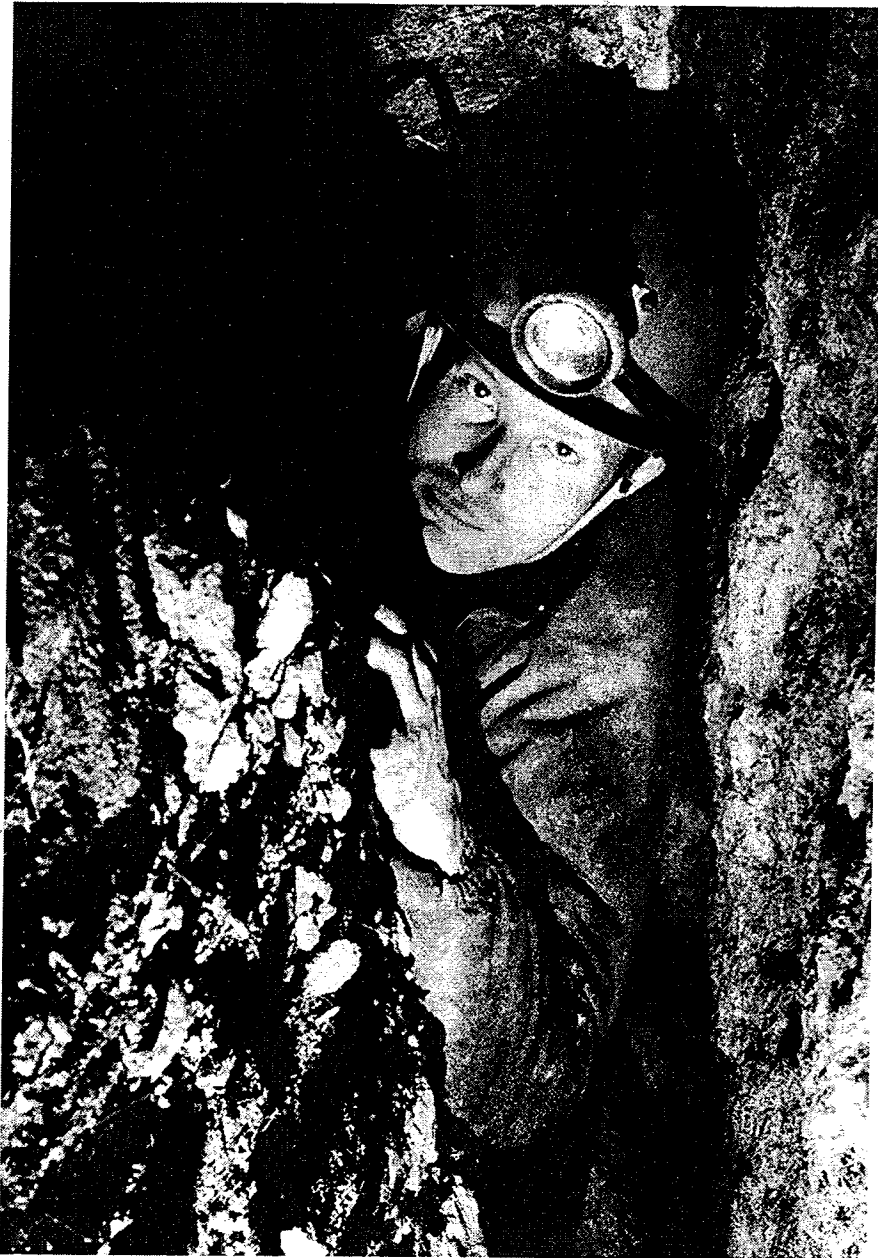


U.B.S.S.

The University of Bristol Spelaeological Society



Yes, we do this for fun

Newsletter
Vol. 13 No.3

December 1997

THE EDITOR'S BIT

Hello again,

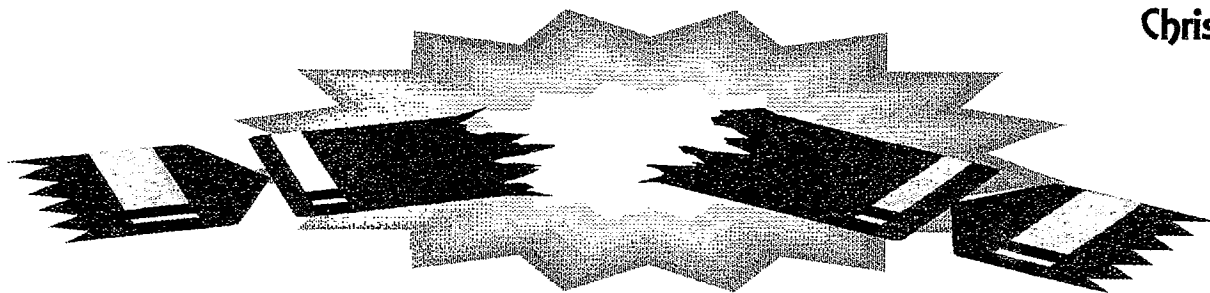
Time to battle your way through another issue of the UBSS newsletter. There's not a lot to say here really apart from all the usual stuff like thanking people who've written me things and cursing all those who haven't. Never mind – it's been cobbled together now, so you'll all just have to like it. Be warned – I shall be after those of you who go to Devon and Ireland, demanding articles to fill the next issue.

What else? Well, a quick note about the infamous Annual Dinner in March – which, in a dramatic break from tradition is (hopefully) not going to be at Anthem. Yes, there really is more than one restaurant in Bristol. You must all come to that, but **ONLY IF YOU BOOK FIRST**. There is nothing more irritating for the organiser than to have all and sundry deciding they can waltz in and be fed. It is going to be organised by Tim Davies again (sucker), so he's the one to get in touch with if you want to go – via Graham is probably easiest to start with if you don't live in Bristol.

It seems like Boris the caver has left our pages for good as the resident cartoonist has had the temerity to go and get himself a job. Some people just don't have their priorities straight.

Apart from that, it only remains for me to wish you Merry Christmas, and I shall see you all next term.

Chris



UBSS Newsletter Vol.13 no.3 December 1997

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Disclaimer – The opinions expressed within these pages are those of the individual contributors and are no reflection on the broad minded attitudes of the committee and myself. Why do I bother to write this bit? No one reads it anyway.

More People Have Been to Better Places!

Before I begin I apologise for this bad article, expo's are a little like an in joke, 'you had to be there'. Also I was not meant to mention beer.

The British weather was being its normal self, gales and rain at the beginning of June. Never mind - it was the summer, I was a student again and for once I had a job to come back to. So Juliet and I got in my van and drove up to Yorkshire for our foreign holiday - we were to get lost more than once before making it to the loser plateau in Austria. Four weeks and a few thousand miles later, but more importantly after a lot of fun, we were about 150 miles away from Hilder's, the CUCC's base camp, and I had to sleep. Nearly driving off the road with a full van was losing its entertainment value, and of course Juliet had been asleep for hours. Due to not having much time because of the rapidly approaching international conference, I was determined to go up the mountain on the day I arrived and find the connection to Eisenholer the next day.

On arrival I was greeted by rain but I remained determined, only to be foiled by the expo dinner that evening, so I was forced to drink Beer (whoops I wasn't supposed to write that). Anyway it was a good opportunity to find out what had been happening. People had been lost on the plateau leading to near death experiences, but more importantly 136 was rigged, which meant that I didn't have to drag people through Stair Way to Hell ever again. However, there was the disincentive that 250m of rope and a horrible traverse needed to be negotiated.

The next day it was still raining, but I took the opportunity to fix my gear before running up the mountain with too much in my rucksack (will I ever learn?). Top camp is the only flat piece of ground for miles with water that can be relied upon most of the time. There was very little to do, and as the sun (on the occasions it shines) gets you up too early the best thing to do is sleep.

To my surprise the sun was shining in the morning so after some nasty breakfast off we set to 136. It was about half the distance to the other entrance being used this year - definitely another advantage. There was the usual faffing before eventually working out all the rubbish that has to be taken

down a vertical cave, then we were off into the unknown. The land of great beauty where no one had been before, with the chance of discovering a great system. What am I talking about? It's a great big cold, muddy hole in the ground that basically breaks or wears out all your gear, and the only reason any mad person would repeat the torture is to find a great big system. About an hour later we were close to the pushing front when we saw an unrecorded hole in the wall, and were tempted. Nine bolts later and some very 'stylish' rigging with a few good swings we popped out in a big chamber with a waterfall in. Excitement was rising until we walked round the corner to find a rope, so we left disappointed, surveying and de-rigging a distraction as we went. Dejected we set off back to the daylight.

On the surface I decided that I could run back down to the base camp to help Juliet carry her stuff up, as she had hurt her ankle canyoning. To my surprise Juliet was not at base, so I ran all the way back up. Juliet went on one trip to survey some new passage but called caving off after a day of prospecting, where we found some very interesting leads (makes it worth while going back), but did reduce her walking speed to below a mile an hour. The next holiday was already looming on the horizon, but there was time for a photo trip and some other grotty trips to look at some very small passages with water in (very unusual for Austria) that were going the right way to make the connection to the closest system. As it happened they all stopped and all I got was very fit getting out of the cave.

After a bit of tidying up of things we had got wrong in previous years, Juliet and I decided to leave as Juliet's ankle was not improving - pity, as the weather was about the best it got. The expo this year found and surveyed just over 2km of cave, making the cave over 22km long, and now 120m from the other system.

Andrew Atkinson

CSG information

<<http://www.sat.dundee.ac.uk/>

~arb/surveying/csg.html>

Chalk Karst - or Wot no Caves?

Having been exiled to Hampshire, mapping the area just east of Winchester (and very close to our esteemed Presidents residence) as part of my work with the British Geological Survey, I have become very (over?) familiar with that most lovely of rocks, the Chalk. Now, before you all yawn and turn the page, Chalk is limestone - and limestone is supposed to have caves - yes? Wrong - which explains why Salisbury Plain isn't on the top ten list of caving areas. But, all is not lost, the Chalk does have some interesting karstic features and even some caves, as I'll explain. Many of these sites, as well as all the Chalk mines and 'deneholes', and indeed, virtually every other underground feature in Southeast England are documented in the Chelsea Spelaeological Society Records (vols. 1-15?).

Firstly, why doesn't the chalk have lots of caves? There are several reasons; firstly, Chalk is porous; i.e. it lets water through pore spaces within the rock. This means the water can flow through the rock, rather than being forced to flow through fissures contained within the rock mass, although this occurs as well. This allows the water to dissolve the chalk over a large diffuse volume, rather than being confined to particular channels. The Carboniferous Limestone that we all know and love is not porous, but is permeable, i.e. it contains lots of fissures and joints which can be enlarged by solution. Secondly, the Chalk for the most part tends to be a rather soft squidgy rock, and hence incapable of supporting large spans. As soon as a cavity is enlarged enough to be called a cave, it collapses. However, there are harder bands, notably the Lewes and Holywell Chalks which are capable of supporting large voids. Thirdly, there are few areas of impermeable cover rocks from which streams can drain off and sink into the chalk to produce caves. Even in the Carboniferous Limestone, where there is little or no adjacent impermeable cover, such as on Clifton Down or up by Bristol Airport, there are relatively few caves and certainly no major stream sinks.

But, under certain circumstances, swallets, caves and dolines and other karstic features all exist. Perhaps the best known of the Chalk swallets is the Water End Swallow Holes in Hertfordshire. The Mimmshall brook, which incidentally has the largest catchment of any sinking stream in England at something like 45 km², sinks after flowing from the impermeable Tertiary rocks onto the Chalk. It flows into a complex of depressions, which engulf up to 1m³s⁻¹ of water which has been traced to resurgences spread over a 12 km stretch of the River Lea, 8-15 km from and 20-45 m lower than the sink. Flow through times are about 5.5 km per day, thus indicating at least some conduit flow probably through a maze of interconnected fissures. Other stream sinks include water from the River Mole in Surrey flowing to large springs near Leatherhead. Many smaller intermittent streams sink along the Tertiary-Chalk boundary through out S. England, and also from patches of the overlying impermeable 'Clay-with-Flints' scattered over the chalk outcrop.

Around the margins of any areas impermeable cover, such as the 'Clay-with-Flint' (it's name is self explanatory!) there are often profuse numbers of dolines or solution hollows. Vast numbers of these have been dug out by farmers to excavate the Chalk to lime the acidic clay-with-flint soils. Most of the 'Pits' marked on the 1:25K maps were probably former dolines or swallets. Under the right circumstances they can be as numerous as on any of the doline fields in Yorkshire or South Wales. In Dorset, over 370 dolines occur on Puddletown Heath, reaching densities of over 157 km². The largest of these is the Culpeppers Dish, 21 m deep and 86 m in diameter. Some of these Dorset dolines must be recent as they affect a Bronze Age burial site. Where, as along the coast or in large quarries, sections

through these solution hollows (often known as 'pipes') can be seen, their true extent can be appreciated. Typically they are infilled with flinty gravel and clay and rarely extend into open cave - and thus not worth digging!. However, as they can extend up to 20-30 m below the ground surface and present a major engineering hazard. Some of the bridges on the Brighton bypass had to be modified when the piles for the bridge piers were found to be located on clay and sand infilling a pipe over 10 m deep. Many have no surface expression and often bifurcate downwards into discrete infilled 'caves' before petering out at depth.

Under certain circumstance, open caves can form. The largest and best known is Beachy Head Cave near Eastbourne. This is a phreatic tube some 400 m long, truncated into 2 parts by the cliff face. Here the presence of a horizontal layer or 'sheet' of flint has prevented the downward percolation of water, acting as an 'aquiclude'. Hence the water is forced to flow along the top of the flint, initiating a cave passage (possibly helped by favourable chemical conditions; viz. one of DeeJ Lowe's 'inception horizons'). However, most of the cave is body size, with only a few spots to stand up, and the floor is covered in knee bruising knobbly flints; not one of my all time favorite caves. DeeJ Lowe (1992) provides a review of Chalk Caves.

Chalk caves also exist in Co. Antrim, Northern Ireland. Here the Chalk is much more indurated and thus acts hydrologically much more like the Carboniferous Limestone. Several caves are known, as well as stream sinks and resurgences, the largest of which is the Blackwater Stream cave, which could be followed for several hundred metres, the resurgence is still several km away. Mike Simms has even found some fossil Chalk caves which were infilled with basaltic lava, some 60 million years ago. In northern France, again the chalk is well indurated and possesses an impermeable cover. Several quite extensive caves are known.

So, the Chalk can support cave systems and other karstic features, for example, the many famous dry valleys, but often the conditions aren't conducive to their development. So, next time you venture out on the Chalk of Salisbury Plain or the N. & S. Downs, just 'cos it doesn't have lots and lots of open caves, doesn't mean its not karstic - isn't that right Graham!?

Further Reading - if your still interested!

Lowe, D.J. (1992) Chalk Caves revisited. Transactions of the British Cave Research Association, 19, 55-58.

Waltham, Simms, Farrant & Goldie, 1997. Cave and Karst of Great Britain, GCR Volume, English Nature, 358 pp. Contains a summary of most of the sites mentioned above and any relevant references.

Records of the Chelsea Speleological Society, most of these volumes document all the underground sites in SE England, and can be found in the UBSS Library.

Andy Farrant

The Bluffer's Guide to Being a Karst Geomorphologist.

What the hell is a Karst Geomorphologist?

With your masochistic hobby, you are bound to meet these types from time to time and these guidelines will help you through an ordeal potentially worse than the thin squeezes in Pierre's Pot and that horrible traverse in Ireby Fell.

Your first objective is to work out what the hell a karst geomorphologist is. This is easy if you are the public school type and have had a firm grounding in Latin and probably a firm grounding in some other places too.

'Geo' means earth, 'morph' means shape and 'ology' means study of, and I am sure 'ist' means something nice too.

Now for this Karst word. This is actually a lovely place in the former Yugoslavia with lots of funny shaped limestone and holes in the ground, and has become incorporated into the extensive terminology of geomorphologists to describe such landscapes with funny shaped limestone and holes in the ground, in much the same way as Worthing has come to describe boredom and Manchester a synonym for having your car nicked.

Key words to remember. (Who cares what they mean – just learn them)?

- Speleotherm
- Resurgence
- Spelæology
- Groundwater hydrology
- Doline
- Scalloping
- Epikarst
- Rift
- Karren
- Vadose
- Notches
- Phreatic
- Shakehole
- Fissure porosity
- Palaeokarst
- Pseudokarst
- Relic karst
- Karstic
- Karstification
- Karst domes
- Karst denudation rates

Your imagination is king here. If you are impressing others not in the know, just make up a scientific sounding word and insert it either as a suffix or a prefix around the word karst. If you are rumbled and someone does actually realise that you are talking bollocks, refute this loudly stating that your brand new, totally made up word is "the descriptive term for a new spelæological phenomenon recently observed in Slovenia/New Mexico/Indonesia and the research has not yet been published."

Actions in a cave.

When walking down an easy stretch of passage, stop suddenly and either:

A. Fake a multiple orgasm, moaning about passage architecture, substituting any of the key words for the more usual

Yes, yes, yes, YES YES!!!

E.g. scalloping, scalloping, scalloping, SCALLOPING, SCALLOPING!!!

B. Commence a long lecture on the formation of this particular marvel of a passage using as many key words as possible. This can be useful if the way ahead looks hard and you don't want to do it, or if you are lost in a cave this will provide endless hours of entertainment for your comrades whilst your lights fade into the darkness. NB. Club lights do this in minutes, not hours.

Actions in the pub (post caving).

- Name drop, preferably someone you might have heard of who saws up stalactites in the name of science. The more letters after his or her name the better. You are on first name terms with them, even if they are dead. Remember, it's not William White, it's Will, and it's not Andrew R. Farrant, it's Dr. Andy.

- Shout out any of the key words cited above, especially mentioning that sexy little phreatic tube that everyone else just missed in the middle of that 6km crawl between that muddy duck and the sporting rift.

- Complain bitterly that you can't make the conference on fissure porosity in Austria/the States/Czech Republic, as you have to give a talk on "Karst Denudation Rates with Reference to Antarctic and Grahamland Field Sites" to the Accrington Geomorphological Foundation (all three of them).

You too could mingle with the likes of Dr. Andy.

I'll go now...



Adam Goulding

A Weekend in Hell (with Bridge)

After yet another hard day of running the country from the Sheffield headquarters of the government, I hoisted my rucksack onto my back and set off to catch a train to Derby. The reason why I was doing this when I was attempting to go caving in North Yorkshire is one that will be lost on many, but to a Civil Servant it makes almost perfect sense to travel forty miles south before then heading north.

At Derby train station I was met by a grinning Timothy Parish who whisked me off to his abode in Wirksworth in a van he had "borrowed" from his erstwhile employers, the BTCV. The plan was that we would shortly be met by Taz and Chris, who had left Bristol in the car at about five o'clock and who should have been with us no later than half past seven. That, as I say, was the plan. As ever where cavers are involved, things did not go quite as smoothly as anticipated, and cups of tea led to fish and chips which led to a gripping instalment of *The Bill* which in turn led to an odd programme hosted by Michael Aspel, who seemed to be in a great deal of rectal pain. Strange, but very true, I assure you.

Just before an episode of *Red Dwarf* had the chance to inflict itself upon us, our transport and other halves arrived, delayed due to roadworks. Wasting no time, we scoffed down some more chips and bundled everything in the car before scooting off to the depths of Yorkshire. (Everything, that is, except for Taz's carbide light, which managed to get itself left on the roof of a car outside Tim's lodgings.)

A mere three hours later, we arrived in Hellwith Bridge, home of the Yorkshire Subterranean Society. Although the local pub was quite blatantly still open and serving, the charming landlady informed us, in a manner more than slightly reminiscent of Davros, that she was closed for the night. With the opportunity to quaff fine ale denied us, we clambered upstairs to bed, picking our way through the morass of children's toys in the

lounge and nodding appeasingly as we were requested to keep the noise down for fear we should wake some little kiddies who were incongruously in the building.

I was somewhat alarmingly jolted back to life the next morning at seven o'clock by what I initially assumed was the ritual slaughter of some Catholics in the back yard. As this is the sort of thing I tend to actively encourage, I paid little heed until it slowly penetrated my addled mind that the noise emanated instead from some yawling children in the vicinity – no doubt entirely different children to the ones whom we had been told not to disturb the previous evening. Eventually, the noise became so great that we were all forced to get up and start cooking breakfast. The kitchen soon became obscured by a heavy blanket of smog from smouldering bacon, eggs, beans, tomatoes, toast, tea and all the usual sort of malarkey and silence descended for a short while as everyone set to work on demolishing their individual platters of lard.

When talk bubbled back again, it was to the subject of caving that we turned. With trips to Sunset Hole, Ireby Fell and Alum Pot on offer, I opted for the most gentle and set off for Alum in the back of Steve's van, now fondly renamed the Ruck Truck (or something like that) although Mr. Cottle was keen to reassure everyone that the velvet-lined interior of his Astra had never seen any rucking.

With only the minor inconvenience of leaving all the rope and ladders back at the hut, we made it underground (we being myself, Steve, Jenna and Taz) for a really rather pleasant potter down to the main shaft and then out via Doctor Banister's Hand Basin. Not content with a mere one cave for the day, Steve insisted we go and look for the entrance to some other cave in the vicinity for a further half-hour underground. Alas, clusters of dead sheep were the only things we stumbled across in our stroll over the moorland, so we turned round and headed back to our

transport instead. From here, it was but a short journey to Ingleton to meet up with Tim, Chris and Hilary, who had shirked caving yet again to walk over Ingleborough instead. Tea and cakes were consumed, prior to a bit of SRT practice for Jenna before we decided that it was high time we paid the Marton Arms a visit.

Troughing and boozing ensued while we waited for others to return from their trips, following which we adjourned back to Hellwith Bridge to settle into the local pub for the night. Old Mother Shrew the Landlady was in slightly better temper this evening and deigned to serve us, though she later lost her temper and started rearranging us around the room, as apparently our presence had created a fire hazard in the Tap Room. Several pints later, and pausing only while Tim stole somebody's coat (under the delusion that it belonged to one of our members who had somewhat miserably disappeared off to bed at about half past nine), we retired to the hut for a bit of rowdiness and some silly games.

While the usual array of booze and stuff did the rounds, those who were old enough to know far better dragged a table from the kitchen and started to play silly caver games with it. Finishing his attempt, Mat Wood was sent back to his seat with his ears ringing after the editor gave him such a scutching round the head he was lucky to still have it attached to his shoulders, while Taz lay on the floor under a chair screaming at an earwig with such volume we feared for a moment she had broken her back.

As everyone's energy reserves were down, people slowly drifted off to the dormitory and peace descended once more on the place, no doubt much to the relief of those who had obviously been misled into believing this was a suitable place to which young children could be brought for a relaxing weekend.

Next morning was happily bereft of toddlers squealing like stuck pigs, and a more leisurely start to the day was observed with another gargantuan breakfast. Most people enthusiastically went caving again, but once more I was too idle to go and settled for lending out all my kit instead. The alternative of a walk up Penyghent with Chris, Tim and Roland seemed a much better idea, so off we strolled to Horton for some tea to brace us for the trek

ahead. There isn't really very much of note to relate about all this, unless you would be interested in our intellectual and convoluted discussions on the worth of the sweet potato and the relative stupidity of modern geography students. No? Oh well, maybe next time then.

And so we returned to the YSS hut to await the return of those foolish enough to travel into the bowels of the earth on such a pleasant day. Many hours passed, all in the company of chocolate biscuits, gallons of tea and the dubious delights of *Carry on Cruising*. By the time everyone was back, it was too late for our car to make it all the way back to Bristol, so an impromptu stop in Sheffield for the night was made necessary. Here, more tea ensued, and then it was time to fall into a dreamless slumber before the alarm rang at five o'clock and it was time to venture into work once more and see that the country was running correctly for the next few hours.

Ian Wheeler



Freshers' Weekend

Ah, Freshers' Weekend. That glorious weekend when the hatchlings get their caving knees, when the initiates get their wellies muddy, and when the caving vets get extraordinarily drunk. Yes, that seems to sum up this years Bristol University Spelaeological Society Freshers' Weekend in a nutshell.

This years FW was again held out at "The Hut" in the Mendip Hills. Leaving on Saturday morning from the tackle store and not returning until early Sunday evening, the cavers experienced lovely weather all weekend. Around 25 people made it for the weekend, with everyone being present for dinner around the campfire on Saturday night; five of this group actually being Freshers or new members to the club.

The weekend started off with the cavers dividing into two groups, one, led by Steve C. taking a trip down into Swildon's Hole, and the other, led by Dr. Steve, "diving" into Rod's Pot. For any Freshers out there reading this who have never done any caving before, be warned: caving is not just squeezing through tight spaces and bending through short entrance ways - as a trip into Rod's Pot will attest. Caving also requires you so crawl onto your stomach and wriggle through muddy passages like the snake that you are. After successful completion of this first cave and initiation into caving, the group was still feeling adventurous and decided to finish off the day with short trips down into Pierre's Pot and Goatchurch. All caves were easily managed and in fairly dry condition, with only Rod's Pot having a bit of mud in the entrance. Back at the hut this first group entertained themselves with various toys from Simon's

adventure to Borneo, with Hilary showing a special fortitude for blowing poison darts. Later in the evening, when the second group who had spent the day at Goatchurch arrived back at the hut, the tired cavers were fed a wonderful meal of stew and alcoholics' trifle prepared by Graham and other veteran cavers.

The evening was capped off by a visit to "The Pub", an evening of conversation, revelry, pool playing, and some extreme drunkenness. On the way back from the pub, many of the cavers were saved from a sure death by cow stampede by Tim D, whose expertise at cattle calls successfully warded off a herd of cows running madly through the field. Once back at the hut we were all treated to 80% proof rum bon-bons and the enchanting music of Taz loudly singing folk songs in accompaniment to Simon's guitar playing.

On the second morning, the cavers awoke to a once again relatively warm and clear day. After breakfast, which for some, like Adam, took longer than others (he finished off about 7 bowls of corn flakes), the more adventurous and less hung-over of the group went out for a second day of caving, once again out to Swildon's hole. The cave was slightly wetter than the day before, but still fairly dry, and the sump at the bottom was dived by Taz and Adam. After a successful couple of hours in the cave, the cavers emerged, dried off, and drove back to Bristol.

Thus the weekend ended, with tired vets, sore novices, and a good (hopefully) time had by all.

Jenna

A VISIT TO THE JURA

OR

WHAT WE DID ON OUR HOLIDAYS, 1997

Friday 12th September

The "A" team,

Graham Mullan : GJM Linda Wilson : LJW Helen Wills : HCW Tony Boycott : AB (Dr)
left Bristol at 6.30 p.m. and drove to Abingdon to stay overnight with the "B" team
Julian Walford: JDW Carol Walford : CMW

Saturday 13th September

The team arose at sparrow fart (5.00 am) loaded up (giving AB to the Walfords) and two cars high tailed it to Dover and parts foreign. Amazingly enough we met up on the ferry, despite it being an earlier one than we were actually booked on and successfully entered France. A totally uneventful journey on deserted French motorways saw us arriving at Frontenay, a small (very) village in the Jura by late afternoon.

We settled in quickly to our splendid palace of a holiday cottage and settled down to eat and drink, the only low points being our inability to open the garage door padlock and a strange reluctance to start on the part of the Mullan Volvo (cured as mysteriously as the problem arose by the arrival the following morning of the mechanic arranged last night with the RAC. The car started, he fiddled with something [identified later as the starter solenoid connector (low current) JDW] and pronounced it to be OK. Whether this is true or not remains to be seen.) Julian then practised his breakfast making skills and we readied ourselves to explore.(GJM/LJW)

Sunday 14th September

After a totally successful Walford Fried Breakfast ®, we set off to do a few things and see where we were. On the way out of the village, we investigated the local Grotte, Le Grotte de Frontenay. This is a totally artificial construct, built of limestone lumps and concrete over a resurgence and made into a religious site. The water is collected as the village water supply, a nice conjunction of the spiritual and the practical.

Next stop was Baume les Messieurs, where a show cave can be found at the end of the cirque, just past the tufa falls. Cave (price 28F per head, no reductions), consists of a series of phreatic rifts, linked by dug bits or chambers. There is only a little stal and much of this is green, but there are some moderately spectacular views. Amongst the greenery there were also a lot of bats, pipistrelles and horseshoes, apparently 15000 roost here in winter. The lighting is a little primitive and the paths are simple concrete and rusting steel affairs, probably because it gets a bit wet in winter. The guide (reputedly a non-paid volunteer) gave generally good information but was a trifle verbose.

We next walked back down via the tufa falls and various little caves within them [Two with goat tethers and one with a purpose built cool summer seat] and lunched on the car bonnet (a crappy table).

The day's second objective was to drive to the Lac de Chalain. After much pootling around, we finally ended up at water level at which point 5 out of 6 (GJM volunteered to look after the clothes, hero) leapt into the water and swam up and down, chasing ducks. All this exercise meant we had to walk back to the car the long way round, before driving back to the cottage via Lons le Saunier (local metropolis -[but not enough of a 'resort' that it had any shops open on Sunday; quite a few of us felt very nervous as we were down to our last 20 bottles of beer and 5 litres of spirits - serious danger of 'running dry' JDW]) and some seriously bad route finding. [we think that they deliberately fail to sign the little roads from the dual carriageway to prevent accidents by people like us braking hard JDW]

And so to cooking (Roast Lamb with all the trimmings - [well nearly all - at one point it appeared we had nothing to make gravy with until we found a stock of potato flour! JDW]) and drinking.
GJM

Monday 15th September.

So today we decided to go caving. The hole chosen as our first objective was La Riviere de la Baume. After a 20 minute drive and a quick recce to ensure that we could find the entrance, we got changed and left the cars in the care of a small shrine to The Virgin.

The entrance is found at the top of a scree slope and a relatively straightforward but very exposed climb. A 30 m handline is not essential for this but is thoroughly recommended. The cave fitted quite closely with the Shepton and French descriptions, except we didn't find the smell reported by the Sheep and we went a lot further than them.

Carol's translation of the French guide book description is as follows: "*Scramble up a very steep boulder slope (rope helpful) to the cave entrance. The roof is very unstable and care is needed.*")

The cave begins with the Gypsum Gallery, a boulder-floored passage which ends in a choke after 300 m. About 70 m from the entrance the route passes a high level passage on the left and 40 m before the choke it passes the narrow rift of Gour Passage on the right. The walls of the main passage are covered in gypsum needles or (more rarely) flowers or crosses.

15 m before the choke a 40 m long draughting tube on the left leads to the river. This is actually only a small stream which sinks immediately down a 6 m pot. Upstream, the route stays at water level for about 500 m; there is a climb up a 4 m stalagmite dome after 100 m, a climb up a stalagmite flow to a traverse after 280 m and a climb up 3 m into a squeeze after 320 m. This leads into a low passage that is liable to sump in wet weather, which is followed to a crossroads. Cemetery Passage on the left and Clock Tower Passage on the right are each about 300 m long and subdivide into further tubes of little interest.

100 m from the crossroads, in Cemetery Passage, a squeeze is found above a little inlet on the left - this is the Red Streamway, a succession of muddy tubes and rifts with chimneys which hasn't been fully explored."

I, again, recommend a line for the return climb down the 10 m stal boss, but it probably isn't essential. We stopped when the main passage started to break up into small scrotty tributaries and the stream went off somewhere, so basically we did all the nice sized stuff. [The 'bat' note - we saw quite a few bats - one at the entrance was obviously eating all the small insects who were flying into the cave entrance. It was quite happy doing so while we sat around, flying in and out a few feet from us. We also saw clumps of others just hanging about. According to the guidebook some 15,000 live here in winter. Well if there are that many, then statistically speaking, it is quite likely that one or two will turn man-eater! So we were watching out for those ones! JDW]

In a burst of enthusiasm we decided to follow up with a show cave, the Grotte de Planche, though it had to wait until we stopped and bought some drink. This cave is situated at the end of the largest cirque in the area and has a spectacular approach. It also has a dirty big stream (as much as 45 cumecs) but this month it was totally dry! As a consequence, we didn't see the big stream but we were able to go almost to the first sump along a virtually dry passage. This place has bugger all stal, but has some really spectacular passage and erosional forms and is certainly worth a visit. Entrance is 32F per head (don't know about discounts 'cos we didn't have membership cards with us today.

The party then split into 2, some to shop (buy more beer) and some to cook chicken and clean the kit. GJM

The shopping party ambled happily round the supermarket - filling one trolley full-to-overflowing with alcoholic products (mainly beer) and the other with the rest of the necessities. We were feeling pretty pleased with ourselves until we found, after checking everything through the card reader, that the only means of payment we had with us wasn't recognised by the card reader. Since the supermarket was due to shut in five minutes this was rather a problem! It was resolved by leaving Helen and Carol as "hostages" while Julian drove back to base to collect some real cash. The hostages sat looking longingly at the beers that we'd bought, but without a bottle opener we were helpless. Finally salvation arrived in the form of lots of multi-franc notes, and we were released from the embarrassing situation we were in. The question was, should we go back to the same supermarket again? Carol's view was 'yes', because after all the trouble we'd caused we'd be greeted like old friends. This remains to be put to the test. CMW

Tuesday 16th September

A non-caving day (almost!). After another splendiferous breakfast [the first black pudding day JDW], we set off for the Herrisson (?sp) falls. We walked up from the bottom to the very top. An excellent walk with some really nice views of the falls and vaguely interesting industrial archaeology. We walked up via the Grotte de Chaudan (?sp) where according to the Visitors Guide to the area, a local resistance fighter hid whilst planning his campaigns against the French?

We went behind the Grand Saut (damp) and up to the road at the top - where there was a bar - closed!!! So down again to the bottom and the car.

Lunch was taken on the nudist beach at the lac du Chalains, where 5 out of 6 again went swimming (not nude - wimps). It was then decided that we could make the last tour at the Grotte de Moidons. And we did. Short well decorated stal cave, basically a ladder down into one large chamber with two side passages. Well decorated and in good nick as it has only been open since 1989. They have wooden hand rails, however, and these may well make for problems later.

Back via a cross country route (the navigator, JDW, was getting cocky) to lots of booze and tea [what tea? - JDW]. Tomorrow we may go down the bottom end of the Verneau GJM

[Much to our surprise, the moon rose 'funny'. Last night it was 'full' or nearly so. Tonight it was a crescent. Odd beer we thought! Perhaps a lunar eclipse, but 'to be sure' there was nothing in the brochure about it! JDW]

Wednesday 17th September

Up at the usual time for breakfast, lots of potato cakes amongst other things then read the cave descriptions and a rebellion set in on the subject of the Baudin. From a re-reading of the description it became obvious why we had relegated it to the "possible" list. Mud, mud and more mud. Minds were promptly changed. After a small amount of discussion we settled on La Grotte de la Malatiere. A long drive of about two hours took us to the parking space which also served the Grotte de la Baume (there seem to be several of that name so we aren't sure if the description we have fits this one or not). The cave was easily found in a thicket and the description of "belay to the obvious tree" caused a certain amount of discussion as there were several! The one we used was an easy pitch against the wall and was about 7 metres. One side of the entrance slope lead to the Gallerie Nord. A large passage with a second entrance of a similar type. Well decorated but somewhat defaced with carbide marks. Impressive nonetheless. Back to the south and on. A huge passage full of massive stal. Some fixed aids lead over the most awkward sections, consisting of knotted rope and metal steps and at one point a fixed metal handrail. All very useful. A chamber called the Salle du Pilier has a huge column and the way on is in the opposite wall. From here there are a few grovels interspersed with small chambers then from a larger chamber follow the left hand wall through a stal squeeze (not tight) avoiding a glissade to the right which leads to a drop. Beyond the squeeze is the traverse called La Vire. A wide ledge then a slope which has a couple of fixed ropes which are necessary aids on the mud slope. The up a 10 feet climb with cut foothold

and more knotted rope. The next obstacle is the squeeze. It isn't tight but is at shoulder height so the old sling there is useful and for the return it helps to go feet first with someone below you. This leads to the Metro, a huge passage liberally decorated with stal. There are some stal obstructions to be negotiated, one which sported a veritable mass of knotted ropes and bits of string. The passage mainly has a flat mud floor and it's nice to be able to walk along admiring the view. The passage chokes after about 600 metres and there is a visitors book. The trip took us 3 and a quarter hours. Very well worth while.

A late lunch was taken in the sunshine then we looked into the nearby grotte then started for home. The only excitement on the return was a spot check by the roadside by the gendarmerie from which we escaped unscathed then back for baths and an excellent curry cooked by Tony. (LJW).

Thursday 18th September

Up for a trip around the market in Lons le Saunier, as recommended by the visitors book in the cottage. An excellent market where everything was sold in enormous quantities by the bucket. We bought the ingredients for cold meat and salad for tea and a bucket of mushrooms and some black pudding for breakfast. Then back to fester around the cottage for lunch (as usual Tony sat in the sun too long and regretted it). To Lac Chalain again in the afternoon to swim. This time we tried the beach at the nearer end which proved very suitable as there were trees for shade. Very necessary. As ever it was freezing getting in but alright once the plunge had been taken.

We drove back to the cottage to try out the combination on the lock to Borne au Cassots. The entrance is in a large collapsed area of the cliff which looked a bit like a stone quarry. The combination was correct and the lock was easily opened. We then went inside for quite a way in large dug passage, never less than a tall stoop, till we reached a slope up a series of block steps but the drop down the other side didn't look too easy to negotiate in shorts and sandals with nothing more than a Petzl head torch each so we retreated. At least if we don't manage to meet up with Jacques on Sunday we know that we can get into the cave.

The Walfords and Helen then decided to move the car a little way up the road to the nearest village and walk back from there. The rest of us decided to find a bar. This was accomplished without difficulty in Voiteur and we settled ourselves down for two beers and reading our books. We talked to Tony for a while but he didn't seem to like it so we carried on reading. Back at the cottage, salads were prepared to await the arrival of the others. It turned out the walk had been slightly longer than they had originally believed but it was declared to be worthwhile.

A small amount of excitement was caused after we had gone to bed by the arrival in our room of two bats who had flown in through the open window chasing insects. Everybody crowded in to watch them before our visitors finally went on their way again. And the bats left as well. (LJW)

Friday 19th September

Up early again, (is this becoming a habit?) and off to Baume de la Fraite near Thoria. This is a resurgence cave where the roof is apparently not limestone. The passage is normally 6m wide, and varies in height between 2 - 3 m and 30 cm, sometimes involving crawling in the stream. Route finding is easy, except in the boulder choke in the middle of the cave. Very pretty with especially spectacular mud formations and sand cones. At the end the passage divides, left ends in a boulder choke with possibilities for extension, right is a crawl in the stream to breakdown. Length 750m, no tackle required.

Then to Le Grand Lac at Clairvaux-les-lacs for lunch and swimming amongst swans, then AB, HCW, JDW & CMW to Baume-les Messieurs to walk up from the abbey, anticlockwise round the rim of the plateau, above Grotte de Baume and back down. 2 & 1/2 hrs. AB

Meanwhile LJW & GJM returned to the cottage to scrape off the worst of the mud before going out to dinner with the parents of their French teacher, in a village just outside Oyanaux, an hour's drive south. We had a very pleasant evening. One relevant discovery was that apparently "Baume" which appears in numerous place (and cave) names hereabouts has a local meaning of "cliff" - totally unlike what it says in the dictionary. (GJM)

Saturday 20th September

Having allowed the hero caver team to take all the expedition tackle, the Speleo-Touristes (GJM, LJW & HCW) set off for a day's hard show-caving. First stop was the Grotte d'Osselles. Here, the production of a membership card (SUI) earned a price reduction from 30FF to 18FF per head. The tour is a 1200 m jaunt along one passage of a quite long system, but has a number of high points. It is reputed to have been first opened for tourists, by enlarging the present entrance and thus avoiding the 16m descent through a small hole in the roof (visible), in 1504. There is much old damage in this early part, which steadily diminishes. There are some nice formations, mainly coloured, and some lampenflora. The path winds through a nice oval phreatic tube with few formations but an important bone deposit (vide Buckland & Cuvier) to a bridge (made in the 18th cent using stone removed in widening the path elsewhere) across the main stream to a final view of some nice stal (and an artificial pool - we saw the plastic pool liner!!).

Before going down the cave, you are taken into their mineral collection. This is one of the best of its type - including the geological collection in the NHM - that I have ever seen.

Our second objective was shopping and amazingly enough we found an open hypermarche in the middle of bloody nowhere that was open at lunchtime. A genuine first.

Our third objective was the Gouffre de Poudray. Flashing the card also gained a 5FF discount here, but the cashier insisted on one card per head this time. This tour is basically a stair descent into a ginormous chamber. The chamber is said to be the fourth largest in la Belle France, though they did not say what the others were (the Verna, I suppose, is No. 1). It is not as

profusely decorated as similar chambers in the Causses, but has some nice pieces. The Son et Lumiere was better than some - the bats were particularly appreciated by us.

The return journey was made via the pretty route and a short stop at a pottery just outside Salin-les-Bains. We were eager to hear of the doings of the heroic contingent. GJM

Meanwhile, the 'B-team' had set off for the Vernau, with the intention of tackling the Gouffre de Bief-Boussets. We found it easily despite the road having been rebuilt, but just as we got out of the car, Tony managed to sprain his back. After much 'faffing about', we decided that this was quite a challenge for two people who'd not been potholing for 20 years. Tony, unfortunately, refused to be driven back, so we had to find an alternative. But the Perte de Jerusalem sounded interesting, so we located it from 'MST', which we had brought, luckily. Two obviously caving cars were parked there in the shade which was better for Tony. We didn't want him cooked as well as crippled. We wandered down to the obvious entrance, and politely asked the last French caver if he minded us following, on ladder - 'no problem'. A fine pot with no problems encountered; all pitches were less than the quoted lengths; nice free hangs, just against the walls; and good firm spits! The six 'frogs', were doing it all on rope with multiple rebelayes, and carbide. Anyway we did it all. And we had got up half way before one of 'them' started to suggest our technique was deficient. We finally got close to the surface and received a full lecture on how dangerous it was relying on a single 'amarrage'. Apparently, that is not how they teach it in the 'speleo-ecole'. Or so we were told. Anyway when we got back to the cars, they were very friendly, asking us where we'd been and so on. I had just psyched myself up to try to tell them that using carbide lamps and ropes was simply too dangerous for us! I had noticed one of them was obviously a novice - totally freaked at the top of the last pitch, and put out his light which he could not relight. I shone my Kirby in his eyes to make sure he stayed that way!

Anyway, as it was an off-day, we went back home to lunch at 5pm and a good afternoon walk to Passenans, where we confirmed that the Auberge does not sell beer. JDW]

At about this time, Jaques Chabert & son Ben arrived from Paris to cave with us tomorrow. So we cheerfully drank the three bottles of wine he brought with him (as well as everything else). GJM

Sunday 21st September

A JDW cooked breakfast served 8 (sort of [in fact it defeated at least 2.5 people but the injuries and wine were a contributory factor - JDW]) and the caving party (everybody except a maimed AB(Dr)) set off for Borne aux Cassotts. At the parking space, we discovered hordes of Swiss cavers kitting up. Our first thought was that the place would be bloody crowded but in fact we hardly saw them at all underground and when we did they gave us a fair degree of amusement. [It was a funny party - small children teenagers and others. Quite a few wearing SRT harnesses; odd for a horizontal cave, we thought! - JDW]

The cave is superb. The gate leads into a comfortable walking size passage for 150 m or so down to the wet area. Our arrival here proved that those in neoprene (Jaques and Helen) had made the WRONG choice. The water was only mid-thigh deep and the Swiss found a totally dry alternative! Beyond here, the Colectueur (main stream) was soon reached. It must be said that up to the confluence of the two inlets, route finding was a total piece of piss, basically follow the worn path. This winds across the stream, up and down boulder piles and under them through deserted stream passages. After an hour or so, we found a bunch of Swiss sitting on a ledge whilst a traverse line was rigged around a corner. Jaques said "I hope we can manage this part" We, lead by the intrepid Walfords, pioneered a much easier climb down and short traverse on a crawly ledge to meet the Swiss coming down. [Their traverse looked quite difficult, even before we blinded them with our lights! - JDW] Well, if that's how they teach it at Speleo Ecole then I don't want to know. Shortly afterwards the confluence was reached. Our first choice was the left hand route. Big passage went on, with the stream, down a "fixed" ladder under some nice pretties and then we got lost. We reached the Galerie Gypse but got confused over the way out (our description was a bit off [bloody useless - a whole word was left out - the 'tenderiser' which I definitely found - JDW]) and so turned back. The others went on to the boulder choke and other things but LJW and I set out due to her sore arm [same as last year, something has bitten me that I seem to get a somewhat dramatic allergic reaction to, which produces a red lump about an inch square with an outer less red area, also seems to bring on an attack of mild fever. LJW] [she will keep these vampire bats in her bedroom! - JDW]. Easy amble out passing various Swiss. GJM

The 'B' and 'C' teams looked in vain for a 'calcite tube' but did find a fine decorated chamber which correlates well with the correct translation of the final chamber - which is 'font'. And so back to the confluence, where hordes of Swiss were eating lunch. So we moved round the corner and did the same. Jacques and Ben had got bread and ham so we ate that, as well as our own chocolate; they then decided to go straight on out as they had to get back to Paris (they said). But the 'B' team went up the other branch - 'Reseau Alain'. This is the best one - a perfect stream passage, generally romping up in shallow water and shingle banks - wide and high. There are a few boulder piles but easy. We went up this passage for 30 minutes, to an area where there had obviously been a camp, and it was very pretty. We then called it a day. Knowing the others were well ahead, we bombed out, passing a few Swiss still going in, and still hugging the edge of the stream - in case they dissolved perhaps? We got out to see Jacques and Ben again still changing, and washed off in the stream - a perfect end to the trip. JDW

Comment from M. Chabert: Julian is too fast for me, I can only see my feet and I like to see the cave. (GJM) [He is lucky to see anything with a carbide in a party equipped with Kirbys - JDW]

Monday 22nd September

We had arranged to meet Andy & Mary Dawe plus three small children with unpronounceable Irish names. (Andy - sometime of Somerset, and EGONS, Thurso and GSG, where JDW and CMW met him first, then Dublin where he picked up Mary, who is Irish; currently working near to Lausanne, and living in the Swiss Jura - about an hour South.) The target was

'the source of the Loue', and we met up successfully then walked down the right bank at high level. Then we dropped down a path to a cave which is just above the 'source of the Pontet' - a significant tributary of the Loue.

Tony (remember he was crippled - see earlier epic) had identified this as a point of interest in the cottage log, and was limping about faster than the rest of the party could manage to keep up. The cave 'Faux Monnayeurs', is obviously a high level fossil exergence for the source below, and may still occasionally débouche in floods, judging from the cleanish boulders below the entrance. We went in, just in ordinary clothes, some 300m to a point where progress was stopped by a pool. It is mainly walking over boulders and it draughts strongly. We think we got in most of the way along the main passage, judging from the survey. The entrance is a good place for picnic lunch, the sun catches it, but the cool draught is refreshing.

After a quick look at the source of the Pontet itself, which closes down immediately, we set off up the left bank back to the cars. This is a lovely low level walk in trees up the river past cascades over gours. Carrying 20Kg children as well as a rucksack makes it a bit hot, though on the uphill bits.

The day finished nicely at the bar at the top with a cold beer. The small shop proved to be useful as it stocked two of the local caving guide books ('Inventaire Speleologique de Doubs' - best we have seen - 2 copies of each snapped up) in addition to the usual post-cards of the cave entrances. JDW

Tuesday 23rd September

Decided that Borne aux Cassots would be a good cripples trip as apart from a few short climbs and gorilla walks it was easier than yesterday's surface walk. Whole team in to the end of réseaux Alain, a few metres past the previous stopping point, where it becomes low and passages lead off to the réseau Supérieure. Very pretty, with some long straws at odd angles up to 45 degrees to vertical, not all in the same direction at the same place. Some appear to be due to partial collapse of the originally horizontal mother stal on the roof, but not all. Then GJM and LJW started out, rest upstream to galerie du Benitier (Font Passage), very pretty gours and a 2m high stal boss with a small dip in the surface, which gave the name to the passage. Quick look at Galerie de Gypse, which has good crusts and flours, plus mud covered plates, but only one small anthrodite. Back out with no problems, although I am not sure what following parties will make of the imprints of my walking stick in the mud! AB

Wednesday 24th September

A day of two parties: the A team decided on a walk in the High Jura, of which more anon; the B team LJW, GJM, HCW, AB) went visiting show caves.

Our first stop was the Grotte du Plaisirfontaine, not a show cave as such, but a site historique which obviously sees lots of casual visits. A large entrance has a fossil passage of reasonable size going left to a heavy choke and a lower streamway which sumps after a few douzaines de mètres. The fossil passage, if dug, would rejoin the stream after sump 3. The sumps go up to nine.

After a brief diversion to the Gouffre de Poudray for AB to buy some caving stamps, we got to the Grotte de la Glacière just before lunch (3 franc reduction for cavers avec carte). This is basically a large phreatic plunge to a choke which, because of its shape, that it faces north and the prevailing winds builds up ice in winter which stays all summer. In previous centuries it was mined and 400 tonnes annually went as far afield as Paris and Versailles. Lunch was then taken.

Our third stop of the day was the Source du Lison. For some strange reason, the path actually into the entrance here has been gated, yet just around the corner one can walk quite easily into the Grotte Sarrazine? At the latter we argued for a while whether it justified the 100 m high entrance, but finally agreed that it probably did. Returned via a pottery near Salin les Bains where LJW spent money GJM

Meanwhile the B-team (Carol & Julian) decided to try to do some real walking, seeing as how the weather was fine again. So we set off to the 'Monts de Jura' - the ridge that roughly separates France from Switzerland. We followed a double hay lorry at 20mph up to the Col de la Faucille, where we put on the big boots. A very pleasant walk along the top of the 'crete' for two and a half hours in the sunshine saw us to Mont Colomb de Gex and beyond, where we had lunch. We could see Mont Blanc well and other hills, but Lac Léman was shrouded in hazy mist (as it often is). This was blowing onto the ride occasionally, providing a bit of 'atmosphere', with views of the steep cliffs below. Then we attempted to follow a lower level track back, but ended up in the rough alpine meadow and sparse trees. Carol managed to find lots of puff-balls (subsequently fried for breakfast). There were numerous other coloured flowers. The ski resort was shut, but would probably be very pleasant with snow, and the whole ridge is perfect touring country. - JDW]

Thursday 25th September

A rubber day. We found the entrance to the Grotte de Chauveroché easily, from the NG description. The car journey had 'seized' Tony so he did not even get changed (He did, however, sit outside the entrance and discover exactly why this place was so named: Chauveroché = flying rocks; he moved). The remaining five started into the cave to find MUD. Lots of sticky MUD. At the second 'duck' (none of the ducks are actually low at all) Linda decided that her cold and MUD did not mix, so she went out. So four squelched their way on carefully in the sticky mud to the third duck where a rope is used to pull you through - there seems to be no bottom to the MUD there at all. There is then a rather nice dry section, level floor, dry mud, with very dramatic phreatic pendants, and zig-zags. A boulder up-and-over saw us at clean water and the gours, where 4 inflated rubber rings were parked. We ignored them, and they seemed not to notice us. We plunged on for about six gours, the last two needing swimming. Graham and Helen declared it a day, and turned around. Carol swum into the next one, and decided to join them. And so there was one - and he was not going on alone! And he went out with the rest. The journey out was much easier. And the wash off in the stream was lovely. The mistake was not taking the rubber rings.

(Post-script: we would do it again, now we know the extent of the MUD, and what to do with the water) (JDW)

On the way back (sort of) we went to see the Perte de l'Ain. This is probably a most impressive sink, but you can't see where the water goes down. Very nice spot though. (GJM)

Friday 26th September

A mixed day, GJM & LJW went show caving to the west. First stop was Grotte de Blanot (27FF each). An interesting trip, for a show cave, it is 80 m deep and sloping at 22 degrees. So it is really quite steep! It is muddy(ish) not well decorated and many of the paths are patently unfinished. It is, however, great fun and an object lesson in how to make the most of limited resources.

Second stop was the Grottes de Aze (36 FF per head), a few miles down the road. This is a multi-level resurgence cave. The earliest known bit was an archaeological site which has been occupied by everyone from Homo Erectus to the Gallo-Romans, if they are to be believed. Beyond is a long gallery in which heaps of *Ursus* Sp. bones have been found and ending in a dig which should eventually connect with the lower cave. The lower cave shows two levels of a river cave. It has no pretties and takes its points of interest from the geology, the river and descriptions of the various explorations. The developed section ends at a waterfall (artificial?) 310 m from the end of the cave (sump 6) and 2 km from the sink. An unusual trip, but quite informative. GJM

Meanwhile the C-team (Tony) stayed at the cottage and screamed a lot (so he says), but reality is in the mind of the perceiver! Actually, he woke up so late that he had not 'warmed up' by the time we left.

And the B-team (Helen, Carol & Julian) went of to finish off 'sources' and cascades, near Champagnole. We started with the Cascades de Billaude then went on to Gorges du Langouette, both well signed and amenagee'. Worth a visit, and they must be superb in spate. Then off to Foncine la Haut, which is obviously a ski resort in winter. There we found the 'Source de la Saine'.

The main exsurgence is a 15m shaft, probably 5m & 10m. There were 3 spits at the top and probably more for a rebelay at the first ledge. The signs indicate that at the bottom there is another ledge just above water level. There is another small shaft as well. We noted the rounded stones that had come through the system. We found several and threw them down.

Then we climbed 100m up a very steep slope above the source, through the hazel scrub, in the heat, for no good reason.

Again well signed and good parking. One of the signs suggests that the word 'Baume' is derived from the latin 'Balma' meaning a cliff or a cave.

So off to the Source de L'Ain. This is not a permanent resurgence and was 'dry' - the river (which is quite wide) was dry and the resurgence well down. It is a very spectacular site and must be spectacular in spate as well. We also visited the cascade just down the valley. Both well signed.

The permanent resurgence for the Ain is a source below - the Source de La Papeterie - we went there, but that seems to be now a water works.

Finally, to the Lac de Chalain for a last swim and sun-bathe. Still very warm and still. JDW

Saturday 27th September

Packed, cleaned up and left.

A note from the Treasurer

The following people have *still* not paid their subscription for the current year:

David Adamson; Malcolm Anderson; Rosemary Balister; Andy Cooke; Rupert Hay-Campbell; Heather Jackson; Tim Lyons; Marco Paganuzzi; Nick Patrick; Hugo Pile and Martin Warren.

In addition, I have recently given out a number of Covenant forms. Could these be filled in and returned soon, please (whinge, whinge)?

And lastly, those recent graduates who have asked to stay on need to return their bankers orders, subscription cheques and up-to-date addresses.

Graham Mullan

NEW YEARS EVE DINNER 1997/8

This event will take place in the usual way in the usual place at the usual time (!) As has been the case for the last few years, places are limited so could all those wishing to come please contact:

Wanda Owen 0117 9732433

or

Linda Wilson 0117 9502556

to reserve their place and to find what they need to bring.