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RED ROSE CAVE AND POTHOLE CLUB



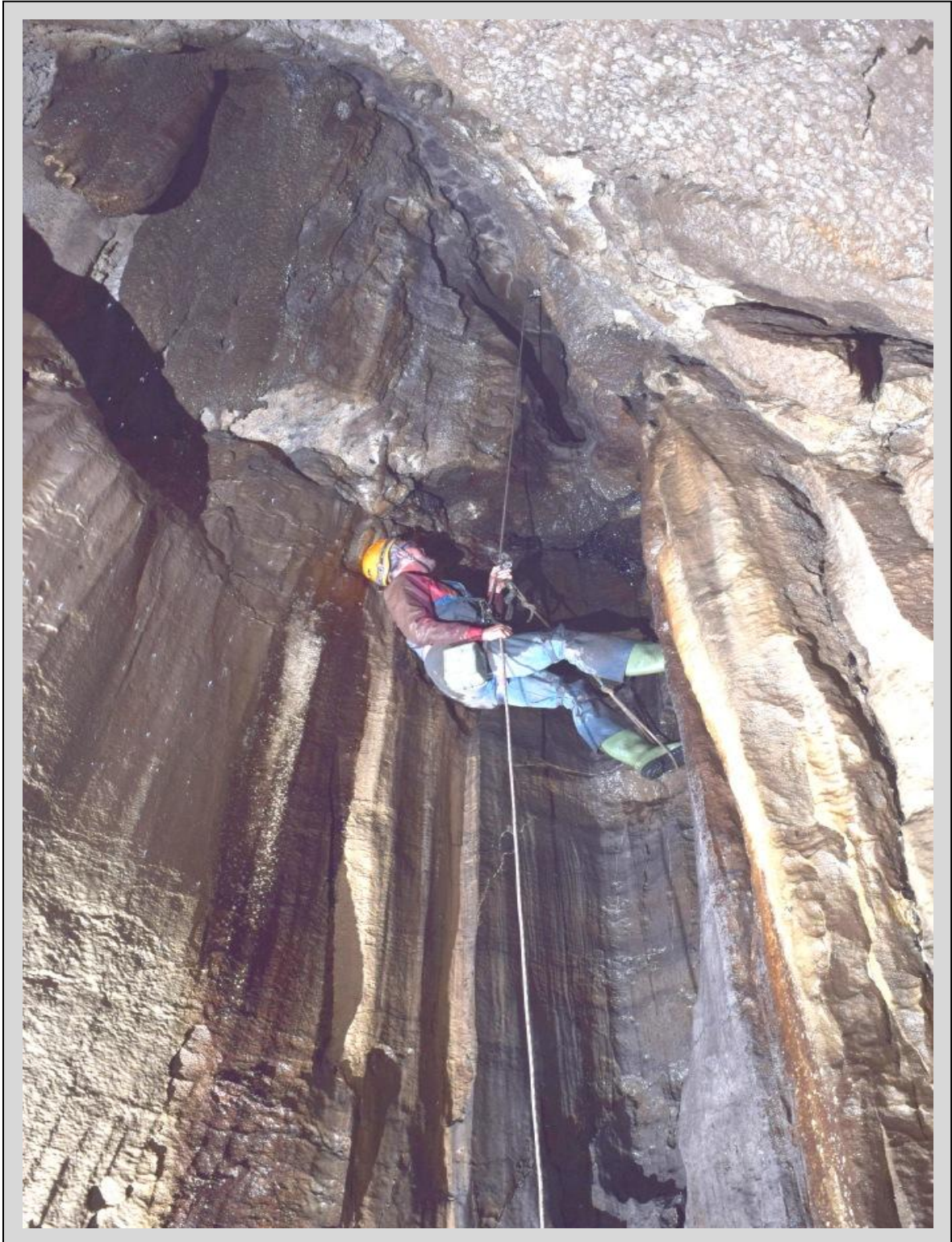
# NEWSLETTER



Vol. 57 No.3

September 2020

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*Andy Hall in Yellow Gill Pot*

*Photo: Ray Duffy*

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**Your 2020 Committee:****President:** Vacant[president@rrcpc.org.uk](mailto:president@rrcpc.org.uk)**Chairman:** Steve Gray,[chair@rrcpc.org.uk](mailto:chair@rrcpc.org.uk)**Secretary:** Carol Makin,[secretary@rrcpc.org.uk](mailto:secretary@rrcpc.org.uk)**Membership Sec:** Emma Key,[membership@rrcpc.org.uk](mailto:membership@rrcpc.org.uk)**Treasurer:** Bill Nix,[treasurer@rrcpc.org.uk](mailto:treasurer@rrcpc.org.uk)**News-Sheet Editor:** Gwen Tawy,[news@rrcpc.org.uk](mailto:news@rrcpc.org.uk)**Newsletter Editor:** Mel Wilkinson[newsletter@rrcpc.org.uk](mailto:newsletter@rrcpc.org.uk)**Permit Secretary:** Vacant,[caving@rrcpc.org.uk](mailto:caving@rrcpc.org.uk)**Meets Co-ordinator:**

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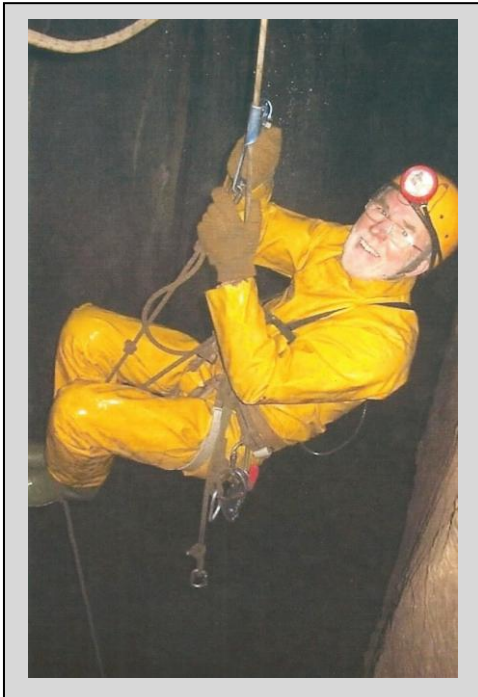
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## **A Tribute to Roy Breakell 1938-2020**



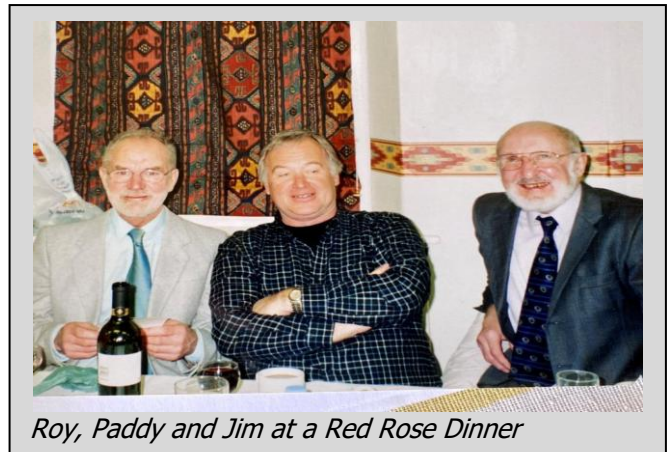
For those who knew him as a Red Rose member will know how Roy was so loyal to the club since he first joined back in the fifties (*the exact date is not known*). Living the majority of his life in the South, he was not a regular caver in the last decade or so, but whenever possible he would keep in touch, getting to the Annual dinner, bonfire nights, and even visiting the Red Rose French caving trip camps, usually armed with some foul-tasting liquor to share. What was less known about Roy, were his other outdoor loves, especially running, his career in Medway AC included several marathons and completing the Three Peaks Race 21 times! His other favourite activities were walking, skiing and travelling.

Roy would always describe himself as a true Lancastrian, where he was raised in his childhood. He was intensely loyal, and when the chips were down he was always there.

It would take a book to recount all we've shared over 50 years of friendship, but one or two spring to mind.



*Roy, on a walking holiday in Scotland (2018)*



*Roy, Paddy and Jim at a Red Rose Dinner*

- After a slog up to the farm in deep snow to find that neither Jim Newton nor Roy had a key, each ranting "bloody hellfire, bloody hellfire, thought you had it !
- Watching him struggle up an unprotected free-hanging electron ladder in Ireby Fell.....same language as above.
- Discovering he couldn't swim after I nudged him into a pool in Cow Dubs after a trip down County.

He was a true friend, and even at 82 really fit, active and full of interests which makes his untimely demise even more shocking.

He will be missed by us all.

**Paddy Shaw**

## Access to Bullpot Farm during Covid - 19 restrictions

To all Members, We are pleased to let members back to Bullpot Farm under certain Covid-19 restrictions. Thanks must go to several members who have spent considerable time setting up the outside of the Farm for safe access. Please follow the instructions below carefully if you visit. If the rules are broken the facilities will be closed again. If you have hand sanitiser bring it with you.

### Access to Bullpot Farm Tackle Store & Campsite for Members

Welcome back members to Bullpot Farm. Please read the information below carefully. Facilities will be open weekly for use from **8:00 pm Thursday to 8:00 pm Sunday**. They have been arranged to comply with UK Government "Track & Trace" regulations and it important all Members comply with the instructions below, especially Sign In, otherwise the facilities will be closed without notice. Nobody may enter the main Farm buildings and all codes on the exterior doors have been changed and are only known to a few people.

#### TACKLE STORE ACCESS:

- To obtain the Tackle Store key go to the Sluice Room at extreme right hand end of the wooden structure (see Photo) sanitise your hands with the sanitiser provided or use your own. Then use Members Code to enter. The key is hanging on a hook on the left.
- It is **essential that you now Sign In** to the book provided to comply with "Track & Trace". Any members' guests will need to provide full contact details. Usual charges apply. (see notice)
- You now have access to the three tackle stores, the middle one contains an Elsan toilet.
- The Sluice Room contains Grey Water and Drinking Water taps, clearly labelled and hand washing facilities, along with a kettle for making a brew. You will need to provide your own utensils etc and remove them afterwards.
- Bear in mind that you use the tackle at your own risk and check it carefully before removing it. Then fill in the Inspection Log and Signing Out sheet located in the store.
- On return from using the tackle wash ALL tackle in the pond not the Sluice Room and coil neatly. Then leave it quarantined in the store next to the Sluice Room. It will remain here for 72 hours. Under no circumstances must people take tackle from the Quarantine Store.
- Enjoy your trip. If you have any issues please contact Committee Member.



#### CAMPING:

Camping is available in the back garden or the top bonfire field provided the following rules are followed. A member may bring **one** guest. £5 per night camping fee. See notice in Sluice Room.

- First go to Sluice Room and it is **essential that you now Sign In** as above.
- Use the Chemical toilet, if required, located in the Middle Tackle Store (Men please pee outside). Please provide **your own toilet paper**.
- Make sure all door handles and surfaces are disinfected after use with sanitiser available or bring your own. Wipe down surfaces with toilet paper as well.
- If the Chemical toilet is full or at the end of your stay empty it into cesspit under the manhole cover in the back garden. See notice on back of toilet door.
- There are four Exterior power sockets located in the back garden for your use.
- There is a BBQ and fire pit but you will need to bring your own axe and saw and charcoal.

#### LEAVING:

- Make sure all door handles and touch surfaces are wiped down before and after use.
- Empty the toilet into the cesspit.
- All doors are locked and Tackle Store key replaced on hook.
- All external plugs and kettle are switched off.
- Leave the gardens tidy and TAKE HOME ALL YOUR OWN LITTER.
- **Pay your Camping Fees.** ANY belongings left will assume to be contaminated and could be disposed of. Remember the facilities will only work if everyone keeps to the rules!

Changes may take place at short notice - keep a lookout on our social media pages.

**Enjoy Your Stay - Hopefully we will be back to normality soon.**

## ***Caving in Applecross***

*I recently put this article in the local magazine, An Carrannach. I thought it might be of interest for the RRCPC Newsletter, though it's different from the usual fare, being intended for a local, non-caving audience rather than for cavers. (Obviously the "surprise" in the second paragraph isn't news to our members!) **Toby Speight***

It's easy to believe that there's nowhere left to explore on this planet. It's over a century since Shackleton, Scott and Amundsen led their expeditions to the Antarctic, and not so very much less since the mountains of Tibet and later Nepal were mapped in detail by Himalayan climbing expeditions. In the present day, every square metre of the Earth's surface is regularly photographed from aircraft or satellites.

So it may surprise readers to learn that we are still uncovering the secrets of our own part of the west Highlands, with significant discoveries as recently as February this year. That's because the places we are exploring aren't visible from the sky; they are the caves hidden underneath the surface. There's no way to know what is hidden there unless you visit in person, and that requires imagination, ingenuity and a certain amount of stubbornness.

For a decade or so, I've been a member of the Grampian Speleological Group (GSG), and a number of us are trying to solve the mystery of what happens to the Allt Breagaich in Applecross: water that passes the hydro dam sinks underground shortly after, and it doesn't reappear until the foot of the hill where it joins the mill/campsite burn. We're trying to find out what happens to it between those points as it makes its journey westwards.

The first discovery in the area was back in 1974, long before my own involvement in the area. Explorers from the School of Adventure at Hartfield discovered a hole down through a dodgy boulder pile, which they simply named Uamh Breagaireach after the burn as recorded by the Ordnance Survey. Under the boulders, they found a narrow passage; this is normally dry, but during flood conditions it carries a small overflow stream. Just before this disappears into a hole too small for people, a junction gives access to a network of dry passages, extending for about 500 metres in various directions. These dry passages were also formed by water thousands of years ago, and were left behind as "fossil passage" as the stream found a lower route somewhere else.

I started visiting around 2007, when the GSG were producing the first cavers' guide to the area. A few years later, we entered one of the resurgences, where water emerges at the foot of the hill in wet weather. We knew it as Flood Resurgence No. 2, but once we'd discovered half a kilometre of cave, it was given a "Sunday best" name of Uamh nam Fìor Iongantais, meaning the Cave of True Wonders. We spent much of 2011 exploring and recording the many branches of this cave, although it needs to be avoided in wet conditions when the first fifty metres or more floods to roof level, making access or exit impossible.

Because this find coincided with the club's 50th anniversary celebrations, we found wider than usual interest, and even spent a day helping film it for TV programmes An Là and Reporting Scotland. In late 2016, I returned to the stream bed slightly above Uamh Breagaireach, pulling rocks from one of the spots where water disappears. A couple of afternoons of excavation gained us access to a low crawl which gradually descended for fifty metres to meet a substantial stream at a junction. This was what we were looking for - the "master cave" which receives all the water flowing through the smaller caves in the area. If we could follow this stream in both directions, this could be an important part of the jigsaw puzzle.

It wasn't going to be as easy as that, of course. Downstream, we were immediately confounded - the water disappeared into the bottom of an impassable choke of boulders and mud. The upstream direction yielded a hundred metres or more of easy caving but then ended abruptly in a huge cavern with a waterfall entering ten metres above. It took three months or more until we were able to engineer a route to the top of this and explore a further 150m further upstream, to where the passage was too low to follow even in dry conditions.

Around the same time, another GSG team were examining hole just a couple of metres away from this entrance. That developed into a cave that runs almost exactly parallel for fifty metres, meeting the master cave just upstream from our junction. This route has some awkward narrow sections, and is even more prone to flooding in wet weather.

Now that we had found a big stream cave high up, and one low down, we concentrated our efforts on trying to find a way in to the passage that we reasoned must connect the two. A number of small holes were examined as we looked for this elusive missing passage; from some of them we removed tons of rock and mud deposited by the last glaciation. Our breakthrough came in 2019.

Once again, the key to the discovery was to observe where water sinks into the ground in wet weather. We could see into a very tight slot, but it took three days of work over Easter weekend to widen it enough for us to enter. This suggested a parallel with an Easter weekend two thousand years earlier, so we called it Uamh na h-Aiseirigh, referring to the Resurrection, though its English name is just a transliteration: Ashery Pot.

When we eventually got into the cave, we were able to wriggle along and down for about ten metres, then we were stopped by a low crawl that was full of mud and stones. However, a strong breeze indicated that it must lead somewhere significant, so I spent the next six months visiting on my own at weekends to dig through this. The work was arduous: wriggling down to dig an armful of material, then shuffling slowly backwards uphill, dragging the spoil out to where it could be stored, repeated dozens of times. Eventually this work paid off, and in November I popped out of the end of the crawl into a chamber big enough to stand up in, followed by a hundred metres of easy crawling beyond.

At the far end of this crawling, where boulders blocked the way on, there was still a draught to encourage further progress. The work became easier, because news of the breakthrough inspired other cavers to help. We could hear the sound of running water quite clearly on the other side of the obstruction, which inspired us (or perhaps taunted us) over the next couple of months of slow progress. Eventually we were able to wriggle through into a big chamber full of precarious boulders. Underneath the boulders was what we'd been hunting - a substantial stream, which we have now followed upwards for a hundred metres, and downwards for around three hundred. This fills in a substantial part of the gap in our knowledge of the underground world here, but there are still missing pieces to find and slot into this understanding.

Over the last ten years or so, we've gone from knowing only that the burn disappears somewhere underground to having three major pieces of the puzzle in place. That said, each find raises almost as many questions as it answers, so it will be some time before we can claim to fully understand the underground world of Applecross. It's all on hold during the present restrictions, of course, but plenty of work remains for when we return. The age of the explorer is not over just yet.

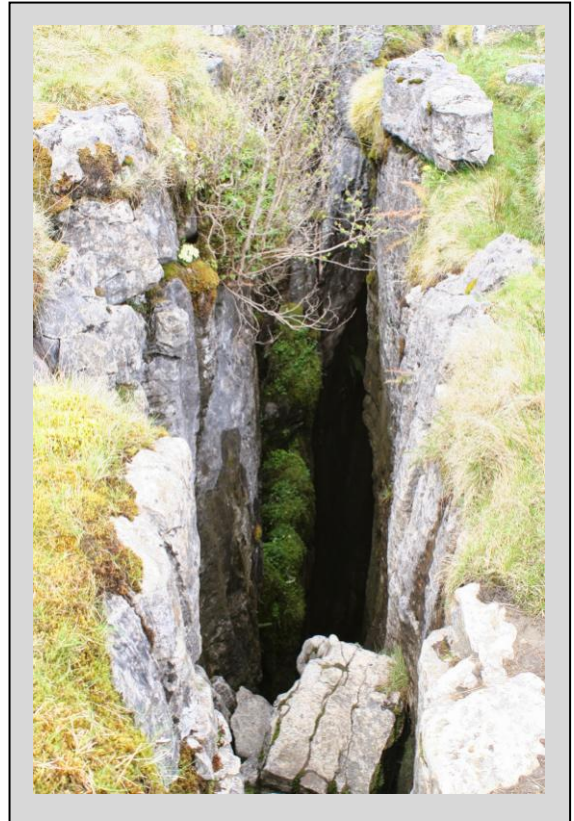


## ***Blasts from the Past: Juniper Gulf - Same Trip/Two Versions***

*By Jim Newton:*

J Newton (Leader), T Sykes (Hangeron), D Hodgson (Keen Type), Frank Croll (Promising Newcomer), T Locke (Lightless as usual), P Llewellyn (Interpreter), The Two Steve's (Notorious Double Act), D Creedy (Happy)

In response to an appeal for a "hard trip" from Hodge, I suggested Juniper and everyone carried on talking about Bull Pot Farm. So it was a great surprise to me to find 8 blokes (the hard core of the RRCPC) by the road at Crummack. After sorting out the tackle equally, leaving me with a 25' ladder, we set off for the hole. By giving plenty of directions from the rear and rearranging belays as I arrived at them, I shepherded my flock down to the big pitch and passed on words of wisdom to each member as he descended. As I had done the pitch twice before (so I told them), I didn't bother this time. We were soon on our way out after a steady trip of about 5 hours.



*By David Creedy:*

I had dreamt of this trip, poring over its description in 'Pennine Underground' many times. I was 18 years old and this was number one on my 'bucket list'. Juniper Gulf is one of the classic caves of Yorkshire famous for its traverses and the big final pitch. You cannot claim to be an 'ard caver until this cave has been ticked off – and SRT descents don't count! My diary simply records a descent of Juniper Gulf on 29 June 1969. My recollection starts with the tramp across the 'Allotment' following Hodge, the super fit pathfinder. We crossed an expanse of limestone pavement looking for the eponymous juniper bush. The first pitch was laddered and we set off, burdened with ladder and rope for what lay ahead. The traverses were slippery, widening out at one point threatening to drop the unwary into a bottomless rift. I was excited to be caving with the Red Rose triumvirate of Jim, Tom Sykes and Frank Croll – all my mentors who I held in awe. With these guys nothing could go wrong and a successful descent was guaranteed. The air was alive with banter as we progressed to the final pitch. The powerful rush of water filled the air, deadening conversation. With some trepidation I advanced to the pitch, crossing some big drops. Once on the ladder surrounded by the beautiful shaft, anxiety was replaced by exhilaration. The anticlimactic final passage and sump were soon forgotten as I took my turn to run up the ladders trying to beat the lifeline team enthusiastically led by the mighty Frank. Snapshots of the trip remain in my mind as fresh as if they were taken yesterday.

***Jim Newton / Dave Creedy***

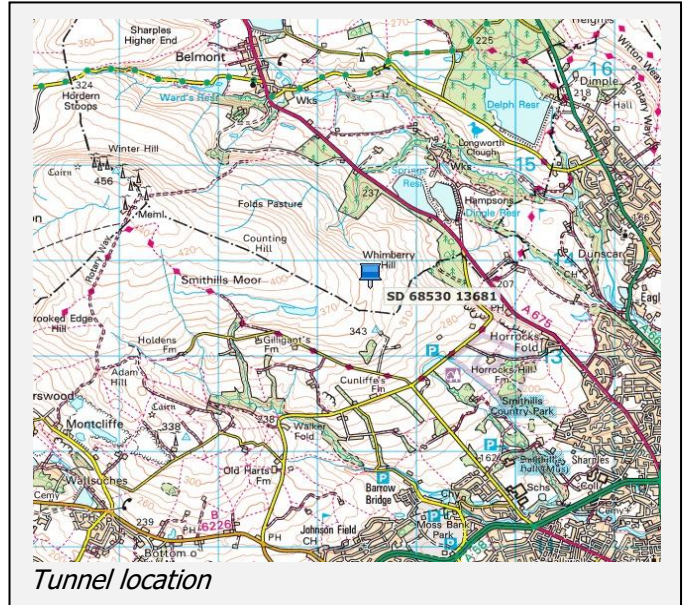
*Thanks to Jim Newton and Dave Creedy for sharing some of their early memories of caving in times past. Have you got some little gem that you can share?*

*If so, send to the editor [m.wilkinson@btinternet.com](mailto:m.wilkinson@btinternet.com)*

## Whimberry Hill Tunnel

In mid March just before lockdown Boyd Harris a previous RRCPC member got in touch asking me about surveying and photographing a tunnel to the East of Winter Hill (TV mast) on the flanks of Whimberry Hill (342 Meters OD). He had come across this after looking around the area for industrial Archaeology sites. He was on his own and had only been a few meters into the hole.

We met up on 19<sup>th</sup> March just before lockdown at Scout Lane just off the A675 Belmont to Bolton road at a small car park close to the rifle range. A twenty minute walk uphill and across the moor leads to a low hill at around 343 m above sea level. The entrance is in a shallow depression close to a faint footpath. At first site it looked uninspiring, a low entrance with a large sandstone slab forming the roof and a damp peaty floor. We GPS'd the entrance and got ready to explore. We only needed basic dry gear along with surveying and photography gear. This was a good opportunity to try my borrowed paperless surveying gear. Namely DistoX and a Samsung phone to download the data to. Boyd was quite impressed.



Boyd Harris

We progressed to the end slowly and took photos as we went. One section had roots hanging down from the flat roof and another corner had some old scattered animal bones, sheep, I think. The end, a probable exit was blocked by boulders and fairly recent barbed wire. We surveyed on the way out and also made a short video. As soon as we exited we were able to process the survey data back to the Samsung phone and produce a line survey on the screen. This was really useful as we could then trace its route on the surface. The tunnel is near the top of a small hill and we could see from the change in vegetation type where it goes and ends at a shallow

depression about 50 meters away on the other side of the hill. The passage is level and cannot be more than 2 meters below ground at any point.

### Tunnel description:

It runs in a general NNE direction for total of over 50 meters. The passage started about 90cm wide and high after the first slightly lower bit. It continued for about 7 meters to an acute right hand bend. After that the tunnel continued the same size for just over 10 meters to a smooth curve in the passage to the left then a dead straight line for over 30 meters to a pile of boulders and barbed wire, which was obviously a filled in exit at the other end. The tunnel sides are all dry stone walls of local rock about 8-10 courses. The ceiling stone slabs seem to be about 8-10 cm thick and about half a meter long and about a meter wide. There must be about a meter of peaty earth on top of the tunnel. It must have been built from the surface by digging a trench lined with stone and cap slabs put on top and then covered over. The floor is of earth but reasonably smooth but a bit muddy. The tunnel is 58 meters in length 1 meter wide and 0.8 m high. The floor is dry and flat with an earth floor.



It does not connect to anything else. There are culverts and tunnels in the a shallow valley to the immediate west but much lower down and much smaller (not enterable by man).

### So What is it?

Is it a drainage tunnel, old mine working or what? Drainage tunnel seems very unlikely as it is at the top of a hill. The nearest mine workings are a kilometer away and looking at the geological maps it is not near any coal seams.

Is it a souterrain? This to me seems more likely. A souterrain is a prehistoric (Iron Age) tunnel. They are more common in Ireland and some in Scotland.

**souterrain** (from French sous terrain, meaning "under ground") is a name given by archaeologists to a type of underground structure associated mainly with the European Atlantic Iron Age. These structures appear to have been brought northwards from Gaul during the late Iron Age.

**Souterrains** are underground galleries and, in their early stages, were always associated with a settlement. The galleries were dug out and then lined with stone slabs or wood before being reburied. In cases where they were cut into rock this was not always necessary. They do not appear to have been used for burial or ritual purposes and it has been suggested that they were food stores or hiding places during times of strife, although some of them would have had very obvious entrances.

There are numerous photographs on the internet of Souterrains and they do look remarkably like the tunnel we had explored and recorded. There are a number of Iron Age and Bronze Age ancient monuments in the Winter Hill area including standing stones and tumuli. With this in mind I contacted the Lancashire County Archaeologist. She got back to me with a report of two sites originally recorded in the vicinity in the 1950's. The descriptions seems rather ambiguous with the first site 8 figure grid reference being located in the middle of the moor 250 meters from the one we had surveyed but the description of inside was similar but the passage lengths were all wrong (probably estimated). The second location was again 8 figure reference this time at the correct place for our tunnel but contained little detail. A return to check all this out was needed.

### Second Visit



Boyd at Tunnel entrance

I returned on 20<sup>th</sup> May with Colin Jones and we had a jolly wander across the moor from Horwich taking in some other archaeological locations the we had been given information about. Most of these proved to be more likely due to glacial and fluvio-glacial activity at the end of the Ice Age (Pleistocene). One thing we had been told about and did find was a couple of semi-circular coping stones about 10 meters south from the tunnel entrance. (See photo)

They had been interpreted as a broken grinding wheel but we could see that they were two separate Semi-circular blocks. They had pick marks and had obviously been worked in the last few hundred years. They are just like the capstones found around some of the coal mine shafts And wells found lower down in the Daddy Meadows-Shaley Dingle area. We also inspected the bank around the entrance to the tunnel.



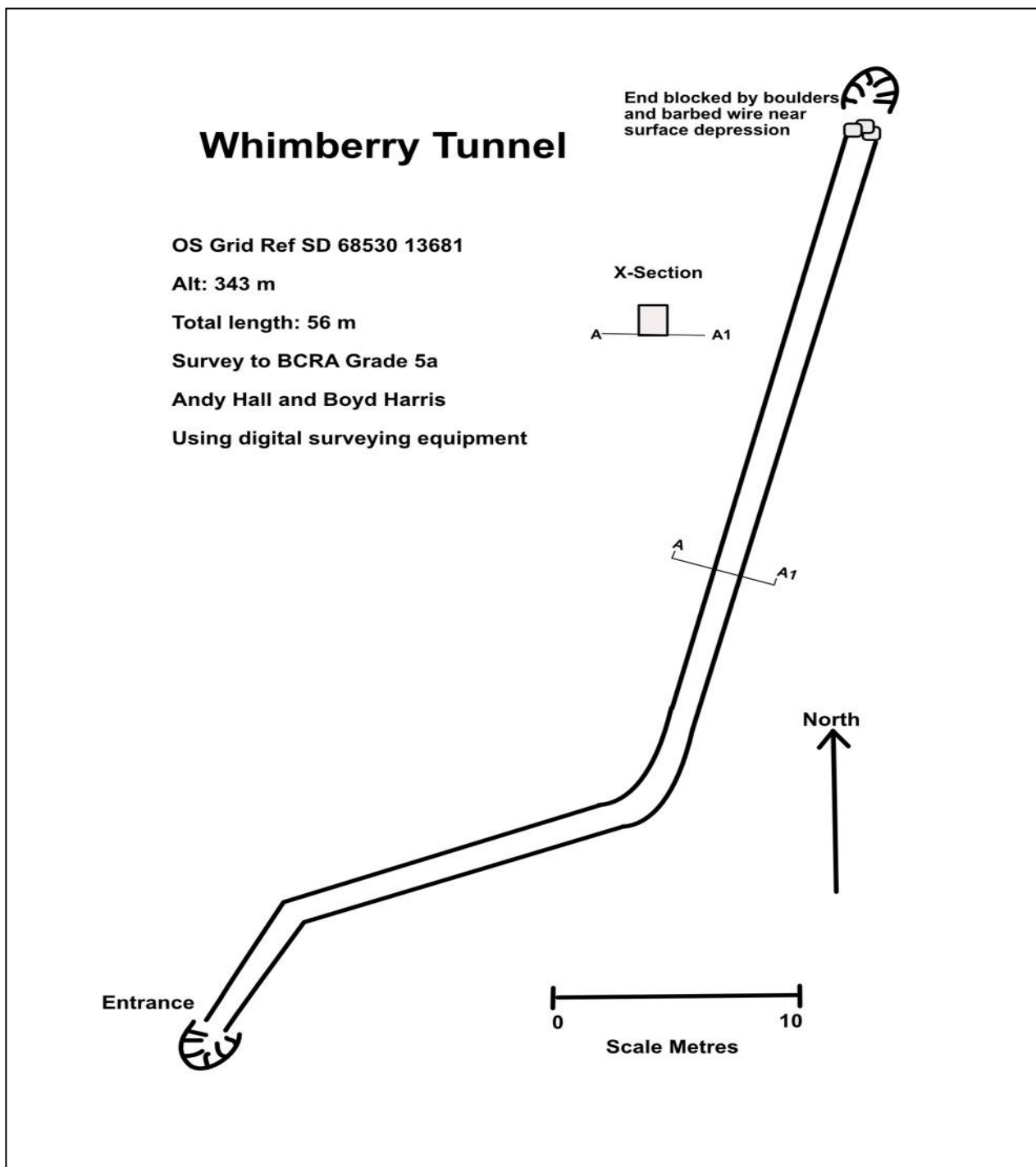
Andy Hall at Main Bend

This appears to be a man made wall but an excavation trench would be needed to confirm this. There is the scattered remains of a very old sheep skeleton about half way into the tunnel, probably dragged there by a fox or similar. We looked carefully in the walls and roof for any artifacts but only found the top part of an old bottle just inside the entrance.

It was probably thrown in some time in the past. We also had a careful walk over the top of the tunnel and you can clearly see the line of it on the surface as it is only about 1 - 2 meters below ground and covered with peat and heather growing on top.

We went to the other Grid reference located in the archaeological record sent to us by Lancashire County Archaeologist and there was nothing there or anywhere in the area.

I suspect that the 8 figure grid reference is very suspect especially as it was obtained in the 1950's long before GPS etc. Therefore the two locations are one and the same. I have sent a report to the Archaeologist listing my findings.



## Other research

I looked at various old maps available online to see if it was shown there. The National Library of Scotland is a great place for old 6 inch OS maps and maps date back to 1845. I consulted these and they do not show the tunnel but do show tunnels and mine workings in a valley to the NW on the 1845, 92 and 1907 maps. Later maps from around 1900 do show a "well" marked close to the tunnel location. This may be the same as the tunnel.



*Roots hanging from the tunnel roof*

The covered culverts that are accessible nearby are made of rough undressed stones unlike the ones in the Whimberry Tunnel. There is little other documentation of the tunnel. Lancashire County Council 1976 report "Anglezarke Recreation Area Local Plan" mentions a tunnel in the area under the Iron Age section being of "unknown age or function".

The tunnel is known to a few people in the area for a number of years but has not been officially documented or surveyed until now. From a personal communication with Derek Cartwright he

identified several other objects accessible after the moorland fires in 2018. These were all found near to and to the south of the tunnel including a split grind stone mentioned above.

He also had a picture of a piece of worked flint found in a patch of water rounded stones about 100m from the tunnel. These stones are more likely associated with the glacial melt water channel that runs through the area as it contains erratic stones with Lake District geology. The flint looks more like a piece of quartz to me.

Colin and I will continue to do some more research in the area and see what turns up.

**Andy Hall**

## ***Blast from the Past: Sunday 8th May 1988***

Ease Gill Rescue:

The Red Rose received a call out from the CRO to assist in finding 3 cavers missing down Ease Gill. I set off with a group to look in Stal Chamber and Spiral Staircase; however, when we got to Stop Pot, Kenny Taylor informed me that they had found the lads. They had not climbed up to Easter Grotto as planned but had followed the stream up to the old Leeds dig to Hiroshima Chamber. All three were reported to have been killed by a rockfall. I went up there and found one of the lads with a 12 foot rock on top of him. I started stabilizing the base of the slide while Jim Davis and Andrew Walsh dug the first body out. Later we managed to get the second body out from under the rocks but then had to wait for hammers and stretchers. As we waited, my hand began to swell quite badly from the impact of a large rock and so I made my way out. By then about 80 people were involved in the rescue.

**Jim Newton**



## **Library Additions: May - August 2020**

### **Journals:**

- |                               |  |
|-------------------------------|--|
| BCA                           | - Newsletter Issue 37.   |
| BCRA                          | - CREG: Journal Issue. 109-110.  |
|                               | - Cave and Karst Science Vol. 47 Nos. 1-2.   |
| Bristol exploration Club      | - Belfry Bulletin Nos. 529, 555, 569, 571-573.                                       |
| Cave Diving Group             | - Newsletter Nos. 11, 12, 21, 23, 25, 27, 104, 137, 139, 141, 148, 152-154, 214-216. |
|                               | - Diving Review 1964-65.   |
|                               | - Technical Review No 1 Cave Diving on Air. (1966)                                   |
| Cave Research Group of G.B.   | - Newsletter No. 3, 5, 7, 11-15. (photocopies)                                       |
| Chelsea Speleological Society | - Newsletter Vol. 61 Nos. 10/11/12.  |
|                               | Vol. 62 Nos. 1/2/3 & 4/5/6.  |
| Craven Pothole Club           | - 90th. Anniversary Dinner. (2019)   |
| Derbyshire Caving Association | - Derbyshire Caver No 153.   |
| Descent                       | - No. 272-275.   |
| Grampian S. G.                | - Bulletin Vol. 3 No. 4.   |
|                               | - Bulletin Fifth Series Vol. 3 No. 3.  |
|                               | - Register of Published Scottish Cave Surveys.                                       |
|                               | - Caves of Applecross and Kishorn.   |
|                               | - Index to Bulletins, 3rd & 4th. Series.   |
|                               | - A Wanderer in Dens and Caves of the Earth.   |
|                               | ( Special Publication No 3 )   |
|                               | - Mines in Scotland (revised re-Publication of:-                                     |
|                               | Glasgow S.S. Journal Vol. 1 Part 4. (1968)   |
| RRCPG                         | - News-Sheet No. 359-362.  |
|                               | - Newsletter Vol. 57 No. 1-2.  |
| South Wales Caving Club       | - Newsletter 137.  |
| Speleologia                   | - No 82.   |
| Wessex Cave Club              | - Journal Vol. 35 No 354.  |

### **Other Publications:**

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| Index to Bulletins of BSA                              | - compiled by Jeffreys, Alan L. (2017) |
| Index to Caving International                          | - compiled by Jeffreys, Alan L. (1998) |
| Index to SWETC Caving Club                             | - compiled by Jeffreys, Alan L. (2007) |
| Raasay Fissures  | - Salvona, Jim (2009)                  |
| De Profundis (50 years impressions in verse)           | - Jeffreys, Alan L. (2011)             |
| Journeys Beneath the Earth                             | - Gill, David William (2020)           |
| NEG's Speleological Expedition to Arctic Norway - 1968 | - John Conway (2020)                   |

### **DVD:**

Northern Cavern & Fell Club - Log Books, Photographs and other club history.

The librarian would like to thank the GSG, CDG and Robin McEwen King for a number of publications which will fill in several of our missing items. Our thanks to them all.

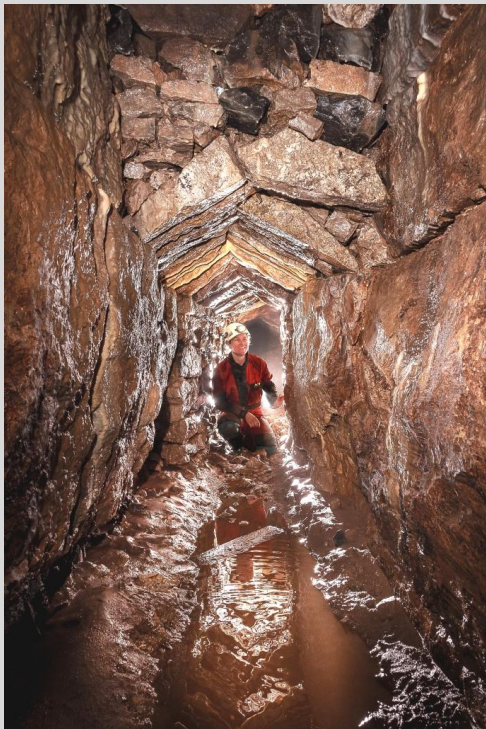
*Members wishing to use the library please contact any committee member who hold a key. The library is an excellent reference facility, please respect it - but above all please use it.*

**Sandra Wilkinson - Librarian:** [m.wilkinson@btinternet.com](mailto:m.wilkinson@btinternet.com)

## ***Mandale Mine, 13<sup>th</sup> June 2020***

Our first underground adventure since lockdown!

After 3 months of no caving we were beginning to forget what it was like to be underground. As government restrictions on travel for exercise had been relaxed a few weeks ago we decided that we would select a nice easy trip so Bill could dust off his camera and flashguns. We studied the Peak District guidebook and Bill remembered that he had wanted to visit Mandale Mine for some time.



*Stone Lintel Arch, Mandale Mine.*

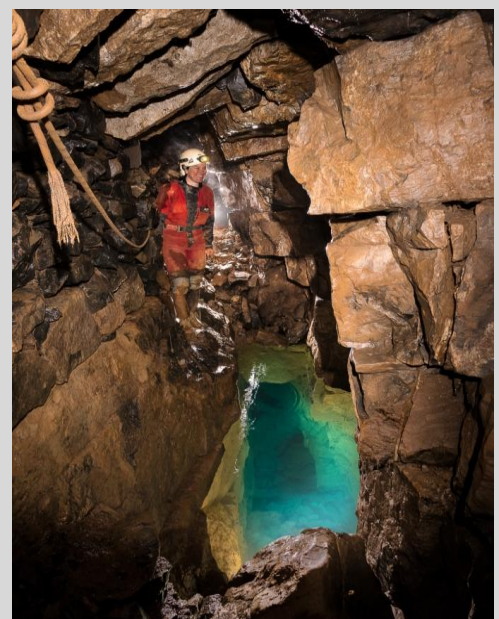
Parking up in Over Haddon we enjoyed a scenic wander up Lathkill Dale and after a bit of trudging about in the warm sunshine we found a likely looking entrance. Using our Derbyshire Key we undid the bolts and carefully did them up again once inside so no curious tourists could venture in. Setting off down a crawl we thought that it didn't seem that inspiring, soon we reached a breakdown and realised that we must be in the sough level rather than the entrance to the main part of the mine. Ah well we had a nice warm up for the main mine!

Back on the surface we wandered about and eventually found the impressive remains of the old engine buildings we had missed earlier, slightly above this was another gated entrance. This time we found ourselves in a roomier passage way. It was mostly walking size following the vein; there were a few scrambles up and down and passages off so we followed our noses. At the bottom of a small climb we spotted an impressive passage way lined with stacked deads which we decided was a great place for the first of the photographs.

After its long layoff both the camera gear and operator still seemed to be remember what to do and Bill quickly got a shot he was happy with and we continued into the mine.

Bill nipped off to investigate a side passage and found a beautiful pool of clear blue water so out came the camera and flashes to set up for another shot. There was a steep slope down to the water so it was tricky positioning flashes, model and camera without knocking any mud into the clear water and spoiling the shot. With a bit of care it was achieved and Bill got another nice picture.

A little further on there was another climb down through a hole onto a scaff bar over more beautiful blue flooded stopes – another photo opportunity! After some more snaps we decided to leave the bags and carry on unencumbered. Typically not too far along the passage the roof was supported by arched stone lintels which were quite amazing so we made a note to nip back with the camera kit when we had finished exploring.



*Deep Pool, Mandale Mine.*

Shortly after this there was a large chamber with a waterfall flowing into a hole in the floor which would have made another nice photograph but maybe another day. We followed a hands and knees crawl in water for some distance until we reached some wooden props and decided to call it a day as we wanted to take a last photograph of the lintels on the way out.

After such a long period with no caving it was nice to have a gentle trip underground. Mandale Mine is a lovely trip with some fascinating features; it was far more extensive and interesting than I expected. The walk along the river Lathkill was beautiful as always but it was a shame that the pubs hadn't yet reopened for a post trip pint!

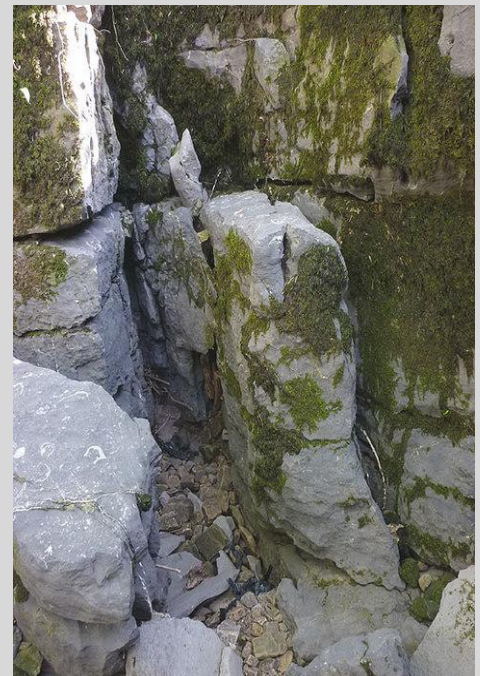
**Emma Key** - photos Bill Nix

## ***Yellow Gill Pot, Dentdale***

### **The cave that got found, lost, found and then lost again!**

First a bit of history. The original discovery of Yellow Gill Pot goes back to 1983 when it was dug open by Lancashire Caving & Climbing Club members Karl Lunt and Colin Jackson. The cave description involved two very tight squeezes at the entrance, a 9metre pitch and further passages. It was said to be nearly 200m long. (See Northern Caves). Over time the exact entrance location became lost which is why the description in the latest guide book gives only a six figure grid reference. Over the last year or so Hugh St Lawrence and I have been dye testing, digging and generally exploring the southern side of Dentdale and round into the Deepdale valley as well.

We had both been looking for the entrance independently wandered up the dry streambed of Yellow Gill from the lime kiln by the road just to the east of Dent village not long before you get to Greenwell Farm. We had not been able to locate it but we had found some other interesting sites close to the road.

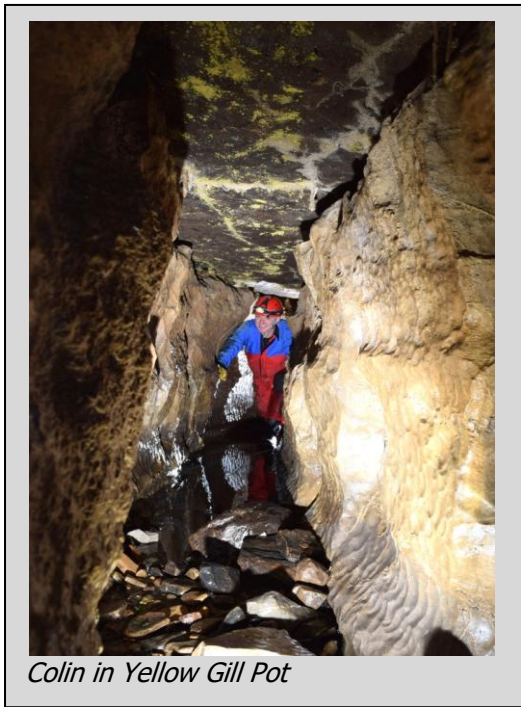


*Original Karl Lunt photo*

In early November 2019 I was sat at home one evening and typed Yellow Gill Pot into Google, not expecting to find much but then a picture of the entrance appeared taken in 2017 by Karl Lunt on the Geograph website that has photographs taken in every grid square in the UK. I was able to contact him from a link on the page for more information and we used the photo to help us locate the entrance as it is right next to a distinctive limestone block with fossil brachiopods on its surface. A week or so later Hugh and I went to look for it and found it easily using the photo within a few minutes.

It is about 60 metres up the stream bed above two small scrambles at the base of an obvious dry 2 metre high waterfall and on the true right (East) bank. We poked around in the corner and found a reasonable draft coming out. Over the next few months we both made occasional separate digging visits to the entrance and made some progress down through flood debris, rocks and black plastic sheeting.





Colin in Yellow Gill Pot

We also got permission to dig the cave from the farmer who owns the land around Yellow Gill to the South of the road. Hugh reached a point where he could feel his way at about 2 metres depth into a tight bedding but was not sure if that was the way on. On another visit I had heard stones rattling down a drop to one side and was stopped by a large rock plus more plastic sheeting, both of which were difficult to remove on my own. Here matters rested for a few weeks as other projects and lockdown got in the way.

I returned with Steve Gray in mid June 2020 and we cut away more plastic sheeting and I hauled out several large rocks and an aluminum vehicle wing jammed across the now obvious hole down one side of the dig. At this point I had a minor fright as a large flake peeled off the opposite wall and hit me on the leg. Time for Steve to have a go!

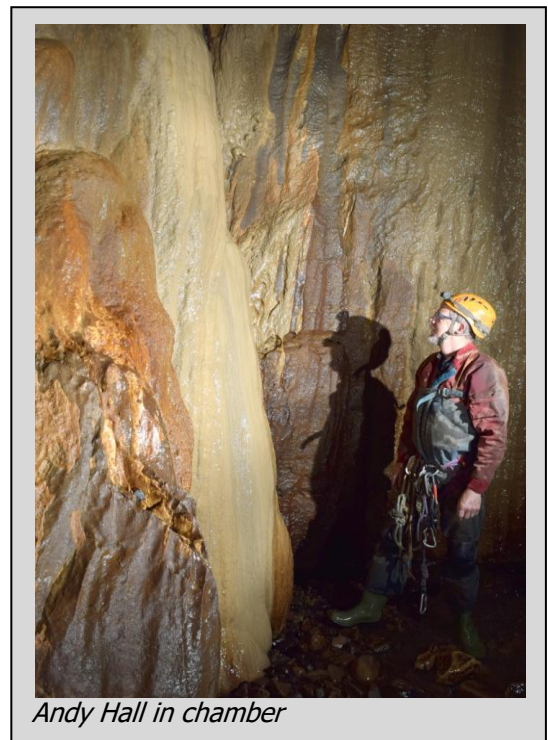
We swapped places and he pulled out a few more cobbles and descended into the now larger hole feet first.

"You won't get far." I said. "It gets really tight"

"It gets bigger and I can turn round" he said, and later,

"I can nearly stand up now" and then he disappeared. I was pleasantly surprised. Perhaps we had discovered a new cave.

I could not follow as we only had one helmet and light. He was gone several minutes and when he returned he had a big smile on his face. He had indeed been able to stand up and gone for about 30 metres to a pitch with rusty bolts high up on the left hand wall. We had obviously found another way in to Yellow Gill Pot bypassing the two very tight squeezes. I borrowed his light and helmet and went for a look. After the initial flat out bit the passage was quite pleasant hands and knees soon changing to walking passage with lots of formations leading to a pitch of about 10 metres. The pitch chamber had an inlet in the roof and was very well decorated with large stalactites and a big flowstone cascade down the far wall. On the way out I noticed a very tight inlet passage coming in on the left. This must have been the original way in for Karl and Colin Jackson.



Andy Hall in chamber

On returning to the car parked at Greenwell we met the farmer David Ellison who owns the land to the north of the road. We had discussed the area with him several times and he knew we were exploring in the area. In fact he had pointed out several speleological features to us in the past. We told him what we had been doing (possibly a mistake!). He then mentioned that his father had blocked up the hole many years ago to prevent flooding. We thought nothing of this at the time. We left very pleased with ourselves and made plans to re-bolt, descend the pitch, photograph and survey the cave.

*Chamber 4*

Then disaster struck. Forty eight hours later there was very heavy rainfall in Dentdale and the whole area including Yellow Gill was flooded for several days. During the course of this a large spring appeared out of the south side of a scree slope in a deep dry valley to the north of the Dent-Deepdale road near Greenwell and combined with the water flowing down the usually dry valley, ran forcefully down the track towards the lower section of Yellow Gill. The power of the water had washed away sections of the track for a considerable distance down the valley with deep ruts right down to bedrock and dumped the rubble from the track in a field lower down. The farmer was not happy! We discussed the issue with him and he said he wanted the hole blocked up as soon as possible. He blamed us for the damage, however he had mentioned the spring to us in the past as a place where water came out even before we had opened up the cave. We were not convinced it was entirely our fault.

Some emails were exchanged with him and he mentioned public liability insurance. We were not keen to go down that path.

On July 6<sup>th</sup> Steve, Ray Duffy and I returned to Yellow Gill with an assortment of gear including scaffold bars, cement, concrete beams and other digging gear. A visit to the dry valley showed that a small amount of water was running down it. We spent most of the day clearing out the stream channel above the cave to divert the flood water away from the entrance. We also built a dam around the entrance and cleared the channel downstream to allow the water to flow away more easily.

*Flood rising in track**Entrance in flood*

This was designed to stop most of the flood water going down the cave and to give us a bit of time for further exploration. A roof was built over the top using rocks, plastic sheets and the aluminium sheet mentioned above to deflect any water away from the entrance. Plans were then made for a return the following week for bolting, survey etc.

In the meantime there was more heavy rain and I made a visit over the following weekend avoiding the farm, I checked out the dry valley and there was still water coming out of the flood rising but a lot less than the week before. Quite a lot of water was still running down the track. I also visited the cave after a bit of a struggle to get upstream from the road against the flow of water.



The work we had done seemed to be forcing most of the water past the entrance. The farmer was still insisting that we blocked it up and muttering about wanting compensation for damage to his track. We were deliberately vague with our answers on this not wanting to get into a legal or bureaucratic tangle and to admit direct liability for the damage. We still wished to keep on good terms with him and said we would block up the entrance.

The three of us returned with Colin Jones the following Monday week as the forecast was for drier weather. While Ray and Steve bolted the pitch Colin started to survey the cave. We then descended the pitch and examined the way on. It proved to be uninspiring, a low wet gravel that would have required digging and seemed to go on for about 5 metres. It was said to continue through small chambers after this but end in tree roots. Ray and I took some photographs and we left the cave. We did a surface survey down the dry stream bed to the British Geological Borehole cap near the road so we had a fix for future reference. After some discussion and with further wet weather on the way we decided to return as soon as possible on another dry day to fill in the entrance.

A week later Steve, Hugh St Lawrence and I returned with plastic sheeting. We put five of the concrete beams across the base of the entrance shaft blocking the way on. We then spent a couple of hours filling the entrance with alternate layers of rocks and plastic sheeting to seal up the cave from most of the water. It felt sad to have to block up a known cave but if we had not have done so the farmer would have done and we needed to keep on good terms.

A week later at end of July Hugh and I met with David Ellison at Greenwell. We walked down the valley and discussed various options to help him repair the track. We suggested (but without admitting liability) that we would help repair the track as an act of good will. He also mentioned the use of a Public Liability Insurance claim but we discussed this with him and mutually agreed this might not be the best route for us to go as it could get out of hand once lawyers and insurance companies got involved. It might also take some time. The track needs fixing a.s.a.p.

We offered to supply a 20 ton wagon of crush & run material to replace the material washed out of the track. He was not happy about this and really wanted to concrete over the steep sections that has been washed out, as he is not convinced that the blocking up of the cave will prevent flooding of the track in future bad weather. He mentioned around £2000 for concrete etc and asked us to make a contribution towards this (50%). We approached CNCC and they agreed to help us fund this. Since then we have had further communications and the issue progresses. Several of the members involved have made a contributions to club funds to cover the costs.....

UPDATE TO FOLLOW

**Andy Hall** - photos by Ray Duffy unless stated otherwise



*Andy Hall on solo digging trip -self photo*



## ***Nowt's New Fer Newton.***

Nowt's new fer Newton  
'E's done it all before.  
So, you're camping at the farm now?  
Well, 'e was there in '64..... (cos 65 don't rhyme!)

Which cave was that? I heard him say,  
I remember when I had a look,  
And he'll wind back the years with his gripping yarns  
And 'is mem'ries, 'is jokes and 'is book.

And as for that big adventure  
On a handsome red double-decked bus,  
Made 'Summer Holiday' look like a toddler's trip,  
No offence Cliff, don't make a fuss.

He could be your sweet old Granddad,  
Beneath that cheery grin,  
But 'e's bin a lion of a lad underground  
Finding new 'oles and diggin'.

I've said it before and I'll say it again,  
Ole Jim's got tales a-plenty  
Just start 'im up and let 'im go  
The banter's never empty.

Long before your LED's  
With 'is stinky 'e went below.  
Carbide back then, not batteries,  
Would light the way to go.

You might 'ave been a nipper  
Sat on yer mammy's knee,  
But 'e was already down the 'ole  
Wi' a couple o' cavers or three.

Has 'e bin here? And has 'e bin there?  
Well I daresay 'e's bin in 'em all. '  
'E remembers 'em well and will tell you the way  
Wi' great detail and a few jokes an'all.

Over Yorkshire Dales and far beyond  
Old Jim's bin down 'oles galore  
And if you think you've found a new un,  
I'll bet Jim was there before!

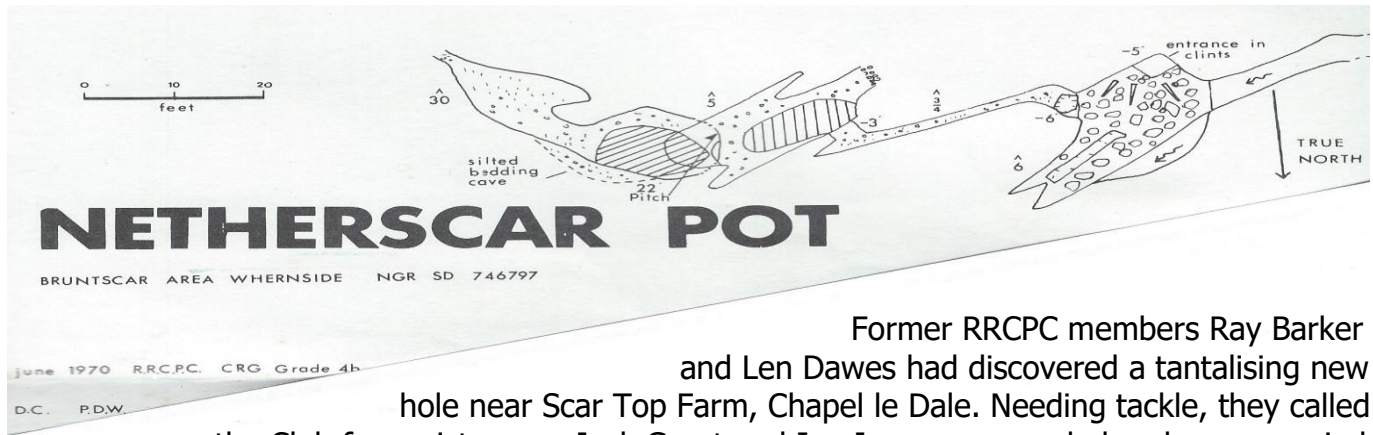


*Jim Newton in Gaping Gill 2018 holding his faithful "Stinky"*

***Susan Osborne***

## The Lost Pot of Netherscar

A Facebook request for information on the location of this hole took me back 50 years. It was as fresh in my mind now as if yesterday, or so I thought.



Former RRCPC members Ray Barker and Len Dawes had discovered a tantalising new hole near Scar Top Farm, Chapel le Dale. Needing tackle, they called on the Club for assistance. Jack Grant and Ian Jopson responded and accompanied them on the first trip (7 June 1970). The entrance was under a large boulder between two trees. Dropping between the clints, a rubble slope leads the explorer to a small chamber.

Proceeding down slope, a six-foot descent under hanging boulders is followed by a short crawl that emerges at the second chamber. Thin calcareous mud curtains decorate the walls. Here, at the base of a 22-foot pitch, water flows into a malodorous, silted-up bedding plane with alleged digging potential. An encouraging draft was reported. The cave was later surveyed by Dave Creedy and Pete Llewellyn (*RRCPC Journal*, No. 6, 1971-1972). I am not aware of any subsequent exploration. The problem is that the pot is located on private property and apparently there is no convivial access arrangement.



A few weeks ago, I decided to find the entrance. My recollection was that it was located in the garden of a large house. The grid reference NGR SD 746797 uncannily put it in the grounds of Netherscar, now a holiday cottage let.

A few weeks ago, I decided to find the entrance. My recollection was that it was located in the garden of a large house. The grid reference NGR SD 746797 uncannily put it in the grounds of Netherscar, now a holiday cottage let. The picture on Google Earth and the vision before my eyes did not exactly match my recollection. I could not remember the extensive lawn, there again I am struggling to remember what day it is. Leaving the public footpath, I surreptitiously followed the drystone wall of the house towards the crag, battling through giant nettles, almost invisible in my bright orange waterproof. With the agility of a geriatric ninja, I slipped over the wall into a sea of more waist deep nettles. The undergrowth totally obscured the ground features and my search failed dismally.

However, I plan to return once the undergrowth has died back. Maybe, I should rent the holiday cottage as a base for a final assault on this forgotten pot. If you wish to take a look, I would advise great care and discretion. Should any serious work be contemplated, permission must be sought.

**David Creedy** with thanks to Mel Wilkinson for the library search.

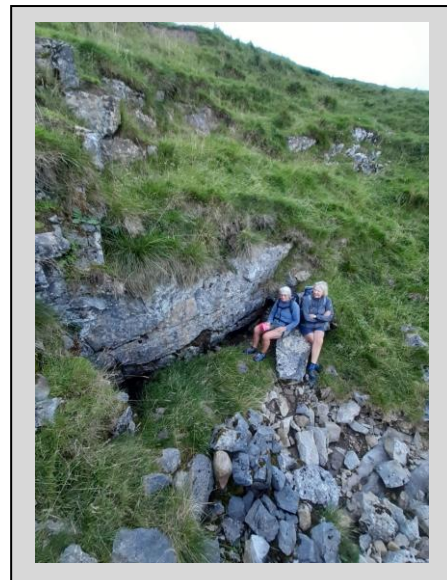


**Blast from the Past: Aygill Hole 17th April, 1966**

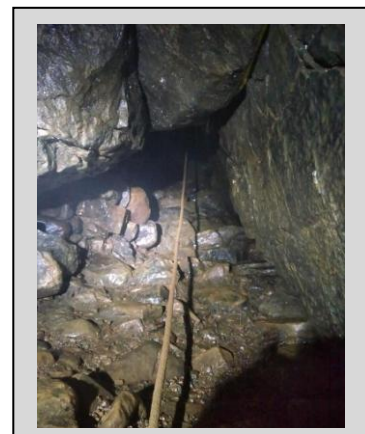
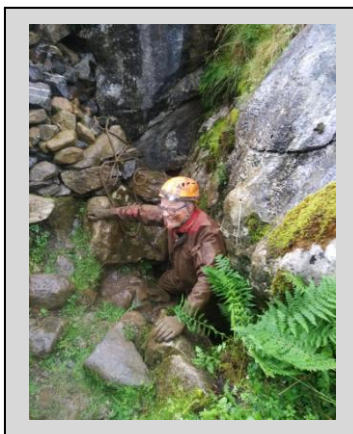
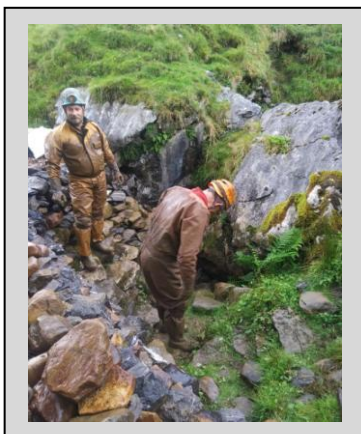
*Party:- J. Newton, I. Carruthers, D. Baldwin, D. Hodgson, P. Wallace, A. Herron, B. Kelly, S. Kilburn (now Wilkinson)*

We went to explore this new NSG find and after being lost for a short time in the entrance passage, found our way down the 20 and 25 foot pitches and reached the sump which was very impressive. We climbed the passage above the sump and were exploring the inlets when Sandra found a new passage into a large chamber with inlet passages leading off. We explored a couple of these and then started on our way out. We met the NSG on the way out and they showed us the New Year series. Altogether, a fine day.

**Jim Newton**

**An afternoons wander in the Dales, but where are we?**

*An interesting little find towards the end of a 3 peaks walk. First explored by one of our kindred clubs in the 30's and later explored by the CDG. Looking very dry today but don't be taken in by the weather, it can be very wet over these boulders.*

**Digging continues in Rollerball**



## Gingling Hole Rescue 1934

Below is a letter received by our librarian Sandra Wilkinson from Robin McEwan King, son of Jack King a founder member of the 1930's caving club, the "Northern Cavern and Fell Club." Robin has kindly allowed us to publish this and the enclosed article detailing the rescue as it progressed..

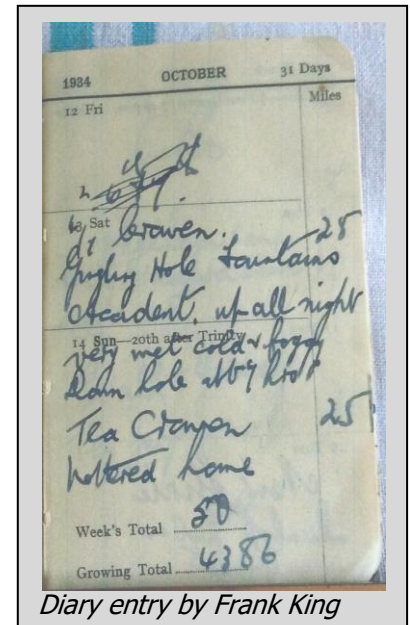
It is thought that this was the rescue that eventually led to the establishment the Cave Rescue Organisation as we know it today.

Hello Sandra

I Thought you and others at the club would be interested in the note I sent to our children in October 2019 about their grandfather and the Gingling Hole Rescue some 85 years ago. NCFC had explored Gingling Hole in 1931 and 1932 so were familiar with its challenges for a rescue from the bottom. During 1934 they were exploring elsewhere but frequently had 'tea' at the Craven Arms. There is a copy of the 1934 NCFC Log Book recently listed for sale in the USA which is inscribed as presented to the landlady of the Craven Arms.

Kind Regards

Robin



Diary entry by Frank King

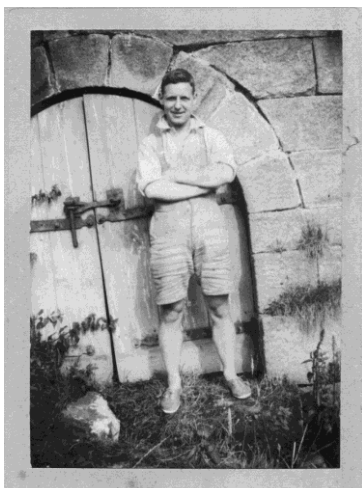
**Subject:** Our family in history - 13 October 1934 a dramatic cave rescue and Grandpa Frank.

Memories to share ... 13 October 1934.

85 years ago on this weekend Grandpa Frank was settling down to dinner with his pals in the Craven Arms, Giggleswick when a caver in distress arrived asking for help. One of a caving group from York had broken a leg at the bottom of Gingling Hole on Fountains Fell.

One report states "Perhaps the worst accident that has yet occurred in pot-holing, from the rescuers' point of view, happened down Gingling Hole on Fountains Fell on the 13th October, 1934. The Moor & Fell, an infant Club from York, had made the journey to the final chamber, where Weetman, their Secretary, was unfortunate enough on the notoriously rotten scree slope up to the stalactite grotto to disturb a boulder, which crashed against his right leg fracturing it in two places." YRC Journal 1935

The injured caver was some 200 feet below ground and down a complex series of narrow crawls and vertical shafts.



Jack King

Dad and some eight other members of the Northern Cavern and Fell Club immediately set off to help. They had to cross the fells in the dark in pouring rain and dense fog to find the entrance to Gingling Hole. This took an hour!

They had explored this pot hole extensively in 1931 and 1932 so knew the challenges ahead of them. Once they got to the casualty they then improvised a splint for his broken leg and strapped him to a six foot plank. What followed was many hours of exhausting work underground. The Gingling Hole Rescue of the 13/14 October 1934 is described in vivid detail by Cliff Downham Secretary of the NCFC in their 1934 Log Book.

- See attached article.

This rescue of a potholer with a broken leg was extremely challenging in an era when they were using home-made rope ladders and virtually no personal protective gear. The rescue was completed some 24 hours after the accident. During this time the NCFC rescuers worked in relays drawing in support from other experienced cavers. A local doctor who had never been caving before insisted on making the descent to set the broken leg. This rescue was the catalyst for the start of the Cave Rescue Organisation. The CRO founded in 1935 continues to this day to provide cave and mountain rescue services in the Yorkshire Dales.

Dad was 25 and had been actively caving since 1928. He was a founder member of NCFC and served on the committee from its formation in 1928. His diary records the rescue in simple and very understated terms – see attached Transcript from the CTC Diary of FK - 1934

*Saturday/Sunday October 13/14*

*"Craven/ Fountains/ Gingling Hole/ Accident. up all night very wet cold & foggy/ Down hole abt 7 hrs/ Tea Craven/ pottered home" 25 Miles on Saturday from Accrington. 25 Miles on Sunday to Accrington.*

One of the other NCFC pals in this 1934 rescue was Reg Johnson. A few weeks later Frank went to meet up with Reg at his home in Farnworth – there he met Reg's 14 year old sister Dorothy. Frank and Dorothy did not meet again until December 1941 – they married in September 1942.

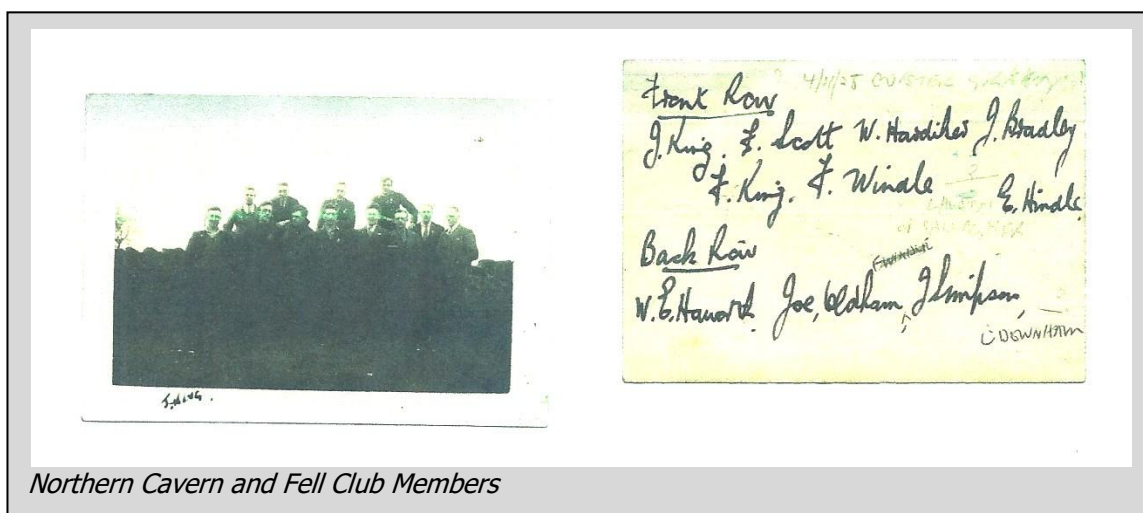
So maybe the Gingling Hole rescue was also the catalyst for a love affair that lasted for the rest of their lives.

Dad (*Robin McEwan King*)

For photographs of the cave and cavers in 1934 see the Gingling Hole pages on the British Geological Survey website at:-

<https://www.bgs.ac.uk/discoveringGeology/geologyOfBritain/archives/haywood/haywood.cfc?method=get>

*The Red Rose library has been honored to receive from Robin McEwan King, a full archive of the Northern Cavern and Fell Club, with its history and publications, including many photographs and letters. On the following pages is the full account of the Gingling Hole rescue of 1934, written by Cliff Downham, Secretary of the Northern Cavern and Fell Club and as it appeared in their clubs 1934 Log Book.*





THE GINGLING ACCIDENT.October 13th 1934.

Accidents are to be deplored. Especially those which affect the greatest of sports. Benefit can be derived from an accident, however, and that is precisely what occurred at "Gingling Hole". It was the first occasion the "Cavern & Fell" had been involved in an accident of that kind, and we emerged very much the wiser as to the technique required on such an experience.

Briefly, this is what happened. Eight of us were sitting down to Dinner at Giggleswick on the Saturday evening when Bendle of the "Moor & Fell" appeared, the bearer of the tragic news that there had been an accident in the final chamber of Gingling Hole. Weetman, their Secretary, had displaced a boulder on that final rotten scree which had rolled down and trapped his leg, causing a break in two places. Would we assist in the rescue operations. Immediately dinner was forsaken, and the fellows hurriedly grabbed mouthfuls of food whilst in the act of changing into pot-holing rags. Thornber was despatched for medical assistance.

Within an hour we were up at the Shooters' Hut on Fountains. It was a ghastly night, fog, rain and all the elements combined to make the affair most wretched. Downham, followed by Bowen and Johnson, immediately went down the pot to ascertain the extent of the damage and commence the organization of the rescue. The remaining fellows were busy lighting fires in the hut and carrying out surface considerations.

Fortunately, the "Moor & Fell" had laddered all the pitches with the exception of the "Manhole" and the trio were soon down to Weetman. It was horribly wet and the writer must admit he held little hope of Weetman ever getting out of such a ghastly hole alive.

Weetman's own Clubmen had hauled him up the final 40' pitch and there he refused to move again. A tripod had been improvised for splinting and he suffered so much he refused to move further unless more efficient methods were adopted. It was obvious that something



THE GINGLING ACCIDENT (Continued)

much more efficient simply must be used, and it became necessary for more suitable splints, and a board to strap him to. Leaving four Moor & Fell men with two of our laddies, Downham immediately came out for the required tackle, leaving instructions to try and keep Weetman moving if at all possible.

Again at the surface Downham found Thornber had brought Dr. O'Connor of Settle along. Coates, the Rainscar farmer and his man, Buckley & Frank King. Coates had had the foresight to bring along several pieces of wood, and from these a suitable plank was made and two other short boards for splints. Buckley immediately went down with the splints. Coates had gate-crashed the shooting hut to such good effect that it was pleasant to see a roaring fire and bowls of steaming tea. It was decided that Bancroft in charge of two others should descend immediately for a three hour shift, fix the splints etc., and inject the morphine provided by O'Connor. O'Connor, in fact, had offered to make the trip down, in spite of the fact that he had never previously seen a pot-hole, being a newcomer to the district. Downham decided to return with Coates and four of the Moor & Fell to Rainscar to bring up blankets and food for the relief men, whilst Thornber made the journey back to Settle for more blankets and dry clothes. It was obvious that it would be many, many hours before the injured man could be brought up the final surface pitch. It was a horrible night, but the expeditions continued.

On returning to the hut after the first three hour shift, it was a blow to find Bancroft and his men in front of the fire. Banky had rather surprisingly cracked up when giving the injections and it was all he could do to bring himself out of the hole. Downham, King, Thornber and Proctor (of the "Moor & Fell") immediately went in and made quick progress to the injured man. He was still in the same position as the first time Downham had got to him. The plank and splints were to hand, and after Downham had given a further injection he and Thornber, chiefly Thornber, proceeded to put on splints. Poor old Weetman bore the whole terrible pain well, and eventually his leg was in splints and he was strapped on to the board. A rope



THE GINGLING ACCIDENT. (Continued)

was fastened on to him, and then commenced the heart-breaking task of getting him out in real earnest. The first trial move was a set-back. The Moor & Fell had followed the route of a roof traverse, which meant the descent of hellishly narrow crack, some 80' in all, and it was the Devil's own job hauling him up. The first attempt he jammed hopelessly in the fissure - the pull on the rope was not a straight lift and he was swung into the narrowest part of the crack. He had to be lowered, and by a little piece of constructive ingenuity on the part of all concerned a straight lift was obtained and in the widest part of the crack. A chock, high up in the fissure, was used by one rope, and Downham made a human - but admirable - chock for the other. It was a pretty ghastly experience but eventually Weetman came through and was soon in the roof traverse. As anyone who has acquaintance of "Gingling Hole" knows it's the very hell of a pot, narrow passages and devilishly awkward in the worst sense of the term. The roof traverse was a ticklish business, but soon this too was managed, and here Bancroft, Proctor and Buckley came in again. Hereabouts Downham and Bowen went out. The former had suffered somewhat in the crack and the latter had been down the whole time so a rapid evacuation was made by the two of them. The remaining Moor & Fell men had gone out previously and it was quite daylight by the time the surface was reached. The hut was a blessing, roaring fires, hot tea, and dry clothes felt wonderful. By this time it was six o'clock in the morning with Weetman well on his way out. All the fellows were feeling the effects of the terrible strain, and Downham came to the conclusion it was imperative fresh men come on the scene very soon.

Accordingly, Bendle drove Downham down to Stainforth, and then followed conscriptive measures. First Godfrey Wilson of Stainforth was dragged out of bed, and he jumped into the breach with a promise of two men in an hour or two. Reg Hainsworth of Ingleton was rung up, and he promised himself and a couple of men on the moor in an hour. Tot. Lord of Settle was the next and he came up immediately with our own member, Bob Parker. The Doctor was got on the telephone, and he expressed himself amazed that Weetman was standing it all, but insisted that Weetman must come out within an hour or two or the



THE GINGLING ACCIDENT (Continued)

matter would finish itself. Could we go down for fresh injections. And so down to Settle we went. Bendle took two of Tot. Lord's men back immediately, whilst Downham went off to see O'Connor. He was shaving - the Doctor not Downham - so Downham perched his dishevelled self gingerly on a marvellous white bath, and recounted all his troubles. O'Connor very very sportingly offered to make a trip down as far as he could go, tho' he acknowledge himself scared of the experience. The two discussed the possibilities of chloroform, and finally O'Connor dressed "a la mode" with a little black bag complete, accompanied Downham back to the fell. By this time reinforcements had arrived, and work was proceeding apace. O'Connor, in between Thornber and Downham started down, and the writer begs to suggest that that effort on the part of the Doctor was one of the finest efforts a fellow could make. It must have been sheer hell for him to experience the horrors of the canal, and the devilishly awkward pitches. And so, just beyond the foot of the third pitch the trio came upon the party. O'Connor immediately set to with his wonderful work, gave injections, and actually set the leg and put on plaster bandages in a passage not three foot high. Chloroform was out of the question - the air was too unreliable, and there was the danger of all the workers being put out. Of course, once the leg was in a plaster cast, Weetman was taken off the plank and he was able to give assistance to his rescuers.

Downham and Thornber brought the Doctor out, much to the latter's satisfaction. And so the rescue efforts continued. It was a distinct relief for all concerned when Weetman was finally hauled up the final surface pitch and put on to the stretcher and carried to the hut. Here he was stripped under the Doctor's supervision and wrapped in hot blankets and water bottles. Then he was carried through a blinding rainstorm to the waiting ambulance at Rough Close and away to Skipton Hospital.

In conclusion, all this sounds very weak when one considers the magnificent effort on the part of all concerned. Weetman had borne the whole ghastly journey wonderfully well. The Moor & Fell had gone into the pot round about 11 o'clock on the Saturday morning, the accident happened at 4 o'clock or so, the Cavern & Fell



THE GINGLING ACCIDENT (Continued)

were informed by seven, and finally Weetman was out on the fell by four o'clock on the Sunday afternoon. A remarkably fine effort. Whilst it is, perhaps, invidious to mention names, tribute simply must be paid to O'Connor for his fine and successful effort, to Reg. Hainsworth and his men, Tot. Lord and his, and Godfrey Whilson and his men. The Moor & Fell and our own great lads - the following were our own men - Downham, Thornber, Bancroft, King, Proctor, Bowen, Parker, Johnson and Buckley. Coates threw his house and provisions at our disposal, whilst our own good friend Mrs Robinson at the "Craven Arms" imposed food and clothes, cigarettes and whisky upon us in abundance.

The tackle was, of course, left down until the following week-end when we went down with the Moor & Fell and hauled it out.

Although we did our utmost to keep the whole affair from being contaminated by the Press, the Press won with a vengeance, and many garbled reports got about. Directly the Secretary learnt of the first grossly inaccurate report in the Yorks. Evening News, he gave instructions to Thornber to send out corrected accounts and at least two dailies had correct accounts - the Daily Dispatch and the Manchester Guardian - also the Craven Herald.

At the time of writing this account, Weetman is making an amazing recover. On crutches in fact, and the amazing thing is that altho' suffering so long from exposure, he hadn't even a bad cold. It speaks much for his constitution that he didn't (greatly to the Doctor's surprise) contract double pneumonia. O'Connor made such a good job of the setting that the Hospital authorities hadn't to remove the plaster even. The X-Ray revealed two breaks.

After thinking over the effects of this smash, an effort is being made by the Club to organize a proper rescue corps with suitable equipment. The prospects are distinctly good, all the recognised clubs being more or less in favour. Further reports on this will follow in the journals from time to time.

C.D.

TIME TABLE OF THE "GINGLING ACCIDENT".  
Compiled by Thornber.

SATURDAY

- 11 a.m. "Moor & Fell Club" commenced descent.  
 4 p.m. Weetman broke his leg returning on scree.  
 7.15 Bendle arrived at Giggleswick for assistance.  
 8.30 Downham, Bowen and Johnson descended.  
 10.- Downham came out and Buckley descended with plank etc.,  
 Dr. O'Connor arrived at pot.  
 10.15 Proctor and Bancroft descended.  
 Thornber and O'Connor returned to Settle.  
 Downham & Co., to Rainscar.

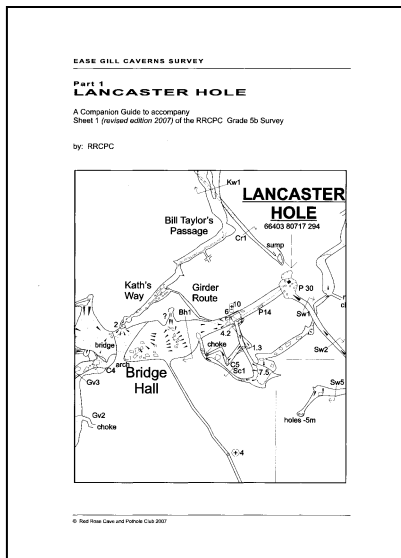
SUNDAY

- 1.0 a.m. Downham, King and Thornber arrived at Weetman and sent all others out.  
 Weetman still at head of 40' pitch.  
 2.30 Weetman resplinted, strapped on plank and up the 60' pitch.  
 5.- Bancroft, Buckley & Proctor arrived in pot.  
 Weetman at Sand Crawl.  
 6.- Downham and Bowen left for surface.  
 6.30 King and Thornber left for surface.  
 Weetman in Stalactite chamber.  
 7.15 Downham and Bendle left hut for assistance.  
 8.- Conscribed reinforcements.  
 9.15 Downham interviewed Dr. O'Connor who decided to make a descent.  
 Hainsworth & Co., arrived at hut.  
 9.45 Bancroft, Buckley & Proctor relieved by Hainsworth & Co.,  
 10.15 Tot. Lord & Co., descend pot. Weetman 40 yards below pool chamber.  
 10.45 Downham, O'Connor and Thornber descend pot. followed by Parker. Weetman 20 yards below Pool chamber.  
 11.- Godfrey Wilson & Co. descend to head of Pool Chamber to assist in hauling.  
 12.- Downham, O'Connor and Thornber left.  
 Rescuers in pool chamber.  
 3.15p.m. Weetman at Manhole. Hut prepared etc.,  
 4.- Weetman on moor.  
 5.30 Put in ambulance at Rough Close after being carried by stretcher over the moor.  
 6.30 Weetman arrived at Skipton hospital.



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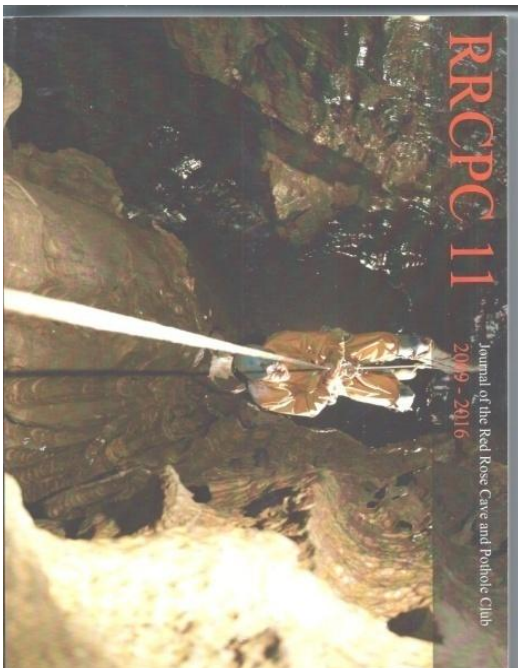
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*Emma Key in Mandale Mine: - photos Bill Nix  
Top left to bottom right:- Stone Coffin Level, Stacked deads, Main Passageway, Flooded Stopes on climb*