

O. U.

C. C.

Chartwell

Manuscript Book

Narrow feint and margin

Reference A4-629K

LOG BOOK

FEB '96

→ FEB '97

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TA!

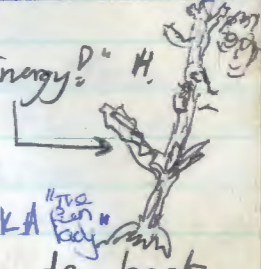
'DEPTH THROUGH THOUGHT'

OXFORD UNIVERSITY CAVE CLUB

Club Members Include:

21/02/96

James "Let's Go Caving" Hooper. aka James "Free Energy?" H.
 Steve "18th Great year" Roberts
 John "The Changing Man" Pybus
 Joanne "I'll try anything" "Whistler AKA 'The Can Body'"
 Fleur "I've tried that Cocktail" Coveridge. ← See de back inside cover.
 Chris "Scratch Itch" Denston (Seedy...)



U

FEATHERS

Tom "John Munn" Mann
 John "Honeybunch" Woper
 Will "Frolicsome Jovial" Fryer
 Rob "Mr. Lecturer" Camell
 Krossy "o" "I'll be there"
 Alison "Hard as Nails" Waterfall
 Ally "I like Chinese" Hilton (old)
 Chris "I think I'll go back to bed" Vernon

Joan "I live a different life in Sinter scales" Arthur
 Winston Periwinkle. a.k.a. Martin May - A little animal/flower.
 Andy "Oh all this attention" King (my right breast is wobbly)
 A.K.a. - "Let ~~me~~ ~~the~~ ~~Caravan~~"
 Anita
 Kitt "Alpine Start" Van Ramshart - a.k.a. - "We don't need gear for this one"
 Nicolas
 Phil Rose - a.k.a. "The Mountain are breaking through!"
 Silvia and her hanger on
 Goh. i. Indler. ←
 A.K.a. 'à toutes directions' (all at once)
 A.K.a. 'The Breakthrough' a.k.a. "Wellas? Who needs them?"

William Steed
 Tom "Bugger Caning" Houghton →
 Alex Harding "A Human Time Bomb waiting to explode"
 - Must be stopped before he kills us all.



[p.t.o.]

2

Also starring
the van rouge
(and loads of
vin rouge)

club members cont.



Martin

Ilka "I prefer to join this club" *stajida*

Gerhard (secondary trust) *Winkelsh* (always breaking another *to* when visiting Wales)

Inette

Graham Naylor

John Wilcock ("oldest of old lags")

Richard Marti

Jim Sara like (a family unit)

Dave "Brain bank" Honsley?

Sharon Curtis

Nobby "I always put 5 litres of fluid in condom" Mumford (the last member in any party)

"The trigger's out there but not in the logbook and we're not talking about OS here."

Julia Waters (awaiting brackets!)

Pauline "Do you want to be in my gang?" *Rigby*

~~scribble~~

Iain Burton - Clamp

He may be but is pangehi the - m?

Hon. members section is

geeg New

kev

Dave
Keith
Kev

The 28 year old tart

" Bishop
" Lavey
" Hyams.
" Welch

Yorkshire Weekend / Souther Scales

23-25/02/96

AVOID LIGHT

GUARANTEE

Present Are: Steve, Urs, James, Martm m.
 John., OS, Rob, Joan, Chris V.,
 Anita, Melissa, Miche, Andy, Alison,
 Gavin, Jo, Tim, Jenny, Dave M, Dave L.,
 Pauline, Harvey, Kithi, Maarten, Dave H, William, Will, Phil,
 Ditta, Nicola, Ali, Tony, Raphael, Matheus, Guillaume
 Suzanne, Phil Duncan, Tom H, Brian, Sylvia & Graeme
 Σ - Total: 41!

"Oh fuck, its an electric thing" - James.

"Who's that Big Guy?" - Guillaume.

"Maooooooooooooooooarten" - Everyone in Unison.

"Is he 100% English?" - Guillaume.

JNH: "Moha - He's my hero!"

"What do you do if someone has an epileptic fit in the bath? - Throw your clothes in!" Tasty jokes of our fine Saturday evening.

Urs "Some like it baggy and some like it tight" } 24.2.96 marble steps

Urs "This is all an old-persons party"

Tom "I found my contact lens in a bucket of rabbit shit" Miche "Why did you have a bucket of rat shit?" Tom "oh it was a difficult time in my life."

Phil "But I'd be more worried about fox shit..."

Urs Christ. "That's not nice, it's squeshy and obscene"

Chris V. "And pink. That's why its nice."

Oly says James. "Where did you get that T-shirt James?"
"From Kithy. Maarten's gonna wear the hood up"

Kithi drops her mug on the floor.

Brian: "You know you've had too much when you can't hold your drink."

F I E S T A

(4)

John "You're wearing too many layers Pauline".

Slim What I want to know is where is the negative of that photo of me in a mini skirt with no knickers ON?
And can I have it please?

THE NEXT MORNING:

"It's like Pirge thinking that everyone he knows can nail down floorboards correctly".

Having gone out from about 10pm last night on to admire the fast-falling snow, we are not surprised to find everything outside under 3-4 inches of the stuff.

Very pretty - and white almost better - puts the lid on carving today.

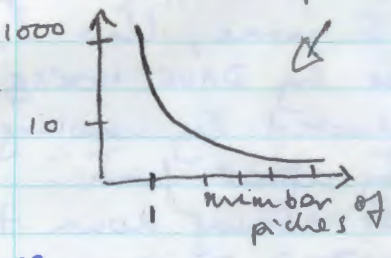
[* Competition: WHAT did you think was "like Pirge ... etc"]

Ireby Trip. by Melissa (far too early in the morning!)

Jenny, David, Ali and ~~Michael~~ went to Ireby. The morning was spent with David & Jenny coaching Ali & me in SRT technique using a tree in the garden - neither of us having ever done it before. Suitably prepared, we set off for the cave. We met some cavers to whom Ali took an instant dislike in the car park; they were sporting horrific fluorescent over suits and bristling with brand new gear, but clearly thought they were the bees knees. Anyway, having narrowly avoided a verbal bust up we set off for the cave entrance. Unfortunately Ali was wearing a wet suit - apparently not a garment designed for walking over frozen fells - and by the time we reached the cave entrance she was already experiencing the first stages of hypothermia. However, we pressed on

as far as the first pitch, negotiating the miniature ice-bergs in the entrance. It was here that the problems started.... Ali went down the first pitch and then decided that she was just too cold to go on and would go back to the car. I meanwhile was trying to summon up the courage to overcome my vertigo & do the ~~same~~ short hauls to the pitch head. David abandoned me as a lost cause, but luckily Jenny came to the rescue with such stirring phrases as, "you'll feel so crap if you don't do it". This inspired I eventually propelled myself over the offending chasm & after that everything was fine; here is Jenny's depiction of my SRT learning curve. The only problem was the

Time to negotiate (log scale)



temperature of the water, which was **** freezing. Jenny complained that she was getting soft as she suffered slightly crawling through a stream ~~with~~ with no gloves and no knee pads.

see pg 73.

Anyway we made it to the sump at the bottom & then headed out denigging Gavin's ropes as we went. Actually I can claim no part in this as David did all the denigging and Jenny carried most of the tackle (on the pretext that she needed to do it to keep herself warm). I was fully occupied getting myself out: prussicking is certainly more tiring than it looks. I was eventually defeated by the entrance tube and only managed to get up it by standing on David's head. We walked back to the car in the dark with the eyes of the sheep shining at us out of the darkness. We found Ali happily asleep in the car - she had been lying low to avoid having to talk to the obnoxious cavers (one of whom had to be rescued from the cave by Gavin - we later discovered). ~~Back~~ Back at Southerscales we were met by an agitated James - it ~~seems~~ seems that Gavin was convinced the Ali was lost on the fell and had gone off to rescue

(6)

Well! Luckily every one got back in time for fantastic food cooked by Joan, Ditta & Aunt and a fantastic party.

25/2/96

How to offend Gavin:

"Aargh, Willem, No"

As Willem Scomps the excess fat of a piece of cold bacon prior to putting it in his mouth. Cure for a kangaroo eh?

25/2/96

David and Gavin realise that they haven't written anything in the logbook for several logbooks. David, at least, decides that it is time to remedy this

so rare that his name is no longer remembered?

24.2.96

MARBLE STEPS

Tony, James, Phil R., Nicola, Suzanne, Urs and a rare guest appearance by DAVE HORSELY. Classic abseiling, singing conducted by washing-up brush... pretty normal trip really apart from the amount of ice-cold meltwater coming down the entrance. Out to gorgeous sunset & PINT IN MARTON ARMS.

24/2/96

~~FF~~ LOST JOHNIE

Straight/around trip to the main den with: Will, Jo, SGR, OJ, Martie May.

The water was very cold, and the 'situation' here, as ever, spectacular.

Denig by Martin, Kitti, Andy K, Willem S.

25/2/96

INGLEBORO by various.

Splendid walk = snow with poly bag sliding a plenty. E + collect.

Tom: "I can do it in my trousers but using a plastic bag makes it much less messy"

24/2/96 Dave Lewis, Martine Pryor, Harvey Smith

Marble Sink II - The re-match

Marble Sink fought hard but we fought harder, and VICTORY WAS OURS!!!

The cave was forced to reveal its best beauty, & was helpless to prevent us probing its innermost depths.

In frustration it tried hard to prevent our exit to the surface, but the forces of good overcame the forces of darkness, & we returned to Southemden to find huge plate hills & food and a lively atmosphere. 40+ poems woven piled into the cottage.....

Harvey

"I wish I had longer legs."

- Maarten (unbelievably!)

- They reach the ground OK, don't they?

25/2/96

County

Pot

James, Pauline, Nicola,
Maarten, Tim

Glorious day, sun overhead, snow underfoot. After failing to find ~~the~~ elusive route to 4-Ways Chamber, we returned to Eureka Jc for jelly beans. Stormed Upstream to Easter Grotto and back - just the right amount of water - fun and splashy. Out for sunset.

James

"I actually go into off licences and feel not cars haven't got widgets" SGR.

After presentation of Lemming
HIM "I know for certain I'll never get to babysit for me"

Wales Week at the WSG

9-14 March '46

Present Are:

Alex	JC	Fenley
Rob	Gerhard	OJ
Gavin	ICkea	Alison
Jenny	Steve	Anita
James	Urs	Martin L.

Urs "They throb for horny ear slide"

O. Jules "There's not any words that are dirty enough"
It's sounds like the things we used to sing at the back of coaches."

The Moons^{ie.} are full tonight.

SCR "All I get from hooking my leg over this chair is, a wet leg"

Urs "We need a caption for this photo, it looks like someone about to have a shit."

OJ "hook out below"

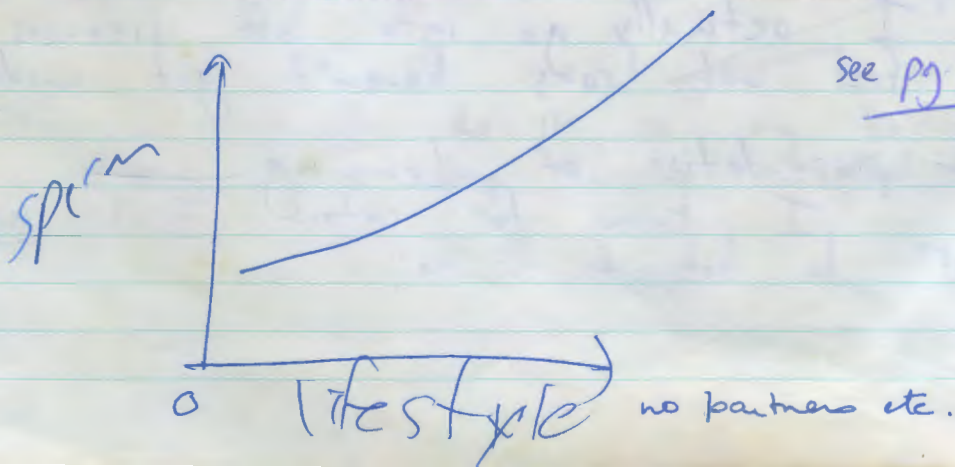
Urs "Yeah, only he looks more romantic & pensive"

OJ "hook out below, darling"

Tap, tap, tap, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tap, tap,
tshhshh h h, Oh ~~xxxx~~ it.

JC. There are things called Killer Sperm....
I know what you're thinking
Is it five or is it six.

THIS IS A STICK UP.



OJ Moist is a good word.

OJ T.S. Eliot was nowhere near as naughty as this.

Sunday

holling ✓ hushing X

hazing ✓ heering X

houmaging ✓ hetching X

hunchearing ✓ lunging X

hingering ✓ heaping X

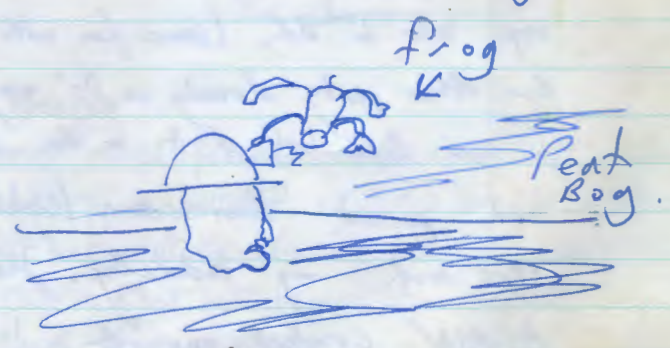
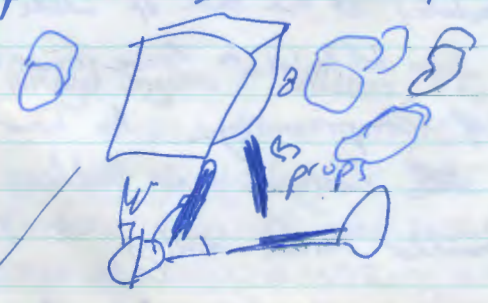
hoitering ✓ hynching X

hozzing ✓ hugeing X
(except near Mertyr Tydfil.)
Lacrosse X.
Lafite-Rothschild* X

The Story of James and the Giant Mutant Bollock-Seeking Cave Frogs
aka

10/31/96. Digging in Roaring (James, Urs, Martin L.)

Sunny day - but everyone left to go caving just after 9:30 (a.m). Left to Urs, Martin and me to drink tea and bullshit. Great walk over to Roaring. Spent 4 hrs digging under levitating boulders and making fair progress. Out for jump into frog-infested Peat bog. Get your "this is a photo of me before it went Big" photo" soon.



*not quite, we stopped at Super Plonk & (A wine you can relax with).

10

Sat 9 March '86 Illa Engelhard: Ogof y Nos Hir (= OFO 2 Top Entrance)

Having hit Penryllt Headquarters about 15 mins after Gwarko went down on a Cwm Dŵr - Top throughrip (see elsewhere?), we were warned that no-one leaves the Dragon Caving Gear shop after fewer than 4 hours, so we left a 9p.m. call-out for the trip to the shop, which after all took only 2½ hours although attempts to produce one cup of black tea caused a long delay and, as a byproduct, four cups of white tea... Back at Penryllt, we scrapped our original Cwm Dŵr to Confluence via the Dry Route plans and went to potter around in Top Entrance vicinity. - Failed to get to the Hiberni Columns: after six years (since my last visit there) (and four since my last OFO trips at the RESCON) my memory had faded a bit... so we ended up looking at lots of usually unvisited and overlooked formations along Chasm Passage (especially the vadose micro-canyons or macro-karren on two large boulders). 2½ hrs once more. Good warming-up trip after many cave-less months. Out under the stars to change in the gentle spring air. (Just for the sake of it), then located the WSB getting lost only twice...
g.

weather reality not my memory
OFD surveys
BTW
weather the condition on the

Sun 10 March Alex Ollig Jenny Penley Illa Engelhard: Ogof Craig a'r Eifffwrn

The key was twenty minutes late, arriving with another party. None of us had been in before (Alex had valiantly tried to memorize the guide book) and only I had stood at the entrance before. (Clive Gardner had shown us around Easter 1990). Made a fool of myself walking past the huge obvious entrance and having to walk back to find it.

Once in, we generally enjoyed crawls walks wallows and puddles... Easy going up the fixed ladders and scaffolding in first B.C., avoided N.W. Inlet after Alex had swum in to explore, went up the ladder and fixed rope into 2nd B.C. (some fun with our tackle) at the end of which we met the other party already on its way out who told us to leave our tackle there. So we left half of it in an akade of compromising... An hour later we had passed Hurricane Highway still carrying two ladders, a short rope and my tackle. Jenny's shoulder started hurting & I had once AGAIN cranked one rib in Wales, coming out of the flat-out bypass to the 3rd B.C. So we just went right at Severn Junction and turned