

The weekend began on the Thursday before Easter the vans finally getting away by 9.30. The trip lasted for over nine hours but surprisingly nobody was unduly tired.

We were forced to pitch our tents half-way up the hill as the bottom of the field was full of rubble-the aftermath of an unfilled contract. On the whole the tent pitching went well, until someone discovered that someone had forgotten to pack the groundsheets for the good companions (is our quarter-master slipping up or is he just testing our ingenuity) we were all up before 11.am. on Friday by which time I had rigged up an outdoor pitch for ladder practice.

After breaky Richard and I took all the novices over to I. 1. 2. Richard took four down while I took down the remaining three. Carbide lamps were in-like groovy man-as I had broken the bulb in my electric lamp. Lowet suited, I had no difficulty in negotiating the first wet crawl, but Rose behind me was swearing and calling me a sadist before being anywhere completely immersed. We all finally got through and soon reached the pitch where all were duly amazed by the brilliance of the pretties. I initially rigged the pitch differently from normal and sent Andy L. down first. After 10 minutes of struggling in a 15" bedding plane trying to get onto the ladder he whispered a quick prayer and launched himself into space. Not having all day I moved the ladder to a more roomy part (the normal way down) and soon had everyone down. We followed the stream passage to its final sink and rapidly returned; Rose again cursing as we went through the wet crawl.

On the surface Jim was in good voice and although clad in a wet suit he shouted " B----- syphons are colder than suns I(Swildons or Stoke Lane)- I aint doing that again.

The evening was passed in the traditional way.

Next day six of us got off on an early start to Inceby Fell. Loaded with 150ft of ladder and 400ft of rope, we spent the day looking for the cave. After a meal in the village we returned 'sheepishly' to the Manor to explain our exploits. But our adventures were not in the same league as the misfortunes that befell the other party in the so called 'moderate' Great Douk. A full account is written in the L.V.S.U. caving log, and does not bear repeating here. The evening was again spent in the joys of drink and song.

After much discussion we decided to tackle the dreaded Alum pot system, scene of many a good cave-rescue. After excuses from two of our party only five leaders could be found to attend the task. The first pitch was slowly but carefully rigged and with a prayer for the strength of Ulstron ropes, I descended