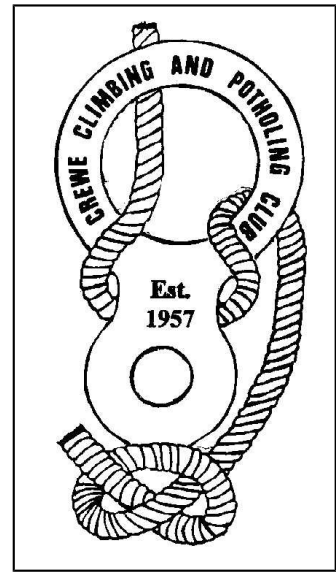


# C.C.P.C. Newsletter 113 November

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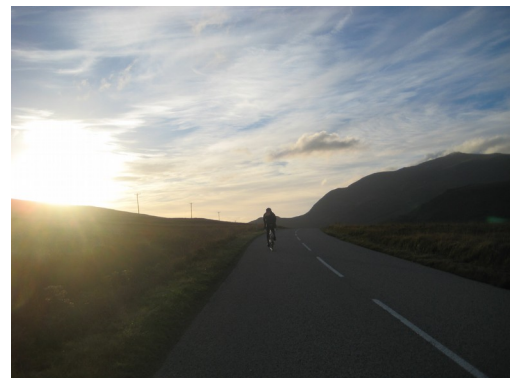


## The End-to-End that nearly Ended at the Start (Continued from CCPC NL No 112 - days 5 to 14)

### Day 5

And what a great spot Kilmaha was - quiet, with beautiful views, and we had it all to ourselves. I was almost reluctant to leave the following morning, but leave I must, for the next night we planned to spend at Lochranza Youth Hostel on the Isle of Arran, and I had a ferry to catch from Claonaig Bay, and Alison had to leave the camper at Ardrossan, and take her bike over on the ferry to Brodick so that she could cycle around the island to meet me at the hostel.

Miles = 44, brings total to 309



### Day 6

After a fairly short day (to ensure I caught the ferry!) of 44 miles, I felt rested and

refreshed, which was just as well, because today I would have to cover around 80 miles, most of which would have to be done in the afternoon, after we had sailed over to Ardrossen - for this was the Sabbath, when the early ferry doesn't run.

In the scheme of things, Ardrossen and the Ayrshire towns of Stevenston and Kilwinning aren't the prettiest bit of the trip, but they certainly added a challenge to my navigational skills. I was slowly learning that B roads in the UK might look continuous on a road map, but in reality, they are quite disconnected, and, unlike their bigger "A road" brothers, they were quite often unsigned.

But, once past the impressive Dundonald Castle, the route started to become much more interesting, and the rolling hills around those parts made the riding much better too. The Stair Bridge, which marks the boundary between West and East Ayrshire deserves a particular mention as it was one of many old and interesting bridges I was to cross on my journey south.

Eventually I arrived at the quiet A713 which took me through more of the rolling hills of the Borders down to Dalry where I turned up into hills around Stroan where forestry abounds, and our next "wild camp" in a secluded lay-by at Corriedoo.

Miles = 80, brings total to 389

## **Day 7**

Today I headed cross country to Dumfries, down roads which I could see on my map, but which were totally unsigned. I slowly got used to this sort of thing, and it became a series of puzzles each day. Unfortunately, I hadn't packed a compass (must get one for my handlebars!!) so I tended to use my watch and what I could see of the sun, or even more modern aids to orienteering, like the direction of satellite dishes on the farmhouses!

After Dumfries, I followed NCR7 through to Annan, where I stopped for a coffee. Almost in England, I couldn't believe it when I had my first puncture of the trip, which I fixed in the yard of a small chapel in Rigg.

NCR7 eventually deposited me on the outskirts of Carlisle, where I clumsily navigated my way through the centre and down to our next campsite at Dalston.

Miles = 64, brings total to 453

## **Day 8**

Said cheerio to Alison, who was heading back to Hayfield to pick up the dog and sort a few things out. The weather, which had slowly got cloudier over the past couple of days, eventually broke today, and I got a thorough soaking as I followed the lanes down, past the aeries of Skelton (Alison's dad used to work here) to the bustling town of Penrith - where I nearly got lost! Again, a network of fairly anonymous roads took me on a cross-country route to Orton, and here I found a good coffee shop and studied the map for my next section.

The rain stopped as I traversed Tebay and headed down the A685 just as far as the little road which crosses under the motorway at Low Borrowbridge. The tangle of routes here describe a history of man trying to find a way through a natural gap between the Lakeland hills and the Howgills. Over the years, an A road, a railway line and a motorway

have all been squeezed into the same little gap, but long before the industrial revolution came along, there must have been a drove road. And that drove road is now the single track lane which I had chosen for my route south. Used by the challenging NCR43, this is a magnificent road across the flanks of the fells where we run in the Sedbergh Hills race. A beautiful and quiet lane it is too.

But it doesn't pay to think it's too quiet, as I found when I rounded a corner and came face-to-face with a farmer in a huge pickup. He'd stopped, but I was still doing around 25mph as I stood up on the pedals and tried unsuccessfully to cadence brake - my back wheel still locked, but I managed to stay upright, and just about controlled the skid without hitting anything. After a brief conversation with my new friend, I continued more sedately into Sedbergh and then over to Dent where I took the Deepdale road over to Kingsdale and down to Ingleton for a well-earned chip butty. After that I cycled down the back road to Clapham, and round through Austwick to Helwith Bridge, and here I spent the night at the YSS (Yorkshire Speleological Society) club hut. Miles = 79, brings total to 532

## **Day 9**

The weather for the following day wasn't looking good, with strong headwinds forecast, and heavy rain in the afternoon. I had a 78 mile ride ahead of me to get back to Hayfield, so I decided to make a very early start at 5.30am to make the most of what dry weather there was. However, the best plans often fail, for, cycling down to Gisburn, I had my second and last puncture of the trip. This dirty job had to be sorted in the dark, and wasted quite a bit of my valuable dry cycling time.

After which, my route took me through Barnoldswick, Kelbrook, Foulridge and Colne, before heading over to Trawden and the huge climb up to Widdop. In the seventies, we lived in Midge Hole, near Hebden Bridge, and this used to be an area I felt really at home in. And yet, on this day in my journey I had my first and only "what on earth am I doing here?" moment as I struggled up the steep hill out of the upper Thursden Brook and over to Widdop reservoir, against an ever increasing headwind.

There's a famous crag at Widdop called Mystery Buttress, where I used to climb and where I used to practise crag rescues with the Calder Valley team. Today, with a high wind and a low cloud ceiling, the buttress really was a mystery - and the reservoir was looking almost like the sea, with white caps on the waves as I rode slowly by.

Before I'd descended past Heptonstall to the Calder Valley, I'd decided that I would give my planned route over Holme Moss a miss, and opt for the slightly more sheltered route through Todmorden and over Summit to Littleborough instead. Unfortunately, I had to do all this without maps and I ended up taking a mystery tour around the suburbs of Oldham!!

Happily, I soon found my way to Staleybridge, and through Glossop and over Chunal to home in Hayfield where it dawned upon me that my schedule was out by a day, and, if I had to be in Llanberis on Sunday, I didn't actually need to leave Hayfield until Friday morning! Miles = 78, brings total to 610

## **Day 10**

Which meant I could have a rest day! Yippee!

## **Day 11**

Alison wasn't going to leave Hayfield until Saturday, so I was booked into a Backpackers' Hostel in Chester tonight. My route to Chester went via Macclesfield, Gawsorth, Holmes Chapel, Middlewich and Delamere - all reasonably quiet roads.

Again it was a dry day to start with, but deteriorated into a very wet day by lunchtime. Miles = 57, brings total to 667

## **Day 12**

Time to leave England again and head over to Snowdonia. The morning was very windy, but the sun shone and lifted the spirits. An early start and a second breakfast in Mold set me up for my brief run through the Clwyddians, and I was soon heading over the hills of Denbigh and out onto the high moors of Mynydd Hiraethog and over to Pentrefoelas.

I landed in Betws y Coed around lunchtime and, after a brief chat with Dave and Will Neil, I tried unsuccessfully to find a cafe with any space, and so hit the road again, up past Swallow Falls, and out to the Ugly House, which did have room for me, and where I could scoff some scones with my Americano.

The wind seemed to get much stronger after I rode through Capel Curig, and this seemed to be a warning of a change in the weather. Sure enough, after a pleasant run past the Brenin and up from Pen y Gwryd, almost as soon as I paused at the summit of Pen y Pass, the heavens opened big style. Along with some other cyclists, I headed into the porch of the cafe to avoid the worst of the downpour, only to be accosted by a jeering Welshman accusing us of being "softies, just like Wiggins. Hiding from the rain!".

Well, I wasn't going to stand for that!, So, as soon as it eased off slightly, I jumped back on the bike and headed down the pass. It was still raining quite a bit, but the wind seemed to be getting worse. In fact, just below Carreg Wasted, I was hit by a powerful gust which instantly took me from 30mph to almost zero, but it didn't actually stop my crazy ride down past Nant Peris and into Llanberis itself. Here I met up with Alison once again, and we retired to Pete's Eats for coffee and flapjack. Miles = 71, brings total to 738

## **Day 13**

Another rest day - possibly. As I was second reserve for Pennine's MV50 relay team, there was a chance that I might have to run a leg, but all four Pennine teams turned up complete, giving me the opportunity to watch the most exciting event of the year. It was great to see that Pennine could field 24 runners and come away with four results to be proud of! Well done everybody!

It was, of course, a wet, and windy day, which didn't dull the atmosphere of the cheering crowd one little bit, but, after the last Pennine runner had completed her leg, we decided to take advantage of a brief lull in the storm and I jumped back on my bike and pedalled around Snowdon and into the Gwryfai valley, to camp in the forestry site above Beddgelert. As soon as we arrived, the rain started, and it hammered it down all night! Miles = 14, brings total to 752

## **Day 14**

After a night of heavy rain, the morning didn't look much better. Fortunately, I had a

relatively short day's ride to Machynlleth scheduled for today which, although hilly, wouldn't take all day. The rain stayed with me as far as Dolgellau, where I met up with Alison ... in a cafe.

From Dolgellau, I took the steep road (part of NCR8) out over the hill to the Bwlch Llyn Bach road, which weaves an impressive way between craggy valley sides on the flanks of Cader Idris. More spectacular scenery took me over the pass and into the enchanting Dulas valley which would lead me down to the mighty River Dovey and Machynlleth, and our campsite at Gwerniago farm.

By this time, the weather had abated, and we had a pleasant evening with super views out over the estuary towards Aberdovey. Miles = 51, brings total to 803

Alan Brentnall

TO BE CONTINUED!

## NEWS ON A PROJECT '**SOMEWHERE NEAR HARTINGTON**'

Shortly before the publication of Chris Heathcotes paper, A HISTORY OF LEAD MINES IN HARTINGTON LIBERTY PDMHS VOL18, NO 3 2012, we had begun the daunting task of repair work and stabilizing the multitude of shafts alluded to in the above with the help and goodwill of the landowners of the area under consideration.

To date, we have treated and descended several climbing shafts and two 150ft engine shafts; one of which requires further consideration, if only for future safety reasons. This shaft is at the centre of a complex of mine building foundations, a walled gin circle, ore dressing ponds, a small diameter shallow sleeper covered air shaft etc, indicative of a large, long established enterprise, but with no tangible evidence of an engine shaft. Furthermore, there was no reference to one anywhere that we were aware of, but there had to be one.

We began to prod about in the most obvious area of the gin circle and discovered the top of a big oval shaft ginging, 6ft x 5ft approx 2ft below surface, filled with compacted "soil" and farm rubbish. We had got our engine shaft. Sinking and disposal of the waste commenced.

At -12ft we encountered a "stopping" consisting of four short lengths of badly corroded thin corrugated roof sheet, bent over and wedged in the shaft with three bigish stones - mining technology at its most economical!! Further prodding dislodged the last yard or so of rust and infill and left the author dangling on a rope above a 150ft black hole. Has anyone else experienced this Kamikaze method of shaft capping?

We now had about 15ft of unstable ginging to grout up and a heavy duty galvanised steel grille fabricated by the writer to concrete into position.

At the time of writing, inspection of the workings have been suspended until the serious bad air problem encountered in the shaft bottom is adressed.

Predictably, the farmer has mixed feelings about the discovery. Fright at the thought of having driven over the concealed shaft top with his tractor and quad bike many times, and delight that this one at least, can now be seen and avoided.

The workings down the shaft and other nearby features will be reported in a later issue. At the moment, there is no general access to any of the above workings which are in a sensitive area and on private land. Please be patient.

***Len Kirkham and team (John Shenton, Mark Lovatt & Peter Wray)***



Grille being manipulated into place. Note pile of waste rock which had previously been supported by rusty corrugated sheeting

# A busy week's caving.

Tuesday 27 October was the date arranged for CCPC to take the 1st Sandstone Scout Troop underground, and in true CCPC fashion everybody (but the scouts) met up at The Yonderman's cafe at Wardlow Mires for a greasy breakfast. The venue today was to be Holme Bank Chert Mine, and Steve PA and Heather were to do the main leading bits, as preparation for their LCMLA level 1 assessments, while Steve Knox and I tagged along and enjoyed the ride.

After a good feed, we headed over to Bakewell and sorted the key out. The scouts arrived while we were still changing - there were 9 scouts plus one scout leader plus a couple of "roadies" who were going to hit Bakewell and eat puddings while we all went underground. After a quick rundown on the histories of Jeremiah Wedgwood, Bakewell and the Chert Industry from Uncle Steve (Knox), the lads kitted up and we were soon underground.

The trip visited the diving base, the tramway, the working face, the oil drum exit and all points between, before Steve PA handed the survey over to one of the young lads and asked him to get us out. And he did!! With nary a slip.

The same day Steve PA and I joined up with my bunch of Tuesday night cavers (which includes several CCPC members) on a wet Perryfoot Car Park for a quick blast down P8. We had to be quick as it was already quite wet, and the forecast was for heavy downpours from 9pm onwards. I must say, it had been a few months since my last visit, and P8 never fails to give an excellent trip. To make

matters even better, we had two people with us who had only just started caving, and had done very little SRT, and they had a cracking trip.

When we finally surfaced, we were relieved to see that the forecast rain had not yet arrived - it finally chucked it down at around 11pm ... all night. Sad thing was that, outside of the bigger villages, very few pubs open late in the evening these days, and the Wanted was dark and empty when we got there.

Wednesdays are usually my days for nipping over to the Chapel and joining Ann Soulsby and Roy Rodgers for a spot of cleaning, plumbing and generally restoring the place to what it was like before the previous weekend's rabble got their hands on it. This week we decided to add a spot of caving as there were things to do in Peak Cavern. The previous weekend Ann and a bunch of TSG cavers had gone in and inspected the emergency dumps at Treasury Chamber and Picnic Dig, and brought out the food for replacement. I had bought some more noodles and bars and drink to take in, so this bit of replenishment was our subterranean job for the day.

It's always nice scooting around the back end of Peak when there's nobody else in the system, and it was a very pleasant and satisfying trip to Treasury Chamber and then to Picnic Dig. After we had sorted out the contents of the barrels, Roy re-jigged the new hawser-laid hand-line we had installed earlier in the year to get the knots in the right place. By the time we finished, we'd spotted several other jobs which

needed to be done, so I made a note of these for the following weekend.

Back at the Chapel we finished off the chores, which included taking the microwave and the toaster (some clever dick the previous weekend wondered what would happen if you cooked the latter in the former - answer: your wallet gets lighter, and everybody calls you a prat) to the tip at Waterswallows, before I joined the other controllers and leaders at DCRO base for a practise with the new Larkin Frame - a new-fangled shaft-hauling contraption. One of these has been given to each cave rescue team in the country as part of the reparations being made by the banks for fiddling the Libor rates.

Thursday 29 October saw me guiding a Canadian guest who is staying at my son's house. We went to Bagshawe Cavern and visited the stope, Calypso's Cavern, the Dungeon, the Hippodrome, Sump 1 (very low) and Glory Holes sump (totally dry but inaccessible for us without SRT rigs). A great little trip - we were followed into Glory Holes by a group from Whitehall who weren't too sure of where they were. But I'm sure they managed!

Friday was my day off - it rained a lot!

Saturday 31 October Ann and I had been cajoled, along with Martyn Grayson, Jess Eades and Lisa Wootton, into acting as Sherpas for Ben Wright and Tim Webber, who were wanting to dive Main Rising in Speedwell. The rains had been bad every night for half the week, and we wondered what conditions were going to be like in there. After Tim had thought about this for a few minutes, he suddenly announced that he had forgotten to bring his dry suit, and excused himself.

Every cloud has a silver lining, and Tim's absence meant fewer bottles to carry, which meant that Ann and I could take a load of tools in and start work on the new foot traverse at the Whirlpool, so we packed the drill and a few other bits and pieces and made our way to Speedwell.

As it was Halloween, the last weekend of Half Term, we couldn't catch the first couple of boats as they were full, and only half of us could fit on the next ... so, by the time we hit the Bottomless Pit, it was nearly mid-day.

The last time I walked up the Far Canal, it was almost dry, but what a difference a fortnight makes!! My was it deep; cold too, and, by the time we reached the gate by the Bung, we knew that we wouldn't be able to drill anything, so we hung the tools high on the gate and carried on. Sure enough, Pit Props was neck deep, as was Whirlpool. The two brackets which needed drilling to accept the new U-bolts were well underwater.

Eventually we made Main Rising where Ben was, by now, nearly fully kitted up. He only needed to tie on the knife, and the other bits and pieces that divers seem to need and he was ready. After a few formalities, like spitting on his goggles, he was gone, leaving the five of us to ourselves.

Well, Ann and I still had jobs that needed doing. I wanted to check the new Boulder Piles pipe for leaks, and take a look at R2D2 (Ade's 2 pipes into 1 machine) to see if it was full of silt, or bust or whatever, so Ann and I set off back under the Leaning Tower of Pisa. We'd also been asked by Wayne to check on the condition of the crawl through to Far Sump Extensions.



The big pipe was perfect, and the crawl and ladder ways were as dry as a bone. Out in Leviathan, R2D2 was coping well with the torrent, and showed no sign of silt whatsoever. Ann stopped up at the foot of the pipes while I went down the old "railway" to the FSE steps to see what the situation in the crawl was like. Recent reports of high water levels, dodgy smells and wiggly worms proved totally unfounded as I found the crawl wide open, the ducks with well over a foot of airspace and nothing objectionable to stop me getting right through to the junction between Stemple Highway and the passage to Calcite Aven.

Returning to the Speedwell Streamway, we met the others on their way out, Ben having completed his dive to his own satisfaction, and so we returned to the boat where we managed to hitch a ride back to the surface.

Later that day, Peak Cavern held its annual Halloween Tours, where pre-booked visitors are shown around the cavern by Irene, who tells them gory stories of spooky happenings while various friends and members of Irene's family leap out and scare the living daylights out of the punters. Ann and I seem to have become part of this festivity - Ann appearing as the White Lady on a ledge way up above Roger Rain's House, and me as the Grim Reaper, welcoming guests to the cavern and providing various hideous sound effects during the tours. One lady actually complained to the management that I was too scary!

Sunday 01 November was a scheduled visit to Peak Cavern by CCPC, and Rob and the team were very helpful sorting out the paperwork and funding at the Chapel prior to the trip. There was also a small

group from Combined Services going in at the same time with a view to doing the White River trip from Peak.

After doing my key-holding duties, I went in with the CCPC group and a few bits and bobs to do the odd jobs which still needed to be done up at the Picnic Dig dump. I left the main throng at Victoria Aven and travelled up the Peak Streamway on my own. The work involved fixing wire-ties on the hawser belay, and strapping the encapsulated labels to the barrels. It didn't take too long, and I was soon heading out, and meeting friends from CCPC coming the other way as I did so.

Which left Longcliffe, where my other club, TSG, needed to get the last piece of shaft pipe in place and concreted before the coming Winter caused the temperatures to drop below the range where concrete works properly. And so my last caving trip of the week was spent navvying, pouring concrete and humping heavy buckets high up on the hill above Speedwell.

I quite often cave two or three times in a week, but I think seven trips is a bit excessive, even for me.

Alan Brentnall

## **A Meeting with Dr. Trevor Ford O.B.E**

The first time that I met Trevor Ford was when he gave a talk to the university caving club that I belonged to in 1958. Trevor Ford was something of a legend even then, but in subsequent years he gained many honours and achieved many successes in the fields of geology and speleology. He is now probably most famous for his identification of the Precambrian fossil *Charnia masoni* as well as for his expertise in Carboniferous and limestone geology. He is also well-known for his work on the fluorite 'Blue John', for his research in the Peak District limestone and for holding important posts in speleological societies.

Trevor is now ninety years of age and living in Leicester. I have always wanted to meet him again and, as my family living in Leicester know him through the Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society, asked to have an audience with him. This was kindly arranged this December when I went to Leicester for the annual family Christmas present exchange.

Trevor is unable to go caving any more, but his mind and spirit is still that of a young caver and he seems quite tireless for a man of his age. We had a most enjoyable and sometimes nostalgic conversation about his life and caving exploits. His ninetieth birthday had been celebrated in style with countless friends and family at the Leicester Botanical Gardens as his photo album revealed. There is much information about Trevor's lifetime achievements

on the internet, so that anyone interested in researching the history of a caving legend could access this easily. However, I thought that I would summarise the salient points that I gathered in conversation with him for those who do not wish to consult the archives.

Trevor was born in 1925 in Essex, but his parents subsequently moved to Sheffield where he was brought up and went to school. During World War II he worked in a bank and occasionally acted as a guide to show caves and mines in the Peak District until he was called up in 1944. He eventually joined the Royal Navy and served in Ceylon, India, Burma, Singapore and Hong Kong. He was demobbed in 1946, decided that the bank was no place for him and read geology at Sheffield University. He obtained a PhD on the Ingleton Coalfield and then lectured at the University of Leicester where he was appointed as Associate Dean for Combined Studies in Science before he retired as an Honorary Research Fellow. He held posts at other universities overseas and led projects in the Grand Canyon as a result of his discovery of Precambrian fossils. He has written many books and publications. Most experienced cavers will have read those on limestones, cave science and the Peak District as valuable aids to their activities. He was awarded an O.B.E for 'Services to Geology and Cave Science' in 1997. The Derbyshire Caving Association awarded him a medal 'Champion of British Sport' in 1998. This year (2015), he was

awarded an Honorary Doctorate by The University of Derby for 'His exceptional services to cave science and outstanding contributions to the knowledge of cave systems, geology and lead mining history in Derbyshire and the Peak District over more than sixty years'. This citation sums up the achievements of a caving legend succinctly and honourably. It was a privilege to have had the opportunity to meet him after a life of such achievements.

John Gillett 16/12/2015

# RINGING THE CHANGES (XMAS QUIZ, First printed in CCPC Newsletter dated Dec 1990)

The Caves and Mines of Derbyshire seem to have changed more in the last 25 years than they did over the previous 1000 years. Below are some extracts from the first edition of 'The Caves of Derbyshire' (1964). How many can you identify? **Mark L**

1) Middleton Dale.  
Altitude 830ft. Length 20ft.  
On north side of dale, opposite second lay-by coming from Wardlow. Behind earth bank and vegetation.  
Short mined passage slopes down into aven, with dirty stalactite above and pot 2 feet wide with 8 feet deep below, at present choked with rubbish.

3) Great Hucklow.  
Altitude 1,000ft.  
A choked small swallet at Grindlow, near Great Hucklow. Abortive attempts have been made at digging, so far without success.  
Water said to go to Bagshaw Cavern.

5) Middleton-by-Wirksworth.  
Listed by Farey (1811, p. 293) "in 4th lime—stalactites." Location now unknown.

7) **V.D.C.**  
Coombs Dale, Stoney Middleton.  
A low bedding cave entrance high on hillside near foot of Coombs Dale. Very tight crawl leads to rift, with crawls leading off. Good formations.  
Also known as

9) Matlock Bath.  
Altitude 840ft. Length over 2,000ft.  
Entrance close to Victoria Tower on Heights of Abraham. Largely old lead mine with limited solutional cave at end. Entry is by workings in Great Rake, leading into northward continuation of Rutland (Old Nestus) Pipe Vein, with numerous worked out vein cavities. So-called Lake is a short flooded level. Good example of mining in pre-explosive days. Branch galleries still being worked via Black Ox shaft. Passages lead through to open-cast fluorspar workings and former Knowles Mine on summit of

2) Matlock Bath.  
Altitude 300ft.  
Short passage on east side of Derwent by weir at Masson Mill leads to pool chamber. Rope useful for return.

4) Castleton.  
Altitude 1,300ft. Length 20ft.  
In old quarry on south side of top of pass. Collapsed cave with roof blocks resting on earth fill.

6) **Old Cave**: Follow stream into obvious entrance for 100 feet, to climb and traverse into Upper Series—several rather muddy passages with a few stalactite formations. Return to stream. Continue down to Curtain (where rock comes down to 9 inches above water, or less in flood conditions). Crawl under and First Sump is soon reached. Retrace steps a few yards and climb into roof. Hole on left (looking downstream) is Pillar Crawl for about 60 feet. Drop 8 feet into sloping passage down to Backwash Pool.  
**Backwash Pool Dams**: Bale water out of pool into a series of dams until access is possible through sump. On leaving drain dams or next party cannot bale into them. If they are full on arrival drain first to get rid of excess water and then bale out (Level should be down to outlet of first dam before baling is started). Last man should leave can on first dam to warn other parties that a party is already inside. On leaving the cave do not drain if anyone else is inside.

**New Series**: After the dams and sumps a short passage leads to

8) Altitude 620ft. Depth 90ft.  
Manifold Valley.  
In wood under Darfar Crag on east bank. Entrance 3 feet wide, 15 feet above river.  
Rope pitch of 50 feet followed by 30 feet descent to clay bank and down rock passage for 60 feet. Possible to squeeze past boulder into chamber with pool. Liable to flooding.  
Tackle: 50ft. rope.  
Another cave in the same crag has Pleistocene and Neolithic remains and is being dug by the Rolls Royce Caving Club, Derby.

10)

Manifold Valley.  
A group of unnamed caves except for St. Bertram's, on Beeston Tor.  
Ropes required to descend some.  
References: G. H. Wilson 1926, "Some crags and caves of Peakland," pp. 38-47; G. H. Wilson 1934, "Cave hunting holidays in Peakland," pp. 47-56.

## ANSWERS

**1) LAYBY POT** - The shaft is now 46' deep and the length measured at 1,215' **2) DIDO'S CAVE**-Cheated here a little. Although the current COD records the length as 1,400', most of this is only accessible to divers **3) DUCE HOLE** (aka DOWSE HOLE) - Now recorded as 370' in length with digging still in progress **4) WINNATS HEAD CAVE** - Now a scary 485' deep collection of loose boulders and a serious contender for the deepest in Britain **5) BONDOG HOLE** - This 'lost' cave has re-appeared; it is a single large cavern at the bottom of a 260' mineshaft **6) GIANTS HOLE** - The part described was destroyed by miners

acting on behalf of Mr Watson in his attempt to create a Show Cave. Further on in the description is "Garland Pot (fixed iron ladder for 30'). The reduction in depth is due to crap thrown down the pitch by the miners **7) FATIGUE POT** (aka COLLIERS PERIL) - Description accurate but lacking in some detail. VDC ('Very Difficult Cave') may refer to the difficulty you would have finding it from this description! **8) DARFAR CRAG POT** - Completely blocked by farm rubbish by 1990 but now partially re-excavated **9) GREAT MASSON CAVERN** - Now with a further 13,840' accessible **10) BEESTON TOR CAVES**, now

known as PRITCHARDS, RATHOLE, St BERTRAMS, JACKDAW and LYNX Caves (L to R). JACKPOT was not included as it was not discovered until after the book was published and virtually every major cave has been extended considerably.