

EXPLORATIONS JOURNAL 1976-77.

INCLUDING :-

THE LOST CAVERNS OF STORRS COMMON

ACCOUNTS, SURVEYS AND FUTURE PROSPECTS

Founder Member of the Cave Diggers Union

25p.

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITY for 1976/77

ACTIVE DIGS & DISCOVERIES

29.	8.76	NORMAN ARCH CAVE - Storrs Common.....	L	15',D	2'
10.	10.76	BLACK ROSE TUNNEL DIG in KINGSDALE MC..	L	58',D	+20'
6.	2.77	GROVEL OVERFLOW SUMP in ROOF TUNNEL....	L	12',D	-
3.	4.77	LONG GOUR CAVE - Storrs Common.....	L	394',D	77'
10.	4.77	LOWER ARCH CAVE - Storrs Common.....	L	40',D	12'
17.	4.77	QUARRY ENTRANCE thru trip to LONG GOUR.	L	416',D	77'
24.	4.77	WILD ROSE RIFT - Storrs Common.....	L	5',D	-
1.	5.77	LONG GOUR CAVE - lower section to sump.	L	700',D	140'
14.	7.77	OVERDALE POTS - Penyghent.....	L	- ,D	10'
3.	8.77	MEALBANK QUARRY RIFTS - Ingleton.....	L	- ,D	15'
7.	8.77	BEAN POT to LOST CAVERNS of Storrs.....	L	318',D	35'

OLD DISCOVERIES reopened

1957 GED DODD'S ENTRANCE to the LOST CAVERNS of Storrs..L 12'
1959 EELTRAP CAVE - Storrs Common - a mini classic.....L 20'
1959 DEAD RABBIT CAVERN - Storrs Common - still pongs...L 60'
1959 BLACK RISING & FOSS POOL CAVE dived to chokes.....D -8'

TRADE ROUTING thru'

ALUM POT & LONG CHURN.
BAR POT & GAPING GILL.
BROWGILL & CALFHOLES.
GREAT DOUK & MIDDLE WASHFOLD.
HERON POT.
LANCASHER HOLE & COUNTY POT.

SELL GILL HOLES.
SHORT DROP & GAVEL.
SWINSTO & VALLEY ENTRANCE.
YORDAS RAMIFICATIONS.
WHITE SCAR PHREATIC SERIES.

PLUS RAMBLES down

BATTY CAVE, BEEZLEY QUARRY CAVES, BIRKWITH CAVE, BORRINS MOOR CAVE, BRAITHWAITE WIFE HOLE, BRUNTS CAR CAVE, DISMAL HILL CAVE, FOOTBALL CAVE, GATEKIRK CAVE, GIANTS GRAVE CAVES, HARDRAWKIN POT, INGLEBORO CAVE, JINGLING CAVES, OLD ING CAVE, LOST JOHN'S, PANHOLES, ROWTEN CAVES, MARBLE SLEEPS POT, SLANTING CAVE, SLEETS GILL CAVE, STORRS CAVE, THORNEY POT, WACKENBURG HILL POT, WEATHERCOPIES and umpteen non-productive shakeholes....

PLUS CLIMBS up

INGLEBORO, WHERNSIDE & PENYGHENT HILLS.

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copies can be obtained from :

The Black Rose Pothole Club Secretary,
46 North Dean Avenue, Keighley, West Yorkshire.

price 25p + postage please

printed August 1977.

COMMENT

Our first year back at caving since 1960.

Fings aint what they used to be.

All this new-fangled SRT and RACK abseiling.

Bit different from our classic style.

But...we still be the INFAMOUS BLACK ROSE,
with secrets that only us three knows,
so we'll start up a TRUE rumour,
with our sense of BLUE humour,
and laugh while it mushrooms and grows.....

MANY THANKS TO ALL OUR NEW FRIENDS, WITHOUT
WHOSE ASSISTANCE WE COULD NOT HAVE ACHIEVED
OUR OBJECTIVES FOR THIS YEAR...A WEEK EARLY

Next year has a lot to do with our recent trips
into the far reaches of White Scar Caverns and
some unfinished business that Ged had going in
Crina Bottom back in 1960....

Subscriptions are due on the first of September.
These are £5 this year, it's about time we got
some of our own gear, and should be given or
sent to :

Martin Dawson
Treasurer
Black Rose Potholing Club
41 Castle Street
SKIPTON (2890)
North Yorkshire.



(phone)

We could use a couple more members to ease the
workload. If you think you'd fit in get in touch.

High hopes for 'surprise' Kingsdale dig

By GED DODD

AS PRINTED IN DESCENT MAGAZINE - Jan/Feb 1977

THE WEST KINGSDALE SYSTEM is without doubt one of the most popular, best explored and documented cave systems in the Northern Dales of Yorkshire. Every weekend hordes of cavers descend on the Valley Entrance which is conveniently situated a few feet from a well used if somewhat narrow bitumen road. The more energetic trudge up the hillside to enter the system via the more difficult potholes of Simpsons, Swinsto or Rowten through the sumps. All and sundry then tend to converge on the Master Cave where I have seen as many as five different ladders dangling down the 20ft overhang from the Roof Tunnel.

Within its five miles of underground passages the system has something for everyone. Be they beginner, serious scientific researcher, hardman, waterbaby or the old-timer like myself, obliged to give up caving some sixteen years ago after a serious motoring accident. To add insult to injury this happened shortly after my discovery of the big pitch in Spectacle Pot, and I never did get to bottom that place. However the powers that be named the chasm Dodd's pitch which was some consolation during my armchair potholing years.

Old habits die hard. Finding new ground is to me what caving is all about. I freely admit that every time I get into the Master Cave I go green with envy and spit blood. To think that I was so near to this in the past and never found it. No doubt a lot more cavers feel the same way. I know the Wanderers do. They planned to dive the Rowten sumps a few days after the Master Cave was found. How close can you get? But that's the way the carbide crumbles.

As I keep saying to my caving companion, Martin Dawson: "You can't find it if you're not there. Sometimes you can be there and not see it and there are plenty of times when you can see it but don't believe it."

On the afternoon of October 10th this year we were there, down the Master Cave, and we saw something and couldn't quite believe it. However when the full implication of what we saw is realised a lot of people could be kicking themselves . . .

Apart from being an excellent training ground in the practical aspects of caving the system is also ideal for illustrating the why and wherefores of theoretical cave science. It was for this purpose that Martin and myself were down there. Everyone knows that the old phreatic roof passage of the Master Cave continues on and over the sump in the form of the Roof Tunnel. Pure text book stuff. So, we started at the top in East Entrance Passage with the intention of following the old roof tube down to Roof Tunnel. A choke halted progress, forcing us to by-pass it via the low wet crawl into Philosopher's Crawl. Then through the Master Junction to pick up the tube again in the right-hand wall of the Master Cave.

Splashing merrily downstream it was easy following the pale cream coloured half tube some 20ft above our heads in the roof. I was using my best teaching manner saying, "see how it twists and turns and does a sharp left-hander into that alcove and . . . and . . . and . . ." I stuttered like a stuck gramophone needle. "And what?" asked Martin.

"And it doesn't come out again!" said I in disbelief. Indignantly we stalked the remaining 50ft of passage down to the sump and Roof Tunnel but there was no sign of the old roof tube. We back-tracked upstream to the alcove and bathed the roof in light from my Joddrel Bank carbide lamp. The old passage mockingly vanished into a blank wall. Ten years of pure text-book theory being torn to shreds before our very eyes and we didn't want to believe it.

Still, wherever that roof tube went to it

certainly didn't go through to the Roof Tunnel. But where did it go to? Someone was going up in the roof to find out. Martin is no climber, so, it had to be me. Taking my 'gammy' leg in hand I slowly edged up into the roof in a most caggy-handed fashion. A flat wide ledge greeted me at the alcove. The roof tube ran straight into the wall with a couple of feet of passage.

The passage was large, some six feet high and four feet wide, but absolutely choked with glacial deposit. An upper layer of mud, centre layer of stones and base layer of sand. Someone, maybe the survey team, had had a little poke to confirm that it was solid infill.

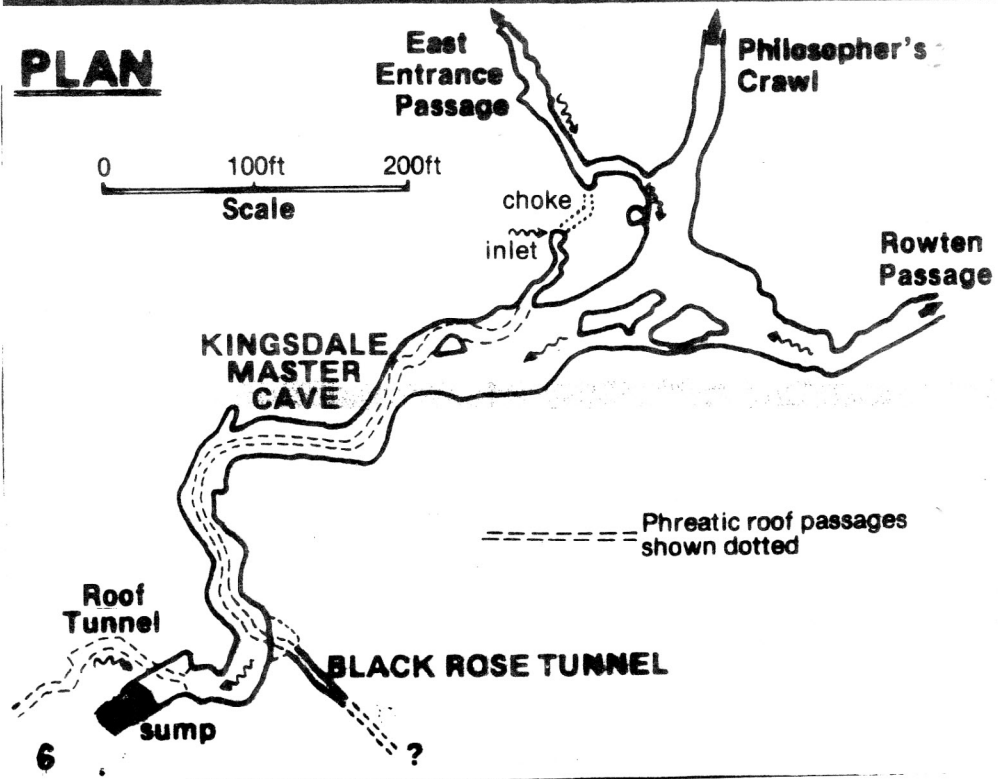
I was beginning to sense the sweet smell of something big and we hadn't even been looking for new ground. This was no piddling little passage of recent origin but the *original* phreatic passage which had filled with glacial mud during the Ice Age, as had all the cave, but because it followed the down-dip from the roof of the cave it had been by-passed by any active water and

so had remained choked. The question was, how far was it choked?

Besides, a couple of feet of passage wasn't enough to prove that this was a discovery of prime importance. More passage was needed. This meant digging on a large scale and who better I thought than the eager beavers of the Underground Exploration Group who had intimated that they would help us on a dig anywhere and anytime.

The following Sunday, the 17th, found us with the UEG entering Valley Entrance. 'Climber' Perry zoomed up the wall into the alcove and rigged a 10ft ladder for the less agile amongst us. There is an excellent eyehole belay point in the highest part of the roof a few feet downstream of the alcove. There is another tiny eyehole directly below this at foot level. Fifty feet of belay enables one to de-ladder from down in the stream-bed.

'Miner' Eddie took the dig in hand putting 'Thin' Dave up top in the mud and 'Scribe' Bill on the stoney ground with pick



and lumhammer. 'Hairy' Tone and 'Gooner' Martin scavenged for the debris with buckets and threw it with awesome crashes down to the streamway where it washed down to the sump. I set up shop on a small ledge and made the coffee.

An old Black Rose friend, Jack Procter, had always wanted to start up a pub on the top of Ingleborough. He would have done more business in the Master Cave. A steady snake of lights passed below us in the streamway and we had to be carefull not to clobber them with the deluge of debris hurtling from a now quite large passage.

After six hours of continuous activity we had 20ft of walking passage. There has been no change in shape or character. I forecast that it will stay the same until an inlet is reached that has cleared the mud away from us downhill.

Four petite very clean-looking young ladies of the White Rose Pothole Club joined us as we were packing up and added another few feet to the mud crawl at the top. Well done Chris, Debbie, Gaynor and Yvonne —

The passage was christened Black Rose Tunnel. I cannot emphasise strongly enough that this old passage should be the key to a whole new series of abandoned phreatic caverns and numerous inlets. I would go so far as to predict that the tunnel is the original phreatic master cave before it cut down to the present sump. The fact that the Roof Tunnel was so conveniently placed has led everyone to believe that it was the old phreatic route. Anyone who has seen the half tunnel disappear into the alcove in the past has simply refused to believe it.

For any who still doubt whether a solid choke will go may I draw your attention to the old tube where it starts its journey at East Entrance Passage. This chokes as well. The active water needed to clear the choke has taken the lower route through to Philosopher's Crawl. Similarly the active water needed to clear Black Rose Tunnel choke has taken the lower route through to the sump. However if you follow the tube up from the Master Cave you will find that the lower half of the top choke has been cleared out downhill by a tiny inlet. Black Rose Tunnel choke goes downhill and only requires a similar tiny inlet to have cleared it away from us.

Work continues. All are invited to dig at any time. Keep it roomy please. No wormholes.

BLACK ROSE TUNNEL DIG

On the 20th of february 1977 after 21 digs of 532 hours by 40+ diggers a 20' high aven was broken into.

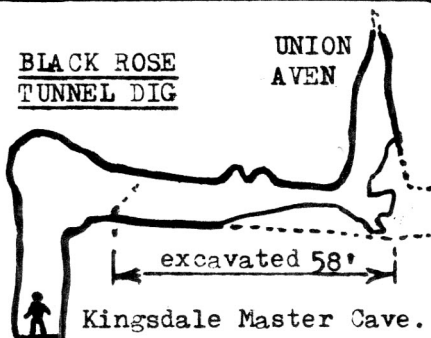
It is known as UNION AVEN.

Acknowledgements to:-

Ged Dodd, Martin Dawson, Clive Cook, John Burke, George Lee, Alan Shedwick, Ian Burke, Swinsto Dave Fecitt, Martin Berry, Phil Ryder, Debs Ryder, Colin Stanway, Bill Whitehead, Dave Whewell, Perry Westlake, Eddie Banks, Tony Whewell, John Wright, Stewert Platt, Bryan Orange, Alan Germaine, Nigle Dyson, Andy Walsh, Bas Martin, Timmy Martin, Nigle Anderton, Andy Mould, Terry Butterworth, Alan Butterworth, Christine Laybourne, Debora Tindall, Gaynor Haliday, Yvonne Wilson, Bren, Chriss, Keith, John, Dave, Tuc and Goeff plus others not known to us.....

for all their hard work.

We are no longer supervising the dig but it is being dug regularly and again, all are invited to dig at any time.



ODD BITS DOWN KMC.

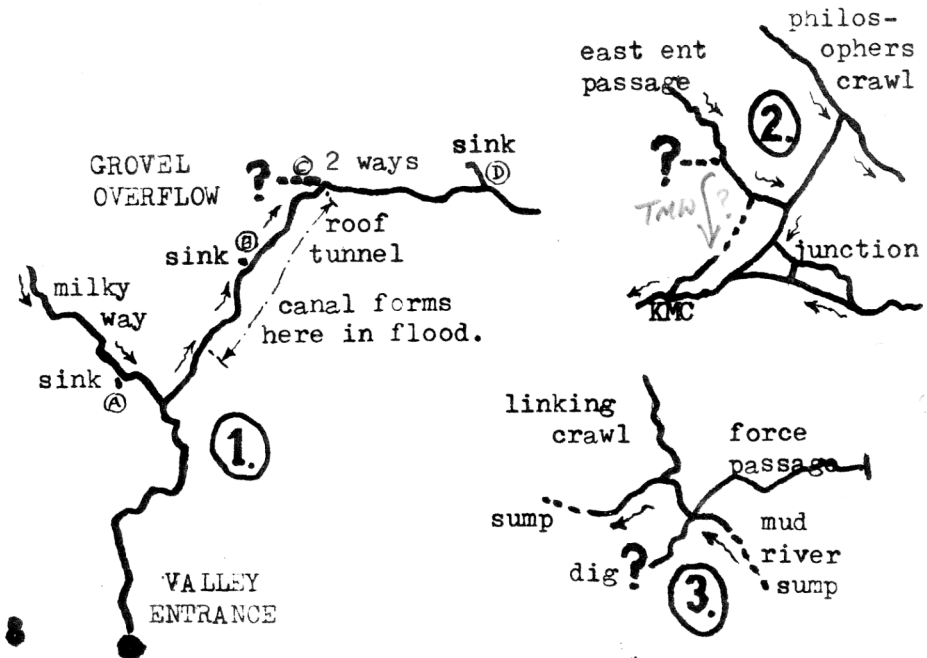
After many weeks digging down KMC, fine weather & foul, we got to know the roof tunnel pretty well. In wet weather the cascade inlet would overload sinks A & B (see plan 1) and flood roof tunnel. The canal was never more than waist deep, and failed to reach sink D but always stopped short at the 2 ways...but no outlet could be found.

Alan Shedwick of the Dolomite CC, who had been assisting on the BRT dig, solved the dilemma on the 6.2.77 by finding a small hole in the mud. This was dug and bailed out on 27.2.77 to reveal a 12' gravel to a deepish sump. A dam and pump could prove interesting. This sink takes the water that two others cannot. Up to their eyeballs in it were John Burke, Alan Shedwick, Ian Burke, George Lee, Martin Dawson & Ged Dodd.

The upstream end of the old roof tube does not go right up the east entrance passage as first thought but ends in a mud wall, just before the crawl, fully choked. (see plan 2). Weird.

On the opposite side of mud river to force passage is a sandy dig of the same nature as BRT dig and heading towards it. Ben Lyon was digging but hasn't got the time. (see plan 3)

ALL ARE INVITED TO DIG AT ANY TIME - NO WORMHOLES PLEASE



MORE BITS BACKGATE DIG, OVERDALE, BIRKWITH, BRUNTS CAR

On one of our rare upward trips to Penyghent we spotted a glaringly obvious dig on the laneside right behind Dale Head Farm just thru the gate. Twenty minutes of expert debris groveling revealed 8' of low crawl which deadended.

We neatly dry-walled the entrance up. Dirty knees and nettled elbows to Martin Dawson, Steven Dodd & Ged Dodd.

We had also noticed that the massive limestone plateau of Overdale was cave-free, according to the book, so MD & GD came back midweek, on the 14th July, determined to fill in the gap. The only place

of interest was a low depression 300' to the east of a wired area.

The whole depression was a mass of small shafts, all looked to good digs. A SHAFT in the centre in a small grassy shakehole went.

A large capping rock was struggled out to give a narrow razored shaft into a rock-slab maze of tunnels. Nobody has been down there.

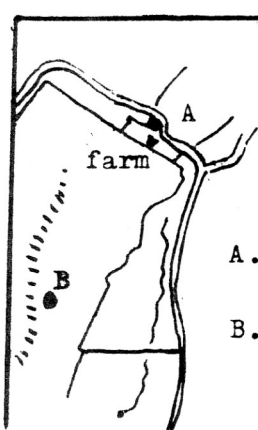
MD had to lift GD bodily back out - getting fat lad.

Talking of getting fat, we were on a little ramble down BIRKWITH CAVE when we stumbled onto a vertical roof tube in the left hand side of the main streamway about 100' before the canal. It was perfectly clean & unmarked, looked big enough and a large high level passage could be seen about 8' up the tube BUT NOBODY COULD GET UP IT.

Similarly, on a ramble down BRUNTS CAR CAVE we located an amazing high level passage in the chamber before the 3rd waterfall which doubled back across the lower one.

It was tight with deep water and must miss the lower passage by a fraction of an inch.

LET US KNOW WHAT YOU FIND.....

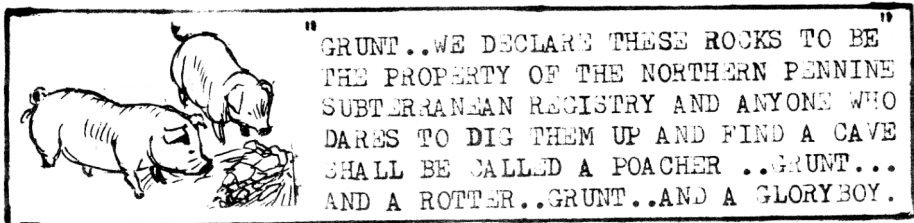


see
 NORTHERN CAVES
 Volume Two
 Penyghent
 & Malham.
 Page 45 map of
 FOUNTAINS FELL.

- A. BACKGATE DIG.
NGR.841 717
- B. OVERDALE POTS
NGR.836 708



CDU OR NPSR ?



Would you believe that certain members of the Northern Pennine Subterranean Registry (NPSR) are spending most of their time listing every shakehole on Ingleboro as DIGS.?

The idea behind these HOGGY tactics is to enable them to claim anything found in the future. Nobody could be that stupid you may say, could they.? Want to bet.?

In November '76 we made available all the information at our disposal to NPSR members, in true Cave Diggers Union manner, appertaining to Storrs Common. "Go for ya life" we said, "get digging!" All they appear to have done is file a claim to every nook and cranny in sight.

Well in April '77 we were half way thru our program of digging on the Common when we hit pay-dirt in a small bit of virgin "never-been-touched" pebbly ground. The LONG GOUR system, QUARRY entrance and the extentions opened up in rapid succession to our eager shovels. Everybody and his dog trade-routed thru in the next few months with a lot of hard graft put in by fellow CDU members for a bit of shared glory-which is what it's all about, aint it.?

In August '77 the NPSR actually graced the common with their presence and stumbled accross the oil drum entrance to LONG GOUR. ..Who forgot to hide the lid under sods.??

They left a message on the lid for all to see in thick black paint.....it read..

Lower Storrs Cave or LONG GOUR CAVE
found by the ***/****
dug & poached by the CDU

Let's face it...anybody who turns up 4 months after a new breakthru, after the cave has been visited by hundreds of cavers, and tries to claim it ...well...we left out their club name to prevent them becoming a laughing stock..

WHAT IS THIS CAVE DIGGERS UNION ?

When we started up caving again, last year, we had a lot of old skeletons to uncover. Our whole objective was to get a few discoveries under our belt. There was only one drawback. We weren't short of enthusiasm or determination - just short of transport, ladders, ropes, money & members....

The answer to our little problem was simple. Use someone else's, and square things by sharing credit. We figured that there were a lot of cavers who would really enjoy being in on a new discovery...but they had never had the opportunity.

So we broke thru the secrecy smokescreen that normally goes with digs and published an article in Descent actually asking for help. We were overwhelmed with offers and over 40 cavers have worked on the Kingsdale Dig. It would have taken years to accomplish what they did in weeks. As can be seen on page 7 we give credit to people first. Clubs get credit only if the actual club is involved. It was while a dozen or so cavers were sat arround drinking coffee on the dig that the actual Cave Diggers Union was born.

Basically it works like this....

If you have a dig that is giving you trouble then don't just abandon it, like so many in the past, but actually ask for help from anyone who can assist. By publically asking thru Descent, say, you can forstall any attempt of your helpers to pinch your dig, and isn't that the only thing you were ever afraid of, admit it.

We have had a finger in 16 discoveries, within the last 12 months. How many have you had? Of course, we have had people trying to claim every one of them, we even had one ingrate trying to claim our club, people are like that, BUT, when you have cavers from twenty different clubs who not only know it's your dig, but have worked on it, THEN, these pretenders to your hard work get laughed at.

How do you join the CDU.? Well, there aint no officials or any rules so I suppose a willingness to help others or be helped is all that is needed...and give credit where its due.

Perhaps it may be an idea to make it legal and carry some weight. We would appreciate any thoughts on this or anything to make the CDU more effective..

write to :- Ted Dodd, 45 North Dean Ave, Keighley

Cave Diggers of '77 find lost system

Cavers re-discovered a lost and long-forgotten show cave on Storrs Common, Ingleton, last week.

After a frantic dig a 10-man and three-girl team discovered a 30 ft. deep shaft on the very edge of the road across the common. "If you'd had a drink too many, you could have driven down it," said Mr. Gerald Dodd, a Keighley member of the Black Rose Pothole Club.

The roomy shaft led into an impressive chamber with six sumps, but the team did not have sufficient time to explore eight passages which led off.

Mr. Dodd said he had entered the cave 20 years ago from another smaller entrance higher up the common, but this had since become hidden and nobody believed the pot existed. "It is incredible that a cave like this can be completely forgotten," he said.

As the team worked their way up a slope from the chamber into the south passage they found the original small entrance by which Gerald Dodd entered the cave 20 years ago. In part of the cave there were steps—leading to a large "main drain"—which suggested that at one time the pot had been a show cave.

Also the diggers found an RAF cap badge which suggested that it was still in use during the war years. Evidence was also found that drilling had taken place and attempts had

been made to dynamite a way through into another system.

The Cave Diggers Union team was made up of members of the White Rose Caving Club: Andy and Richard Gledhill, David Hood, Howard Limbert, Carl Naxon, Gareth Sewell and John Travers; Martin Dawson, Kevin Downham and Gerald Dodd of the Black Rose Club; and three girls.

At the end of the weekend the shaft was refilled because of the danger to children, but access can still be gained through a hidden smaller entrance, available to serious scientific researchers

News of the discovery prompted the memories of older people in the area, who remembered the cavern as a show cave in the 1920's when it was connected to Storrs Cave, but it was closed down so not to compete with White Scar Caves. Although many people thought that Storrs Cave was a lead mine, it had apparently been dug out to extend the show area.

COCK FIGHTS

The fairly large daylight main chamber is reputed to have been used as a cock fighting pit, even though the sport was illegal. When the local constabulary was seen approaching, it is rumoured, escape was made through the "lost caverns" to the village.

Mr. Dodd said this legend was substantiated by the fact that a mysterious mountain of chicken bones was found when cavers broke through into the bottom of Storrs Cave in 1952.

"There is a lot more on Storrs than meets the eye. We have found three lost caves on the common this year," he said.

from: CRAVEN HERALD & PIONEER - FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1977.

THE LOST CAVERNS OF STORRS

The stories about STORRS LOST CAVERNS are many and varied. Most maintained that the entrance was a 30' ladder pitch known as BEAN POT (or Helmet Pot, Eli's Cave, Storrs Shaft) which had been sealed and lost sometime in the 1920's. The NCC claimed to have located the shaft in 1952 but a huge boulder prevented access. They filled it in again and lost it. As no-one had been in the Caverns some said they didn't exist at all. One young idiot insisted he had entered them in 1957 by crawling up a road-drain. His tale was greeted by howls of laughter and the poor lad was ragged unmercifully. One was not allowed to find a pothole after only caving for a month and only old-timers were permitted to tell tall stories. The lad soon learned one of Eli Simpson's old tricks that it was easier to lose his discoveries again than try to claim them in those days. It took 20 years before he decided that it was about time some old skeletons saw the light of day.

Ged used to have an old stone-built cottage on Storrs common so he got to know the place better than most.....

...anyway, let us unfold our contribution to the LOST caverns in typical Black Rose fashion. We will start in the middle & work outwards. The following story was written for Descent by Ged in January 1977 to promote exploration on Storrs Common, he said. We suspect he was after the £10 for best general feature...



A TALE OF TWO CHICKENS.



Nothing stirs a caver's blood more than tales of a huge Lost Cavern patiently waiting to be rediscovered by some intrepid explorer. Many an old-timer has held his audience spellbound with tales of unknown wonders, bottomless pits and huge formations, the likes of which you would never believe. But you do believe. You want to believe.

It's a fair swop. You provide the beer and he provides what you hope will be that one vital clue to glory that everyone else has overlooked. You casually pump your willing story-teller for more details. The cavern gets bigger and better and your pulse begins to race. For some reason though that vital clue to success gets more & more elusive.

Round about closing time the penny begins to drop that the only bottomless pit in the vicinity is stood next to you supping your ale....and he found you.

Nothing daunted you persist in keeping one ear to the ground and willingly pay the price...perhaps, one day.

My day came back in '57. As a gullible youngster and newcomer to the wheatsheaf at Ingleton, it was my turn to buy the old-timers beer and listened enthralled to his tale of a lost cavern with huge rivers and would you believe, three vast underground lakes. I did. I did. Tell me more. Can I get you another beer.?

Well watered with strong ale the tale blossomed and began to bear fruit. He had done a job for the local council. It was him, he said, who had filled in the entrance to a big cavern because it was dangerous. Dangerous, why.? It was by the roadside in a ditch and they were afraid somebody would fall down it. When was this then.? Some years back, he said. Where was it.? Just up yon hill, he said. You mean Ingleboro.? Don't be daft, he laughed, there aint no roads ont' Boro. This hill here, int' village, by Storrs Hall.

But that's Storrs Cave, I interrupted, disgustedly....

Storrs Cave aint ont' roadside, he chortled, keeping me in suspense, this is where that fella tied his rope to the 30 mph sign. What fella.? One of you potholer chappies, he called it Bean Pot. Which 30 mph sign was that.? The one opposite Storrs Hall ont' right by the bungalow.

What rubbish !!! I injected, indignantly, I've been up that hill dozens of times and there isn't any hole there. You're pulling my leg aren't you.??

Of course there aint no hole. I filled it in, didn't I.? You go and have another look, he insisted, you can't miss it. There's a hole full of road chippings where we tipped the lorry. Deep hole was it.? It had a big river that went under the Hall. Did you know that place shakes in wet weather and you can hear the river rumbling underground under a manhole.? That's interesting, how come nobody's dug it out again.? Ah well, you see, nobody but me knows exactly where it is...

He pondered a while. You'll get me in bother with the Council if you dig it up you know, he said worriedly. With fingers crossed I promised not to get him in bother, if at all possible.

There were a lot of contradictory tales doing the rounds about the Lost Caverns of Bean Pot at that time. Everyone knew about them. Many had vainly searched for it. Some still were searching. This was the only tale to actually pinpoint the entrance. It was well worth looking into.

The afternoon sun found me stealthily searching under every blade of grass within belay length of that 30 mph sign. Not one road chipping in sight. Absolutely nothing.

Lots of grass, solid rock, the signpost, a lamp-post, a road-drain and an empty ditch but no road chippings, not a one. Another wild goose chase...why, I wondered, was the old-timer so worried that I might actually find his secret hole when it was so obvious that there was nothing here to find.

As per instructions I should be stood in the hole but I wasn't. Perhaps they moved the 30 mph sign, I thought, grasping at straws. No, that's stupid thinking. I sat on the edge of the drain and recapped all the available info.

End result. Nothing. I was sat in the only hole in sight. A stupid road-drain. Bone dry...no...to be more accurate...a storm flood drain. That really was stupid. You couldn't get enough rainwater off this bit of rock to fill a tea-cup never mind a storm drain.....unless.....

....unless...could it be...the flood comes from under the rock...out of a Lost Cavern...and the old-timer didn't know that the Council had covered it over with a drain. It ran up in the right direction to the grassy patch that should be the Lost Cavern.

The drain was a foot high and two feet wide. The base, top and sides were lined with rough-cut loose slate slabs. The whole assembly was held together by a few inches of soil and grass. Large juicy spiders and grass roots obscured vision. Delicately edging flat out over wobbling slabs I popped head & shoulders into a three foot square dead-end chamber. The roof was slate slabs, the walls were solid limestone. The spiders which had managed to survive mass extermination dripped from my hair onto a floor of clean, white, loosely packed, large, manmade, road chippings...EUREKA...the Lost Cavern.

It couldn't have been better. I could dig out this loose fill without anybody being any the wiser. What's that faint rumbling sound.? Running water.? A river.? Can't quite make it out. Chuckling out loud I edged forward to start work and froze rigid where I lay.....

A menacing loud growl in my right ear erupted as a cold sweat and icy fingers clawed up and down my spine. The hair stood bolt upright on a very naked exposed neck.

Imagination ran riot to colour my anguish with...

" BLOOD YELL - I'VE GOT COMPANY "

No helmet and a tight fit in the only way out of here.

DOG.? FOX.?? BADGER.??? All claws and teeth. It'll eat right thru me. I lay stock-still, not moving a muscle, for ages....

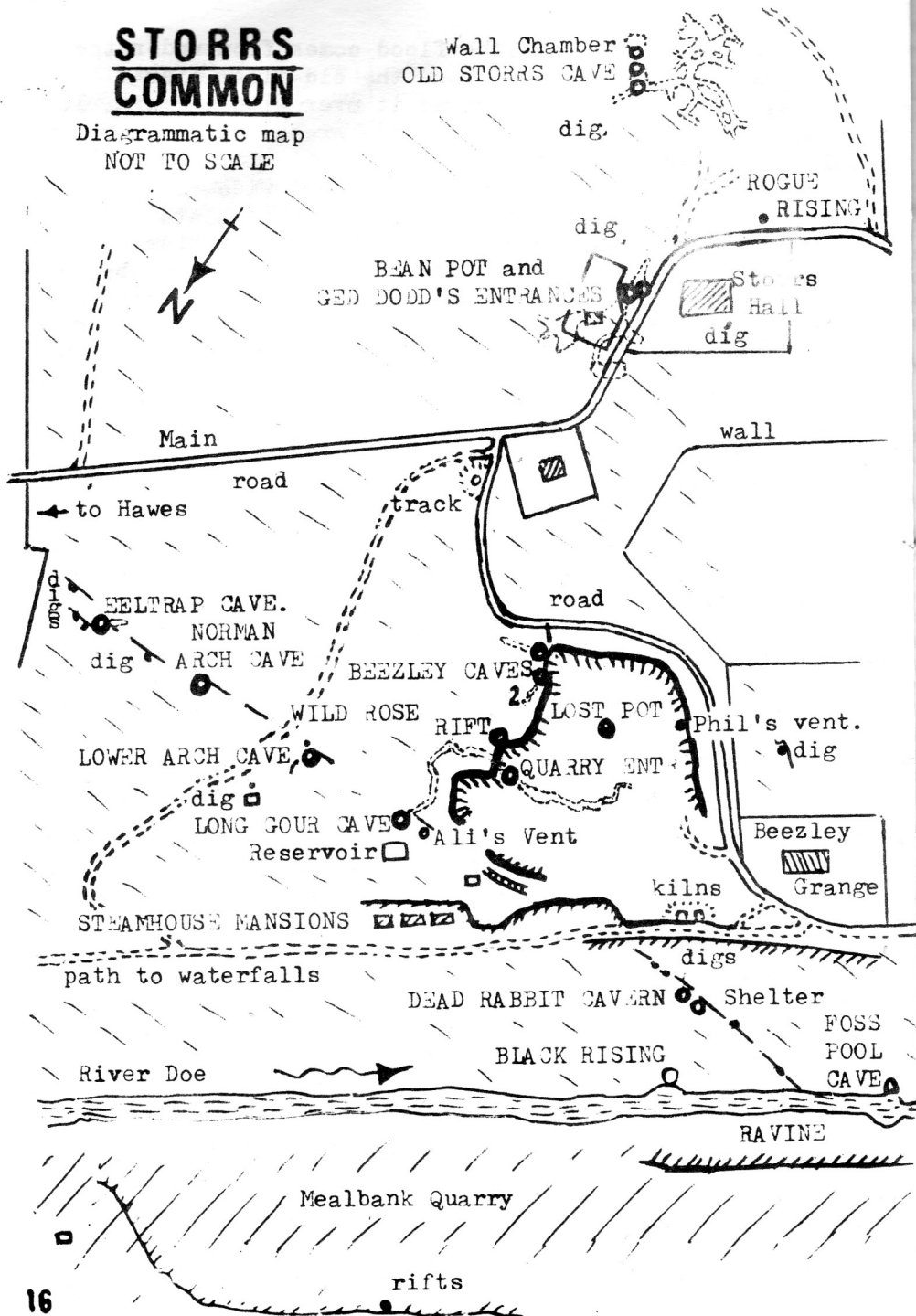
Nothing happened. Nothing at all. Sighs of relief after remembering to breathe again...Must be nerves. Imagined it. Feeling foolish I turned my dish-rag-limp head to investigate. A few inches from my nose was the biggest, meanest-looking broody hen ever created. She half-rose off a full clutch of eggs and so help me she growled again, loudly. A growling hen.? I was held transfixed, hypnotised by that beady orange stare. A sudden flurry of flying feathers slashed that wicked beak within a hairsbreadth of my gaping terrified eyes....

" BLOOD YELL - THIS OLD LADY MEANT BUSINESS "

This was her hole and she was determined to keep it. Our intrepid hero panicked into instant reverse and shot screaming out of the drain to grovel fresh air into trembling lungs...GAME, SET AND MATCH TO THE CHICKEN.

STORRS COMMON

Diagrammatic map
NOT TO SCALE



Well at least the Cavern did exist. Exploration could wait until its guardian had given up residence. My secret was in very safe hands ...and how!!!

The vanquished explorer slunk off to lick his wounds and repair his shattered ego with a few stiff drinks.....

A couple of months later found me staggering on Storrs hill weighed down with a mass of assault gear designed to overcome any obstacle, come what may, including irate chickens. This time success would be mine. Nothing would stop me.

To the consternation of a passing motorist I clanked to a halt in the middle of the road staring in shell-shocked disbelief at a level expanse of beautifully flat grass bank.

My drain had vanished...

Ingleton Council are very thorough in their work. They had covered up that open ditch right down the hill to an evil-smelling sumped inspection pit. Access was impossible without digging. The Council most certainly wouldn't give permission to dig up there painstaking handiwork and I did not want to break my promise to the old-timer. His secret is still there to this day hidden by a few inches of soil and grass.

It figured if this Cavern was anywhere near as big as claimed it should have at least one other entrance. I switched my attention tobut that's another story.....
??

And the story did create interest as expected, Storrs was invaded by diggers searching for the backdoor to the Lost Caverns which Ged insisted he had found after failing to get down Bean Pot...but more of that later...now

A LIST OF CAVES ON STORRS COMMON

ALI'S VENT. NGR 700 735 Altitude 570'. In quarried face. found 27.11.76 by Alister Clay-Egerton. A tiny crack which drafts and has voice connection to LONG GOUR CAVE.

BEAN POT. NGR 702 733 Alt 625' See page 23. Grade 3

BEEZLEY QUARRY CAVES NGR. 700 734 Alt 545'. In the base of the quarry face nearly buried in rubbish. Grade 1

1. Length 50'. A walking passage to deadend where stream comes thru tiny holes in roof. This water sinks in LOST POT.
2. Length 30'. To left of 1 is small entrance crawl to 20' rift aven which closes down. Dry & spidery.

(All these caves listed here are on common land of Ingleton)

BLACK RISING NGR 698 735 Alt 425' Length 12' Grade 1

In south bank of river Doe at river level below Grange. Excavated in 1959 by Black Rose - Eddie Hunt, Brian Skipsy, GD and others. Dived 5.6.77 by Robert Palmer to almost immediate choke of loose boulders. Water believed to be from SPORRS, BEAN POT & LONG GOUR. All dye used on the Common has never been seen since. In the summer of '76 it stopped flowing and left a static sump which could have been bailed if only ??

DEAD RABBIT CAVERN NGR 698 735 Alt 450' Length 60' Grade 1

Directly above BLACK RISING. Locate the SHELTER and there is tiny hole 4' to the left under a ledge. Found by Ged Dodd in 1959. A tight crawl enlarges to sit-up where vent passage goes off to left. Excavated bedding plane gets low. Two slimies Alan Shedwick & Yvonne Wilson have both been to where they say it can be seen to open up beyond but neither would go it alone. It's dry and spidery and it still smells.

EELTRAP CAVE NGR 703 735 Alt 630' Length 20' Grade 3

On small ledge at waist height is tiny vertical hole. Found by John Kirbitson & Ged Dodd in 1959 and never been entered since. The tight crawl is lined with helectites which all face inwards to prevent your exit. A mini classic.

FOSS POOL CAVE NGR 698 735 Alt 415' Length 10' @ minus 8'

In south bank of Foss Pool is underwater resurgence. Dived on 5.6.77 by Robert Palmer to loose boulder choke.

GED DODD'S ENTRANCE NGR 702 733 Alt 615' Length 12' Grade 1

Flood rising for the LOST CAVERNS. See page 23.

LONG GOUR CAVE NGR 700 735 Alt 580' See page 21

LOST POT NGR 700 734 Alt 525' Depth unknown. The shaft is covered by rubbish at present. It takes BEEZLEY CAVES water.

LOWER ARCH CAVE NGR 701 735 Alt 600' Length 40' depth 12' grade 1. Excavated by Martin Dawson, Phil Ryder, Debs Ryder and Ged Dodd on 10/11.4.77. Crawl thru obvious entrance into chamber, the roof of which is the original way in, now sealed.

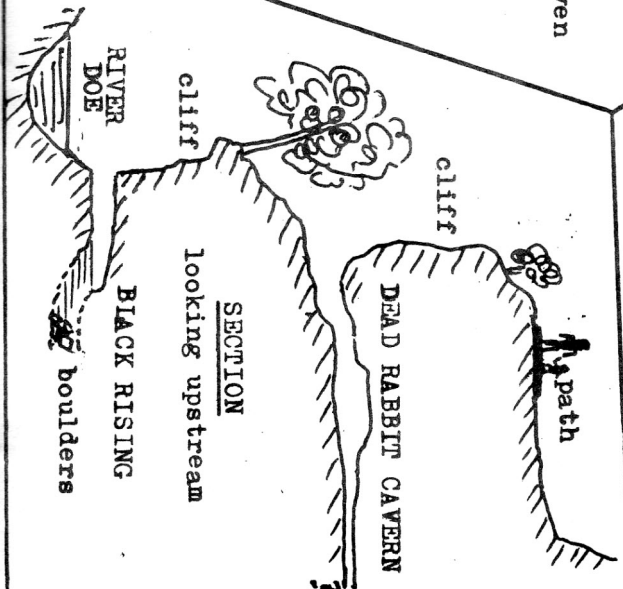
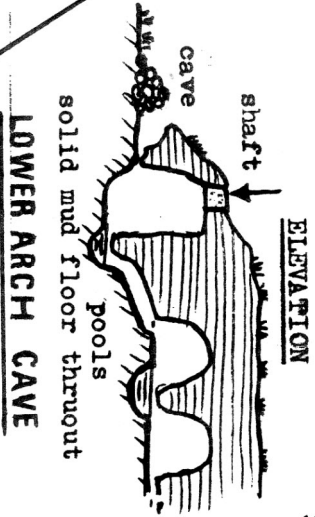
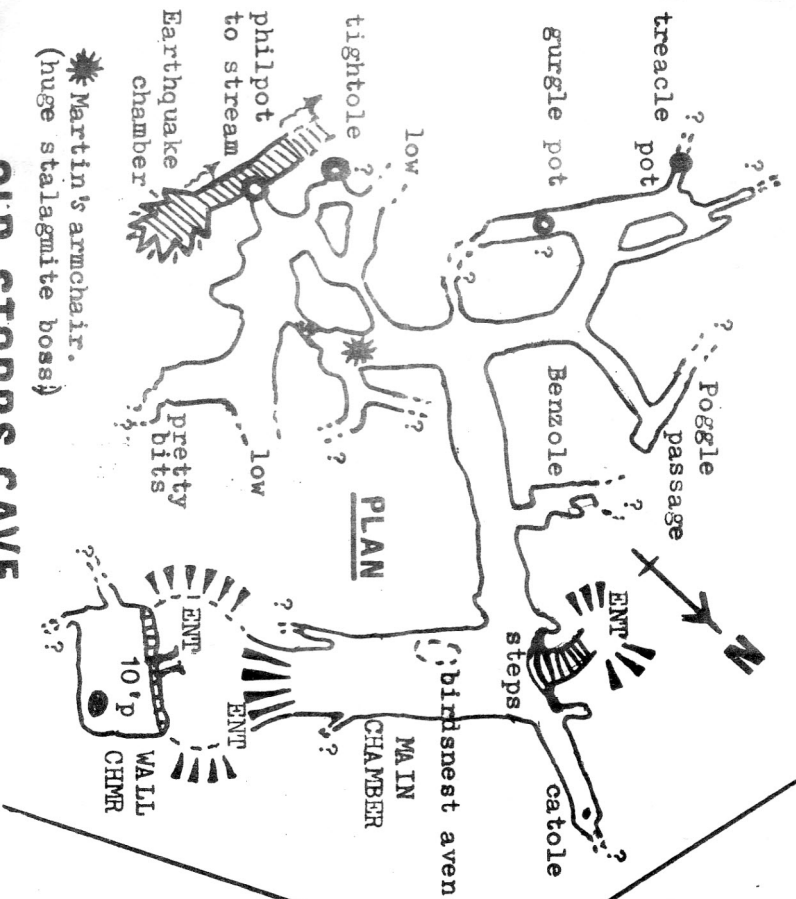
Duck thru pool and crawl up inlet passage to chamber. Another duck with 2" airspace to further chamber and low bedding. Ducks can be bailed out.

MEALBANK QUARRY RIFTS NGR 698 737 Alt 570' Depth 15' Grade 1

On top of quarry best approached from road up to Beezley Farm. Explored 3.8.77 by Barry Wilson, Yvonne Wilson, Debs Tindall & Ged Dodd. An unstable chamber with no obvious exit,

OLD STORRS CAVE

★ Martin's armchair.
(huge stalagmite boss)



NORMAN ARCH CAVE NGR 702 735 Alt 620' Length 15' Grade 1

Started by MD & GD on 29.8.76 this very promising phreatic passage has been picked at by everybody. It will go for sure.

OLD STORRS CAVE NGR 703 732 Alt 650' Length 460'+ Depth 50'

grade 4. See page 19. This cave is vastly underated and section down at stream level are severe. Under no circumstance should you descend some of the tight slimy mud-pots without plenty of others to lift you back out. The NPSR seem to think this cave belongs to them judging by the notices all over.

Wall chamber is reached thru a crawl and free-climb down a drystone wall. A rope is useful. There was another pothole in the floor of this chamber but its been filled in.

Good digs are poggie passage, tightole, treacle pot & any ?
QUARRY ENTRANCE NGR 699 734 Alt 515' See page 21

WILD ROSE RIFT NGR 699 734 Alt 535' Length 5' grade 1

In quarry face above QUARRY ENTRANCE in corner was minute hole found by GD on 24.4.77 as subsequently gouged into a tantalising rift by Phil Ryder, Clive Cook, Martin Dawson & Julian Barker. It vents, echos like mad and is too darn tight.

PHIL'S VENT NGR 699 734 Alt 530' Found by Phil Ryder on 8.5.77. A solid rock crack which vents.

ROGUE RISING NGR 702 732 Alt 600' It's not STORRS water.

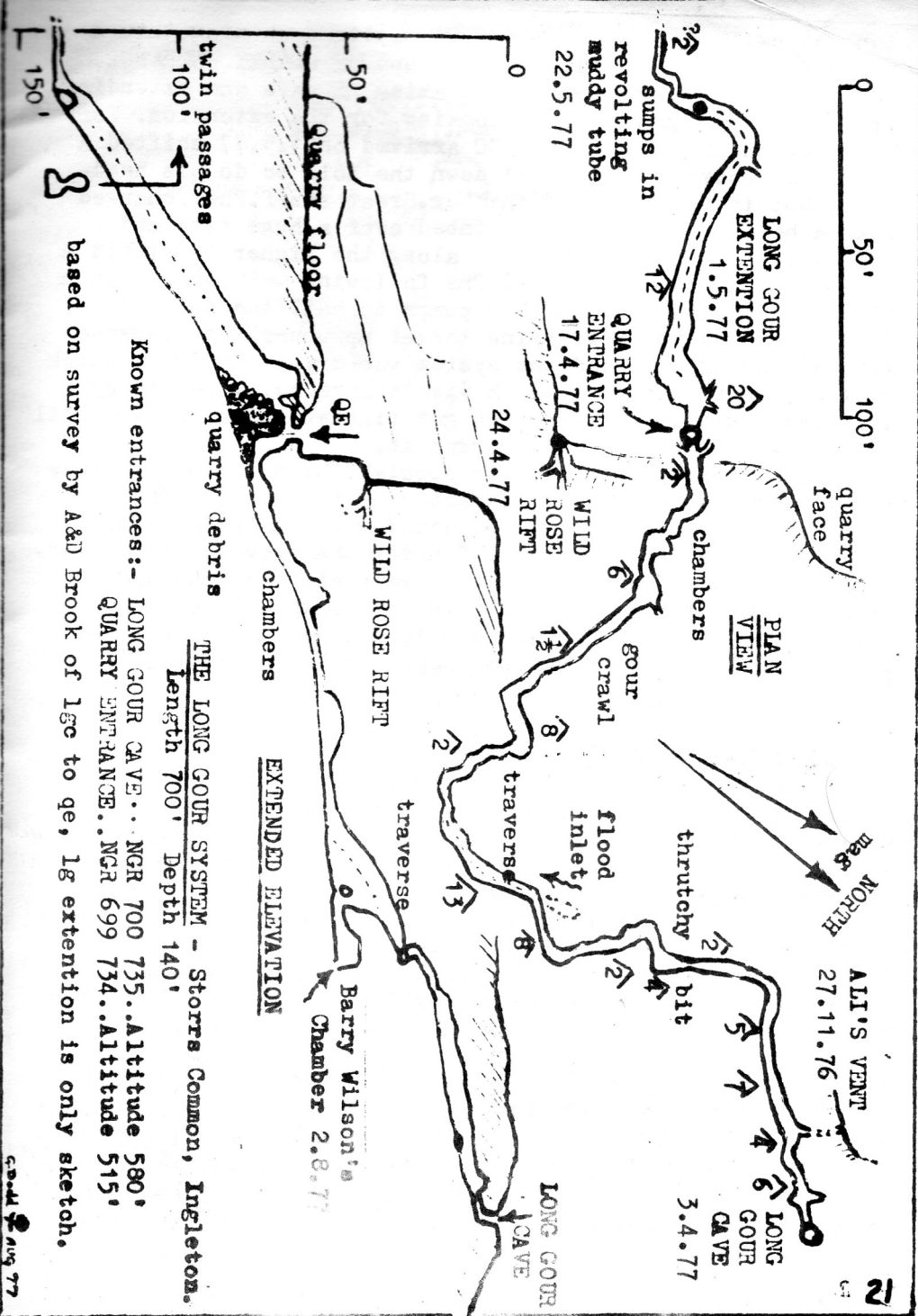
LONG GOUR & QUARRY ENTRANCE

On 27.11.76 Alister Clay-egerton informed us of a small depression above his vent. This was noted for action and was duly dug on 3.4.77, by Martin Dawson, Phil Ryder, Debs Ryder Kevin Downham & Ged Dodd. After a few hours PR broke thru by pushing all the debris in front of him into a chamber. GD pounded down a walking passage to dig out a thrutchy bit of solid calcite infill, then on to a roomy traverse. GD was stopped dead by a single footprint in the mud, the owner of which had not come in our entrance. That meant another one.

On flat-out over gour pools into roomy chambers, formations, spiders(?) and a canal held back by an immense choke of quarry debris. Time had run out.

On the 10th we were joined by Clive Cook, George Lee, Fred & Eli Reeton, ALAN & Dave Brook who surveyed to the choke and ULSA Brendan. All, dug at the choke to no avail but we did get rid of the canal by filling it in with debris.

On 17.4.77 we attack the choke again, joined by Dave Rimmer and the 2nd workshift of PR, DR & CC got fed up with this boulder hanging over their heads and poked it with a



known entrances:- LONG GOUR CAVE.. NGR 700 735..Altitude 580'
 QUARRY ENTRANCE..NGR 699 734..Altitude 515'

THE LONG GOUR SYSTEM - Storrs Common, Ingleton.
 Length 700' Depth 140'

EXTENDED ELEVATION

based on survey by A&D Brook of Lgc to ge, Lg extention is only sketch.

long stick. It fell down to reveal daylight shining thru a pile of compost. They slid upwards out of QUARRY ENTRANCE.

The following week was spent making QE safe and extending it across the quarry floor looking for the extension. For some reason only MD, PR, DR & CC arrived on 1.5.77 shifted a couple of rocks & stuffed PR down the hole to do his head-first bit into a 30' high chamber. Great stuff. They charged down a hefty twin passage, climbed over a huge rock and eye-balled it into a sump. Back along the higher level bit & straws but no hidden inlets. The following week, every man & his dog was back again with 2 pumps to bail the sump. It didn't work. Next week, trying to get up under the traverse and failing, GD realised the system was dry, no water. A quick gallop down to the sump, which wasn't anymore. A revolting tube festooned with mud-grapes got tighter and stinkier until after maybe 50-60' he said, forget it.

Beezley quarry is a tip for rubbish which may go a little to explaining why we arrived next week to find QE buried under a huge mound of rubbish. Nothing else was found until Barry Wilson slim-lined himself under the traverse to a dead-end chamber which we named after him seeing as nobody else ever managed to get in it, not even yer rakish Dave Brook.

White Rose PC provided an excellent oil drum entrance and lid. Please hide lid under sods and stones after use.

THE LOST CAVERNS

.....and, so, back to the LOST CAVERNS.

We had shown that many people the entrance to BEAN POT and dangled such a juicy carrot that it was only a matter of time before someone got fed up looking for Ged's backdoor and went in that way. We bided our time until a huge mob of bodies descended on the place and joined in. Present at the moment of truth were White Rose members, Andy & Richard Gledhill, David Hood, Howard Limbert, Christine Laybourne, Carl Maxon, Gareth (Sweeney) Sewell, John Travers, Sheriden Whitehead & Sue. From Black Rose, Martin Dawson, Kevein Downham & Ged Dodd.

WRPC started digging at 9pm on Sat night the 6.8.77. Breakthru occurred at 4pm Sun when RG dropped the huge rock that had stopped the NCC in 1952. There were bodies all over the place. Okay, said Ged, NOW I'll show you where I got in back in '57 up here, on the right, thru this drain. As you can see I never did get in via BEAN POT, didn't need to, but now we've done it we can fill it in and open up my drain, there's only a few inches of soil & grass over it ... HAPPY DAYS.....

THE LOST CAVERNS SYSTEM - Storrs Common, Ingleton.

Length 318' Depth 35'

Known entrances:- BEAN POT...NGR 702 733..Altitude 625'
GED DODD'S...NGR 702 733..Altitude 615'

