

CAVING REPORT - AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

August Bank Holiday was again spent at Wherneside Manor in Yorkshire, this year, taking advantage of the long weekend to offset the long journey.

Everyone, except the usual latecomers, who shall remain nameless, were assembled at the hall by 7.45. (Even Collars, managed it by then.) The Land Rover, with Roger and Dave, from the 31st, at the controls, left first, with the Unit 'bus' leaving slightly later, with Richard and myself aiming.

The journey up went fairly well, except for a split radiator hose, which we received just short of our destination, slowing the van a little. Both vehicles arrived within 15 minutes of each other, and we soon retired. On this occasion we stayed at the bunkhouse, a small stone hut, and not in the camping site as we normally do.

Saturday morning we were awakened at 9ish by Haggis, who had spent the summer holidays there. The trouble was that he would insist on giving us all the local caving news and as I am not very receptive to lots of chat, first thing in the morning, it took a while for things to sink in. Anyway, after breakfast, and repairing the van, one party left for 'Nettle', which is fairly new cave near the centre, leaving Richard, Margaret, Linda K. and myself to get the shopping and the remaining layabouts idling in the sun.

Shopping caused quite a stir. When you require quantities for 16 people, you tend to run out a small village shop of various items, such as apples, tomatoes, mutton and ham, as we managed to do. Once we had finished the shopping, this left us free to go caving. The weather by this time was quite warm, so by the time we had donned wet-suits we were all sweating profusely. 'Nettle' as I said, is a fairly new discovery and had only been surveyed by the Whernside people a week or so before our visit. The cave itself was fairly easy with a short ladder pitch just after the entrance, but there were some fine formations, which made the cave well worth the visit.

On Sunday morning, most of us were up early, so we were able to leave at a reasonable hour. Four of us went up to Kingsdale to do a trip through Swinstone into Kingsdale Master, while the remainder went into Kingsdale to ladder a pitch so that we could do a round trip. I think both