

MISTRAL HOLE and JAVELIN HOLE

A tale of a solo dig and tourist trip in Mysterious Mystral.

Date: Saturday 4th July

Weather: Hot, Humid and overcast.

People Present: Alex Ritchie, James Newton (Though I never saw him)

After buying a new harness and wellies from Inglesport I headed on to Bull Pot Farm. I was supposed to meet Jim from Red Rose at 11am, to look at Javelin hole. However he did not turn up (well not until a lot later I believe). I decided to have a look down Javelin hole myself to see how much had been done and how flooded was it. Short answer was yes, it was still flooded but not completely as I was able to get close to the dig face. So now I was bored and as I was on my own I decided what the heck lets do Mistral (as it was an easy cave and I am unlikely to fall off anything or get stuck and need help). It took me over an hour to get there as I poked my head down every little shake hole on the way there and moved a few rocks on the off chance, which made me quite thirsty.



Anyway I finally arrived in Mistral relived to be in the cool air and have something to drink I decided to take in a part of the cave I have never seen before known as the Canyon and Far Streamways. The entrance to this part of the cave starts just beyond the Dinnertime Series when coming from The Hobbit. A crawl under the right hand wall as if going back on your self leads to extensive mainly crawling passages, which I poked around in pushing all the ways on I could find. I found some surprisingly large chambers after some flat out crawling. Another way on led to some decent though short-lived walking passage that finally terminated in a large chamber, with a slippery slope to nowhere. Well I was happy and had got my caving fix for the week so I followed my muddy nose to the exit and popped out a couple of hours after I entered.

I re-visited Javelin Hole to see had the water levels dropped, they didn't seem to have at least not by much. I could however tell Jim had been there as things had moved since I was last in there.

I hopped into the car to go to Ingleton to watch this 1940s parade they had on. Unfortunately I was too late for it. So with the weather still looking dry I decided to do the fabled waterfall walk. It was within 20 minutes of starting this walk the heavens opened and drenched me to my skin (I was only wearing a T-shirt). Not to be deterred by a bit of rain I pressed on and completed the walk despite looking like a drowned rat by the time I finished it. I just was glad I was not underground in anything with a stream in it when that hit.

Alex Ritchie

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