

full-scale search for clues. Four hours were spent in the cavern, resulting in the discovery of a male torso half buried beneath rocks and flood detritus. Dr Price returned to the surface and immediately made a report to the officers waiting inside the marquee.

At 5.30 p.m. approximately, the remains were carried up the shaft, wrapped in sacking and resting on the knees of Detective Officer Wilby. These were transported to the mortuary at Skipton where the next day Dr Price carried out a post-mortem examination, standing in for the county pathologist, Professor P. L. Sutherland, who was holidaying at the time. It was obvious that the body had been in the cavern for some time, for what little flesh remained had metamorphosed into adipose tissue, a soapy like substance not unlike wax. The slight remains of a vest or similar still adhered to the tissue. It was assumed by all that the bones first discovered belonged to the same body, but this it was not possible to confirm at such an early stage in the proceedings.

Investigations were extensive and ran into many months, the Craven Coroner, Mr Stephen E. Brown, was informed. Later he received the pathologist's report, and an inquest was held. Many people speculated about a connection between this and the Trow Gill corpse. The Coroner's inquest showed, however, that through medical evidence there was several years difference between the dates of death. Again, it was impossible to ascertain the identity of the second body. Was the man a spy who had met with an unfortunately horrific accident? Or had a grisly murder taken place there on those remote, windswept fells?

Because the remains were found immediately following the war years, many theories were expounded, all of which were unfounded, for no evidence materialized to support any one of them. Someone even went as far as suggesting that the body had been dragged to its final resting-place up the east boulder slope! The only fact ascertained without doubt was that the remains had belonged to a male person. The Coroner forwarded an open verdict, and the case was then closed.

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Deeper Still

One cannot fail to be filled with admiration for the persistence of the dedicated potholer, incessantly searching for new fields to explore and new challenges to face, striving continually to discover new bigger and longer caves. This persistence is equalled only by the continual processes of formation and erosion, growth and collapse, that for countless millennia have been creating and modifying the very caves themselves.

'Carr Pot Yields to CPC Siege' So read the heading of an article appearing in the first journal published by the Craven Pothole Club in 1949.

Carr Pot entrance is situated just south of the boundary wall enclosing Clapham Bottoms, about 650 feet east-south-east of Gaping Gill Hole. It lies near the edge of the limestone plateau overlooking the valley of Clapham Bottoms, in one of the larger shakeholes and beneath a 30-foot-high outcrop of rock.

Named after the local dialect name for marsh, this pot had been known for a considerable time and up to 1909 consisted of only a 30-foot depression choked at the base. After removing rocks from the bottom of this, members of the Yorkshire Ramblers descended a shaft of 45 feet divided halfway by a ledge composed of wedged boulders. This later became known as the 'Tvas Ledge' - but more of this later.

The floor of this shaft consisted of a dark, almost black mud derived from peat, sloping down to the north-west and dropping nearly 20 feet in so doing, while in the opposite direction falling only a few feet. It was thought that this was somewhere over the Far East Passage in Gaping Gill, and therefore a connection seemed likely despite the 300 feet or so difference in elevation. Numerous digs at the deep end by both the YRC and the CPC all proved fruitless. No way on down could be uncovered.

In 1948, at the request of the club secretary, the Craven diggers 'went off the deep end' and commenced excavating the shallow end, at the top of the slope - the least likely spot in which to find a continuation, one would imagine. Nevertheless, a narrow fissure