

# BURRINGTON & STAY MAN

## A BRIDGE PLAYERS GUIDE TO MENDIP



U.B.S.S.  
NEWSLETTER

NEW SERIES N° 8

SUMMER 1978

## EDITORIAL

So here is the next volume of UBSS newsletter. Firstly I must apologise for its late arrival. My fault, I'm afraid, but with exams, 21st birthdays etc time has been a bit short. Secondly, I would like to thank all contributors for the excellent articles I have received. Please keep them coming in for the newsletter in the autumn term.

While in the Queens Building library last week, a Mr Sweetman pressed a newspaper cutting into my hand. It concerned the discovery of a new cave - Fox Cavern - in the Winnats. A paragraph caught my eye. It said, "they dug about 100 yards through a narrow tunnel filled with rock for three hours before breaking through"!!! Bionic diggers? Can we employ them for the G.B. dig (remember that?). But perhaps it is a missprint.

Duncan Braidwood

## EVENTS DIARY

June 23rd - 25th	Yorkshire trip. Probably camping. See the notice board for further details.
July 13th - 28th	County Clare, Ireland. A cottage has been booked for £30 per week. Two car loads are going at present, and there are still spare places. See the notice board, or phone Charlie at 40774.
Tuesday nights	Pub meet at the Crockers, Cotham Hill
Friday nights	Union Long bar, except when there is a Yorkshire meet.

## WANTED

By the librarian : A copy of Descent number 36 (which is now out of print). I will pay £1.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

All UBSS tackle must be returned. We need it for the next Yorkshire meet.



THE BIONIC DIGGER.

HON. TREASURER'S REPORT TO THE A.G.M. OF THE UBSS, 8.3.78

Our most outstanding achievement this year has been a Sales of Publications figure of £1,101.56. This is partly due to sales of offprints which have become best sellers and which we have reprinted, such as Porth yr Ogof, Little Neath River Cave, Glastonbury Lake Village, Cheddar Man and Hyaena Den. But most of the credit must go to our Sales Manager Sally Britton, through whose hands all this money has passed. We are once more in the black with our publications account and are therefore replenishing the Printed Publications Fund, to £400. We have had some substantial grants towards publications this year, including £500 from the University of Bristol, for which we are grateful.

Our Income and Expenditure A/c shows a surplus of £782, mainly due to increased income, but there has been some underspending in some departments, notably on travel. Last year we spent £270 on this and so received a bigger grant, but this year the net expenditure was only £104. Insurance is still running at a high figure, £138, since our public liability is assessed on our size of membership, which has increased slightly this year. We have 139 subscribing members at £3 a year and 73 student members. The latter pay the Union Levy of 35p but no further subscription. A special word of thanks is due to the University Union, whose grant was of an unprecedented size, £300 for current expenditure. In addition to this we have had from them £213, which is the residue of our Capital Grant assessed on a three-yearly basis.

The Balance Sheet shows assets of £1,481 of which only £550 is invested, so we are going to invest some more. It will probably be needed to pay for our next Proceedings, but this will not be for another six months or so. I am very grateful to the Student Treasurer, Duncan Braidwood, for all his help in the past year and am delighted that he has been re-elected.

OCL

CONSTITUTIONAL AMMENDMENTS

The amendments circulated to members in our Newsletter of 26.11.77 have now been passed. The position now is that, if a student does not renew his membership by the end of the year following the year in which he joined, he ceases to be a member. Similarly if on leaving the University he wishes to have his membership continued as an Ex-Student Member, he has to make a written application to the Hon. Secretaries before the end of the year in which he ceased to be a student.

Oliver Lloyd



## RESEARCH IN G.B. CAVE

During the coming year Hans Friederich, a postgraduate in the geography department, will be undertaking a research project in G.B. cave on the "chemical and hydrological evolution of percolation water in limestone". The work involves monitoring and sampling drips and percolation streams in the cave. G.B. is suitable because of its easy access and good height range. The work will entail installation of tipping buckets to measure drips and weirs for the higher discharges. The instruments are sensitive and delicate and will be housed in locked boxes placed as conspicuously as possible.

Hans requests the cooperation of UBSS members in the following ways:-

- 1) The equipment will be installed in late summer; please do not tamper with the boxes or their associated pipes and cables.
- 2) If in G.B. please explain to people what the equipment is for and ask them not to tamper with it.
- 3) Ensure the G.B. gate is padlocked at all times, even when you are in the cave yourself (N.B. If the padlock is missing, please inform Oliver LLOYD who has a copious supply of replacements).
- 4) If you notice the equipment has been damaged or tampered with please let me know as soon as possible. I can be contacted by a note in my pigeon hole in the geography dept committee room (South Building), at my room in the North Building of the Geography dept (next to Pete Smart's), or by a note on the Spelaeo Rooms notice board.

Hans Friederich

## IMPRESSIONS OF THE UBSS ANNUAL DINNER

Having been very politely persuaded by the Newsletter editor that I'd like to see my name in print, here are my "impressions" of the UBSS dinner.

First reflection: never before have I consumed alcohol continuously (well almost continuously) from 7pm until 6am, but it was fun. Incidentally, it has been suggested that next year the dinner should go on until opening time on Sunday.

The events of the evening started in the Colston Arms, then we proceeded to the Graduate Club. A couple of drinks later it was time to eat. The food was very good (can't remember what it was ... steak? but I do remember that it was good). The waitress service was also good unless you tried to help yourself from a dish of vegetables going along the opposite side of the table, in which case their wrath was incurred. At the end of the meal Mr Seavers made presentations of 2 tins of "Pal", 1 tin of "Pal", a corset, a receipt for a walking stick and an old and golden climbing tape to Prof. Tratman, Dr Lloyd, and Messers Churcher, Baker and Self respectively. Mr Self then made an appropriate presentation to Mr Seavers (which has not yet been

used, I gather).

After the meal the tables were moved aside, music laid on, and we all had a good bop, accompanied by more alcohol bought at very reasonable prices at the bar. My impressions at this point include being deposited by three "gentlemen" into the Chemistry Building Pond - well up to the knees anyway - and then being carried back to the Graduate Club very valiantly by Geoff and Duncan (why did Mick suddenly disappear).

At 1am the bar closed so most of us proceeded to 6A to drink two barrels of beer and a bottle of vodka. Recollections become a little hazy at this stage (honestly!) but by 6am everyone had crashed out somewhere.

Afterthoughts: The corset came with the compliments of Manor Hall Rag Float. Do they make buttercup yellow wetsuits, because that colour really suits Charlie. Anyway, I think it was worth £4.50; was the Geogsoc dinner as good Duncan?

Janet Cooper

#### CHANGABANG

Joe Tasker the mountaineer held an audience of four hundred in the palm of his hand for two and a quarter hours. He was delivering the Seventh Paul Esser Memorial Lecture in the University of Bristol on Wednesday 15th February 1978. He was giving us a step by step account of his ascent of the West Face of Changabang in the company of Peter Boardman, illustrated by over two hundred excellent pictures.

The mountain is well over 23,000 feet in height and was clearly to be the most difficult climb either of them had undertaken. Neither would admit to the other that he had any doubts about the possibility of success, but it was not until after 25 days, when they got to the "half-way" snow field at 20,000 ft., that they knew it was possible. I think most of us would have given up before that. At that height climbing is exceedingly arduous. It was only possible to go up five to ten feet at a time before stopping to get one's breath. They were averaging four hundred feet a day. The whole climb lasted 40 days and not unnaturally they ran out of conversation.

Their technique was to establish a base camp at 16,000 ft., to which they would return from time to time for more gear. Their return from camp to camp was facilitated by leaving a fixed rope and abseiling down. They had two other camp sites on the way up, each being made by cutting a narrow platform in the snow. The outside place was not an enviable one, but they belayed themselves to pegs, in case of rolling over. Repeated journeys to and from these camp sites was necessary to get all the necessary gear up. Loading was a very tiring and responsible business, so they took it in turns. Finally after spending a day at Camp 2 they made a dash for the summit with light loads.

The descent was not without incident. There was the piton that got bent to an uncomfortable angle, while Joe was abseiling down a rope belayed to it. Peter was not sure whether to remain belayed to it or not. Each of them had an occasion when he lost the rope on the way down. For Peter it left him in a very difficult position, attached to it upside down by one foot in a sling. You have to be quite good at single rope work to be able to rectify a position such as this.

After they had got down they were called upon to assist in sorting out four fatalities, which had just occurred in the next valley. It was necessary to establish the identity of the victims and to bury the bodies.

## UNDERGRADUATE PARTICIPATION IN CLUB ACTIVITIES

The UBSS has about eighty student members, has six rooms in the basement of the geography department, a field headquarters above Burrington Combe and is backed by the old members and traditions of fifty nine years of speleological experience. It is interesting to consider our facilities and their use by the active members of the society:

Our strength centres round the "Speleo-Rooms". The tackle room is spacious and well stocked with the materials for modern caving techniques. We have a clean usable darkroom and those interested are able to use more expensively equipped rooms. An extensive library is a major research asset; it is now well ordered and catalogued. The committee room provides a central meeting place for students, especially useful for lunchtime snacks, and the museum and display areas are interesting and attractive.

Field activities are equally catered for. On Mendip our hut has been extensively cleaned and refitted. G.B. is actively dug and Bath Swallet is receiving attention. In County Clare exploration moved forwards at least half a kilometre at Easter. There are regular opportunities to cave in Yorkshire and South Wales. Our publications include new caving articles in Proceedings and the preparation of books to supercede "The Caves of North-West Clare". Internally we have a well circulated club newsletter.

I emphasise that each of these facilities or activities have strengthened over the past two years to healthier positions than they have held for at least five years.

Unfortunately there is little social or active participation in the Society's interests by our eighty undergraduate "members". This is suprising and embarrassing considering our facilities and position within the University and caving world. We are one of two clubs allowed non-student members on the books; they should provide experience and continuity, not the almost complete usage of the club, University and Union facilities. Obviously many keen students become ex-student members, but recruitment should be active from undergraduates, especially first and second year students.

Our failure to interest and retain undergraduate interest is excused on the grounds that only one item of good material will come in an average year, the rest of the University intake being the wrong sort of people. To foster interest is argued to weaken the tightly woven strength of the club. I do not accept this line. The club flourishes on a background of common experience in our chosen field. This we have; our problem is to introduce ourselves fairly to others so that they may in turn contribute to the Society with an increase in the common experience of the club. I believe it possible and desirable to interest more people, within the ideals and standards of the Society.



There are other University clubs covering rather similar ground to our own. Mountaineering and diving are "non-competitive" skilled physical sports requiring a degree of equipment and organisation best catered for by a club. The Mountaineering club holds together, such as it does, because of the close one to one nature of the sport. The novice cannot but meet individuals at the other end of his rope and club unity can then be cemented in the pub and on away meets.

The Underwater club is much better at recruitment. The sport in this country is expected to supply a professional standard of training which not only provides the novice with a certificate of worth but also ensures a close contact with the club through lectures and with individuals through pool training. New relationships are formed at the Easter dive week to which training is aimed so that it is popular despite the conflicting interests of home and exams. Progressive commitment is required throughout training so that all are involved early on and interest is maintained through to the experienced second year divers in the club. I will now consider why we lose so many novices and see what can be done within the framework of caving tradition and the club.

Freshers provide new material each year. The Faffy squash is an introduction to many of the university extra-curricular activities; people are curious and a good display (with reassurances about claustrophobia) can persuade about a hundred to sign up. From now on the freshers live at Hiatt Baker; we live in flats in Clifton and Redland and we lose contact except through caving. The first introduction to caving is a talk in the Union followed by the Mendip weekends, then a few "proper" trips to Yorkshire. We deal with large numbers at these meets and don't take the necessary personal steps to get to know individuals. Many are lost because they feel we ask too much in the first weekends of term to be spent away from University. If they don't come on these weekends they rapidly commit themselves to other more available societies and in any case feel they have missed an essential stage in their training. We rarely see them again. Those that do come are led around "the best caves on Mendip" and by implication have then seen enough. They have a good weekend at our effort and are not seen 'til next year when they return to stretch our facilities again, have a beer and "Oh yes. I've done a bit - Swildons and G.B. you know". Some others, more interested, are told they have reached the limit until they get a wetsuit. They have not seen enough to justify this expense, so after we freeze them in Yorkshire they go away. Others are put off by our protective bonhomie and boorishness in the pub. The weekends alone do not make for good personal contacts or seed interest in becoming a caver. They should be an introduction but become merely a demonstration, and not of the club at its most effective or challenging. Those who stay have often done so for the wrong reason and will soon drop out.



I suggest that one to one caving training can only be useful underground and lends itself to tests which are not acceptable in the caver's world. However a series of lectures in the Union on Friday nights would provide useful information (basic equipment, first aid, exposure, cave formations etc) and would be a reasonable initial commitment of novice time and interest. This would supplement the Mendip weekends and maintain contact with those unable to go on the first weekends. The proximity of the Long bar would be convenient for further discussions afterwards. The first term at least should be geared to boiler suits and should allow the novices to progress in ability and in what they see. A trip to South Wales or Derbyshire would widen horizons within the possibilities of their equipment. The idea that eventually more could be done would be fostered by the exploits of the leaders and by the lectures. By Easter they should be joining fully into the running of the Easter week and looking at caves in their own parties.

Early social involvement will only follow specific invitations. "Meet us in the Crockers" is too loose and has not worked in the past. Useful invitations can only follow an introduction, which should be provided by the lectures and caving meets.

Later in the year recruitment is by personal contact; for this we need more undergraduate members. At the moment such efforts produce mainly postgraduate cavers. Better advertising of our facilities should help - we revived the newsletter for this purpose. Use of the University newsletter would widen our net to those who never signed up, as would the direct approach of a public relations officer to other possibly interested societies (interested in our sessional meets?).

To sum up, I feel a need for progressive field and lecture training of novices, leading to better conditions for personal contact between novices and experienced members. Introductions by peers are most effective so that a small growth in undergraduate participation could yield big dividends. I am also sure that better advertising in the University would usefully raise the general awareness of the tremendous facilities we have to offer.

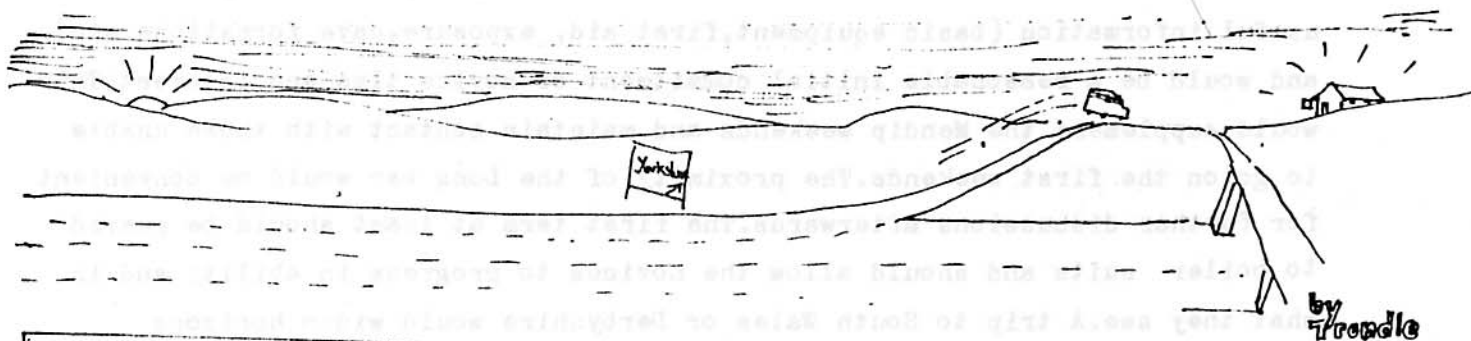
Steve Perry

Editor's Note : I have published Steve's article in full. I hope it will provoke some comment. I will have a letters column in the next newsletter, so let's hear your views.

# UBSS in Yorkshire again

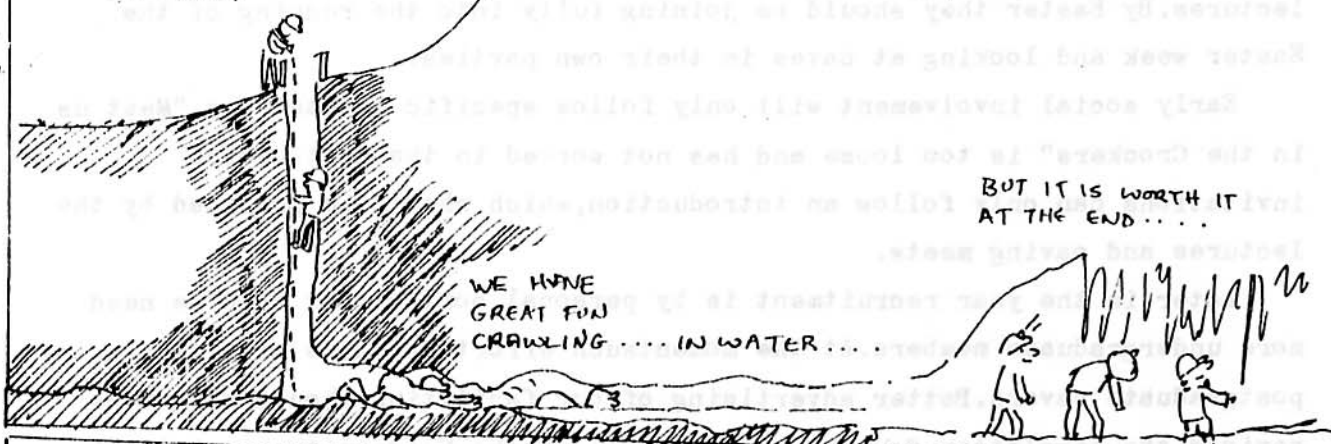
1

May 26th - 29th



by Treadle

OUR FIRST CAVING TRIP IS  
DOWN MAGNETOMETER  
ON SATURDAY.



WE HAVE  
GREAT FUN  
CRAWLING .... IN WATER ....

BUT IT IS WORTH IT  
AT THE END ....



ALTHOUGH SOME MEMBERS OF THE PARTY (FEMALES)  
DIDN'T LIKE IT:



HELP! I'M  
STUCK!

HELP! I'M  
TIRED  
AND LOST

HOW ABOUT A  
GAME OF BRIDGE  
CHARLIE?

WE ALL FEEL WE HAVE EARN'T OUR DRINK IN THE EVENING: ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

①



①



①



①



NEXT DAY WE AWAKE TO THE SOUNDS  
OF THE QUIET COUNTRYSIDE

2



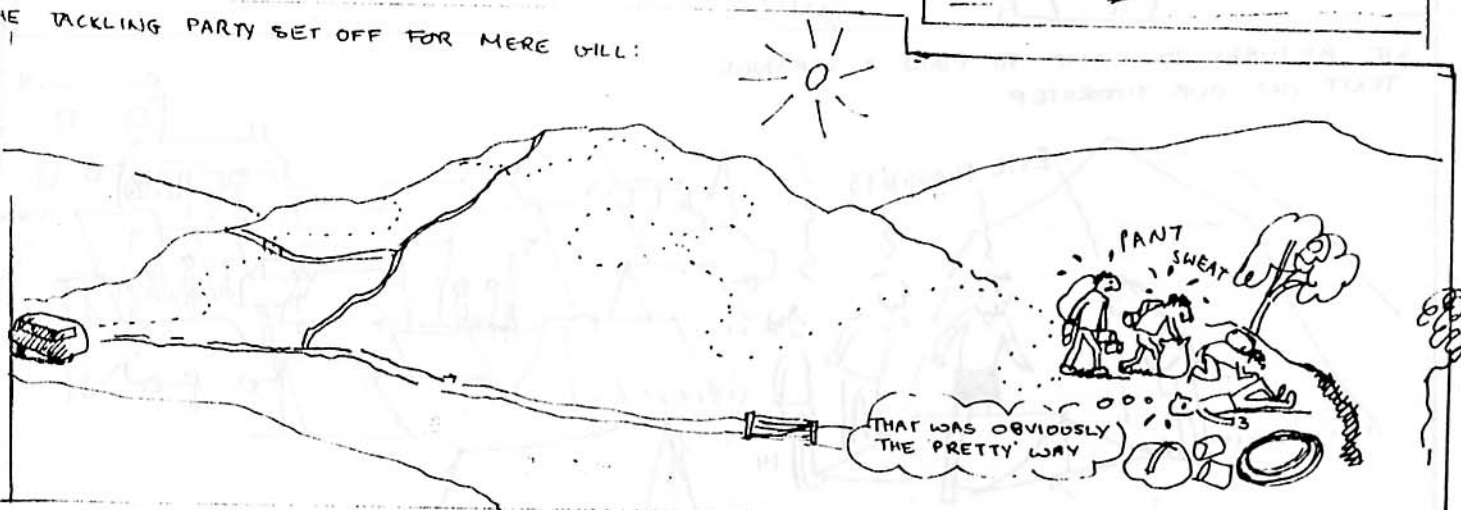
AND CONSEQUENTLY GET UP  
EARLY AND ARE READY WHEN:



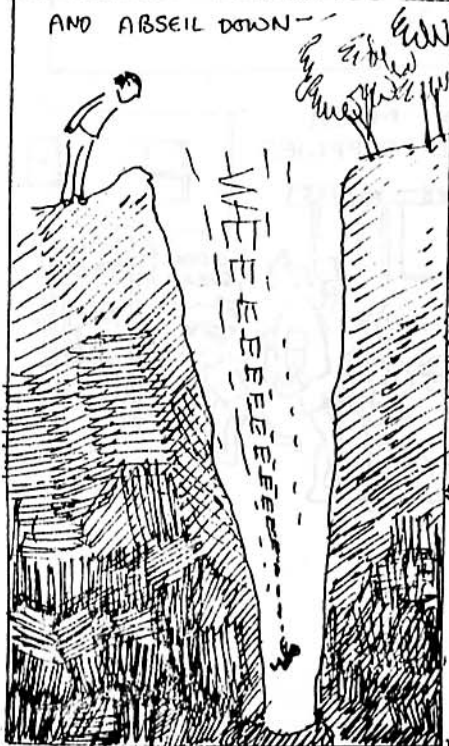
MEANWHILE  
THE DAY  
GETS HOTTER  
... AND  
HOTTER...



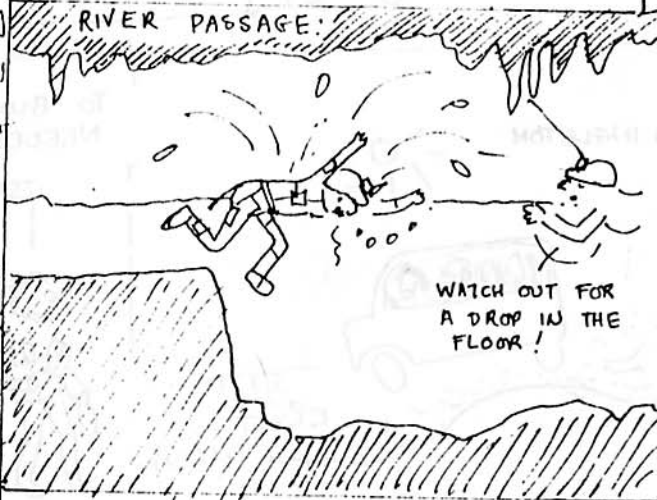
THE TACKLING PARTY SET OFF FOR MERE WILL:



AND ABSEIL DOWN



RIVER PASSAGE:



HOW ABOUT A GAME  
OF BRIDGE, CHARLIE?

WHILE THE DE-TACKLING  
PARTY WAIT OUTSIDE...



THE NON-CAVING PARTY GOES WALKING



3

AND MEETS THE FIRST CAVING PARTY AS THEY EMERGE FROM MERE GILL.



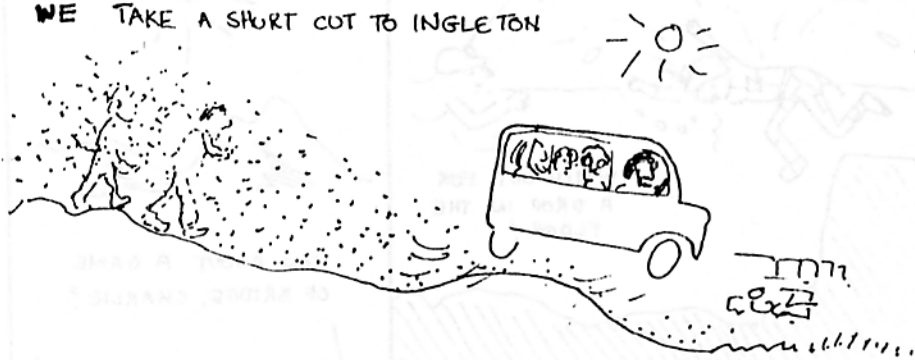
THE LADDERS ARE LEFT FOR THE DE-TACKLING PARTY



WE RETURN TO CAMP TO FIND A STRANGE TENT ON OUR DOORSTEP



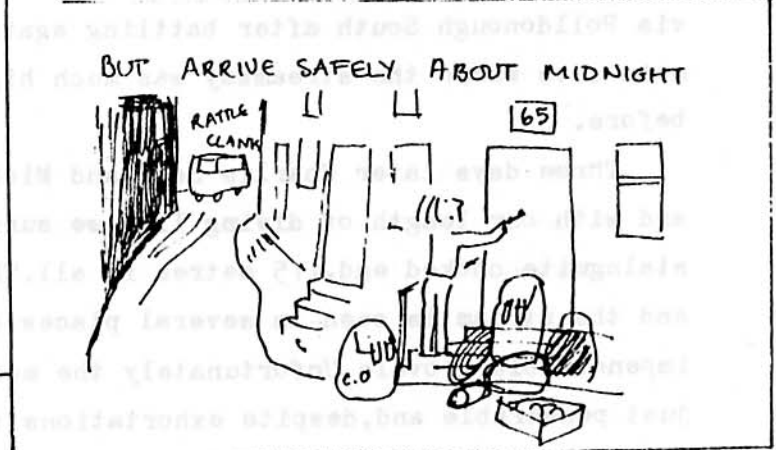
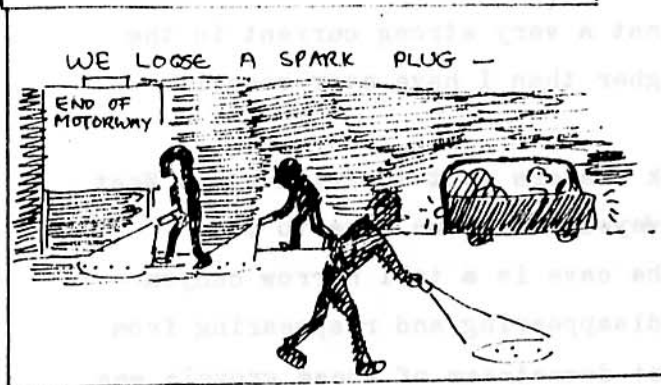
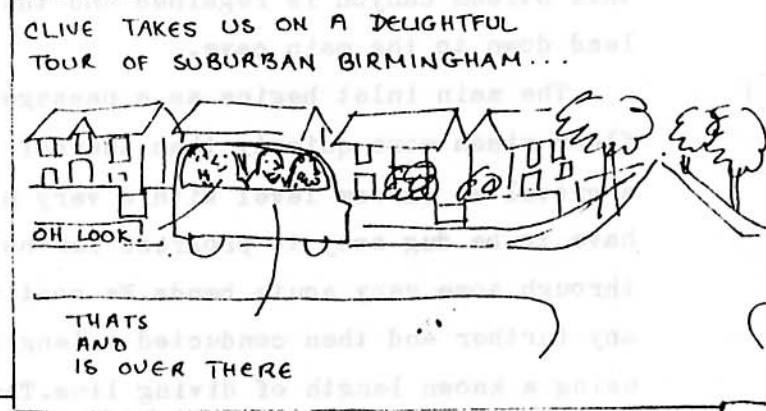
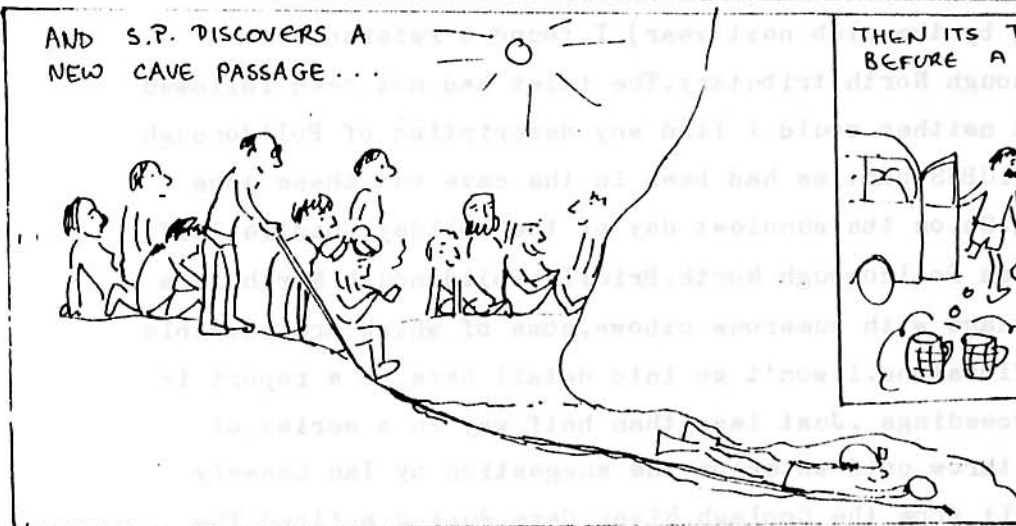
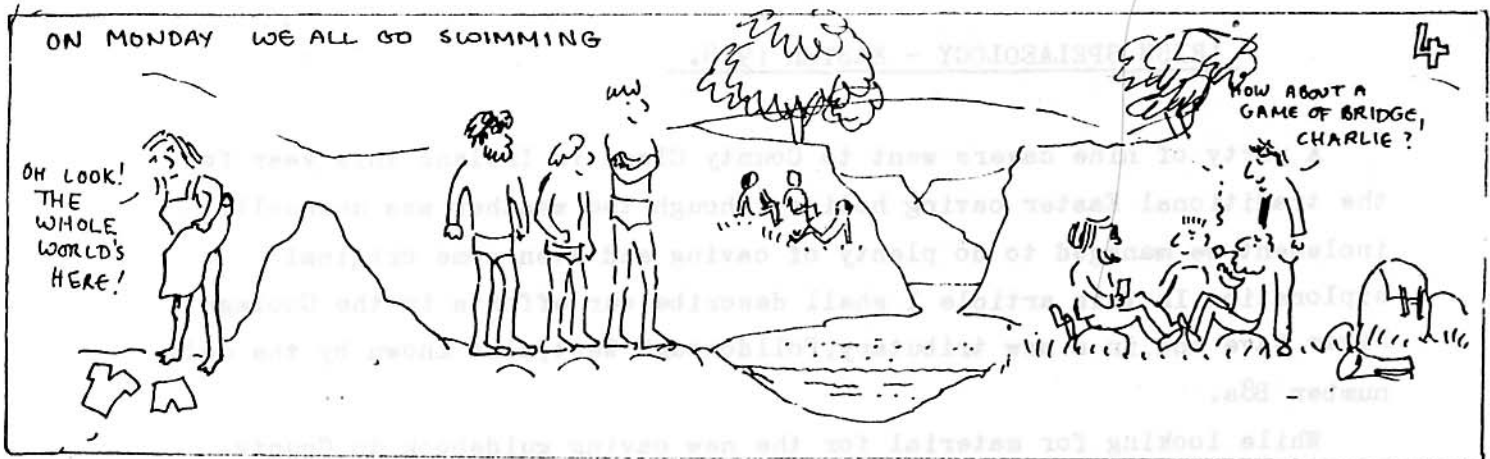
WE TAKE A SHORT CUT TO INGLETON



TO BUY MUCH NEEDED SUPPLIES







THE ONLY INJURIES SUSTAINED WERE ONE SPRAINED WRIST AND A HOLE IN THE ROOF OF THE BUS, SO IT WASN'T A BAD WEEKEND.

A party of nine cavers went to County Clare in Ireland this year for the traditional Easter caving holiday. Though the weather was unusually inclement we managed to do plenty of caving and even some original exploration. In this article I shall describe our efforts in the Coolagh River Cave and, in a new tributary, Polldonough West, also known by the code number B8a.

While looking for material for the new caving guidebook to County Clare (to be published by the club next year) I found a reference to a major inlet in Polldonough North tributary. The inlet had not been followed to its termination and neither could I find any description of Polldonough North tributary itself. UBSS parties had been in the cave but these jobs were still outstanding. So, on the sunniest day of the holiday, Charlie Self and Chris Pepper entered Polldonough North. Briefly, Polldonough North is a tall stream canyon passage with numerous oxbows, some of which are passable and some choked with flowstone. I won't go into detail here, as a report is to be published in Proceedings. Just less than half way in a series of ducks under flowstone throw cold water on the suggestion by Ian Cassely that this is a safe exit from the Coolagh River Cave during a flood. The tall stream canyon is regained and then a sporting series of small cascades lead down to the main cave.

The main inlet begins as a passage as tall as the main canyon, but the floor rises more quickly than the roof and the cave degenerates finally to a grovel at stream level with a very narrow rift above. Pebble barriers have to be dug away to progress further, and in addition the passage twists through some very acute bends. We continued until too tired to dig our way any further and then conducted a length survey back to Polldonough North using a known length of diving line. The inlet is 236 metres long. We exited via Polldonough South after battling against a very strong current in the main cave where the streamway was much higher than I have ever seen it before.

Three days later Charlie Self and Mick Seavers went to Polldonough West and with our length of diving line we surveyed the known cave to its stalagmite choked end, 115 metres in all. The cave is a tall narrow canyon and the stream is seen in several places, disappearing and reappearing from impenetrable grovels. Unfortunately the most downstream of these grovels was just penetrable and, despite exhortations to leave it alone because it was bound to be nasty, Mick pushed through a small dam of pebbles and found a continuing passage. Thus compelled to follow, I cursed profanely and offered advice on the redirection of the surplus energies of overexuberant youth. I

found myself in a canyon passage 1 metre high with ponded water held by pebble dams. We followed this passage and I was forced to regret and recant my hasty words as the canyon deepened and narrowed, finally becoming too tight for either of us (but 4 metres high) a distance of precisely 236 metres from the entrance. As a small consolation I managed to get all of three metres further than my partner.

Back at the cottage we plotted our inlet on the map and found that the straight line distance from B8a to Polldonough North streamway was 400 metres. Having found 472 metres of cave the missing link must be tantalisingly small. Does anyone feel thin?

Charlie Self

### EASTER IN YORKSHIRE

Staring out of the car windows on the way to Yorkshire, Clive and I had a feeling that not much caving was in store for us. The rain streamed down the windows and the howling gale reinforced this fact. After driving through a snowstorm in Skipton we finally broke down (mentally) in Settle and bought a pack of cards.

At the Helwith Bridge, the Ribble was lapping against the pub windows as Oliver and Steve arrived with our "palace". A number of attempts to erect the tent took place but finally we managed to lash it down with Super-Braidline - at least it has some uses! The arrivals for that day were completed by Ian Cassely and a friend from Finningley, Keith. After a short snack we retired to the nearby hostelry.

Friday was heralded by a fall of snow followed by hailstones. The Ribble responded by rising another two feet. By the time Oliver arrived from his hotel we had successfully talked ourselves out of caving and readily followed his selection of the day's activities:

- 1) A walk up Penyghent
- 2) A walk down Penyghent
- 3) Bernie's and gear shops
- 4) Helwith Bridge

On Friday evening the party was completed by the arrival of Bob Churcher and Tricia. We immediately started talking about going caving on the morrow. The choices were narrowed down to Sell Gill Holes and a Swinsto through trip.

Saturday found us at the start of the long walk up to Sell Gill. It was a reasonable choice and allowed Keith to cave without getting his grookit wet on the first day. Well it would have been if it had not been snowing when we emerged from the cave. Oliver, Steve, Ian, Keith and Phil retired to the Hill Inn whilst Bob, Tricia and Clive went to Great Douk - cunningly described

by Steve to Bob as rather sporting.

The evening, I think, was spent in the Helwith Bridge.

The chosen cave for Sunday was Lost John's Pot. This was attended by Bob, Clive, Steve, Tricia and Ian. Phil had been forced to lend his light to Bob and lay in his pit racked by tearing sobs and galloping cirrhosis. Anyway, he had "done it".

The two remaining heroes went up Ingleborough Hill with Oliver to have a look at the water thundering down GG Main Shaft and seeing who could forget where the most entrances were (pardon my English). A harrowing night was spent in the pub waiting for the party to return. At 10.15 they arrived - from the Craven Heifer - but more about that in Steve's account of the trip.

Very early on Monday morning came the sound we had been waiting for. Yes: the heavy incessant patter of rain on our tent. We breathed a sigh of relief and Steve moved his sleeping bag as it rolled sluggishly in an inch of water. Tomorrow was going to be a good day.

It wasn't.

But even so we all drove in convoy to Malham. The Ribble looked like the more difficult sections of the Grand Canyon Rapids and the wind threatened to uproot anyone who faced in its direction.

In the 6 mile walk that followed the most impressive part was the Gordale Scar waterfall but it was still climbable so up we all went. Bob and Tricia left for Leeds halfway through the walk so we carried on round to the Cove, which also was an impressive sight if you haven't seen it before.

The final day came at last. We picked up the pieces of our tent and said our farewells. Clive and I ran back to the car to count the gear we had ripped - off from them.

Alistair Maclean (nee Philip Buckberry)

#### LOST JOHN'S

Bob, Trish, Ian, Clive and Steve. We got to the changing site at the same time as a YSS bus meet, which provided good cover and not a few grumbles. Bob's presence dispelled the latter. We took the Dome route down and reached the sump after a satisfying descent punctuated by a few minutes search for the route beyond Dome pitch. The way out was made interesting by the fatigue of one member of the party on whom we demonstrated several pulling techniques. These all used a pulley to alter our line of force so that we could haul from comfortable positions. Of particular interest was the double line method used on Dome pitch. The victim was counterbalanced by a rescuer who "Clogged" onto the hauling rope from a ledge 10 feet up. The counterweight was replaced every 10 feet as another rescuer "jumped on". Control was by a third person clipped to the rope at the bottom of the pitch.

Pulleys are light and can be very useful.



OH! IS IT CLOSED? OR: P\*N\*A\*K\*O\*E RE-VISITED

Deep in the heart of B\*i\*t\*l, in the very centre of gin and Jaguar land, there lies a secret cave known only to a small and intrepid group of speleos. (In keeping with National Security the exact name and location will not be revealed). Anyway, one evening at one o'clock in the morning G. M\*l\*a\*, C. S\*l\* and M. S\* a\*e\*s could be found walking innocently to the cave bearing the normal trappings of suburbia: boiler suits, lamps, helmets, ladder etc. Finding the entrance and descending was little trouble (apart from foot deep glutinous mud). The cave has developed along a near vertical fault zone and consists, basically, of a calcite lined rift series. This opens out halfway up the side of a vast chamber containing a deep (as in b\*o\*d\* deep) lake at the bottom. By the way this is perhaps the oldest cave in Britain as it contains Triassic deposits (Typist's note - about 200 million years old) For further details of this cave, for all those interested (go on, admit it, you are interested) there is a CRG report in the library.

Back to the story (zoom in to two mud caked cavers carrying mud caked tackle bags; C\*a\*l\*e is meanwhile secreting 3 tons of rocks about his person). There is a sudden glare of headlamps and squeal of brakes followed by "Gude Evenin' Lads, and wot may you be doin' at 3 o'clock covered in mud?" "Oh! We're cavers, Officer. We've just been down P\*n\*a\*k\*o\*e". "Isn't that closed?" he said challengingly. "Oh! Is it?" we retorted innocently.

The outcome was we swapped names and addresses for a "Muve along there, please", and stopping only to drag C\*S out of the hedge where he had been hiding, the intrepid t\*i\*s headed home.



N\*S

Solution to Charlie's  
second crossword.

Abseiling	A method of falling, can be either controlled or uncontrolled
Abseil device	A method of slowing the abseil by jamming the rope
Ammo tin	A metal box for keeping Mars bars
Arbuthnott	Rare species of caver often found in digs
Aven	County containing Bristol
Bang	Soft substance useful for entering locked caves
Belay (good)	Something that shouldn't have given way
(poor)	Most common type, rarely gives way
(psychological)	Female lifeline
Boulder	Small piece of cave that precedes climbers down a pitch
Bridge	An excuse for not caving on Sundays
Buckberry	An excuse for not caving at all
Cave	Wet muddy place often found underground
	Beware! (Latin)
Cave diver	Someone who goes beyond the limits of rational behaviour
Caving	Something to do when the pubs are shut
Caver (novice)	Someone who caves when the pubs are open
(experienced)	Someone whose death was unavoidable
(solo)	One man lost alone
Caving party	Several people lost simultaneously
Claud loop	Useful device for people who have lost their nerve
Claustrophobia	A morbid fear of being underground when the pubs are open
Crawl	Low piece of passage, best avoided
Choke	Horrible piece of passage, mercifully impassable
Clogger	Not a name, more a description
Descendeur	French word for a caver
Dry suit	A misnomer, except when new
Duck	A good place to test your dry suit
Eccentric	See cave diver
Expansion bolt	Rusty, over-stressed piece of metal you entrust your life to
Exposure suit	Badly fitting wetsuit
Formation	Part of a cave that has been destroyed
Fissure	French, a dirty unpleasant crack
Grade	(of cave surveys) Explains why the passages are never where they ought to be
Gravity traverse	A traverse with no hand or foot holds
Helmet	Safety device to protect cavers against cavers heads
Karst	Jugoslavian for a barren, waterless place ie. restricted opening hours, or in extreme cases no pubs at all
Krabs	An unusual hazard encountered in sea caves
Duncan Braidwood	Author
	The man with the car, looking for the right cave