

Fear numbed my brain. Had I miscounted at the start? Had our hero boomed? No! Suddenly I heard a weak "Help" it was Paul Steslill, stuck fast in the crawl. Rushing to his aid, I saw that it would be a long job to get him out. I took the only course open to me. Opening an Ammo-Box I removed lowt of quick-drying Neil Moss Reagent, (sick, Ed.) and in ten minutes we had filled him in. It was a sombre meal we had in the twilight, (?in a cave). Still, I could joke though, "It's more food for us" I said as I wondered who would be the next to go.

It was Dave Scapular, with no warning at all. We had just reached the 150 foot sump, and as I had just lent my wet suit to Jim, I prepared to free-dive first. The dive was easy, for me anyway and I waited on the far side for two hours, before I realised that they had chickened out. Rapidly returning I started to carry them through. With only Dave and Richard B left, I decided to take Dave through next. When I reached the other side he was dead, his £30 nylon-lined "Spar/C/en" wet suit out to ribbons. Who could do this thing? I began to suspect foul play - but who was to be next?

The next obstacle was a 500ft free ladder climb, I, of course, abseiled to save time. It was here that Terry MacHoney snapped. Whether he really thought he was a glider or not, we will never know. I tried to catch him as he landed, but too much lateral thrust sent him into a spin and I afraid to say I missed his landing. Is our hero cracking up?

No, not yet awaile. Only six of the party left now, that's amuch Better size for caving. Hold on, John's lighting his fag - to late he's caught his beard alight. This is another job for super cement? We found an offshoot to the passage and filled it in well. Why doesn't anyone know how to treat multiple burns?

I was just thinking of taking a rest, when I saw the plaque, "Limit of N.Casteret - A.Coarse - B.Lyon, -C.Venus trip, Feb, 1970. I knew we had done it. "You won't get any further," a voice said. I looked 'round to see Andy metamorphose into bigbad Colin Venus man - so it was jealousy at our success, that he drew a lee Enfield .303 from his shirt pocket, but I knew it was coming and I was to quick for him. In the ensuing struggle, his Tesc/C/lex helmet was knocked off and a passing boulder smashed his head to pulp while also ripping off half his arm. There was nothing further I could do, it was pure suicide. We decided to survey from then on, but I knew the others would not last long. Exposure and lack of beer had taken it's toll. They went within ten minutes