

UBSS

University of Bristol Spelæological Society



Fifty years from now, having remained a loyal member and risen through the ranks to the Presidency, you too could have your picture on the front page of the Newsletter. Are you listening, Rupert?

NEWSLETTER

Vol 12 No. 2

June 1996

The Long Goodbye



Well, goodness gracious me and heavens to Betsy, how time does fly. It hardly seems long since I took over this job, and now here I am penning my last editorial before I graduate from my English student existence and push off into the real world of job markets and responsibilities, all of which I intend to heartily ignore. Come to think of it, the three years since I joined seem to have flown by, as time generally does when you are enjoying yourself.

This issue seems to be dominated by articles about Yorkshire, but I don't intend to apologise, as it is certainly the finest caving region in the country. If you weren't on the trip and don't understand half of the references then you have only yourself to blame - serves you right for not coming along. And, no, I'm not prepared to explain why people appear to believe I have some sort of bizarre cucumber fetish.

As this is my last issue as Newsletter Editor, the onerous task of finding somebody of equal wit and guileless charm to man the helm is once more upon us. Or on you, I suppose I ought to say. If you fancy taking the job on, all you need is a few spare hours a term (ho hum) and the ability to talk or bully people into furnishing you with articles. Genital torture has never been so strongly warranted. Now do you see what you've missed, all those who signed up at Fresh and were never seen again?

My only regret in leaving is that Phil Le Marinell, that wretch in presumably human form, has not once appeared at a meeting to buy me the promised pint. Considering he was the only person ever to ask to join the club before he was a student, I find it very poor indeed that he hasn't bothered to turn up to anything all year. Phil, you are a swine, what more can I say?

Right, that's quite enough from me. I dare say I'll be back again next year. Like a particularly nasty case of syphilis, I suspect I am very hard to get rid of.

And so I bid you all a fond farewell. It's been such fun. Until next our swords cross, be sure to enjoy yourselves,

Ian

UBSS Newsletter. Vol 11, number 3. Published November 1995.

Editor - Ian Wheeler

Contributors to this issue - Christine "Get me off this sodding pitch" Benn, Timothy "There's Lovely" Davies, Simon "Swildons" Grace, Graham "Big Chief" Mullan, Ian "Where's the grub?" Morley.

Additional picture scanning and salacious headlining courtesy of Benn/Physlab Ltd.

The views contained within all articles are those of their respective authors and not at all to be connected with current UBSS policy. That should be obvious by now, but in a world where people are stupid enough to fall down Gaping Ghyll man shaft and blame it on the National Park rather than their own culpability, nothing should be taken as read.

Newsdesk

CO. CLARE REUNION, 1998

Having had a most encouraging response to this idea, we went ahead and made some tentative arrangements for this event: It will happen on the late May Bank Holiday weekend, probably the 24th/25th/26th May and will centre around a dinner to be held at the Ballynalackan Castle Hotel, Lisdoonvarna on the Saturday evening. In addition we will arrange caving trips on the Saturday and Sunday to suit the weather/participants, ranging from serious pushing trips in low wet passages to free tours of the Ailwee Show Cave. In addition we will have use of the (large) bar at Ballynalackan all weekend for meeting-up and informal socialising.

Obviously, at this remove all prices are somewhat tentative but the Dinner should cost about £14-£15 per head. Accommodation prices will vary depending on what people want, but the Hotel, which has 13 double rooms will cost about £30 per head per night. This compares with the local B&B at £16 or £18.50 with en-suite.

At the moment all the rooms at Ballynalackan are provisionally booked for us and I hope that we can fill most if not all of them as it will be better for us to have the whole building to ourselves. For those who wish to stay somewhere else, I will be able to put you in contact with the local Tourist Office who have a central booking service for local hotels and B&B establishments.

The Hotel Dining Room will only take a maximum of about 36 people, so that is the number of bookings I am hoping to get! Also, as I said, it only has 13 bedrooms so those who do not want a drunken walk home in the early hours need to book early.

So, the Itinerary should read something like this:

Saturday May 24th.

All morning:	Arrival and checking in to your accommodation.
Lunch Time:	Meet at Ballynalackan.
Afternoon	Caving as required.
Evening	Dinner at Ballynalackan.

Sunday May 25th.

Morning	Coffee at Ballynalackan.
Afternoon	Caving for the (still) fit.
Departure	

The management at Ailwee Show Cave are hoping to organise an exhibition by caving artists to coincide with us, but nonetheless have offered us complimentary tickets to the cave. As I said above, numbers at the dinner are limited and places at the Hotel even more so. When I next speak to them (next May) I hope, however, to have a fairly good idea of numbers so anyone who has already registered an interest and all others who might have one please let me know as soon as possible with details of potential numbers and type of accommodation you are interested in.

Graham Mullan

TREASURER'S REPORT 1995/6

Graham Mullan

So another year passes in which the Society does not become bankrupt. It has been a quiet year, financially, but there are a few points in the accompanying accounts that deserve a little explanation. Income has held up well, generally. The only reason that publication sales appear low is that *Proceedings* 20.2 was slightly late appearing - if we don't print 'em Tony can't sell 'em! Outgoings, again, are much the same. the large increase in insurance is partially due to much of last year's property insurance premium not being paid until this year (their fault, not mine). Otherwise the major comment is that *Proceedings* 20.2 was about £1,000 cheaper than 20.1 This is partly due to our harnessing of better printing technology as all our typesetting is now done in-house and partly due to the Printers. I imagine that 20.3 will be quite well priced but not as competitive as this one.

In the current year, 1996/7, Caves of County Clare will finally pay for itself, some 15 years after publication. Unfortunately this sort of time scale makes it very unlikely that we will ever be able to afford a proper second edition ourselves.

One significant change on the balance sheet is the disappearance of the G.B. Cave Capital Fund. This is because the Society gave up its responsibility for G.B. locks etc. with the formation of the Charterhouse Caving Company. This company, in which we play a full and active role, now carries the financial burden for all the Charterhouse area's caves.

SUBSCRIPTIONS DUE

The following list is of Members whose subscriptions are now due (£12):

Hannah Bartholomew	Andy Cooke ✓	Marcel Dijkstra
Paul Drewery	Alison Garrard ✓	Paul Harding
Peter Johnson ✓	Marco Paganuzzi ✓	Simon Shaw
Mike Simms	Peter Simpson ✓	Mike Thompson ✓
Mike & Nicky White (Joint, £18)		

The following are two years in arrears (£24):

Malcolm Anderson }	Martin Bell	Topher Martyn
Rod Pearce }	Ian Standing ✓	Martin Warren

The following have still not updated their standing orders and thus owe £4:

Kit Eaton	Eve Gilmore ✓	Mark Owen ✓
Nick Patrick	Maire Trendall	

And the following, owing to the vagaries of foreign currency or incorrect standing orders owe odd amounts:

Ed Bailey (£10.66)	Rosemary Balister (£4.90)	Trev Mosedale (£16)
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UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL SPELÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY

BALANCE SHEET AT 31 JANUARY 1996

	£	£	£
<u>HUT FUND</u>			
Balance at 1. 2. 95	2532.07		
Add net income	<u>934.28</u>		
		3466.35	
			13871.17
<u>PRINTED PUBLICATIONS FUND</u>			
Balance at 1. 2. 95	1780.00		
Add Trf. from R & P a/c	<u>1000.00</u>		
		2780.00	
<u>LIBRARY FUND</u>			
Balance at 1. 2. 95	289.50		
		289.50	14.05
			<u>2.52</u>
<u>G.B. CAVE CAPITAL FUND</u>			
Balance at 1. 2. 95	3.78		
Less net expenditure	<u>32.18</u>		
Add Trf from R & P a/c	<u>28.40</u>		
		-	
<u>EQUIPMENT HIRE ACCOUNT</u>			
Balance at 1. 2. 95	173.05		
Add net income	<u>40.00</u>		
		213.05	
<u>"CAVES OF CO. CLARE" RESERVE FUND</u>			
Advance for Publication	7000.00		
Less expenditure not yet recovered	<u>92.19</u>		
		6907.81	
<u>RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS ACCOUNT</u>			
Balance at 1. 2. 95	332.76		
Add net income	<u>235.11</u>		
		567.87	
		<u>14225.22</u>	
			<u>14225.22</u>

HONORARY AUDITORS REPORT: I have examined the above Receipts and Payment Account for the year ended 31st January 1996, and the attached Balance Sheet as at that date and certify that they are in accordance with the Society's accounting records and explanations provided.

.....D.J. Allen C.I.P.F.A.

UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS ACCOUNT FOR YEAR ENDING 31ST JANUARY 1996

RECEIPTS

	£	£	PAYMENTS	£	£
Publications Grants: University of Bristol		1000.00	Proceedings 20.2	1817.50	
Members Subscriptions		1386.34	Postage of Proc. 20.2	173.47	1990.97
Student Members Subscriptions		373.00	Tools & Equipment		74.66
Union Grants: Capital	74.66		Library		258.26
Current	440.00	514.66	Museum		
Interest on Investments: Bank	552.49		Sessional Meetings		
N.S.B.	47.32	599.81	Postages		151.23
Sales of Publications (not C. of C.C.)		689.43	Hon. Secs Petty Cash		1.50
Sales of Shirts		22.50	Stationery & Duplicating		252.44
Donations		228.00	Rates & Taxes		31.52
Tax Refund on Covenants		274.38	Insurances: Third Party	247.50	
			Property	438.39	
			Subscriptions & Licence		685.89
			Travel Money		63.25
			"Fresh"		225.25
			Donation To Mendip Rescue Organisation		33.00
			Loss on 1995 Annual Dinner		20.00
			Sundries		36.00
					<u>0.64</u>
					3824.61
			Transfer to Printed Publications Fund		1000.00
			Transfer to G.B. Fund		28.40
			Excess of Receipts over Payments		<u>235.11</u>
					<u>5088.12</u>

"CAVES OF COUNTY CLARE"

Balance at 1 February 1995	228.55	136.36
	<u>228.55</u>	<u>92.19</u>
		228.55

PUBLISHING ACCOUNT 1995/6

Sales of "Caves of County Clare"	136.36
Debit balance at 31 January 1996	<u>92.19</u>
	228.55

Blackwater Rafting

{I'm not quite sure who the original author of this piece is, and so plead forgiveness just on the vague offchance that they are actually reading this.}

Ever heard of black water rafting? Floating through underground waterways in a rubber ring (almost as silly as cave diving!) Here are some top tips on how to simulate this at home - in case you fancy trying...

Why bother going to all this time & expense, when you can recreate the whole "experience" in your own homes - here's how.

Equipment required:

Bicycle helmet, Kiddies Water Ring, Torch, Something heavy (eg. Large saucepan), Dark sunglasses (optional).

- 1) Go to the bathroom & fill your bath with cold water (add ice to improve the effect).
- 2) Put on some protective headgear - the kids bicycle helmet should do just fine.
- 3) Get into the kiddies water ring & pick up the saucepan/large heavy object
- 4) Stick the torch in your mouth & switch it on (to simulate that miners lamp effect).
- 5) Turn the bathroom lights off (don the [optional] sunglasses).
- 6) Deliberately bump into things around the room.
- 7) Get into the bath, lay face up and splash water everywhere.

Now you are almost ready to recreate the Blackwater Rafting "experience" - read on!

8) Begin bouncing up & down violently in the bath, whilst hitting your head repeatedly with the saucepan. Hey presto - BlackRaftermania!

For the serious enthusiast only - try sticking your head in the washing machine, during the fast spin cycle.

Annual Anthem Antics

Chapter 1 - *The AGM*

Yet again I have been asked (ordered) to produce some stuff for the UBSS newsletter, and since I haven't been caving in a goodly length of time I have decided to write a bit about the AGM and the Annual dinner.

I really shouldn't need to say anything about the AGM as everyone should have been there, but as everyone quite blatantly wasn't, I shall give a brief run-down of events.

Firstly, it was dull. Really dull. That is of course my opinion only, and not that of the editorial staff / committee (just to save Ian the bother of putting in a disclaimer). I just about survived by chain-eating sherbet lemons and other sugary things. All the usual stuff went on (do I really need to go into this?), the only surprises being that Welsh Tim discovered that he had kindly volunteered to sit on the committee again and that a few copies of "The Caves of County Clare" had been sold.

Chapter 2 - *Dr. Farrant's Talk*

I don't think I'm alone in thinking that this was rather good, and (having a pitifully short attention span) I was pleased to see lots of nice pictures of things. It was only after Dr. Andy stopped talking that things started to go horribly pear-shaped. Maybe it was only me who wanted to go home, get tartyed up and nip off to a pub for a few pre-dinner pints, but I was sorely irritated by people asking seemingly pointless questions about mud and things. I guess I'm a long way from being a confirmed hard-core caving type, because all I wanted to do was tell them all to give it a rest, leave Dr. Andy alone and get down the pub for a pint or three.

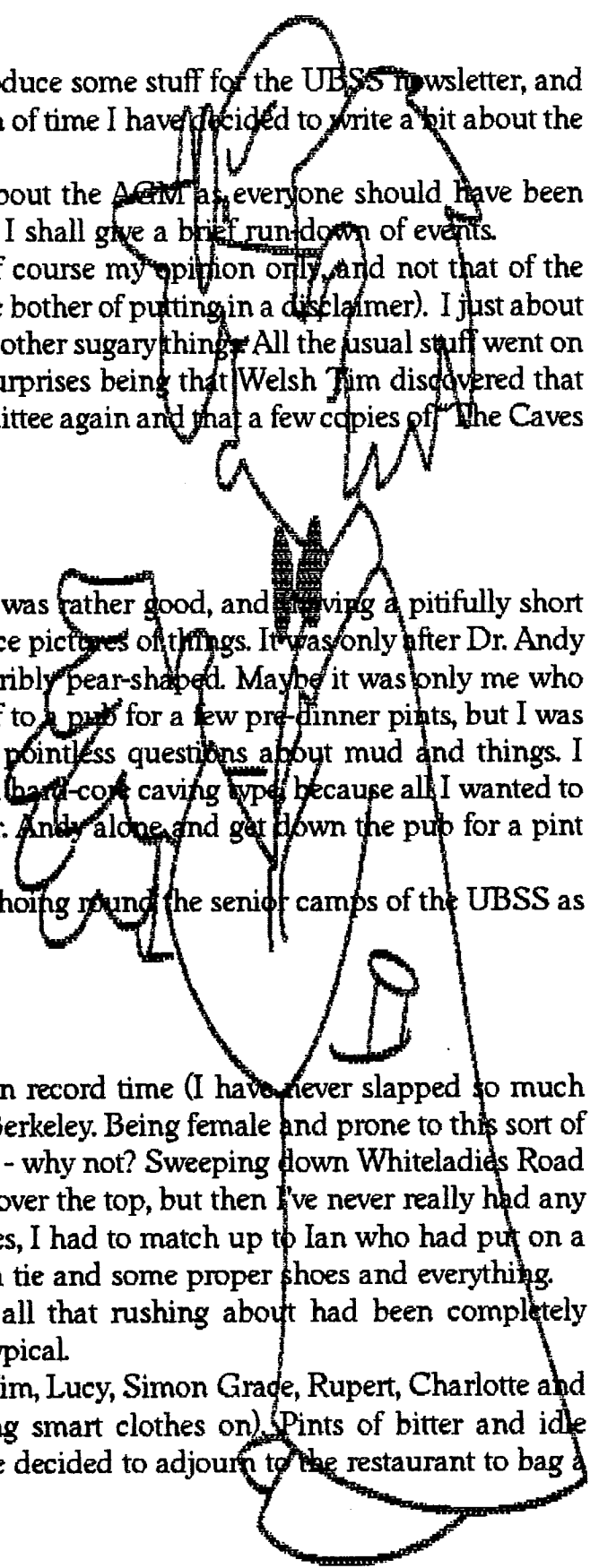
No doubt cries of "impatient child" are echoing round the senior camps of the UBSS as they read this, but if the cap fits, I'll wear it.

Chapter 3 - *Pre-dinner Drinks*

After sprinting home and getting changed in record time (I have never slapped so much eye-liner on in so little time), we left for the Berkeley. Being female and prone to this sort of thing I was completely over-dressed, but hey - why not? Sweeping down Whiteladies Road in a cape in broad daylight is possibly a bit over the top, but then I've never really had any objection to blatant attention seeking. Besides, I had to match up to Ian who had put on a suit (a rare occurrence) and even procured a tie and some proper shoes and everything.

Arriving at the pub we discovered that all that rushing about had been completely unnecessary as no one else was there yet. Typical.

Eventually we all turned up - us, Welsh Tim, Lucy, Simon Grace, Rupert, Charlotte and Ian Morley (who didn't even bother putting smart clothes on). Pints of bitter and idle chit-chat were the order of the day before we decided to adjourn to the restaurant to bag a decent table.



Chapter 4 - The Dinner

We arrived at Anthem at much the same time as the rest of the drunken rabble, and secured a little alcove for our clique. First thing to get sorted was the burning issue of the wine. Hugo (our man from Eton) had got a right bee in his bonnet about the mark-up on the house wines, and proceeded to disappear off to an off-licence to buy some at a saving of forty pence per bottle. Ian, Rupert, Charlotte and I frankly couldn't be bothered and bought the house wines. Laziness is a wonderful thing.

The food was excellent, even though I am at a loss to understand why they can't serve up chocolate stuff without cream. I hate the stuff and Lucy is allergic to it, but... (oh sod it, I'm ranting again). A fair amount of my time seemed to be spent waiting to get into the ladies' loo, which was always occupied (at times even by our esteemed President of the day). Consequently I was compelled to talk to Steve (who didn't send me a postcard from his lengthy holiday ineffectually disguised as work), Bill, Tim and co. It's a hard life....

Entertainment was provided by Ian almost destroying a work of art (a.k.a. four or five cunningly twisted exhaust pipes) by attempting to walk into a mirror (narcissistic* little soul that he is), and by watching the general trend of Trousers-evasion. I'm not sure if his suit or his drunken tendency to drink other people's wine was the more off-putting.

When all the grub had been noshed, there was nothing for it but to retire to the Scotsman for yet more alcoholic sustenance.

Chapter 5 - Chill-Out Zone

After talking our way into the pub past the obnoxious bouncer, we killed a bit of time on the balcony part deciding what to do next. The medium-age cavers were all in favour of going out to a club, but the youngsters amongst us decided that we were going to go to Ian Morley's and drink copious quantities of his booze - that's what you get for mentioning that you have Port and Amaretto in your room.

Lucy and Simon Grace went to their respective homes which just left Ian and I, Rupert, Charlotte and Welsh Tim to go round to Ian's. True to his word he fed us tea, coffee and spirits and it was all very mellow and nice.

At this point I am going to publicly apologise for stealing Ian Morley's squeaky hand-puppet, which goes by the name of Podge for some reason, to which I understand he is very attached. Sorry.

Oh yes, I'd also like to apologise for taking a whole series of pictures of him, in which he just happens to be eating, and hence making him look like a complete trougher, which of course he is not.

More idle banter ensued, and when we had exhausted all the possibilities of Rupert and Ian's ticklishness, we thought we should leave other Ian in peace and go home.

So we went home.

by Christine Benn

* If anyone out there doesn't know who Narcissus was, then kindly enquire of our learned Ed, who will inform you (accompanied by a little sneer of contempt for your lack of classical education no doubt).

The Caves of County Clare

(1837 Edition)

In 1837, Samuel Lewis published *A Topographical Dictionary of Ireland*. This work was published in two volumes and was intended to "...present every fact of importance tending to illustrate the local history, or convey useful information respecting the past or present state of Ireland." Original copies of this work are now rare and apparently sell for high prices on the antiquarian book market so, in 1995, in a project sponsored by Clare County Council, a limited edition reprint of all the entries relating to their area was produced in order to "make available in an accessible form material that might otherwise have been out of reach." This has been produced under the title *County Clare A History and Topography*.

I came across this publication earlier this year and immediately dived into the index looking for any entries relating to caves. There are five of these in all and bringing them together makes an interesting comparison with the modern guidebook. I have done this by listing the entry titles alphabetically but only reproducing the sentences relevant to the caves. Each entry is followed by my comments.

ENNISKERRY or MUTTON ISLAND, in the parish of KILMURRY, barony of IBRICKANE, county of CLARE, and province of MUNSTER.

... On its shores are some curious natural caves, formerly used by smugglers for storing contraband goods. ...

Mutton Island is south of Miltown Malbay and it is likely that these are sea caves in sandstone or shale rather than karst features. Tobacco Cave is shown on the new edition 1: 50,000 Ordnance Survey map, sheet 57. They are not mentioned in *Caves of County Clare* (1981 edition).

KILCORNEY, a parish, in the barony of BURREN, county of CLARE, and province of MUNSTER.

... near the village is a remarkable cave, the mouth of which is level with the ground : from the interior of this cave, which is of considerable extent, water is occasionally spouted into the air to a great height, and inundates the plain, although it is at some distance from any river or lake, and nearly 6 miles from the sea. ...

This is the Cave of the Wild Horses, explored as early as 1736 by Charles Lucas. The comment about water spouting into the air corroborates the theory held by myself and others that flood water in the Kilcorney depression rises from the cave rather than the rival view of Jack Coleman and co. that floods are caused by water rising on the other side of the road. (See Boycott et al, 1983 for a fuller account of this argument.)

KILHENY, or KILLEANY, a parish, in the barony of BURREN, county of CLARE, and province of MUNSTER.

... and a cave called Poul Ilva, more than 150 feet in depth, at the bottom of which is seen a subterraneous stream, which, after a course of about two miles, appears above ground near the old parish church.

At first sight, the identification of this site is obvious. However, Poulelva Pot is more nearly one mile

from its rising by Killeany church whereas Poulmagollum Pothole is much nearer to two miles away. It seems that any description of Poulelva at that time would be more likely to mention a stream falling down it rather than being visible at the bottom, whereas the bottom of Poulmagollum is much more easily visible. Neither is as much as 150 feet deep.

KILNEBOY, a parish, in the barony of INCHQUIN, county of CLARE, province of MUNSTER.

Near Crossard is an extensive natural cavern ; and at Thaiscogh, on a rocky eminence, is a remarkable spot where seven springs have their source, and unite into one stream, which takes a subterraneous course for nearly a mile, and again emerges.

The extensive natural cavern is Vigo Cave, one of the largest pieces of cave passage in Clare and probably one of the oldest. Cave passage was entered at the sink of the Seven Springs of Teeskagh by the Burren Crawlers in 1988. The stream has been dye traced to the Fergus River risings and Buntober springs, both well over two miles away (Bunce, 1991).

TULLA, or TULLOH, a market and post-town, and a parish, in the barony of TULLA, county of CLARE, and province of MUNSTER.

... At Kiltanon is a succession of limestone caverns, through which a rivulet takes its course ; these are much visited in summer : many petrified shells are found in the limestone, some of which are nearly perfect and very curious. ...

These are the Tomeens of Tulla. They were once a popular excursion for people from the local towns but are rarely visited today. (Self, 1993).

This book, as with similar works on England and Wales, was not solely the work of one man but was collated from information received from local resident gentleman. It can be seen from this, therefore, that interest in the countryside and in natural phenomena was becoming more widespread. It is also worth noting that, although some of the information may appear inaccurate in some details, they are all simple factual accounts, without any recourse to fantasy. As Lewis stated in his preface "...fabulous tales and improbable traditions have generally been intentionally omitted..."

Readers wishing further information should consult:

LEWIS, SAMUEL. 1995. *County Clare A History and Topography*, Clasp Press. Ennis. 141pp.

and

SELF, C.A. (Ed.) 1981. *Caves of County Clare*. University of Bristol Speleological Society. Bristol. 225pp.

other works referred to are:

Boycott, A., Mullan, G.J., and Wilson, L.J., 1983. *The Cave of the Wild Horses*, Kilcorney. Co.Clare. Proceedings of the University of Bristol Speleological Society 16 pp 215-220.

BUNCE, C. 1991. *Seven Streams*, Co. Clare. Irish Speleology 14. p 3.

SELF, C.A. 1993. *The Tomeens of Tulla*, Co. Clare, Ireland. Proceedings of the University of Bristol Speleological Society 19 pp 359-367.

Graham Mullan

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"Shit and mindless drivel, you idiot tourist."

"Kindly stop festooning the main shaft in a display of bumbling incompetence."

"Meet my close personal friend, Bill Miners."

"Oi you, the novice in the shiny new oversuit, where do you think you're going? That's a difficult cave, that is" {This comment is optional and only supplied to cavers with ginger hair and fifteen years of caving experience}

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Nosher's Handy Hints

Below are listed some handy tips and sage words of advice, gained by the experiences of myself and the bumbling incompetents who came on the Yorkshire trip (Saturday 8th - Thursday 13th June 1996). May all who read this learn from our mistakes...

1. Successful organisation must be accompanied by endless reams of mindless e-mail messages. Make sure you are aware that alias names appear in the messages too, so don't be surprised to offend people that you have, for instance, named 'Welsh Git'.
2. Make absolutely sure you know where third gear is and when you should use it when driving a minibus for the first time in your life.
3. Don't get overwhelmed by the ridiculously cheap Farm Stores brand of food at ASDA and buy about twenty cans or packets too much of everything, then carry it all back home again just because you don't want to waste all those 9 pences you spent on baked beans.
4. Suspiciously small Yorkshire cash and carries may in fact be secret underground nuclear bunkers in disguise.
5. Be wary of men called Nathan who own small Alsatian-Labrador cross puppies called Ra-ra-rasputin who really do (honest) respond to commands like 'Fuck Off'.
6. If this is how many times you get up to go to the loo during the night, go and see a doctor.
7. There is NOTHING worse than a separated white sauce. This nothing includes having your genitals chewed off by a wild horse.
8. Don't go on holiday to Yorkshire if you are easily offended or shocked by various views of sexual deviancy voiced by Ian and Ian (see 7, 18, 19 & *passim*)
9. Expect to get knackered if you go caving after eating four sausages in the Fountain Cafe for breakfast. P.S. Don't then eat more sausages for tea.
10. Don't try and go caving with a cell and no headset - it will not work.
11. Make sure you have enough water in your carbide generator when you go exploring to find the way on, so that you don't get left sitting in the dark. Alternatively, carry an electric backup and never lend it to someone else in the party (see 10).
12. Always take an inflatable Dave Elliot in your emergency bag in case you run into trouble (see 11).
13. Don't sing "It's Morley and Morley" from the *Muppets' Christmas Carol* continuously from entering the cave right up until you're too worried that you are lost that you start feeling sick. It is **VERY** irritating.

14. Don't try and call cave rescue from the public phone in Ingleton - nobody will hear you.
15. Small pairs of walking trousers in Daleswear are actually designed for children, not dwarves.
16. It rains like piss in Yorkshire.
17. The correct pronunciation of those things you spread jam and cream on and eat with tea is in fact scone rhyming with stone, NOT scone rhyming with John, okay?
18. Try not to wake up with a nine inch rip in the back of your boxer shorts and confess yourself at a loss to know how it got there.
19. If you're going to grease a cucumber, a) leave the wrapper on and b) don't blab about it. See also 18 (??)
20. Don't use cold showers on the caravan site that have clearly been disused for decades and replaced by new ones (see also 26)
21. Ask Ian if you want someone to make a good toad-in-the-hole, but watch out what you do with the leftovers (see also 5)
22. Don't spend ages deciding whether or not to do an SRT trip, decide to do it, then really regret it on the way back out.
23. If you want rope to come out of a tackle bag smoothly and not in great balls of knots, pack it yourself and don't let Jacket near it.
24. If you don't clip in at the head of a pitch, you are a dangerous fool (see also 12). It is as well to also ensure you can actually get off the head of a pitch with the minimum of fuss (see 22)
25. Expect to emerge from Bar Pot looking like Dick Van Dyke from *Mary Poppins*.
26. Don't get too bitter when the new showers are hot for your first shower and then freezing cold for the next two, but bear in mind 20.
27. Don't drink too much apricot brandy - it makes you go funny and you get very thirsty in the middle of the night.
28. Fried banana is top, but make sure the banana gods are as happy as can be.
29. Don't try and race lorries up hills in a minibus.
30. Try your hardest to get out of writing an article for the newsletter. However, if you are forced into it, be sure to write mindless drivel that no-one else will understand.

The End of a Beautiful Friendship

(between Christine Benn and Simon Clow's SRT kit)

As we have just got back from nearly a week's holiday in Ingleton it's that time again when all and sundry are asked to produce gems of wit for the newsletter. I volunteered (as bad decisions seem to be ruling my week) to write an article on our little trip down Bar Pot.

Firstly, it took a long time for me to make up my mind and actually go on the trip, as I have an innate fear of all things ropey, but after many hours of deliberation, the desire to see a whopping great underground chamber for myself won out over my dread of SRT. Oh how wrong can a person be!

The day got off to a bad start when it gradually dawned on me that we had to walk for an hour in the sunshine up a hill to get to the cave entrance. I was completely knackered by the time we got up there, and damn nearly bottled out then, but a drink from the stream and a bit of a sit down was enough to convince me that I didn't want to spend 5 or 6 hours on a hillside in my gear.

The trip down was mostly uneventful, and although painfully slow, I coped (more or less) with even the really big ropey bit. I could have done without the scenic trip around every crawl we could find

though as my knees were already a bit bruised from our little potter around Kingsdown Master Cave. It proved more than a little difficult to follow Steve's cheery directions "Just follow the draught and you'll get there", especially as Ian would say things like "Oh yes, definitely this way - I can feel the draught" and then try and crawl off to be confronted by a dead end.

Things were made a little uncomfortable for Rupert by his light deciding to give up on him just as we got to the bottom of the big pitch, and he was forced from then on to follow Ian everywhere (not a nice thought at the best of times) and see by the glow of his carbide.

Despite my inherent cynicism, even I was forced to admit that Gaping Ghyll main chamber is a sight worth seeing. Impressive just doesn't get near it - awesome is probably a better word.

After pottering about and making suitably impressed noises, and after Ian had attempted to take some photos, we headed off back. Now this is where it all went wrong - getting up the pitches again. At this point I'd like to point out that my problems stemmed from general incompetence and a lack of fitness on my part and were nothing at all to do with Ian's rigging, which was, of course, superb (that's Ian Morley for

those of you who weren't there).

While I was actually on the rope I was getting more and more exhausted, but I was never actually frightened, even though I have always been nervous of heights. Usually when I'm underground the sense of height is lost because I can't really see clearly into the distance, but this pitch was far too open, and when it came to getting off the rope at the top I just lost it and panicked utterly and completely. I was so tired that I thought my legs were never going to support me again, and even though I was clipped on by my hand-jammer and my long cow's tail, I just didn't feel safe. If I put my amateur psychology to work, all I can come up with is that it's a hand thing. It doesn't matter how many bits of rope I'm attached to if I can't hang on to something with my own hands.

The final straw came when I was facing this great gaping hole in the ground, terrified that I was going to fall, and then had to stand up straighter and lean towards the pitch to unclip my chest jammer. I can safely say that I have never been so utterly terrified in all my life, and that's why I'm never going to put myself in that sort of position ever again. I dare say there's lots more lovely things at the bottom of big holes in the ground, but I shall never see them, and it won't disturb my sleep one bit. I've tried, I've seen Ghyll, and that'll do me for life {cue sighs of relief from all UBSS SRT trip leaders}.

From that point on it was a nightmare. I was completely exhausted, with no strength at all left in my limbs, and it was only thanks to the sterling efforts of Ian (Wheeler, who does actually have the odd compassionate bone in his body if you really need it) and Rupert that I managed to make it out into fresh air. Now THAT was the best feeling I'd had for ages (no smutty comments will be appreciated).

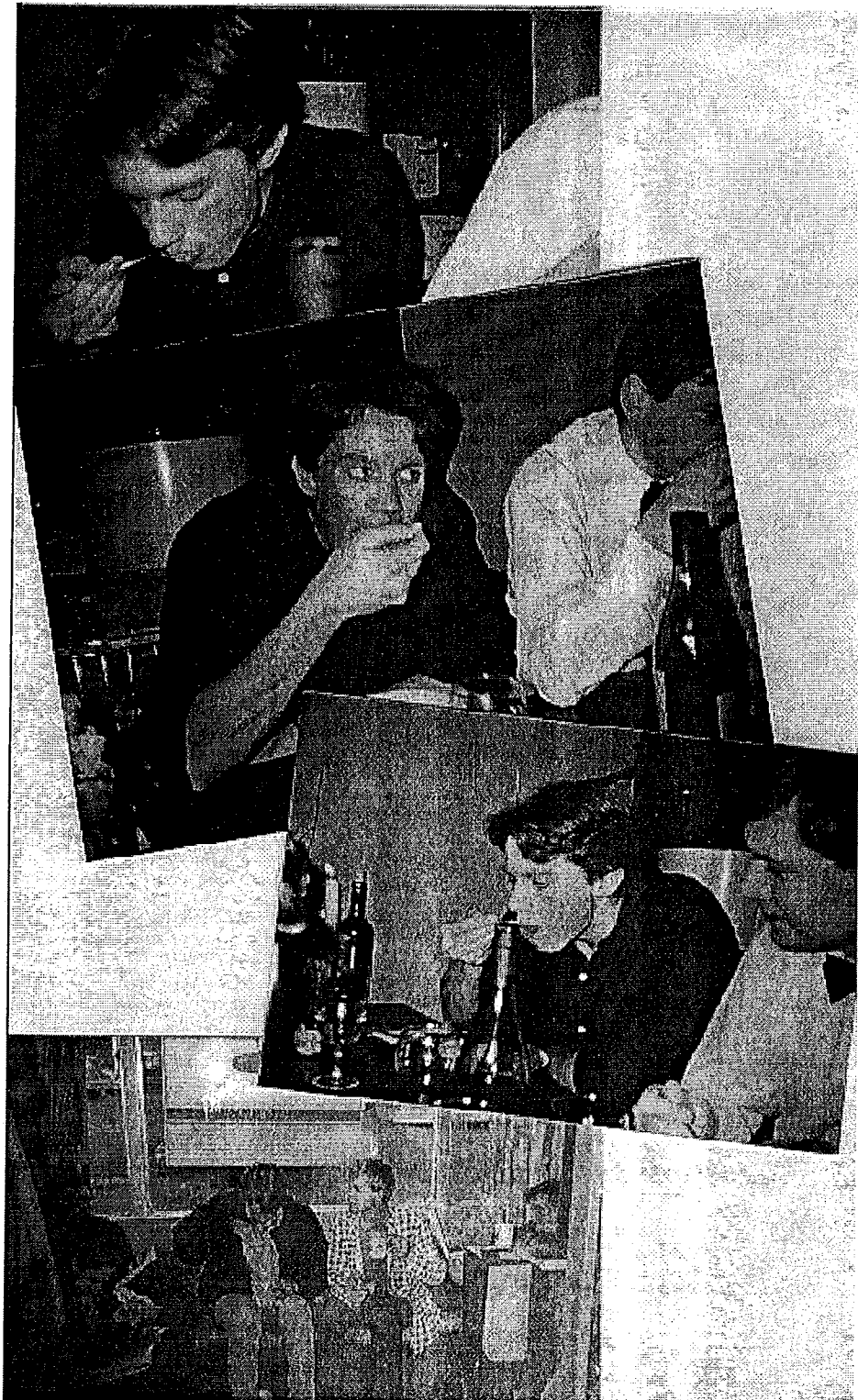
Rupert and I then set off back to the bus down a much more civilised route than that which we had come up (and which I understand they usually charge 30 pence to use - outrageous) and got everything sorted out by the time the others had all got out, changed and walked down.

I think that this is the only caving trip I've seriously regretted doing, and even now when I weigh up the pros and cons, I know I wouldn't do it again, even if the Main Chamber is well smart.

So, there ends the sorry tale of Miss C.S.Benn's last ever SRT trip. My recommendation to others? By all means go to Yorkshire, drink lots, eat lots, go walking, but make sure you leave your caving gear in Bristol!

Christine Benn

Competition Time : Spot the **Nosher** (Answers on a Gaping Ghyll postcard)



Going D o w n

Cavers present: Ian "Greased Cucumber" Wheeler, Ian "Nosher" Morley, Andy "Sausage" Jacket, Andy "Sulking" Trousers, Juliet "Hon Sec" Morse, "Innocent" Millicent Smyth, Steve "Help" Cottle and myself, Tim "Welsh Tart" Davies.

I was not long in Yorkshire before I found myself in a hole - Swinsto Hole, in fact. Following the customary gargantuan double breakfast at the Fountain Cafe, everyone boarded Rupert's minibus. A short while later I was climbing into my half-forgotten caving gear, unused these last three months. I soon began peeling some of it off during the sunny hike up half a steep hill to the entrance. After much faffing and fumbling with harnesses, we began our underground foray.

The passageway between the first few pitches was generally spacious. After the two consecutive big pitches I was anxiously anticipating a 300 metre crawl. I soon realised that I had misunderstood: the crawl is 300 *feet* in length. Swinsto contains seven pitches in total - nine if you rope up the two climbs. This gave me some much-needed S.R.T. practice. I even have the rope-burns to prove it.

We eventually reached the ladder at the bottom of the cave, marking the end of a good pull-through trip. I climbed the ladder and followed Steve to the exit. Soon everyone joined us and we waited for Rupert, Charlotte and Christine (the anti-underground brigade) to pick us up in the minibus. While waiting I became fed up of passing drivers giving us strange looks, so I retaliated with absurd wide-eyed stares of astonishment.

Tim Davies

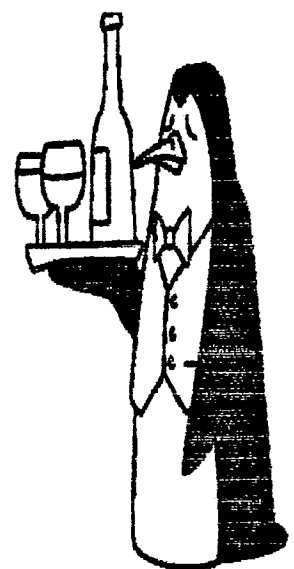
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The Depths have yet to be Plumbed

*Extra cost applicable

WARNING - Persons of a sensitive disposition may be inclined to vomit in the presence of such crass vulgarity.

Lancaster Hole **Things to do in ~~Denver~~**

nearly **...When You're Dead**

It was not the most auspicious of starts to the trip. In the short distance between the car and the cave it suddenly occurred to Millicent that she was carrying an FX2 cell with no headset. Fortunately, Steve decided to play the Knight errant and detached his backup light after a fight with the bolts anchoring it to his hat. Even with such delays, we were at the top of Lancaster Hole shortly after Noon.

The initial hundred foot pitch was quickly accomplished without event, despite Milly's best efforts to kill us all by kicking sizeable rocks onto the heads of those underneath without so much as a warning call. The second pitch down Fall Pot was soon to follow, and was fine and dandy despite the fact that all agree the bolts have been placed with incompetence bordering on insanity.

As we proceeded on through the cave, we developed our plans for the trip. As the water level seemed quite low, we reckoned it would be okay to head out of the system at the Wretched Rabbit entrance without any pre-rigging of gear. Turning out of the fine streamway and into the Monster Caverns, we set about finding the exit passage. It was here that our troubles began in earnest.

Steve seemed to be indulging a penchant for leading us into the most disgusting parts of the cave he could find. Flat-out crawls so tight you couldn't turn your head without severing your spinal cord were particularly fun, particularly in reverse when Steve decided they didn't look as familiar as he had initially thought. All this crawling had a distinctly adverse effect on the carbide users in the group, as precious water trickled away while we were lying prostrate on the floor. It was this water depletion which caused Steve to get lost in the dark in a chamber off yet another revolting crawl.

Sending Jacket on ahead to investigate the absence of our leader, we were treated to a fine display of miscommunication.

"Steve, are you up there?" shouted Jacket, with all his might.

"Heffflppp," came the muffled reply.

"Shall we follow you or not?"

"Help."

"Was that a yes or a no?"

"Help."

"What? Yes or no? I can't hear you."

"HELP."

"Ian, I think he wants me to go on, but I can't hear a word."

"HELP!!!"

"Ah, that was definitely a yes - I'll go on after him and see what's up there."

Eventually, we did manage to extract Steve from his predicament, while Jacket went hurtling off up the crawl in a huge circle, ending up back at the beginning. He was less than amused when he had to do the whole thing again to retrieve the SRT kit he had rather foolishly left half way round.

Abandoning our current line of route finding, we systematically explored every passage we could find, failing dismally to locate what we later discovered was marked on the survey as a huge and unmissable exit down to Stock Pot. By now, it was six o'clock, and we were beginning to think about getting out really quite quickly. Deciding that our best option was to return via Lancaster Hole, we began to retrace our steps.

It was not long before we were lost again, this time in an irritating boulder choke. By now, Jacket was dead on his feet, regretting his shunning of the traditional Fountains Double Breakfast with black pudding and beans. Milly professed to feeling sick, symptoms supposedly induced by our current navigational absent-mindedness. Leaving Ian to mind the shop, Steve and I set off to crack the riddle of the choke, a mystery which took about forty minutes to solve and involved exploring every possible way through no less than three times. However, solve it we did, only to emerge into yet another boulder choke maze, albeit a slightly simpler one.

From here, it was plain if somewhat slow sailing out to Fall Pot and on to Lancaster Hole, once I had finished losing my way in between the two pitches. First out, I hit the surface after nine o'clock, after a mere nine hours underground, half of which was spent going round in circles. Plodding back to the car, I changed and sat around to wait and wait and wait.

When nobody had appeared by ten o'clock, I started to wonder what was going on, and pondered just how worried Rupert would be and at what time he would be calling out the rescue. As Jacket and Millicent strolled wearily into sight, I reckoned it was getting a little late and gave the police a ring to prevent a wasted journey from Cave Rescue. A very helpful man at Kendal police station dutifully scribbled down my details and said he would deal with the matter. Thus it was that when Rupert hit the panic button some ten minutes later, he had only to get as far as saying his name was "R..." before the woman at Skipton police station could chip in with Doris Stokes like ability, "Rupert Campbell, ah yes, we've been expecting you." Disaster, not to mention chronic embarrassment and the tarnishing of the club's callout record, had been narrowly averted, and we all lived to cave another day.

Ian Wheeler

Younger readers are warned that caving with such a flippancy attitude to route finding is the work of dangerous fools. Never go underground without a map and at least five Dave Elliot quotations. Songs about masturbation are also useful, if only to shock other members of your party.

Former Hon. Secs' Sex Scandal ?

Have YOU seen these "men"?

Do NOT approach on sighting - they are ludicrously camp

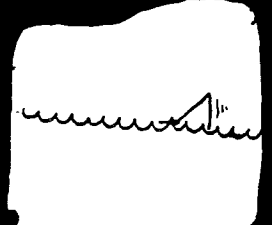
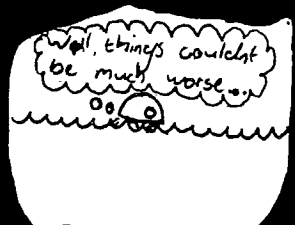
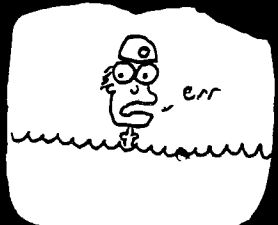
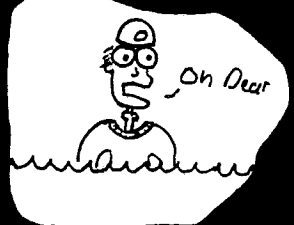


WARNING - The UBSS could cost you your sexual identity

THE ADVENTURES of **BORIS**

The UBSS Mascot
(With Special Guest
DEATH)

Dedicated to Brian Collingridge. Han See in '57, and my old Headmaster, whose just retired



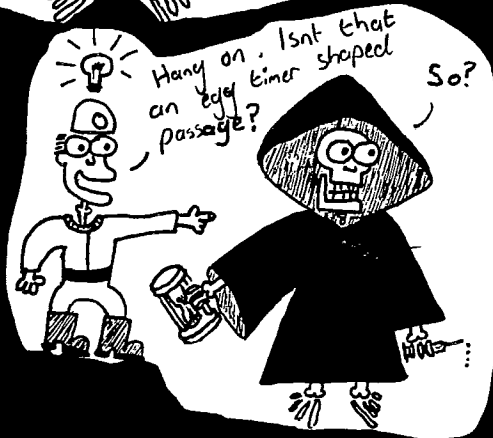
Narrator:-

For Forty Days and nights the waters raged, until...

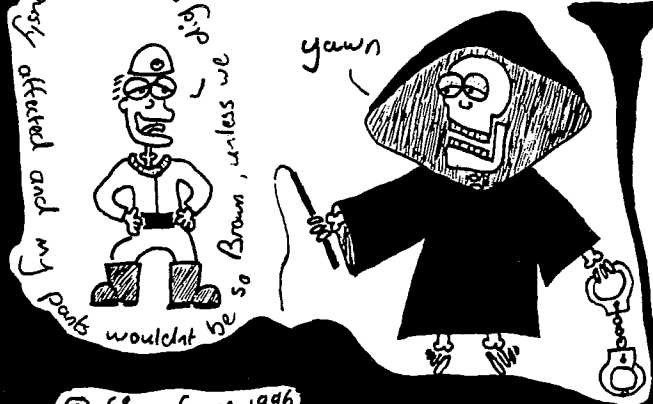


CAVING-LIFE BEFORE DEATH

All our thieves are bastards...



you could just as easily be a clock, and you know how much difference that would make, but what if it was phreatic, well, that would change the whole scenario completely, and we haven't considered the storm which flows North but if it used to flow South by South East then the mud formations will be seriously affected and my pants wouldn't be so brown, unless we dig a second entrance, but then that would effect the argonite formations, rabbit, Blubber etc...



Sleeping Sound effects by our Vice President...

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Next Issue EXCLUSIVE!:- What to do with leftover Dairy Products in your Fridge, starring Ian + Chrissie...