

THE WESSEX CAVE CLUB JOURNAL

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Next Issue:

UIS, Hungary, 1989

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**Opinions expressed in the Journal are not necessarily those of the Editor
or of the Wessex Cave Club as a whole unless expressly stated as being so.**

Officers and Committee of the Wessex Cave Club, 1988 - 89

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Club Notes

In Committee

Matters discussed at the 397th meeting of the Committee, held at Upper Pitts on Sunday 11 June 1989, included:

Treasurer's Report: Brian reported that we have a healthy bank balance, with no major bills outstanding.

Upper Pitts: The ladies' dorm. still needs tiling on the floor of the toilet area and a ventilation grille is to be fitted. Thanks to Keith Fielder for the donation of a pressure washer which has now been plumbed into the main changing room and to Jim Rands for fitting a ventilation fan in the roof. The rat poison seems to have done the trick. Members and guests who break items of furniture and mops etc are to be asked to pay for replacements.

Tackle: 250ft of new ladder has now been constructed and awaits the fitting of 'C' links. A tally system has been introduced to keep track of what is where. Some items of club tackle were sold (at a profit) on the recent trip to Belize - profits will be ploughed back into the tackle fund.

Sales: Bat products has an ample stock of NiFe bulbs, so the idea of getting these made was dropped. 100 6" ammo cans are to be purchased from Brian Pitman, some to be sold on to bat products.

Membership: 33 members still have yet to pay their 1988/89 subs.

Matters discussed at the 398th meeting of the Wessex Cave Club, held at Upper Pitts on 30th July 1989 included:

Upper Pitts: A quote for having the dormer window fixed is to be sought.

Tackle: 200m of Superbraidline lifeline has been purchased. A bosh electric drill has also been purchased for making shotholes. (See elsewhere in this edition of the Journal for a copy of the rules relating to the use of this device).

Wessex People

It is with considerable sadness that we have to report the death of Mrs. Dors (Senior) recently. Our deepest sympathy to Jackie and Roger.

We would like to extend a warm welcome to the following new members:

Mark Helmore

Alan J. Rigg

Carmen Smith

Howard Price

Jane Guiseris

Change of Address: **Pete Hann** can now be found at 36 Winfield Road, Sherbourne, DT9 3HH., **Paul Lambert** is now at 37 St Luke's Crescent, Totterdown, Bristol, and **Dave (Parrot) Cockfield's** new address is 1 Pikepurse Lane, Richmond, N. Yorks.

Caving Notes

There will be a Wessex RESCUE PRACTICE on the last weekend in January 1990 (Saturday 27th). The venue will be Cuckoo Cleaves. Everyone is welcome to attend - the more the merrier.

There is a plan afoot to have a clean up in **Otter Hole**. Please contact the Caving Secretary for further details.

Rocket Drop Cave has recently been gated and locked. The key is available from the farmer.

It has been noticed that people have been visiting **Swildon's Hole** without paying the 20p "goodwill" fee. This could cause problems if it continues, so please make sure you pay up.

On a not unconnected subject, please note that there is no right of way across the fields from **Swildon's** to the Hut, and people using this route have been causing problems recently. Please use the road, even if you are on foot.

Recent work in **Lancaster Hole Downstream Sump** by John (Superted) Cordingly and Russel (Spotty) Carter has been encouraging. Following on from the work of Boon and Clegg in the 60's, and Alf Latham in the 70's, John and Russel found the way on after a thorough search on their first dive on 14 May. This leads off in a cobbly bedding plane under the right wall at a depth of 11m. 140m from base the walls and floor are lost as the passage takes a sudden descent down a huge ramp, to a depth of 31m at 195m into the sump where a huge tunnel is entered.

So far, the passage has been explored to a point 465m in, to a maximum depth of 32m. With the decompression which this entails, the limit of the gear being used has been reached. The passage is heading straight to the resurgences at Leck Beck Head and Witches Cave, and with the gap now half closed, a through trip is a real possibility. There are also probably side passages which may well tidy up blank areas in the Easegill survey.

Thanks got to Pete Hann, Nigel Graham and Malcolm Foyle for their assistance with these dives.

From the Log

9 June 1989

Tav. "Dug open an old mine in East Harptree in a small quarry opposite Eastwood Manor. About 200ft of walking passage, inhabited by Brock. Further investigations revealed that the MCG had "discovered" it a few years previously. Probably an old calamine working."

14 June 1989

Murray, Aubrey, Nick W, Mark H. Alison H., Max, Cuckoo. "Trip to go and examine the damage from the last BANG. Some very bad air in the dig and little progress. Abandon until the waterlevels rise."

17 June 1989

Tav, Vince, Brian, Steve (MCG) "Started excavating in a large depression near the Wellsway (West Harptree). Reached 5ft depth in conglomerate and Limestone, with heavy iron content. Some waterworn debris found. We have decided to call this Ridge Swallet."

18 June 1989

Ric and Pat H., Nigel G., Pete H., Malc. F., Bob Jenkins (CPC) Diccan/Alum. "Wondrous rigging - lots of rebelays & things. Very low water level but still superb."

18 June 1989

John (Superted) Cordingly and Russel (Spotty)

Carter "Dived the downstream Kingsdale sump. Spotty swam to the 1000ft airbell, but Superted swam down the other branch to the end of Yordas and Statham's line. He attached a line and nearly straight away he got into a new large passage which he swam down for approx 100m. until he came to a large pot with the large passage continuing over the top. This could very well be the long looked for King Pot water."

25 June 1989.

Nigel G., Dave Applaing (Glos. SS) Otter Hole to Straw Chamber. "The hardest trip I've done for a long time in terms of continual effort."

25 June 1989

Pete M. Swildons, Renaissance. "U-tube still sumped but only a short dive. Cleared shattered rock from passage on far side which used to take the water which now flows into the U-tube. I cannot see anything working unless a dam is built and the water 'aquaducted' by hose into a window in the drain passage further on."

29 June 1989

Nigel Graham and Martin Crocker. Liebherr's Rift (Portland). "Yes, a new one! Short dig and some interesting antics with rocks and gear had a 12' ladder pitch into a fairly wide fissure. Then on for about 30ft to a very greasy boulder pile. The cave is named after the inexpensive rock breaking machine which had found it."

1 July 1989

JNC, R. Carter, A Goddard. Wookey. "An intended lightweight trip to dive the last sump thwarted by a three hour delay due to Bob Drake having forgotten to book us in. So, instead, we went to Edmund's chamber to follow up a lead which Pete Glanvill had told us about. With no dry land to de-kit, JNC took all the gear off while RLC and AG floated about for one and a half hours. The climb up is not difficult but the 100 ft or so of rope is poorly belayed to only one bolt screwed in only about two turns! Do not trust the rope!

At the top the passage continues as a typical sloping bedding which divides into two. On the right (higher level) the passage ended at a squeeze over rocks. JNC passed this and continued along 30ft of new passage to where it needs banging to continue. Pausing only to write "wot, No BEC" on a rock, the return was made - a bit gripping on the big pitch.

New passage heads on 240° magnetic - back towards Wookey 20?"

2 July 1989

Pete Hann, Nigel Graham, Paul Lambert. Charterhouse Cave. "Lots of cement in boulders. Opened up a small hole in floor and the large rock we're sat on is now supported by 6 feet of fresh air. The draught has also increased. Looking better. Next time we will have to bring some spare underpants."

2 July 1989

Jim and Aiden. Fester Hole. "A good day's digging. We took a brew kit and a barbecue and spent the day there, approximately one and a half tons of spoil removed. The cave has dried our well and is now easy going."

15 July 1989

James Cobbett, Pat Cronin, Mike MacDonald. Wookey Hole to 22. "Really a trip for JSC who has not been to 22 before, or cave diving for 12 years. No real problem." (*This entry wins this month's unintelligible handwriting award - NJW*)

15 July 1987

G.N. Eastwater. "Cenotaph Aven detackling trip. Cave nice and dry, nobody else about - sensible folk were on the surface sunbathing."

16 July 1989

M & J. Hewins. East Twin. "40 minutes photo session. Stopped to look at fester hole on the way to Goatchurch and got recruited to an hour's digging."

22 July 1989

Rob Harper, Rich Websell, Duncan Price, Malc Foyle. Ireby Fell. "Dive through the 40 - 50ft sump, complete with diving line and hosepipe (?). SRT - load of shit, will use ladder next time."

23 July 1989

Dave (Parrot) Cockfield, Duncan Price, Malc Foyle, Hurtle Pot. "Dunc and Parrot had a swim to somewhere around the bottom of the Hindenburgh Wall."

22 July 1989

Nick W, Pete H, Bob Mackin, White Scar. "The intention was to accurately radio-locate the end of the Northern Line. We then all went for a stomp up the main streamway. Water levels were about 2'

below normal, allowing us to wade through things which would normally require traversing across. About 8 miles of cave in 6 hours with no tackle. A classic trip we very much enjoyed.”

26 July 1989

Pete H., Paul, Aubrey, Carmen, Nick. W., Max, Mark. Drunkard’s Hole. “Various bolting, digging, banging.”

9 August 1989

Keith and Derek Sanderson, Colin Davies (BICC). P.S.M. (France). “A memorable experience. I was tired at the end. Length 9100, depth, 987m. 11½ hours.”

16 August 1989

Max, Carmen, Aubrey, Nick Marochov, 2 MCG. Upper Flood. “Another sub-contract job well done.”

19 August 1989

P & A Moody, Pete Bolt, Graham Johnson, Tav. Eastwater WE Series. “Started dig at dry upstream choke in Southbank. PB took photo’s and complained about his models.”

Late August Bank Holiday Weekend/Week. Wessex (Frew, Ormerod, Fielders, Williams, Foyle & Fi., Hann, Lambert, Smith, Marochov, etc) descend on Yorkshire. Holes visited included Wades Entrance, Mainshaft (GG Winch), Kail Pot Dig, Stream Passage, Alum Pot, Sell Gill, Notts Pot, Rowten. Supporting cast included the whole of

the Craven, Parrot, Dani, Marion, Rob Harper etc. Apologies to anyone/thing I’ve missed.

2 September 1989

J. Rands. Norway. “What can I say – it was fabulous. 2½ km surveyed. Three weeks was not enough.”

13 September 1989

Murray, Scotty + 2. Cuckoo Cleeves. “New dig just off the main chamber.”

4 October 1989

Jeff, Babs, Stuart Cain. Little Neath River Cave, S. Wales. “Flood entrance still taking water, Looked at sumps, 3 hours.”

11 October 1989

Swildon’s Hole. “The Wednesday nighters dig more mud out of water chamber dig.”

14 October 1989

Geoff N. Eastwater, West End Series. “Started a dig near Charing Cross. Looking good.”

14 October 1989

Malc + 5. “More diving in Speedwell”

16 October 1989

Tav/Vince, Ridge Swallet. “Shaft now 15 ft deep in ocherous earth and conglomerate boulders. Just encountered a choked rift which is looking good.”

Letter to the Editor

From Linda Wilson:

Dear Sir,

With reference to Tony Blick’s article on dowsing in the last Journal (Vol 20 No. 221), the problem of holding the metal rods too tightly can be overcome by inserting the short branches of the L-shaped rods into empty biro cases. This allows the rods to swing freely without interference (although beware of this on a windy day!).

Your sincerely,

Linda Wilson (UBSS)
38 Delvin Road,
Westbury on Trym,
Bristol,
BS10 5EJ

Bosch Cordless Drills

Their use in cave exploration

Paul Norman

The following are personal thoughts based on over three years experience using my own Bosch drill. When your own pennies are at stake you tend to take more care of things but if a particular site is difficult to get to there is nothing worse than finding that a drill does not work!

Cave digging has to some extent been revolutionised in the past two or three years by the advent of the battery powered drills. Where ever explosives can be used deep shotholes can be drilled enabling rapid progress to be made, even at remote sites. This means that projects far from the surface involving the removal of more than the occasional obstruction have been made possible. Experience has shown that only one or two people are needed to carry all the equipment to drill and blast.

The most widely used drill is made by Bosch in Germany. It is more correctly called a rotary hammer as it drills in a way more like the traditional star drill and hammer than the familiar electric drill. A pneumatic hammer action actually hits the end of the drill bit and the rotary motion is used to carry the spoil back along the drill and out of the hole. This method achieves a phenomenal cutting rate making 18" deep holes quite achievable.

The main problem with the drills, as supplied, is that the attached power pack is both small and electrically fragile. The nickel cadmium cells used will easily supply the high currents the drill needs but they do not like being over or reverse charged. Once fully charged a cell will begin to heat up and produce gas. This gas will eventually vent to the atmosphere via a valve sited under the positive terminal. This reduces the amount of water in the cell and also its capacity.

In a battery pack such as that fitted by Bosch containing twenty 1.2 Amp hour 'R' cells, each cell will be in a slightly different state of charge from the others. If the pack is used until it is exhausted those cells which become flat first will be reverse charged by the others. At these currents this is guaranteed to ruin those cells reducing the total capacity of the pack. Various people's experience

has shown this to be so. One solution is to always stop drilling as soon as the battery show signs of fading, the other is construct a larger power pack. This is a simple task using commercially available Ni-Cad cells of 4 or 7 amp hour capacity costing around £100 and £180 respectively. Mounted in ammo boxes these are ideal for use in caves. The high capacity cells used in these packs are less vulnerable to damage by over or reverse charging than are the R cells.

Using high capacity power packs creates the danger of overheating and possibly damaging the drill as it can be run for a far longer time before the battery pack is exhausted. The drill has two parts, the motor, and the hammer unit which is common to all the light fixing hammers in the Bosch range and so, as an industrial unit, is designed for reasonably extended operation. The motor is not. The cooling fan attached to the armature of the mains version of the drill is missing on this unit as it was not designed for long periods of use. This means in practice drilling must stop when the drill begins to overheat.

The permanent magnet motor's danger area is in the brush mounts which are part of the nylon body moulding. I would recommend using the drill until it becomes uncomfortably hot to hold and then to give it a rest. I have applied this rule to my own drill which is regularly dismantled for cleaning and inspection. Apart from some minor discolouration of the case around the brushes it shows no adverse effects. The brushes have needed replacing once, indicating that the drill has been well used on about 130 occasions to drill a total of between 250 and 350 ft of 12mm shothole.

It is possible to maximise the amount of hole drilled and minimise heating by observing a few rules:

The amount of heat generated by the drill depends upon the amount of electrical current flowing through it.

As the loading on the drill increases so does the amount of current flowing through it.

The amount of cooling produced as a result of air movement through the drill caused by the rotation of the armature drops as the load increases and the speed drops.

This means as the drill is loaded the heating increases and drill slows so that the cooling decreases. Simply the harder you press the hotter it gets and the quicker the battery becomes flat. Intelligent use can make a big difference. The aim is then to reduce the load on the drill so as to maximise the drilling time before overheating makes it necessary to stop so it can cool down.

The larger the drill the larger the load and the slower the rate of drilling as more rock has to be removed. I have found 12mm diameter shotholes loaded with plaster gel and detonated via Cordtex a good compromise which works in all situations but I have used holes down to 8mm successfully. When drilling, the speed of the drill should not drop significantly. Pushing harder on the drill will dampen the hammer action and not necessarily increase the drilling rate. When drilling vertically down the weight of the drill will usually apply sufficient pressure. The drill produces about 170 Watts of heat at the correct speed and load, and 270W if it is heavily loaded. It is reasonable to expect to be able to drill for 15-20 minutes without overheating if the drill is used sensibly. Running the drill at lower power will maximise the battery pack's running time and life.

There is then the question of maintenance. The whole drill can be taken apart without too much trouble. The tool holder should be kept as clean as possible, the rubber end can be prised off exposing the mechanism which can itself be disassembled after a spring clip has been removed. All screws on the motor body are self tapped into the nylon. Because of this great care must be taken not to cross-thread them which, if done, may substantially reduce the number of times the unit can be serviced. The brushes will wear out and can easily be replaced as can the armature which will cost about £20. All plastic parts can be washed in warm water once the drill has been taken apart.

The hammer unit is held together by the hammer lever. Once this is removed the internals can be removed. Wear does not seem to be a problem but lubricant does get thrown off the various gears. I have re-greased mine a number of

times, but use the recommended Bosch grease!

Drill bits kept sharp will also contribute to efficiency: a special green grit grinding wheel is needed to sharpen the tungsten carbide tips. Any muck on the chuck end will help to wear the tool holder so the drills should be kept clean. It is probably as well to spray some oil into the tool holder each time it is used.

To transport my drill I pack it in a neoprene sock inside a large polythene bag inside a tackle sack and that seems to have worked up until now. A waterproof canoe bag is used if it is to be submerged underwater. A good method of transporting the drills is to use an appropriate length of ABS waste pipe with a screw cap fitting at each end. These have proved to be very durable and can also be used to carry tamping rods.

A less demanding use, one which is exploited by Bosch in their promotion of the drill, is bolting. Because the drill is so quick height can be gained rapidly. When hand drilling there is a temptation to only half insert some anchors; with the drill that is not the case, thus increasing safety. The depth of holes is, however, critical. The drill hole will have a concave end. This means that if the hole is over drilled the wedge may not be driven fully home. The simple answer is to drill too shallow and finish all holes by hand. Paint or some sort of clip (not tape) can be used as a depth gauge. We have used 10mm dia. non-self drilling anchors in preference to the conventional 12mm (*M8 threaded - Ed*) variety on the grounds of cost, less battery power required and because hole depth is not critical. They use an internal wedge which can be set by screwing a long bolt home. A short (50mm) drill is available which makes drilling at arms length less difficult.

Finally these drills are not indestructible - they are definitely not designed to be used in the sort of conditions found in the average cave. If they are used with care, intelligently, they can prove both productive and reliable. Some people would not agree.

Paul Norman

The Wessex Hammer Drill

Experience in other areas of the country, particularly Yorkshire, has shown that the way forward for the use of explosives in cave exploration is undoubtedly through the use of shotholes rather than plaster charges. With that in mind, and because of the increasing numbers of cavers involved in explorations with the Club at the moment, a decision was taken (by the Committee) to purchase a Bosch rechargeable hammer drill for use in Mendip caves. This has been paid for out of profits from the club sales fund, and the charges for the use of the drill have been set such that it should pay for itself within its anticipated lifetime (based on the experience of other users).

The club has purchased this drill as a tool to assist members on the discovery and exploration of cave passages. The following rules have been drawn up to regulate the use of the drill, and members wishing to use it must sign a copy at the time they borrow it.

1. The drill may ONLY be used by PAID UP members of the Club.
2. The drill is only to be used for genuine caving purposes, or for maintenance of the Upper Pitts building. Anyone using the drill for other purposes will be expected to pay double the commercial rate. (£20/day).
3. Before issue to any member of the club, the member MUST sign for the drill, and he will be liable for any loss or damage (even if the loss or damage was outside of his control).
4. The drill is to be returned to a committee member in a clean and dry condition after use. It should normally be returned on the day of use. Additional charges will be imposed if the drill is not returned promptly.
5. A fee of £2 is to be paid each time the drill is used.
6. The batteries are only to be charged by the manufacturer's charger which was supplied with the drill.
7. Members are expected to supply their own drill bits. Only the correct type (SDS fitting) may be used.
8. The drill is to be used only on Mendip unless prior permission has been obtained from the committee.
9. The drill is to be used within the recommended limits (max hole size is 16mm in concrete).

These rules will be reviewed after a suitable period, and changes made if it is felt that they are necessary.

Nick Williams

P.S. At the moment, we're winning the barrel!

Rescue practice in Windy Dig

Portland, Dorset, 10 June 1989.

Nigel Graham

This practice was instigated and run by three groups caving on Portland: Bridport Caving Group, a group consisting primarily of Weymouth and Portland Venture Scout leaders, and a Wessex/independent consortium. The cave chosen is fairly typical of the rift caves on Portland, with a sufficient variety of obstacles for the exercise. The participants ranged from two or three novices to highly skilled personnel with equally varied rescue experience.

The Cave

Windy Dig is a mass movement (or rift) cave behind a slice of rock detaching itself from the retreating Westcliff face. Its entrance is reached from a grassy slope leading down from the cliff top, and lies in the angle between the slope and the adjoining vertical cliff face. It is in an open gully, a remnant of part of the rift itself.

A narrow slot drops six feet between slabs into a wider rift, soon choked. A tricky 10 ft ascent gains a small chamber over the choke, then a short crawl and stal eyehole reaches a pitch. This is about twelve feet, laddered from a bolt, though the ladder is more easily reached by sliding carefully down under a boulder jammed across the rift. The ladder lands on a steep, clay covered boulder slope, dropping a further 15ft in fairly roomy passage. Beyond partial chokes, the rift slowly becomes too tight.

Rescue

We pretended the victim had not slid down carefully enough, and was now lying injured at the base of the slope. In fact, the inexperienced in the group were lifelined on this ladder. The climb just inside the entrance was also laddered: a characteristic of many of Portland's rifts is their smooth, greasy and nearly hold-less walls.

The equipment was a Neil Robertson stretcher, borrowed from St. John's ambulance Brigade. We also had an MRO drag-sheet, borrowed in case we had been unable to obtain a rigid stretcher. Once a second bolt was installed above the pitch (no suitable natural belays), the

"victim" (Katherine Smith) was laced into the stretcher, and (MRO) hauling and lifelines attached. The hauling line was clipped to the head ring of the stretcher, with a slightly slack continuation of the rope to Kathy's sit harness as a precaution.

The pitch haul went reasonably smoothly. Kathy was raised over the jammed boulder, then once safe in the stance ("propped up in a corner" said someone) people moved on forward to the crawl. This obstacle presented no real problem once the narrow eyehole was negotiated, though the handling could have been a bit gentler.

The short pitch down from the choke proved troublesome, as the stretcher had to be turned completely round in a tiny chamber, and we had made the mistake of attaching lifelines etc. before carrying out this manoeuvre. The ensuing rope jam was alleviated by replacing the lifeline with straight forward muscle power: by the time Kathy's head was level with the rim of the climb, those below could reach her. The hauling line was controlled by an anchored Petzl "Stop", operated by one of a couple of Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme boys in the BCG team (under close supervision). This was part of our deliberate policy of involving everyone with as much as possible of the various techniques: these two lads had done little caving.

The final move, out of the entrance, proved to be the most awkward. A line had been laid all the way from the cliff top to the entrance, to take a Clog jammer to "self-line" the stretcher on the way up the slope. Misunderstanding this, someone rigged this up in the cave, risking a rope tangle. After this was cleared up and Kathy had been lifted to the opening, those below realised that only one man was above to lift her out: the other were all scattered up the slope, prematurely rigging lifelines! They were recalled, and our victim finally exited. A last difficulty presented itself here - the leg straps had been undone for a few minutes for Kathy's comfort, whilst the climb was rigged, but not re-fastened quite securely enough. Consequently the stretcher rode up under her arms, so though her arms were free, she was unable to help herself properly in the

constricted entrance - alarming for her, as well as rather painful.

The stretcher was soon carried up the slope, with no rigging difficulties, and the cave cleared. Though the exercise itself was over the BCG could not resist carrying Kathy back, still in the stretcher, on their shoulders to the car-park!

Conclusions

The exercise took a long time, some 2.5 hours, though at least some of this is accountable (e.g the pitch head bolting). Some mistakes were made, inevitably, hopefully ones we can learn from. However, considering the circumstances, and the fact that we moved the victim through and from the cave fairly well (albeit not always quite gently enough for the casualty) the practice was

reasonably successful. We estimated that an actual rescue from Windy Dig could be accomplished with about four to six reasonably experienced rescuers.

Personnel

Katherine Smith (the "casualty"), Phil Strong, Martin Crocker, Mike Read, Derek Davy, Ian Tolk, Gareth Jones, Alan Hobby, Nick Poole, Daniel Ronan, Simaon Holland, Simon Hansford, Charlotte Hurdley, Keving Stibbs, Nigel Graham.

Acknowledgements:

For loan of equipment, to St John's Ambulance Brigade, Mendip Rescue Organisation, Individual team members.

Nigel Graham

Notes for Contributors

If you have any article, letter, comment, news, photograph, or anything else which you would like to see published in the Journal, please do not hesitate to send it to me at the address below. Preferably, text should be typed on one side of the paper only, with wide margins and double spaces between the lines, but I'd rather have it scrawled on the back of a cigarette packet than not get it at all.

The main requirement for photographs is that they should not have too much contrast as otherwise they are unrecognizable when printed. Prints or slides, in black and white or colour are acceptable, but bear in mind that they will come out as black and white prints when they appear, so if the colour is an important feature they will not be a lot of use when printed. Please make sure that your prints or transparencies are clearly labelled, and send the appropriate captions for each label on a separate sheet.

For those who have access to a wordprocessor, I may be able to accept contributions on floppy disc. Please give me a ring so that we can discuss whether or not your software is compatible with mine - at present I can handle contributions in ASCII on all formats of MS-DOS IBM disc, as well as Apple Macintosh. ASCII/BBC Model B format may also be possible very shortly.

Line drawings, sketch maps and diagrams are all welcome. They should be supplied at the size at which they are to be printed.

If you copy drawings or photos, or quote, from another publication, please make sure you inform me before publication so that I can make arrangements regarding copyright.

Authors may obtain a laser-written copy of their article for the production of further off-prints by contacting me, although I may have to make a small charge for this service.

The Journal is produced on an Apple Macintosh Plus computer using a Western Digital 20AP hard disc, Microsoft Word 4 software and a LaserWriter IISC to produce camera-ready artwork.

I would like to thank Nick Marochov for the use of his LaserWriter in the production of this issue, and Paul Lambert for his assistance with the photographs.

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Belize 1989

Duncan Frew.

Although not entirely to blame, Nick Marochov was responsible for 13 relatively sane cavers spending the better part of April in the Jungle. At the end of the '88 expedition a breakthrough in the "Hole in Six" lead into a continuation of the main chamber. This huge passage was not new: it had been discovered by Tom Miller, an American Caver active in the area. Although Tom had surveyed up from the resurgence in Roaring Creek, he had not, in fact, entered the Hole in Six, nor had he published the survey. Nick was very keen to tie in the "Hole in Six" and complete the through trip to the Creek since in '88 he had lost the main way on.

At the BCRA conference in the pub after the '88 lecture, Nick, somewhat under the influence, managed with little difficulty to convince a few keen individuals to go out in 1989. I mention this now, because should the unlikely situation arise again (i.e. that Nick should get a few beers down his neck at the conference) for both your sake and his, don't let him talk you into going in 1990 (this by his own sober request!).

And so it was that nine of us Brits, came to be loafing around Belize International Airport. A few beers later we were joined by the Canadian contingent. After a visit to APC (Airport Camp – the British Army base) it became apparent that having overcome little problems such Eastern Airlines going bust (having taken our money) and the clocks going forward an hour in Miami without our noticing, we were brought to a grinding halt by the British postal service. Due to a letter going astray, we had arrived at a time when the garrison was handing over at the end of a tour. Consequently, kit and transport were scarce. Not unduly perturbed, we grabbed a bus into town and descended on the "Golden Dragon" hotel and Chinese restaurant. For three days we wandered around Belize City. To say this was three days too many is to be too kind to this sprawling slum.

Different people found different kinds of amusements (don't worry lads, your secrets are safe with me for a small fee). Finally, much to every one's relief (most particularly, our hosts) the long awaited transport arrived. We headed inland to Belmopan past Gracy Rock, a site visited by the '88 trip.

In Belmopan we dropped in on Logan McNatt, a semi-indigenous American, to collect Sean and Andy (aka Leg) who, bored of Belize City, had come on ahead by bus to finalise a few things in the capital. Eventually, we headed up into the hills. Bouncing around in the back of a four tonner was a great introduction to Belizean 'roads'. At the end of the road, our driver turned the truck around and headed back to civilisation, leaving us with a mountain of gear and a long way to walk.

Due to the short duration of the trip and the haste of its organisation, we were to survive on a diet of porridge, Beanfeast (four different colours) and SARDINES: 248 tins thereof to be precise. The first team set off up river to locate Actun Tunichil Muknal and begin to clear a camp site.



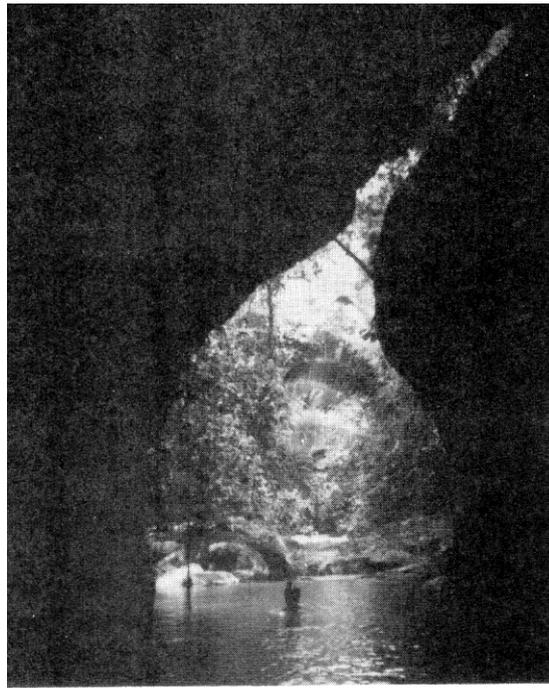
The Wessex Hut, Belize Style

Night in the tropics comes quickly; how often have you read that, but it has to be seen to be believed. Our first night in the field also brought the rain. Something over eight inches fell in about four hours, leaving the ill prepared drenched, and the well prepared only a little bit drowned. The dawn came eventually with cloud hanging in the trees.

We set off to move more kit. Overnight, Roaring Creek, our highway into the jungle, had turned from a pleasant knee deep stroll into a waist deep yellow torrent. Waist deep is, of course, a relative term, and for Lydia, the smallest member of the team, complete submersion was an imminent threat.

The silt in the river all came from the Tunichil Muknal resurgence, and the discolouration made it impossible to be sure of your footing so any kit which made it through the night dry soon got wet. Arriving at camp up the creek was like something out of "Apocalypse Now". Then it started to rain again and spirits hit an all time low - if the wet had started already, we were in for a rough time.

We were at last in a position to do some caving. Our little camp of polythene palaces was no more than half a minute's walk from Tunichil Muknal. A fine river flowed out from a huge gothic arch, the bottom of which was occupied by a wall to wall deep pool. Later in the trip the water cleared, making the trip all the more impressive. For the non-swimmers, of which we had two with us, there was a small side entrance which permitted a groping traverse around the side of the pool. Around the first bend the passage was partially blocked by a boulder collapse and the stream broke up into a complex of interconnecting windows, some less aqueous than others. We quickly found a relatively dry route through, but Pete, infamous for his negative buoyancy, did on one occasion stray into deep water and had to be fished from the bottom spluttering.



The entrance to Actun Tunichil Muknal

The streamway meandered back into the hill in a predominantly southwesterly direction. The going was easy for 2km, with occasional deep sections which could just be negotiated wading on tip toe. Gradually these slumped with our passing to make life more difficult. A single step to the side and you found yourself swimming, or not as the case may be.

The river issued from a vast sump, which is assumed to come from Actun Zotziha over 2km away. Just back from the sump a cross-rift offering a grotty climb up was noted. For some reason, this was ignored for the time being, and our attention turned to a high level fossil chamber nearer the entrance. Two side passages had been found to be oxbows which looped back high into the streamway roof.

The high level chamber had been called the Mayan Chamber by Tom - it was here that he had found a profusion of pots on their way to the underworld, as well as three skeletons. In the quest for the Hole in Six there was much clambering about amongst the boulders, and several previously unsurveyed chambers were entered, one with a vast pitch dropping back into the main stream and another with three more skeletons.

At this stage a lot of time and effort was being wasted as people discovered bits of cave, and then insisted that "someone" had to return and survey them. A week went by, and there was still no sign of the Hole in Six. Nick was spurred on by Tom's words that it was a bit tricky to find the way through. Our photographers were beginning to get a bit restless so a big photographic session was organised.

Pete led off into the cave carefully traversing round the pool to a convenient ledge. Here he stopped, and very calmly suggested that the rest of us should hang on for a bit as he was sharing his ledge with a large snake.

Unfortunately, he had not seen it until he was past it, and being unable to swim his line of retreat was cut off. Nick swam across for a closer look. In 1988 the team had gone to the Belize Zoo to have a look at the indigenous wildlife, mainly to learn what is dangerous and what's not. This snake was definitely in the former class, being a South American Pit Viper, locally known as a Tommigoff. A bite from one of these would leave one severely paralysed at best. Tommigoffs are one of only two snakes in the area which do not get out of your way when they hear you coming. Having identified it, Nick decided to try and move it on. Like most of us when woken from our siesta, this snake was not amused and after striking at the flame on Nick's lamp a couple of times, it swam off into the dry entrance. It is worth noting that the snake swam a lot better than our hero. Up on the cliff was a shaft which we knew dropped into the cave not far in, so we rigged a ladder and let Pete and Nick out, and also Don and Leg who, unaware of their predicament, were returning to the entrance.

The day's trip abandoned, we were now in an awkward position and the only solution was to remove the snake from the field of play. More intrepid (or more stupid) than the rest of us, Sean and Chris went in after him with a forked stick and a machete and after much clanging about in the rocks they emerged victorious. The snake was surveyed at 4ft 5¾ inches, and very dead.

After a few restorative cups of tea we resumed our mission. Our attention was shifted to the sump and Sean soloed in to look at the climb. Late in the evening a return trip was made, and with a couple of tape slings they were up through the boulders at the top to the very spot where Nick had lost the way on in '88. He had been about ten feet from the stream, and had it not been flowing so deep and quiet he would have heard it. All that remains to be done was the surveying.

Such is the way of things that the previous day, Doug and Leg had decided that the only way that we were going to find the Hole in Six again was to cut a trail up over the hill, and had spent a fruitless day doing just that.

Two survey teams set off to get the job over and done with. Just as the main passage was finished, Ian and Sean (irresponsible souls that they are) found yet another passage striking out from the westerly trend, heading south. Not wishing to waste yet another day, Chris, Leg and Dune set off to

finish the job. A rather intimidating calcite wall guarded the new passage, slippery with guano and a long drop off below it. Once over this progress was swift over boulders in a vast tunnel. Chris and Dunc started to survey back from the end. On the third leg, Chris was scrabbling up a boulder slab face when he slipped. He did not fall far, but as he went down he rolled to avoid smashing his face. His six foot slide left him with a dislocated shoulder.

Leg made a rapid exit bearing the bad tidings, but not before his cigarettes had been liberated. Don returned from the camp in double time with painkillers, strapping, sit harness and rope. Once a couple of others had arrived Chris, back to his usual mellow self, was lowered back down the climbs in a less dignified but far simpler descent than his rescuers. Back in the streamway he made easy progress and we were all soon back at camp. Chris's shoulder had reduced itself, but even so had effectively ended his participation in the rest of the Expedition. The passage survey was not completed but we know that it lies beneath the sink designated five, next to the Hole in Six, which was not looked at in 1988.

Down Roaring Creek from Actun Tunichil Muknal is another large resurgence, Actun Yax Teel Anau, draining the eastern valleys. This has also been visited by Tom Miller and was reported to contain a large number of Mayan burials. When we visited the cave, the burials we found were in a very poor state - it would seem that since Tom's visit there has been extensive flood damage to the site. This would be consistent with what we found in Actun Tunichil Muknal and the Hole in Six where a series of pristine gours found in 1988 had been buried beneath a thick sediment deposit. Yax Teel Anau was not very long and ended in a huge sump pool leading we know not where. Both these systems would be impressive in the wet season, but you would not get underground much!

The expedition's objectives were not entirely confined to Tunichil Muknal. To the east of Roaring Creek, before you arrive at Caves Branch, are a series of valleys running down off the cap rock onto the limestone where they terminate in a line of depressions. There are five such depressions marked on the map which remain unexplored, the rest having been visited by our American friends. There is a slight discrepancy between Tom's and Logan's ideas about exactly which are which, but this is more an indictment of the nature of the

terrain than anything else. There are relatively few contours marked on the map, and it takes a little while to adjust to the fact that 40m can hide a multitude of sins. The entire area is covered by jungle of varying density and maps drawn from aerial photographs suffer inaccuracies in many features. The line of streams is often assumed, and the variation in the occurrence of water from the wet to dry season is not taken into account. During the wet season water is everywhere, but in the arid part of the year, many valleys have no water at all.

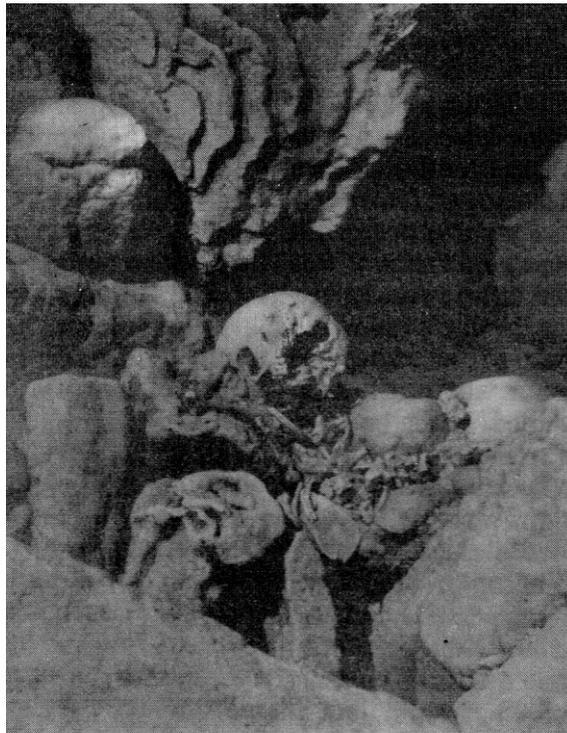
The simplest and safest method of navigation is to follow a creek bed up until a short hop over into the next drainage can be effected. Using this technique, Ian and Dickie had started a trail from further up Roaring Creek while the rest of us wandered around Actun Tunichil Muknal. They followed the drainage up from the Creek and hopped over Eastwards. After a while they realised that they were now heading West, not North as they should have been. They turned back up the stream, an important lesson learned, and following their compass more closely they cut East again, this time to drop back down into the first drainage.

It took them three days to get this far, and then Dickie went out to meet Charlotte, the last member of the team to arrive in Belize. Her Army driver had some difficulty in finding the right place as the driver who had dropped the original party off was away on leave. Consequently it was two days before Dickie was able to return.

While he was away, Ian and Rick completed the cut to emerge from the trees beneath a vast overhanging cliff. So thick was the canopy that from twenty feet you could not even see this feature. At the foot of the cliff a nice cool breeze issued from an entrance at the bottom of

a boulder pile. Thirty feet inside they were stopped by a pitch, the second half of which was not free climbable. They spent the rest of the day cutting on towards shakehole two before returning to Roaring Creek. The next day, accompanied by Don and Dunc they returned with all three of the Expedition ladders.

Once down the pitches we were at the bottom of a vast inclined bedding chamber with another window overlooking the first entrance. A few Mayan pot shards lay on the floor, along with a sprinkling of suspiciously dry guano. There were also a number of burial ledges constructed up the chamber, but the only other inhabitants were swifts and bats. The way on was a stooping streamway very reminiscent of many British caves. The water led us on down a series of short drops, the passage height increasing. A short but interesting free climb down a calcited chimney, where the friction was so good as to make progress awkward, soon brought us to the head of the proper pitch with the water rushing away below us. A 15 foot ladder sufficed, leaving a sporting little free climb of about the same distance again.



Skeletons in Yax Teel Anau

After this pitch the nature of the cave rapidly chopped and changed as we passed down through rock beds. The water eventually disappeared down a sharp tight hole. Don and Dunc turned back at this point in order to get back to Roaring Creek before nightfall. Rick and Ian intended to bivi at the entrance before continuing on to drainage two.

A couple of sweaty hours later, Don and Dunc trudged into camp, only to be greeted by shouts of "what kept you" and Rick and Ian's smiling faces. Number one (Swift) Cave had gone right through the hill to resurge in Roaring Creek only 100 yards from where our trail headed off.

Armed with a second set of survey kit the next morning we started in the middle and worked our way out in our respective directions, Rick and Ian bivvying a night later than they had planned. The lower sections of the system consisted of low phreatic tubes interspersed with ragged ducks. These passages definitely filled to the roof and I suspect that they had last done so on the night of the storm. Despite this a large bat population was roosting in the chambers. Sharing six inches of air space with a bat can be really fun, and there were a few collisions as they tried to fly through unavailable space.

Rick works for Parks Canada as a trail crew boss. Using a machete rather than a chainsaw rather cramps his style but he still managed to make a bush trail look more like the M4. On top of the ridge between shakeholes one and two the trail passed within feet of what at first appeared to be a large boulder but which proved, on closer inspection, to be an ancient phreatic cave left high and dry by the deepening valleys. This cave was ideally positioned for a bivi, since we were now beyond the limits of a useful day trip from base. Logically, the cave got the number 1½, later to be called Camp Cave.

Once Actun Tunichil Muknal was out of the way we mounted a larger outing over to 1½ Cave - six people with enough food for a three day bivvy. With heavy packs we could not go up through cave one, and the trail was pretty evil going in 100% humidity. On the way across we called in at Swift Cave to take some photographs. Due to one delay or another, we were not on our way until dusk. After two hours crashing about in the bush on an indistinct trail over treacherous terrain liberally sprinkled with Bastard trees (trees with thorns just in the right place when you need a hand hold), Ian's claims that we were nearly there were being treated with increasing scepticism. Unexpectedly, as we reached the crest of another ridge, the trail jinked to the right - we had arrived. It wasn't the Ritz, or even the Golden Dragon, but it was certainly five-star. It also had the Reggi Perrin beetles (Rejuidd bugs) which carry Chagas Disease, a form of sleeping sickness.

Exhausted, we stewed up a Beanfeast gourmet slop and Dr. Nick flamed a bit of the local flora to keep the evils of the night at bay. Lying in our pits the conversation drifted into food fantasies. Beginning with simple fare such as Heinz Tomato Soup, sleepy contributions from the dark gradually

became more exotic until one by one we fell into silence with our own thoughts and eventually sleep.

Duncan Frew

Expedition Members: (Wessex) Duncan Frew, Lydia Ormerod, Andy Summerskill, Sean Kelly, Douglas Boomer, Pete Hann, Nick Marochov, Richard Acton, (Non Wessex) Chris Giles, Charlotte Roberts, (Canadian) Ian McKenzie, Don Rumble, Rick Blak.

To Be Continued

Frank Frost Award

The Frank Frost award is an annual award made to the writer of the best article in the Journal of that year. The prize itself is not a great deal, but it will certainly cover the cost of a few pints of thirst quenching pencil lubricant.

The Award has not been made for a few years recently, but, as an encouragement to try and maintain interest in writing articles for the Journal, it is to be re-introduced.

Judging will be by the Committee, and the winner of the award will be announced in the next Journal (No. 223).

The next Journal will be in preparation by the time you read this, for publication just before Christmas, so get your entries in as soon as possible.

There will also be another award next year.

NJW

Tropical Caving in New Guinea.

Nick Hawkes

After living in Madang on and off for seven months, I have just discovered that there are some caves within ½ hour's drive from home.

Returning from mineral prospecting in Hidden Valley last break, I stopped at a sign near a small group of stick houses saying BALECK WILDLIFE SANCTUARY. A family surrounded by pigs and chickens came out to greet me and an old man took me 200 feet into the bush to see the 'wildlife'.

The whole place smelt terrible. At first it did not dawn on me what it was, I thought just another dirty smelly village, but we came to a beautiful spring of cold water which stank strongly of sulphur, and the most amazing thing (apart from the only wildlife being a stick insect) was that the spring emerged from a cave.

"antap dispela mauntaen, Bigpela hole bilong ston i stap. Hole bilong ston" - A CAVE - of course, and a big one at that higher up the mountain. I'll be back at the weekend!

Terry Reardon, a caver who has written a good book on the bats of Southern Australia, is working as a biologist here in Madang, making a particular study of bats. He had found out about some other caves in the region, so on Saturday, Terry and a National friend of his, John, picked up Colin (C.R.A. geologist) and I to visit a "huge cave" close to town. The village was a mile off the main track, but with our four-wheel-drive we trundled into this peaceful little P.N.G. village to the delight of most of its inhabitants. Six of the young men were eager to take us to the 'hole bilong ston', so all crowded into the truck for a short drive, then a short walk through sweaty rain forest to a small river which we followed to its source in a large, very pretty, cave entrance.

As we eagerly went inside with all our guides following, it became very obvious that there was a large bat population, from both the smell and the flutter of wings. The cave was a pleasant large walking passage; a great feeling to be caving again. Unfortunately, it was short lived and to our great disappointment we saw daylight loom ahead after only a few hundred meters. Just as we were emerging from this other cave entrance, a chap called out "snake i stap" and pointed up the cave wall. It took me a while to see, but eventually it reared up its head, an extremely well camouflaged

brown snake with a whitish underside. Our guides insisted that if one was bitten "yu di pinis" (i.e. "you die, finish") but Terry wasn't so sure and wanted to take a closer look. The locals decided that throwing stones up at the snake to get him down was quite fun, but it had the reverse effect and the snake slowly disappeared completely.

Going back through the cave we noticed several small nests with little birds in. These birds, like bats, get around by echo-location signals, except that theirs are well within our human audible range so one knows when a bird is coming as numerous squeaks can be heard. Some of our guides had slingshots, and brought down some of the bats. I asked (in pidgin):

"Are they good to eat?"

"Yes, em number one soup"

So you see people really do eat bat soup!

After this short trip, Terry said he knew of another cave close by with something special. The special thing about this cave became obvious as one walked in - FRUIT BATS. Now fruit bats are NOT small things, as their other name, Flying Foxes, suggests. With their wings extended they are almost the size of a fox. It's one thing to be bombarded by little bats, but quite another when they are the size of foxes. Luckily the cave was high and the bats seemed to generally keep well away from us, but the noise of wings was incredible; perfect for a good horror movie! The cave was only a short tunnel coming out the other side and wouldn't be anything spectacular without the bats.

So that was my first taste of lowland PNG caving - what an experience, but there's more to come.....

As promised to the guide at the Baleck Wildlife Sanctuary, I returned on Sunday with Colin. Also, Sarah and Michelle, other geo's girlfriend out from England and Australia, were persuaded to come to see the 'wildlife'.

When we arrived, it was obvious the old chap hadn't really expected me to come back, but he found a boy to guide us to the cave. The walk turned out to be a long and quite steep climb for the hot climate, and were soon all sweating profusely. Sarah and Michelle began to wonder if they had done the right thing by coming along although

when we started going through the bush they began to enjoy the walk a bit more. The bush is quite exciting to walk through, providing one is not exerting one's self too much.

Eventually we arrived at a doline with a cave entrance, two in fact, one with a stream going in, and one on the other side with a stream emerging.

There was no way the girls were going inside the cave! Colin, myself and the guide went in, leaving the girls and several 'liklik pikininis' who'd tagged along for the walk.

We went in several hundred feet, and met more and more bats as we went in. The noise was quite deafening and the stench really powerful, but it was a good sized passage which split up as another stream entered. No big fruit bats this time, but an unbelievable number of smaller ones. But we decided to leave it for the time being and return another day when there were no girls waiting outside.

The walk back down was very pleasant through some 'pretty' gardens with Sago, Banana, Betel nut and other palms growing together with huge Bamboos. This was lucky for me as I was not the girl's favourite person for having dragged them round the bush to look at non-existent wildlife, other than a few bats coming out of the cave!

The same afternoon, I met up with Mac, an Australian caver I had met last year on the Nullabor Caving expedition, and a return trip was arranged. On Tuesday, Mac and his wife arrived at my house in Madang and we left with a large bottle of lemon squash, caving shorts, tee-shirts and lamps. (It's just as hot and humid inside the caves as it is out.)

At the 'Wildlife Sanctuary' there was no one around to guide us, so we headed off, stopping first to investigate the cave at the sulphur spring. A couple of tiny side passages led off but both choked. We did, however, notice a couple of small turtles in the springs, so there is some wildlife here after all! Then off on the hot sticky trail up the hill to the cave. Mac and his wife were suitably impressed with the luxuriant vegetation of the P.N.G. bush, and having only just arrived were also suitably distressed by the heat.

On reaching the cave Mac's true caving spirit could be seen emerging with the excitement of a new cave. His wife obviously did not share the same enthusiasm, and came inside with whisperings and mumblings about snakes! We soon reached the point at which Colin and myself had turned round previously

and we ventured into virgin territory. As on the previous trip there were thousands and thousands of bats, the numbers apparently multiplying as we went further and further in. The passage became very large and we entered a chamber of almost GB proportions but absolutely cram full of bats. The air was black with them, and the floor piled high in rotting bat guano, emitting an incredibly powerful odour. The terrific noise of bats made me rather nervous, but providing one moved slowly, they didn't bump into you.

As Mac was climbing round one side of the passage he suddenly shouted: "Jesus Christ, a Tarantula", or maybe it was worse! "There are some..... huge spiders here".

This was too much for Mac's wife: "Take me out NOW I hate it" The spiders were the size of one's fist, but by the time I got to them there were just large hairy legs to be seen. Mac suggested I took a quick look ahead to see if the cave closed off, so I cautiously continued, looking carefully at every step while cave crickets and lots of tiny bat guano flies swarmed around in front, with thousands of shrieking bats above. The cave showed no sign of ending immediately and the large passage continued in my torch beam into a black mass of bats. The whole place scared the pants off all of us, but Mac and I were determined to continue, although first we had to take Mac's wife out before she went berserk.

Returning to this 'horror movie cave' we reached a point with some mud banks along the sides of the passage. On glancing at these I noticed that they had lots of large holes in them. Glancing again, I realised that they were not large drip holes as I'd first imagined, but that every one was indeed another spider hole, most with a set of large hairy legs sticking out. It was almost unbelievable - there must have been 20 holes in one mud bank. Then, suddenly, I noticed a monstrous spider the size of my hand with pink/red glowing eyes sitting at the edge of the mud bank. Enough to send a shiver up anyone's spine. On one wall we noticed a large type of scorpion. We continued on past another five or six mud banks, all full of spiders, and one which had some large drag marks which looked like a snake's track but we hoped were the marks of a spider dragging a bat to its hole. A lot of the spider holes had bat bones scattered around them.

Another couple of hundred metres on, the roof began to lower until it was only just possible to 'walk' without going on hands and knees. If it

hadn't sumped shortly afterwards I doubt we'd have gone much further anyway - crawling next to killer spiders is not my favourite occupation on a day off.

Having successfully reached the end, our nerves recovered considerably and we strolled confidently through the spider infested mud banks on the way out. Suddenly, a huge snake, two metres long with a girth equivalent to a beer can, slithered seemingly from right under Mac's feet. I shouted at Mac who just missed stepping on it. Our language degenerated instantly into a continual stream of expletives and we became more cautious again and watched diligently every step we took.

There was one more passage to explore, the other inlet, so not to be outdone, we decided to finish the cave properly and check it out. It went to another entrance, but right by the entrance itself, which would have been a low crawl to get out of, was one huge spider almost daring us to try and come out of 'his' cave. We had no qualms in respecting his wishes, and returned the way we had come.

The 'after cave recovery period' was considerably longer than usual despite being less than two hours underground. It's one trip I'll never forget: as to whether I return remains to be seen!

Nick Hawkes

Wessex Cave Club Committee for the year 1989/90

Chairman	Aubrey Newport
Secretary	Nick Marachov
Assistant Secretary	Mhairi Rands
Treasurer	Brian Hansford
Editor	Nick Williams
Caving Secretary	Nigel Graham
Gear Curator	Duncan Frew
Hut Admin. Officer	Pete Hann
Hut Warden	To be co-opted
Sales Officer	Aidan Williams
Ordinary Committee Member	Roz Fielder
Ordinary Committee Member	Andy Summerskill

Results of the postal vote 7th December 1989

Jim Moon	42 votes	
Aub.Newport	56 votes	
M. Dewdney-York	26 votes	
Duncan Frew	72 votes	
Dave Morrison	34 votes	98 members voted
Pete Hann	59 votes	
Doug Adams	34 votes	
Aidan Williams	39 votes	
Roz Fielder	64 votes	
Andy Summerskill	44 votes	
Jo Beckett	40 votes	