



**BLACK ROSE
POTHOLE CLUB
JOURNAL 2**

Explorations and History

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Introduction & Acknowledgements

A second Black Rose Pothole Club journal? Nearly fifty years after the original and classic one created by Ged Dodd in 1977? What is this all about I hear you ask?

Well, with the passing of Ged Dodd in October 2022 the “Black Rose Oldies” website he maintained also disappeared. There were two versions of his website, both contained articles of exploration along with photographs from back in the days of the Black Rose Pothole Club along with photographs from numerous reunions that started in 2002. This journal was created with content and articles written by and taken from the websites maintained by Ged Dodd, along with an e-book on Storrs Common that he also created. The aim being to preserve a small element of caving history and present it in a more readily accessible format. The articles are mostly exactly as written, with very little to no alterations to the text.

To the best of our knowledge this material was only ever available via the websites or e-book. The website itself has long gone, some of the content does however remain online via snapshots on the internet archive “Way Back Machine”. Whilst very useful to have such backups, the nature of the backups mean it does have gaps as not everything gets saved and it is not easy to find what you’re looking for in a straightforward way. The e-book is in the form of an executable file that would run on windows-based PCs and thus again, limited in accessibility, especially in this modern age where people use phones or tablets far more.

This content is included with very kind permission from Ged’s family.

Any photographs included in this journal were previously available on the above mentioned websites and in the spirit of preserving caving history have been reproduced here. Given they were intended for a website, the size and quality might be lacking, but it’s better than nothing at all!

Whilst we have tried to ascertain who the copyright belongs to it has been somewhat difficult given the long time spans and that some of the photographers are, sadly, no longer with us. Credit is given where possible. Unfortunately some of the photos are currently lost, work is ongoing to try and locate these in any format.

Any issues or updates to information, copyright or otherwise, requests to remove images etc, please do get in touch, via the Black Rose Caving Club or through other mediums, such as the UKCaving forum.

Photographs are included with thanks to the many photographers.

Duncan Jones



Plaque above Scar End, where a number of members past have had their ashes scattered.

It is not known why the word potholing was used instead of pothole.

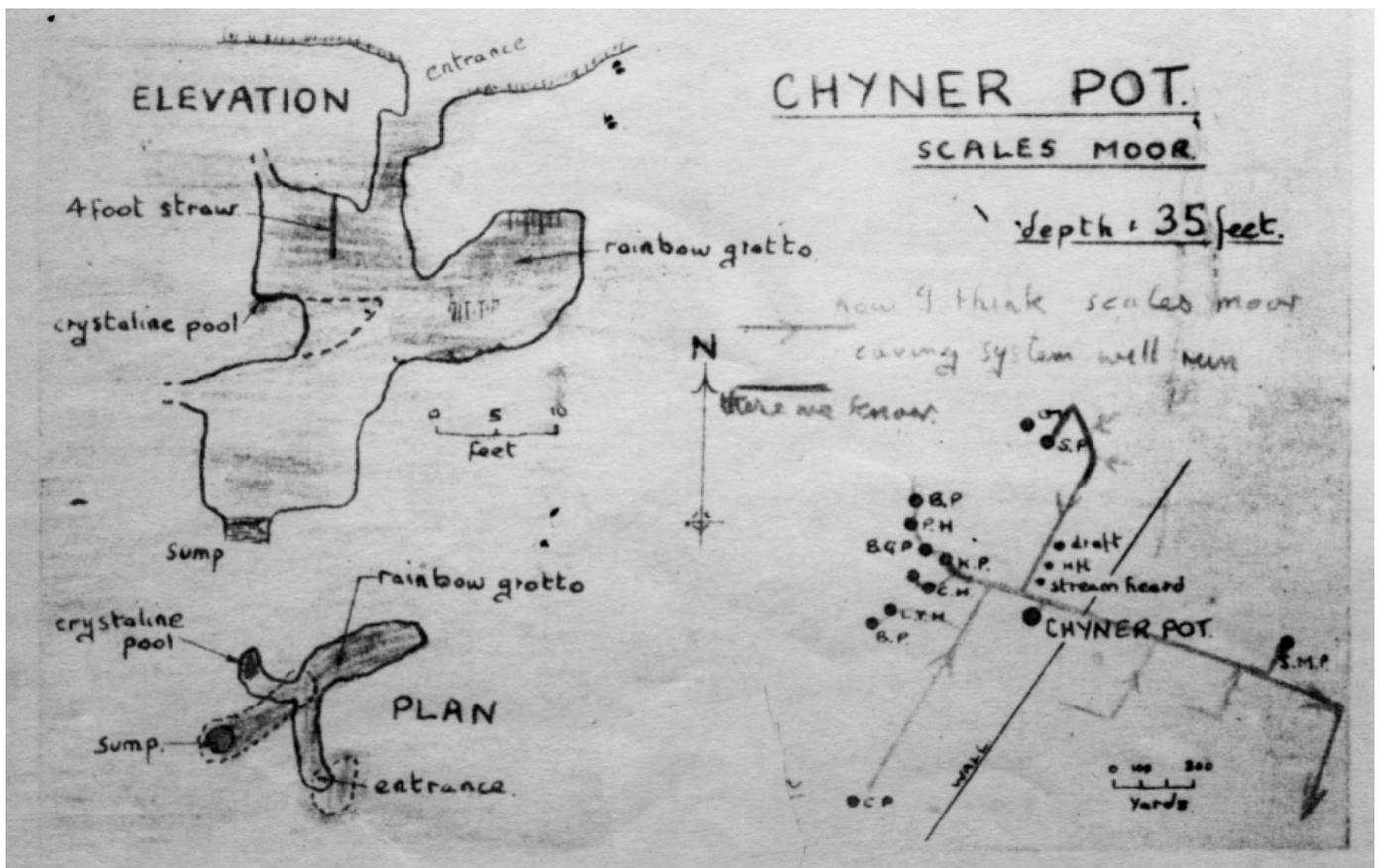
Chyner Pot - Scales Moor / East Kingsdale

A survey comes to light recently on the Caving Forum of an unknown pot on Scales Moor called Chyner Pot. This was a sketch I did in 1960 when exploring the "as now Growling Hole Basin" when exploring with Maureen Dryden of the Black Rose. Again, putting the record straight, this was dug and explored by Maureen & myself. The little pothole was quite beautiful inside, rare for Scales Moor, decorated with a 4' straw, crystalline pool and a rainbow coloured grotto. To preserve the formations and to protect the pot from dig stealing vermin we resealed the hole.

The Pot was found again in 1966 by the HWCPC based at Braida Garth Farm who were very active on the Moor at that time, and perhaps called Echo Hole. Later in the 70's LUSS found it and added it to their excellent survey of the Growling Hole Basin as U/H3 (Unknown Hole 3). All my diaries and sketches were lost or nicked when I lost my kneecap in early 1961 and the scramble was on by the "big" clubs to claim credit for the cave discoveries on Scales Moor. PS. One will note with careful study, at the bottom of the survey, that the little black rose flower which I put on all my sketches has been covered over with sticky tape. Dearie me !! ...Tut tut !!.

All I can add is that now you know there are other pots on that moor which were found and resealed by Maureen and myself, please, go find them ... but don't be too sure someone wasn't there in the 1960's ... LOL

Ged Dodd



It is likely that this is U/H3 (in LUSS3), later Echo Hole, although the description suggests it ends in a choke, not a sump as per survey above. Perhaps it was originally explored during a very wet spell?

Anon (1966), Kingsdale. *HWCPC Journal* 1966, p.47.

Anon (1973). East Kingsdale - Minor Pots. *LUSS Journal* 3, p.41.

Spectacle Pot - East Kingsdale

Of our actual explorations, which were many, I suppose none can surpass the controversy of Spectacle Pot.

Bearing in mind that in the early sixties we were very badly hampered by the lack of equipment, and involved in an aggressive take over bid by the NSG to eliminate the Black Rose Pothole Club.

I would like to thank all the cavers who have left reports of their adventures in Spectacle Pot.

Splutter Crawl is a memory never forgotten, the Great Rubble Heap is the stuff of nightmares.

NSG newsletter 1964 complaining that another club had stolen their glory for Spectacle Pot.

NORTHERN SPELEOLOGICAL GROUP Newsletter 36 1964 SPECTACLE POT REPORT

When Speleological historians of the future come to write of the first explorations of the 300 or so potholes in the Craven, they will have no alternative but to put down the exploration of "Spectacle Pot" as that of another large Club.

The efforts of Jed Dodd and other N.S.G members will be forgotten and unrecorded.

The reason is that another Club has published the first report and survey in its own strictly exclusive Club Journal, for all the world as if Spectacle were all its own work:

Members should note that in future if they discover something new, they should get it surveyed and published in some reputable non-club journal where due credit is given. Also, if they have to borrow tackle from other clubs, make sure the people who come with it at least have some standards of caving ethics.

As Bob Leakey says, "the easiest way to speleological fame and glory is to do your potholing in print." This evidently also applies to clubs that are better equipped for printing new discoveries than actually making them.

A.C. COCKROFT

Putting the Record Straight .. by Ged Dodd

I never was in the N.S.G.

I was, and still am, and always will be - Black Rose Jed

I never was in the NSG. I had the opportunity to do so just before their hierarchy destroyed and absorbed the Black Rose Potholing Club and their hostel by stealth in 1960 - but I could see it coming and rather than associate with those rat-bags I left the club I loved a month or so before this finally happened - left my very naive mates who had been family for a couple of years, - and went caving on my own, and that is why most of Spectacle Pot was done on my own (1960's) - with Maureen Dryden sitting on the surface out side on the moor - reading a book and enjoying the solitude - and making sure I came out again.

When I first located Splutter Crawl it was a half of a small oval cross section, about 20" x 4" high blocked with a flat level floor of small pebbles. I had to remove these a handful at a time and back out of the tube with 2 handfuls held upright whilst using my toes to wriggle backwards, an inch at a time, like some cartoon character out of Tom and Jerry. The problem was, the space left by each handful of pebbles promptly filled up with water until I had a 9" high tube, to solid rock bottom, 5" of which was filled with cold water, hence the name, Splutter Crawl.

It was at this point, when, despite lying in cold water in only jeans and a shirt, and sweating like a bull, I realize I was being cooled by a distinct icy cold breeze draughting out of the cave. Even in 1960 this in itself predicted Spectacle Pot would one day join up to another, as yet unknown entrance, and bigger things to come.

Splutter proved too small for the vast majority of cavers in those days, despite efforts by some to blast it bigger at the start of the crawl, which prompted Maureen and myself to search the moor above looking for another entrance that would connect to Moorhouse Chamber and thus bypass Splutter Crawl. We actually did locate several small caves, (None of these are still not in any of the books) but they all dead ended. Several shake holes looked promising when removing a few rocks revealed promising cold fresh air spaces, and they were marked for further exploration, but fate intervened and my exploration days came to an abrupt end, and the NPC have never realised how near they were to not being the first into Vespers ..

I'm a big believer in, "If your name isn't on it, it's meant for someone else."

Maureen worked in a plastics factory in Earby and she would take my dry shirt, jeans and crisps to work with her to be sealed in a strong plastic bag. I would take this bag down Spectacle Pot with me and then change into dry clothes when I reached Dryden Chamber. This really was a life saver. There were no wet suits those days.

The extensions were eventually credited to Black Rose Pothole Club because I did Spectacle Pot in the summer of 1960, before the hatchet job on Black Rose by the NSG was accomplished. The big pitch was called Dodd's Pitch, due to the insistence of Dennis Moorhouse, who was also Black Rose at the time, and Maureen Dryden, also Black Rose, who had clobbered all the squabbling big boys (NSG, Craven Pothole Club, Northern Pennine Club, Burnley), by printing my caving diaries in the White Rose Journal and saying "Ged called the first big chamber Moorhouse, after Dennis Moorhouse, and the first dry chamber he reached, Dryden, after me." A "Moor House" and a "Dry Den" ... get it?

The recognised overhead bedding plane approach to the big pitch which is now used by everyone, was dug out by me when I first did that impossibly tight crawl where the water sinks - I found myself dangling head first over the edge of the big pitch of the Great Rift with no place to go - the crawl actually split into two around a very narrow pillar of rock which acted as a life saving handhold for me to squeeze out into thin air of black nothingness and squeeze back into the crack again, but, after reversing back up the wet crawl - I found that I couldn't get back out again into Dryden Chamber. Slide into that rift - and it looked like one stays in the rift.

So I backed out into the thin air again over the pitch, and free climbed up the side of the Great Rift up into the roof and dug out a loose bedding plane until I could drop back down into Dryden Chamber. Surprising what one can do when needs must. And the clattering of loose rocks as they flaked away from the walls on a one-way trip down into oblivion definitely told one that needs most definitely must.

Oh happy days they don't make fear like that anymore.

Dennis Moorhouse (Black Rose) was my back-up man that day but he wisely decided to take my word for it that after some 10 feet along that tight slot it suddenly blossomed without warning from a tiny duck's posterior into a gigantic bottomless chasm, and one popped one's head out over an absolute douzy of a first step into black nothingness. When L.U.S.S extended the pothole in 1971 they were extolling their wisdom of using this bedding plane to descend the pitch instead of the tight slot when they suddenly realised it was already marked on my 1960 survey, and the Black Rose had been there before them.

They also attempted to re-name Dryden Chamber the Relief Chamber in their journal after dislodging huge boulders on the Great Rubble Heap and being sent scurrying back unceremoniously up the ladder to Dryden in a very dishevelled and frightened manner - all ego and pride hastily abandoned as Spectacle Pot dealt with these disrespectful interlopers in her own special way. I wasn't having any either. Relief Chamber is Dryden, named after Maureen Dryden, without whom, my lone explorations of Spectacle Pot would have been even more foolhardy. By the same token they did a great job with their survey in very difficult conditions.

The following week, again backed up by Dennis, I laddered the big pitch with 100 feet of Mike Myers' best electron, but it went no-where near down to the bottom, and simply caused piano-sized rocks to peel off the walls and bring a lot more down in sympathy and add to the "beloved" Great Rubble Heap. Crazy I may have been in those days but there was no way I was going down that ladder without a life-line and Dennis couldn't get into a position to do this at the time... so we called it a day.

Very soon after that I lost my knee cap in a motor-cycle accident and apart from going down with my leg in a plaster-pot to retrieve the ladder for Mike Myers that was my last trip into Spectacle Pot. As I remember, I had taken slim John Adams, (ex Black Rose who one day sailed off into the Indian Ocean on a solo yachting trip and was never seen again.) with me that day, we worked together in the same office, and he had transport, and my motor bike was in several jagged pieces, and when we got down Spectacle there were several large potholers in a traffic jam at Splutter Crawl, unable to get through it - and I took great delight in elbowing them to one side with my pot-leg and after a curt "excuse me" shamed them all into watching this invalid disappear down this impossibly tiny-looking crawl into the darkness, with his leg in a full-length plaster cast.

Oh happy days they don't make fun like that anymore.

At the dreaded low and loose boulder choke of Wet Crawl before Dryden we came across a lone potholer who had made it through Splutter Crawl but who was making very hard work of this bit. My plaster pot was getting wet and I was getting cold so I just said "Excuse me, passing through", and went straight over the top of him, and sped off into the darkness .

Oh happy days they don't make fun like that anymore.

I climb into the bedding plane, de-laddered, said a sad good bye to the still un-bottomed pitch and lowered the gear through to John in Dryden, and then we started back out and met up with this, laddie who was still having difficulties, now half way through the choke. I just said, "Excuse me, passing through", and went straight over the top of him", back through Splutter Crawl and the traffic jam and exited the cave. The whole exercise, in, collect the gear, out, in all of 40 minutes ... tops.

Oh happy days they don't make fun like that anymore.

Many years later I was "Geologising" up on Malham Moor with my business associate, David Emery, when we saw this largish group of potholers walking across the moor, and they abruptly changed direction and strode purposely towards us. We prepared for trouble.

One came straight up to me, into my face, and said, "You won't remember me, but I remember you. Down Spectacle Pot, a few years back. I thought I was a very good caver, and then this bastard with his leg in pot came straight over the top of me, as though it was a stroll down Blackpool Prom, and made me feel about so high". He held two fingers together about an inch apart, and Dave and myself sort of edged round, back to back, and started to reach for our geology hammers.

"And then," he said, "When I got back out my mates told me you were the Black Rose, and that made me feel a lot better" And then he smiled, shook my hand, and they all buggered off to do Pikedaw Calamine Caverns, as Dave and myself found somewhere to relieve ourselves.

Oh happy days they don't make fear like that anymore.

Now, by the same token this should not detract from the amount of work put into Spectacle Pot at a later date by Dennis Moorhouse and Mick Eland and the others (all ex-old Black Rose), after I had lost my knee cap and my priorities had changed from..

Exploring Caves > Drinking Ale > Chasing Women

to

Getting Married > Working for a Living > Staying Home

The subsequent explorers deserve their due for what they did, especially when the rather well built Brian Lewis had to be pulled through the tight Splutter Crawl on a rope, and nearly drowned as the water couldn't drain away past him and his head went underwater, spluttering all the way .. and rather them than me on the big pitch, but as for the Northern Speleology Group claiming me as a member .. and for claiming any part of Spectacle Pot for the NSG which was not actually done by an ex-Black Rose member.. then "Do me a favour" .. when it comes to Spectacle Pot and caving exploration in those days.. Black Rose Potholing Club ruled OK.

As Bob Leakey says, "the easiest way to speleological fame and glory is to do your potholing in print."

Hypocritical old sod - I wanted him and other NSG members invited to the Black Rose Reunion Dinners, so I could stir it, but Big Jack Procter wouldn't have any of it because he claimed Mr Leakey and the NSG were not Black Rose - and that, Big Jack, my naive old mucker, is what I tried to tell you and everybody else over 50 years ago - those rat-bags never had any intention of being Black Rose, not then, not now, not ever, they just wanted to poach the best Caving Hostel and the most active young potholers of that generation.

Ged Dodd



Ged Dodd in Spectacle Pot

Henning Valley Cave - Old Stream Passage

October 1958.

Very early in my career I was exploring the Furness Area, which made sense because I lived in Barrow-in-Furness. So it became a case of caving in Ingleton and Yorkshire at the weekend and Furness Area through the week. This is an account of my first large cave discovery.

One evening after exploring Daylight Hole Mine, with Eric G Holland, I met up with this young lady who was just passing by and after getting an instant "Come to Mama" from her I arranged to meet up with her the following day, so we could toddle off to a quiet rendezvous, the dry cavern of Henning Valley Cave and get to know one another ... when Eric interjected, "And bring a friend for me", to which I thought 'And who invited you?'.
The following afternoon we met up with the girls and entered Henning Valley Cave, a nice roomy dry cavern, which Eric had been digging for "yonkers" without any success.

He grabbed hold of his blind date and disappeared down into the far dark recesses of the cave. I looked around and saw this very nice flat roomy bedding plane on the left at about head height. Helping my date to climb up onto the shelf we settled down and got comfy.

He grabbed hold of his blind date and disappeared down into the far dark recesses of the cave. I looked around and saw this very nice flat roomy bedding plane on the left at about head height. Helping my date to climb up onto the shelf we settled down and got comfy.

After a very short time, upon removing my shirt, I felt a draft, whereupon I said to my friend, "Just a minute, luv, while I have a look over here." Crawling to the far wall of the wide bedding plane I found myself looking down an 8 foot drop into an old abandoned stream passage. Forgetting about the young lady I was off down the new passage like a whippet down a rabbit hole. Nothing wrong with my priorities ... caving first, every time.

The passage was quite wide, some 10 feet high, the walls covered in brown muddy dust. The passage ended all too soon in a boulder choke with an intriguing blackness peeping through loose boulders at the top of the choke. On my way back I found a narrow razor-edged rift with newly wet walls and fresh cold air. After losing a bit of skin, this was an all jeans and a no shirt job, as I hadn't expected to be caving right now, I squeezed into a clean wet walled chamber ... with no way on .. darn, can't win them all.

Hurrying back I located my three companions in the cave entrance, to find none of them were looking very happy. My date being a bit miffed I could understand, but Eric and his date, what was their problem? As if I didn't know? I hadn't forgiven him for screwing me over with Henning Wood Bone Cave.

"You told her I was married," he snarled.

"Well, she did ask," I said, innocently, "And as you know, we don't tell lies", whereupon he abruptly changed the subject by asking, "And where the hell have you been for the last half hour?"

After finding out that I had bare-shirtedly found a new passage in HIS cave, with so little effort, is it any wonder why Eric G. Holland never mentioned me in his book Underground in Furness, despite my finding everything he and his brother were physically incapable of entering, because of their huge cap size.

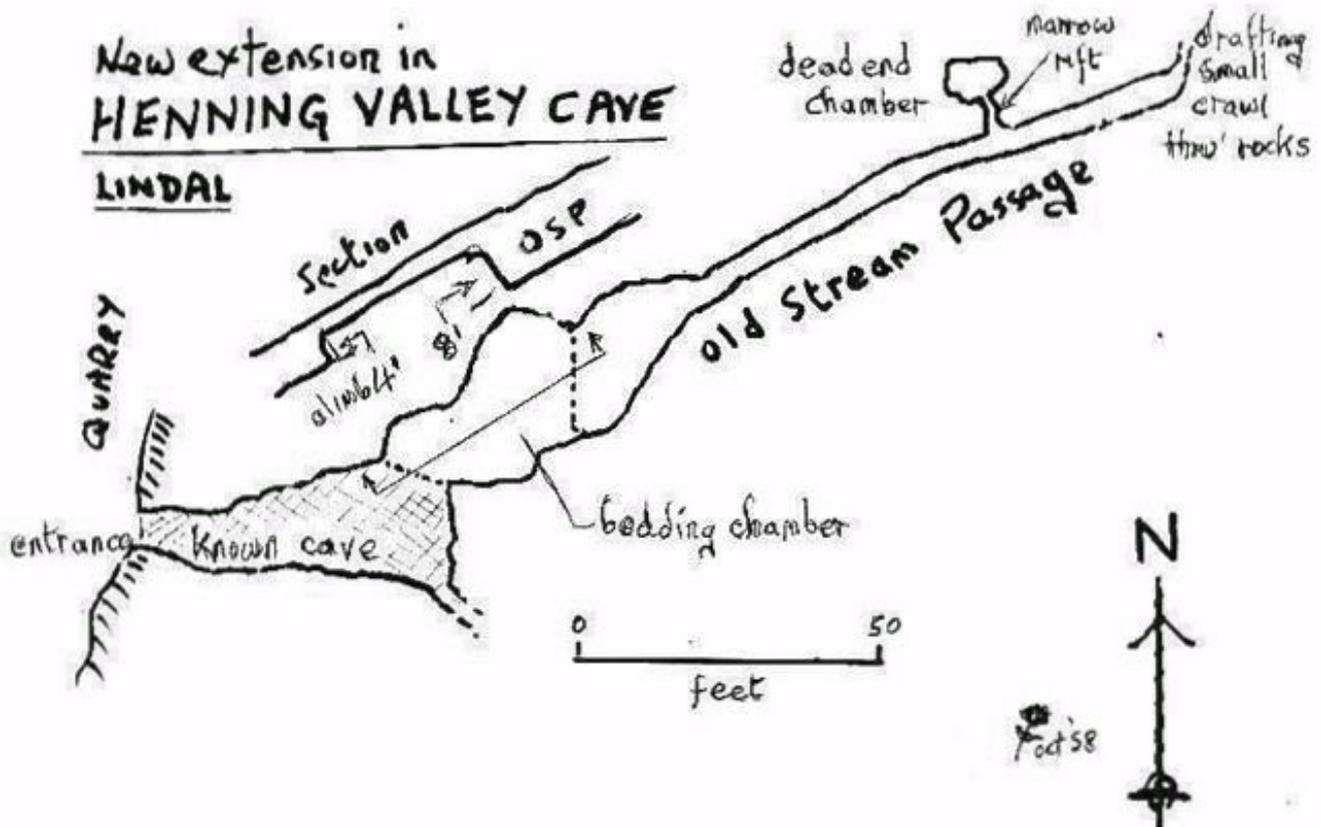
This may explain why the narrow rift and dead-end chamber are nowhere to be seen on the later survey, done by his brother and himself.

I shouldn't worry, it was nothing personal, the list of people who never got a mention in his books would be enough to fill another book, don't get Pete Cumpsty started, or Battersby, or Wiggy, or George or the Blezzards etc. etc. ..

The late 50's and early 60's were rife with those older paedophiliac glory hunters who preyed on the young gullible teenage cavers of that era, but I doubt if it will ever change.

It is very nice to see the new website CaveMaps.org where they are endeavouring to see that credit goes where credit is due. More power to their elbow ... and I video everybody ... warts an' all.

Ged Dodd



Heaning Wood Bone Cave

Near Urswick in Furness, Cumbria.
September 19th 1958.

Don't ever take anything for gospel that is in the newspapers.

It was on the Sunday I entered this cave and found the Neolithic bones, and Eric Holland took my photo emerging from the cave, and it was in the Monday Evening's paper, 24 hours later, that I read this account eerr..

The caption on the photo "A member of the Furness Speleological Group complete with miner's helmet and lamp takes his last breath of fresh country air before descending into the depths of the pothole where a fragment of a bronze age burial urn was found." From North West Evening Mail courtesy of Pete Cumpsty's diary with apologies for a very faded 52-year-old newspaper clipping.



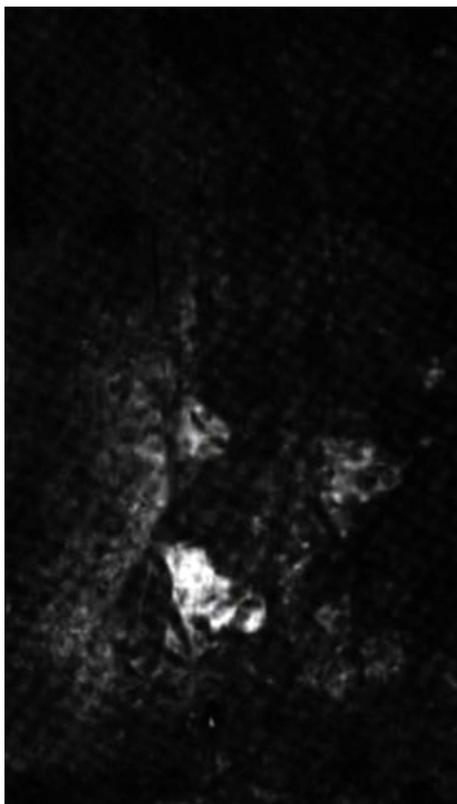
For a start the photo should be vertical not horizontal and it shows Ged of the Black Rose Pothole Club exiting a very tight vertical cave on the very first exploration of the Bone Cave, and carrying human leg bones, with which to beat Eric Holland over the head. The photo was taken by Eric G. Holland who couldn't get in to the cave as he was too big, and we were on our own at the time - no one else was there. Eric always called me in for anything tight with promises of giving full credit. "I'm a Buddhist, I can't tell lies," and there was never anyone else there to contradict him. I was naive, OK?

The commentary read - A fragment of a Middle Age burial urn and some bone skeletons have been discovered by members of the Furness Speleological Group in an underground cave in the Urswick Area. Mr Eric G. Holland, leader of the group, and his brother Lawrence have visited the cave many times for excavation purposes, and have twice been accompanied by Mr F Barnes, the Borough Librarian, who confirmed theories that the items found there dated back to the Bronze Age about 1,000 years B.C.

The above is true .. except it omits to mention that Mr Eric G. Holland, his brother Lawrence were quite unable to get into the cave on any of their visits, not even once, and Mr F Barnes was never there at the same time as me, and was, and probably still is, unaware of my role in the discovery.

Ged Dodd

Footnote: On Geds website this article was titled Henning Wood Bone Cave. After extensive research it was concluded to be a very small typo of one letter, between Henning and Heaning.



This is the picture from the previous page, cropped and rotated to show the correct orientation. A hint of adjustment was applied to try and show as best as possible the photograph how it should be. What you can see in the middle of the picture is Ged Dodd's head and just underneath (the lighter coloured object) his helmet, as he emerges from the very tight original entrance to Heaning Wood Bone Cave.

In later years (70's) a separate shaft was sunk, by Pete Redshaw, to facilitate access to the bone chamber.

This easier access resulted in some very significant finds over the years.

On the UKCaving forum a thread about Heaning Wood Bone Cave saw a comment made by Tony Brown: *Looking at the bottom entrance it's hard to see how Eric and "pals"* even got in let alone dragged stuff out.*

A testament to how slim and capable a caver Ged was back in the day.

*quotes added because after the newspaper article and release of *Underground in Furness*, Ged and others within the BRPC received absolutely no credit for their efforts of exploration in the Furness region.

The cave has since revealed significant archaeological finds.

Brown, T & Stables, M (2023), *The Oldest Northerners. Descent 294*, p.38.

Anon (2023), *Earliest human remains discovered in Northern Britain.*

<https://www.uclan.ac.uk/news/early-remains-in-north-britain>

Bog4053 (2022), *Heaning Wood Bone Cave.*

<https://ukcaving.com/board/index.php?threads/heaning-wood-bone-cave.29354/>

For further reference, article citing issues of acknowledgement in Furness exploration (which specifically mentions the Black Rose Pothole Club):

Moseley, M. (2011), *For the record: Underground in Furness. www.academia.edu*

Whilst this journal was being compiled the August/September 2024 edition of *Descent* was produced and featured the following article:

Murphy, P. (2024), *Eric Holland: Hero or Villain?. Descent 299*, p.28.

The Lost Caverns

Current location and access via Bean Pot.

NGR: SD 7018 7323 Alt: 190m

Approximately 30ft ladder required with suitable long belay or stake.

Original location : The Lost Caverns were originally used as a show cave entered at the location of Ged's Drain in the late Nineteenth century. Bean Pot was merely a skylight but is it now the main entrance to the system. A metal drain cover beside the main road, opposite Storrs Hall, is the only clue to the original entrance.

History:

There are two entries in The Craven Herald, May 1884 describing workmen opening two caves on Storrs. July 3rd 1891. Craven Herald - Ingleton's Physical Features No 3 by Rev R. V. Taylor. Two caves have recently been opened on Storrs Common. Two caves have been recently opened out, and the debris removed to render them available for visitors. The lower cave (Lost Caverns) goes down, down, down by several series of as yet rudely cut steps into still lower regions, it is supposed, about 140 feet below the upper cave. It is narrow, and in some places the rocks approach low enough to compel the visitors to crouch and to endanger the crown of the hat or head unless due care is taken. They are wanting of stalactite formations to make them attractive.

The Caverns were sealed off shortly after in 1898. Explored by the Leeds Cave Club in 1930 when they were still open, sealed off because the woodwork was rotting and were subsequently lost. They were refound again by Ged in the late Fifties, opened briefly in the late Seventies by the White Rose Caving Club under the auspices of Ged, and reopened in June 2002, permanently we hope, again at the instigation of Ged, by Robbie and Andy of IMPS who gave the place a good going over, and smashed through the boulder slope to find the Imps Chamber.

Original entrance to the Lost Caverns relocated 1957 by Ged Dodd. Now sealed off inside the drain by a loose brick wall - the other side of which can be seen up the South Passage in the Lost Caverns. Please don't attempt to dig it out. Please do not remove the drain cover. There is nothing in there except a small 5" ceramic pipe which is concreted into the side of the drain. Removing the drain cover to check for storm damage is quite dangerous.

Turning our attention to where Ged's drain enters the system it is obvious that a six foot high wall of stones has been built across what was the original entrance passage for tourists, and it is supporting a roof of slate slabs, as reported by Ged in his lone exploits of way back in 1950's. Subsidence outside on the roadside has revealed the self same line of bricks which are blocking the inside of the drain.

Description:

The cavern is now entered through Bean Pot and the ladder soon enters a roomy passage with some handy man-made steps descending into the main drain. Directly opposite the slope are several revolting mud filled sumps hidden down small passages. Bear in mind this place is frequently flooded and few have actually seen them.

In dry weather it is possible to follow the passage down to where the very small stream sinks into a narrow crack that shows traces of drill holes where blasting has taken place - in a futile effort to enlarge it and drain the cave. On the right is a low crawl going up with the dip of the limestone to some high level caverns choked with fine mud some 3-4 foot high that has been deposited during flooding. There is no reported way out of these chambers - but there must be a way out or they couldn't flood, they are not blind avens. Turning right at the bottom of the slope one passes a boulder slope on the left and can by-pass an upstream sump via a climb through a roof tube to be confronted with another sump. It is presumed to be Storrs water (maybe?).

Tony Seddon of Northern Pennine Club has dived this sump and tells me it is choked with loose pebbles but draining the sump would give an easy dig. The sump in South Passage also dived by Tony is choked at about 6 feet down. The unstable boulder slope has been forced by Robbie into a large chamber (IMPS Chamber) estimated at 15m high with a small inlet passage that chokes with clay after about 5m. Boulders choked the far side to the roof and appear to have been tipped in from above.

1st November 2004 : Adam Cooper and Ged do a quickie trip. The lower cave is flooded. The shaft was found to be 24 foot deep, not 30 foot as was always thought. The tight roof passage was attempted by Adam but was too slippery to climb in safety. A stalagmite boss high up on the right could be used to hang a short ladder. The tight roof passage appears to extend beyond a jammed boulder.

Later on we found some chicken bones protruding from the slimy mud on a flood prone ledge. It appears that perhaps Ged's original chicken was entombed when the workmen sealed the drain and it was drowned.

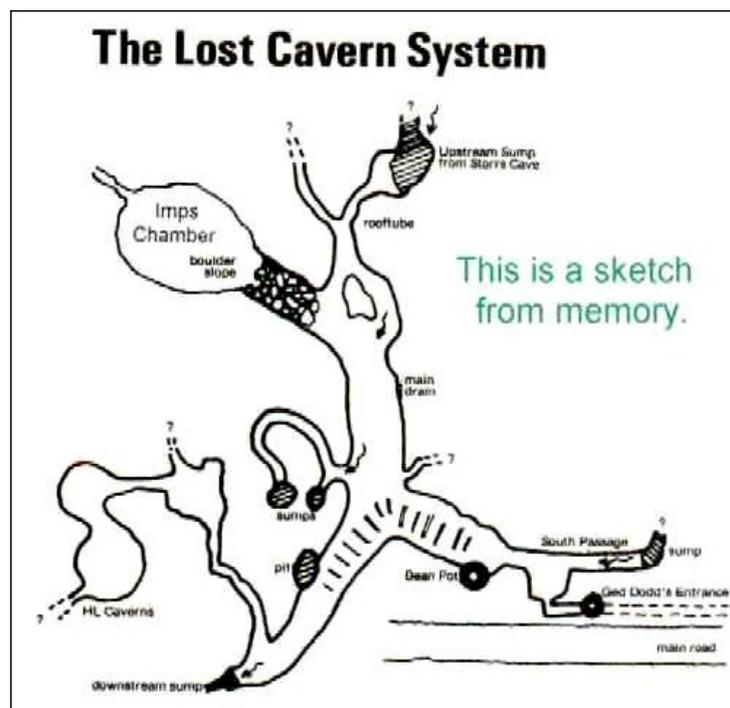
Ged Dodd



Ged stood on the manhole of the drain entrance.



*The bricked-up
Drain entrance*



The Black Rose Tunnel, Kingsdale Master Cave

Additional notes

The full account of the discovery and digging of the Black Rose Tunnel in Kingsdale Master Cave can be found in the original Black Rose Pothole Club journal, pages 5-7. And also Descent 35 Jan/Feb 1977.

One incident in the Tunnel could have turned nasty in a big way but as usual the Angels were with us on that day and we winged it back to safety. Thank you.

The concrete-like consistency of the rubble in the dig prompted someone, he who-shall-be-nameless, to arrive with a home-made pipe bomb which would solve the problem. Not being accustomed to such devices, we left him to it to hammer the pipe under the rubble, and after positioning sentries up and down stream, he lit the fuse and we retired back to the ladder pitch at roof tunnel, to await the bang, with fingers in our ears, like innocents to the slaughter.

Now, not many people know this, and we didn't at the time, but if home-made explosives are not made just right, they don't go BANG, they go FIZZ... and they go FIZZ for a considerable length of time and you guessed it this one went FIZZ. and it kept on going FIZZ and on and on and on.

A waterfall of dense white smoke cascaded out of the tunnel and sank to the floor of the Master Cave.. and it kept coming and getting deeper. At one stage when it was only four feet deep one could see perfectly well over the top with crystal clarity, but upon ducking down into the fog - one couldn't see a hand in front of one's face - it was like trying to look through white paint - and then the someone who-shall-be-nameless did a runner and left us to it.

He was later booted out of the club, but right now, cavers were coming into the system from above in droves and by now the Master Cave was full of dense white smoke from Philosopher's Crawl to the top of the ladder at Roof Tunnel. This wasn't a black-out, it was a complete white-out.

Luckily we knew the Master Cave like the back of our hands and we spent the next few hours ferrying hand-holding bemused cavers through to the ladder, whereupon climbing up it they poked their heads out into clear clean air, and could proceed to exit the system on their own. Someone suggested charging them for the added excitement.

By Sod's Law one of these cavers just happened to be Jack Pickup - the Underground Controller for Cave Rescue, and upon setting eyes on me, he said, "I might have known it was you".

I didn't argue the point - it was my dig, and my responsibility - and only little children and the "politically-correct" would ever say, "It wasn't me Mister, I didn't do it, it was him that did it", and we had our reputation to live up to as the infamous Black Rose.

Ged Dodd

History

Black Rose Pothole Club - in the beginning (1957-1960)

Originally the Black Rose Pothole Club started when members of the Happy Wanderers Cave and Pothole Club, based behind the New Inn, in Clapham, had a falling out with the hierarchy that was and left to form a new club - this was in the late Fifties. Actually it was also because one of our members wanted to be in a position of power but couldn't get that in the existing HWPC. But that's another story.

We were joined by a lot more cavers who were disillusioned with their clubs and soon we numbered over a hundred or more. The Black Rose was very fluid in its membership with lads and lasses coming in from all over the north of England every weekend.

Some were dedicated cavers, some were dedicated boozers - but all were willing to hump heavy wooden ladders in the rain and give moral support to the "insane" explorer brigade on a wet Sunday morning. One was proud to be part of the Black Rose.

Most of us were naive young kids but even then we had two- faced schemers dwelling in our midst waiting to sell us down the river for their own purposes and we were later taken over by the Northern Speleological Group (NSG) in 1960 and the Black Rose ceased to exist - but that's another story.

Eventually we managed to acquire Scar End Farm up at Twistleton Hall in Ingleton as a hostel - our electrician Frank Squirrel laid on the electric cables to Twistleton Hall, and also because of "Fred", the resident ghost, who had scared the previous tenants witless - but that's yet another story (see page 30).

Remember, in those days we were young, and thin, and as fit as a butcher's dog, and we feasted on beans on toast at Bernie's in Ingleton every morning, or the Fountain's Cafe, or the Sunset Cafe, or the Three Peaks Cafe. We put ourselves about a bit. We supped ale at every pub in the village - keeping local bobby Jim Hall entertained with our ribald songs of dastardly deeds - before going to the local dance at the Institute Ballroom in our hob-nail boots and standing in line to have one's hand stamped with blue ink - every Saturday night - so as to meet up with the local young ladies and waltz the night away - with a touch of the Gay Gordons thrown in for good measure.

Actually it was only the non-cavers who wore hob-nailed boots because us proper cavers soon learned that rubber Commando soles were the only thing that worked on a back-and-foot traverse underground. Those hob nails just slipped off the rock face and one went "Geronimo >>> Splat".

I took one of our heaviest brethren - who insisted hob-nails were the only thing to wear because his Army book said so - on a traverse along the length of Upper Douk Cave - only a foot above the stream - and he came off umpteen times - but he still insisted he was right - despite his wet feet - but then, he didn't go caving much we us after that which is probably the only reason he is still around today - still mouthing off - and still as thick as seven short planks when it comes to knowing how to stay alive underground.

Bernard and Alice Robertshaw had just left the Youth Hostel and set up the Lonsdale Cafe ... or Bernie's as we knew it then, and as it is known again today, thanks to a renaming by Steve and Jane, the present owners of Bernie's.

As Steve said to me, "It always was Bernie's Cafe to everyone but Bernard".

In those days our "Where-Angels-Fear-To-Tread" explorer brigade knocked up some spectacular finds with the limited tackle and transport available to them - especially in Furness and on Scales Moor, or East Kingsdale as it is now called in Northern Caves - plus a large dollop of blind faith and youthful ignorance.

These including Dodd's Pitch in Spectacle Pot, Moorhouse Cavern (after Dennis Moorhouse) and Dryden Chamber (after Maureen Dryden). In the Furness district of Lancashire (now Cumbria) I found the high level passage in Henning Valley Cave which turned it into the district's largest cave system and I was the one who first entered Henning Wood Bone Cave and found the prehistoric human remains.

Our pioneer exploits made us the most active club of that era - the envy of many - and a very attractive take-over acquisition for another club who needed young active cavers and a hostel, and who were prepared to go to any lengths to get them.

Like I say, we were just naive young kids, and when an older member of Black Rose suggested a merger with the NSG (Northern Speleological Group) in exchange for a few hundred feet of rope ladders - and a thousand feet of new Corline rope - it sounded like a good idea. We really needed more tackle and we would still be Black Rose, he said. But more of that later.

SRT (Single Rope Technique) was then still in its infancy and frequently getting stuck half way up a pitch on primitive Prussic Knots and stretchy Climbing-grade nylon ropes is something I don't want to talk about. And as for those bright ORANGE Corline rot-proof life-lines, (Polypropylene to you), introduced by Bob Leakey of the NSG (Bless Him) which melted with the heat of friction when running through a karabiner, it's a wonder any of us survived to tell the tale.

Make no mistake - Bob Leakey of the NSG was one of my heroes when I first met him and I was still with the Happy Wanderers. He was pioneering Cathole above Clapham Village at the time - on his own, as was his forte - it was tight, low, tight, wet, tight, even lower - did I mention tight - and I had been caving for a month, and so of course I was already God's Gift to Caving, so I offered my services to him.

"OK" he said, "Let's see if you're as good as you think you are. Go and do Cathole, on your own, and cross the final lake, and tell me what's on the other side, I know what's there, and I'll consider it".

So, I did as he requested - did I mention it was tight - and it was not a happy place - on a carbide light - old jeans and shirt - but I thought if Bob Leakey can do it - so can I - so I shoe-horned myself through that wide bedding plane of a 6 inch deep lake with 2 inches of airspace and found absolutely nothing. A dead end.

Well, I couldn't wait to confront Mister Leakey of the NSG with the news that there was absolutely nothing there beyond that 'orrible flat-out freezing-cold over-sized puddle in Cathole?

"Yes" he replied, "I WONDERED ABOUT THAT". Very funny. Good one!

Some of us predicted the merger with the NSG was a disaster waiting to happen, and would result in the loss of our hostel - and we knew that a ranking Black Rose Member considered the Black Rose had a bad reputation for boisterous youthful exploits that went little bit over the top, and was secretly planning to get rid of the name completely.

We knew the Black Rose would be taken over by stealth, despite all the protestations to the opposite, but we were out- manoeuvred by the "users" and the naivety of the young Black Rose members, so the dissidents, myself included, left the club before the club left us and got taken over by the NSG.

As it turned out we were right - the Black Rose was lost to the new politically-correct "users" of the NSG in December 1960 but unknown to most of our members this had been plotted between the hierarchy of both clubs from March 1960 - wherein rules were to be applied whereby the Black Rose name was to be stricken from the records and the club would hence-forth be known only as the NSG. Our beloved Black Rose badges were to be removed and only NSG badges were to be worn. Black Rose members were led to believe that the Black Rose had taken over the NSG, but the opposite was true.

A full set of the secret and private "for-your-eyes-only" letters between those club officials of the BRPC and the NSG responsible for this betrayal - which were thought to have long since been destroyed - have fallen into my hands - oops. I always knew something wasn't right but couldn't prove it, until now.

As it happened, one of the members who left with us was big Eddie Hunt, the blaster at the local quarry, and he got us dissidents this large dry ex-quarry building up on Storrs Common for use as a hostel, and although we were no longer in the old club we still regarded ourselves as the true Black Rose and carried on regardless, and of course, seeing as we were there, Storrs Common was given some attention. Eddie later featured in Sid Perou's film A Wet Sunday at Sunset which promoted the Cave Rescue Organisation.

But Storrs Common had featured in my caving adventures from the very beginning. Back in the late fifties, on my very first day in Ingleton I had visited White Scar Show Cave at the suggestion of Alice Robertshaw, and upon meeting up with the Happy Wanderers I was then persuaded by Tiger Culshaw and Mike Myers to do a proper cave with them - Storrs Cave - well, it was the nearest.

Really, I had no intention of going caving that weekend - I had only gone to Ingleton at the invitation of Mike's sister Jennifer, and to be quite frank, caving was the last thing on my mind, but fate intervened in the form of her boyfriend, and I had no gear other than that which I stood up in.

I vividly remember hitch-hiking back home to Barrow-in-Furness in thoroughly muddy clothing, because let's face it, after I had caught the caving bug every sticky inch of glorious Storrs' mud had to be explored.

This early period from the late Fifties to the early Sixties included my first thwarted attempt at solving the mystery of the Lost Caverns, A Tale of Two Chickens and the discovery of Dead Rabbit Cave and Eeltrap Cave on Storrs Common. We also located Lower Arch, Norman Arch and Beezley Quarry Caves, and we lost Quarry Pot - but nothing of real note was accomplished on Storrs.

In 1961 I came off second best in a motor cycle accident and lost a knee cap. This tends to slow one down a bit - and - after one last trip down Spectacle Pot with my leg in a pot to recover the ladders I had borrowed from Mike Myers (HWCP) for the big pitch - potholing more or less took a back seat until the late Seventies when I formed a new Black Rose Pothole Club under the guise of a Cave Diggers Union and we resumed the search for the Lost Caverns under Storrs.

Black Rose Pothole Club - reborn (1976-1977)

The reforming of the Black Rose came about when I agreed to take an old friend - Martin Dawson - down Valley Entrance and much to my surprise he caught the caving bug and wanted to go again. So we bought a Goon Suit apiece and away we went.

These were the ex-RAF blow-up personal-dingy type suits which were ideal for throwing yourself into Kingsdale Beck up at Yordas during a flood and yelling, "Geronimo" all the way down the valley to beyond Keld Head, and then hoping to debunk the river before doing a header over Thornton Force. Now they were happy days .. but I digress.

Visiting Valley Entrance lead to the digging out of the Black Rose Tunnel in the West Kingsdale Master Cave by an ever- growing band of cave diggers (The Cave Diggers Union, brothers, and sisters) and subsequently I managed to inspire the new members of the Black Rose into getting back on Storrs Common in an attempt to re-open the Lost Caverns, either through my drain, Bean Pot or another back entrance.

Much to my dismay our old quarry hut had been demolished by this time - only the concrete has remained - Steam House Mansions had gone - Lime Kilns large enough to park one's van inside overnight had gone - been there, done that - anywhere even remotely capable of being slept in overnight had vanished - plus anywhere on the Common capable of being parked on had been cordoned off with huge boulders.

At first I thought this blitzkrieg was directed purely at cavers and weekenders, the likes of myself in the old days, but then I realised that times had changed and this was primarily directed at Professional Squatters and New Age Travellers, who were upsetting the locals at that time with their complete disregard for authority and the established order of things.

Unfortunately all "offcumdens" were caught up in the fray and any activity on the common was viewed with suspicion by the local inhabitants.

Black Rose Caving Club - the new Black Rose (2001 -)

The first I heard that the Black Rose were back in action again was when Big Jack Procter put an advert in my local paper - after 40 years - searching for the old Black Rose members to attend a reunion dinner at the Marton Arms in Ingleton.

He casually mentioned that he had been on the internet and had seen this new Black Rose Caving Club which had been recently formed by Duncan Jones and Pete Dale - so I suggested we get them up to the reunion to see the genuine old-time Black Rose in action.

I told Pete Dale and Duncan Jones about Wild Rose Cave and that got them involved with Storrs Common, and how they really caught the Storrs Bug, and have even gone so far as to adopt the Caves of Storrs Common under Descents adopt-a-cave scheme.

The place grows on one. It's so damned impossible to figure out what makes it tick - every new discovery contradicts the one before. Local people are becoming quite sympathetic towards those mud splattered adventurers who end up at the local chippy once a week, without fail, except when we end up in Bernie's Cafe.

The new Black Rose generously offered to give free honorary membership to all the old Black Rose but after digging with the lads for a few weeks on the Common I decided to pay my dues and become a proper paid-up member of the new Black Rose. Other old Black Rose members Johnnie Seaton and Pete Cumpsty soon followed me, and there will be many more.

The Black Rose is in safe hands. Carry on digging.

Ged Dodd

Eddie Hunt - profile

When I finally tracked Eddie down after 40 years he maintained that he never was in the Black Rose as such, but he had always knocked around with Jed, Jim, John and Just, or the Four Jays as he used to call them. That was Ged (Jed) Dodd, Jim Varey, John Kirbitcon and Frank (Just Courting) Squirrel.

As it happened, when we left the Scar End Hostel it was Big Eddie Hunt, the blaster at the local quarry who immediately got us the key to this dry ex-quarry building up on Storrs Common which we could use as a hostel, and although we were no longer in the old club we still regarded ourselves as the true Black Rose and carried on regardless.

When I say Big Eddie, I don't mean tall, I mean wide. He was built like a Sumo Wrestler, the proverbial brick outhouse. Whoa.

Eddie was just larger than life. A true Yorkshire man, blunt spoken, generous to a fault, plus a built-in habit of giving his friends an affectionate bear-hug that could break ribs, a painful fact, to which his girl-friend would testify. He broke two of her ribs in an affectionate embrace, but by the same token I can not recall him ever doing anything out of anger, although he did have this wicked sense of humour.

As Eddie tells it, "When I were at t'Quarry we had five pound sticks (dynamite) and you had to drop them down the hole, you see, and if the hole were too tiny the middle went and you were left with t'carton in your hand. So I thought, well, I'll stuff that full of paper, I'll go up to t'hut, and I'll get that lot up, somehow or other, so, put a dud fuse in and lit it, slung it in and there were all sorts coming out of t'hut then ... ha ha ha."

Almost as funny as when he would stand on top of the quarry throwing live sticks of dynamite at me saying, "Catch 'em, you gret softy, they can't go off, there's no detonator in 'em ... ha ha ha". Oh happy days, they don't make fear like that anymore.

Eddie, being a local from Ingleton, was the door-man who stamped your hand with an indelible blue pass-out on the Saturday Night Dance at the Institute.

He remembers this was done to stop the local girls from smuggling us potholers into the dance via the lady's toilets round the back of the Institute. Money was in short supply those days. A pint or the dance? No contest - make mine a pint. We lads had this curious priority code of Caving > Drinking > Girls ... but the girls had another code of Boys > Boys > Boys.

He says, "That was a horrible job on t'door, 'cos they all come up Kay-lied, Pee-eyed an' all sorts. (The dance was on the first floor, up lots of steps.) I use to stamp them anywhere they wanted stamping, an' I wasn't bothered, lifting skirts up, stamp their boobs, one bloke took his willie out an' I stamped that an' all.... ha ha ha."

Eddie was later featured in Sid Perou's film A Wet Sunday at Sunset which promoted the Cave Rescue Organisation. He supported the CRO whole-heartedly for many, many years with his ready jovial attitude, and his ability to sober up rapidly on a Saturday night when Dodger Brown came a' knocking on his door. Most rescuers were shouted out on a Saturday night. One would think potholers could be more considerate and wait until Sunday afternoon when the effects of Hartley's Ulverston Best Bitter had worn off.

Eddie's strength was legendary and if you got tired humping those heavy ladders then he would more than likely take them off you, put them under his arm... and then he'd grab you and put you under t'other one ... just because he could ha ha ha.

Oh happy days, they don't make them like him anymore. Privileged to know you Eddie - take care mate - Ged

Ged Dodd

Notes

The above history was taken from The Black Rose on Storrs Common - an e-book created by Ged Dodd. The e-book is an executable file which will likely only run on windows-PCs. As such access to it remains limited.

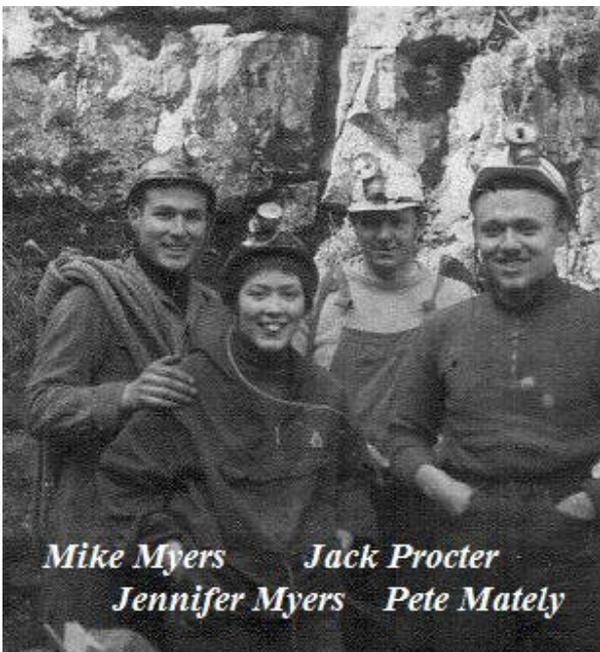
The Black Rose reborn section, on the e-book, finishes with the words "under construction" - regrettably we don't know if this was ever finished. Speaking with Ged's family they have been unable to gain access to his computer, so, as it stands, any further words remain lost. We certainly know in this short phase of the Black Rose quite a lot happened, thanks to the BRPC Journal (76-77) that was created by Ged. That journal features exploration and revisiting sites on Storrs Common, including a few surveys, the Cave Diggers Union and Black Rose Tunnel (Kingsdale). The classic "Tale of two chickens" also features. No other exploration was included, hence the creation of this journal to fill in the gaps and to quote Ged "set the record straight"..

The 76-77 journal was printed in August 1977 and, with kind permission from Ged, digitised by myself in the mid-2000s, to bring the long out-of-print publication to a wider audience. The PDF of which can be viewed or downloaded from the Black Rose Caving Club website.

Duncan Jones

Old Photographs

The following are a varied selection of photographs from the days of the Black Rose Pothole Club. Credit given where possible. Names of those pictured also given where possible. As with other content these were taken from Ged's website, thus quality is limited but are again, used in the spirit of preserving a snapshot of caving history that otherwise might be lost. You might also notice that all the photos are different shapes, sizes, adding to complexities of fitting them neatly onto pages! If you do spot a picture that is yours and it is not credited and you're happy for it to remain in this publication, please get in touch. If you have any better quality photographs or photographs not included then also make contact. The reason for this being (at present) an online/PDF journal is to allow for updates and corrections quickly.



*Happy Wanderers Cave and Pothole Club in 1957 prior to Mike Myers and Big Jack Procter leaving to help form the Black Rose Pothole Club.
Photo: Jack Procter*

*The original team at AG Pot in 1957
(now referred to as Grange Rigg Pot)
Ged Dodd, Pete Cumpsty, Barrow Dave, Mike Myers,
Dave Pickering, Frank Squirrel*

*Three lads from Barrow-in-Furness (then Lancashire),
and three from Lancaster.*





Dennis Moorhouse, Dacca Davis, Tommy Bowers, John Sandham, Pete Cumpsty, Ged Dodd



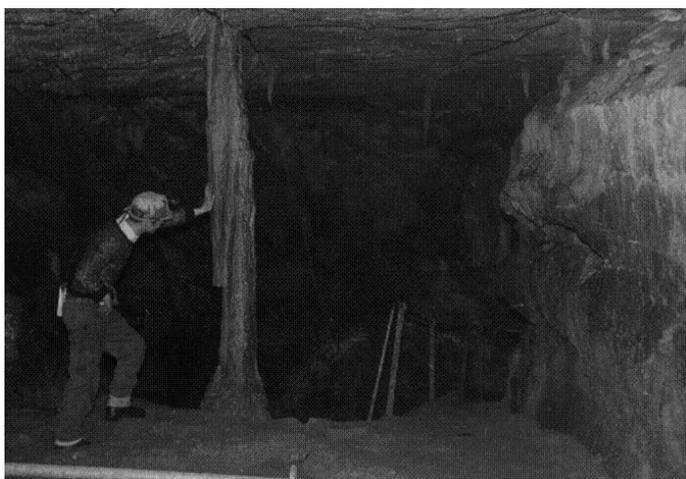
Dennis Moorhouse, Whit, Stringbean, John Sandham, Pete Cumpsty. 1959



Pete Cumpsty, Ged Dodd, Greta, Mike Myers, Moya, Dave Picking, Barrow Dave



Scorcher, Bob Laycock, Pete Cumpsty, Brian Lewis, Dennis Moorhouse, Jack Sletcher. 1960.



Brian, Pillar Hall, Ingleborough Cave



*Lonsdale Cafe / Snack Bar (AKA Bernie's) 1958
Ged Dodd, ????, Sue, Brian Skipsey, Pete Cumpsty,
Dennis Moorhouse
Photo: Tiger Culshaw*



*Barrow Dave and Ged Dodd, November 1957
Camping at a cold and wet Alum Pot*



*Quite possibly Pete Cumpsty making preparations
for diving at Keld Head*



*Bob Laycock, ????, Alan Selby
Photo: Bob Laycock*



Giants Hole, 1958



*Ged Dodd, Furness, 1960
Complete with the controversial *Underground* in
Furness book, as a send-up because of all the caves
found by the Black Rose in the late fifties!*



Stringbean, Bob Laycock, Dave Picking, Little Jimmy, Ged Dodd, Pete Cumpsty



Caving with some french potholers. Bob Laycock, Pete Cumpsty and a very young looking Brian Lewis down front.



Odin Mine

We met these young ladies staying at the YHA on our first night and they were made honorary members for the week. Half naked male??? Jackie on top of Alan (Tich) Selby, Tuck on top of some young lady, Helen on top of Ged Dodd, Pete Cumpsty and Pauline (not Bix's lovely Pauline)

Photo: Pete Cumpsty

Odin Mine

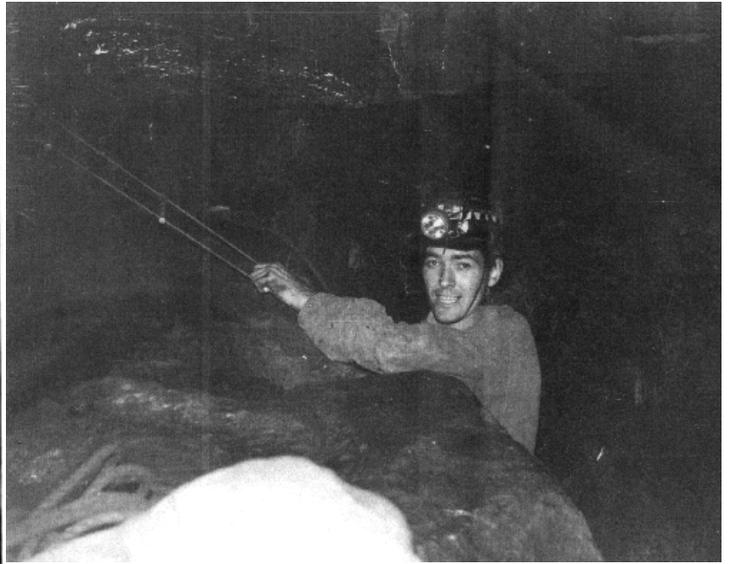
Alan (Tich) Selby, Tuck, Bob Laycock, Cecilia, Anne, Rick (Richie) Kirby, Pete Cumpsty, Jackie, Ged Dodd being given a tonsillectomy by Helen, Gus, - now who are Tuck and Gus ??? were they EPC ??

Photo: Pete Cumpsty





Laddering Rowten Pot, 1957



Johnnie Seaton at Bar Pot 1957 on the BRPC's first ever electron ladder made by Mike Myers



Long Churn Cave

Jack, breakfast at Bull Pot





????, Keith (Worm) Worsencroft of Eldon PC, ????,
 ????, ????, ????, Arthur Newbold who played the piano
 at the dances, Jack Sletcher, Pete (Fingers) Cumpsty,
 Photo: Pete Cumpsty



Some Black Rose with local Ingleton Girls

- 1 Jack Sletcher, 2 John (Scorcher) Winterburn,
 3 Big Kim Alderton, 4 Brian Skipsey, 5 John Adams*,
 6 Dennis (Teeny-weeny) Moorhouse, 7 Alan (Tich) Selby*,
 8 Geoff Fitters*, 9 Ged (Jed) Dodd*, 10 Ian Gilmore*.

* from Barrow in Furness.

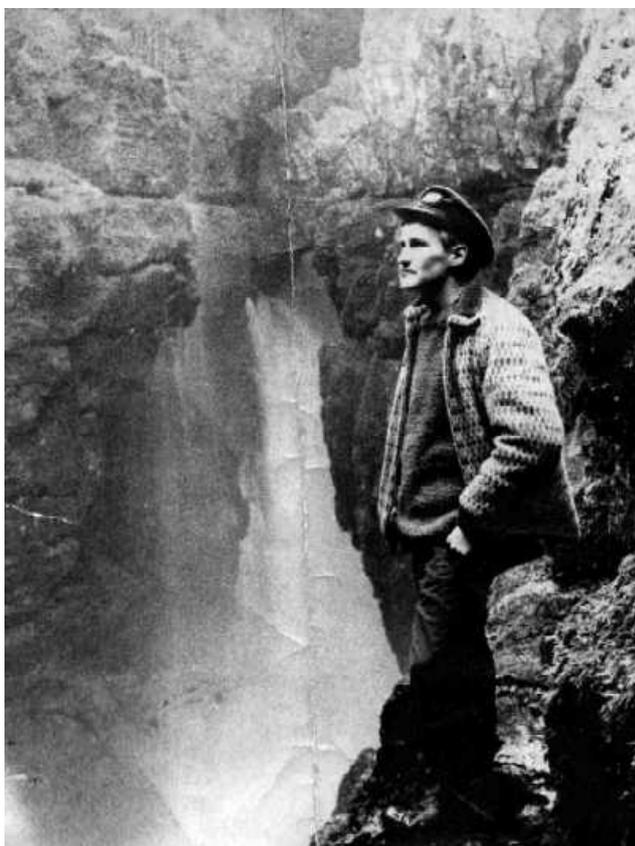
That is possibly Pete Cumpsty hiding away at the back?



*Dennis Moorhouse, Pete Cumpsty, John Kirbitson,
Big Kim Alderton
Photo: Tiger Culshaw*



*Pete Cumpsty
Photo: Daily Express 1959.*



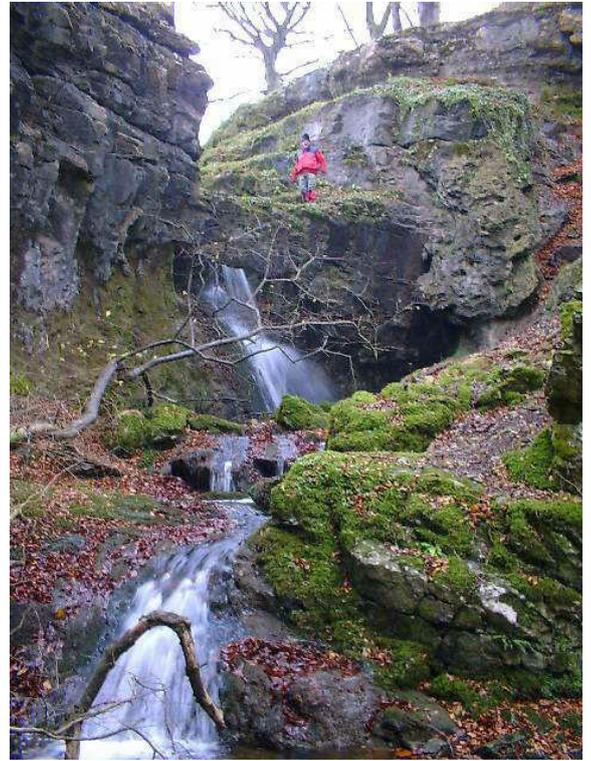
*Ged, Weathercote Cave.
Photo: Meesh.*



*Pen and ink drawing, Ingleborough Cave.
By Ged Dodd.*



*Pete Cumpsty, Easegill Force
(Jenkin Beck) 1957*



*Pete Cumpsty, Easegill Force.
Recreated December 2002
Photo: Duncan Jones*



*Pete Cumpsty, Ged Dodd. December 2002
Outside Jenkin Beck Cave
Photo: Duncan Jones*



*Pete Cumpsty & Ged Dodd with Adam Cooper.
December 2002, the Black Rose Oldies still
active on Storrs Common after nearly 50 years!
Photo: Duncan Jones*



*Ged Dodd, January 2003
Beezley Quarry, Storrs Common*

*On this day he joined Robbie from IMPS capping Wild Rose Cave, after it had been earlier cleared of chippings by the New Black Rose.
Just one of numerable visits he made to The Common in the early 2000s, exploring features and digging at Lower Arch Cave, The Upper Beezley Dig, Egg Hole and more besides with the New Black Rose.
Photo: Duncan Jones*

Old Hut/Hostel, Scar End - Fred the Ghost

Eventually we managed to acquire Scar End Farm up at Twistleton Hall in Ingleton as a hostel - our electrician Frank Squirrel laid on the electric cables to Twistleton Hall, and also because of "Fred", the resident ghost, who had scared the previous tenants witless!

Our old Black Rose hostel at Scar End had a ghost, affectionately called Fred. We had all seen or heard him at one time or another - especially when approaching the hostel on foot up the path through the open field. He could be seen waiting at the top gate.

But he was never there when one arrived, however, upon looking back he could be seen at the bottom gate. Belief in Fred was very real and only a handful us fear-naught adventurers would dare stay at the hostel all alone on a Friday night.

I was one of those who was not that bothered about being there on my own - who am I kidding? One evening I arrived - no one else was there - a very careful check of all eleven rooms to ensure I was alone before unrolling my sleeping bag and settling down in the middle bedroom for the night.

Within minutes the door to the end bedroom opened, footsteps walked along the landing passed my door, down the stairs, across the hall, the front door opened, and closed.

I was hanging out of the bedroom window above the front door by this time to see who it was. You guessed it. No one was there. Good old Fred.

Another night I was awoken to the sound of chains clanking. With my heart in my mouth and my hand cuddling a carabiner, I followed the sound, down the stairs, outside, round to the barn, and found - several of farmer John's cows chained up in the bier.

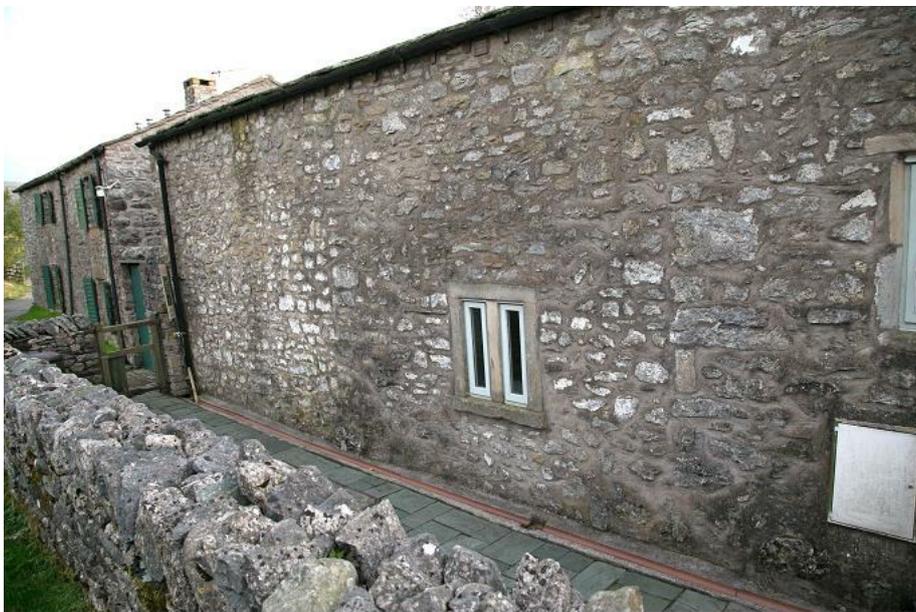
Oh come on, get real - you can't win them all.

Neither of the present owners of 1 Scar End, nor 2 Scar End, have encountered Fred since they moved in after the old hostel was renovated.

Ged Dodd



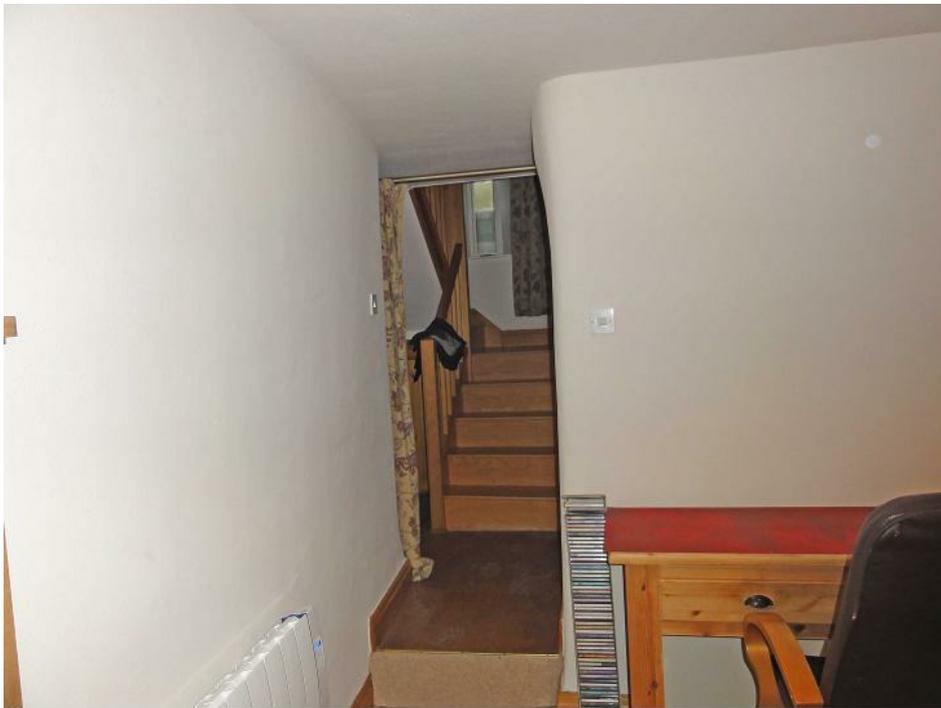
Old Hut/Hostel, Scar End - photos



The Porch and Glass Conservatory have gone.



Our old front door at the rear of the building



A new wooden staircase covers over the old stone one.



New well where the tackle room/cafe used to be.



The old front room with a new wood burning stove.

Reunions

Black Rose Pothole Club reunions started in March 2002, at the Marton Arms Hotel, Ingleton, after a plea was placed in newspapers by Big Jack Proctor. These continued for many a year and lots of pictures and videos can be found on the Peacehavens channel on YouTube. Along with similar for a number of Thursday Oldies club outings that took place during those times.



Above two photos by: Jan Kendall

‘Big’ Jack’s pothole plea

A DISBANDED pot-holing club is calling for its Keighley members to get in touch in time for a March re-union.

The Black Rose Pot Hole Club operated between 1957 and 1964 from Scar End Farm in Ingleton.

Former President ‘Big’ Jack Proctor is now appealing for former members to contact him for a reunion event on March 23.

He says: “I have kept in touch with some of the old members but there was about 30 plus at one time and we want to get in touch again to tell them about a reunion meal we’re having at the Marton Arms.

“It’ll be a get together and it should be a cracking do – partners are invited.

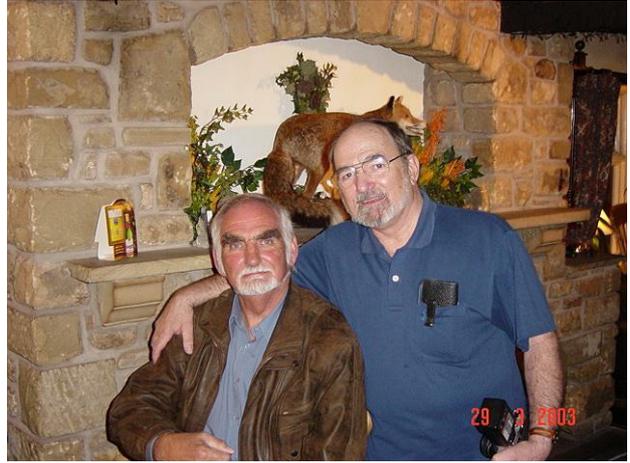
“We’re particularly trying to get hold of two former members from the Keighley area, one is called Ged Dodd.”

If you were a member of the club and would like to get back in touch with members then please contact Jack on 01772 496 806 or email him at jack_g07m@blueyonder.co.uk





?, Pete Cumpsty



Bob Laycock, Richie



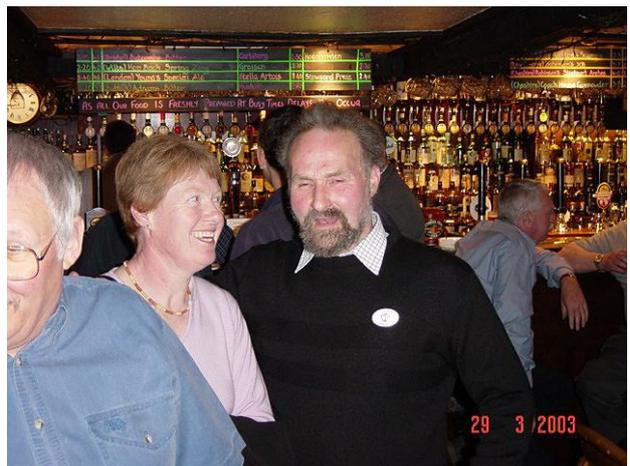
Jimmy Borsey, Jack Sletcher, Ged Dodd, Johnnie Seaton, Frank Squirrell.



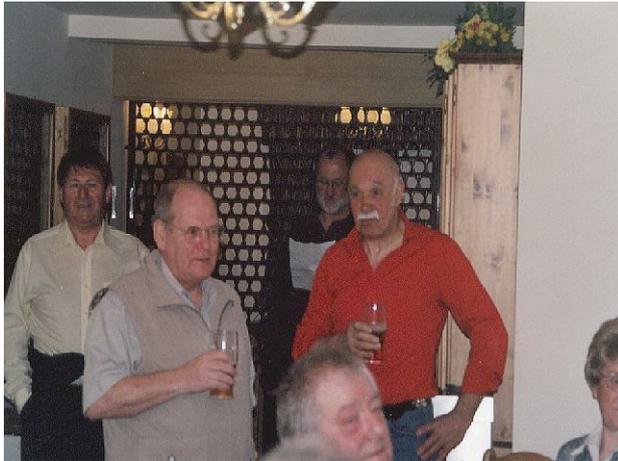
Jack Sletcher, Bob Laycock, Richie, ?, Dennis Moorhouse, Brian Lewis, Frank Squirrell.



Jimmy Borsey, Dennis Moorhouse, Connie Creighton, Johnnie Seaton.



Mary and Mike Myers



Tommy, Brian, Jack



Dacca, Ged



Phil, Dennis, Richie



One of the many reunions.



*Ged Dodd & Pete Cumpsty, Daylight Hole.
May 2003*

The reunions and interest in caves, led to many a walk, this was exploring the spoil heap of Daylight Hole, Furness.

A few other walks with cave interest included a sink near Sell Gill, a small open hole in Kingsdale, shakeholes at Dove Cove Moss and a cave near Winskill, not in the guidebook but already known as Hags Brow Cave.

Photo: Duncan Jones

Information and References

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The front page logo is a direct copy from the original journal, in an attempt to provide an element of continuity and familiarity.

The views expressed in this publication are those of the respective authors and not necessarily those of the Black Rose - Pothole or Caving - Club.

This journal was initially compiled by Duncan Jones in 2024, released as a freely downloadable PDF with the aim of it being updated if/when further information or better quality photographs were received. The ultimate aim being a final journal that can be printed and stored in the national caving library along with a handful of club libraries..

