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KYNDWR CLUB NOTES.

THE burrowing section of the Club has pursued its explorations with as much energy as ever during the last two or three months. After their autopsy of the Devil's Hole or Peak Cavern, these members proceeded to turn the Blue John Mine and all its ramifying passages inside out. A party of at least two dozen was engaged, on this occasion, in the delightful sport of cave-exploring or the equally delightful sport of seeing their fellow-beings dragged through tunnels, and up and down tunnels, soused in water, entombed in mud, and pulled in half-exhausted condition over jagged rocks and rough sheets of stalagmite. Among the crowd a representative of the press, who had not been invited by the Club, got into the cave, and some alarming reports as to the habits and customs of cave-hunters and the dangers of the sport, got into the papers.

The most interesting part of the night's entertainment was a visit paid to an innermost cavern that had not been visited till recently for about half a century. Access to this noble hall—or theatre, for it was an extremely lofty chamber, with pit, gallery, and dress-circle, all complete, and a proscenium draped with vast folds of calcite—was obtained by a circuitous wriggle down an exaggerated rabbit-hole, followed by a difficult climb up and down a steep wall 30 ft. high. Puttrel, Watson and Baker climbed a gigantic rift, all lined with stalagmite, and reached a height of about 100 ft., which, however, appeared to be a long way from the top. A scrambling ascent was made, also, up a steep tunnel, which started from the lower series of caves and communicated with the upper series; that is, it was possible to see and shake hands with a person who was distant from you, so far as

changing places was concerned, about half-an-hour's hard walking.

The next cave to be explored was the Bagshawe at Bradwell, and, on the most eventful occasion, only four workers, Messrs. Baker and Smithard and P. and F. Pearson, were engaged. This was in some respects the worst cave hitherto explored by the Club; it was very dirty, very wet, and the amount of crawling to be done over sharp rocks, in tunnels so low that one had to lie quite flat, was quite beyond precedent. If many more than four members had been forced to go through such an ordeal, it would very likely have extinguished the speleological ambitions of the Club altogether. Two men, who went off on a little journey of their own, got astray in the ramifying passages; and when the other two, who had to go back to find them, arrived on the scene, they were sitting round the fag-end of a candle, at a spot, if we measure the distance in halfpenny dips, nearly a pound of candles away from the general rendezvous. Two or three new passages were discovered, that night, which have since been followed up, perhaps as far as man can go without blasting or excavating the rock. Several chambers, finely adorned with stalactites, exist on the line of these new caves; but they are of very low value commercially, because the approach lies through a series of lakelets that must be waded. Some members of the Club talk about penetrating the other series of caves beyond a certain "siphon," but the project would seem to require some sort of diving equipment.

To return to the open air, four Kinderites went to North Wales at Easter, which is as much as to say, they ate, drank, slept and strolled about the mountains, carefully abstaining from everything arduous. The only climbing of any account was done indoors, where some highly original feats were gone through by various men. But even the after-dinner performances in Cambria are of a feeble, *dilettante* order compared with those of Wastdale. Is it the air, or the food, or the influence of the scenery, or old age coming on? If not, what is it?