

caving-cont.

into the bottomless pit. 110ft later, I reached the bottom Richard came down next and just as Andy reached the bottom what appeared to be a small rock floated down from a party traversing the bridge above us. Andy fell to his knees in silent prayer muttering something about Manna from Heaven as a gift for going to church that morning and I stooped and picked up a bar of Kendal Mint cake. Taking full control of the situation I realised that soon the other party would get down and reclaim their possessions or more of my party would get down. Quick action was needed, so we ate half each and hid the wrappers. After the first two pitches the rest of the system takes only half an hour, and we did not hang about; when we reached the top we found that the others had emerged from Borrins Moor Cave. However this was not the end of that days caving- it took intrepid Richard, Jim, John and ~~John~~ myself only $\frac{3}{4}$ hour to do a complete tour of the icy cold, Tube Hole (Memo-stay away from Tub Holes) The last evening for some was spent in even more drink and song.

Although half of the party left on Monday five members reported themselves fit for a trip down the flooding Ireby Fell Cavern. We started down the cave and negotiated the first two pitches which were surprisingly dry. At the 3rd pitch the water was cascading so heavily straight onto the place where the ladder normally hangs that the trip was rapidly called off.

Back at the Manor 2 hours later we were in suitable positions in the van for the 'off' to the 'New Sun' when John rushed up with the good news "Dave, Richard fell like a cave rescue?" "NO" was the immediate reply-10 mins later clad in wet suits (I had borrowed someones blue-nylon lined one-can't think whose it was) with genuine W.A. Oldham accumulators on our backs we raced to the scene of the crime.

On reaching Alum we were greeted by the sight of over 20 cars and vans and about 50 people. We went up to C.R.O. H.Q. and found that the rescue had finished but the sight of 2 C.R.O., 1 ambulance, 1 mountain rescue and two private, land rovers brought tears to our eyes. (Moral-if you want to be rescued go to Yorkshire, they take good care of you) A quick soup later we were back on the road on another important mission. It was a race against time. 8 faces were tence with the strain-would we make it? As we willed more speed from the van we shot past Tub Hole, tyres screeching; V. Manor was passed without a second look-Nearly there, John slung out all the anchors and we screamed to a halt. 6 people dived from the van. Smashing in the door we dived across the room. "Six pints" someone gasped- we had done it- another success to the E/L.V.S.B.