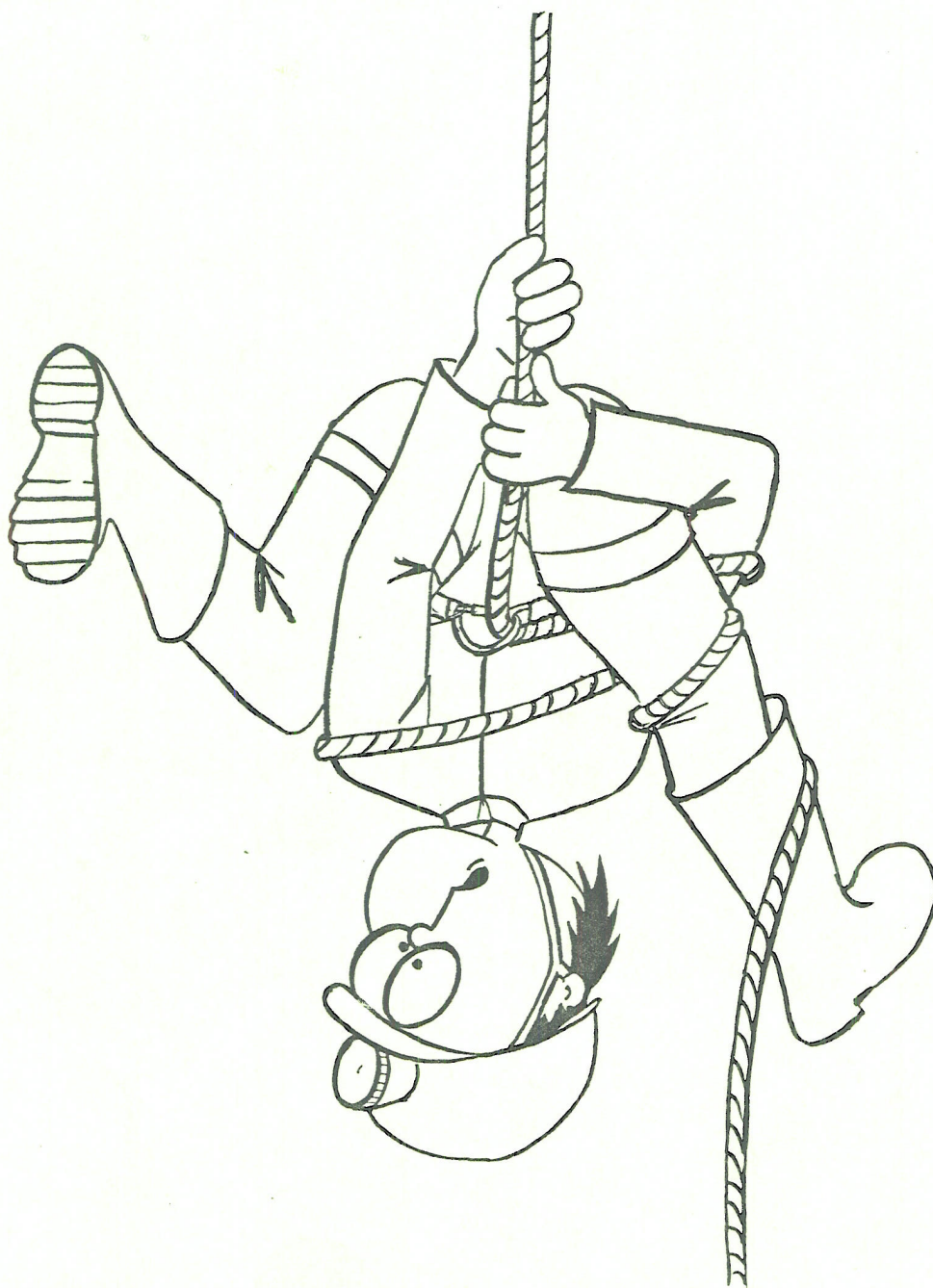


# IMPERIAL COLLEGE CAVING CLUB



**NEWSLETTER** No.14  
Winter 1990

IMPERIAL COLLEGE CAVING CLUB



IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION  
PRINCE CONSORT ROAD  
LONDON SW7 2BB

NEWSLETTER No.14 WINTER 1990

The Exec (1990/91):

President	Rob Knell
Vice President	Bron Ley
Secretary	Pam Murphy
Treasurer	Lionel Wightman
Tackle Officer	Alva Gossan

Weekly meetings are held on Tuesday evenings at 7.00 pm in Southside Upper Lounge, and on Wednesdays at 1.00 pm in the Union Snackbar.

EDITORIAL

I haven't really got a lot to say, I'm afraid. Rob's bit has got the stuff welcoming all the incredibly keen freshers we've got, so I won't bother with that. Instead I will give a brief rundown of what we've been up to so far this year.

We started off with two very successful freshers' trips to the Mendips, and, amazingly, most of the people who said, "Wow, that was brilliant, I'll definitely come again", actually **did** ! All the trips have been full except, regrettably, the Christmas Tour to Co. Fermanagh, N. Ireland. The bonfire weekend was overflowing and was great fun, although very little caving actually got done due to many factors (not the least of which were the hangovers on Sunday), and things like us stealing old lags' SRT kits because we had so many freshers (sorry Dewi). The second Yorkshire trip also went well on the Saturday but again very little got done on the Sunday, this time because of problems with the van. Personally I had a great time on the Sunday but that was because I was rigging: the poor sods who had to wait around in the cold for me weren't quite so impressed (see Dave-the-American's comments on that: he's got a good point). I've no idea how the last weekend trip of the term went because it hasn't happened as I write this, but it's to South Wales. It's rumoured that we might even get Clive venturing underground for the second time in as many trips, but that remains to be seen. Talking of whom, Clive has, as usual, been brilliant in coming up with articles etc. and helping me get it together on this newsletter. My thanks go to him and everyone else who has given me stuff to put in.

The Annual Dinner will be on Sunday the 5th. May at the Golden Lion in Settle, just for a change, but there'll be more on that nearer the time. The Christmas dinner will be in Ireland because that's where a good few of us will be. So to the rest of you, have a great holiday and I'll see you next year.

Love and Turtles,

Pam the Ed.

PRESIDENT'S PIECE

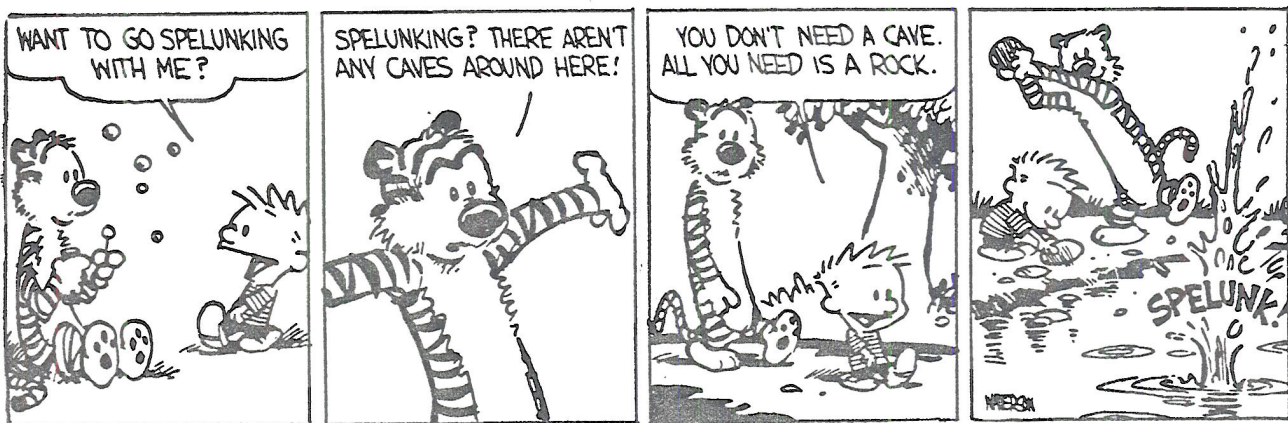
Firstly I would like to welcome all the newcomers to the club: thanks for joining and I hope you're enjoying yourselves. To those new to college (I won't use the F word) I'll avoid saying welcome to college because you must all be sick of hearing it, but I do hope you manage to enjoy yourselves while you're here. Still on the subject of the proto-entities, so far you're the best intake for a number of years, which is a damn good thing because the club does need some people actually at college, or we don't get any money.

I think things have gone quite well so far: most people can stand on their own two feet underground now, and once you've all got to grips with the wonders of SRT we'll be away.

We're thinking about a Summer Tour to Monte Canin on the border between Italy and Yugoslavia, at the moment. The deepest cave in the area is 920 m. deep and reckoned to be very tough, and there are plenty of others around as well. Exploration is still continuing there and we're trying to get in touch with the local caving clubs and elbow our way in on that front. This will be for three or four weeks at the beginning of the summer holidays. I don't know how much it will cost but you can bet it will be just about the cheapest holiday you can get in Italy, and you'll get all the benefits of my wonderful company as well ! If anyone would like to make any comments on this I'll be glad to hear them.

A bit closer to home: we've got more permits than I know what to do with, so all you real men out there can stop all of this farting about in King Pot and get some real hard stuff done. Before I sign off, I would just like to thank all the people who've helped me out this term. You've all been wonderful. I won't make a list because I'd be bound to forget someone, and you know who you are anyway.

Rob



Since the club is dependent on a regular influx of new people every year, the image we project, and what attracts people and then actually makes them join up, are of vital interest.

For the comments of two newer members, read on.....

## LETTERS

### IC<sup>3</sup> Through the Eyes of a Fresher

One night, completely by chance, I happened to be in the Southside Bar and noticed a group of people that called themselves the Caving Club. I had been in a cave once before and enjoyed it, so I decided to find out about the club.

It so happened that there was a Fresher's trip planned for the next weekend, so I signed up and went on the trip. The first cave was Swildon's, in the Mendips, and I must admit that crawling down the small hole in a wetsuit seemed a bit crazy at the time. But the trip went really well and I was happy to find that I had little trouble and didn't get tired despite having no exceptional physical abilities.

One of the most welcome benefits of the weekend trips is the number of people I meet and get to know as a result of living together for two days every fortnight. Saturday night at the pub is always a good time. Such club traditions as the Table Traverse tend to be more fun after a few pints.

My only complaint about the club is the way the 'rigging training' trips are run. As a result of losing the most experienced members to graduation every year, younger members need to learn how to rig caves safely to carry on as the trip leaders of the future. Because of the necessity of learning the correct safety procedures before acquiring any bad habits or short-cuts, the trips always go much slower than normal. The problem is that other members of the group get frustrated and cold while waiting, and new people can get turned off from caving altogether after freezing on a slow trip. My suggestion to help reduce this trouble is to send only a very few people, maybe just the 'trainer' and 'trainee' so that there is no pressure on the learner to rush the process. Unfortunately, there are not always enough experienced people to make this possible, and the result can lead to unpleasant experiences.

For me, the caving club has delivered much more than was ever promised. I have found an inexpensive way to tour the countryside and to see the British Isles inside and out. I have made my best friendships and had the most excitement on the club trips. While I love the caving, what I enjoy most is the social atmosphere from the friendliness of the members. When I return to America next summer I know that the one thing I will miss the most will be the Imperial College Caving Club.

David S Bormann

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF IC<sup>3</sup>

The reason I joined the caving club was that after enjoying my first (pretty easy) cave just over a year ago, I thought I'd like to get more seriously involved with the sport. With the added prospect of using SRT in vertical caves, and of travelling around Britain and, hopefully abroad in the future, it seemed the perfect choice.

With regards to the club itself: there really isn't anything I could criticise. I think it is important that the more experienced cavers treat us 'freshers' with a bit of patience, after all, not all of us are used to dangling 50+ feet above cave floors in the cold and dark, trying to rig up

a descender. In this respect I thought that everyone was extremely helpful (especially Pam) and not at all pushy. (That comment was entirely unsolicited, honest. Ed.) After all, an opposite attitude would probably cause keen beginning cavers to quit.

Another reason that I think IC<sup>3</sup> is 'the business' is that, although there are experienced cave leaders in the club and one feels the trips are well organised, I like the informal attitude with which the club operates, such as the personal choice of when to get up in the morning, and whether to go caving at all, and the invariable trips to the pubs. There is also a great atmosphere at the caving huts too.

Briefly on other areas:

(a) Equipment. The club supplies lots of equipment, and although possibly not all of it is in good condition, most is fine to use and allows many people to go caving at the same time - an important point, I think.

(b) The Caves. I enjoy the variety of caves the club offers. I once thought that, apart from some caves being a bit more of a squeeze than others, all caves were the same. But I was soon proven wrong by the difference between the wet, crawling caves in the Mendips, to the more dramatic vertical caves of Yorkshire. This all makes caving more interesting. The added attraction of trips abroad in the summer is a brilliant idea as it allows not only for caving in a different scenario, but also a cheap holiday!

Well those are my views on IC<sup>3</sup>, I hope you find them complimentary. If I had anything that I would like to have moaned about or thought could be improved I would have said so, but, to be honest, I can't think of anything!

Dave Vickers

If you would like to write praising the caving club, letters should be sent to: The Editor, ICCG, ..... Seriously though, if you have any comments or opinions then write 'em down and send 'em in.

And finally.....

#### The Concerns of Old Lags

Are the old lags (all of them) being sent copies of each newsletter? I'm certainly not, and I had to search stores for a copy. If there is one sure way of reducing attendance at the Dinner Meet it is by not keeping old lags informed (newsletters and meets lists). Also, how many exchanges does the club have these days? Do we still formally send newsletters to the NPC, BEC, MCG, MNRC etc. We certainly should do.

Please excuse these criticisms but I am genuinely concerned that a lot of contributors to the newsletter put in a great deal of effort, and the result, the ICCG Newsletter, should be given as wide a circulation as possible. It can only be in the interests of the club in the long run.

Harry Lock

## SUMMER TOUR '90 - THE ALTERNATIVE EXPEDITION

This summer was a period of intense activity for IC<sup>3</sup>. An expedition visited the Dominican Republic's sunny Caribbean beaches and caught most of the tropical diseases one would expect from a bunch of sun-slugs. Several club members went to the infamous Gouffre Berger but unfortunately, due to the aforementioned tropical diseases, were unable to achieve much. However before all this frenzied diarrhoea became popular, a group of mean, hard tough sun-worshippers and piss-heads crammed themselves and a large assortment of fashion caving accessories into the back of a union van and proceeded to drive down to the Chartreuse region of France. (Go to Grenoble, then up a bit). The journey down was its usual 24 hours of boredom, tediousness, bad tempers and leg cramps. Several of the group had been to the Glastonbury Festival (see Newsletter No. 13) only days previously, so good spirits and hangovers lasted over into at least the first hour of this nightmare journey.

We arrived at the campsite in the afternoon of the second day accompanied by the absolutely pissing rain which had been following us most of the way down. After sitting in the van for about an hour, somebody (Dave, I think) plucked up courage and started setting tents up. We all joined him, and the rain promptly strengthened three-fold. Good omen or what?

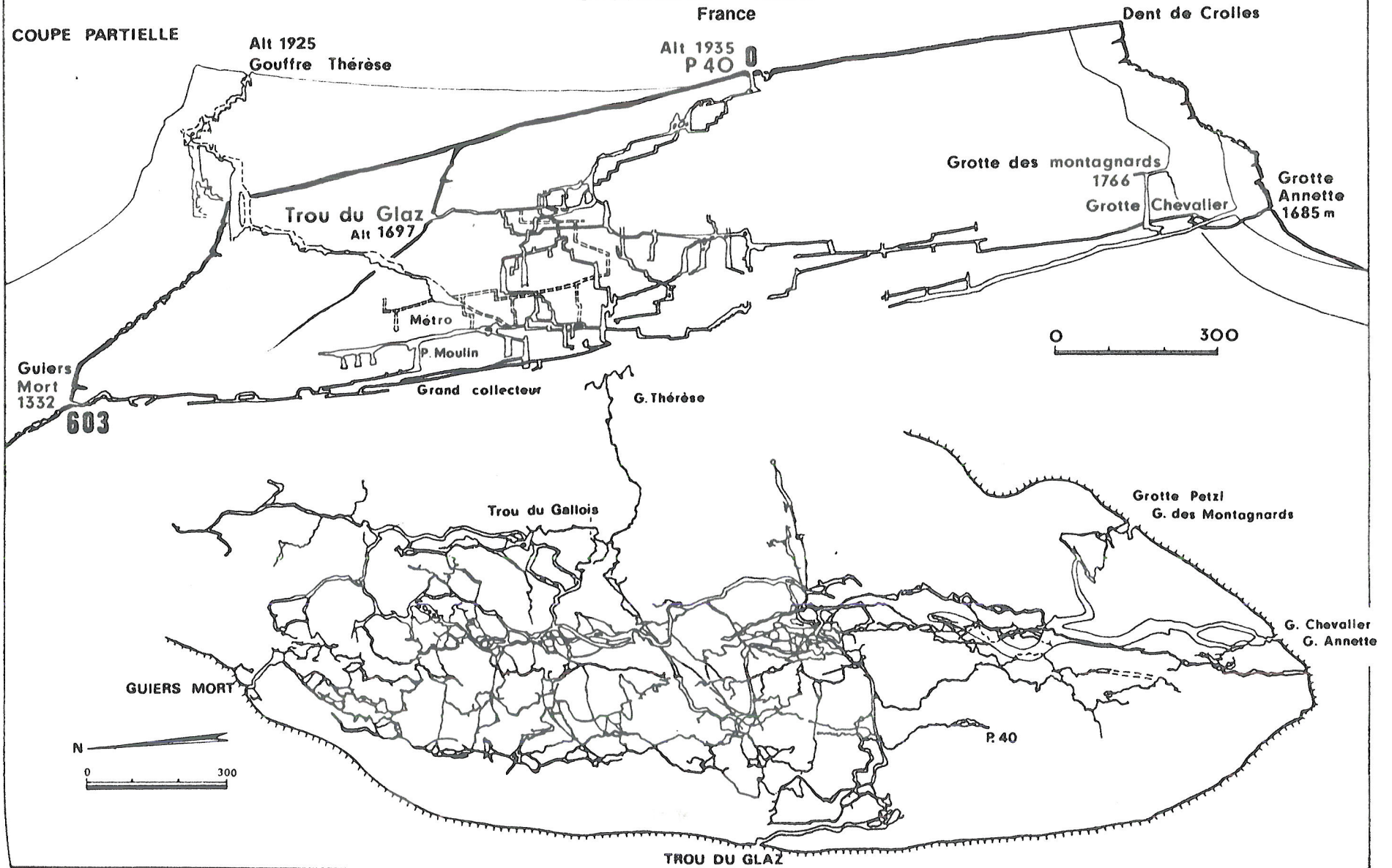
The next two days, however, were glorious sunshine and saw the dreadful process of 'getting it together'. This is a vital stage and to rush it is pointless: people have to recover from the journey down, get used to new and foreign surroundings, discover how cheap french booze is and then recover from hangovers. By the second day in France however, people were just beginning to sunburn, and so thoughts turned to going underground. We decided to take the caving gear up to the entrance of the cave we had come to France for: the Dent de Crolles. Now, picture if you can a mountain in France - half way up its flank you can see what appears to be dandruff slowly drifting. Realise that this dandruff is in fact sheep and what you thought was quite a small boulder is a mountain hut, then contemplate walking up this hill carrying a rucksack full of smelly caving gear. God it was hell. We managed however and deposited the gear in the entrance called Trou du Glaz. This entrance is only one of several, the others being on the top, bottom and other sides of the mountain. We planned to connect up routes between these various holes, starting the next day with a Trou du Glaz - Grotte Annette through trip.

Whilst Monaghan, Dave and I embarked on this trip, Alva, Pete and Huggy did some route-finding in the lower reaches of the Trou du Glaz in preparation for a through trip to Guires Mort. Everything went very well, although emerging halfway up a cliff, in a thundercloud, at midnight, was a bit unnerving, even though we knew the van was only half a turn clockwise around the mountain and a thousand feet lower down. We all eventually got back to the van and drove back to the campsite to find that Marc Houghton and his girlfriend Carrot had arrived. We now totalled seven cavers and three sun-slugs - Carrot had rapidly joined Theresa and Tanya in the serious study of sun-bathing.

The next week was a succession of caving and relaxing although on one day everyone woke to discover that Huggy and Alva still hadn't returned from the previous night. A rescue was prepared amid sounds of yawning, swearing, farting, worrying and wailing, until the missing two finally turned up

# RESEAU DE LA DENT DE CROLLES

Chartreuse – Isère  
France



after sixteen hours underground. They had been planning to do the Top Entrance (P 40) through to the Trou du Glaz. However due to a wildly inaccurate survey they had become lost, tired and convinced that they didn't have enough rope to get through anyway. They turned round about an hour from the Trou du Glaz and were faced with a long trip back up and out, and a long walk down the hill. Because of all this they wisely decided to leave all the ropes in the cave, which meant that someone had to go in again and get them out. The easiest way to do this was by doing a through trip and pulling the ropes with us as we went.

This task was appointed to Dave, Monaghan and myself, because of all the cavers, we were the least ill (1½ weeks of cheap wine and shit food had taken their toll on all of us). We eventually found ourselves at the top entrance having had to stop three or four times for me to get my stomach under control, and proceeded to venture underground. For those who are unfamiliar with 'abbing through trips' and what they involve, I will briefly explain. First: find a cave with an entrance at both ends; second: start at the top entrance, abseiling down the pitches, and third: when you've abseiled down a pitch, pull the rope down and carry it to the next pitch 'cos you'll need it to get down! Obviously if you fuck up, you can't back out. You have to be able to get to the bottom entrance to get out of the cave.

We had no problems at all for the first four pitches. It was only when we reached the fifth and discovered Huggy and Alva's rope hanging somewhere it shouldn't, that the problems started. We thought we had solved the mystery of why the others had got lost, so we boldly pulled down the rope from the preceding pitch, only to have it get stuck halfway up. The only thing we could do was to chop through the rope and leave part of it up the pitch. Hopefully at this stage we would have enough rope to complete the cave and get out, but only if we found the remainder of the rope left by the others. It was then that we got lost trying to follow the survey!

Suffice it to say that at one stage we were lost, we had found one pitch which didn't have their rope on it, Monaghan had nearly broken his ankle and was in considerable pain, and I was nearly vomiting 'cos I was so ill. But, what really made our situation critical was that we were running out of cigarettes !! Eventually, however, we found the way and made it out of the Trou du Glaz to another cold, damp night, and then gorged ourselves on salami, mayonaisse, Jack Daniel's and Marlboro', swearing vehemently that through trips are for the suicidal.

The rest of the tour went smoothly and climaxed with a derigging trip where one group went in the bottom entrance (Guiers Mort) and one in the far one (P 40). We met in the middle of the mountain and all of us excited from the middle entrance (Trou du Glaz). We were all on a big high as we walked down the hill only to discover that the van had been broken into and about £1500 of stuff had been stolen. It was a real damper of high spirits. We left some two weeks later to return to a surreal London and various hideous jobs.

A fantastic time was had by all, and many wild things had been done. And we had achieved our main objective which was to get a tan. So remember kids: Summer Tours are great!

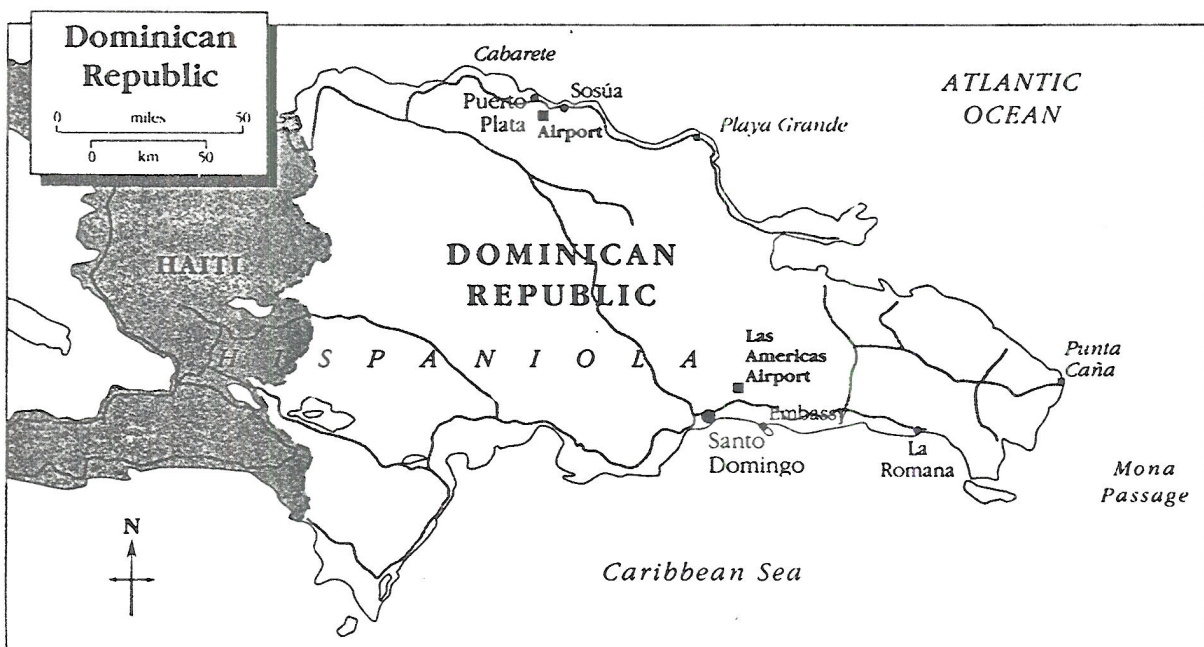
Simon Lawes



## CUEVAS Y HABICHUELLAS

Or: What I did in the summer holidays

Why, you may ask, did we decide to go to the Dominican Republic to go caving? In fact, most people start off with, "where is the Dominican Republic?", knowing only that it's somewhere hot and possibly on the other side of the Atlantic. The Dominican Republic is in the Caribbean and takes up most of the island of Hispaniola, the rest being Haiti. It is Spanish speaking and the capital, Santo Domingo, is the oldest European city in the New World, being where Columbus landed in 1492. Its other claim to fame is that it has large amounts of limestone, much of it in the form of mountains. This makes it ideal for cave formation. In addition, unlike some of the Caribbean islands, it has had very little attention from cavers, so we were hoping to find so pretty good stuff.

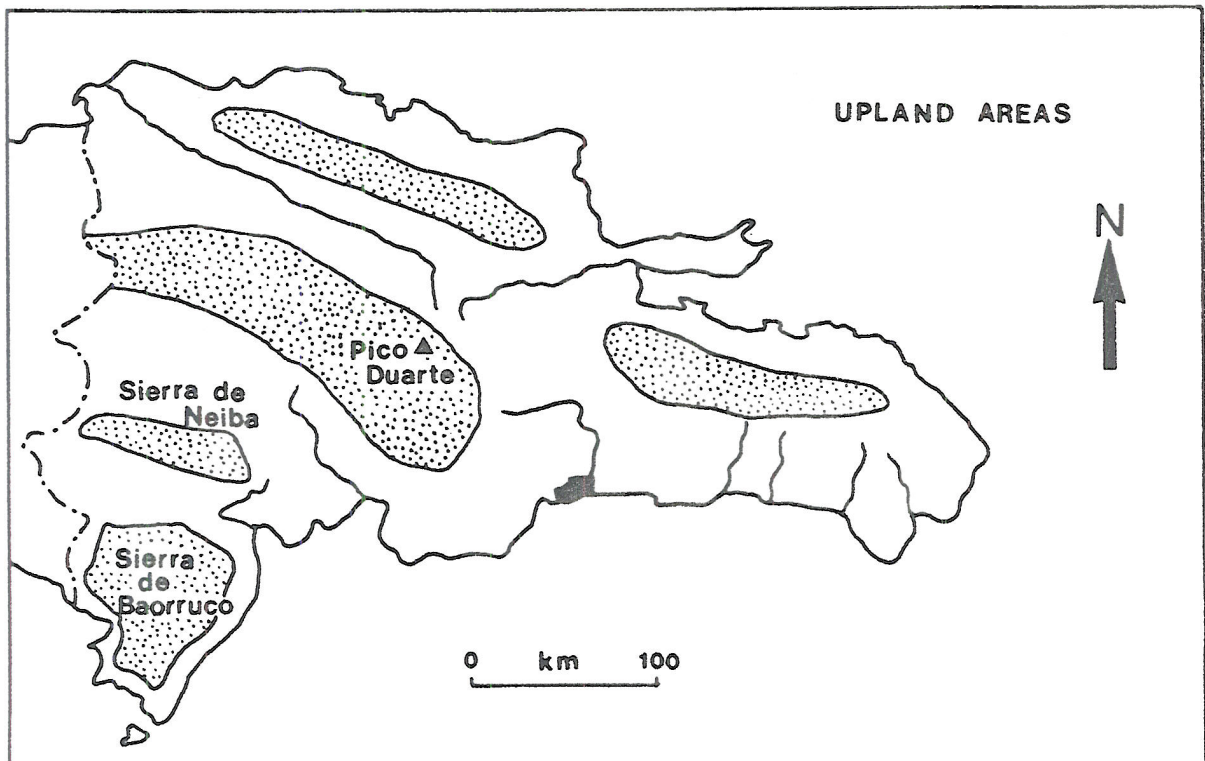


By the time that we actually left in July, I was starting to feel as though we had been organising the expedition since shortly after I was born, and that we were cursed to carry on organising it until shortly after I died! Despite this foreboding, however, a couple of days before our flight six of us congregated in Beit Quad to sort out the gear and do all the things that we had to do before we left but hadn't got around to (such as pay for the airline tickets). Eventually we actually set off, weighed down with tents, suncream, Spanish phrasebooks, and the vast amounts of assorted ironmongery and rope without which the modern caver does not feel properly dressed.

The flight there was uneventful apart from some fast talking, and then some fast pleading, to get all of our "just a little bit overweight" bags on with no extra charge. We arrived in Las Americas airport late in the evening, loaded our gear into a couple of taxis and asked to be taken to a cheap hotel in Santo Domingo. The taxi driver evidently had a different idea of cheap to us, as the Royal Hotel was far too upmarket for us being

clean, with glass in the windows and air conditioning. The next day, therefore, we set about finding somewhere a bit seedier (and cheaper), and found it in the shape of the Hotel Turista - no glass in the windows, concrete floors, cockroaches in abundance, and two complimentary condoms under each pillow. We decided to move in the next day, but two more members of the expedition, Harry and Dewi, were arriving that afternoon so we met them and moved them straight in. Their comments on seeing our hotel were not very pleasant.

After a couple of days in the capital organising permits and suchlike we crammed into the cheapest van we could rent, and set off to our first destination: Los Bolos, high in the Sierra de Neiba. On the way Rob Chaddock drove the van into a kerb and blew a tyre, but apart from that we got to Guayabal, which was as far as the road went, surprisingly easily. At Guayabal we were immediately surrounded by the locals, all talking very fast in Spanish, but luckily help was at hand in the form of the U.S. Peace Corps, called Jill (complete with shoulderpads). With Jill's help we hired mules for the next morning, when we walked up to Los Bolos in the pouring rain. During this walk-in my shampoo escaped, and ate my passport and travellers' cheques. We stayed at Los Bolos for three days during which time one of the local men, Salvador, showed us all of the caves that he knew of. Unfortunately most of them were blocked, but we explored two to around 70 m. depth, where they petered out. It was at Los Bolos that we were first introduced to the delights of boiled unripe bananas for every meal.



After Los Bolos failed to live up to expectations we split up. Half the team headed back down to Guayabal to pick up the van and check out an area called Sabana Real, which was right on the Haitian border, while the others headed for a plateau above Los Bolos where, we were assured by all, we would find, "muchos cuevas". Salvador came too to show us where all the caves were. The plateau was an absolutely delightful place to camp, but unfortunately it had been deforested some twenty-five years previously, and the increased soil erosion had caused all of the stream sinks to have become filled with mud. We did find one surface shaft that was 70 m. deep, but this too was blocked at the bottom. So, after three days there we got up before dawn, packed all our gear, and set off to walk to Guayabal,

hopefully before it got too hot. We nearly made it there before the heat, but not quite. By the time we finally struggled in, Phil was suffering quite badly from dehydration and had to be sat in the shade and fed water until he could stand up again. Dehydration was a continual problem during our stay as the amount that it is possible to sweat when walking uphill with a heavy pack in 35 degree heat is unbelievable.

At Guayabal we were met by Bron with the news that the van was stuck at Sabana Real with another puncture. So, we spent the night at La Descubierta, which was as far as we could get that night, and the next day we got a guagua (local slang for any vehicle from an air-conditioned luxury bus to a battered old pick-up, privately owned, which form the public transport network) to Sabana Real. Halfway up the horrendously steep and bumpy track to there, and just as it was looking like the old and abused guagua was going to die completely, we nearly ran into our van coming around a corner on its way down. So we were all reunited, and with the news that there were no good caves at Sabana Real, we retreated to Barahona, the largest town in the area. Here we stopped to decide what to do next and to enjoy the luxuries available there, such as beer.

Eventually most of the team departed for an area called Polo, while I stayed in Barahona with Gideon, who was rather ill. We were there for two days (during which time we were threatened by the local protection mob) until the rest returned with the news that Polo had no holes to speak of. So, we set off for a new destination, Loma Meregildo, again near Guayabal. Unfortunately the van then died, so we were stuck in Barahona for two days awaiting the hire firm's "twenty-four hour breakdown service". It was here that we discovered beetroot milk shakes made with evaporated milk, sugar, ice and fresh beetroot. Yummy.

So, eventually, we got to Loma Meregildo, only to find it as unpromising as everywhere else that we had looked. With this we decided to write of the mountains of the south-west of the country and to head for the central highlands. These mountains, which include the highest in the Caribbean (Pico Duarte, 3175 m.) are mostly of igneous rock, but there is a band of limestone running along the southern side. We were aiming for a valley called Catanamatias, where a previous Italian expedition had explored a cave to about 400 m. deep, the deepest in the country.

Catanamatias turned out to be a very beautiful valley at about 800 m. with mountains rising to 2000 m. around it. I was also liberally dotted with hopeful looking holes. The local people proudly showed us the cave which the Italians had explored two years previously and seemed surprised that we didn't want to go down it. They caught on quickly, though, and soon one had offered to show us all of the caves that he knew of in the valley. The next day Harry, Phil and I set off for a nearby valley at 1400 m. which involved crossing a 1800 m. ridge, while the others checked out Catanamatias and the nearby hills. Although we had planned to return that evening, it started to rain very heavily once we reached the valley and so we spent the night sheltering in a bean shed belonging to one of the local farmers. The following day we checked out the valley, which looked very promising. While Harry and Phil investigated the nearby holes I walked down to the other end of the valley, which hadn't suffered so much from the pyromaniacal style of agriculture which was in use in the area. After some machete work I found a stream flowing directly into a large black opening, with logs jammed across it to show how much water went there in the rainy season. I returned to our bean shed to find that Harry had descended one cave until running out of rope at about 60 m. depth, and with the cave wide open and still going.



Surface shaft in the Catanamatias area. Photo by Rob Knell.

We returned to Catanamatias that afternoon, excited and rather tired, to find that the team down in the valley had met with similar success having identified a number of possible "going" caves. We decided to concentrate on Catanamatias and the nearby hills for the moment as it would be very difficult logistically to maintain a team in the higher valley for any length of time.

Over the next three or four days we looked at all of the holes in the valley floor that we could find, and although most of them proved to be choked with mud and rocks we found a few open ones. Phil and I explored a cave to 63 m. depth, where we were stopped by a sump. The cave contained a rather entertaining squeeze, which I managed to get stuck in much to the amusement of some of the expedition "hard men". We later named this cave "Cueva Queso", because I collected some insects in there and the rather old cheese that I used as bait gave the whole place a most attractive fragrance. A number of other caves were explored, including one on the mountain to the west of the valley, which was looking very promising. At this point, however, our enthusiasm became rather damped as the great food crisis started to bite.

We had gone up to Catanamatias with four days food as we didn't know how long we were going to be staying there. It quickly became obvious that we were going to be there for a while, so after we had made the food last six days, three of us went back down the hill with the intention of going to the nearest town, San Juan, and buying more food. When we reached Los Copeyes, though, we were told that there was a two day general strike on, that there were bombs going off in San Juan, that there were no guaguas running anyway and generally that we weren't going anywhere. So we went back to wait for the strike to finish. We weren't starving, because rice and beans were both easily available, but although the locals seemed content to eat nothing but rice and beans (they didn't have any of that other staple, bananas) our sophisticated western palates demanded more. This they didn't get. To cut a long story short, relief finally arrived when we had had nothing but rice and beans for three days, and virtually nothing but rice and beans for quite a while longer. This may sound trivial now, but at the time it seemed very important.

After we had spent a while stuffing our faces with chocolate biscuits and regaining our strength, we got back to caving. Chris and myself set off for the cave on the hill to descend a large shaft which was the limit of exploration before the rice and beans incident. The shaft was almost directly after a revolting muddy squeeze, which Chris had previously dug out by hand, and there were loose boulders everywhere. We descended to the shaft via a series of small pitches and the aforementioned squeeze, tied our rope off to a large block of rock and Chris set off down. The shaft turned out to be about 45 m. deep and most impressive. It was blocked with boulders at the bottom, but a window a few metres up led onto another shaft. This turned out to be deeper than our rope was, so we turned back leaving further exploration for another day. As I prusicked up the big shaft the rope was so muddy that my jammers kept slipping causing me some concern. Eventually this cave was explored and surveyed to its end at about 200 m. down. It was named, "Cueva El Avenger", after Chris' car, because "It's pretty appalling, but it goes".

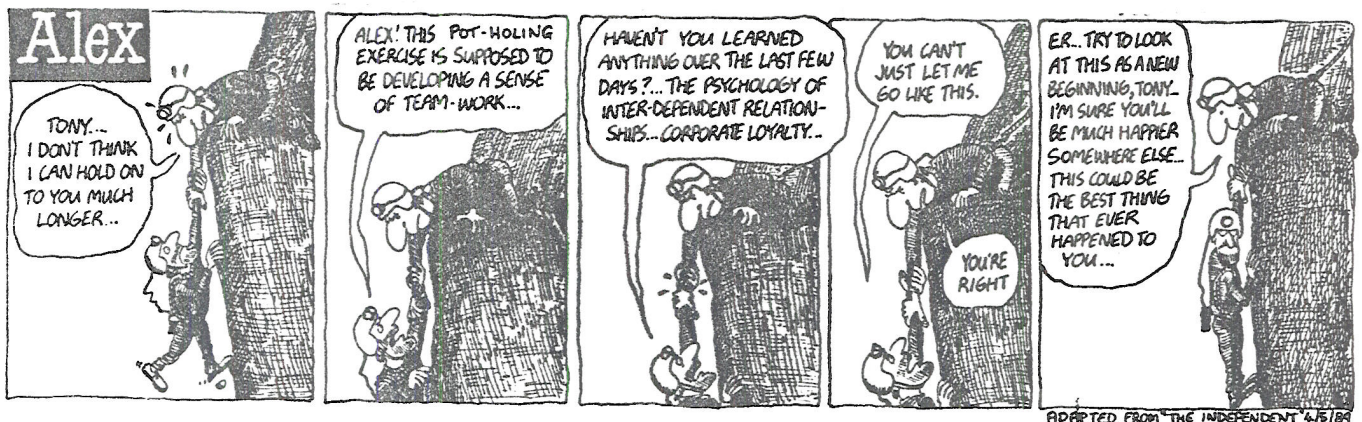
After we had completed exploration of Cueva El Avenger there wasn't much time left, but six of us went up to the higher valley that had been visited earlier, to explore as much as we could in the time remaining. As it was we were all suffering from attacks of appalling lassitude (a well known tropical disease) so all that got done was the exploration of the cave

Harry had part explored earlier. We got down to about 100 m. deep after which we could see the passage carrying on down. This was the best cave of the whole expedition being real fun to descend, and it is a great pity that we only had three days there as the potential of the whole area is enormous. We named the cave, "Cueva Machete", because it had a lot of very sharp rock in it, and Dewi managed to cut his hand quite badly the first day we were up there.

We returned to Santo Domingo and then flew to New York with our Kuwait Airlines tickets but because of the Iraqi invasion these got us no further. Luckily we eventually managed to scrounge our way onto a Virgin Atlantic flight, which was probably nicer than Kuwait airlines would have been anyway.

All in all I think it was a pretty successful trip: we found a lot of new caves but more importantly I think we all got a lot out of it as people, and saw parts of the country that you would never normally go to on the tourist trails.

Rob Knell



### Strange, but true !

On one occasion during a cave rescue in the USA, the casualty's electrocardiograph was transmitted from the accident site to the surface by telephone cable, and then by radio to hospital where a cardiologist was able to report that it was normal - hardly surprising, as the only injury was a broken leg!

In Grenoble, France, a cave rescue team felt that all medical resources should be available to the caver injured underground, including major surgery. To demonstrate the feasibility of this a large medical team, including anaesthetists, surgeons, nurses, and vast amounts of equipment were transported down a cave. Not surprisingly they could get no human volunteers, so a dog was carried down the cave and a splenectomy successfully carried out on the unsuspecting canine. The surgery was uneventful, but the dog only narrowly escaped a fatal strangulation during the trip out on a stretcher designed for humans.

Reference: "Caving Practice & Equipment", Ed. D. Judson.

### A NAME - WHAT'S IN A NAME ? Part 3.

Once, the celtic languages stretched across Europe. Today they survive only in Wales, Scotland and Ireland, and Brittany: the land of the Britons. Celtic mythology and religion were closely bound up with natural features such as trees, rivers, mountains and of course caves. Caverns were seen as mysterious openings to the other world, the Tir na nOg of the Irish, or the Annwfn of the Welsh. More prosaically caves served as convenient places to dump a body, to hide from pursuers, or just shelter family and livestock. For whatever reason, open cave entrances have been well known for centuries and may have had much the same name for almost as long.

A direct translation from welsh or gaelic to english is simple enough - many guide books include a dictionary at the back. But this rarely explains why a cave should be so named. This then continues my speleo-etymological tour of the British Isles by examining the legends and histories of some of the caves in South Wales. Scotland and Ireland, to do their caves full justice, will have to wait until a later issue.

.oo00oo.

The people of Wales call themselves Cymry, or 'fellow-countrymen', a reminder that they, together with the Irish, Scots and Cornish, are the true Britons - or at least the inhabitants of the British Isles prior to the conquests of Romans, Saxons, Danes and Normans. It was the usurping Saxons (Sassenachs to the Scots) who called the dispossessed Britons 'welisc' meaning 'foreigners'. The Welsh have remained as fiercely independent in word as in deed, and the Welsh language, isolated behind the Cambrian Mountains, has remained free for centuries. Cave names, at least the famous ones, have thus probably borne exactly the same for many hundreds of years.

As elsewhere, it is the caves with the large entrances and not necessarily those with extensive systems which have acquired historical notoriety. Antiquarian fame is usually far out of proportion to any speleological interest. In South Wales, Porth yr Ogof, for example, with its massive fairly accessible entrance has been the subject of travellers' tales for centuries and seems to have attracted more than its fair share of exaggeration, with writers describing the "bottomless gulfs" and "stygian horrors" with considerable relish.

The earliest surviving reference to the cave is a letter dated 1698 calling the cave Porth Gogo, which is clearly a simple corruption of the present (or rather the original) name, since ogof is just cave in welsh. This implies that the cave's name has been the same since well before the seventeenth century. The word porth in welsh means something rather grander than a door (cf. Latin 'porta'), and Porth yr Ogof is usually translated as 'Gateway to the Cave'. Other names mentioned by early travellers are Porth Mawr (Great Gateway) and Cwm Porth Cavern (Valley Gateway Cavern) but these, although admirably suitable, have long since fallen into disuse.



Porth yr Ogof from Thomas Roscoe's "Wanderings and Excursions in South Wales", published in 1836. NB This etching wrongly depicts the river as flowing out of the main entrance.

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The only other name for Porth yr Ogof still in current use is White Horse Cave, which originates from the distinctive band of white calcite inside the main entrance at about the limit of daylight. The formation has also been likened to the body of a child, and the lake in front of it, usually called the White Horse Pool, is sometimes known as Llyn y Baban (Lake of the Baby) but this is a fairly recent innovation. Nineteenth century guides to the cave used to tell of a child murdered and of the miraculous restoration of the drowned infant from the black abyss to deepen the thrilling interest of the place, but there is no historical precedent for this.

Porth yr Ogof carries the River Mellte (that is, 'Lightening', which presumably refers to its sudden propensity to flash floods), which flows on to join with the River Heptse at Pont Sychryd (Dry Ford Bridge). The Hepste, a typical karstic river which for most of the year flows underground, derives its name from 'hesp' and 'taf' meaning: dry-river, the letters s and p having become inverted, a fairly common occurrence (cf. Porth Gogo/Porth Ogof).

Above the confluence of the Hepste with the Mellte is the enormous Dinas Rock - a favourite place for climbers. In a cave beneath the cliff is said to sleep Arthur and his knights, in readiness for the fateful day when they have to save Britain. Caves do exist here eg. Ogof Pont Sychryd, but no slumbering heros have yet been found.

Like its tributaries the Mellte and the Hepste, the Neath River also flows underground where it crosses the main limestone outcrop. In dry weather the flow usually sinks about 50m up from the road bridge over the Cwm Pwyll y Rhyd gorge. There is no entry here, but next to the bridge is a large depression sloping down to a small cave entrance. This is Bridge Cave, formerly known as Ogof Nedd Fechan, that is Little Neath Cave. Here, little



denotes that the river is still in its upper reaches. The name Neath (Nedd) apparently derives from an ancient celtic root meaning 'shining' and refers to the broad lower reaches of the mature river as it flows out to the sea just east of Swansea.

In Bridge Cave, the entrance boulder choke was passed in 1947 and the underground Neath River rejoined. It continues through a sump and into an extensive network of galleries. Dry entry to this part of the system is via a small hole in the river bank upstream of the bridge which was discovered in 1967. The whole system is known as the Little Neath River Cave but by association the name is usually taken to refer to the dry(ish) riverbank entrance. In wet weather when all the Neath's flow cannot sink via L.N.R.C. the surface flow continues down the Cwm Pwyll y Rhyd gorge: 'Valley of the Pool Ford' (the road bridge is new) until it plunges into a wide rift across the river bed. This is Ogof Pwyll y Rhyd, taking its name from the gorge, or possibly visa versa. Although 'pwell' in welsh means 'pool', it can, like the similar cornish 'pol' so common in place names, be taken as 'cove' or 'pit'. In english the cave is known as Deep Pit Cave which although not an accurate rendering of the welsh does seem more suitable. The water which sinks here flows underground to resurge a little further down the valley at White Lady Cave, a name which I feel must have some story behind it although I cannot trace it.

The valley of the River Tawe (Quiet River) contains the two major systems of Dan yr Ogof and Ogof Ffynnon Dhu. Dan yr Ogof translates direct from the welsh as Below the Cave, an odd name for so large and prominent cavern. It was however christened in the days when DY0 was simply an impenetrable resurgence, and much more attention was being given to the archaeologically important Ogof yr Esgyrn, 30m higher up the valley side. Ogof yr Esgyrn (Bone Cave) was for centuries known simply as Yr Ogof (The Cave) since it was the only obvious opening in this side of the valley. It was renamed when significant animal and human remains were found here in the 1920s. It contained remains of the Bronze Age of 850 - 1050 BC, as well as the bones of about forty humans belonging to the Romano-British period. Intriguingly associated with the bones of this fairly squalid cave community were found a seal-box for sealing important despatches, and a small well-made Roman steel yardarm. Had the family fallen on hard times? Were they fugitives or were these valuable items just loot? Whatever the explanation the cave was abandoned soon afterwards.

Dan yr Ogof itself was first entered in 1912 when two local brothers, Jeff and Ashwell Morgan, pushed in through the low entrance until a deep pool barred the way on. On following days, accompanied by a third brother, Edwin, and using first a raft and then a small welsh coracle, they negotiated deep water and cascades until finally stopped by a large waterfall upstream of the lakes. Here exploration stopped for about 25 years. Eventually in 1937 the Morgan brothers purchased the whole site and re-commenced exploration with the assistance of a team from the Yorkshire Ramblers Club. Using an inflatable dinghy, which actually proved far less stable in the fast flowing water than the coracle, they surmounted the waterfall and crossed the last of the deep water to gain access to the caverns beyond. A new entrance was dug for the public and the show cave opened in the summer of 1939 - only to be closed three months later by the outbreak of war when it was used to store vast quantities of explosive.

Reopened shortly after the war DY0, or at least its entrance series, is now a firmly established show cave with concrete paths, electric light and tamed water.

On the other side of the Tawe River is the system of Ogof Ffynnon Dhu. Although it is now a very deep and long system, OFD (Cave of the Black Spring) originally referred only to the short cave associated with the stream resurging from a gloomy pool. An accessible entrance to the main cave seems formerly to have existed for those few prepared to venture into the unknown. One such story concerns a young man, traditionally an animal castrator by trade, who used to tour the area announcing his arrival in the neighbourhood by blowing a horn. One day, for some reason, he entered the cave of OFD sounding his horn. For a while he could be heard beneath the surface but gradually all sound died away and he was never seen again.

The present OFD 1 entrance to the main system was forced by digging in 1946. Some way inside the skeleton of a young man was discovered in one of the chambers. The bones were in a position which suggested he had fallen asleep propped against the walls, probably from exhaustion, and there he had died. The only entrance to the chamber was from vertical holes in the ceiling through which he had probably fallen from the passage above. There was no way he could have climbed the smooth eight foot walls without assistance. The skeleton was very old with no other clues to suggest identity. Whether it was the animal castrator, a treasure seeker, or just curious, will never be known.

The rest of the extensive OFD system was first entered from OFD 1 by divers in the 1960s. Eventually it was connected with the cave of Cwm Dwr (Valley Stream) itself broken into by quarrying operations. The Top Entrance, OFD 2, was blasted to ease exploration of the upper end of the system. Finally on the plateau above OFD (but not part of the same system) is the open pothole of Pant Mawr (Big Hollow). The name, appropriate enough for this large open shaft, is actually taken from the wide, shallow, closed depression, which is the drainage basin for the streams draining into Pant Mawr Pot. This surface shaft has been known for centuries but the first recorded descent was only made in 1937.

The other major system in South Wales is that behind the Llangatwg escarpment. The caves here for the most part owe their discovery to quarrying. The old tramroad running along the escarpment was built in 1816 to transport the limestone to the Nantyglo iron works at Brynmawr. Along the line of the tram road are Ogof Agen Allwedd (Keyhole Cave), named from the shape of the constricted entrance, Daren Cilau (Niche in the Cliff) and Ogof Pen Eryr (Eagle Height Cave), a modern romantic name. Only Eglwys Faen (Stone Church) is a natural opening and it is said to have served as a refuge for those fleeing religious persecution (who? when?), hence the name.

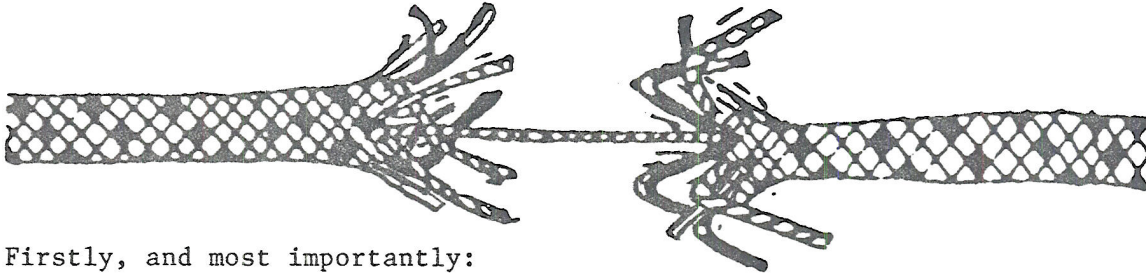
On the other side of the mountain, in the Clydach Gorge, and again exposed by quarrying, is Ogof Craig y Ffynnon (Rock and Fountain Cave). Access to the main cave above the resurgence was only achieved in 1977 after some 20 years of digging. Strictly the cave is named after the Rock and Fountain Inn on the road directly below the quarry, but this in turn took its name from the resurgence associated with the then undiscovered cave.

This last example shows how difficult it sometimes is to distinguish the true origin of a cave's name, and thus get a little closer to the question of: "just why is this cave called that?".

Clive Orrock

## A FEW RULES ABOUT USING CLUB GEAR

This is basically written for the new members, although some who aren't particularly new might do well to take notice as well, as it does seem to be generally assumed that you should acquire this sort of information by some form of osmosis. As you might have guessed from the title, there are a few rules that you should bear in mind when using club (and other people's) gear. Some of these rules have direct bearing on your safety underground, others have more bearing on your safety above ground ie. if you don't pay attention you might end up getting your nose broken (ha ha ha).



Firstly, and most importantly:

### **ROPE**

All of the rope used by the club is of 'kernmantel' construction. This means that it consists of a load-bearing core of continuous bunches of fibres surrounded by a woven sheath. The core is the main load-bearing element, and is protected (partially) from the rest of the world by the sheath. Although all ropes will inevitably deteriorate with age, there are a few basic rules that should be followed to help maintain our ropes and keep deterioration to a minimum.

- (1) **Carrying ropes:** this is very important. A rope should never be taken underground unless it is packed in a tackle sack. This will stop it getting dragged through mud and grit, getting snagged, trodden on and so forth.
- (2) **Don't tread on ropes:** this can damage the core without leaving a mark on the sheath. I realise that this is sometimes unavoidable, particularly with the stores in their current state, but don't go stomping all over it.
- (3) **Keep chemicals away from ropes:** the nylon from which all our ropes are made is fairly resistant to attack from alkalis but will suffer if in contact with acid. Although FX2 lamps have a totally sealed cell, we do still have some old alkaline Nicad cells, and many other cavers use lead-acid cells, also carbide ash is alkaline. So don't put nicad cells (the old black) ones or carbide ash in tackle sacks containing rope. Also keep the ropes away from organic solvents such as WD 40, petrol cans etc.
- (4) **Washing ropes:** despite putting them in tackle bags etc. ropes will still always get dirty underground. Then, particularly if they get wet (common), particles of grit get worked in through the sheath and into the fibres of the core. These can abrade the core, again without any outward signs of

damage. To counteract this the club possesses a mechanical wonder called a rope washer. Ideally, ropes should be washed after every trip, and then inspected for signs of damage and wear (nothing to do on a Wednesday afternoon?). In addition, all the knots should be taken out and any hangers removed (in fact you'll find it pretty hard to wash it without doing this), and then the rope coiled and put back where it belongs. This does not always happen at the moment mostly due to a combination of apathy and other factors such as old lags going to one place and the rope going to another. I think, however, that this is very important and should happen. If you aren't going to be around to wash the ropes, then make sure that someone is. Remember, kids, it's your life on the line. Sorry for the old joke.

## LAMPS

Only a few quickies here. It is your responsibility to make sure that the lamp you've been using goes on charge if you want to be able to go caving the day after. Don't complain if there isn't a lamp for you if the one you used the day before is still kicking around in the back of the van. We have been having some problems with light failures recently. If your light gives you problems, make a note of the number if it's an FX2 (the red ones) or keep it separate from the others if it's an Oldham (the black ones. (OK I know they aren't really Oldhams, but it keeps things simple). If you don't tell us, we can't do anything about it.

## WHEN YOU GET BACK FROM A WEEKEND

You've just crawled out of the van after a 7 hour drive with my feet stuck in your face, you've been underground all day, your hangover hasn't quite gone and it's two o'clock in the morning. The last thing you want to do is the following:

- (1) If you have any wet club gear, especially a furry, hang it up to dry. Otherwise they smell even worse!
- (2) Make sure that your lamp goes back in the crate. Otherwise Alva or me or some other poor sod has to root through piles of festering bags when we want to charge them.
- (3) This is the one that will keep your nose intact. If you have someone else's gear give it back to them. If you aren't sure, look and see if it has a name on it - everything should. If you don't know what to do with it, ask.

In fact, if you aren't sure of anything, for God's sake do ask. You'll probably get some obscene and sarcastic reply (especially from me), but don't let that put you off. And (bad grammar there) always remember: if you don't do it someone else has to, and then they'll find you and you'll have some new and painful experiences.

This article was brought to you by R.J.K. meglomaniac and power-crazed enterprises.

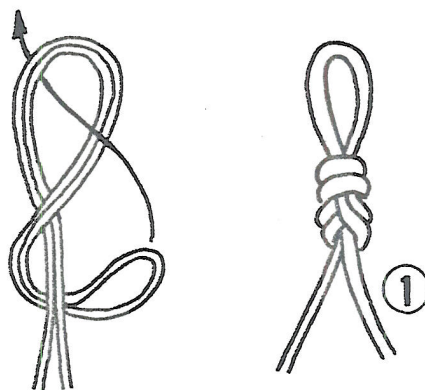
## WHY KNOT? – WHY NOT!

I know basic knotwork has been covered many times before, but this is primarily for the benefit of those who missed, or have forgotten the previous (and possibly dated) articles. Every caver must know how and when to tie a few simple knots, further he must be certain of this ability since lives depend on it. Doubtless ideas about the use of certain knots will change in the future, but I doubt if many "new" knots will be "invented". The following 10 or so simple knots do not claim to be the last word on the matter, but should suffice for a lifetime's caving.

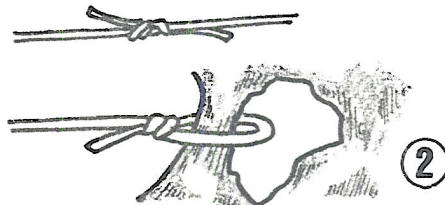
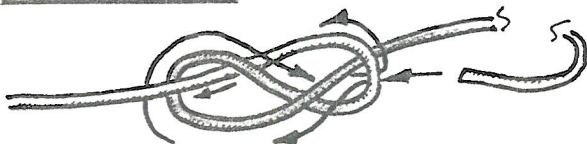
### FIGURE 8 LOOP

The figure-8 has become the cavers' universal knot, and lends itself to almost every purpose underground. If you can tie no other knots, make sure you can tie this one, one-handed and blindfold!!!

USE : General ropework and rigging.

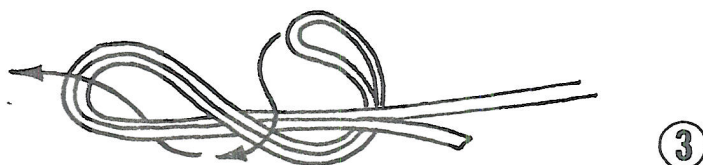


### FIGURE 8 BEND (ie reversed)



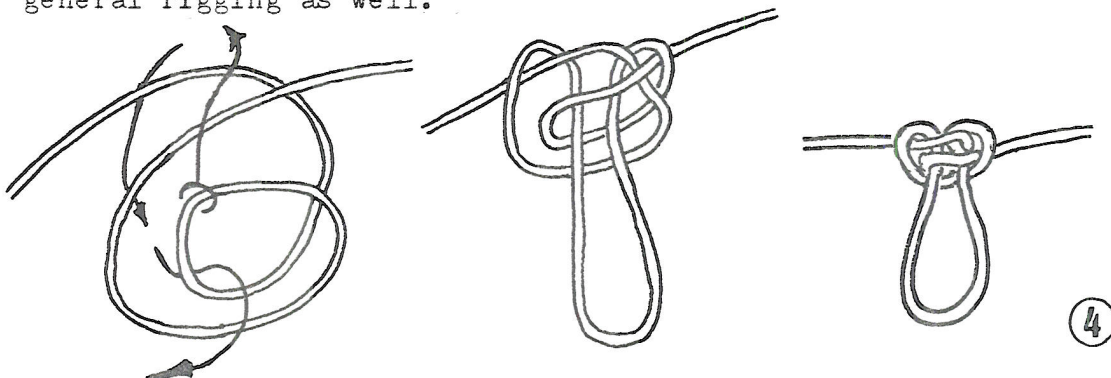
USE : Joining two ropes, or in end of rope through an eye-hole.

FIGURE 9 is a progression from the figure-8 with an additional half turn. It is the strongest knot known, its only disadvantage being its bulk. It can substitute for the Fig-8 in all applications but is generally only used for particularly old or lightweight rope where it is desirable to reduce the weakening effect of the knot to an absolute minimum.



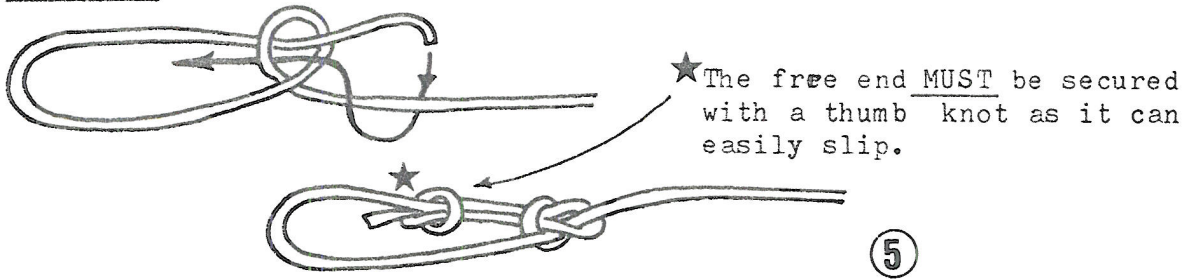
### BUTTERFLY KNOT (Alpine Butterfly)

This can again be tied in mid rope, and has the advantage over the figure 8 knot in that it may be loaded from the loop or along the standing rope in either direction without distortion. As such it is ideal for traverse line rigging and is now preferred for most general rigging as well.



USE : Traverse lines, certain Y belays, general rigging.

BOWLINE



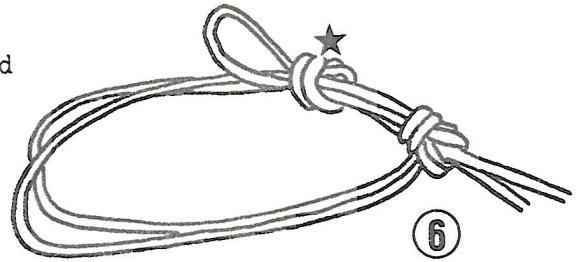
USE : Lifelines tied directly round the body, belay loops in rope end.

DOUBLE BOWLINE

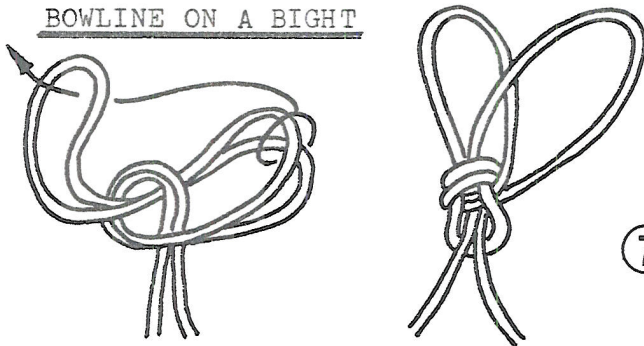
Same as the basic bowline above but tied in mid rope using the rope doubled.

Again it Must be secured with a knot.★

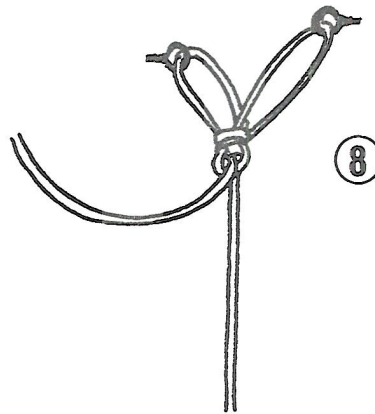
USE : Natural eye-hole belay in mid rope.



BOWLINE ON A BIGHT

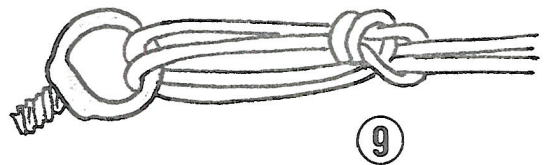
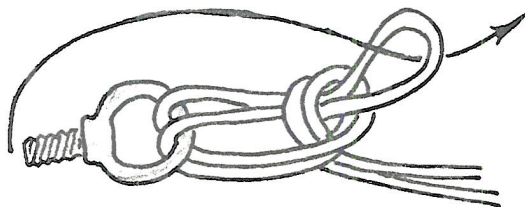


A variation of the double bowline with the end loop passed back over the half completed knot. This gives two, adjustable loops.

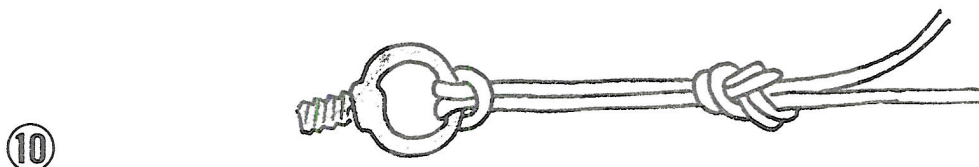


USE : Y hang from double belay:

Ring hanger in mid rope:



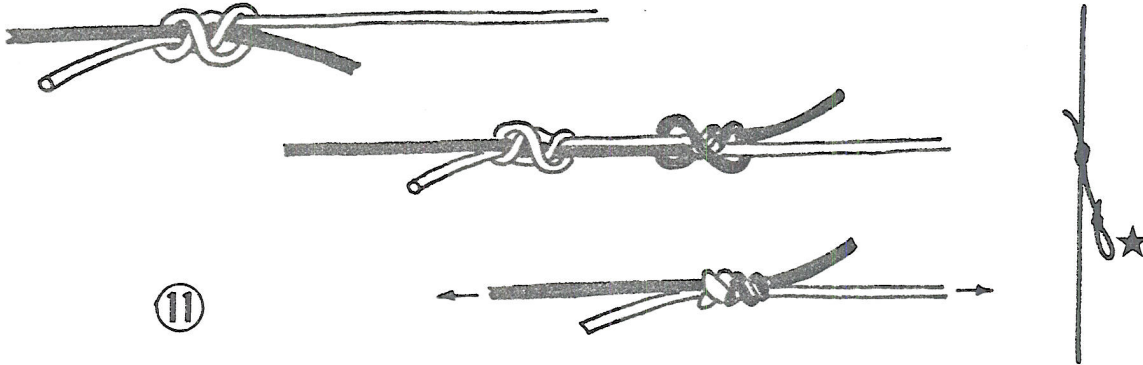
An alternative to ⑨ (ring hanger in mid rope) is to use a simple lark's foot hitch and then secure this with a ubiquitous figure-8:



## DOUBLE FISHERMAN'S

Two ropes can be adequately tied together if they are of equal diameter using a figure-8 bend as in ②. This does however have a tendency to creep and so needs careful tightening and adequate rope ends to be left.

Better is to use a DOUBLE FISHERMAN'S which forms a very secure knot (although it can be very hard to undo) and is suitable for different diameter ropes.



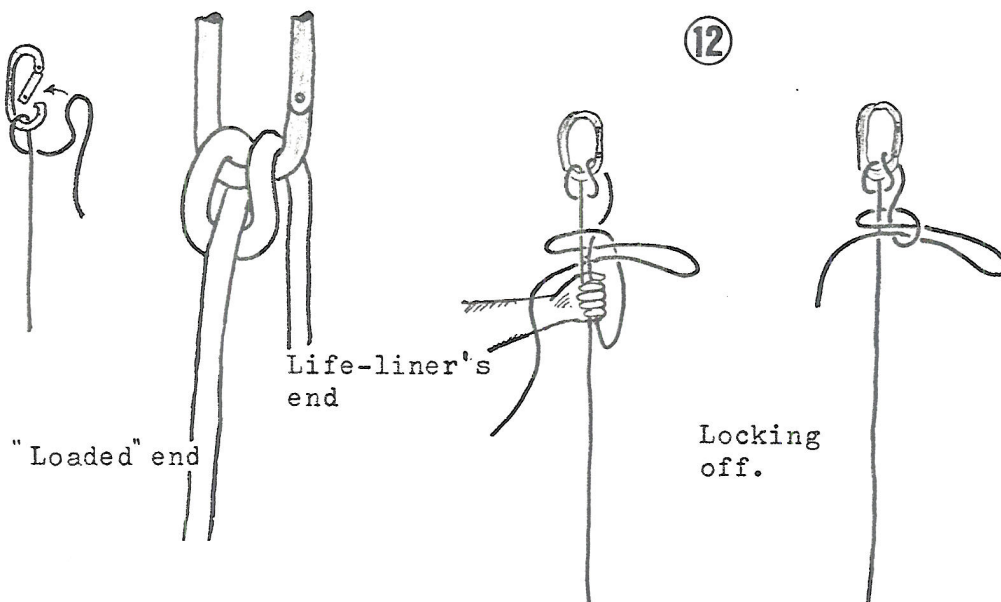
USE : Joining ropes.

Whenever joining ropes in mid pitch it is essential that a safety loop be left, tied into the free end of the top rope ★. This allows cowstail protection whilst passing the knot.

## ITALIAN HITCH

Although this is strictly not-a-knot (!), this simple hitch, with a large D-, or ideally a Pear-shaped karabiner, allows safe life-lining either up or down. In use the hitch can fully reverse itself thus enabling a climber to be safely lowered. The Italian hitch does, however, put a lot of twist into the rope unlike similar methods using an ordinary descender.

USE : Life-lining, improvised descender.



Story Time.....

### A NIGHT IN THE CAVE

It was almost dark when he found the cave: so dark he had very nearly missed it.

Earlier, as he'd struggled across the bleak fells wreathed in swirling mist, he had briefly caught sight of a dark smudge on the hill's flank ahead. Drawn toward the sanctuary of this lonely cluster of trees, his hopes of shelter had been dashed when all he had found was a few stunted birches ringing an open pothole. He'd crawled forward over the arthritic roots clasping the limestone lip and looked down.

In contrast to the windswept fells, the shaft was still and as silent as the grave. The smooth, mossy walls fell away vertically into the gloom. From about fifty feet below, a black pool of stagnant, deep water winked forlornly back. But then, as the night closed in and with it the blackness of despair, he had turned around and seen the cave.

Tucked under a low rocky scar, not five paces from the open shaft, the cave offered shelter, and moreover concealment. Inside the darkness was damp and heavy. He struck a match and with its haloed light could see the tunnel turn round a corner a few yards ahead. Striking another he crept along the wall, down the little stoney passage and into a small chamber at the end.

The air was a bit clearer here. A mossy cleft in the ceiling connected with the bare limestone pavement above, and brought down a whisper of the wind as it sighed through the tussocks of grass huddled in their limey crevices. The little cavern smelt earthy, but was clean and dry, with space enough on the bare floor for a tired fugitive to lie in peace. There was also the remains of a crude hearth built into a corner. Thinking it too dark for any to see the smoke, he brought in some twigs and was soon boiling his meagre supper over a bright fire, and drying some of the day's rain out of his clothes. Presently he piled the fire high, and setting his boots to dry, stretched out on the bare earth floor to sleep.

He couldn't have been sleeping very long, for when a numbness forced him awake, the fire was still burning brightly. He turned over and was about to settle again when he was startled by a clatter of stones from down the passage. He held his breath. There again: the unmistakable sound of faltering footsteps, and the soft hush as a supporting hand was run along the smooth walls. His eyes desperately swept the chamber. There were no other passages out, no boulders even, behind which to hide. Grimly he considered that there was nothing for it but to confront the visitor with more boldness than he felt. But that would probably still mean being dragged back to Lancaster gaol, which he had left barely two days before and where he had little desire to return.

The newcomer did not hurry himself but shuffled slowly along the passage attracted by the light of the blaze. When he entered, he paid no attention to the huddled convict in the corner, but crossed straight to the fire and warmed his hands at it. He was dripping wet, wetter than it is usually possible for a man to get, even on such a rainy night. His clothes were old and torn, and the water dripped from him onto the floor. He wore no hat and the straight hair over his eyes dripped water that sizzled spitefully on the embers.

With relief it was apparent at once that here also was no lawful citizen but another wanderer. Taking the newcomer for a homeless vagrant like himself, the first gave some sort of greeting and presently they were in conversation. The stranger complained much of the cold and wet, and huddled himself close over the fire, his teeth chattering and his face an ill white.



"No," said the first, "it's no decent weather for the road. But I wonder this snug hole isn't more frequented for it's a tidy little bit o' shelter and not so far from the drove road into Ingleton."

Outside the gaunt trees stirred in the rain and a draught caused the fire to leap bright with a hiss. Dark shadows danced madly round the water-worn walls, and writhed across the floor.

"Time was," came the reply, "there wasn't a nicer place to stop, oft' used it was by shepherds. A proper shieling, set up here on the bleak fells but as dry and snug as a farm kitchen. But now, nobody much'll stay in it: there's few tramps will stop here and the shepherds avoid the place."

It was true, there was none of the rags and papers and broken food about that you find in a place where many beggars are wont to stay.

"But why's that?" enquired the first.

His companion gave a heavy sigh before answering.

"Ghosts," he said. "Ghosts. Him as was used to stay here. It's a mighty sad tale, but the upshot of it was that he threw himself down the pothole yonder, and drowned himself in the pool at the bottom. All slimy and floatin' he was when at last they pulled him out. Nasty job. That was some years back. But, some folk still reckon to see him; sometimes see him a-floating at the bottom of the hole; sensible Yorkshire hill-folk, an' all. And there are folks 'ave seen him wand'rin' round the village; like he was lookin' for someone; lookin' for his childer they say. Seems as if he had forgotten how they all died, them an' their mam, while he was up here lookin' after the sheep. All died they did, of the plague, and when he finally got word, they'd all been buried a week. He had nothing else to live for, nothing else to do, so he came back up here, wand'rin' around lost. And then he threw himself down the pothole. Drowned himself, he did, and now he walks."

Outside all had fallen silent. The stranger glanced sideways and the water squelched in his boots as he moved.

"But it doesn't do for the likes of us to get superstitious," countered the first. "It wouldn't do for us to get seeing ghosts, or many's the wet night we'd be lying in the roadway."

"No," the stranger replied, "no, it wouldn't do at all. I never had belief in walks myself."

"Nor I. If ever a place deserved ghosts, Lancaster gaol did, but me, I never see ghosts, whoever may."

The other sighed and looked straight across in a melancholy fashion.

"No," he said, "I 'spect you don't ever. Some folks never sees 'em, others only when they're about to join 'em, others just thinks they sees 'em. It's hard enough for poor fellows like us to have no money, apart from ghosts a-scarin' them."

"Aye, it's coppers, not spooks, makes me sleep uneasy. Since I ran from Lancaster, what with coppers and meddlesome folk, I've hardly had an hour's rest these past two days."

The stranger sighed again and wrung his hands over the fire. The water was still oozing from his clothes all about the floor and a dank smell went up from him.

"God man!" Can't you never get dry?"

"Dry?" Hemade a little coughing laughter. "Dry?" I shan't never be dry..... it isn't the likes of us that ever get dry, be it wet or fine, winter or summer. See that!"

He thrust his muddy hands up to the wrist into the fire, and glowered over them fiercely and madly. But his companion had caught up his boots and run crying from the cave into the night.

## Hanging Around London in the Summer!

Fed up with Summer jobs of stacking tins of beans, serving Mad-cow burgers or dodging the traffic as a despatch rider? Then how about using your caving skills?

Increasingly civil engineering contractors are using people skilled in SRT to work on tower blocks, oil rigs, crumbling cliffs etc. Apparently while earning more than £100 per day, and with insurance premiums 25% higher than other builders, SRT workers still represent cost savings to the employer. This is mostly because they remove the need for scaffolding or cradles. They also tend to have a better safety record than scaffold workers since they are nearly always on-rope. The use of abseilers in the construction industry originated in France about 15 years ago and Petzl's catalogues target this market for their SRT gear alongside the more familiar caving or climbing use.

The chap, right, is replacing a 300 Kg plate glass window in a tower block 60 m above central London. (Photo nicked, without permission, from The Independent Magazine). Not surprisingly this work is attracting not just glaziers and steeplejacks, but ex-marines, climbers and cavers. At least one company (CAN UK Ltd.) have started advertising in Descent magazine. But forget making your fortune over one Summer: they still insist on their own training, and supervision on lowbuildings for the first 6 months before letting you loose on the Nat West Building.

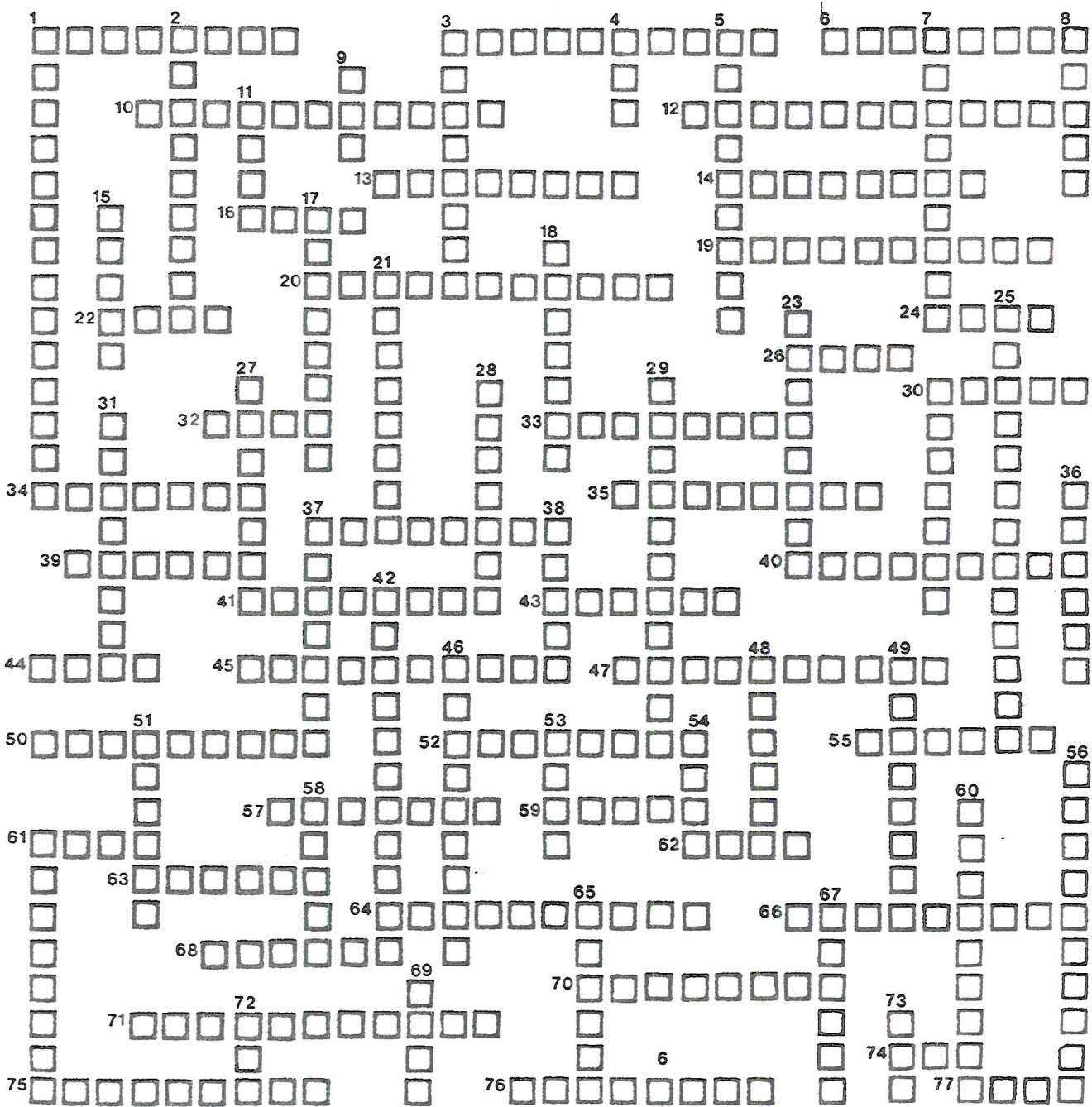
Perhaps soon, on completion of your SRT course at Reptile Dodgey Guides you'll get a Ministry approved certificate of SRT competence! Whatever next - Day Release Caving for sewer workers?

Clive Orrock



CAVING CROSSWORD/WORD FIT

Two in one. Either fit all the listed cave names into the grid (ignoring the numbers) or, for a real challenge, try it as a cryptic crossword. The completed grid is the same, so no peeking at the word list if doing it as a crossword. Whatever the crossword clues imply, they are all Dales' caves ie. in the Lancs/Yorks/Cumbria area.



3  
BAR  
CAR  
COW  
DOW  
OBJ

4  
ALUM  
AVEN  
BULL  
ECHO  
HULL  
HUNT  
KAIL  
KING  
LINK  
LOST  
NICK  
RIFT  
SLIT

5  
BLOOD  
GAVEL  
HERON  
IREBY  
LARGE  
WADES

6  
DICCAN  
GOYDEN  
HURTLE  
JOCKEY  
LIZARD  
NETTLE  
OLD ING  
ROWTEN  
SUNSET  
VESPER

7  
BOREHAM  
JUNIPER  
QUAKING  
REDMIRE  
ROARING  
SWINSTO  
TOP SINK

8  
BROWGILL  
DALEBARN  
EASEGILL  
GINGLING  
GROWLING  
HAGG GILL  
HANGMANS  
JINGLING  
MEREGILL  
MOSSDALE

NIPPIKIN  
PIPKIKIN  
POOL SINK  
RUMBLING  
SELL GILL  
SIMPSONS  
SNATCHER  
WASHFOLD

9  
BROWN HILL  
BRUNTS CAR  
CHRISTMAS  
LANCASTER  
GREAT DOUK  
LONG CHURN  
MONGO GILL  
SHORT DROP  
WHITESCAR

10  
GAPING GILL  
GRANGE RIGG  
MALHAM COVE  
MARBLE SINK  
PROVIDENCE  
STUMP CROSS

11  
BLACK SHIVER  
DOWKABOTTOM  
IBBETH PERIL  
LONG KIN EAST  
LONG KIN WEST

12  
BROKEN FINGER  
13  
FLOOD ENTRANCE  
14  
DISAPPOINTMENT

## ACROSS:

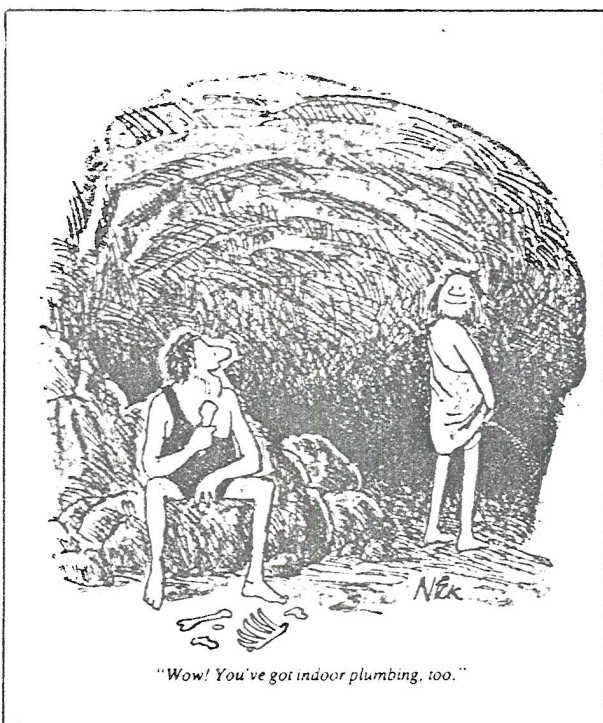
1. Beer counter in deoxyribonucleic.(8)
3. Supply nice cave without I. (10)
6. Forehead requires liquid measure to be complete.(8)
10. Toad, tomb, wok: confused? (11)
12. Grade 5 snapped digit. (6,6)
13. Sad moles upset by boggy valley. (8)
14. Hen's cart is mixed. (8)
16. John, for instance, misplaced on Leck Fell. (4)
19. O, not a cave: near Gordale.(6,4)
20. Capsized sealing knot. (4,3,4)
22. Rubbish! Paired with 9 down. (4)
24. Use intermediate frequency in radio telemetry to connect allotment to Ireby Fell. (4)
26. Pot hidden in a lumber plantation.(4)
30. Grade 2 pot near Stump Cross pitches into Blackshiver. (5)
32. Ship's body on Penyghent's slopes.(4)
33. Girl numb and badly shaken - sounds like she's hungry too! (8)
34. Messy ink spot. (3,4)
35. Only a quarter-pint : from the pond? (8)
37. Sleigh bells ringing along the Turbary Road. (8)
39. Sounds like Dick is able to find part of the Alum system. (5)
40. Rose red city on Casterton Fell. (9)
41. Gin sling adulterated by Scout and Guide swap. (8)
43. With spectacles you'll find your way there for evensong. (6)
44. Search for pot on slopes of Penyghent (4)
45. Major Dales' shaft in yawning ravine. (6,4)
47. Ranger in Government Issue joins to Gaping Gill. (6,4)
50. Ourselves, the National Trust and the railways awkwardly pack together into a car. (5,4)
52. American soldier, left, blunders into an easel. (8)
55. Hole, full of quips and gaining 100, becomes a serious rider. (6)
57. Swots in a muddle. (7)
59. Find her on a short through trip.(5)
61. Pot below Penyghent pitches into the bottom of Simpson's. (4)
62. Royal cave above Braida Garth. (4)
63. Reptile seen near Christmas. (6)
64. Chopped crucifix on road to Pately Bridge. (5,5)
66. Mongol gets upset about soldier near 64 across. (5,4)
68. I hear my boys have eaten. (6)
70. Instructions for cleaning shirts: or wooly jumpers!?! (8)
71. Maybe not all, but some New Zealand sportsmen are going to France for winter, although it's cold and dark there. (5,5)
74. Despite its name it's dry, say the sheep. (3)
75. Not far to fall, not much to drink either. (5,4)
76. Morbid word game full of suspense.(8)
77. Steal, cut and arrest, the Devil.(4)

## DOWN:

1. Sid's going the wrong way to rendezvous with GG: or is he? (14)
2. Sepia mound in Kingsdale. (5,4)
3. Confused solo pink cave. (4,4)
4. With providence you'll get there in the end: by Arab boat, I hear. (3)
5. Winter festival pot. (9)
7. Chalkie's motor, I hear, runs from Ingelton to the Hill Inn. (9)
8. It's big, or is that a red herring(5)
9. Another bovine pot, like 22. (3)
11. Minor cabbage pot in W Kingsdale. (4)
15. The Cavern with the nursery rhyme pitches. (5)
17. Order Gillian to be sold! (4,4)
18. Ochre bog parallel to Birksfell. (7)
21. Bite some pie and then join the relatives. (Same family as 31 down perhaps). (8)
23. One and a half childish horses in sleet join fifty at the end. (4,4)
25. Loo joins Dent in France. (5,8)
27. Grade 5 shakehole. (7)
28. Noisy paddle in circular band. (7)
29. Following abbreviated Latin, Beth heads towards danger. (6,5)
30. Hollow out bacon. (7)
31. The pie is seedy but the relatives are still here as in 21. (8)
36. Throw down pot near Weathercote. (6)
37. Rip june to pieces. (7)
38. Hammer pot entered by short drop. (5)
42. Swingle knot messily related to 20 across. (4,3,4)
46. Large Chapel-le-Dale resurgence goes to do U.K. (5,4)
48. Gentiles' lair, near Manchester. (6)
49. Grrrr! Cultivate variety of large sea fish. (8)
51. Stinging plant pot. (6)
53. Cave name repeated around the Dales. (4)
54. Vital connection in longest cave system. (4)
56. Washbasin for the wealthy, perhaps. (6,4)
58. Despite the name, it's a dry way into Gaping Gill. (5)
60. Extended buttermaking at Selside Farm (4,5)
61. Cartoon family in W Kingsdale. (8)
65. Pot occupying place in line X. (6)
67. Cave in area of folding. (3,3)
69. High roof in Venetian cavern. (4)
72. Thread rack in reverse but drop the potassium. (3)
73. Initially starts objectively. (3)

ANSWERS TO: CHASMS, CAVERNS, HOLLOWES AND HOLES. IN ISSUE No. 13.

1. Axel Lindenbrock in "Journey to the Centre of the Earth", by Jules Verne.
2. King Arthur: traditional. Quoted from "The Legend of Alderney" see No 8.
3. Tom and Becky in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" by Mark Twain.
4. Arthur Dent, Ford Prefect, Zaphod et al, in the "Hitch-hikers Guide to the Galaxy" by Douglas Adams. Actually this scene only appeared in the radio series and not in any of the books.
5. Charon: Greek myth. Cartoon by Mike Williams of Punch.
6. "Allain Quaterman and the Lost City of Gold": good ripping-yarns stuff by H Rider Haggard.
7. Ben Gunn in "Treasure Island" by Robert Louis Stevenson.
8. Colin and Susan in "The Weirdstone of Brisingamen" by Alan Garner.
9. Noggin the Nog in "Noggin and the Ice Dragon" by Oliver Postgate.
10. Mowgli, in "The Jungle Book" by Rudyard Kipling.
11. Victor Hugo's description of the ancient Paris sewer system, as about to be entered by Jean Valjean in "Les Misérables".
12. Jill and Eustace, with Puddleglum the Marshwiggle in "The Silver Chair" by C S Lewis.
13. Professor Cavour, in "The First Men in the Moon" by H G Wells.
14. Theseus: Greek Myth.
15. Miss Quested in "A Passage to India" by E M Forster.



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