doe), and over Scales Moor (skall = a temporary shelter on upland summer pasture), gets us to (Vi)Kingsdale with a long record of norske habitation. Braida Garth farm is built on the remains of a large norske farm (brædu = broad, wide ; gartha = an enclosure). At the top of the dale is YORDAS apparently derived from the scandinavian joord aas (aas = earth ; joord = stream) and according to legend the home of the Giant Yordas, a notoriously fussy eater who only ate little boys, never little girls.

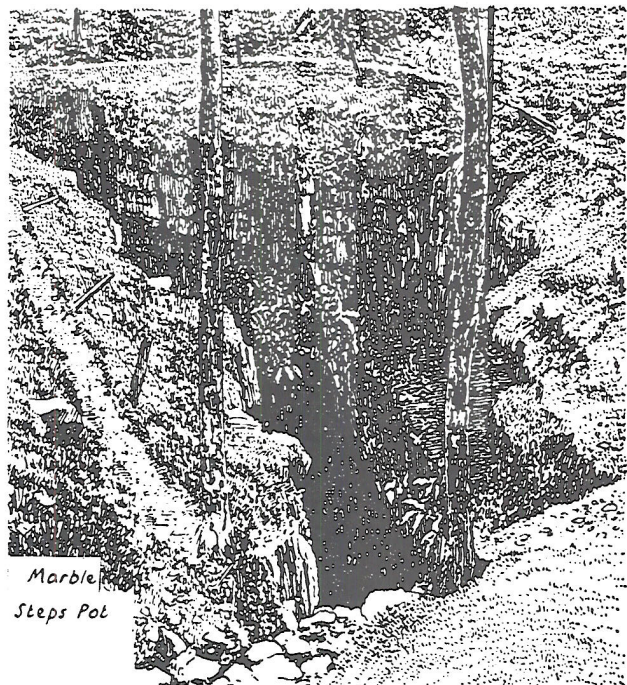
Further along the Turbary Road (turbary is the mediæval right of commoners to dig peat for fuel) is the open shaft of ROWTEN POT. Rowten is an old english word meaning roaring and derives from the norske, rauta, which refers specifically to the roar of water (eg waterfalls, the sea etc). Still further along the Turbary Road are SWINSTO and SIMPSON'S. Simpson's is named after Mr. Eli Simpson (first president of the B.S.A.), but Swinsto? something to do with the commoners' swine perhaps? All the caves of W. Kingsdale drain to the prominent resurgence of KELD HEAD - again norske (kelda = a deep pool or well).

Rowten Pot



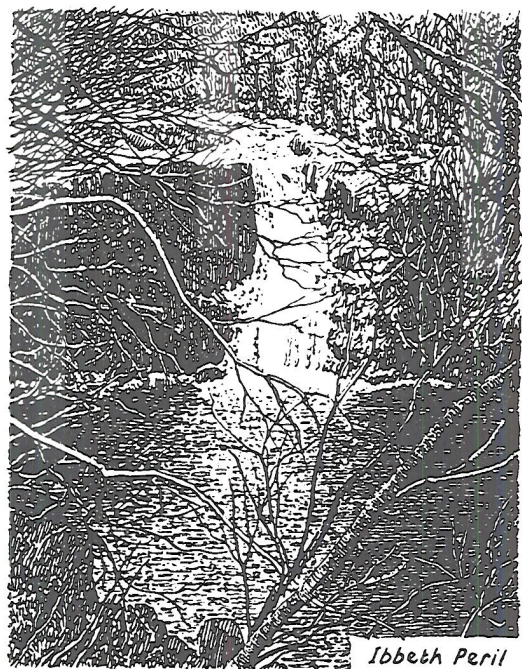
Above the end of Kingsdale is IREBY FELL; Ireby possibly denoting Irish town and thus recalling that most scandinavian incursions into this western part of Yorkshire were launched from Ireland. Here also is MARBLE STEPS - obviously named after the polished black limestone staircase leading down into the cave's depths.

Now, LOST JOHNS on Leck Fell I feel must be significant but I can't find out what it means. Who was John, what did he lose himself? nearby RUMBLING is however fairly obvious. Rumbling was once known as the Fairies Workshops, the clamour from the depths being due to fairy hammering. Similar fairy workshops were in Jingling and Gingling - until fairies went out of fashion.

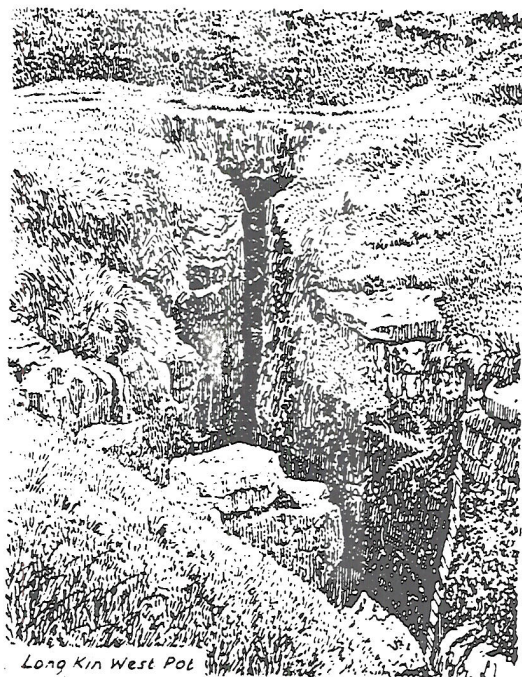


Marble Steps Pot

On Casterton Fell the only obviously big pothole is BULL POT of the WITCHES. Witches seem to have been particularly numerous in the caves of the NW dales. Up on the flanks of Whernside is HACTORN CAVE, supposedly torn open by a spectacularly horrid crone. Also IBBETH PERIL (or Ibbey Peril) in Dent Dale is perilous because of its resident witch who delighted in drowning children in the deep plunge pool just outside the entrance. She at least seems to still be active, the last time I was there she'd done away with a dog and two chickens - but no children.



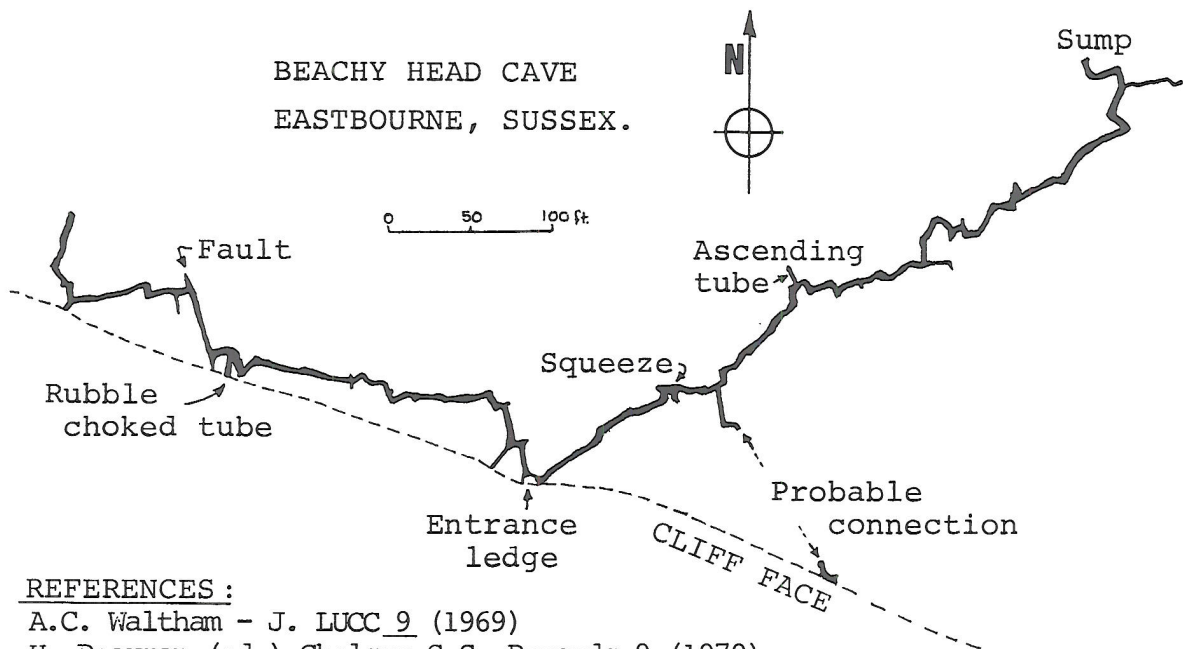
Ibbeth Peril



Long Kin West Pot

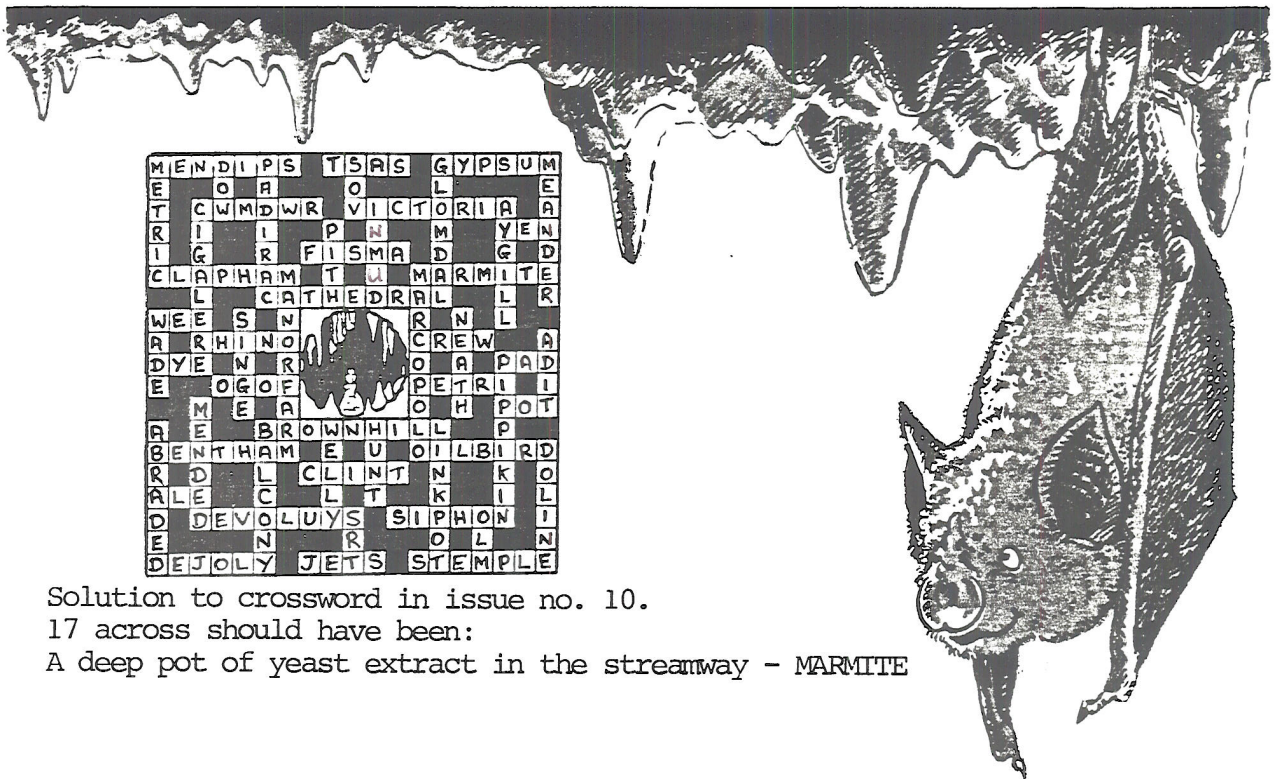
That concludes this particular wander through time, space and the Oxford Dictionary of English Place Names. It is of course far from complete - what about Low Cave, Scoska (also known as Gildersber or Guildersbank) Cave, Mongo Gill, Goydon Pot or Long Kin East/West? Finally, thanks to Mike, computer-programmer of Telcon Metals, whose knowledge and enthusiasm for Norse and Old English languages directly inspired this work.

More recently (Reeve, 1981) the discovery of Beachy Head Cave near Eastbourne in Sussex, with 370m of passage has finally proved the existence of extensive natural cave in English chalk. The cave is situated some 5m up from the beach in the base of spectacular cliffs about 400m west of the lighthouse. It is a single fossil phreatic passage which has been intersected by cliff retreat. The cave is essentially horizontal except where displaced down 3m by a fault. The upper section is dry and dusty, the lower wet and muddy, and finally ends at a small, clear, freshwater sump with the passage continuing under water. The roof throughout is very solid, which is more than can be said for the cliff face - so don't loiter by the entrance. The cave is above the high tide level but access along the beach is limited by tides to about 4 hours (check times with the coastguard). When I visited the cave in 1986 there seemed to be other entrances visible in the cliff section, some about 20m. up, others much higher. I don't think anyone's looked at any of these open entrances - mind you it wouldn't be easy - the cliffs here are sheer, about 150m and very dodgy. Still, how about a caving trip to the seaside one day?



REFERENCES :

- A.C. Waltham - J. LUCC 9 (1969)
- H. Pearman (ed.) Chelsea S.S. Records 9 (1979)
- T. Reeve - Caves & Caving 12 (1981)



Solution to crossword in issue no. 10.

17 across should have been:

A deep pot of yeast extract in the streamway - MARMITE

(A ^A REVIEW).
CRITICAL

The official publication of the Vertical Section of the National Speleological Society of the U.S.A.

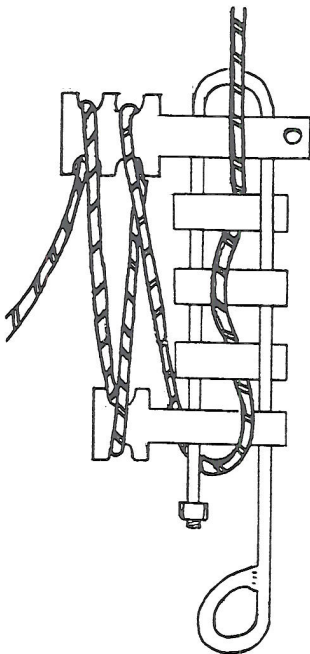
Subscription: \$7.00 per year (inc. postage) or \$2.00 per past issue; cheques, in dollars, payable to "NSS - Vertical Section".

Address: Bill Bussey, NSS Vertical Section, 120 Manhattan Ct, Cary, NC 27511.

I recently tried to find some references from this magazine, and was surprised to find that neither the BCRA library nor anyone else in Britain seems to have any copies. Consequently enquires to the above address eventually yielded no.s 1 - 28 (Feb. 1974 - Dec. 1988) - plus a very hefty bill ! Anyway, this journal makes interesting reading to say the least.....

As we all know, American cavers (spelunkers I should say) do things a bit differently to ourselves. Just how differently I didn't fully appreciate until I'd read NYLON HIGHWAY. To judge from this rag, vertical caving in the U.S. is all about doing "pits", in single hangs, rope-protectors over the lip and no re-belays, and then, most importantly, prusiking up in record time. This speed thing seems to be a vital element. Whole pages of N/H are devoted to who won the various heats in the annual SRT races:- Mens' mechanical 400 feet; Womens' classic 3-knot 100 feet; under 16s' mechanical 100 feet etc. etc. As a consequence further pages are taken up with articles such as "A new design of roller box for use with a modified Mitchells 3-Gibbs system". If that's all a foreign language to you, then you are probably European and started caving in the 1980s.

And of course, in the best caving tradition, its all got to be home-made, or at least home-modified: "Machining a whaletail descender", or "How to modify your rappel rack". Yes even the humble rack suffers absurd modification:-

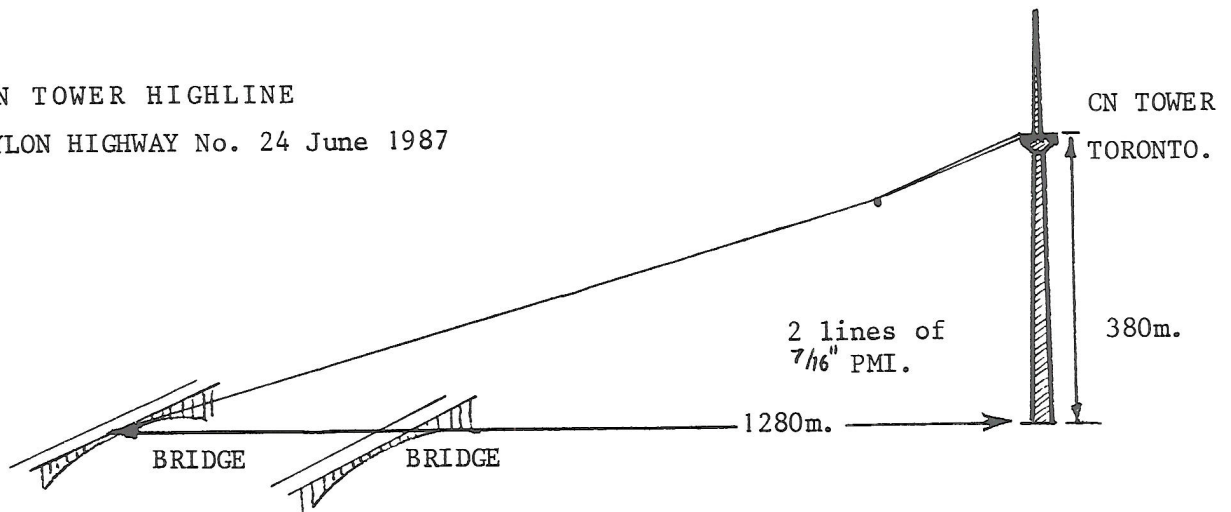


Speed and no re-belays mean that the Gibbs ascender remains popular. Jumars and Petzls do get a look in, the poor old Croll usually being demoted to a floating ankle ascender. For descent, the 6-bar rack, "the finest and most versatile rappelling device ever invented", (!) remains de rigeur, although numerous variations on the figure-8 also abound. The Stop has yet to make its debut but I did find one reference to a Bobbin. This was in an article from a guy who'd bought a Bobbin in France and then "improved" it by making it twice the bulk and three times as heavy because he judged it to be too flimsey as sold!

But, of course the original Bobbin was specifically designed for European style caving, and here we have the nub of the matter. In America bolts are almost totally shunned as damaging to caves, unethical and dangerous. In Europe (apparently) we are forced to use bolts because our ropes aren't as good or as hard-wearing as those made by Uncle Sam's industrial might. An article in issue 26 (May 1988) put "The case against bolts", in which the author's argument that European bolting practices were dangerous was based largely on

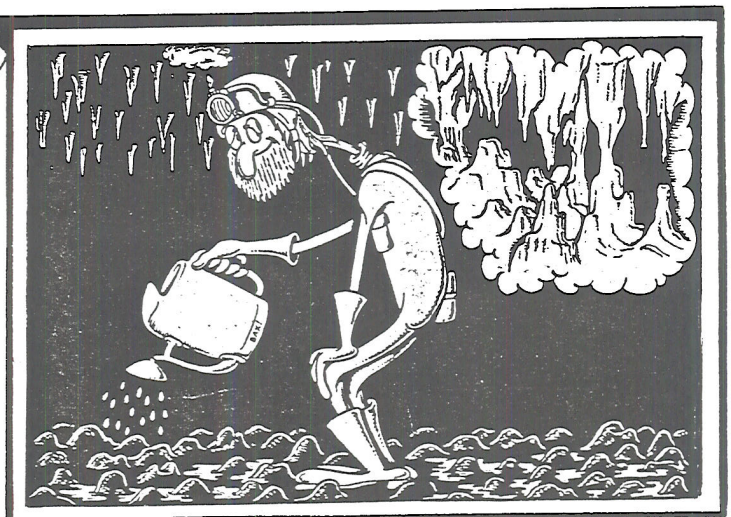
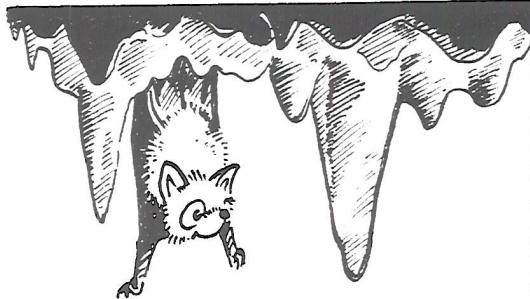
the fact that he couldn't do the gymnastics required (NB. the cave was rigged, probably almost perfectly, by Mike Meredith !!). To my mind this is just symptomatic of the whole trouble with NYLON HIGHWAY. It is not for the vertical caver, but for the vertical tourist who likes sliding down ropes and timing his ascent - the cave just provides an (in)convenient drop. This is further born out by a series of articles about "Great Vertical Events", such as that shown below. Exciting stuff, but of the 12 or so great vertical events to date none have been in caves - cliffs and canyons yes, but not caves. And this from the flagship of U.S. vertical caving!!!

CN TOWER HIGHLINE
 NYLON HIGHWAY No. 24 June 1987



The above comments are a bit scathing, and to be fair I did find some relevant bits: knot tests; rope tests; abrasion of harnesses; comparison of ascender devices..... but not much in 28 issues. Also I should admit that no.12 only gets to 1980, by which time British cavers were, as a group, themselves only just waking up to good continental style SRT. However, whereas in Britain we have progressed, the U.S. as depicted by NYLON HIGHWAY, seems to have largely stood still.

But, surely not all U.S. cavers totally eschew European style caving? What about the deep (1000m plus) systems in Mexico or the tight, deep, cold and wet potholes in the Wyoming Rockies - are these still being pushed with racks and ropepads? I'd be interested to see how techniques develop in later copies of N/H - but I don't think I'm so interested that I'll continue my subscription. If anyone wants to borrow any of issues 1 - 28, then contact me.



CAVERNS, CHASMS, HOLLOWES & HOLES

Once again, can you identify these fictional troglodytic characters? In which books do they appear and who are the authors?

1. Which merchant/sailor was shipwrecked on a deserted shore from which he escaped by casting himself into a large river sink:

"By Allah," I thought, "this river must have both a beginning and an end. If it enters the mountain on this side, it must surely emerge into daylight again The current carried me swiftly along and I soon found myself enveloped in the brooding darkness of the cavern. My raft began to bump violently against the ragged sides, while the passage grew smaller and narrower until I was compelled to lie flat upon my belly for fear of striking my head. Very soon I wished I could return to the open shore, but the current became faster and faster as the river swept headlong down its precipitous bed, and I resigned myself to certain death."

- 2.



..... C'est qui?

3. "According to the legends", he said, "the Magratheans lived most of their lives underground".
"Why's that?" said Arthur, "Did the surface become too polluted or overpopulated?"
"No, I don't think so," said Zaphod, "I think they just didn't like it very much".
4. Which three sisters lived in the Greek cave of Acherusia? The first held the distaff of the thread of a man's life, the second span his life's events, and the third, most feared of all, finally cut his life's thread.
5. Who journeyed from the Shire to a cavern (a lava cave perhaps)?
"..... he was in a long cave or tunnel that bored into The Mountain's smoking cone. But only a short way ahead its floor and walls on either side were cloven by a great fissure, out of which the red glare came, now leaping up, now dying down into darkness; and all the while far below there was a rumour and a trouble as of great engines throbbing and labouring."
6. Who was given a sketch cave survey?



"Eighteen of them all in a row, some short, some deep, some branching same as we saw them. It's a map and here's a cross on it. What's the cross for? It is placed to mark one that is deeper than the others".

"The one that goes through", I cried.

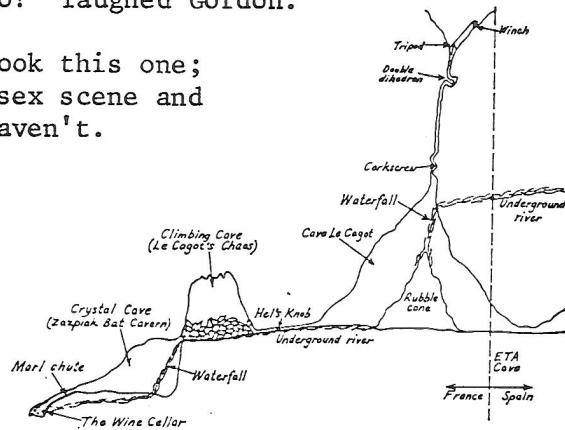
"I believe our young friend has read the riddle", said Challenger.

7. Who fell down a hole in the ground?
 '..... Thomas could just see out of the hole, but he couldn't move.
 "Oh dear!" he said. "I am a silly engine".
 "And a very naughty one too," said a voice behind him, "I saw you".
 "Please get me out; I won't be naughty again".
 "I'm not so sure," replied the fat controller. "We can't lift you out with a crane, the ground's not firm enough. Hm..... Let me see.... I wonder if Gordon could pull you out".
 "Yes Sir", said Thomas nervously. He didn't want to meet Gordon just yet! "Down a mine is he? Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed Gordon.'

8. Bit of an airport-departure-lounge-book this one; either you've read it, relished the sex scene and recognise the survey, or..... you haven't.
 Who were the cave's two explorers?

9. In the Norse sagas, who went cave-diving in search of Grendel's Mum?

10. Which contemporary cave-man lived in a cave, in a chalk quarry-cum-rubbish dump near Sevenoaks, Kent?



11. Who, after the death of his wife Eurydice induced Pluto to allow him to bring her back from the underworld on the condition that he would not look upon her until they reached the light of day? The condition was broken and so he lost her for eternity.

12. Which shipwrecked family had a successful dig going?



"....I thrust the handle of my hammer into the hole...it met no opposition, I could turn it in any direction I chose. Fritz handed me a long pole; I tried the depth with that. Nothing could I feel. A thin wall, then was all that intervened between us and a great cavern."

13. What fictional scientist attempted to dig a deep hole beneath the earth's crust, only to discover the earth to be a living organism, and when its epidermis is punctured it lets out a mighty yell of pain?

14. Who, with his consort, the goddess Devi, lived in an ice cave on the sacred Mount Kailas (now in Tibet)?

15. Who had a nasty fall underground?
 "I've had an Accident, and fallen down a well, and my voice has gone all squeaky and works before Im ready for it because I've done something to myself inside.... Bother!"



(The unidentified poem in the Bookwise quiz in issue No. 9 was all about Odysseus (Ulysses), being from "The Aeneid" by the Roman poet Virgil.)

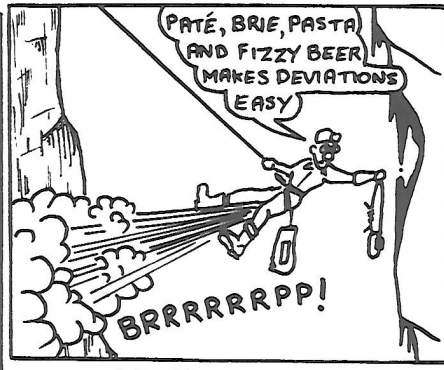
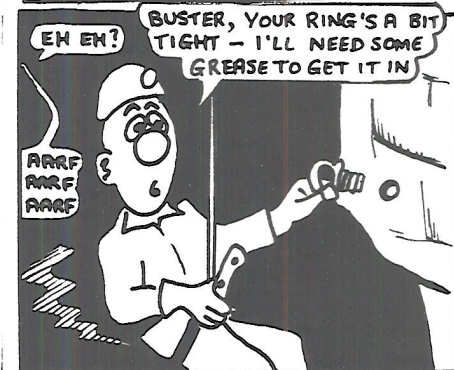
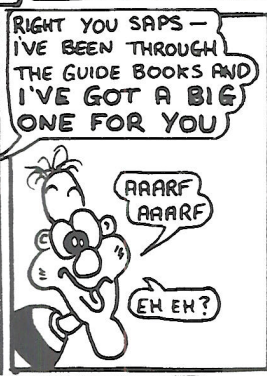
OLM ENTERPRISES PRESENT EPISODE TWO:—

THE DARKNESS BECKONS

9 MONTHS HAVE PASSED. IMPERIAL COLLEGE CAVING CLUB ARE NOW ON SUMMER TOUR, SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE, FOR WEEKS OF SUN, SEX AND SPECTACULAR SPELEOLOGY.



NO LONGER RAW RECRUITS - OUR ONE-TIME FRESHERS:—
• JOHNNY FARTPANTS A PUMP, A SMILE AND A PONG
• FINBARR SAUNDERS OF THE DOUBLE ENTENDRES
• BUSTER GONAD AND HIS MASSIVE TESTICLES - ARE NOW TRANSFORMED INTO MEAN HARD CAVERS WELL... MEAN ANYWAY.



5891 - CMC



I'M HUNGRY, AND MY PUMP POWER'S SUBSIDED - I VOTE WE EAT.



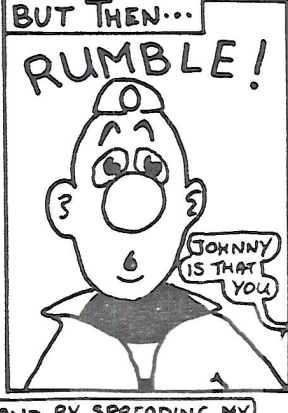
LENTIL PASTE, CURRIED EGGS AND SARDINES YUM, YUM

I'VE GOT TWO JUICY PLUMS AND...



...I CAN GUESS WHAT FINBARR'S GOT

FNARR! FNARR!
HO! HO!
G-KAK G-KAK
EH? EH?



BUT THEN...

RUMBLE!

JOHNNY IS THAT YOU



NO LOOK! THE WATER'S RISING - THE CASCADES ARE IMPASSABLE - WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SIT IT OUT

CMO 1999



WE'D BETTER SAVE OUR LIGHTS GET 'EM OUT FINBARR

HO HO EH?



CRIPES! MY GONADS MUST HAVE GOT SUN-BURNT THEY'RE GLOWING!!

GLOW



AND BY SPREADING MY SARDINE AND BRIE PUREE ON THEM WE'VE GOT SOME HOT FOOD AS WELL!



MUCH MUCH LATER

I FEEL REALLY STIFF

YOF YOF

STILL AT LEAST THE WATER'S GONE DOWN

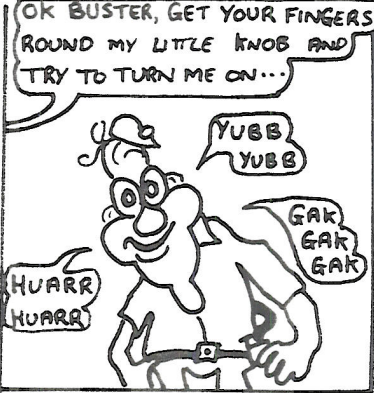


BUT..

WE'RE NEARLY OUT OF CARBIDE



NEVER MIND - BY CHARGING UP THE LAMPS WITH MY ANAL ACETYLENE WE'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE

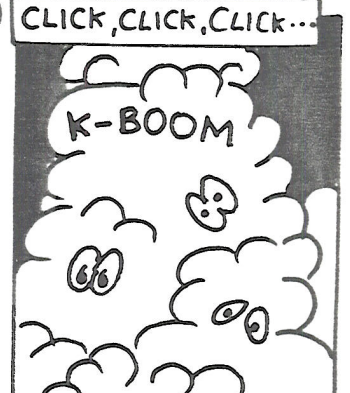


OK BUSTER, GET YOUR FINGERS ROUND MY LITTLE KNOB AND TRY TO TURN ME ON...

YUBB YUBB

GAK GAK GAK

HUARR HUARR



CLICK, CLICK, CLICK...

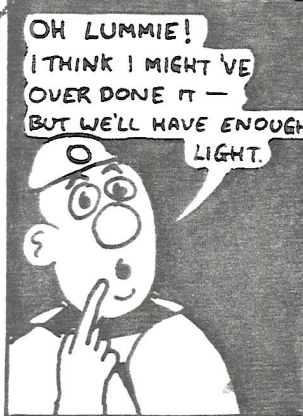
K-BOOM



WHEEEEEEE!!!

ITS ENORMOUS

Ho! Ho!



OH LUMMIE! I THINK I MIGHT 'VE OVER DONE IT - BUT WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH LIGHT.

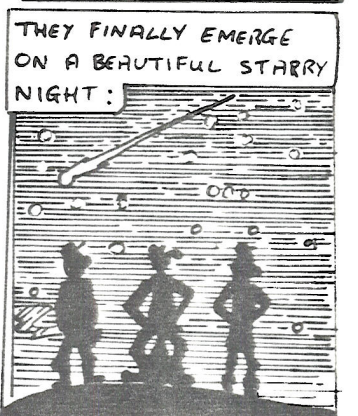


HELPING EACH OTHER UP THE PITCHES.....

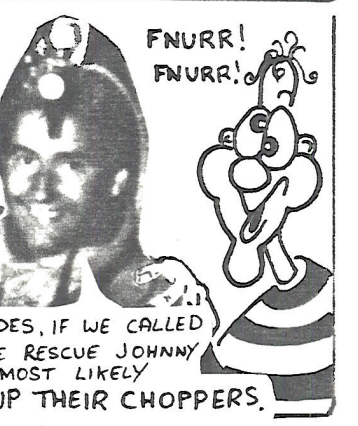
BLAST OFF!

PHRRRR

RARPP!



THEY FINALLY EMERGE ON A BEAUTIFUL STARRY NIGHT:



FNURR! FNURR!

WE HAD A MASS DEBATE, AND DECIDED YOU'D PROBABLY BE OK.

....BESIDES, IF WE CALLED OUT THE RESCUE JOHNNY WOULD MOST LIKELY BLOW UP THEIR CHOPPERS.

Problems !?!

Before all you purists cry; "But what's all this maths got to do with caving?!" You should note that the words chalk, calcite, calculus and calculate all derive from the same ancient roots:-

(greek) khalix = a stone ; (Latin) calc = lime, chalk, and thence calculus = a stone or pebble. The link is the (lime)stone pebbles arranged in rows on the ground as a simple abacus-type calculator used extensively in the ancient world.

Now try this....

At the BCRA conference the results of the photo salon were about to be announced. The judges: C Hau, C Weslaich, P Rowlbolt and J Woolybeard had at last agreed on the four finalists as C Hau, C Weslaich, P Rowlbolt and J Woolybeard; all four with equally fine photos of Bridge Cave in South Wales. But still there was a delay.

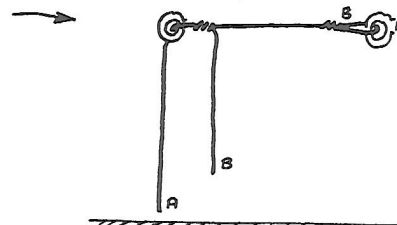
Eventually word got out that one of these four, instead of giving 3 marks to the other entrant who he rated highest, 2 marks to the next best, and 1 mark to the third best (naturally no finalist was asked to judge his own work), had in fact reversed his marking in the hope of improving his own chances. He had given 1 mark to his best choice, 2 marks to his middle choice, and the 3 marks to his worst choice.

The commotion was of course tremendous and it only increased when it was revealed that two other judge/finalists had taken exactly the same dishonest step in the hope, so they thought, of improving their chances.

Before these revelations were made all four finalists had been tied on 6 marks each. When an independent judge finally reversed the marking order of the three dishonest finalists in what place did the honest cave-photographer find himself?

ANSWERS !?! (to problems in issue no. 10)

a) OK, with a lot of brute strength and some vigorous pendulumming it can be done, simply if not easily. For a much neater solution the key is to tie the two ropes together first and to rig a pull-through system to allow recovery of all of the first rope. Re-rigging at the second bolt for a doubled rope then allows the thief to obtain both ropes intact.



Hee! Hee! Hee!

b) All Darren needs to do is tie on and gently push himself into the void — zero gravity prevails at all points inside the spherical chamber. This follows from gravity's inverse square law which increases the mass "behind" a body as it goes further into the void and which sums to a zero net force on the body at all points within the sphere - just ask a physicist.

c) Rebuses:

1. Upper and Lower Long Churn
2. Heron Pot (HER-on-POT)
3. Large Pot
4. Spectacle Pot
5. King (K-in-G)
6. Long Kin East (L-on-G K-in-E(ast))
7. Jingling (J-in-G L-in-G)
8. Echo Pot
9. Magnet-o-meter
10. Gaping Gill (Gap-in-G |gill|=1/4 pint)
11. Quaking Pot or Black Shiver
12. Mongo Gill
13. Great Douk (Great do.(ditto) U.K.)
14. Juniper
15. Penyghent (Penny GENT\$)



* * FOR SALE **

(From Clive)

MAC OVERSUIT

(reinforced PVC oversuit with welded seams)

SIZE 2N

Bought circa 1986 but NEVER EVER BEEN USED

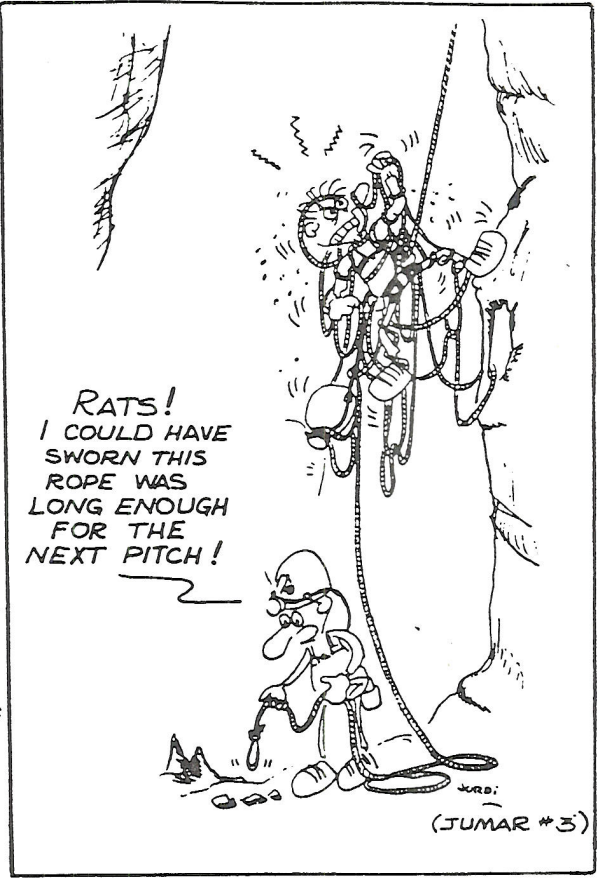
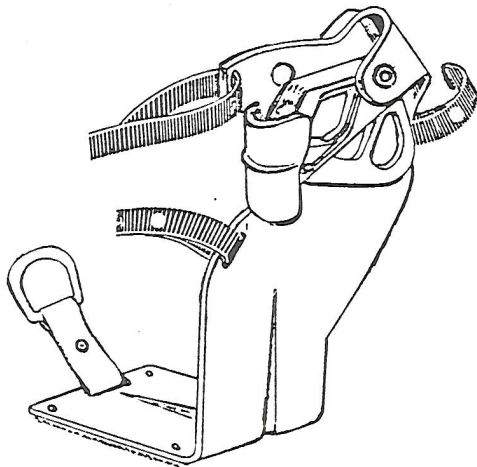
£10 ono. (retails for £45-75 !!!)

FIBRE PILE MATERIAL (Dark Blue)

1m x 2m sheet of heavy duty polyester fibre pile suitable for furry suit, light weight sleeping bag etc.....

Basically, if anyone wants it or some of it they're welcome - I just don't want to see it wasted. SO, ANY OFFERS ???

BLOQUEUR DE PIED APHANICE-BOULOURD



The foot ascender in the CAVERS SUPPLIES "Ad" was supposed to be satirical but I seem to have started something. Spelunca (Autumn 1988) carried this genuine ad' - a foot ascender made by TMS a French equipment manufacturer.

I didn't realise the ICCC n/1 had such a wide distribution.

**Your Newsletter
Needs
YOU
TO WRITE SOMETHING (ANYTHING)
NOW!**

