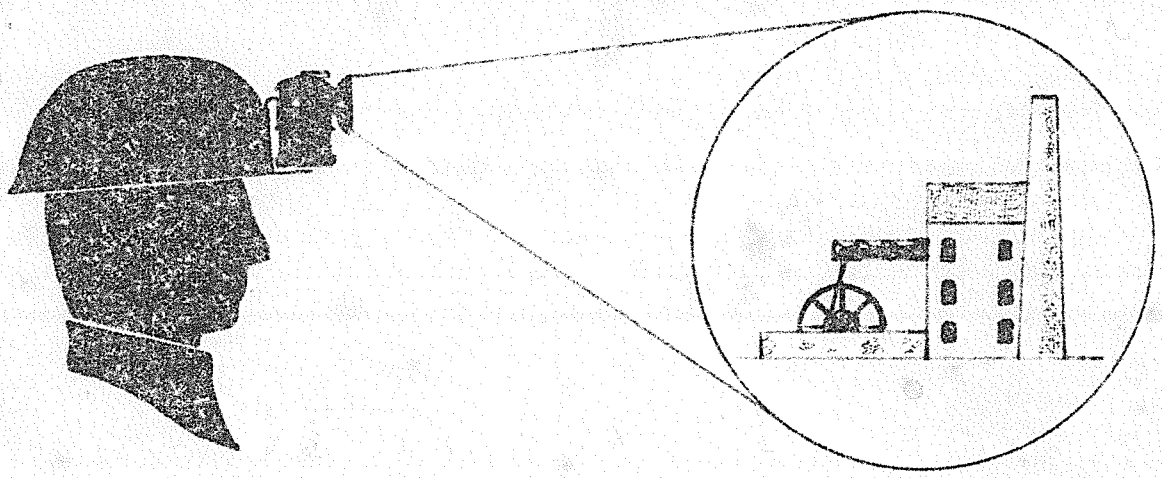
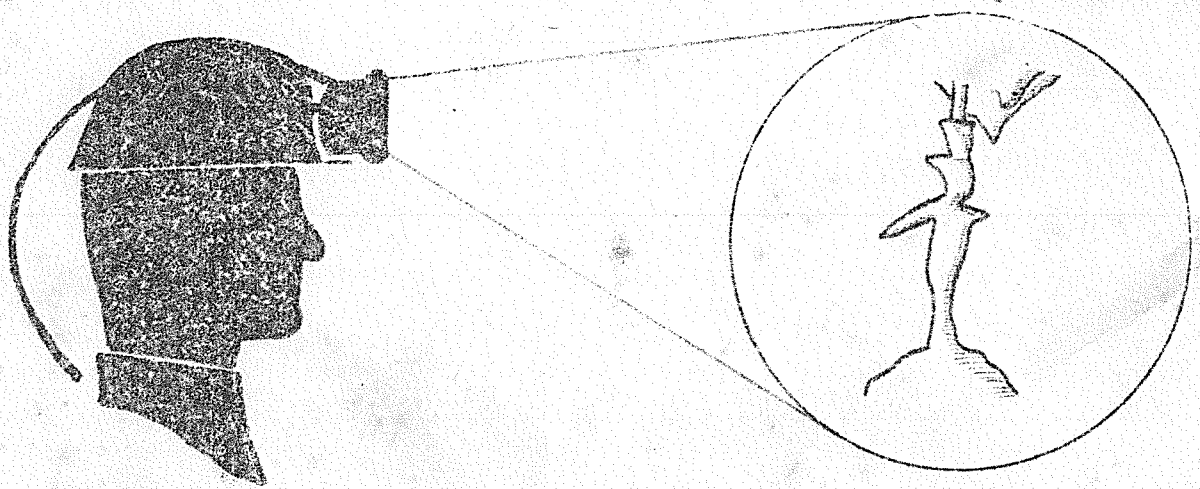
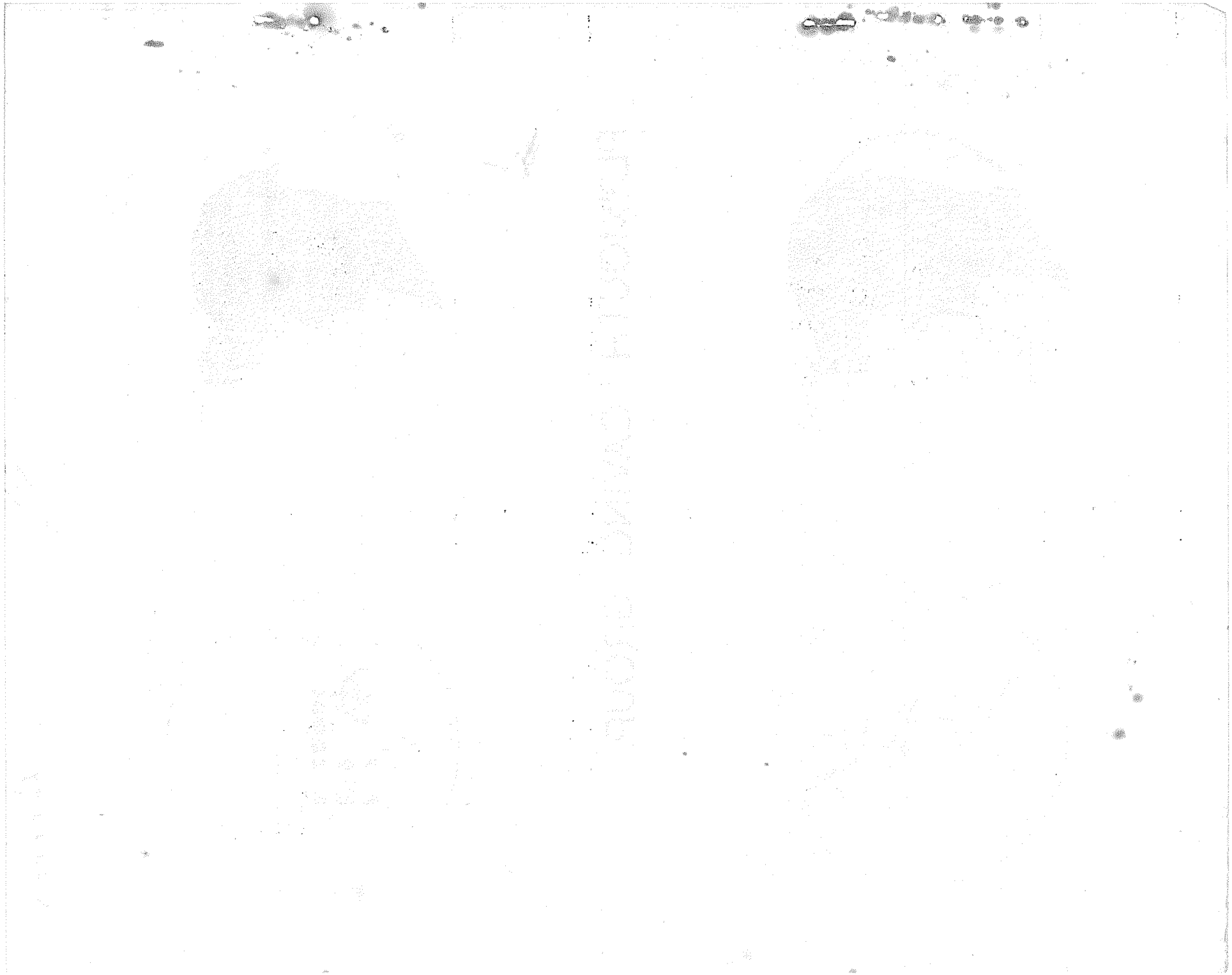
Records.
24



PLYMOUTH CAVING GROUP.





PLYMOUTH CAVING GROUP.

Newsletter & Journal. Number Twenty-four

November 1966.

National Speleological Conference and Exhibition.

September 1966.

For the first time the PCG. have actively contributed to the national Conference, (held under the auspices of the British Speleological Association). This was mainly due to the fact that the Conference was held reasonably close at hand at Bristol in the Universities student buildings.

The Conference was undoubtedly sucessful in that it achieved its original aim which was to bring cavers together for a week-end so that informal contacts and discussions could be carried out to see just what the other cavers in Britain have been up to. This sort of speleochat flowed rapidly in the intervals between the various lectures and discussions. Thanks to the B.S.A. for a most enjoyable week-end.

The exhibitions were generally of a very high standard and the Group's exhibit was certainly no exception. Admittedly our exhibit on the Group's mining activities did not contain all that some of us would have liked; still those who contributed to the PCG-'s effort are to be congratulated. Our exhibit has recently been on Public view in the Central Library.....with several notable inclusions.

Those of us that attended the proceedings are already looking forward to the next; let's start preparing early this year.

Terry Barbour,

Assistant Secretary.

Future Meets.

Saturday 26th November 1966

Wheal Betsy

Leader:
Brian Poole

08.04 bus to Tavistock, 83A, to meet the 09.00 bus to Okehamoton via Mary Tavy (118).

Sunday 11th December 1966

Clifford's Cave

Leader:
Keith Loze

10.30 Exeter bus, No. 129, leaving from Breton Side.

Saturday 24th December 1966

Christmas Trip (mining)

Location: as yet undecided; Names to Hugh Browning, Hon. Meet Sec.

Saturday 7th January 1967

Kit Hill (filming)

Leader:
Terry Barbour

See page 16.

Sunday 22nd January 1967

The County Adit

Leader:
Hugh Browning

A 'private transport' trip. Names to the leader.

Odds and.....

Ding (B____) Dong!

Once again the Speleologist has not lost an opportunity to whip something out of the Group Newsletter into their mixed bag. Thanks for all the support B.T. and for correctly reading the article this time.

Committee Changes.

R.C.Bray has left as editor after continuing until 'pressure of work' eventually forced him to resign. We are still looking for another editor. Any offers?

Owing to his frequent absence from Plymouth, T.K.Marston has now resigned as Chairman of the committee but is continuing as Hon. Membership Secretary. Roger Hooper has now accepted this post.

N.Gay is now acting as Club-room Warden after Brian Poole had resigned for some reason or other. The other two vacant posts on the committee have been filled by:
L.Rainsford, 28 Mount Batten Way, Plymstock.
H.Morgan, 108 Crossways, Plympton. Tel. Ply.37371.

Ireland Anyone?

Keith Loze and his van are considering going to Ireland next summer. Anyone interested (preferably with transport) should contact the Secretary.

Southern Correspondence.

Our Southern correspondent, Dave Hobson with some of the club members led a party from Manchester University Speleological Society around Stoke Lane on the PCG. Mendip trip. Apparently it turned out to be a case of 'five white-faced hard men from the South leading five white-faced hard men from the North.'

Northern Correspondence.

Our Northern correspondent, Bob Cawthorne, has recently fallen off some Northern pitch. 'Amazing things lifelines' he reports.

Annual General Meeting.

An AGM for the transaction of business and the election of Officers shall be held in January each year, at a time, date and place to be decided on by the committee. All club members shall recieve at least fourteen days notice of the meeting, together

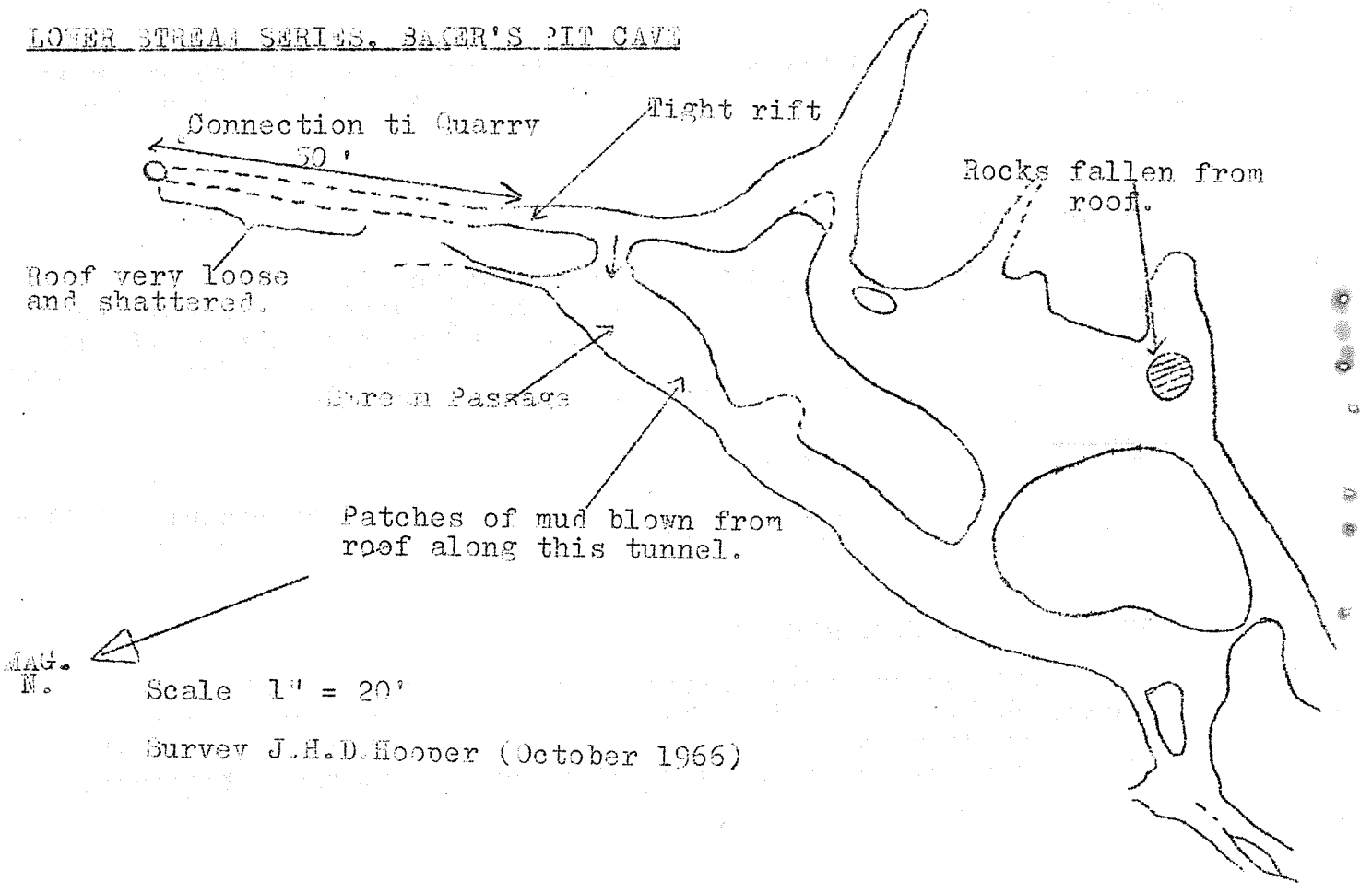
with the agenda, in writing. Any member desiring any motion to be brought forward at the annual general meeting, should send the text of such a motion, together with the names of the proposer and seconder, to the Honary Secretary before the end of November, so that it may be included in the Agenda.

(Constitution Article 8)

Devon Cave News.

Connection to Bullycleaves Quarry from Baker's Pit Cave.

During last summer, blasting operations exposed a hole, three feet in diameter about twelve feet above the Bullycleaves Quarry. This hole connected to a tight rift in the Lower Stream Series of Baker's Pit Cave by means of a dry passage. The exact length of the passage was not measured at the time because the shattered condition of the roof did not encourage a through trip but the distance was estimated at fifty feet. Since then a party from the BSG. and apparently one from the B.U.S.S. have made the through trip.



The County Adit.

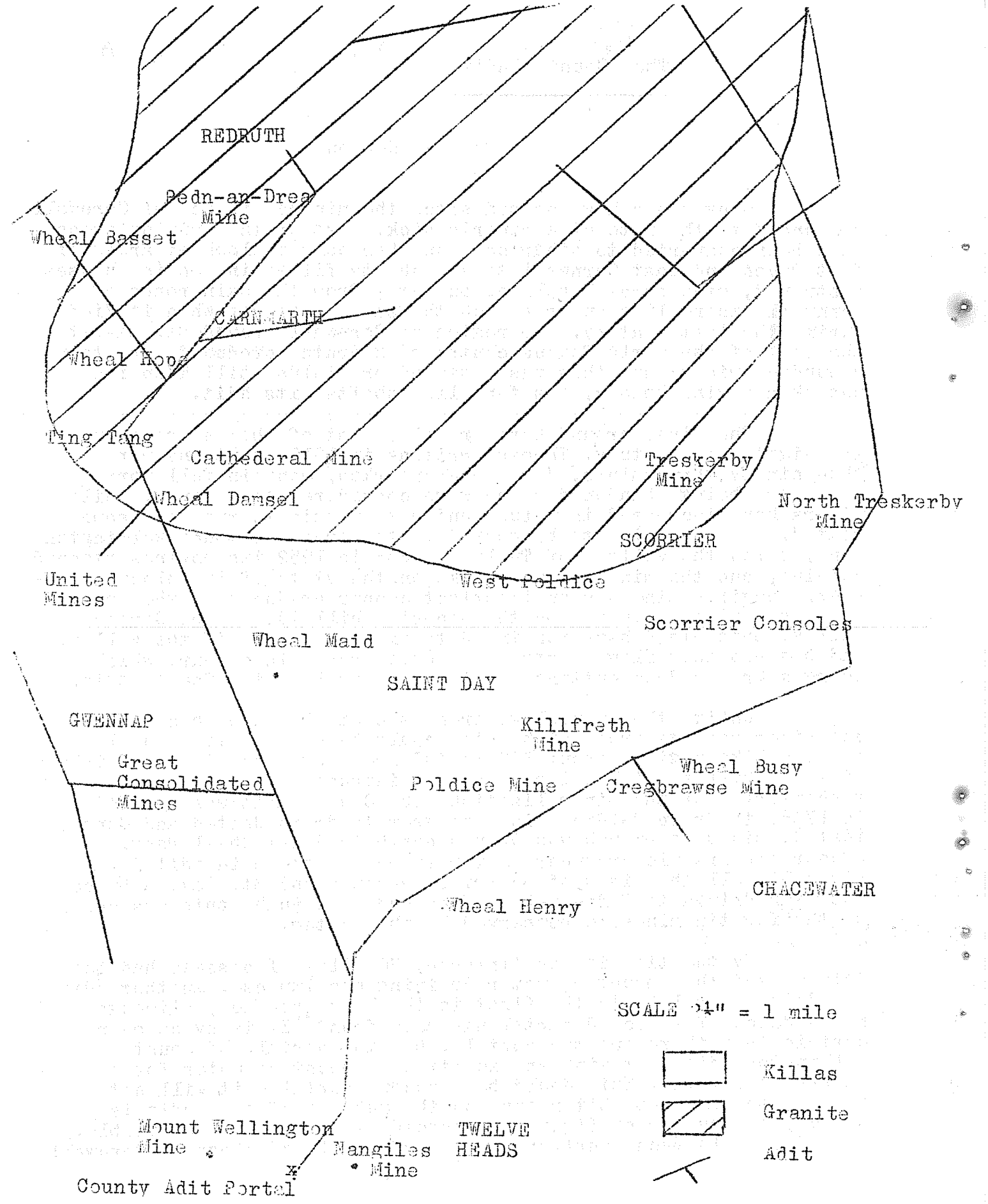
By Dave Hobson

Many years have passed since the mineral fields of Cornwall resounded to the note of a miner's pick. Most of the mining areas have been converted to other use, one has only to look at areas of West Devon and East Cornwall to see shafts filled in, engine houses destroyed, mine dumps levelled. But away from the main roads of Cornwall, there lies an area much the same as it was when it died during the last century. The region of Cornwall around St. Day, to the east of the world famous centre of Redruth, produced more than a hundred mines; and this vast, stoped orefields still keep its unbroken engine houses, its funnelled shafts, its adit.

The mines around here are old, most of them started in the eighteenth century. Thomas, writing in 1819, mentions more than ninety three mines, "... some unworked, many in full work .... some being abandoned which were considered good mines, while others have increased in value, and some remain in much the same state". The last mine to be worked in the area was Mount Wellington Mine, below the village of Twelve Heads; in 1952 its engines stopped pumping, and the mine began to take on the state of its older neighbour. Wangiles Mine was an important copper producer of the last century, and is situated on the opposite hillside of the Carnon Valley. Both mines have run-in adits on either side of the valley, and between them flows a stream, a dull orange in colour; which emerges from a deep cutting: it is the portal of the County Adit.

Unlike the Gunnislake area, the St, Day area has no deeply cut river valleys from which adits could be driven. It is a flat, plateau like region, about 300 to 400 feet O.D., consisting mainly of slaty killas, with a large granite intrusion to the east, responsible for the mineralization. The County Adit was started in 1748, to drain Poldice Mine: it grew to drain United and Consolidated Mines; a branch was driven north to Great Wheal Busy, a copper and arsenic producer. Later it became the main adit for virtually all the mines of Scorrier, Gwennap and St. Day. A branch was even driven to Pedn-an-Drea Mine under Redruth; this was one of the few tin mines to be served by the system.

By the time it was finished, 30 miles of passage had been driven, and the amount of water draining was immense. Another adit was driven paralell to the first in the lower reaches, although no evidence of a second portal has been found. It is by no means certain that there are two portals, but the portal of Mount Wellington adit is taking an exceptional amount of water for a fairly small mine. This could be a second portal - it will not be easy to find out. Literature on the subject of the adit is scarce, although many figures concerning the mines are available. In 1839, De la Beche published a report in his "Geology of Cornwall,


REDRUTH
Pedn-an-Drea Mine
Wheal Basset
CARNMARTH
Wheal Roos
Ting Tang
Cathederal Mine
Wheal Damsel
Treskerby Mine
North Treskerby Mine
SCORRIER
United Mines
West Poldice
Scorrier Consoles
Wheal Maid
SAINT DAY
GWENNAP
Killfreth Mine
Great Consolidated Mines
Poldice Mine
Wheal Busy
Cregbrawse Mine
CHACEWATER
Wheal Henry
SCALE 21" = 1 mile
Killas
Granite
Adit
Mount Wellington Mine
Nangiles Mine
TWELVE HEADS
County Adit Portal

Devon and West Somerset" which says the greatest length was "at Carbrew Mine, measuring 4,800 fathoms....the highest ground penetrated was at Wheal Hope, where the adit is 70 fathoms deep".

Dines gives the location of the portal, and goes on to say that many of the mines were investigated in 1938 by a British Mining firm. He gives various references to the adit, but it is impossible to plot any accurate picture from them. The shallowest level driven in a mine would appear to be 30 fathom level of Wheal Maid, but now from a study of a large scale map of the area, a line of air shafts, presumably driven to the adit have been found. Indeed, Hamilton-Jenkin, in his series of books on Mines and Miners of Cornwall specifically mentions these shafts, as being entrances for men to do maintenance work on the adit.

Up to the moment, PCG. progress at the adit has had unfavourable results. The portal was found to sump immeadiately, and a line of air shafts, along the valley, although proving the existance of two paralell adits, also sumped. The last meet to Gwennap to 'winch' a shaft proved the fallacy of the remark that "all shafts must connect with the County Adit".

One hopes that interest will not fade, however. Somewhere there must be a comparatively easy way in, and then we shall find a system to make every mine we have explored so far look like a rock shelter.

D.H.

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References.

1819 Thomas, "A report on a Survey of the Mining District of Cornwall, from Chacewater to Camborne".

1839 De la Beche, "The Geology of Cornwall, Devon and West Somerset".

1956 Dines, "The Metalliferous Mining regions of South West England".

196- A.K.Hamilton-Jenkins, "Mines and Miners of Cornwall - Around Gwennap."

1965 H.J.Browning, "The Third PCG. Trip to Dolcoath" (PCG. N.L. No.17).

Note to Plan.

(i) Some of the mines connecting with the adit are marked. There may be over 50 smaller, such mines.
(ii) Scale: $2\frac{1}{2}$" = 1 mile.

Report On the 1st., 2nd., and 3rd. P.C.G. Attempts on The County Adit.

By Hugh Browning.

Early in August 1966, Dave Hobson and myself went down to Chacewater (Near Redruth) to have a look at the County Adit area. Most promising, shafts everywhere! The portal at Twelve Heads, however, was not so promising as it turned out to be sumped with no hope of digging to lower the water level. We still had a chance though, as there is an air hole connecting with the adit a few hundred feet from the portal: there we found an air space of about 6", which we pushed for about 40 feet before it sumped again. A couple of hundred yards further up the valley from the portal are several concrete lined, air shafts all about 25 to 30 feet deep, connecting with the adit. A pity we didn't have a ladder. A rather hair raising attempt at chimneying was abandoned, and another trip planned for the Bank Holiday.

August Bank Holiday saw Dave, Terry Barbour and myself back at the County Adit. This time we arrived at the air shafts with the necessary tackle plus a face mask and twenty foot of breathing hose. The bottom of the shaft opened out into a small chamber through which runs the adit which consisted of two paralell drives in this section. Both drives are sumped and the left-hand one (looking upstream) appeared to be blocked as there was no water flowing. We pushed the right hand drive for twenty feet using the pipe but did not see any sign of an air space. Not that we really expected it to in such a short distance.

Since there is no hope of entering near the portal, unless one is a long-distance diver, we decided to try one of the many deep shafts sunk on the hills some way back from the portal, so we spent some time looking at different shafts, and throwing stones down them, of course. One or two suitable shafts we earmarked for attention in the future and the whole plan put on the shelf for lack of equipment, transport and manpower.

All comes to he who waits: so on November 6th. a heavily loaded Land Rover left Plymouth at 7 a.m. (2 hours late!) for the C.A. Those crammed inside were:- Norman Gay, Rita Dawes, Terry Barbour, Dave Hobson, Mick Carter, Howard Morgan, Roy Atken (and 99% of the neoprene in the S.West), Pat Evans and myself. We reached the chosen shaft collar (NGR. SW/74414195) at about 10 a.m. and immeadiatly set about rigging the pitch. This operation consisted of hanging a 30' ladder over the edge and suspending a pulley over the shaft from a framework of maypoles. While this was being done the 400' wire rope was unrolled, untangled, and laid out along a convenient track leading away from the shaft. Next, the underground party got changed while the hauling party (polite name for slaves) attached themselves to the end of the

wire rope. Since the descent had been my idea I had to be first down and so attached myself to the other end of the wire. The descent was straightforward enough except for slight difficulties at the bottom when my signals to stop did not have any effect, lukily I managed to jam myself about 10 feet above the water. After playing selections from various tunes and shouting my lungs out I was hoisted up a few feet to a level. Signaling proved difficult, so when the telephone cable failed to arrive I blew for 'up' and in due course reached the surface, after meeting the telephone cable halfway down, and then went back down after the telephone wire, a bit faster than is good for the nerves. -220 feet later I entered the bottom level and connected the telephone, which naturally failed to work, so I pushed along a level for a couple of hundred feet to a rather rotten looking stope and then turned back to be hauled up to the surface.

After some arguement and a quick wander around we decided not to try another as there was not very much time left. Terry, Mick and Howard then went down to carry out further exploration. By this time we had given up manual haulage for the Land Rover. Much easier! We even developed a fairly efficient system of signals, whistle signals in the shaft and hand signals to the Land Rover.

Somehow or other we managed to collect who no doubt thought that we were mad; that is with the exception of one gentleman, a Mr Jordan, who goes in for this sort of thing himself and he even offered to show us the Polgus adit should we care for a trip.

In due course an 'up' signal was heard from the depths so we stopped gassing and got back to business. Rita, who had gone to the bottom to meet the others was first up, followed by Mick, Terry and finally Howard carrying a stalagmite over two feet long which he presented to Patte who will no doubt give it a place of honour amidst several hundredwieght of minerals and railway lines! Unfortuneately the levels from the shaft did not go very far. The trip was not wasted though, everyone that wanted had a go on the 'lift'; and the whole thing was good practise and fine sport, although no doubt hardened ladder climbers would disagree.

A new and improved winch is slowly taking shape and it is hoped that this will solve our problems, however, until this fiendish machine is completed we will have to make do with other methods. I have no doubt that in the near future another attempt will be made to get into the Adit, whether the winch is ready or not.

H.J.B.

Report on the Cave Rescue Practise held on Kit Hill, on Sunday September 25th.

Plymouth Caving Group Team of the D.C.R.O.

Personel :

Wardens	R. Cawthorne.
	T. Loze.
Guest Observers of the Civil Defence	W.G.Jenkins.
	D.Lake.
	S.Williams.
Surface	
Telephones	R.Atkin.
Recorder	Miss R.J Dawes.
Belaying	T.Leonard.
Underground	A.Willcox (Victim).
Telephones	P.Northfield.
Cable laying	B.Poole.
	J.Armstrong.
Team	H.Browning.
	L.Rainsford.
	N.Gay.
	P.Land.
	J.Pullen.
	T.Marston.
	.Hobson.
	T.Barbour.
	C.Hogger.
	J.Smith.
Also Present	Miss P.Waterhouse.

Equipment :

Transport.

1 L.R.B. Land Rover & Trailer (Driver C.Smith)
1 S.W.B. Land Rover (C.D.) (Driver P.Land)
1 Mini-van (J.Pullen)
1 Ford Anglia (T.Marston)
1 Austin Cambridge (Mr. Loze)

(ii) Tackle

4 x 30 feet of electron ladder
1 x 15 " " " "

2 x 150 feet of ulstron rope
1 x 100 " " " "
4 x 60 " " " "
1 x 20 belay rope
1 sling
6 x 6 feet lengths of scaffolding
Cave Rescue stretcher
Casulties helmet
First aid kit in haversack
1 Blanket " "
Pitons, Karabiners, Scaffold clamps, spanners.
1 x 20 feet wire belay
1 x 10 " " "
1 x 6 " " "

2 Field telephone sets
2 x 300 feet lengths of cable in haversacks
1 x 100 " " " " " "

The starting point for the rescue was at The Virginnia House Settlement, it was from here that we left at 09.30, arriving at the top of Kit Hill at about 10.30.

The underground teams changed and rigged one ladder. While the second ladder was being rigged, equipment was carried down the ladder as well as being lowered down the shaft to members at the bottom. The use of two ladders is certainly a great help as was shown by the record of timesof descent.

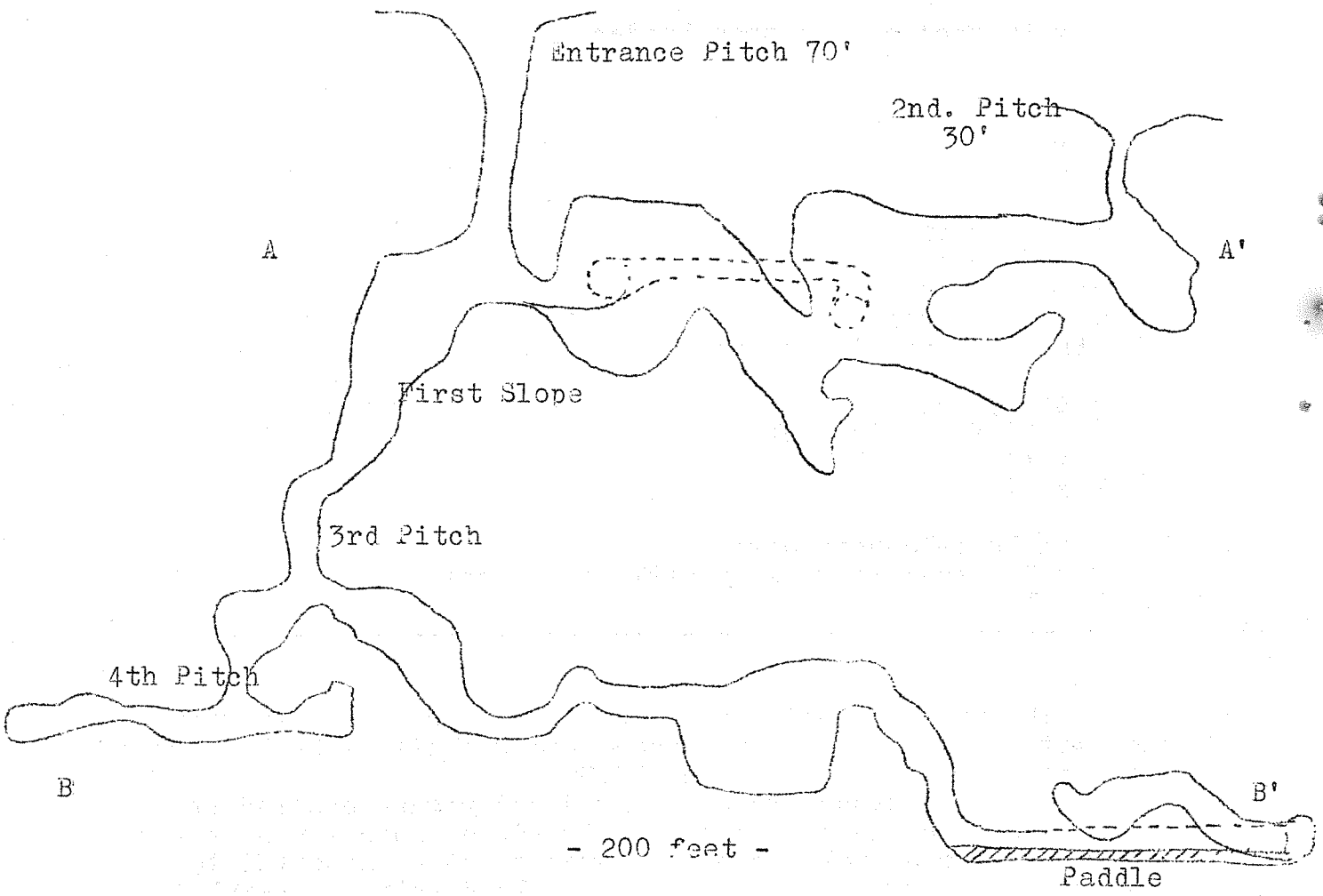
The only problems arising here were the mixing up of calls from below on the part of the two life- liners. This was rectified during the ascents by referring to the one ladder as the main and the other as the beam.

On the whole the lowreing of equipment and personnel proved very efficient, but no doubt this could be improved with practise.

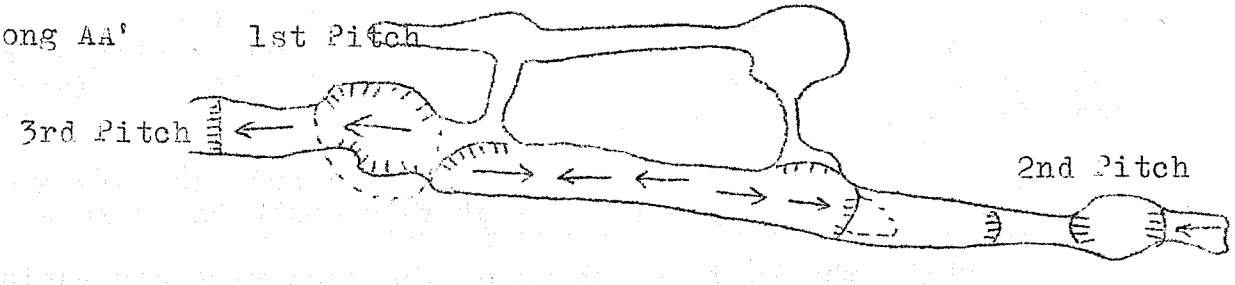
While the latter members of the team were descending the maypoles were assembled as a means of raising the stretcher up the first slope (See plan). This, however, proved a slight obstruction at the head of the slope when the frame was lowered, with the result that rather a large congregation of peole formed at the top. It would, perhaps, have been better for an advance stretcher party to go on ahead with as little equipment as was safely possible, and for the equipment and stretcher parties to follow with the remaining equipment. When the maypoles were assembled as a frame on the third pitch, the team followed on down the first slope to congregate at the top of the second.

At this time there was room to move so the casulty, R.Wilcox; D.Hobson, T.Barbour, and L.Rainsford went on ahead to

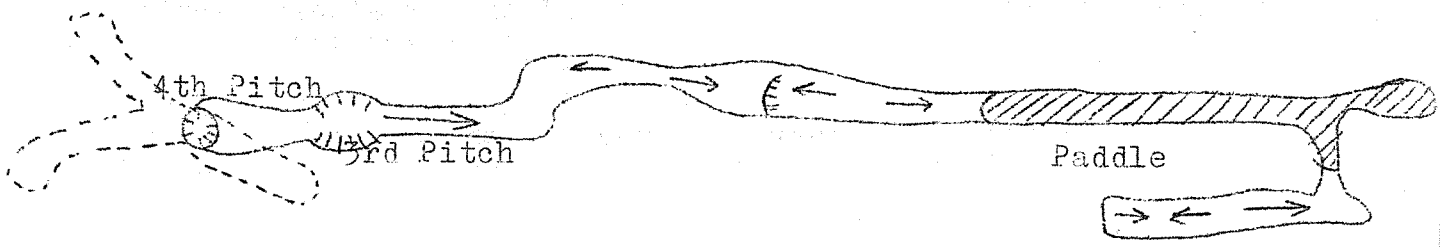
Kit Hill Mine



Plan along AA'



Plan along BB'



await the arrival of the 'rescue'.

At 14.08 the stretcher party reached the casualty. This was 2 hours and 39 minutes after the first man had started to go down. Allowing for the delay at the top of the first slope and the fact that we waited for everyone to come down before we continued we should be able to speed this up a great deal.

After several attempts to get the patient square in the stretch we were on the move after 26 minutes, this too could have been cut down as there were too many people just standing around.

There was a delay in getting the telephone line through to the main party, this was due to a technical hitch; which will be easily remedied. The use of telephones was extremely good and they are no doubt a valuable asset. A good use of a Thursday evening would be to run the telephones from the tackle store, through the cellars, and to train in their use. (That might be a little difficult unless we recover the 'phone lost on the practise-Ed.)

The progress of the stretcher, once started neared perfection and in twenty minutes we had covered a third of the way to the bottom of the pitch. The progress was perhaps impeded by wrong positioning of the carriers, but this can only come with practise. It was then that the skis underneath the stretcher broke, at the bottom of the third slope. It would have been suicidal to try and continue in those stopes with a non-rigid stretcher so I decided to call it off. This was my descision and I have been criticised. Even then we had had a good day until then, and time was pressing.

It struck me that the clearing was perhaps the most efficient part of the rescue. From the phone call that announced the end of the rescue the majority of the underground party were out in an hour. The equipment following very quickly up the pitch

This too was very pleasing; if we can come out quickly then presumably we can go down in a similar time.

After this it was playtime. Hugh and Les found their way to the second pitch this involves two traverses, one of them up a rusty iron chain. After which they joined Dave, Terry, Keith and myself at a 30 foot pitch on the other side of the hill. This was good sport, there was a nice clean traverse around a flooded rise, and on the other side of this Les crunched his hand a bit. I was able to play with my first aid kit: I had him done up like a dog's dinner in no time.

We then packed it in and ajourned to Callington. I would like to thank the main rescue party for the work they did and George for sparing the time to come along with a Landrover. The stretcher will have to be repaired, but we can say that we have got the visor of the helmet comfortable at last.

I finish by thanking all those who came, especially those who provided transport at such short notice.

R. Cawthorne.

Lopwell and Maristow Mines.

by Rodney Bray.

One afternoon in August Terry Barbour and I decided to have another go at the two mines in the Tavy Valley near Lopwell Dam. On a previous visit we had not explored them as far as was possible.

It was a brilliant and sunny afternoon when we arrived at Lopwell and putting on wetsuits where there are lots of curious people is not calculated to make life easy. We cross-ed the river by the raised causeway and followed the rough road south, up the steep valley sides.

About 370 yards up the hill from the dam, the road passes beside a vertical drop on the left-hand side. Below this small cliff is the abandoned engine house of Maristow Mine, with the adit running into the cliff behind it. In front of the house is the engine shaft, which goes down to water at about 20 feet.

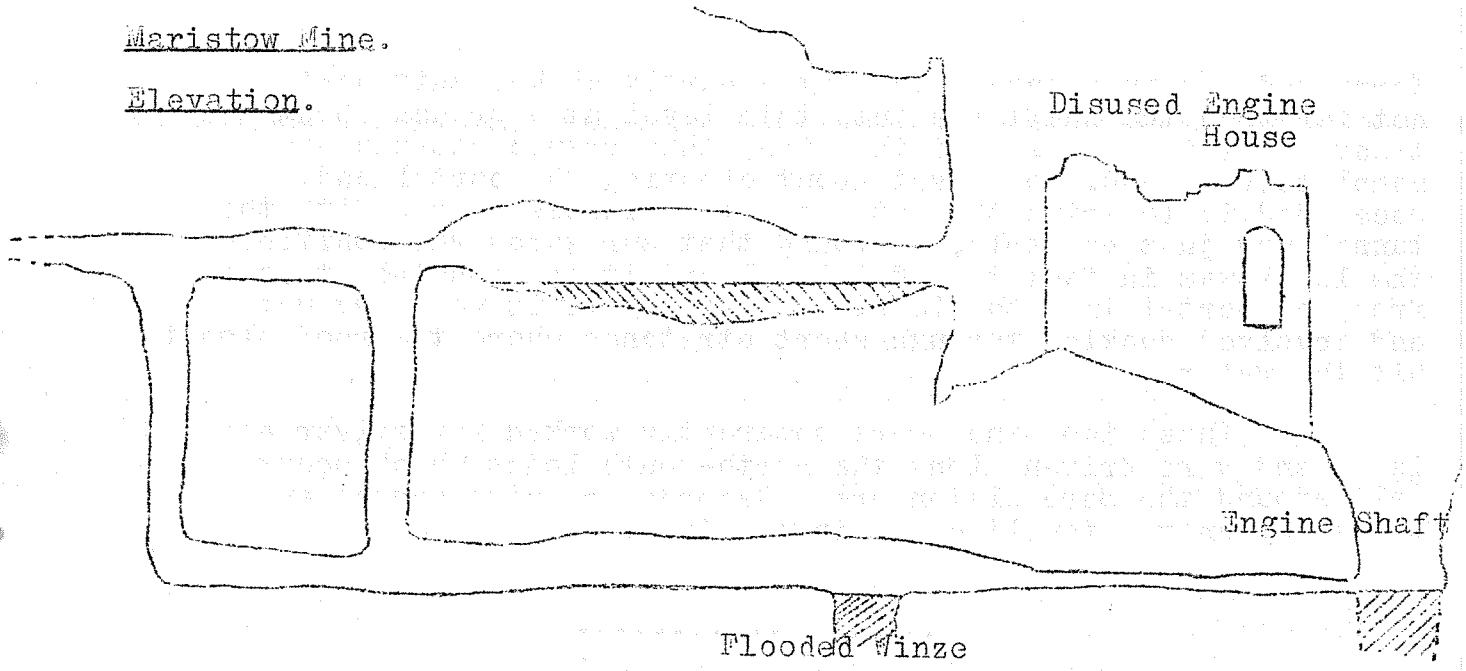
The adit portal itself is ten feet or so up the cliff face, but a ledge, firm but slippery, leads into it from the right. Water starts immeadiately inside and rapidly deepens to about five and a half feet. The roof is fairly high inside and with the walls only a few feet apart itis possible to traverse along the flooded section above the water. About 80 feet in from the portal, the water ends and a scramble over broken and sharp rocks brings one, nose first, to the first winze. The traverse over this is exposed and awkward and Terry found that he was too short to do it safely. About 60 feet past this, there is another winze which I did not cross since I didn't fancy it without a lifeline.

Rejoining Terry, we laddered the winze and descended to the lower level. The winze was about 45 feet deep and consequently the '30 ladder' was much too short, but with care the distance was easily backed up. In one direction, this level merely connects back with the other winze without going any further. In the direction of the river the level first came to a winze, which was, of course flooded, and then, to our amazement, to the engine shaft. (On the previous occasion when we had descended the engine shaft, we could see no levels running off: presumably the water level was higher then.) We could not find anymore than this, though perhaps the adit level continues on the other side of the second winze.

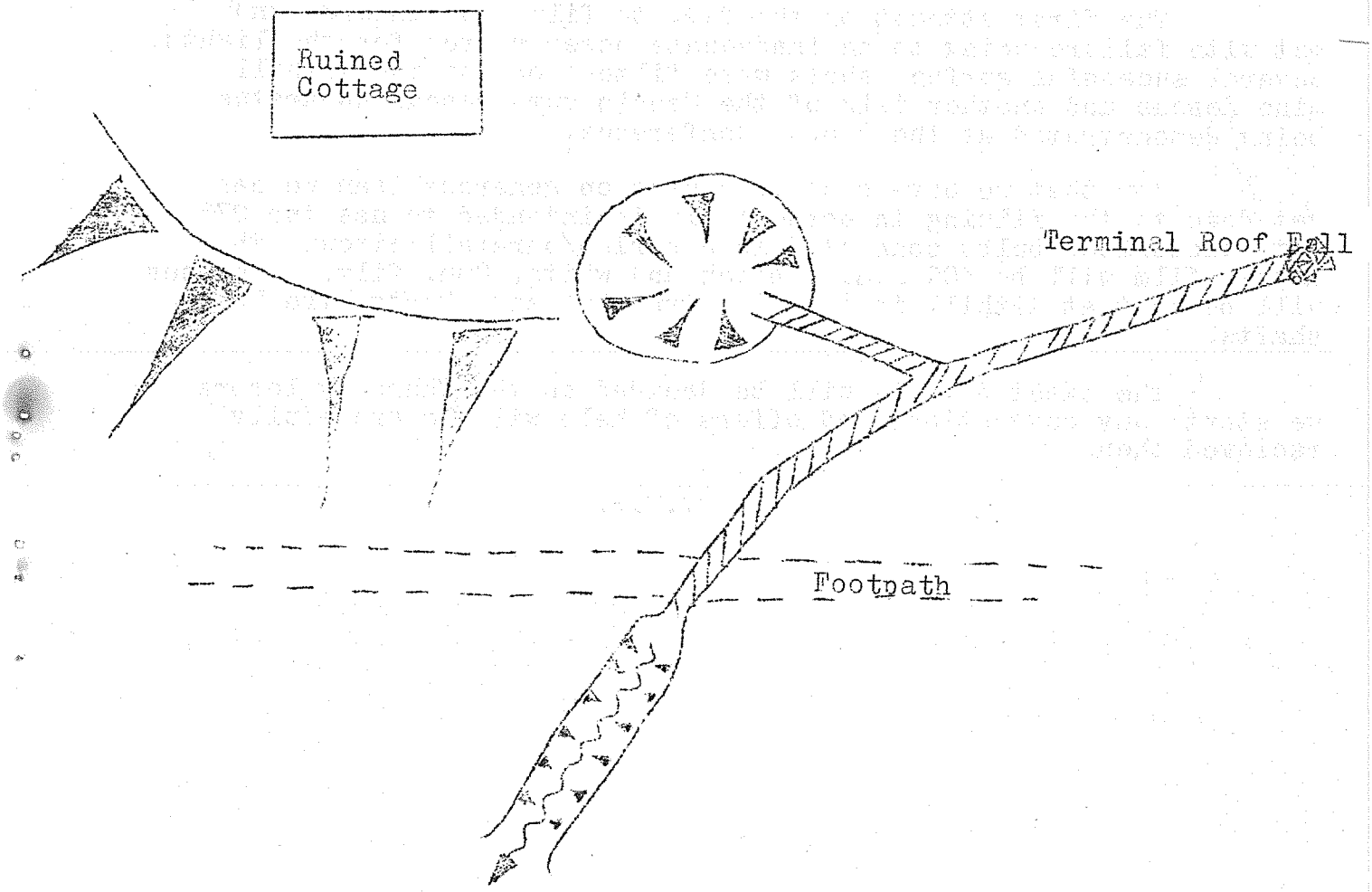
The other mine, Lopwell, was upstream from the dam, about 500yards. Beside the ruins of Lopwell Cottage and under some massive, easily recognizable, pine trees, was the shallow mine shaft. No ladder is necessary, and a short scramble into the bottom reveals a dark hole in one corner. This leads into a short, wet, low-roofed and uncomfortable level. After some 60 feet it is completely blocked by a roof-fall.

Maristow Mine.

Elevation.



Lopwell Mine
Plan.



Terry and I rather suspected that a partly choked adit portal not far from the shaft led into this level at a branch about twenty feet inside. Inside the mine, this branch passage was completely sumped, so we set about clearing the portal and succeeded in lowering the water about 15 inches or so. With the tunnel now just passable, we found that our guess was confirmed. The level was in fact the adit level and it was possible to get from the portal into the level proper, albeit it was very wet and involved ducking through short stretches where the roof almost hit the water.

These two mines were apparently worked for silver and lead, and were driven along the north-south lodes which occur all around the Bere Alston area. Records are very scarce and Dines has only a few lines on these mines.

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The Film.

The first attempt by the BCG. to film cine underground met with failure owing to an inadequate power source for the lights. Several sucessful surface shots were filmed; one of the Kithill Mine Rescue and another film of the Mendip sump rescue apparatus being demonstrated at the B.S.A. Conference.

Now that we have a power source on generous loan we can get down to the filming in earnest. It is intended to use two 275 watt photoflood bulbs connected in a series/paralell circut. The actual film will be 400 A.S.A. black and white, 8mm. film. Sequences will be shot at Kithill in 'The Big Crumbly' and 'Forty-Five Foot' shafts.

The exact details will be decided on the Thursday before we start: any suggestions and offers of help will be gratefully recieved then.

T.F.B.

Meet Reports.

Buckfastliegh, 16th to the 18th of September.
Leader: Bob Cawthorne.(Bob)
Party: Bob Jeffery (Bobbo), Steve Poole, Norman Gay, Tom Leonard, Bob Hannaford (Mk. 3), Roger Steve, Peter Land, Jon Armstrong Dave Hobson, Hugh Browning, Pat Evans, Howard Morgan, Keith Loze, Bob Downham (Mk. 4), Bob Willcox (Mk. 5),Phil Northfield, Brian Poole, Rita Dawes, Les Rainsford, W.G. Jenkins and associated members of the Civil Defence S.A.R.O. Unit.

I met the Friday night travellers straight after scouts, this provided a grand stir for Bobbo all weekend;
"Oooh Bob, I like your nobbly knees ..." (And many others). We met Rog and Pete at Crest Hill and wandered down to the Waterman's for a pasty. (Now I've heard everything-Ed.)
On the Saturday morning we let J.O.N. in eventually who had arrived at the ridiculous hour of nine o' clock. We did very little in the morning, strolling over to Prid. in the afternoon. We had quite a good trip going first to the Well via the Slopping Rift and Long Gallery. A line was rigged across the Well and everyone came across by one means or other, mostly wet. On the far side some had a splash around in the Flooded Rift. I found quite a nice climb up in the roof, which eventually brought me 35 feet above the water in the Rift. We returned across the Rift in an even more wet fashion, some falling in waist deep, some frothing and others just swimming.
From here we went by devious means to theLake . My route was Bypass and Junction Chamber; while Bobbo went, I think, through Tim's Tunnel. Tom (I'm sorry I've lost my nerve, and I'm sorry) had a fit at the sight of the pit and went down via Ox-tongue climb. We went once more to the Mystery Pools, coming out the awkward way, and out via the Coal Hole. I then took Norman and Mk. 5 out the Quick Way while the others the others went up the Coal Chute through Junction Chamber, and down the Mud Stairs. When I got down there was Howard; it took it a little time to realize that he should have been in Wales but then he told me that the others were coming back as well I gave a loud yell of delight at the thought of all the stiffs.
We walked back to Crest Hill and Norman set off to bring the next load up. After that it was change, and again I quote a miner :
"I suppose you're all going boozing, although I don't see what you see in it and if I get another mickey finn in my drink again when I come round I'll hammer who did it, if I can find out"(Beard waggling furiously).
Needless to say a large party congregated in the Watermans and spent the whole evening stirring and talking caves. Towards closing time we departed and went for our evening stroll. The village constable asked us to enjoy ourselves as long as we kept quiet.
"Good Constening evenable".
From then on it was a case of goodnight from everyone all

the way round the village. We played cards and made coffee for a while then suddenly the hut emptied.

"Where are you going ?" we asked .

"Prid !" came the reply. Luckily we, Hugh Norm and myself headed them off at Dart Bridge; I had had visions of three-legged dogs, and farmer's shotguns. Eventually, on returning, we found beds for all 17 of us, the only ones having to stay downstairs being Hugh, and Brian, (isn't he a sweetie?).

On Sunday, we were upbright and early to do Baker's. Les and Keith set off down to Winifred's Wriggle, while I started taking the C.D. around. We had a reasonable potter around Crystal Corridor and the Rift and Crawl series in the morning and in the afternoon, we were joined by Bob 3, 4, 5, and J.O.N. and Steve.

"Where are the others ?"

"The miners ? Playing in Prid."

"No, they have gone for a swim in the river with Tom." Gleeful visions of Tom, (I say, I've lost my shirt and I'm sorry. Is that it floating over there ? £@&//!?%. And I'm sorry I swore and I'm sorry it's my shirt.)

We wandered undergroud again at about Two, a combined PCG./C.D. team. We did the Dutch Oven tunnel, and the Glorious Devon Series. It was then time, when we had found Steve (I heard your whistles, but thought you were fooling around) Poole, to take the C.D. team out and after a quick cup of tea and bun the PCG. went down for the third time, in a team of Bob, numbers 1, 3, 4,5, Les and Steve. This time the Venue was the Lower Stream Series extension, and this we found to be badly damaged by quarrying so that shattering has extended by over 100 feet and 40 feet of passage have been completely lost.We then emerged and found the gate locked. After about five minutes of subdued swearing there was a loud cackle from outside and Howard's face appeared grinning from ear to ear,

"Are you locked in ?" Funny, we laughed so much I nearly brained him. We then staggered back to Crest Hill after seven and a half hours underground for Les and myself. At Crest Hill it was meal time:

"I'm sorry I apologised for losing my nerve."

"How's the nose Bob ?"

"I thay Brian don't hit me with your handbag."

"Where's the Jeep ?"

"Where's Mr. and Mrs. B ?"

"This is an interesting specimen, Terry. High, medium temperature, low [illegible] mineral I would say; sniff, scrape, SMASH!

..... And so it went on for about an hour, and then Norman very kindly ran everybody home, making two journeys; Thank you Norm. I am told that Brian's face has become as soft as his hands with bright green fairy liquid. (Mass hysteria).

It seems unfortunate that Winifred's would not go, but apart from this a most "splendid" weekend was spent. I would like to thank Edgar Reed and Squeak Joint, and say that we have removed the odd notices from Judge's Chamber.

Bob (Pickle) Cawthorne.


HEY, THAT'S A BIG LAND-ROVER THERE, HUG!
MUCC
J.F.B.

Apologies!

Owing to the change over in editors there was a considerable delay in getting this Newsletter out. On top of this we have had to wait a fortnight for paper to come through from Exeter before we could 'go to press'. Our apologies for these unavoidable delays.

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Meet Reports.

Mendip. 17/18/19th Sept.1965

Leader: Hugh Browning

Party:

Jim Pullen, Dave Hobson, Howard Morgan, Bob Cawthorne, and Denny Horrell.

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On Friday night, we all met at Totnes railway station, and from there set off in an orderly manner for the Hunters' Lodge, where we were to meet Ollie Lloyd. We reached the Hunters at about 10 o8clock and made arrangements with Ollie to meet him on Priddy Green at 3 o'clock the following afternoon.

We found the Border Caving Club hut without difficulty and soon got settled in. Jim left us here to stay at his home at Keynsham, which is not all that far away.

On Saturday morning we had planned to visit Wookey Hole, but on the way, me and my scooter hit a car, fortunately with nobody being injured. Jim took the rest of the party on to Wookey while I took my scooter over to Shepton Mallet for repairs. When Jim returned he took me over to his home and fixed me up with a moped.

By half-past three that afternoon, we were at Priddy and ready to descend Swildon's. We found a fair amount of water flowing down the entrance. A few feet inside the entrance, we left the streamway and followed The Short Dry Way. This is nothing spectacular, just an ordinary sort of passage, but quite keen when compared with the filth in Prid.. We soon reached the chamber called the 'Old Grotto' and from here we followed a much larger passage back down to the streamway. It was not far to the top of the 'Forty Foot Pot', where we found that some clown had removed the drain pipe from the top of the pitch. This, of course, makes the climb much more sporting, but I would have thought that the people who want this kind of sport could have found a far better spot than this, and could leave the trip to sump one fairly easy.(We are going from the sublime to the gorblimey, first a fixed ladder is suggested on the Forty to make it easier for everyone, and now some 'hardman' goes about making it deliberately harder than ever. Ed.) With the drain pipe gone, the ladder went right through the waterfall, despite several attempts to belay it to other points than usual. In view of our lack of experience on ladders, especially in waterfalls, we decided to retreat and to explore the upper passages above the Forty.

From here we left the cave by the streamway, waiting only for Dave to take some photographs near the entrance.

On the Sunday morning we left for Stoke Lane Slocker just after 12, when Jim and his mate Alan arrived at the hut.

The stream which runs into Stoke Lane looks vile; its certainly the nearest thing to a sewer I've ever been in. Once inside the entrance you are in the stream, like it or not, so there is not much time to worry about it. Most of our time was spent crawling in the stream which we left only twice to follow dry oxbow passages. It was in the second oxbow that we got lost, not completely though, we just couldn't find the way on. By the time we did discover which way to go, most of us were feeling the cold and were jolly glad to make a move. Shortly after regaining the streamway we came on the squeeze called 'The Nutmeg Grater' a name that makes it should worse than it really is. Once past the 'Grater' it is just a matter of crawling through the stream to a small chamber, the end of Stoke Lane I.

After a bit of hunting around, Jim and I found the sump that leads to Stoke Lane II and the well-known "Queen Victoria" stalagmite which is illustrated in British Caving. We did not however go that far, as Sump I marked the end of this trip.

However, we did investigate the sump throughly before we departed. If approached in the proper manner this sump is very easy, being only about three feet long. Particular care should be taken on the return trip since it is possible to overshoot and to find oneself under a ledge with no air space. If one felt ones way through carefully this should not happen, but a guide line would be a help.

By this time, the cold was getting at us 'something cruel' so we headed for the entrance as fast as possible, with Jim and Alan in the lead.

The trip home went without incident except that the moped Jim had lent me ran out of petrol 6 miles from Taunton, despite Jim's earnest declaration of 'plenty of petrol, get you to Taunton at least'. Fortunately Jim and his van-load of motorised sardines caught up with me just as I was finding out that that it was no easy job to pedal a moped. After they stopped laughing, they fetched me some petrol and the rest of the trip went without incident.

This trip was a great success especially as it was the first trip outside Devon for several of the party. I only hope that the next time we go to Swildons, we will be able to get past the 'Forty'. As for Stoke Lane, I hope that next time we will pass the sump and pay Queen Victoria a visit. (HJB)

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