

enjoyed, <sup>but</sup> with considerable qualms of conscience & frustration at not achieving anything constructive. Thus we continued downwoods not looking at the roof or walls where they were unstable, until we came to the Vortex, where Ian & I both weakened, since we didn't. But one of us didn't like the look of the unlined ladder hooked over a small spike by a rung, Phil, however, seemed perfectly happy at this arrangement. Youth!

At this point we exited & got up at reasonable speed up to the Font where the stream was bright green due to the activities of one of the other parties. My face & light went green; Ian took a drink of green water before he realised. Carrying on upwards & forgetting to stop on George's camera gear we caught up the other party at the head of the Mistral pitches. From here, progress was slow due to the number of people all trying to get out at once. YT displayed remarkable lots of patience & finally exited at about 2:30 am after a lot of waiting into a pea-soup fog.

William →

P.S. I don't think I've ever proscribed so much. It's hot work & I went up the Font in a huge cloud of steam!

Sat 23rd Dave, John & Graham to survey from  
the hot tub.

We were down the cave by 10-30 am - probably Dave's  
earliest start ever! Started surveying in good time,  
and surveyed about 20 legs before I suddenly felt a  
deep stirring in my bowels and the need to throw up. Over 500m  
down, this was not a good place to get Spanish Humbug.  
so I suggested to the others ~~to~~ my rope to get out.  
Pursuing isn't much fun when you ~~are~~ feel like throwing  
up and having to keep a tight backside to stop crapping  
yourself. We got out while it was still light to  
meet Richard coming down wanting to do a solo  
digging trip at the bottom. I ran as far from the entrance  
as I could before ripping off my fuzzy and doing what  
I had wanted to do for the last 600 odd pitches.

⚡

Sun 24th Phil, William and Ian to survey Mekon + Brahma Putra.  
 (July) Descended 12:30 pm (18 hours)

(Ian)

After a little encouragement from Dave Rose, I managed to change my body from 'kickover' to 'half ahead slow' and descended with the slight apprehension over the prospect of a very long trip. However, we <sup>soon</sup> all started moving really well.

We re-rigged choss pitch (the lower of the 2<sup>nd</sup> ladder pitches) since the rope had been alarmingly <sup>adjacent</sup> sawn through to the core. I spent some time removing spikes with a lump hammer.

Phil re-rigged the Sphinx, since on the previous trip the rope had snagged behind a projection while Dave prussiked up: none of us could work out exactly how the rope had snagged, or where, but the rope was ~~arranged~~ reversed, and arranged to hang 'further' away from the rock.

We then fairly shot down the remaining 'oles', and arrived at the last surveyed station in the Mekon at 4:00 pm. This time there was no problem in reading the instruments, and 1/2 hours and

20 survey stations later we stopped to stuff our faces with food. The abundance and variety of our grub <sup>must have</sup> made a huge difference to our energy as we were then able to survey to desperation dig without a break.


En route, we were overhauled by George and Martin, who took a number of real-life surveying shots. This seemed particularly satisfying to the surveyors but of no significance to the photographers. William was delighted to be able to get his mug in a few shots, being under the impression that shots were being cunningly planned to omit him.

We ~~arrived~~ George and Martin shot off <sup>down</sup> into the distance and we continued to survey, arriving at dissatisfaction dig (survey station 63) at 11:00 pm. We brought heavily again Canned Dog (or Rat), Yorkie Bars, Salters Peanuts and then dug for 1½ hours, using the entrenching tool we had brought with us.

Whilst the 1st 6" <sup>of mud</sup> were soft, the deeper stuff was very well

packed and we only managed to progress about 4 feet in, right at the far end of the passage. We managed to dig through to a small airspace, but this appeared to be created by a sump pendant, ~~and~~ (the passage beyond was 20 cm long and dropped straight into the mud) - Never mind. - gave up

We had an efficient exciting trip, ~~then~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~ We had a brew and some more trough at Dream Lake. I started prussiking up last, at 2.30 pm. Being foolish, I said to William to shoot out, as ~~he~~ I thought I could keep up. - He'd found his form, and had to wait for me several times - oh well. We got out at dawn - about 6.30 am.

Ian 

PS A really enjoyable trip, my longest ever.

Mon 1<sup>st</sup> August

John, Mark, Iestyn, Jan and Danny, to meet up with previous trip and continue detackling.

Sat around at top awaiting return of the Mega-Photo trip team but when they didn't arrive we set off at about 13.00. Things were a bit slow to begin with with Danny playing silly buggers at the top of "Is Necessary". Continued down in reasonable time with John and I speeding on bit after the Mistrals as we had expected to see the other party. Eventually located them tucking into vast amounts of zoran and the bottom of the Bathroom Steps. Danny however had started out after deducing he was 1/5 at Rift 2.

leaving the Mad Matters Tea Party, or was it their Supper, Lunch or Breakfast?, we moved to the top of The Font. Jan had been volunteered to go down and there at the bottom found an immense pile of bags which we slowly hauled up and stowed in the chamber above. Much effort was expended moving all the bags to the base of the Marble Bathroom, where we stopped to feed, not quite so impressively but all the same very much needed.

We left the gear there and set off out. I was feeling slightly worn out, as was Iestyn and the pace wasn't too fast but steady. Mistal 3 proved

too much for Jan's foot loop and such returned to bottom under force of gravity. Jan made valiant efforts and a refit was made en route and little time was lost. Excited to beautiful starry night at approx 0230. Testyn made his trip longer by going shaft bashing before returning to camp and ..... cloison supreme.

My impression - a serious core to instant carving, good fun but knackerery.

Had W

Mega Photo Trip - Le Jocke  
Martin, Kevin, Colin, Mike (Ming Nut) & George.  
Trip started on a fine sunny afternoon on the 31<sup>st</sup> of July 1982. Our trip was to photograph from Challop / Lake Victoria up to & including The Fort.

Progress down the same year slowed with the wind and boxes. After a quick brew we detatched the day & started to photograph our way out.

Mega session - 4 cones, an Eclipse. Main photo

on E200. Martin's large bulbs worked well, if the exposure is correct we could have a good shot. Between the sphinx & the Tent several hours passed when non-mobile people started to fall asleep.

Somewhere along the line meeting set in & I was attracted about where we leave the gear. It would have to stay at the bottom of the Tent.

Photographing the Tent was not very easy. Fatigue, cold and a layer for the outside world worked against me. My tripod perch above the pit, with camera perched 55" above a solid landing site made me ~~question~~ question the adequacy of my camera insurance. As I waited, I had visions of an RB67 finally falling to a slick 67 tripod sailing down the pitch to a watery grave. My last words were, 'oh



Jack!, don't shine a light on the film, it might be a good shot!

Food session at the top of the fort, photographed a pristine tin of corned dog before eating it. Felt rather tired. John & the next de-teakle group met us as we had a hot soup thing. Grounded bad on the surface at 2130 on 1st August 1983. As a photo trip it was not a success, but we did manage a bit of de-rigging -  
George

Sunday 31<sup>st</sup> July Ian, Phil & William Surveying & detackling the bottom

After the abortive attempt two days previously, <sup>William,</sup> I now felt recovered from gut rot & we managed a reasonably early start, descending at about a quarter to twelve. The descent was delayed by a rick on the last bathroom step, the rope being cut to the core. A further delay was occasioned by a rope flicking me in the eye & dislodging a contact lens. I thus had to perch on one step beyond & remove all the gear from my picnic bag without dropping any down the pitch while I searched for my glasses. After this, we descended with reasonable speed to the Vortex, where Ian put in his second bolt ever, so as to give a safer hang for the ladder & line. The bolt was good, the hang turned out to be <sup>less so,</sup>

Surveying the Vortex is a cold, wet & depressing business. This bit of care is pretty desperate; & I leave it to others to decide whether this has been reflected in the quality of the survey. After this, things improved & seventeen Survey Stations took us to the Swamp where the only formations in the whole cave were seen, a few knobby straws. By now it was 7 pm, we stopped for food etc & exited, detackling. Getting off the cockpacer is pretty abhorrent, watched only by trying to climb the Vortex. The new hang gives one of the wettest pitches I've done & the rope failed to