



Wessex
Cave
Club

FOREWORD.

As this will be the last circular published before the end of the Club year, July 31st, it is felt that this is a proper time to mention the subject of subscriptions, and make a special request that all members endeavour to pay as soon in the coming year as possible. To remind you, we would mention that the ordinary subscription is only 7/6d and that for family membership, 10/-, so please forward yours to the Hon. Treasurer early in the coming year. In fact, we shall not object if we receive it before the next year.

Some members will be aware of the fact that Mr. White, the owner of Beechbarrow, is putting the place up for sale, and we must face the fact that the new owner may not want us to continue as his tenants. Members may rest assured that the Committee will endeavour to get a continuation of the tenancy, as we look upon Beechbarrow as our greatest asset.

An apology is due to those members who turned up for the advertised Mine Shaft event. Due to an oversight on the part of the Hon. Secretary, instructions that names be sent to him were omitted from the notice, and as he therefore did not hear from anyone, concluded that members were not interested, and called the event off.

The coal stove at Beechbarrow continues to give trouble; this time we find there is a hole in the back. Members must not use it until it is repaired as it now smokes very badly indeed through the hole.

We now have very few articles in reserve for coming circulars, and it is now up to members to decide if the circular will continue in its enlarged form, so please make a special effort and send in articles, accounts, letters, etc. to provide copy for future issues.

Hon. Secretary.

F. Frost, 22 Wolseley Road, Bishopston, Bristol.
'Phone Bristol 44221.

Hon. Treasurer.

G. Williams, 1 Redhill Drive, Fishponds, Bristol.

Hon. Asst. Sec.

Mrs. P.E. Millward, Court-de-Wych, Claverham, Nr. Bristol.
'Phone Yatton 3211.

Hon. Sec. London Group.

H. Murrell, Mizbrooks, Capel, Surrey.
'Phone Capel 3272.

NEW MEMBERS

We have pleasure in welcoming into the Club the following new members:-

P.R. Cooke, "St. Trinian's", 16 Manor Road, Weston-S-Mare.
R.F. Earle, Fairview, Shipham, Winscombe, Som.
L. Williams, 96 Friarn Street, Bridgwater, Som.
J.W.H. Woof, Mr. Mrs., 96 North Road, Bristol. 6.

Affiliated Club:-

Sidcot Spelaeological Society, Sidcot School, Winscombe, Som.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

G.R. Cortvriend, 16 The Avenue, Taunton, Som.
P.B. Dolphin, Overhill Cottage, Easton-in-Gordano, Som.
B. Salmon, Tower House, St. Andrews Street, Wells, Som.

CONGRATULATIONS.

To Arthur Hill and Miss Gwyn Tudor on their recent marriage. Both are prominent members of the South Wales Caving Club, Arthur having been Hon Secretary a number of years.

FOUND.

At Loxton Cave a Ronson Lighter. If the owner will apply to D.M. Thomson, 4 St. Joseph Road, Weston-Super-Mare, it will be returned.

PUBLICATION.

No. 2. Vol. 6. Proceedings of the University of Bristol Spelaeological Society contains a very fine survey of G.B. Cave, and articles on "Earth Electrical Resistance Measurements", the "U.B.S.S. Bat Ringing Scheme", "Gorse Bigbury", "A Roman Field System at Charterhouse upon Mendip", and a very full and complete report on the Tynings Farm Barrows Group. The Proceeding, which costs 7/6d, can be obtained from:-

The Hon. Secretary,
Spelaeological Society,
The University,
BRISTOL. 8.

FUTURE EVENTS.

Sunday, 29th July, 1951. HOLWELL CAVERN (The Quantocks).

Meet at the Blake Monument, Bridgwater at 11.30 a.m. from which point the party will proceed in convoy. One other cave thought to be in this district may be visited. Names to C.H. Kenney, 5 Vicars Close, Wells. Tel. Wells 3211.

Sunday, 19th August. EAST MENDIP CAVES.

It is intended to visit Browne's Hole, Fairy Cave and Witheybrook Swallet, and time permitting, have a look at Hunting Lodge Swallet. It would be advisable for members to bring a towel as well as a change of clothing, as although Withybrook is dry at the moment; it may not be on August 19th. Meet outside the Knatchbull Arms – this is the pub. opposite Stoke St. Michael Post Office, at 2.30 p.m. Names to J.G. Broadley, The Batch, Laverton, Nr. Bath.

August 24/26th.

Visit to Mendip of the South Wales Caving Club.

Saturday, 1st September. MENDIP MINE SHAFTS.

It is intended to carry out the programme planned for 19th May. Meet at H.Q., Beechbarrow, 2.30 p.m. Names to Hon. Secretary.

Sunday, 16th September. EASTWATER CAVERN.

Meet at Eastwater hut, 11.0 a.m. Leaders are C.H. Kenney and D. Thomson. If sufficient members are interested, both routes to the end of the cave will be laddered and a circular tour made. Names to C.H. Kenney, 5 Vicars Close, Wells. Tel. Wells 3211.

NOTES FROM E.A. GLENNIE.

Ref. Circular No. 23.

GEOPHYSICAL EXPLORATION.

A note on the resistivity Method appeared in C.R.G. News Letter No.7 which to some extent amplifies Applegate's excellent note, and also in part answers his last sentence.

Professor Palmer working on the surface over Lamb Lair before the war found that the Great Chamber could be successfully located by the method, and found in addition, indications of an adjacent chamber so far unknown. Excavation in search of this chamber was begun after the war, and is still in progress, but has not yet gone far enough to prove or disprove the existence of the Chamber.

Ref. Circular No. 25.

PEAK CAVERN.

The temperatures in Peak Cavern and in Mendip seem rather surprising. I should not have expected the temperature in the inner parts of Peak Cavern to be higher than 49° F.

In Mendip the highest temperature I have observed in a cave was 54° F in June in the lowest part of Great Oones Hole, but this was surely due to 'hot air' in Gough's Cave below. About 50 feet higher up in the same cave on the same occasion the temperature was 52°.8 F. The final chamber of Lamb Lair in June recorded 52°.5 but Lamb Lair is a warm cave. G.A. Walton gave 48° for the main chamber of Read's Cavern and 45° in Zed Alley, which is, I think, one or two degrees colder than the average for Mendip. Could we have further comments on Mendip temperatures?

E.A. Glennie.

AN INTERIM REPORT ON LUDWELL DIG.
(Map reference 33556 15920).

At Ludwell Farm, Hutton, a stream, sometimes carrying considerable quantities of water, issues from beneath a low rock roof, and runs over a dam and under a track down to the farm-yard. Prompted by Peter Cooke, the Weston caving fraternity decided to try a dig. It looked hopeful, it had commendable proximity, and it is below the 50' contour. Near this resurgence, and on a slightly higher level, is a small cave shelter, and attempts have been made in both places to enter the stream passage. The O.S. map gives the impression, judging from the contours, that this stream represents the drainage of some two square miles including Bleadon Hill and Upper Canada, where a number of small rivulets disappear without the formation of obvious swallets.

Permission having been obtained from the farmer, Mr. Milliard, the resurgence was attacked. At first it offered slight hope, but removal of the dam lowered the water level several inches, revealing a passage which had then some three inches of air space. Lying completely submerged in the water a hole could be felt and through this the drainrods we had brought out could be pushed for nearly thirty feet. The water is indescribably cold, and the size of the hole was difficult to determine, but it was assumed to be too small to pass, and visions of subterranean chambers of unsurpassed beauty began to fade. With the unexpected arrival of dry weather the water level fell at least nine inches, and it was obviously time to try this hole again. It was indeed too tight for safety, but the floor was of cobbles, and when these were cleared away it was possible to submerge one's head and float through into a chamber eight feet long, three feet high, and half full of water. At the far end of this is a sump with an air space somewhere on the other side, but this has not yet been entered.

Digging was begun at the Eastern end of the cave shelter, and soon boulders were found. Breaking through a little chamber among the boulders these were found to continue, and one morning we were surprised to find that Lionel Brewer had dug himself out of sight into a chamber, completely rock formed, and big enough to accommodate two people of reasonable dimensions. At the far end of this, removal of a few more boulders led into a steeply inclined bedding plain, leading down to a boulder-filled pool. We then became conscious of an evil looking chimney guarding the entrance to the bedding plain, and when some of the more aggressive looking boulders had been removed, we attacked the chimney from the surface. The use of pick-axes on the boulders beneath the surface at the top of the chimney produced an effect as impressive and under-estimated as it was disastrous for with the acceleration of gravity and with multiplying tumult the contents of the chimney descended into the entrance of the bedding plain. The subsidence at one side of the chimney over the following few weeks made it evident that the so-called chimney was merely one end of a choke filling the top of the bedding plain.

At the Eastern end of the shelter again, another passage was excavated, and has now been cleared for ten feet. Unfortunately it runs in an upward direction to terminate in a choked chimney and a choked rift, every bit as evil as the first. This passage, the "South passage" runs parallel with the stream, according to the information Howard Kenney derived from dowsing in the field above. But it rises too steeply to be encouraging.

The tasks ahead are those of passing the sump in the stream passage, and if this is possible, following the stream, and also clearing the choke in the bedding plain to reach the pool. The pool must lie quite near the stream passage, but even when we could see the pool, it was impossible to establish a liaison between it and the stream. If all else fails, attempts will be made to clear the South Passage in the hope that somehow or other it finds the streamway, but as pointed out before it does not look very hopeful. Resurgences seem to be characteristically difficult of entry, and this one is proving no exception to that aphorism. Judging by the outflow, some sort of cave system must lie behind the resurgence somewhere, but whether we can get into it is quite another matter.

The diggers who are members of the Club were Lionel and Bully Brewer, Mick Glenister, Hugh Rendell and Peter Cooke, but thanks are also due to Howard Kenney for his dowsing and his sympathetic interest, and to various other people who came out to help by heaving buckets to the surface. Should any member of the Club be at a loss in trying to find something to do on a pleasant afternoon, he is cordially invited to come out and join us. The company is congenial, the language often unprintable, and the work often secondary; but a good time is had by all.

Donald Thomson.

The following article was originally written for non-cavers, and it was therefore necessary to emphasise certain aspects that would perhaps be taken for granted by cavers. It was in fact written for the House Magazine of John Hooper's firm.

Hon. Sec.

UNDERGROUND IN FRANCE.

In case the above title leads the reader to expect thrilling tales of the Resistance Movement, I had better give due warning that this is merely an account of a holiday spent by my wife and myself, in company with 20 other British cavers, in visiting some spectacular caves in Southern France.

The party left Victoria at 8.0 one August Saturday morning and 21 hours later, after a 350 mile overnight journey from Paris, climbed wearily out of the train at Valence. We were met by the Vice-President of the Societe Speleologique de France, M. Pierre Ageron, who - as we were soon to learn - had arranged a busy week for us. After a quiet day spent in exploring Valence and in getting a glimpse of the turbulent mud-laden Rhone, we slept the night in the ecclesiastical atmosphere of a big modern Seminary for intending priests. Next morning we began our travels again at the depressingly early hour of 6.0 a.m. The party, which was now dignified by the title of 'International Congress of Speleologists', had grown in number to over 50 and included members of the French Alpine Club and the Swiss Speleological Society, several reporters and a detachment of the French Army Signals Corps. We travelled in a mixed convoy consisting of a coach, two cars, an army lorry and a Jeep.

We visited first an area known as the Vercors, in the Western foothills of the Dauphine Alps. This was reached by a sensational climb up one side of a deep gorge where the road snaked along ledges, hairpin bends and tunnels, all hewn out of a limestone precipice with a very flimsy-looking parapet between us and a sheer drop of 600 feet. Although our driver was good, we never quite shared his sublime trust in the protective powers of his horn as he charged enthusiastically round blind corners on such a road! Eventually we gained a grassy plateau, 3,000' high, and our first cave - the Grotto de la Luire. The entrance was an impressive archway, 60' high by 75' wide. Completely hidden by trees, it was used by the Maquis as a hospital until the Germans discovered it in 1944 and slaughtered the patients and doctors. Along one wall a stretcher, crutches, bandages and other hospital equipment, together with simple wreaths and stones bearing pencilled inscriptions, formed a tragic memorial to the victims.

A low arch then led into a wide corridor which increased slowly in size as we scrambled over a boulder-strewn floor until it opened into a rocky chamber with the dimensions of a large cinema. Beyond, a rough slope ended abruptly at the edge of the first 'pitch' - a black cavity, 90' deep. Some of the party descended this, climbing like spiders down fragile looking ladders made of stranded steel wire with pencil-thick rungs, and reached a ledge overhanging a very much more fearsome pitch, 300' deep. Others explored an upper series, crawling through a labyrinth of muddy tunnels. Meanwhile, the army began their experiments on underground radio transmission and got busy with 14 lb. 'walky-talky' and other portable units. Everywhere we went we found steel-helmeted figures intoning "Allo, Allo, Allo" into microphones, and relaying messages from the bottom of the ladder to the outside world. Occasionally there would be a rather petulant complaint "Je receis deux emissions a la meme fois!".

After spending four hours underground we did full justice to a picnic meal supplied by the army who did most of the catering throughout the week. Then we were taken on a long drive from which we returned suffering almost from 'scenic indigestion', our minds saturated with memories of tremendous mountain vistas, tunnels, hairpin bends, dark gorges topped by sunlit crags, rolling forest land and lonely, empty plains. We spent the night at Choranche a small village overshadowed by soaring cliffs of red-brown limestone, this time, our sleeping quarters were State-run barracks for workmen engaged on a nearby hydro-electric scheme.

Next morning, we visited the Grotte du Bournillon, where a wide, fast-flowing river emerges from the foot of a tree-fringed cliff, 800' high. Paradoxically, the entrance archway, the highest in Europe, was so immense, that from the outside, it was invisible. The roof, 300' high, merged imperceptibly into the cliff face above, and eventually I got quite a shock, on looking behind me, to discover that I had walked several hundred feet into the cave without realising it! This great underground canyon enclosed a lake 150' wide and 500' long. At the far end, we climbed up a long slope, passed through a succession of grottoes and then traversed from rock to rock along a narrow ledge, 40' above the floor of another huge chamber. The opposite wall was almost out of sight, but nearer at hand we could see long, sword-like clusters of stalactites hanging from the high roof, and in the blackness below, we could just distinguish the gleam of the river, foaming noisily down a series of cascades. Finally, we descended a boulder pile and found that the way ahead, 30' wide, was barred from wall to wall by dark swirling water, too deep to be waded.

Later, we visited the Grotto Favet, climbing a thousand feet of steep, wooded mountainside, beneath a blazing hot sun, before we reached its entrance. Once within its cool shade, we queued to stand, open-mouthed beneath dripping stalactites and slake our fiery thirsts. The entrance passage was a straight tunnel, large enough to drive a bus through, which penetrated steeply down for about 200'.

Big chambers and spacious corridors with floors of deep sand then took us into a circular hall whose central feature was a mountainous dome of creamy-white stalagmite, fully 40' in diameter and 30' high. On one side, this dome overhung a vertical drop of 150', a fact which induced due caution as we scrambled up its glossy sides to the rounded summit. From this vantage point, we could look down into a broad trough of blackness in which crystal terraces, mirror-like pools and tall columns were momentarily floodlit and faded into the shadows again as our wandering torch beams swept across them. As we left the cave, the evening sun was directly in line with the entrance and brilliant rays shone deep into the long tunnel, so that each figure climbing up the slope was sharply silhouetted, as against a searchlight beam.

On Wednesday, we returned to Valence for what was nominally a rest day. However, after a special dinner with wines, toasts, songs and speeches, a ceremonial reception by the Mayor with more wines and speeches and a riotous supper from which wine was again not lacking, the time left for resting was strictly limited. Nevertheless, we managed to get up in time the following morning for the 6.0 a.m. start of our trip to the caves in the Central Massif.

Our convoy headed South through the vineyards and peach orchards of the Rhone valley to Montelimar, where we bought great quantities of nougat, choosing at random from the 50 or 60 shops which sold this sweet and apparently nothing else. We continued between dead straight lines of plane trees tapering to the horizon and after crossing the Rhone at Pont. St. Esprit, we entered the maquis country - a featureless blue-green landscape of low scrub and stunted trees which grew miraculously from a 'soil' composed largely of rock chips. In the midst of this wilderness, we came to the tiny village of Orgnac, where we were formally greeted by the veteran Robert de Joly, President of the French Speleological Society, and then taken into the cave known as the Avon* d' Orgnac . The outer portions had been commercialised and were reached by an artificial tunnel, 320 feet long. We entered a gigantic, vaulted chamber, where blue daylight, striking down through a hole in the roof, 150' above us, combined with hundreds of floodlights to make a fairyland, or some fantastic stage setting, of innumerable stalagmite pillars, domes and minarets which stretched away into the shadowy distance. Many of the stalagmites were as tall as fifty feet and had a curious feathery or foliated surface, vaguely reminiscent of a pile of assorted plates - if one could imagine such a pile extending to the height of a five-storey building! Coloured in reds, browns, pinks and creams, they seemed almost unbelievable compared with those in British caves, where a height of ten feet is considered outstanding. We were told that they grow one millimetre every 13 years.

* Aven = a swallet hole or pothole.

A stainless steel bar, stamped with the date of the visit was placed by M. de Joly on one of the pillars and will in due course become cemented in by the stalagmitic deposit to form a unique record. Then we left the 'show' sections and after switching on our torches, slid down a stalagmite bank on a rope and plodded over slopes of sticky mud into the final chambers. Here there were ever larger formations, including an elaborately fluted pillar, 20' thick which joined the floor to the roof, 90' above. By torchlight, this rose like a lonely white tower into the black void overhead and a magnesium flare, of one million candlepower, was needed to show its full beauty.

We spent the night at Orgnac, sleeping cosily in deep straw in a barn - so cosily that we were more than reluctant to crawl out into the damp, chilly dawn for our usual 5.30 a.m. breakfast. We motored on through the coal mining district of Alés, and then through rugged valleys and terraced olive groves to St. Bazuille de Putois, only 40 miles from the Mediterranean. Here, amidst semi-tropical surroundings, we visited the Grotto des Demoiselles (Cave of the Fairies) - a big show cave where many fine formations were spoiled, to our eyes, by the use of coloured lights. Then we drove northwards along the Herault valley, and after climbing, in eight great hair-pin bends, over a pass, 4200' high, we scrambled and waded in the entrance and outflow passages of Bramabiau, a dark series of rifts where a deep river flows on a winding course of some 7 kilometres underground. Finally, a pleasant run through gorge and forest took us to Meyrueis, where we camped in the grounds of the 12th century Chateau d'Ayres.

On Saturday, we drove up the Jonte Gorge, passing beneath reddish-grey cliffs that had been eroded into jagged spires and pinnacles, and visited the Aven Armand - a great hall, 130' in height and breadth and 260' long, 330' below ground level. Our first glimpse, from a ledge 80' up one wall, was impressive enough, but from floor level, the scene was breath-taking. Four hundred huge stalagmite columns, white and glistening in the powerful flood lights, hemmed us in like mighty trees in a silent, snow-clad forest. Poplars, cypresses, palm trees, grotesque cacti, even a nightmare cauliflower, 20' high, towered above us in an indescribable chaos of stony 'vegetation', and made us feel much as ants must do when crawling amongst a clump of tall sunflowers. About 30 of these pillars rise to a height of between 50 and 75 feet, and one is almost 100 feet tall. Such a cave proved a fitting climax to our 500 mile tour, and so, "satiated with stalagmites" - as someone put it, we began our eight hour drive back to Valence, on the first lap of our long journey home.

John Hooper.

PAST EVENTS.

WHITSUN ON MENDIP.

The Stoke-on-Trent Pot Hole Club had arranged to visit Mendip at Whitsun, but owing to holidays and other causes, only four members found it possible to make the journey from the Potteries to 'Beechbarrow'. Still, as they were new to Mendip caves it was found possible to keep them fully occupied.

Howard Kenney visited Beechbarrow on Friday evening and lit the stove, etc. and Bill Donnan and the Hon. Sec. arrived at about 10.0 p.m. Headquarters was found to be very warm and cosy. The Stoke party turned up between 11.0 and 12.0.

There were eight in residence over Friday night, and on Saturday an 'external' tour of Mendip, covering Cheddar, Wookey, Badger's Hole, Wells Museum took most of the day. Later in the evening the party was joined by Luke Devenish and Howard Kenney who acted as "guides" to the locals.

About midnight a move was made to visit Lamb Leer, but unfortunately Bill Donnan had to return to Bristol, so this, and the fact that Luke and Howard had returned to their homes, reduced the size of the party to five, so it was possible to make a quick trip through the cave. The lightweight ladders were used for the first time, and were generally voted a success. A party returned to Headquarters about 2.0 a.m. and quickly turned in but their attempts to sleep were frustrated by the return of four others who had visited Eastwater, and who set about cooking a large meal.

Sunday was the day fixed for a full Swildons trip, and the party was again joined by Luke and Howard, who had arranged to ladder the cave before the main party arrived in the cave, but when they discovered that members of the Camping Club intended also to ladder the cave, it was agreed that we should use their ladders.

The usual late start was made, but, for a change this was not due to the writer, he being on the spot, so did not require the usual excuse.

There was a serious hold up at the 40' due to the other party, most of whom Luke Devenish life-lined down. A dim view was taken of the ladder and Luke insisted that a lightweight Member of the Wessex party go down first, just in case!!

Another shock awaited the party at the 20', the ladder being hung in a most unusual place. This was rectified, but another hold up resulted due to the return of the early party.

Arriving at the Double Pots we found one of the lady members of the Camping Club party stranded between the Pots, and who was "assisted" by Dev. who bridged the first pot then got the lady to clamber over his back.

At the sump Luke gave an exhibition of how to dive the sump, but only one member of the party accepted his invitation to "have a go".

John Wedgwood had a nasty experience at the 40'. He was using a sling to fasten himself to the lifeline, and due to some mischance, the karabiner had clipped itself to the rope of one side of the ladder. Added to this the man on the lifeline, thinking something was wrong, was pulling hard on the line, and so making it almost impossible to release the sling, and John was therefore held under the water for a considerable time. He was eventually released, but not before he had experienced a very good soaking.

A quick return was made to the surface, and the only other incident of note was that when, as is usual after a wet cave, the writer began to remove his lower garments, he rather sensed an unusual silence, and looking around the room, the barn at Manor Farm, observed to his dismay that there was a lady sitting on a bunk. A hasty retreat was made to the outer room.

G.B. was visited on Monday and the Stoke party left for home early in the evening, after what was generally agreed to be a very pleasant visit to Mendip.

Hon. Sec.

PAST EVENTS.

SWALLET HUNTING

This event held on 8th July attracted a party of nine. No fixed programme was arranged and everything was left open so that members could state their preference for visiting certain parts of Mendip. Included in the party were two Australian cavers at present staying in Bristol.

Burrington swallets and caves were the first port of call, and then the party made its way to the G.B. area. Here they received something of a shock. The Axbridge Council has carried out its threat and is in the process of fitting a covering and a gate to the entrance of the cave. This cave, discovered in 1939 by Goddard and Barker has probably been visited by more cavers in the last few years than any other of the major caves of Mendip.

Velvet Bottom, Charterhouse, was chosen for lunch, and Commander and Mrs. Lawder joined the party there. After the meal a run was made to Beechbarrow, where there was every sign that the place was being used by cavers. Cambridge University Caving Club were making a stay on Mendip, using the Club Headquarters, the tackle room being used as sleeping quarters by the lady member of the party.

Perhaps, the most interesting swallet visited by the party was that being dug by Dunstan Parsons on the Wells side of Pen Hill. This is situated in a wood and is a nearly natural shaft about 20 feet deep. Reference to the geological map made it clear that this swallet is situated in a most promising position indeed, and it would appear to be well worth while to continue the dig.

The swallets of Red Quar were inspected and then the party drove towards the Hillgrove district, but as the weather had now broken it was decided to call it a day.

Hon. Sec.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter to Hon. Sec. from John. Hooper

"During the first fortnight in June (this year), Win and I plus R. King, (Hon. Sec. of the D.S.S.) and his wife, took our respective cars to France, and had an extremely pleasant holiday.

"We began by camping for about four days at Choranche and then we moved on through Grenoble, the Grande Chautreuse country, Annecy to the Chamonix valley ending up at a wonderful camp site only 20 minutes walk from the glacier at Argentienes and with the snow clad peaks of the Mont Blanc massif towering overhead. Whilst at Choranche we did a lot of touring round the spectacular gorges of the district, and also visited Bornillon, Favat and the Grotte de Gourien. Later we visited the Grottes des Echelles (St. Cristphe) and Grotte de St. Julien (Nantes), but on the whole we kept above ground, making the most of the mountain scenery and the wild flowers, particularly the latter. In the Foret de Lente, on the Vercors plateau we found wonderful glades of wild daffodils, orchids, etc., with crocuses growing at the edge of the snow, and during the holiday we found growing wild narcissi, lilies-of-the-valley; grape hyacinths, gentians, primulas, globe flowers, etc., etc. I had a wonderful time with my colour photography until my limited supply of film ran out.

"We had a good trip in Bournillon, but the water level was several feet higher than when we saw it in 1948."

NOTICE.

HUNTERS LODGE DIG.

The diggers who originally opened this hole have now transferred their activities in other directions. If any members would care to carry on this dig, would they please contact Peter Harvey. An interim report was published in Circular No.27. If other members are not interested in this site, the shaft will be filled in.

P.I.W. Harvey, 33 Brighton Road, Redland, Bristol. 6.