

GINGLING HOLE

I'm not rigging off that!

Date: 22nd September 2002

People present - Pete Dale, Duncan Jones, Fay H, Alex H

Weather: Windy with drizzle

Cave: Dry, nice formations tight in places.

It's on days like these that you realise caves get wet! We met Fay and Alex at the gate to Gingling and after a bit of a being soft session we finally braved the wind and got changed. By the time me and Dunc were ready for action Fay and Alex had set off so with us having no gear to carry we set off across the moor to find the entrance.

Upon reaching the entrance Dunc wanted a quick look at 'Gingling sink' so while he was doing that I led back and had a rest. It wasn't that long before he was back so we set off down the first pitch, which was laddered off a scaffold bar across the top. At the bottom I scanned the large chamber that I was in for the way on. We were both impressed by the size of this cave so far but what we didn't know was ahead of us.

The way on was found to be a 3.6m climb down boulders into the stream which turned into a crawl then into a crawl in a canal which luckily wasn't that deep. Eventually the passage opened up a little and a traverse marked the top of the second pitch. Dodgy belays and rigging seemed the order of the day so with no time spent hanging on the rope we vacated the pool at the bottom of the pitch and followed the twisting passage to the next pitch. The third pitch seemed a little tight at the top but it soon opened up lower down it was the passage that followed that looked.. Well let's just say tight for the moment!

A tricky to return chimney was next which seemed easy enough to get down but then gravity was helping me. Through that obstacle we could hear voices so Fay and Alex couldn't be far in front. Sure enough we caught up with them at the top of the pitch down into 'Stalactite chamber' 9m wide and 15m high nice! At the bottom of the pitch an impressive sized chamber beckoned to be explored so without hesitation we did just that. Lots of formations to see so we took a few photos and carried on after the others.



The way on was another climb down near the foot of the pitch but this time it didn't look to safe and caution was adhered to on the way down it. A bedding crawl follows over a few cobbles which gradually gains height until you reach 'Fools paradise' next follows a superb section of streamway which is highly decorated with stalactites, stalagmites and flowstone. The floor eventually drops away into a trench where you then follow a traverse on canted ledges to the top of the fifth pitch. A belay off a stal is used to gain access to the spits and then down we went landing in a high rift with the way on being through a choke. The formations take on a different appearance here by being black in colour but none the less impressive. Through the choke the going becomes twisty and narrow but after a squeeze you reach the top of the sixth pitch which has room to stand up at the bottom.

From the bottom of the pitch we started to struggle with the route finding but eventually found the right way through trying all the others! The way on from the bottom of the pitch is a climb up into

the rift and then follow the not so obvious route through the rift for 30ft then a climb down and another traverse for 30ft to a rope climb down into a small chamber. Straight down here is the 'Big pitch' route to the bottom but we opted for the 'Big rift' route. From the small chamber a climb up leads to the 'Ammered 'ole which is a pleasant squeeze into a short section of walking passage to a climb down and then the squeeze down through the thrutch. 'Very tight' once that was over with a pleasant bit of walking ends in a stooping height passage in chest deep water followed by a squeeze over calcite into a much larger passage to the head of the 7th pitch. Sadly this is where we turned back as no decent belay could be found to rig off. Fay suggested that we use a stubby stal but I said she could if she wanted and I set off out with Dunc tight behind.

Dunc ascended the thrutch first with the aid of the rope that Fay had rigged and once through it was my turn unfortunately I got completely wedged halfway through by my chest jammer, I couldn't go up or down and was grateful when Dunc gave me a helping tug. Not the place to be stuck believe me. Fay got through it with no problems, we then headed up the pitches and once in 'Fools paradise' took some photos of the formations and headed out. Once on the surface we chatted about the trip and planned how we would tackle it next time!

Pictures to follow shortly... *(erm, well, 8 years later I finally get round to adding some that used to feature on the now defunct basic gallery page)*



Pete Dale

Photos – Duncan Jones

A [Black Rose Caving Club](#) trip report.