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Wednesday 20<sup>th</sup>

Dave & Steve Mayers down FU56 to finish off looking at high level passages. 2 hours down to Lake Victoria.

Start off climbing ~60' up the Hot Tub, gain access to an extremely chassy, loop passage. Steve M. carried on alone for ~~a~~ several hundred metres & then on returning took wrong ~~turn~~ junction. Got desperately stuck head down in a squeeze.

After much panic & struggling manage to extricate body in one piece & stagger back in state of shock to Dave. Next

check large chambers above The Mekong - get maybe 30 metres beyond next pitch but passage closed in. Finally attempt lots of desperate free-climbs around the pleasure Dave but with no success for finding a high level route. By this time Steve's arm was giving a lot of pain so we decided to have a slow trip out. Catch up with others at is necessary and exit after 14-15 hour trip.

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Wed 20<sup>th</sup>.

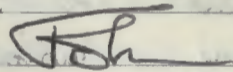
Ukey & Bill went to re-rig Mistral 1 with two new bolts, so that the take-off would be higher up. This in fact didn't happen: the first bolt placed projected by 4 or 5 mm (we're not sure why - the hole had seemed to be deep enough) and as this had taken quite a long time and Ukey was beginning to freeze, she persuaded Bill to ~~not~~ abandon the project and they went on down. I'm sick of writing in the third person. We got to the top of One Step Beyond and then went out - we were slowed down by light problems, contact lens problems (William came up the Font with one lens loose somewhere in his eye) and me prussiking very, very slowly on a cobbled system. Team survey caught up with us as we were eating chocolate on the outside side of the Meander, and we towked on out. Came out about 2.00 am to a brilliant, starry night and slices of orange. Nothing ever tasted so good!

Wed 25<sup>th</sup>. Team Survey Report.

Im Houghlin, John English, Steve Peabot.

Got down t'hole at about 12-15 and made a fairly rapid descent, considering ~~the~~ that we were deeper than the other two had been before and that I hadn't caved since Easter. On reaching the bottom of Wallop, Steve and I set about surveying whilst Ian looked for the way on, encountering "Don't look at the Roof" and not liking it and then finding the bypass. Due to some dubious traverses and clino readings taken from bits of choss wedged high in the streamway, the legs were long and we soon reached Sala Nelson Mandela. It's alright, I suppose: quite large, a grotty draught, rather like Dampstertation, a nice waterfall and a large boulder slope: but it's bloody cold. Steve <sup>(the best)</sup> made Ian rush under the waterfall to take a reading and he had to spend about 5 minutes warming up. Everyone got cold and depressed just before Popcorn and so we started to go out, Ian, the fit bugger, zooming up the

pitches whilst Steve and I gasped and "fuck"ed. Got entangled  
 with Bill and Urie at Meander of the Argonauts  
 and Steve slipped out first followed by William, Urie  
 me and Ian, who by this time had been caught  
 up by Dave and Steve M. A "quick cup of tea"  
 before bed at the camp turned into ~~boozing~~  
~~room~~ of music, oranges, chocolate etc. accompanied by the  
 Ironing of covers talking about caving and we all  
~~got~~ to finally hit our pits at 5-30 am.



Friday  
 Steve Mayers over to look at F4 a shaft on other side of ridge from FU56. Snow plugged at one end but 30m hole rigged between boulders at the other end. Pleasant 30m ~~down~~ sloping shaft to a pile of snow & a boulder choke. An unpromising crawl led painfully to a chamber & several free-climbable pots of  $\approx$  10m to choked bottoms. Nice hole!

George, Colin & Ukey went to carry down some of George's photo gear. I abseiled past the deviation on Marble Bathroom, and George rescued me, and then Colin went the wrong way in Rift II, and George rescued him, and then I got lost in the mist on the way back to camp, and George rescued me again. We only got to the top of the Tent, where we left the gear with great thankfulness (especially mine which was full of flash bulbs and had to be handled with extreme CARE), but we blame that on the quantities of revolting corned dog George compelled us to eat.

On the way up the Bathroom Steps we prossicked up pitches sunning with green water - it gave a very surreal effect. Team Dye-Test had been at it with the fluorozine again! Out at 2.00am due to not having got underground until four in the afternoon

Team Photo + Dye . Paul Cooper, Martin Hitchens, Steve Robert.

Object - To descend Mistral III, photo to head of Font. To put Fluorescence in water below Marble Bathroom.

Procedure - First <sup>(PK)</sup> man descends - Second <sup>(CCR)</sup> follows (!) and is seized by water used to catch while going down unnecessary. Mostly <sup>up</sup> off you at the bottom and does a 'big' as down 'Gregson's coarctaria'.

Report descent to pitches above WOTWS, lots of photos taken here, in stereo & mono. Descent through Rft II delayed due to some

Went back up (lots of shooting & caffeine) on the Middle  
 Bathroom pitch. Eventually got down, shot more photos  
 in bathroom & a bit below. Then had lots of fun  
 having fluorescein around. (put it at 8:55 pm, check  
 below M.B.) . Nacta took lots of pix of this too,  
 then we shot off out. Long delays occurred on exit,  
 but we were still back by 12:30. Despite my  
 excellent guidance, Paul did a complete circuit of the  
 composite in the mist before following the strong scent  
 of Tuna fish to the exact distance.

Conclusions - Fluorescein turns your fingers yellow, as well  
 as the back of Phil Rose's neck.

Monday 18<sup>th</sup> The Rescue. Paul C & Richard Bot Graham.

After a day shaft bashing - Cliff Riffhard snow plugged and spare parts came on top of Pinta Gregoriana choked after 25m shaft - returned to camp to await George & Emaly & Photo trip. Photo trip came out without any eyes of George & Emaly, who had by now been down well over 24 hrs. Immediately apparent that this was the cue to shift into rescue mode. Large meal rapidly prepared and consumed whilst two bags were packed with stove fuel & food, sleeping bag and medical kit, plus mucko carbure. Descended cave at about 9.00pm. Graham went on ahead with some chocolate and absided in fast. Richard & I followed manhandling table bags. ~~A rescue~~ A sombre trip, the deeper we went the more convinced we became that something serious had befallen George or Emaly.



Excitement was provided when I went off route at the bottom of Time warp / One step beyond, I ended up suspended in a pained wide rift above a 20m drop! I arrived there via a tight squeeze, in which one arm was jammed. Richard gave me a rope, after a shout, but wronging wait, and I abseiled to safety. We arrived on down without further incident and met George Enaley and Graham at dream river. Many brews were made and two old canoes came back to life. We pushed out - slowly! Enaley took a while to extricate himself from Rift one and we finally awoke into the sunlight at about 9.00 am. Graham had gone on ahead to call off the paniz - he managed a few hours kip before dawn.

Friday 22<sup>nd</sup> "Surreying" from Nelson Mandela via Ian, Phil R., William

Feeling very unenthusiastic & still not fully recovered from yesterday's trip, I was persuaded to go on this trip, starting 12:30 pm. Effort & inevitable & reasonably quick descent to Sala Nelson Mandela in  $\approx 3$  hrs. My ~~thought~~ <sup>we'd been assured that</sup> we'd come armed only with the pencil & penknife, since the rest of the gear was down there. Got out gear, took up station, distance 6.87m, bearing ..... a long pause. Ian "This \*\*\* compass is knackered, I can't see a thing", so Ian licked it until his mouth was full of grit & still saw nothing. I had a try & saw a uniform whitish fog. Phil had a go & could just about read the compass 'dino but the compass remained indecipherable. He, Phil, then had the idea of warming the compass over the lights to unfog it. This helped a little, but it still successfully resisted all attempts to read it, even when quite warm to handle. Que faire? We could either survey Grade 3, not good enough, or try do a tourist trip. We had no bolting bit to verify pitches & we didn't know where people had been, so that although we looked at side passages, we couldn't really push to any effect. So all that was left was a tourist trip, which we made