

## The Rediscovery of Nettle Pot Gawthrop

by Haggis.

It all began in my second week-end at Wharnside. Ben had arranged an Open Day at the Manor for the local Commissioners, and he also had a management committee meeting, so all the 'big brass' from H.Q. were there. By dinner we were all sick and tired of it all and so four of us (Brian Mee, Pat, Andrew and myself) decided to go out onto the Fells for the evening. After about 2 hours of walking we came to the top of Flinter Gill (the beck running through Dent) and eventually realised that there was more water at the top than at the bottom: We had found ourselves a dig.

The next evening found us upon a dicey traverse of Flinter Gill and then through a shale band until we rediscovered the Great Scar. and Eventually we found where the majority of the water was sinking. We got the permission of the farmer and set off home. We were going to keep our dig secret but we realised that it could be approached by a Land Rover so we informed Ben. He told us that we were going to dig out Dent's water supply, but there was another sink further up Brown Beck.

Tuesday night was spent in a recce. We soon found that the water was sinking about 50 yards up from the bridge and I while splashed around the sink while Brian and Andrew set off up the beck. They returned about 1 hour later with reports of a natural cave entrance about 100 yards upstream.

On Wednesday, Brian having gone to Sheffield for the day, Andrew & I set off up the Beck to find that it was sinking mid-way between last night's end off operations & the entrance. We had had no rain for several days, so we thought this was queer. Climbing over the Wheel-Barrow at the entrance we penetrated into the blackness. It soon opened out into a small chamber, with at least two passages off it. This part of the cave was typical Dent-Dale, Flood debris & dead chickens. Muggins was sent up the tightest, sordidest way, which eventually got too tight to follow. The floor was however composed of six inches of mud and dead chickens so with thoughts of Gawthrop master cave, I got out my crowbar and dug. After about 8ft of excavation & rounding a corner, I could see a bedding plane stretching into the gloom. Inch long pretties decorated the ceiling.

All this time Pat Andrew had been crawling and getting stuck in a passage to the left off the chamber. Eventually, he he returned with stories off vast, 20ft pitches. Intrepid me then set off up the crawl (roomy compared with my dig) and after about 30ft reached the aforementioned pitch. It looked free-climbable but being chicken I decided not to try. The pitch however clean and wholesome, compared to where we had just been, so prospects looked good.