

# 2000

## “The Year of the Rain”

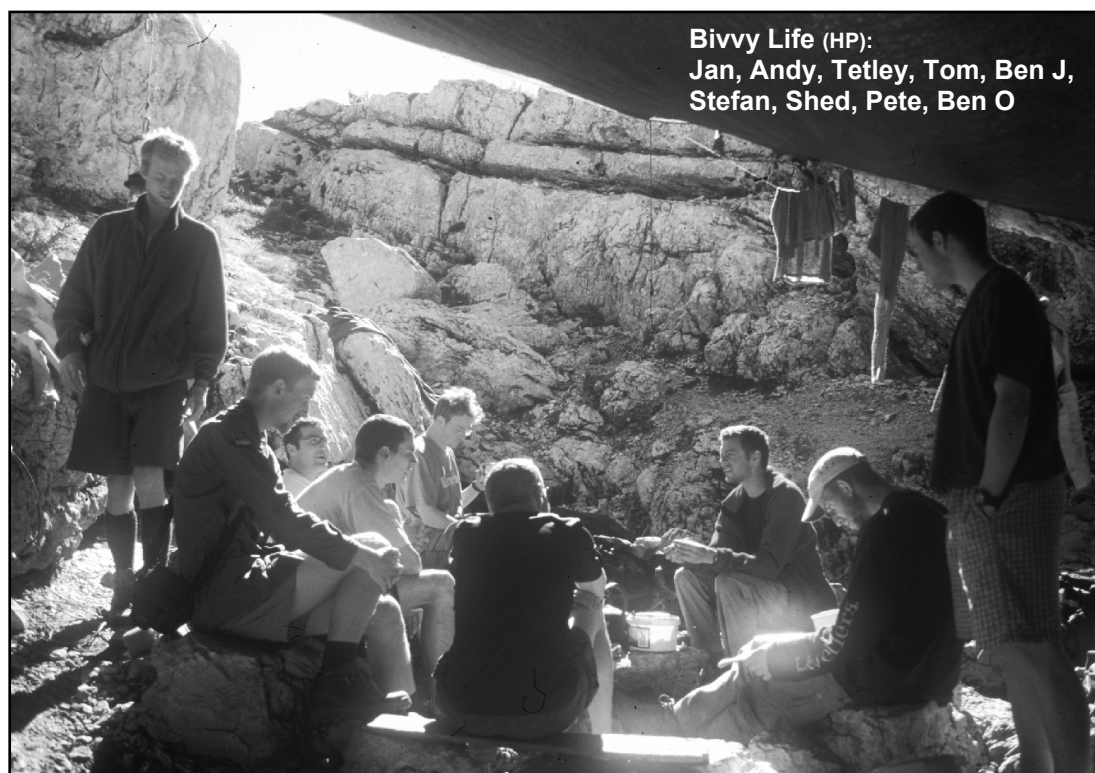
The format of the millennial expedition was pretty much the same as previous years but with several major changes. The main difference arose due to problems with hiring an Imperial College Union van. The majority of the team thus had to fly out (at some expense), while the equipment was slowly transported for the 999.9 miles from South Ken to Tolmin in Martin M<sup>c</sup>Gowan's Land Rover. In total, twenty people were on the mountain for between 2 and 6 weeks, with experience ranging, as usual, from first-year students to seasoned expedition cavers. Those cavers there at the start (having arrived by plane, train, or automobile), eventually met up in the Paradiso Bar in Tolmin - this wasn't the planned meeting point, it's just that everyone knew that the others would be there! News and stories were exchanged with JSPDT cavers and the best Slovenian beer (Laško) was drunk in its usual quantities.

This year there was a surfeit of new caves, rather than a surfeit of leads in the main system. To assist with all the pushing and surface work (and as transport space was at more of a premium), a greater amount of food was purchased locally, cured meats and bread proving particularly popular. A 'Little Dragon' (device to chemically heat the air breathed by a casualty) was bought for use in case of a rescue.

The first few days involved the usual setting up of the bivvy - rain-soaked carries of caving and camping equipment up the 1000m climb to the Plateau. We were soon pleased to see our water supply, electricity supply, tents, toilet, stove and (damp) stock of fire wood (lightning struck dwarf pine) all ready for another six weeks on Migovec.

What we didn't know as we slogged up in the drizzle was that the rain wouldn't really stop for the next five and a half weeks. We also didn't know, of course, of the huge, significant discoveries that were to be made despite the adverse conditions...

Ben Ogborne and James Hooper



## Primadona: Another big piece of the puzzle

During the year before the 2000 expedition, JSPDT cavers began exploring a cave known as Primadona. The name is an elegant joke in the local Tolminski dialect of Slovene, being a pun on 'Pri Madoni' (near the Lady Madonna, a religious shrine near the entrance on the path to Krn) and the Italian 'Prima Donna' (first lady). The large entrance lies about 100m down the cliff on the west side of the plateau. How close was this new cave to the main system? Could another connection, providing easier access to the end of Exhibition Road, be on the cards? An early priority of the 2000 expedition was thus to tie the entrance into the surface survey and to survey the cave (the Slovenes hadn't yet begun this). Seven days into the expedition, Jan ventured into Migovec's newest cave (see inset).

Over the following few weeks of the expedition, Jan and Tetley set out to find a way to the entrance from the plateau, avoiding the frightening Slovene route (via the Shepard's Huts and up from the path towards Krn). After hours of treacherous climbing and scrambling on the steep cliff, (and discovering yet another promising cave entrance, U-Bend cave) they realised that the best option would be to rig a rope down from the edge of the plateau. This abseil, though not long, is very spacious, and exposed. A "standard" pitch underground becomes quite frightening when you can look down 1.4km into the Tolminka valley below.

The new route allowed the cave to be easily tied in to the surface survey and Jan, Tom and Tetley undertook several more survey trips in the cave. It was strange exiting from the cave in the middle of the night and to then be faced with more prussiking under the stars.

We eventually found that the cave was not heading towards the main system, and exciting finds elsewhere led to the decision to leave the exploration of Primadona to JSPDT. (The Slovenes had by now finished refurbishing one of the Shepherd's huts and were keen to use this as a base to continue year-round exploration of the cave).

James Hooper and Ben Ogborne

### First impressions of Primadona

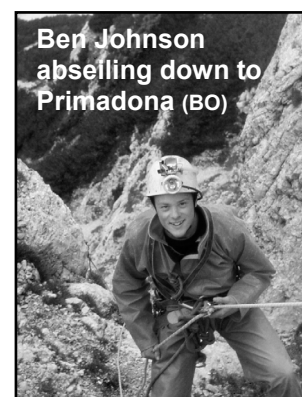
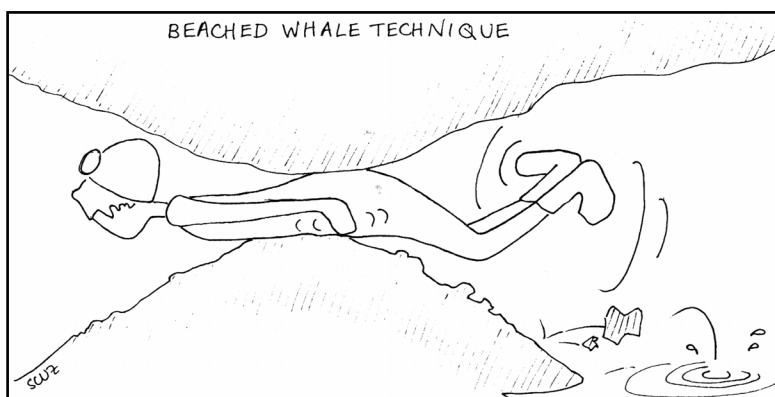
*Jan, Tomaž, Tadej, Nickolai, Small bloke with girlfriend (Samo Cuder)*

*Primadona was an experience! 9:30pm - 10:30am. An evil combination of M16 and Torn-I except more loose boulders, dodgy rigging, evil tight sharp bits, big pitches and free climbs. The most dangerous part was getting to the entrance! 200m up a steep gully, a climb up two small cliffs and a traverse across a dodgy scree slope at the top.*

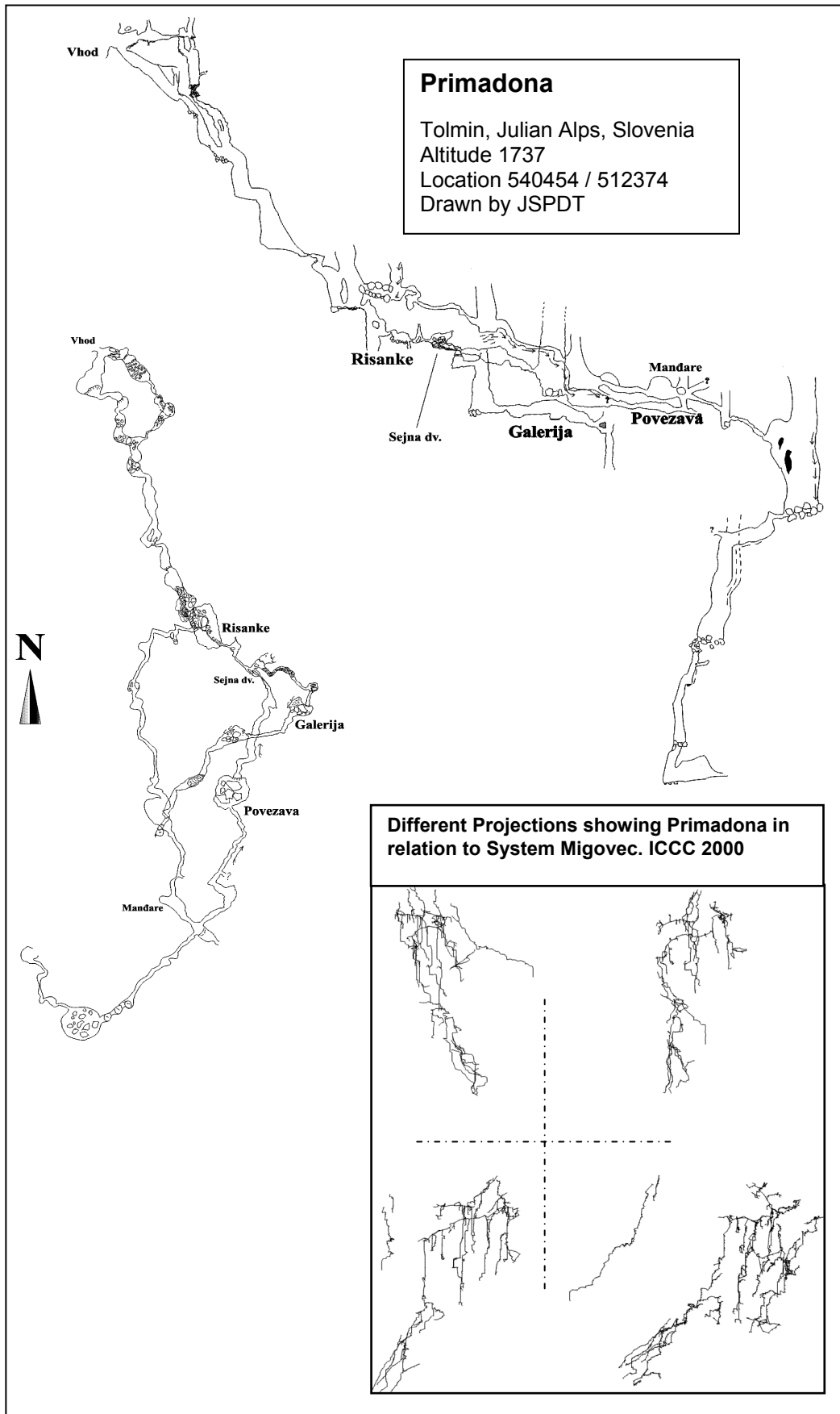
*An interesting cave, heading southeast from level with M17 and M19. It drops quickly to -150m (8 pitches) followed by rifts and climbs, more pitches and 'TTT' big pitch. I reached a depth of -250m, 4 hrs with tack[le]bags. The others carried on to explore. Tomaž and I surveyed out. Gave up at 8am. I had severe diarrhoea at 5am (case of, get entire caving kit off in 10 secs. else buy a new one). May have been due to Tadej's spicy bean curry. Got out at 10:30am. Slid down gully on my arse, causing minor avalanche, I was unable to walk though.*

*[Tadej is into promoting Mig and gave an interview on his mobile from Shepherd's huts to local radio about our trip!]*

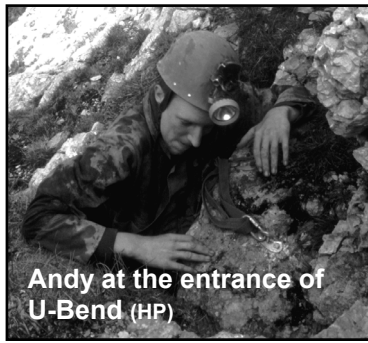
Jan Evetts (logbook 3-7-02)



# Primadona Survey 2000

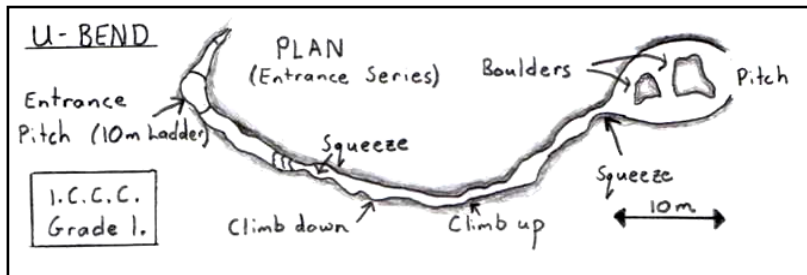


**U-Bend 571 (Location 540457/512375, Height 1795)**



Andy at the entrance of U-Bend (HP)

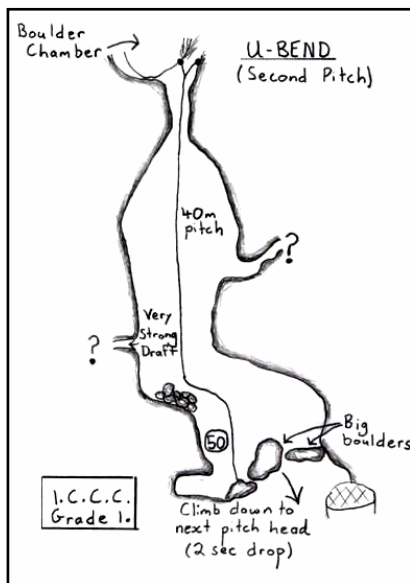
The entrance to this cave, reached by a very dodgy scramble down the cliff on the west of the plateau, was found by Tetley while looking for a way down to the entrance of Primadona. It was named U-bend as the location of the entrance lay below the U in "Club" on the drawn Migovec survey. A short ladder climb led to a slightly draughting rift with several squeezes that were eliminated "mindless vandalism style" by Clewin, Tom and a 5lb lump hammer. They turned round, due to light failure, at a constriction through which a stone was heard to rattle for quite a distance.



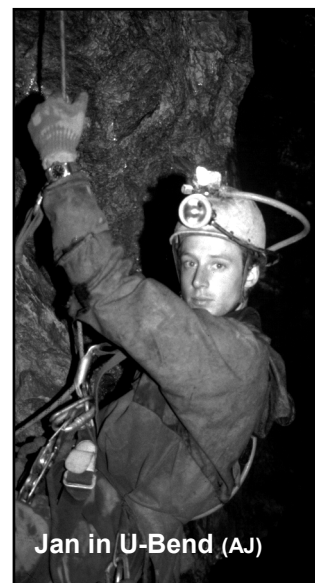
Jan in U-Bend (AJ)

Beyond this squeeze, Hilary hammered her way to a chamber and the head of a pitch with a 2½ second stone rattle. In her words, "Unfortunately, as I hadn't expected to bolt, I had no kit and had to go out at this point. I would normally have gone to get the stuff and gone back down the cave to find millions of metres of pitches, but fortunately I had been talking to Hugh the day before and he taught me that it wasn't allowed to go caving twice in one day. Also, I had catastrophic light failure from having burnt my carbide tube while negotiating the squeeze, leaving me with only two batteries, two bulbs, a Maglite and two candles on top of my normal Oldham electric backup. T.B.C..."

Two days later, Hills relates her return trip with Martin Pattenden: "Initially thwarted by a total route finding incompetence on behalf of a nameless team member, we took quite a while finding first the cave and then the way through the rift. But no disaster, no matter how embarrassing, is permanent... An unstoppable team of one leftie and one normal person, we whacked one bolt in each dodgy wall before Martin went down the 50m rope to find a beautiful pitch. Stones fall for three seconds down the next pitch, still going!!"



Near the end of the expedition, Jan and Andy descended this pitch (using a 30m rope) to find no obvious way on at the bottom. The spiky, strongly draughting rift off the big (40m) pitch was not pushed though it was thought to be easily pushable with a hammer and no SRT kit. This could be a link to Primadona, (and possibly, via horizontal passage to the main system - the mountain's hollow after all!).

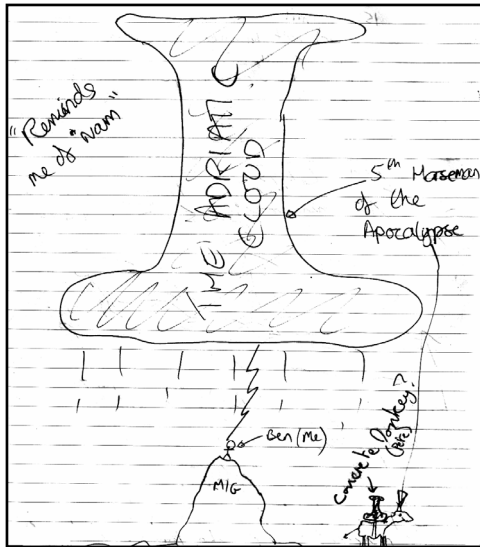


Jan in U-Bend (AJ)

James Hooper and Ben Ogborne



**And the rain came down...**



Unusually this year, the expedition was extremely wet. It's normally difficult to get enough drinking water from rain, this year the barrels were overflowing, with no need for melting snow. The diabolical conditions led to a considerable number of landslides on the road to Ravne (where the Land Rover proved its worth). 'Up top,' however, things turned rather grim as demonstrated by the following entries in the logbook written during thunderstorms and while freezing in the bivvy:

Tom Ayles after we discovered that there were heat waves in the Mediterranean:  
*"This clearly proves the pleasure-pain principle: those who take siestas get sun, we get pissed on..."*

Ben Ogborne with a typical logbook entry:  
*"Today it rained..."*

Pete Jurd after too long on Migovec:

*"Ugargugardgrudurgdrur. Ug Ugoolgoog... My lighter has just been slated and usurped. I feel for it, but life goes on ... It makes a change from the eternal thoughts of cold and rain..."*

Ben Ogborne again:

*"Woke up and it was raining. In the hope of summoning an ironic sun god, I put on everything I owned. Within a minute it was not raining but snowing (only over us - the rest of the world was blue). I don't know how much longer I can take this... I'm going to the shit pit, I may be some time..."*

Ben Johnson leaves his last will and testament:

*"Should I survive the rain (unlikely)..... I would like to leave everything to my imaginary friend George... My personal fortune (currently 2 Tolars) should be put in a trust fund to research the possibility of a Mig sized dehumidifier...Ah, my lizard is eating its way through my shoe..."*

Ben O. continues:

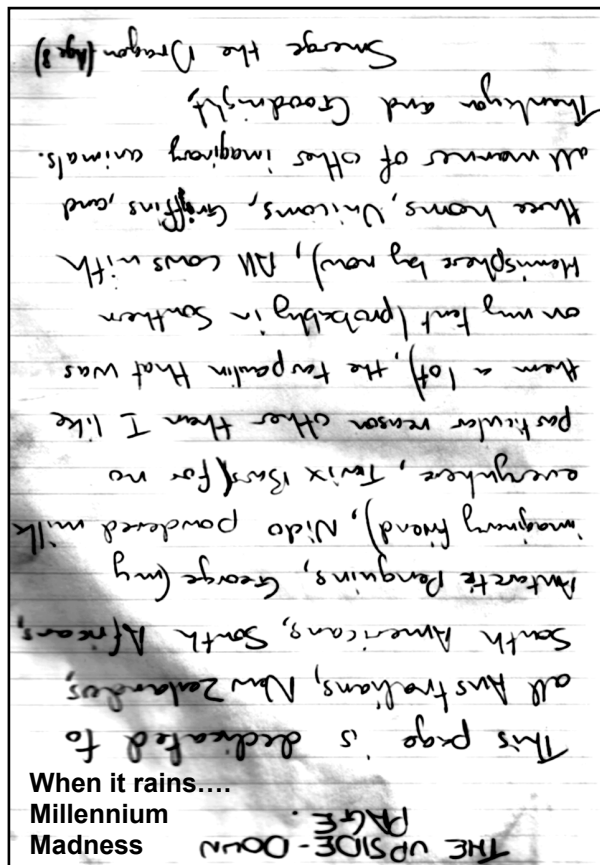
*"Today Mig produced another nice feature - Wind. No sleep last night due to being vacuum packed in my tent's inner sheet. One of the drizzle shield's tarps has also left us for fresh pastures, somewhere near Skribina."*

Things get ever more desperate:

*"Winner of 1st international urine hurling competition: Tetley (0.5m)."*

And finally, some positive thoughts:

*"I like rain, I like being cold, I hate sun, TWP is my special friend, cancel my subscription to the fifth apocalypse."*



## Obelix: More leads off Level 2

Clewin and I wandered down the M16 entrance series, in a typically incompetent first trip manner, and pressed on to Exhibition Road, an area deemed to be unsafe due to Colm's B.O.S. (Bag of Shite), deposited the day before. We arrived at Skala to find the pitch rigged (from halfway down...) and approached the constricted crawl, Dogmatix, with a flurry of, "*I hate cave like this,*" and, "*You've got to respect 'em (Shaggy and Henry - Ed.) for pushing it but at the same time they should be shot,*" etc.

The pitch head of Asterix is without doubt the nastiest bit of cave I've encountered in Mig (though I'm going down Torn-T with Tetley tomorrow so...). It thoroughly deserves some bang. We found the Obelix pitch head rigged with an entirely pointless bolt (courtesy of Colm) so we re-rigged with a natural. I rigged down, somehow finding all of Jan's bolts from last year, getting soaked and freezing my tits off (a theme of the expedition).

Once down, we found two undescended pitches. Choosing the smaller of them, we bolted down to find clean washed chambers (with some mud formations). Three rifts led off: one too small; one could be hammered but showed no signs of opening or closing; and the last is a wet and sharp pseudo-rift dropping off fairly quickly. This wasn't pushed - it'll require some traverse and pitch rigging.

We surveyed out (52m, 14 legs) and started to leave. Two hours and a noodle stop saw us at Exhibition Road, another 3½ hours (completely shagged after Obelix/Asterix) to the bivvy, overall 15½ hours.

Tom Ayles (logbook 2000)

### Postscript:

Martin and Jan later derigged Obelix, Asterix etc. Tom's lead went down to a rift which ended in a nice flowstone pool with no way on. The other pitch was undescended as Jan lost the driver and remains unexplored to this day.

#### Ode to a Bivvy Morn-ter-noon

*In the bivvy, it's one p.m.  
I've been fester-ing since ten,  
I've patched my kit,  
I've had a shit,  
And now I think, I'll start again.*

Anon



### Logbook Extracts 2000

*"He's not good for much, but he's good for blowing."* - Shed (about Tetley)

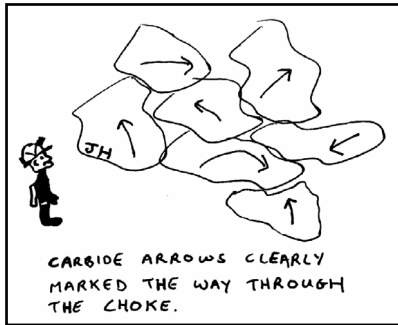
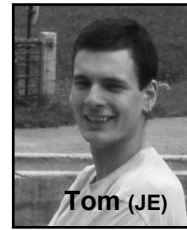
*"I'm going to die of some horrific sausage injury."* - Ben O

*"I used to do things with dormice."* - Ben 'A total misquote as usual' Ogborne

*"It's not my belly that's stuck"* - Hugh

## A Return to Rock and Roll: "Worse than you can possibly imagine"

Mystery, intrigue and occasional foolhardiness go hand in hand with exploration and discovery. In the long months between expeditions, the mind wanders and obsessions develop and grow. And so it was that I become fixated on the destination of water in the east of Sys-Mig. When it rains, and surely during the spring melt, water surges down Titanic, the bottom of Mig Country and Ta Moka, before disappearing into the depths. "Where does it go?" I asked myself again and again. The only way to find out was to return to Rock and Roll, abandoned in 1996 after a series of accidents.



Shouting "Rock and Roll," Tom and I descended beneath the Gladiator's rock bridge to the window onto Mig Country. A short drop brought us to the start of the boulder choke. I had forgotten how loose and unstable this was - carbide arrows no longer pointed the best way though the moving blocks. Tom went ahead, slowly, slowly, trying not to touch anything...

Several pitches below the main choke, the sound of water was heard. Tom rigged down between two waterfalls to the previous limit of exploration.

"Tom, Tom," I shouted over the rumble of the cascades, "Does it go?"

"It's worse than you can possibly imagine," came the loud reply.

Worse than you can possibly imagine. After ten years of caving, I thought there couldn't be many more types of squalor, misery, danger and depravity left for me to experience. A wet bedding plane crawl? A possible route beneath hanging death? I switched my electric on (my carbide was sure to go out in the water) and abseiled down to join him. The stream disappeared down a two inch wide hole.



"Where's the lead then?"

"It's over there," replied Tom, pointing at a dry, one-foot wide vertical slot.

"What's the catch? It doesn't look too bad."

"Well," said Tom grinning, "Have a look."

"Arrh, for Evans' Sake." The slot was easily passable. All I had to do was squeeze down between four year old splodges of Jim's shit. Shit, it was worse than I could have possibly imagined. For Queen, country and ICC, I lowered myself down until my nose and eyes were millimetres from the largest lump of turd. Crawling around one of them was a centimetre long, albino insect. "Christ, Jim!" I lost the presence of mind to collect this possibly new species and continued down. Fortunately the smell had gone but I was still conscious of further excrement smearing itself down my oversuit. Still, perhaps this was the way on to that elusive missing streamway? No, a dead end. Damn.

Looking up a vertical, shit-covered slot knowing there's only one way out is the sort of experience that makes me reconsider the way I live my life...

A second slot was hammered and quickly broke through into a small series of interesting free climbs. Excitement quickly rose and then just as rapidly fell as these soon terminated with no ways on. Toilet Humour, the name of our finds, can be safely left forever. The mystery of the water and the memory of Jim's shit remain to haunt me.

James Hooper

## Paradiso Series continues: Bolting Gloworm (in M16)

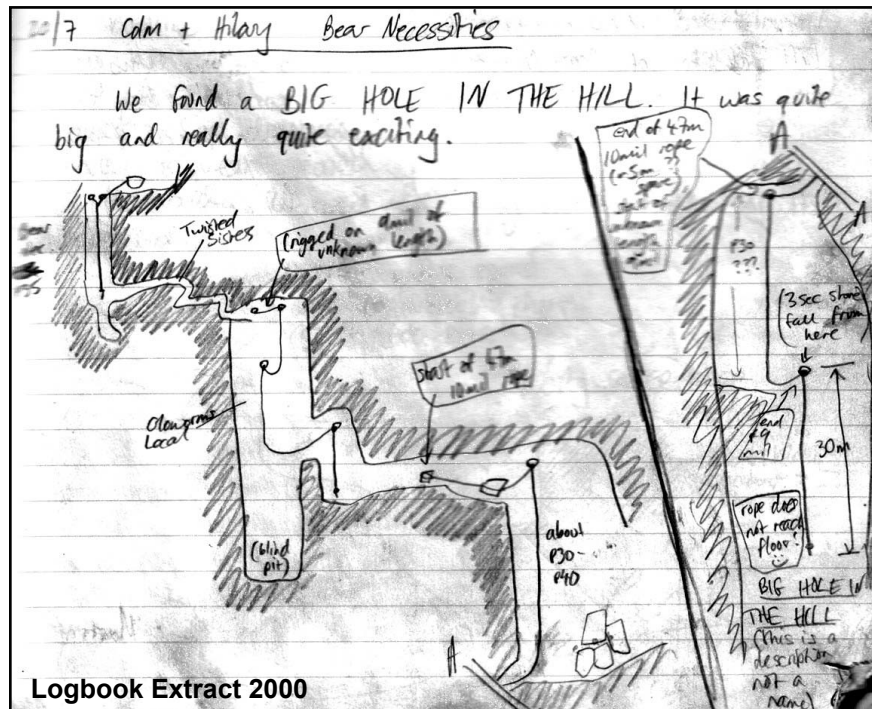
After frustrating amounts of 'faff' in the bivvy, I set off down M16 for Bear Necessities. I was equipped with two furies (many thanks to dossing brother) and many dangling bits of kit, tape measure, gloves, more gloves etc. The plan: to discover and survey. After a short time we met the first hurdle - Gladiator's traverse. I had never seen so many bits of rope on one pitch, ever! After several minutes, I managed to clip into the pulley and pulled myself out over the abyss. It is well known that I am not the greatest fan of traverses or big pitches so Titanic and Paradiso would have to be included in my all time 'horror cave'. Putting on my most macho grin I negotiated both with the minimum of effort or pain (mostly due to the much appreciated effect of gravity). Next was Purgatory, and then the real work began. We surveyed Bear Necessities (36m on very thin rope) to the start of the 'Twisted Sisters' rift section. By turning my head 180° and kneeing myself in the ear, surveying could continue. It was far too much like hard work so we said 'Bollocks' to it and went to explore. After crawling, squeezing and climbing we got to the pitch head that had been discovered on the previous trip. Out came the bolting kit and Hilary started on the first bolt. The rock crumbled so she started again. The rock crumbled again so she started again. The rock crumbled again so she started again...

A long time later, the first bolt was in and it was my turn. This was my second bolt ever and I was hanging over a bottomless pitch. Hilary was huddled in a survival bag, her carbide on knees. The orange light diffused around the walls of the cave as she crouched like some huge glow-worm. "It's a Friday night for God's sake!" we commented "we should be down the local pub." After more crumbling rock, the bolt was in and Hilary went down, put in a re-belay and returned. It was my turn to descend into the abyss. Forty metres down, I was still five metres from the bottom and out of rope. I could see the bottom. It was made of rock. So, quite predictably, were the walls. Surely I could have got the same effect on the entrance series? Off to one side there appeared to be a rift leading off and I could hear water falling from a height... I climbed back up.

We were tired but surveyed the rift, a process of several hours. Then up the big, wet pitches. At the top, I climbed into the survival bag and curled up.

Approximately 1,749,212,476 shivers later, I finally heard the dulcet tones of Hilary singing her way up the last pitch. The cold induced hallucinations faded as we struck out for the surface. Food and sleep awaited. I was quite knackered!

Pete Jurd



"Welcome to page... DOH! Well unfortunately someone cut it out with a hacksaw. So welcome to 'the page with no number that was cut by a hacksaw wielding, Nazi, Leftwing, Bolshevik, Trotskyite, and most of all very, very, very, very, very, very, bored GIT.' Thankyou" - Jan

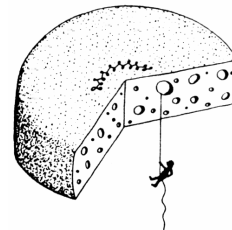
## Last one out, Switch off the Light: Hole in the Hill

*"Gloworm's Local  
is GOING, it's  
GOING, it's  
GOING...  
It's BIG, it's  
EXCITING, it's  
GOING. Someone  
GO THERE."*

Hilary Greaves

Three weeks into the expedition, I followed Tetley down the now-familiar entrance series. For at least the fifth time - they all blur into one - I marvelled at the black-space-to-rock ratio in this incredible mountain. This place was made of holes, to the point where you started to suspect divine intervention as the most plausible account of how the mountain stayed up. My own initiation into expedition caving had been in the Picos de Europa with OUCG the previous summer, and I couldn't help drawing comparisons. In many respects, the format of the expeditions are similar - slogging up and down the mountain, sometimes in groups, sometimes alone, taking in the spectacular scenery, carrying caving gear, food, carbide and setting up camp at the top of the hill, close to the caves. But the black space had no Picos analogue.

In the Picos, the answer to "there's an undescended pitch" was self-evidently "let's drop it". Here, that would be a bit like following the left-hand-wall of a maze - systematic, but arbitrary. I'd readjusted my intuitions so that they no longer balked at passing myriad wide-open leads on the way to my almost equally arbitrary destination, but still I marvelled. Swiss cheese, eat your heart out, I thought, and still you won't be close...

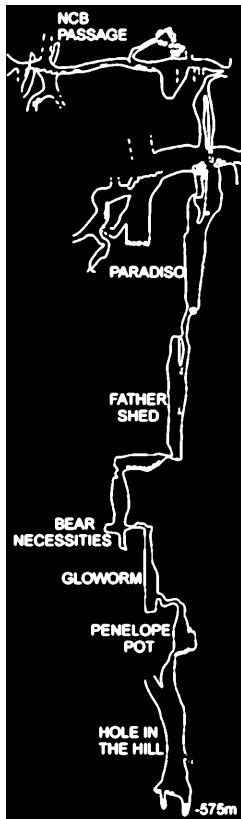


Soon we arrived at the current limit, found by Colm and myself and dubbed "The Hole in The Hill," pending inspiration for a decent name (always a mistake!). We'd left a half-rigged shaft, about fifteen metres in diameter, with a three-second stone fall from a ledge 20m down. The previous trip had ended in my favourite way - Out Of Rope. Tetley went down to carry on the rigging; I climbed once more into the orange survival bag, now perforated with carbide holes. Some unknown length of time later, he reappeared and we swapped roles. I rigged another rebelay or two and dropped to the floor. I was in a chamber, about 25m across. A rift leading off a few metres from where I stood was far too tight; a couple of boulder chokes looked just possible. My heart started to provisionally sink, but in any case there was enough here to occupy two people. "Rope free!"

Figuring it would be a bad idea for us both to get simultaneously stuck in different improbable boulder chokes 600m underground, Tetley took stock of the chamber, scouring the walls while I investigated the choke down on the left. After some twenty minutes I concluded there was no way on without digging, not enough draught to motivate digging, and we staked our hopes on another small lead Tetley had found on the opposite side of the chamber. It looked even more desperate than mine initially had, but needs must... Tetley inserted himself into the small horizontal space between boulders and started moving rocks; there wasn't space for me to be any use, and I had to content myself with waiting. It didn't sound like fun. Some time later he had cleared enough space to wriggle forward some more, round a corner, but the 'lead' was degenerating. Soon Tetley pronounced it dead and somehow extricated himself.

We surveyed the chamber and started back up the pitch. Twenty metres up, Tetley spotted a window in the near wall; still holding out some hope, I swung across to check it out. I scabbled up a sand bank, wedged myself in a rift and belayed to a chock-stone. The rift was quite tight. I passed a downhill squeeze, slightly apprehensive about the return. Another squeeze followed. I shouted to Tetley to come back down and join me; I was going to be a while, and with a rescuer to help me back through the first squeeze, I'd have more confidence to push on further. Tetley started putting in a bolt on his side of the first squeeze (to hang a footloop to aid my return) and I went through the second squeeze, not as bad as the first.

The rift was hard going though. "It's looking fairly desperate," commented Tetley - a couple of times - after I'd spent a while failing to progress. In any case there wasn't much draught. My brain agreed, but some non-brain part of me was too stubborn to give up *quite* yet.



I threw a sling around a chock-stone, intending to pull up on it to gain the widest part of rift ahead, which wasn't very wide. Clatter. Silence. "I can't believe I did that." Tetley was staring down into the impenetrable rift beneath his feet, which now housed our only bolt kit. "I can't believe you didn't have it clipped to you," I joined in unnecessarily. Perhaps this was a good time to start conceding defeat. I made my way back and grinned nervously through the squeeze. We pioneered a surprisingly effective elbow-hook combined-tactic technique - by hooking arms at the elbows and bending and flexing them ever so slightly from their 90 degree positions, I gained enough upward assist to compensate for the total lack of footholds, and passed up through the squeeze with relative ease. Phew.

So that was that. We quickly returned to the base of the shaft just to double-check that the bolt kit was utterly unreachable (it was). Tetley headed up the shaft for the last time, and I stood on a rock. Most exploration cavers rave about the feeling of setting the first foot into a newly discovered passage, shining light where light has never shone before, laying the first eyes on passages that have lain undisturbed for millennia.... For my part, I find the feeling of being *last* still more special. Of course I couldn't be *certain* that no-one would ever stand here again, but it seemed pretty likely - a relatively insignificant side-series reaching down to a mere -600m in a system whose main route dropped to -970m - and in a way, the uncertainty itself made the feeling still more strange. It was 3 a.m. I stood on another rock, committing its outline and the orientation of my feet to memory for no particular reason, and we headed out to another beautiful Migovec morning.

Hilary Greaves

### Bivi Life (written on a wet day on Mig)



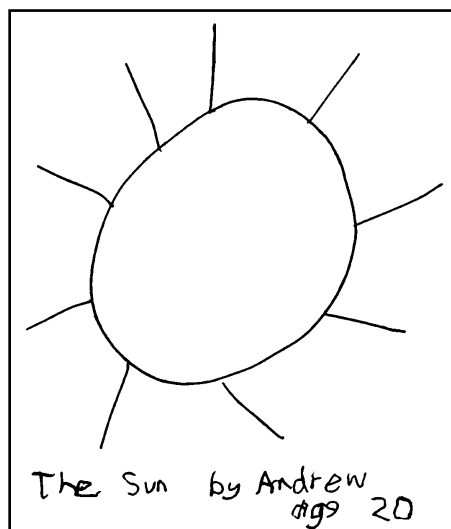
I am rudely awakened by the sound of hail on my tent  
Sometimes it's just raining heavily  
I really need a shit but instead...  
I go down to the bivvy  
for some deep fried stuff  
I eat this with cheese and lime pickle too

ALL THE CAVERS, THOSE STUPID CAVERS...  
THEY ALL GO HAND IN HAND,  
NO-ONES GOING UNDERGROUND, BIVI LIFE

My tent is tearing but not too badly  
While others are just floating away  
I go down to the bivvy for a bit of conversation  
and to catch up on my lard life  
The shakeholes are filling up.... with rain (CHORUS)

Thinking of going down Gardeners' World  
Where it appears there's a very big pitch  
We threw some stones down, it was very good fun  
But I prefer killing mice in the bivvy  
Or fishing for pond life in my tent (CHORUS x2)

(Logbook 2000)







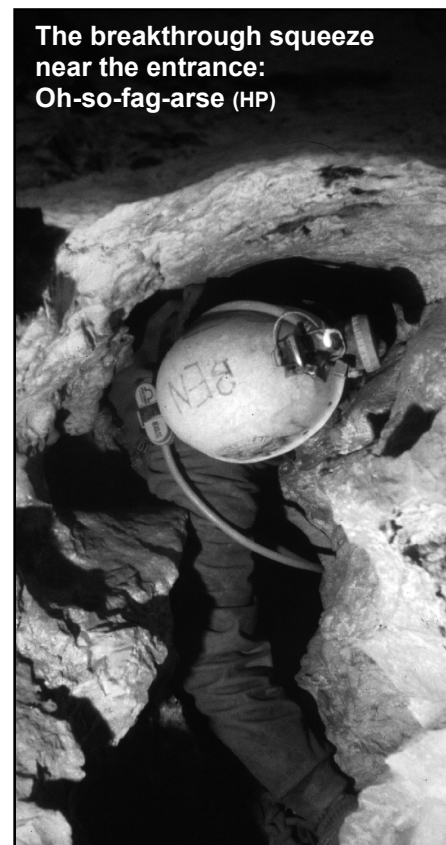
## A New Beginning: Early Adventures down Gardeners' World



I was fresh on the mountain; a novice to expeditions and exploration. My one experience so far had been a pushing trip in the main system that had scared me silly and left me with a rational fear of big pitches, 9mm rope, harness rub and the cold. The antidote (or was that excuse?): surface exploration with Ben. The weather was fine and sunny, not a cloud in the sky. We set off over the plateau...

Two years previously, Jackie had shown Ben the entrance to a potential cave down the side of the plateau to the North East. This lead had been playing on his mind ever since. When we got there, the large, inviting entrance led down to a very small, uninviting tube in the right hand wall of a chamber. Following a slight draught, Ben inched his way through the tight, oesophagus-like tube to a small, body-sized chamber. "There's a pitch... Come on through." With rock pressing against all possible parts of my body, it took a while to follow him through the long, horizontal squeeze, named Oh-so-fag-arse ('oesophagus' being too difficult to spell reliably).

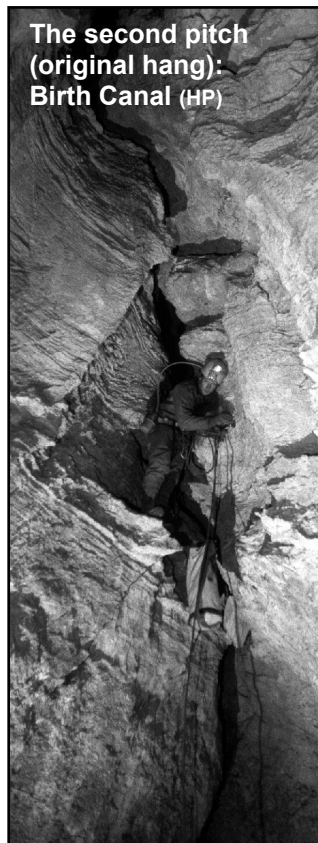
Ben placed a bolt that we backed up on a poorly positioned nodule. This was the kind of caving that I had been searching for - tight and exciting but never more than half an hour from a brew at the bivvy. With trepidation, I descended the small pitch. The rift led up and down, a breakthrough to another tight pitch head! I had never placed a bolt before but was eager to learn. It was slow; the chip, chip, chip at the hard limestone. Surely that small piece of metal could not hold all my weight? A tentative descent down 'Birth Canal' preceded the ultimate thrill. Four metres of rope had allowed me to emulate Neil Armstrong. I was the first man in a new place! We surveyed out and returned to the bivvy with the good news....



*Wow! Genuine exploration! Ben had found this 'cave' in 1998 and knew it ended in a tight tube which, after about 15 metres, led to the top of a pitch. We returned to bolt it. Down we went and found another pitch which I bolted and descended into VIRGIN PASSAGE! It gets bigger but we needed more rope to continue. My hands are cut to shreds but we must return...*

Pete Jurd (Logbook 2000)

Like saliva glands at the bivvy when it's discovered that a watermelon has been carried up the hill, my appetite for exploration had been whetted. The following day, as Ben had other plans, I persuaded Stefan to join me to push the exciting new lead. The next pitch had loads of really loose boulders at the top and so we named it Gardeners' World - this eventually became the name for the whole cave as Ben's Crap Lead, the cave's initial name, was soon to prove inappropriate. Two obvious holes quickly presented themselves and we named them Laurel and Hardy due to their contrasting dimensions.



**The second pitch  
(original hang):  
Birth Canal (HP)**

Hardy, a large gaping drop to the left was the clear continuation of the passage. Laurel was a much tighter pitch head within a small alcove to the right. Which one to push? A decision needed to be made...

At the time, Hardy, the fatter, 'obvious' lead seemed scary and large. Neither Stefan nor I had much bolting experience and the bottom was not in sight. In fact, I feared big pitches and had entirely irrational visions of the rope breaking. With thoughts of self preservation, I turned to Laurel. This thin pitch could, I felt, be easily bolted in relative safety. Looking down, a pool of water could be seen, the bottom I thought to myself.... Anyway, we assumed (incorrectly as it turned out) that both pitches would soon join up and I felt that this route would provide a more psychologically reassuring route down the cave. I started to insert the first bolt, and then disaster struck... (see following article).

In the excitement of the following few days, I almost, but not quite, forgot about the open pitch just waiting to be bolted to what was sure to be several hundred metres of storming horizontal passageway. I was careful not to play it up too much. I didn't want too much excitement to build, causing others to push the lead without me. After some sleep, I persuaded Helen to follow me back down to the pitch. She had done very little pushing and so accepted my wisdom of going down Laurel without question. We hammered in the remaining bolt-and-a-half and I descended slowly down.

This was the first pitch where I could genuinely say that I 'descended into the unknown' as the bottom was way out of sight. All the other pitches within the cave had been short and open enough to see the bottom from the top. As I squeezed through the top of the pitch I realised that it opened up beneath me into something horribly scary. The pool of water was no more than a small ledge. I dismounted on this ledge, feeling very much alone, and considered the problem while the adrenaline diffused away from my vital organs. The options:

- (a) Return back, leave the pitch unconquered and seek more experienced advice.
- (b) Overcome my fear of large holes and rig the pitch anyway to see what lay at the bottom.

After shouting up to Helen to get her to join me, we decided to attempt the second of the two options and fall back on the first if required. I dropped a few stones to determine the best place for a bolt and attempted to place a re-belay (this involved a heart-stopping lean over the drop and bolting at arms length). It was a classic problem - having taken my weight off the rope I was now scared of putting it back on. Precariously I tapped away like a timid woodpecker, swapping with Helen once in a while. Finally, I was able to descend again. It was a long, long way down, metres of rope passed through my hand as I inched down, hollering back up a running commentary about rock walls and blackness.



**Below the first ledge on  
Laurel Pitch (HP)**

Eventually, the bottom came into view. And the next pitch. We rigged this one a little faster and finally made it to a large chamber floor. A look around revealed a large boulder which we were able to climb up on. A crack on the far side revealed a possible way on but further possibilities seemed limited. I hoped that this was not it. The consequences would have been a return to the massive pitches in the main system, something I did not want to contemplate. In desperation, we finally decided to climb under the massive, precariously balanced boulder. Thankfully, a scramble led to a further short pitch. The cave continued. We surveyed the chamber (named Jelly Chamber due to the wobbly nature of the floor) and then headed out to the calm relief of the surface.

I was now fully bitten with the exploration bug. I had the so-called 'thirst to be first,' a hunger to reach the bottom of the next pitch. Exploration is truly an addictive drug that compels you to return for more and more...



Over the next few days, I enthusiastically tried to persuade other people to join me. You would have thought this would be easy, what with a going lead within an hours caving of the surface. However, with miserable weather, and other ongoing projects in the main system and on the surface, it proved harder than expected to convince people to change into wet caving kit and to trek through the rain across the plateau. Despite this, however, every day someone joined me to bolt one or two short, new pitches. The cave kept going, deeper into the mountain, as a rift, with a small stream, draught, and a succession of small drops. Though we called it 'The Urinal Series,' it really is much nicer than the name suggests and was certainly exhilarating when seen for the first time. Each night, round the fire, a few more legs were added to the survey and I prayed that the morrow would not bring a choke or fissure too thin to follow.

Finally, after several days of this, Gardeners' World went big and everything changed. There was no longer a problem getting people down to push and I stopped being on every trip that went down. In a couple of days the cave went four times deeper than it had been in the previous two weeks. 'Ben's Crap Lead' was clearly the find of the expedition, descending down into yet another section of the hollow mountain...

Pete Jurd

### How to talk bivvy style-lee

- *Yo bitch r u dissing my pitch?*
  - *Excuse me young man, I think you may be mistaking my newly found vertical shaft with a lavatory.*
  - *Forget you, you muddy funster.*
  - *Go away you nasty brute, I find you most aesthetically displeasing.*
  - *This rocks*
  - *Fuck me, this is loose*
  - *Let's fuck the rope out*
  - *Shall we de-rig this?*
  - *Shiteroodals*
  - *Look at the five second drop on that!!*
- ***Bivi***  
 - ***A shallow rock depression, covered partially by an extremely unstable bridge of rock, within which live for six weeks of the year a group of the smelliest and dirtiest cavers known to man.***

(Logbook 2000)

## The Rescue - 16<sup>th</sup> July 2000 - "A Farewell to Legs"

### The Fall

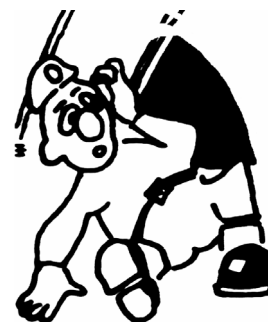


We were back in Gardeners' World to push the ongoing lead. Stefan and I descended a short, unstable pitch and found two larger pitches: Laurel and Hardy. I started to bolt Laurel, the thinner of the two pitch heads, and had almost finished when there was a horrendous crash behind me. I looked round just in time to see Stefan land with a crunch. "Below" he said, "Ah, I will be going out quite fast now. You will help me." He was unable to put any weight on one leg and felt it was broken. Off he went, needing very little help.

Back in the open, I struck off as fast as I could to get help from the bivvy. Stefan was kept warm with coats and bivvy-bags while Andrej and the rest of the Slovenians came up the hill with a stretcher. Between 12.30am and 6.30am, we all helped to carry him down, a major blister inducing experience. It was almost worth it though for the spectacular views of the moonlit valleys and the sunrise.

It transpired that, while I was bolting, Stefan had tried to climb up to an opening above the pitch. Both his hand-holds came away and he fell about 4 metres. Two very big boulders (large T.V. size) had fallen no more than 2 feet away from where I was sitting. The realisation of how close I had been to serious harm did not dawn on me for at least 24 hours.

Pete Jurd



### The Rescue Mission

As it was my birthday, I thought it would be nice to have some food, get a good fire going and dream up some amusing ways to make vodka taste nice! Martin, Hugh and I had only just arrived in Slovenia and, in the late afternoon, we slogged up to the plateau for the first time. We put the tent up on something resembling flat ground and went for a wander, bumping into a few people here and there, collecting wood, or on their way back from some cave. The bivvy was the same as ever – shit everywhere but you knew where stuff was. I was just making a cup of tea when Pete walked down into the shakehole. "Happy Birthday Shed – oh yeah, Stefan's fallen and broken his leg!" Oh shit – I was never going to get pissed this evening!

Pete had just got back from Gardeners' World, having left Stefan by the cave entrance. We wasted no time. Helen (our trusty medical student), and was sent down to the cave entrance with medical supplies and warm clothing. Tetley and Martin, the most experienced cavers on the trip, were found and nominated as rescue coordinators.

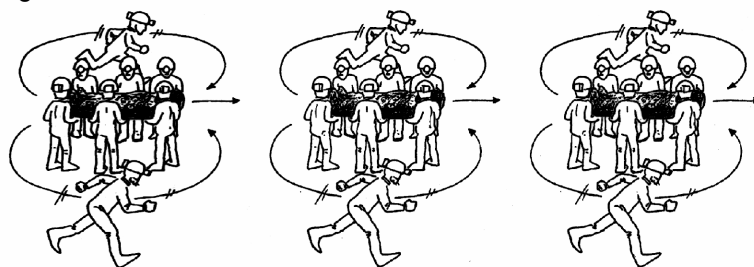
Fortunately, we quickly established that Stefan, now nicknamed "the Mashed Swede" was in a reasonable state. He was suffering from shock, and had broken his Tibia and Fibula, but was mentally alert – obviously very pissed off at what he had done. The outer from one of the tents was taken and used to provide Stefan with shelter. He was given painkillers and kept comfortable while we scurried to and fro. His boot and the lower part of his oversuit were cut off to take a look at the injury. It was going to be a long night. We used the mobile phone to chat to Andrej in Tolmin and come up with a plan. A group of JSPDT cavers would soon be joining us with a stretcher and we were going to carry Stefan down the mountain.

Tetley and Martin sat in the bivvy co-ordinating. "OK - Helen – keep Stefan company. Clewin start cooking – when the Slovenians arrive they will want something to eat – they are coming straight from work. Goaty lay some string down to the cave entrance to mark the way. Everyone else – sleep you are going to be up ALL night."

We had a couple of hours rest, waiting for the stretcher to arrive. All consumption of alcohol was banned (though I did have a little nip – it was my birthday after all). At about 12:20a.m., I was awoken by the cheery rabble of Andrej and his crew laughing in the bivvy. “OK, everyone up – into the bivvy for food and tea.” There was time for a quick cuppa and some hastily prepared curry flavoured slop before we set off.

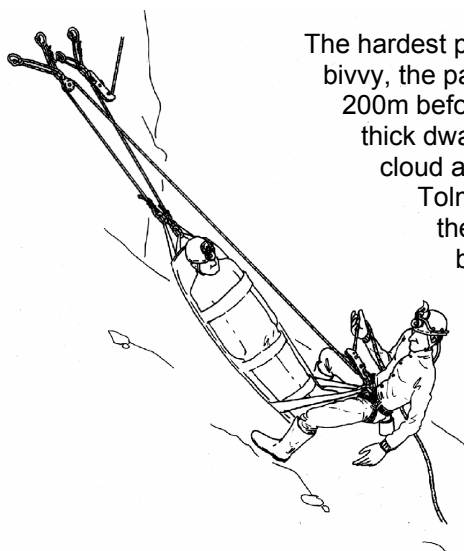
In true Mig style the mist was down. We were quite concerned that someone would wander off to find the cave entrance and not be seen again. Fortunately Goaty had ‘marked’ the way with string, throwing it across several large and very deep holes along the way. A rescue of the rescuers was somehow avoided.

Wearing head torches, sixteen of us wandered over in the eerie silence to find Stefan, Helen and Clewin. The tent was removed and Stefan was placed on the stretcher. The plan was for everyone to stand in two lines and pass the stretcher along. This way no one has to walk with it, having passed it on, we ran around (or more likely stumbled) to the front and did it again, and again...



That was the theory. In practice the terrain on the ‘plateau’ clearly demonstrated that it shouldn’t really be called a plateau. When there are steep boulder covered slopes, deep shake holes and the ground is anything but flat – carrying a stretcher became much harder. It took about 2 hours to get Stefan back to the bivvy – a journey that normally takes about 20 minutes. We hadn’t even started the hard bit yet!

We all stopped for a hot drink. Now that he was on his way down, Stefan seemed a little more relaxed and talked and joked from his stretcher. He (and indeed we) would have preferred a helicopter ride down the mountain but the visibility was a problem. At least this way had the personal touch and was going to be a damn sight more exciting.



The hardest part of the descent was going to follow. From the bivvy, the path to the valley descends a gentle slope for about 200m before a small ascent to the edge of the plateau through thick dwarf pines. From just below here we dropped out of the cloud and you could see the reflection of the moon in the Tolminka valley 1500 meters below. The path traverses the mountain, winding downwards along a narrow ledge blasted out during World War I. Parts of it are difficult when carrying just a rucksack – never mind an injured caver.

For the trickiest parts, a rope was rigged up and Stefan was lowered down. By this time everyone felt much better – all was going to plan. Andrej concerned himself with looking after Stefan; Hilary’s job was to look after the rescuers.

At 6am most of the Slovenians ran off since they had to get to work. We managed to get Stefan down to Ravne by 6:30. By this time the sun was up and we lay around in the grass getting some much deserved sleep. Well – not quite everyone – the epic journey needed to continue to the hospital....



### Nee Nar Nee Nar....

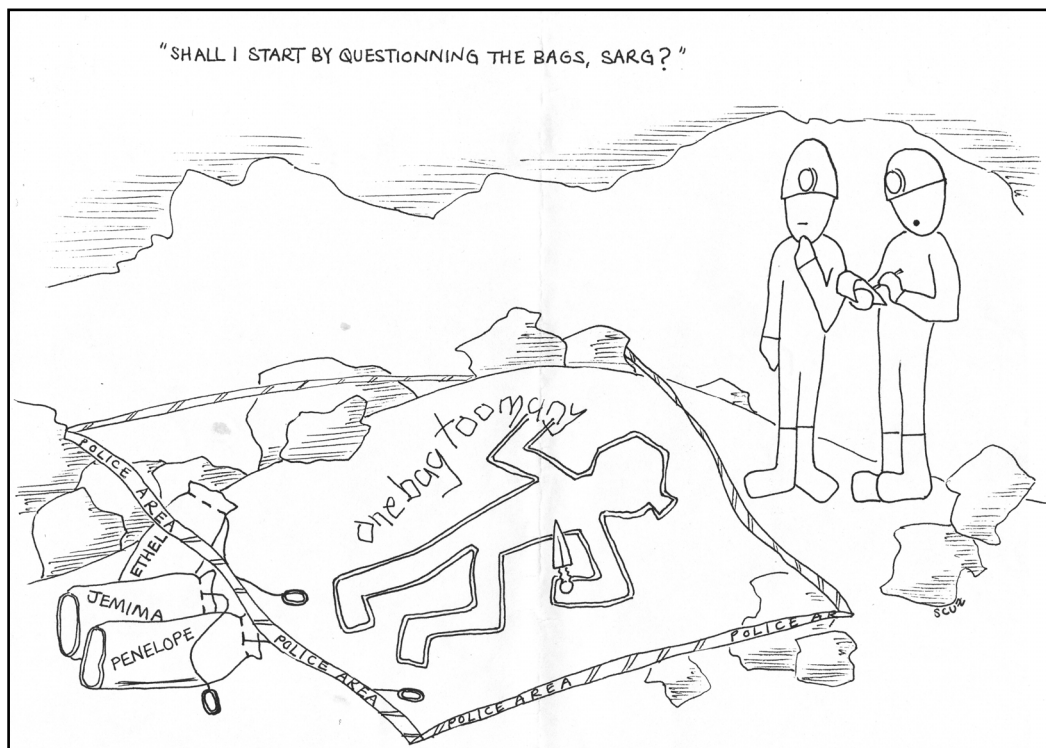
By the time we arrived with the stretcher at the ridge, several things were dawning on us all. Firstly, this was going to take a while, and secondly, someone was going to have to drive Stefan to hospital. Suddenly everyone was looking at me. I was thus delegated as ambulance driver. My mission profile was as follows: Go fast to Ravne, sleep until Stefan arrived, drive to Tolmin hospital and then on to the larger hospital in Nova Gorica. The only thing that I didn't like about this was the walk down the mountain at two in the morning - alone. As I sped off down the path, the grunts and other noises of the stretcher team were soon left behind. A very clear sky with a good moon helped my progress greatly; I didn't really need a torch for the first stages. From the ridge to the shepherds' huts, it was really very nice, and in other circumstances would have been quite enjoyable.

I wasn't looking forward to the next section - the woods. I skipped past the shepherds' huts and straight down into the trees - these are dark enough by day, but at this time of night, there was nothing apart from the light of my torch. As I walked (more of a fast sprint actually) down the path, the sounds of deer and other monsters kindly snapping twigs in the trees all helped to keep the pace up. Unfortunately, I have a very good sense of imagination, but I managed to escape from the pursuing pack of wolves and vampires and finally emerged in a very sweaty state at the bottom. Within minutes, I was asleep in my sleeping bag with my soggy clothes draped across a handy tractor (I had put extra thermals on for the stretcher carry!). After too short a sleep, Stefan arrived and we popped him into the back of the Landy and trundled carefully down to Tolmin and then on Nova Gorica. My short career as an ambulance driver was then over, we had delivered our cargo into the safe hands of the hospital. Additional disclaimer: Hugh, Martin, Tetley and I did absolutely not under any circumstances buy ourselves delicious fruity refreshing ice-creams with Stefan's money. Just to clear that up.

Ben Ogborne

### Postscript:

After two weeks in hospital, Stefan was taken to the airport and put on a flight back to Sweden - it took a further month for full recovery. 'Smashed Swede', the promising passage above the Laurel pitch-head, remains unexplored in 2006 - bad karma!



## Size Matters: Pico Pot

### The Discovery

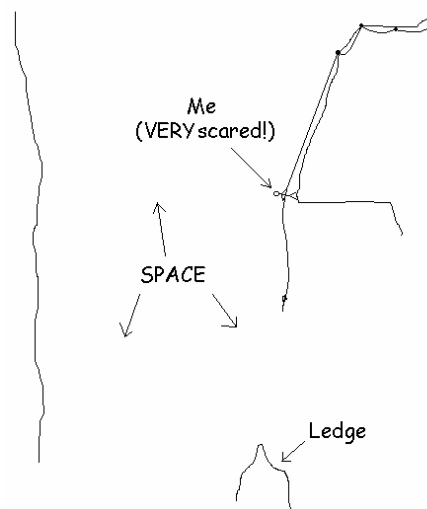
Ah! The day that Gardeners' world got very big indeed! We bolted the 3<sup>rd</sup> pitch in the urinal series and played paper, scissors, stone to see who would go down the pitch first. Andrew cheated so I went down first. The pitch opened up into a large, 20m long passage that stopped at a MASSIVE hole. Thrown stones fell for 3 seconds and then bounced. Just to make sure, we threw lots of them down. The echoing crashes of jubilation answered from the depths. It could be 80m deep! We couldn't see all the walls of the (20m x 30m?) void and so called it Pico Pot (in tribute to its small dimensions). Having dropped my survey book onto a precarious ledge (which I was not prepared to climb down to), we surveyed out using my glove to write on. Bolting down it is going to be fun: I may let others have the pleasure! Gardeners' World was now half a kilometre long and about 200m deep!

Pete Jurd

### Going down

Martin and I went down to rig Pico. There had been a fair amount of rain and the bottom pitch had turned into an extremely unpleasant waterfall. We put in three bolts but at this point we were very cold and had bent the driver. A perfect excuse to give up. First, however, we descended down to the bottom of what turned out to be a bridge. We realised that what we had been standing on had been a false floor and that the pitch was even wider further down! We could see another ledge further down but no sign of the floor yet...

Pete Jurd



### Bolting further down (Printed in Felix)



I like to be sure everything is in order before embarking on a task. Which is why I faffed around for half-an-hour making sure I had everything. Drill, check, battery, yep, extension cord, yes. Harness done up, good, descender, uhuh, jammers, maillons, spits, cones....etc. etc. Right. Now I am ready...hold on hammer and driver, and spare rigging tape, and some karabiners. Perfect. Why was I being so cautious? Or was I? Hold on where's my helmet...on my head, hmmm. Well to be honest I think I was stalling, and with good reason.

It all started 2 days earlier when Pete returned from Gardeners' World to say he'd discovered something big, B.I.G., big, definitely not slightly big. I eagerly volunteered to return with him to 'big', now named Pico Pot, to see if we could descend it the bottom. He described Pico Pot as being a 10m wide, circular shaft. Stones that were thrown down from the top didn't land for about 4 seconds. Pete had already traversed around the side of the shaft and descended down 10m where, abruptly, the walls of the shaft had disappeared. He found he was dangling below a rock bridge and there was no sign of the bottom, and it was here, that I found myself. I was about to descend into the unknown with all sorts of rigging paraphernalia dangling off me and getting in the way. The situation wasn't helped by the drill and battery, which weighed 5 kilos alone.

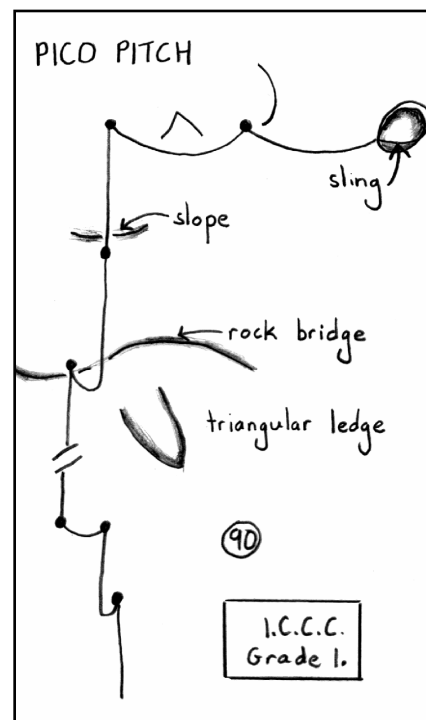


I looked around for a place to drill a hole, to make a belay. I knew where I wanted to put it, but, close inspection of the rock was worrying, it didn't look strong. I swung around looking for some more solid rock. Eventually I gave up and started drilling in the original spot. The grating thudding noise of the hammer action reverberated up and down the shaft as the drill dug in, it took a good minute to make a hole 12mm wide and 3cm deep, suitable for a bolt. When I was done, a maillon was attached to the bolt and my rope tied into the maillon. At which point I relaxed, it's always a relief to know there's one more fixture holding you up. My relief was short-lived, however. As I started to descend again, I looked up to check my new bolt and was shocked to see the rock had split directly beneath it! This scared me; I quickly had to prussik back up the rope, to get my weight off the bolt. Repeating the whole process again before I could safely descend. I put in another bolt about 15m further down and, from there, I finally descended to a ledge and stood-up. This let blood circulate in my legs - a relief after a good hour hanging in a harness. I drilled a final bolt to back myself up, then shouted up to Pete to come down. I gave him all the rigging stuff; I had lost my enthusiasm for doing any more and just wanted to sit down.

Unfortunately, the drill battery went flat almost straight away, and Pete had to finish the job by hand, with the hammer and driver. Luckily he was able to get to the bottom without putting any more bolts in. I felt a little annoyed as I saw his light disappearing off down a passage; he had got to the bottom first. If he came back to say the cave ended, which I half expected to happen, then, when I reached the bottom I would just have to go straight back up again, knowing that an exciting lead was no longer.

When I reached the floor of the shaft, I could see it was strewn with huge precariously balanced boulders; these varied between a reasonable car sized lump, to sofas and TV sized chunks. I immediately scrambled off in the direction Pete had gone, gripped with the excitement of discovering huge passage ways. Heading into a rift, I soon heard Pete on his way back towards me.

"Does it go?" I asked. "I think I can see a way on!" he replied excitedly. "And there's a howling draught." This increased our excitement, indicating the presence of a large chamber or a passage somewhere further into the cave. We followed the path of some water through a narrow rift. We were approximately 150m underground and it was interesting that the cave was so active at this relatively shallow depth. We stopped at the top of a waterfall, about 10ft high. Pete slung a bit of nylon rigging tape around a dubious looking lump of rock and we descended down, no problem. We continued following the streamway, the passage was high and narrow and meandered downwards. Then the streamway disappeared below us and we were looking down another large hole, perhaps 30m deep.



We had just one 25m length of rope and two bolts. In the excitement, we dropped one bolt and it fell down the pitch, which was unfortunate. We poked at the rock, which looked pretty solid, put a second bolt in and then looked in vain for some natural flake we could back-up our single bolt with. Failing to find anything, we had a brief discussion and decided it would be alright. But I volunteered Pete to go first - it was his bolt after all.

**Please Note:  
The Drill is  
Much Fun!**

**Shake,  
Drill,  
Rattle.**



It wasn't until we both got to the bottom of the pitch (later named Swing as the main way on is now a dry swing half-way down) that we realised it was getting really wet; we could hardly hear each other speak over the noise of the water. When we had walked to the cave entrance in the morning, it had been beautiful sunshine, but we suddenly realised that there must have been a short sharp alpine storm on the surface, and the cave was now in flood. We were worried that we wouldn't get back up the big pitch, Pico Pot. We had no idea if the route we had bolted down happened to be a waterfall when the water levels rose. We decided it was time to go, yet despite our concerns, we surveyed the cave on our way out. I suppose we wanted to know just how deep we had gone.

We were lucky, Pico Pot was passable where we had bolted; the other side of the shaft was very wet. Enormously relieved and tired after the excitement of our discoveries and fears of flooding, we exited to a kaleidoscope of colours as the sun set over the Julian Alps. We headed back to camp for hot drinks and food. We were soon joined by other cavers, and that evening sat around a fire, drinking the local firewater – Žganje - and recounting our tales of discovery and daring to the others.

The following day, the survey data was entered into the laptop. This confirmed we had found 150m of mostly vertical passage. Gardeners' World was now 250m deep, 450m long and looking very exciting for future exploration.

Jan Evetts (This article was also printed in Felix, the Imperial College student newspaper)

### *Further Logbook Extracts 2000*

*"May your caves rotate in manners truly sublime" - Hilary*

*"Note for next year: Buy lots of cheese." - Andy*

*"I think I've had too much vitaminski - my piss has turned limed green." - Ben Johnson*

*"Ceri seemed nice but Pete wouldn't let us play with her." - Helen*

*"Tonight is my last night in the bivvy. I am extremely mellowed out and drunk, Pete has just thrown up! ICC is victorious. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN." - Jan*

*"Pete's vomit appears to consist mainly of beanz, I'm not sure why. Jesus Christ the fire is hot." - Jan*

*"Gladiators was OK on the way back, except for getting off which made me re-write Homer's Iliad for 20 minutes while arguing with a carabiner (in the dark). The way out with a tacklebag and no light was also amusing and took ages. Beowulf was also re-written."*

Ben Osborne (Logbook 2000)

## More people have been to the moon\*\*: A Space Odyssey

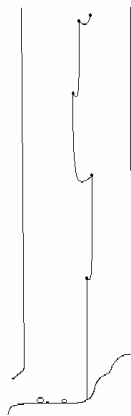
Having taken a gentle trip down to Tessellator (so as not to overexert ourselves before pushing), we started our task of creating the sexiest rigged pitch known to man. This started with a particularly fine bolt from yours truly and a very fine deviation concocted by Tetley. This allowed us access to the top of Space Odyssey. After descending down what appeared to be a 20m pitch, we were presented with what was actually a ledge down into a much larger pitch. (Quote by Tetley, "Fuck Me!"). There was a window about 15m from the pitch head but we left it as the bottom of the pitch couldn't be seen!

We started bolting down, but soon realised that a direct route could become very wet. I therefore traversed out along a thin ledge with dubious safety precautions to establish a dry route. This combined with a fine Y-hang (very sexeee!) brought us down a further 27m to another large ledge beside an even larger hole (drop ~4-5 secs). After scraping our jaws from the floor, we had an impromptu party (which prematurely ended when we realised we didn't have enough rope (doh!)). We surveyed out, floating up most of the pitches due to an extreme state of elation.

Ben Johnson

(\*\*Twelve men have walked on the moon)

## The cave goes ever on and on: Bolting Concorde



Having heard stories of 100m+ pitches, and with only a few pushing days left, I felt I had to get back down Gardeners' World. The alluring prospect of an 80m shaft enticed me. Jim loves his squeezes. He could hardly contain his glee when he saw one at the top of the Tessellator. Beyond the furthest extent of my last trip, the cave no longer seems to be active and appears old, very old. The rift went left and right but we went straight down. Then, suddenly, something horrible happened: The rope got thinner! At some point the rope had changed from 10mm (nice) to 9mm (only just visible to the naked eye when loaded). I was now abseiling on something significantly thinner than William Hague's hair and far more bouncy than Tigger. It was all worth it though, as the last rigged drop was spectacular.



We put in a couple of bolts at the top of the next pitch, Concorde. The second of these split the rock and a large sheet of rock went crashing down. This filled me with confidence so I went down to put in a re-belay. At -13.81 metres I ran out of bottle. Without large amounts of alcohol or a major equipment failure I wasn't going down any further. I put in a bolt and went back up. Jim, older and wiser than me, went down and bolted the rest of the pitch while I ate mars-bars and fish. This fine combination of foods should be more widely adopted by the catering industry as a whole.

Finally 'ROPE FREE' floated up to me from the depths and down I went to the strains of green-sleeves played on Jim's penny whistle. It was one of the most aesthetically and aurally perfect descents ever. The bottom of the pitch was a long way down, but dry. The floor was strangely flat and I wondered if the concrete engineers had beaten us to it. Probably. The way on was down a further pitch where we could hear the evil water waiting for us. Luckily we had run out of rope. Up was the obvious way out so we took it. 67m of shaft. A steady pace on the way out and back for food and sleep.

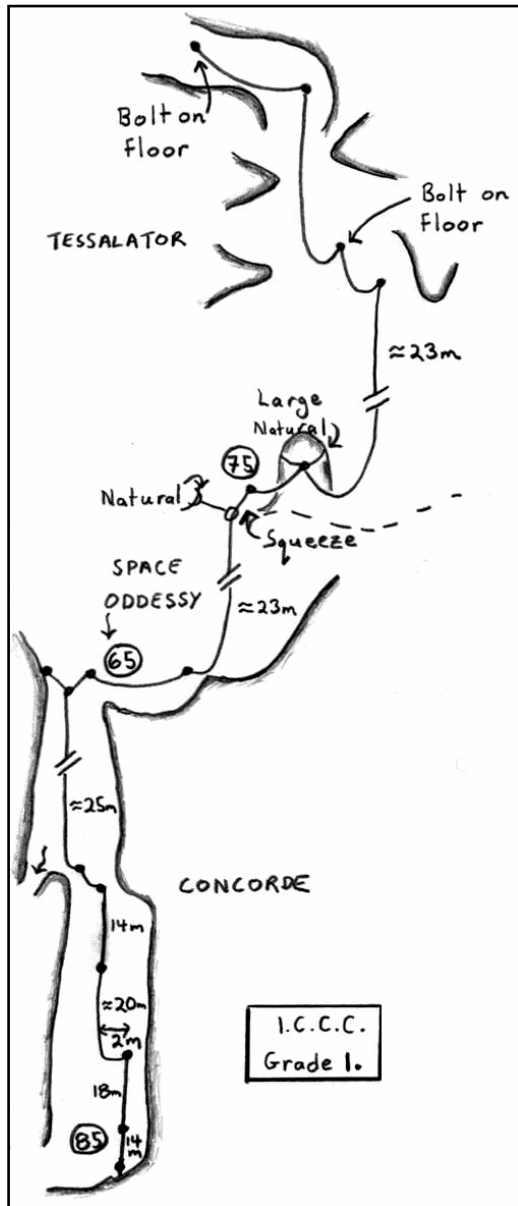
Pete Jurd

**Note by Ben Ogborne  
(Aeronautical Engineer)  
re: Concorde**

*"It would in fact be possible to fit 2 Concordes upright end to end in this pitch. A pilot near Paris recently attempted this."*

Logbook 2000

## The dreamers of the day are dangerous men: Alchemy and Beyond



It was probably the last opportunity for a pushing trip of 2000, Jim and Pete had just expertly bolted Concorde (67m) after the 125m pitch fiasco and the way on was wide open - a short pitch into a chamber, a bit of a squeeze perhaps, then stonking horizontal passage and glory. But I was happily dosing in the bivvy drinking tea, when Bruce of all people approached with a glint in his eye and suggested going caving. Prior to this, Bruce and Jim had made an abortive attempt on PLOP, combined with a Torn-T to M16 through trip. By all accounts it had been painful and I think Bruce now saw the opportunity for some decent pushing. It was a mean trick to play though, the sun was shining and I had a cup of tea in my hand, but then I remembered the glory and I was already in my furry.

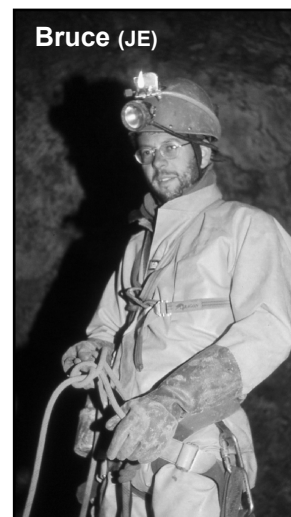
On our way to the cave we'd decided to call any horizontal passage we found Zlatorog, as in the mythical goat. We also decided we didn't want to discover any big pitches!! But big pitches were not the first concern - there was rigging we were told needed to be 'adjusted', the backup bolt on Concorde had popped and the pitch before had a knot change from 12mm onto 9mm rope.

On first inspection of the pitch head, there was a perfect natural backup, but people who do the pitch now won't see it at the top. When we tapped it with the bolting hammer it seemed OK, but when we gave it a shove the whole TV - sized boulder tipped and went crashing down the pitch. After some discussion, we eventually sorted something out and set off down. At first we thought we were descending into a lake as the snooker-table-flat bottom of Alchemy was covered with three inches of water!

Bruce huddled over his carbide flame, brewing a tasty warm tin of mackerel, while I bolted. It looked as though he was involved in a spot of potion making and in fact he succeeded in turning base mackerel into a tasty fish-dish worthy of any 5\* establishment. Traversing out, to avoid the water, I dropped to a ledge 2m down. From here a 15m pitch dropped to the bottom, the way on was obvious an exceptionally fossilised rift varying between 1m and 6m in width, disappearing horizontally away into the distance, Zlatorog rift. There was also a drop in the rift of 3-4 seconds... We descended the first section to a ledge but with just a small piece of tat could go no further, we surveyed and headed out.

**At a depth of 393m, with such a wide open lead at the bottom, Gardeners' World was left as a fantastic lead for the following year.**

Jan Evetts





### Gardeners' World Survey 2000

