

00 Cave Club

1984 Eryda

Ariz Log

Oxford

University

Cave Club

La Verdelluenga 1984

Ario Log Book

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Monday 17th July

Dave and Ukey set out for 12/5 without gear as due to mist it was thought that the entrance might be difficult to find. This turned out to be true and the entrance remained undiscovered until 1-30 pm when it was found only after much searching and consultation of maps. This meant that the cave wasn't descended until about 2-30. A 15m entrance ladder was rigged from a cherry natural belay and descended. The second ladder pitch was rigged using the better of two rotten bolts. This ladder pitch needs a line, a ~~rope~~ ^{locking} tackle, as Ukey found out on descending it. The squeeze above the second drop is reached by descending down two short climbs in the rift from the bottom of the ladder. The squeeze was gauged and then looked possible. So two bolts were hammered in and a 20m rope hung down the pitch to the 1st visible ledge. Then Ukey squeezed her way down, and managed to get well and truly stuck. Four hours later and 4 inches removed from the right hand wall at the top and Ukey made a second attempt. No success. After a further hammering a another attempt at the squeeze the cave was left for the day. On arrival at Arica we were greeted by

(2)

a starving ⁸⁹ Graham & Silvia who had just spent 3 days ^{at} Ceres house (on 1 day food) fortunately the inestimable Fred had brought us some food during the day (we had been resigned to surviving on 2 tins of pilchard) So we had pilchard vindetta and beer at Arip

Tuesday 18th July

Up early to go caving unfortunately breakfast was locked in the Refugio which didn't open until 10 o'clock. So didn't get below ground before 11 o'clock. Hammered away at the squeeze for hours with little effect Both of us made attempts at passing the squeeze, unsuccessfully, but not much more to do. We gave up at 5-30 due to boredom

Thursday 20th July

Dave and Steve arrived at Arip at 8-45 PM, had a look at the entrance and decided to postpone my descent until next morning

Friday 21st July Stephen G., Dave H.

Reached 12/5 about 1100. I went on to hammer at the rift, while Dave rigged a rope on the second pitch. I managed to trim back some rock from the fissure, but eventually the hammerable fracture lines had all been bashed and we had to start on the fresh rock (wonderful, coarsely crystalline stuff, dammit!). Taking it in turns to bash away with just a short break to climb around the higher levels of the entrance series (where there are several formations, impressive by Picos standards), we eventually enlarged the rift sufficiently for Dave (the thinner member) to insert himself.

With some forcing, he managed to get past the tight point of the rift. However, since he would not have been able to reverse the manoeuvre had he proceeded any further, he came out to allow us to hammer away some more rock. The rift is now passable, though, at the moment, returning might be something of an epic. Another day's hammering might sort things out. By the way, the second

(4)

pitch is 10-12 m rather than the 15 m given in Proc. O.U.C.C. 10, p. 28. Left the cave about 1845 due to fear of onset of terminal arthritis in hammering hand.

Sunday 22nd July

Ion + Sean

After walking up from Base Camp, the thin man beam finally arrived at 12/5. This heroic team comprised Sean and the not-so thin Ian. After a slight delay in finding the cave, we arrived at 'the crack'. It definitely looked feasible so I (Ian) re-rigged the squeeze from the flowstone above using a very long wire, so the rope extended right out of the squeeze and up the rib. We spent a minimal amount of

time hammering, and then Sean prepared for the descent. He got down with no trouble, using cord tied round his central railon to raise his descender 3' to well away from his body. He then continued down the main pitch, contriving a well placed flake belay backed up by one of the squeeze bolts (we found a use for them in the end!) I waited at the head of the crack, to assist Sean with any problems he might have on the return. Sean continues the tale...

With great interest in the cave (well, I might have to spend the rest of my life there!) I went down the

pitch I had rigged. This is circular in plan with a projecting slice :



- no, not a

Pasman. at the bottom of this flat sided shaft which is about 40m depth, there is a level debris-covered floor. On the far side a small hole leads, by a couple of short climbs, down to a small chamber. all this time Ian was sitting at the crack feeling jealous.

There are two ways on at this point. One gets too tight and bouldery. The other descends via a mass of floustone pretties down a cylindrical shaft and evidently continues.

The shaft (40m) I named The Oasthouse and the chamber beyond Eileen's Waiting Room. (Explanations on application!)

I pushed back up to the crack to make my escape bid. I passed my helmet and generator through, then tried to proceed, only to have my chest ascender jam - then it wouldn't unclip; and so I was stuck. at this point I nearly panicked - claustrophobia sets in, goodbye mummy ... !!

Then I got my chest ascender undone and retreated. Escape bid 2. This involved the chest ascender being on an extended cord somewhere

(6)

above my head. This worked perfectly and I got out with no trouble at all!

Then the (fractionally) larger Ian had a go. After a couple of fitting sessions in the hole, and alterations to it with the hammer, he succeeded in wiggling through. Then we both set about it with hammers.

Ian tried to climb out with a similar system of ascenders to me. After a lot of struggling and gesturing he got his head and shoulders through. The effect was rather like seeing a grown man trying to climb out of a milkbottle. He sounded much calmer than I was - huh! Confidence prevails so he escapes. We live to cave another day and so back to the horrible, Plydden Ario camp.

We then had a good, though overlarge meal for 4! due to Sean's inaccurate measurements we eventually managed it all, split $2\frac{1}{2} / \frac{1}{2}$. Cans troubled us during the meal. Probably the ones that damaged the Gear tent. We hid the fresh food in an inaccessible rock.

PS The Ario Max/Min thermometer appears to

have been stolen. It was not in its previous spot and its shelter has been demolished. Hence no readings. We made substantial repairs to the gear tent, by the way.

Monday 23rd July

Ian + Sean again

Today we set out to do some proper pushing in 12/5. We both passed the squeeze, without too much trouble, and reached the bottom of the Oasthouse. Ian had a look round the bits I had seen yesterday and then rigged a line down the short pitch I had stopped at. The amount of interesting formations increased, until at the bottom we were in a chamber filled with flintstone fragments and with an entire wall of layered gravel deposits. Via some very broken rock chinks and squeery fits we found the tops of three shafts (all apparently linked). At this point Ian and I were feeling rather tired and apathetic for some reason, so we ate our food. Ian rigged the easiest pitch on a dubious belay, and this gave a superb hang.

At the bottom of this pitch the cave started to open up. The way on was by a classic vadose canyon, which gradually

(8)

acquired a small stream. We kept following this, apparently vanishing by the second. After a few tricky climbs and small waterfalls we came to a large chamber at about 4m up. We thought that was it, as we were out of rigging gear, but I (Sean) found a way down (Due to rampant exploration fever!). The streamway continued through a varied selection of passages until eventually, time, and a very tricky climb turned us back.

The way out was difficult in places (it is easier to climb down than up!) but straightforward. The same was true for the complicated procedure needed to get up through the squeeze. (This entails me climbing through it in the dark, then having my helmet sent up) We emerged in the mist having had, we felt, a very successful pushing trip.

Total Time out from where we got to: 18:05 → 20:42
(2 hrs 37 mins) Est depth below 'Crack' at least 100m

Horizontal passage ~ 200m. The winding nature of the passage, jagged bits, pools etc will make surveying a long job.

A really enjoyable trip.

(9)

Tuesday 24th July. Sam
left for Base camp.

Nicola had beaten him by an hour from
the following excuses: thick cloud, long (safer in mist) way round, bad
start of day, moved down by Hor. Riley's school of physical fitness.
He is now going to care today - bad knees being the main
issue. Spent hour out + packed for the morning, leisurely large meal. Fire
ready for use (~ 20.20). Managed knees etc.

WED. 25 JULY.

Up early at 07-15. Breakfast. Nicola goes off to take met. readings. Nicola
comes back. We both go to take met. readings, find rain gauge but NOT
thermometer. Since we are unlikely to find it tomorrow someone else must take the
readings or come + show us where it is. So must for early start. Leave for
care at 10.30!

Booted again. Spent 50 mins looking for 12/5, both of us were certain it
was by the Y signpost (it isn't). Felt depressed so went back to camp
for lunch + hot tea to prepare us for nega epic ahead. its going to be
one of those days!

You wassocks! Mike & I have gone to try to find
the thermometer & if we do we will reset it & leave
note there to say so, but not bother taking readings
as it is now 20.55 Weds.

(10)

Still WEDS. 25 July. Philip + Nicola?

Got underground at 14.20, out at 00.50. WHAT A FASCINATING CAVE! Sean + Ian mentioned various things about it but not what a geological exoticism it is! Stalagmites 4" in diameter in gravel, mud layers on top, thin flowstone. Evident signs of re-dissolving flowstone, clear traces of many ^{different} layers at the bottom, GREEN stalagmites + flowstone (copper green in color). They weren't bullet hitting about the squeeze things.

We rigged a ladder (appalling!) on Sean's chest down streamway, bypassing the 4m drop from window into chamber that we found. Also rigged rope on rubble slope + 5m drop. Then we found what could be a cairn but couldn't see how the others could have got there without rigging it. Left tackle bag with bobby wires & 15m rope at top of that slope. Then lots + lots of canyon at streamway in vadose canyons blocked with rubble + flowstone, always a way through at stream level. Multiple light fixtures so we went out leaving tackle bag with 70m (8mm) rope + 40m rope in but reminiscent of a spiky lost Johns for roof traverse. P. took 2 goes at getting out of squeeze and frightened himself (took off harness), N. got out first try.

Got a little bit lost on way back in starlight... and so to bed.

Lots of gear down the cave as well as what we brought.

Thoughts about caves geological interest re-echoed by Nicola... who spent much of the trip oggling at green rock beds as well as the yellow ones.

... of black crumbly magnetic & haematite? and some amazing mud
 ... in the passageways at the bottom of the dark pitch in the
 ... tiny pebbles perched on pillars of mud above the
 ... Surveying should be a very interesting task cos
 ... passageways leading off to subsidiary chambers
 ... although such a network did confuse the discovery of
 ... at the bottom of the last entrance pitch! ^{conference of} 2 cavers
 ... to form 3rd. P.
 ... ignore the two bigger ^{got here} ^{not in a} ^{of the}
 ... Plenty of water down for carbides but ^{inlets.}
 ... to make life miserable. A warm cave as
 ... generally brilliant in interest and enjoyable. The feeling of relief
 ... through the squeeze is unbelievable!!! (It's well
 ... the hammering UlKey... thanks!) Some nice chabots too.

Underground: - 10 hrs 30 mins. Felt v. justified. eating masses of Stewed
 ... by starlight on ...
 ... SQUEEZE HINT #37 ^{to} ^{4 ways} ... ^{generator}, avoid an electric with loose chi strap.
 ... helmet through ^{to} (say yes if you are the 1st person up) then climb
 ... yourself. At this point ~~it is~~ it is recommended that you arrange for
 ... to come off and for your glasses in your electric not to fall
 ...
 ... to explain
 ... cannot be found
 ... to prevent
 ...

(12)

26 July 1984

Well done, 12/5 sounds tremendous from your description above. You are obviously in the right place as F7 has "bottomed", and more correctly, has linked in with F2 to give Sistema Jarcada Blanca. We are out dye detector prior to a magnifying photo, survey, water trace and detectable F7. (don't worry, though, there will be plenty of time for you both to both - it if you wish. We could also dye trace 12/5 if you consider it worthwhile.

I shall deal with the pointer on your note and try to get things done by this evening. Good luck.

EL Jefe

26 July 1984

Tan

And now ... to explain how the trick was done. The thermometer cannot be found by most of the audience because it has been, by then, taken away, broken, and removed to basecamp by

The meteorologist's assistants who work under cover of a convenient
 of being placed here by me at 18:20 26/7/84.
 The thermometer is now carried, is on a bearing of 232°
 the water table rain gauge, and ~25m away. It is
 side of the valley, looking up, about 8m from
 of this valley, and 2m from the crevice line of the
 when you find it (it is now pretty obvious), behind its
 wall, take care removing it as it is not very secure
 of it.

Verily 12/5 is a friendly cave. I say unto you,
 ye for the carbide mark on the RH wall above a
 10m climb, and ye shall find the limit of search
 's explanation. Verily I have also brought you food,
 and most of the ~~you~~ you requested. Unfortunately
 couldn't bring bones, cos the socko drove off with it
 this morning. If you feel OK, I see no reason why
 shouldn't keep carrying, by the way.

I could only bring a little sugar (the van drove off)
 we have no krabs at base (the expedition was very
 You should be able to use mailbags (I know there
 30 or so in the cave) for all but deviations however.
 If you haven't done so already, please re-rig the pitch
 the crack - the ribs are quite serious I think. One
 the advance ladder pitch ropes seemed quite worn above spot also.
 c/u. Jan

Still couldn't find the thermometer. Not surprising really considering it had been moved as we later discovered.

→ (14)
The 26th July:-

Our original plans if on only start disintegrated after our mega late arrival last night and so it was gone 2 before we actually got underground. Passed the squeeze with little hassle and on to the "window" in the chamber. Seen 1 ton had found. Rerigged the ladder into this chamber (accessible along a gravelly passage less uncomfortable now following a quick hammering session from Phil) and then on to the boulder choke slope and drop. Yesterday for speed and safety we rigged a rope over this but realising Seen 1 ton must have found an alternative way down as they hadn't used ropes, I went down and then worked backwards finding a free climb through the boulder choke which brings you out halfway up. Although the scramble up the last half of this is free climb its very loose and so we've put a hand line down. Might be an idea for a later party with more gear to re-rig this with a non SRT rope ^{as SRT is 2001} which is the only stuff we had with us? Slight disappointment further on when we discovered Seen's route in some rock/mud... what we thought we were the first people along yesterday had been discovered already by the original Thin Man Team! The passageway is steep though:- arches and doors through thin sections of crumbly rock, short climbs up and down waterfalls and then eventually a 10m or so drop into a pool down which we rigged a ladder. Through an enormous chamber and up a pile of boulders and rubble (look up at the ceiling... and try not to think of earth tremors etc...!) and then a fairly big pitch. Put two bolts in at the top of this and Phil rigged a very nice free hanging rope from here using a Y-hang. ~~At the top of the next pitch~~ with the lightest rope we had... 70m lightweight. Abseiling down this brings you to a lower level from where there is another pitch ^{→ wet!} so we rebelayed the 70m rope using a bolt to give a free hang straight down the next pitch... past a ledge on which there are some more

Called this big pitch the Armadillo,

(15)

↗
mud formations etc.. Unfortunately the rope doesn't quite reach the bottom (as Phil found out!) and as we'd run out of gear, time and Yorkie bars we headed back.

Wiser to the ways of the squeeze getting through was far less daunting and difficult than our original contractions and without getting lost on our return this time (!) we were back at camp without much delay..... a good job considering how long we'd been underground! Stewed Steak Chasseur by starlight with all sorts of goodies which Santa Claus had left whilst we'd been gravelling around below rounded off an enjoyable, if long (!) day. Tommorrow's push --- beyond the 70 m pitch.....

Time underground: - 2.30 pm → 2.00 am. So much for being back before dark.

Friday 27th July:-

Awoken by the clattering of ^{two} goat bells at some Godforsaken hour of the morning (after crashing out at 3.30 on any time is God forsaken!) Friday dawned with brilliant sunshine and clear skies, goats, flies and aching bodies. I was treated to lemon tea in bed (the luxury...) before Phil enthusiastically frogged off to Logos for more equipment and a boiling set to re rig the first long rope pitch as advised by Ian in his note to us (our boiling kit is at the limit of expectation at the far end of the cave) whilst I, not quite so enthusiastically, dogged myself up for the strenuous task of treating the cooking stuff to its first taste of washing up liquid. I think somebody got the easycup there.....! Sean appeared at about 1.00 to drop some veg and collect his craning gear which has been festering in a corner of the store tent for a few days now before disappearing over the horizon towards Top Camp band

(16)

for a surveying trip. Now 2:30 pm and no sign as yet of Phil.....

Phil arrived at 5:10 pm and ~~is~~ suffering from excessive sun exposure retired to the tent for 40 winks..... Apparently we were supposed to go down to Base Camp today which we didn't realise ^{- we'd been} following his statement about keeping caving which we thought was a suggestion from El Teje. Never mind such as life. Silvo & Graham appeared around 6 on their way to Top Camp to collect caving gear & return here and as no-one was down 12/5 we thought we might as well go caving while we were here... 40 winks later (well, $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs actually but!) and the Arica camp was again roused into the ritual packing of rucksacks, tortillas etc... before venturing into the unknown. Aiming to get down the cave by 9:30 pm; rrig first rope pitch after the squeeze (will probably take a while cos of bolting...) and then change lightweight rope on yesterday's last pitch with a longer 80 m proper SRT rope which this time we hope will reach...! Hope to be out sometime early tomorrow morning after which it's back down to Base Camp.

Feeling very peeved off. Bugged up bolt driver putting bolts in on first rope pitch to rrig it - dubious belay on this very dubious - it had been worked loose somehow. Well worth rrigging if you'd — bolt driver isn't bugged Phil feeling "mentally tired" and complaining of backache in his shoulders (!?) and initiated a retreat. Back up the squeeze on which I did worse this time than ever before — and so back to Arica. Feeling cheated of things ~~at~~ so was no surprise to find Silvo,

Caravan had left out a concave mix. Very nice even after a ridiculously short trip.

Crawled into a pit ready for departure to Base Camp tomorrow morning
time underground $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours

Tackle in cave 1) 80 m SRT rope on ledge after squeeze

4 tapes " " "

Yellow tackle bag " " "

Ladder

Sorry - didn't see

this till retreat

one day and

hence not in

a bag.

2) } Mions and Hangers at very bottom of last rope in entrance series

(Vandose canyon bit)

CARBIDE DUMP BY STREAM AFTER RAMP CLIMB. (before)

3) Yellow tackle bag containing as far as we can remember

20 m rope

25 m rope

10 m rope

on a ledge in streamway after rope climb + free climb down boulder slope (after carbide dump)

not in bag

was using

bag as rope protector.

4) On half way (rebelay) ledge down the Armadillo -

← 3 wire belays

Milk bottle containing a couple of bolts etc. -

Bolt driver + hammer

Desperately needed ... ROPE PROTECTORS !!!

Recommended ... take down a supply of bolts, hangers, wedges etc. - to add to declining milk bottle supply.

Good luck to the next pushers. It's a really enjoyable cave. Hope it goes further!

(18)

SATURDAY 28 JULY

Arose leisurely at 9.30, G. went off to take net. readings & couldn't even find rain gauge - my mistake, I should have gone too. B'fast somewhat delayed by queue of the Kettering 8 at the water pipe. Nicola goes down to Lagos feeling the call of duty for some base-camp-minding. I take G. & S. to show them 12/5, take lots of pictures of them ~~at~~ walking, charging, going underground. Went down had a look at 13/5 50m on downslope of 12/5, heading right, needs 15' ladder - could be checked out by "borrowing" the 1st ladder in 12/5?

I sat at top of 1st extreme ladder & waited, "listening to noises of people preparing to go through The Nest". Eventually, Graham's voice faded, and after a bit, Silvia's chirrups + squeaks of interrogative disbelief (Rhetorical I imagine) faded also - so they were below Pissed As A Nest by 12.45. Bit stiff as I climbed out (Old Trouble).

I returned to camp, packed up, fetched water, hewn wood etc and will return to base with rubbish.

How about a ~~new~~ name for 12/5 now? Any good ideas? Cueva del Stalagtitos Verdos?

Going down now (14-30) Why do I always do this in the heat of the day??

(NB) Size 10 wellies here are spare I brought them up by mistake.

Phil S.

(Felipe Serjente)

Saturday Pushing 12/5 Silvia e Graham

Well we didn't have any trouble finding the cave (possibly because we were kindly escorted by previous writer) Nor however did we or rather he (G) have any trouble finding our way back in the dark, though on our previous performance it's perhaps surprising we didn't try to find our way down the Trea Path into the gorge. The changing area is a veritable sun trap which makes descending into the cool of the cave a pleasure. It might also explain why Graham chose to stand around in a state of nature long enough for Phil to take photos of him. My squeaks + chirrups were more accurately oaths of disgust as I got stuck in the squeeze or at least my helmet did, turning my glove on the carbide flame when I tried to remove. Graham of course had no problem 'just a bit tricky that's all' he said in his encouraging way.

Graham then sat around a lot in various situations while I puffed around in various others. As the bolt driver had wrecked Graham's mole grips rather than Graham's mole grips getting the wedge out of the bolt driver we had to leave the unnamed pitch (40 m) as it was, except for a deviation, with a tape from the one bolt Phil had put in to try to bring the rope out from the wall. After amusing at the 80? m Amadillo Pitch

* This pitch is now called The Shaven Hedgehog.

(20)

Cranham disappeared over the edge with a 90m rope and I sat at the top worrying about him. I decided eating peanuts was more constructive. There was much noise from below, which turned out to have been Cranham giving possible relay points "some wellie". This unfortunately resulted in all the possibilities falling off, except for one which he couldn't get in a good position to kick at it. This ~~was~~ was used for a deviation.

This pitch is in a large shaft which ends in a puddle. There is then a short length of a wonderful passage way, marbled black and white floor. It's also very sculptured but I don't suppose much of that will last for long. This short twisty bit of passage leads to another pitch * - with a beautiful free hang and incredibly easy take-off (I was paid for that bit - but I have to agree.) Then lots more passage, which one weaves along attempting unsuccessfully to miss the projections. (Note Route finding straightforward - follow stream except where there's a place where you turn off to the left down a dry muddy oxbow - rather than follow the water which would involve going flat to through The Hole in the Wall and so on until we came to climb which was felt to need a hand line.

or ladder and we were running out of carbide. All tackle now at this climb.

Way out punctuated by carbide, fish and Yorkie stops and me getting very tired and hysterical, consequently I made a ~~load~~ ^(squeeze) fuss about the Newt, although probably in no difficulty at ~~all~~ all. Then back to camp to find Nicola back had ~~made~~ ^{made} our dinner. Woke her up and made her some tea in return. Then gazed at shooting stars and went to bed at 3.

Sunday. 29 JULY.

As ~~near~~ ^(OASTHOUSE) Late start - Are going to rebolt 40m pitch, should be out sometime this evening. The squeeze is getting easier - on the way down anyway. One positively slides down! We decided to put a bolt in the Oasthouse, a bit further round the corner from Phil's so as to give a freer hang. The rope protector is thus now redundant, ~~at the~~ although it might be of use further down. My first attempt with the bolt was a failure, as I was so nervous about sitting on my cornstails that my hand shook too much to hold the bolt driver firm and ~~was~~ made rather too large a hole. This was despite being attached by a variety

(22)

devices to a variety of ropes in an attempt to make me feel safe. By the time the bolt driver and the hammer had been attached by ropes we had a veritable spaghetti junction - which made getting on and off slightly more long winded than it needs to be. Anyway Graham started it off and I continued wishing I had a good documentary to listen to. I contented myself with wittering to Graham who periodically attempted not to have to listen to me by aiming pieces of chocolate at my oft-open mouth. It should have been grapes, far more sensuous, but they would have suffered in the squeeze.

We emerged from our arduous trip ~~me to munch~~ peanuts in the entrance and ~~the~~ ~~decide~~ ~~earing~~ ~~caves~~ were a ~~go~~ - Nearly decided to go back it was so hot outside. The squeeze was completed with the greatest of ease by Graham and less with by me - as 1st I forgot to put my bootloop on and had to reverse, then it fell off and I had to ~~be~~ reverse again. Finally I got through but was convinced I was stuck, at which point Graham lifted me up from the middle to prove I was stuck. I was forced reluctantly to agree that he was right as usual.

"Love! Hah! Hah!" quote from guess who.

22-00 Philp + Dave H. leave Lagos after a quick meal. bit of a mistake as we forgot to bring a light and it was overcast and very very dark. Got to Arica at 00:30 and crashed after waking G. + S.

MONDAY 30 JULY 1984

Set out Philp

Overcast - higher than the peaks. Leisurely breakfast for ~~two~~, later joined by Steve Roberts + Dave Rose (who was to the Refugio first and so their tea got cold - bums) Much discussion of arrangements for the day. Graham + Dave had gone to top camp to collect cooking gear (Dave) + things (G.). All had child's lunch with most of it going down Philp + Dave since we were to push 12/5. Took us 55 minutes to get from the surface to the other side of the Nwent (and to be fully kitted up for descent), Dave made a bit of a meal of a squeeze + tried to make a generator-shaped dent in his face - who can say, it might have improved his looks? - but I fixed it for him. Then we scurried off at the bottom of the Oast house (admirably G.'s re-rig, and putting on two rope protectors on the way...) to get out of the way of ~~the~~ the large chunks of rock (dust) being thrown down the pitch by the Heavy Mob (Steve + Dave Rose) who were hammering the Nwent. On exiting many hours later we noticed a few scuff marks on the rock.

And so on down the ropes carrying a tackle bag with 30m rope, various MRs, hangers, a couple of tops and

(24)

a ladder ~~and~~. Into the redox cañon, down the streamway pitch + the lined slope, jettled stinky at carbide dump at the bottom of the climb below the lined slope. The rest of the upper streamway and second streamway ladder pitch, then up the rubble slope to the top of the Amadillo. My (and Dave's) first complete descent!

Dave went first and then I followed and made a complete ballsup of the deviation since I was carrying the tackle back + my long thin tape donkey's dick was playing games. At least it's dry at the deviation (Thanks Graham).

So glad to be free of the ~~can~~ mess I whizzed down + forgot about the tackle bag. It zapped straight into the deep pool and I grabbed it out, steaming and hissing; the carbide mormflakes can had opened, suddenly
EXPLOSION 1 as the C_2H_2 ignited + trimmed by eyebrows.

I dropped the bag somewhere dry with yellow flames shooting out of the top. I undid the top (great gloves, ~~off~~ ^{off} Giorchie [®]) I recommend them to all my friends) and patted out the flames. [At Dave's suggestion I changed to electric light.] Then I, picked up the bag to empty it out and when
EXPLOSION 2 - and Dave had fewer eyebrows than before (or is it less eyebrows?)
This time everything was sorted out and the slightly scorched tops were put back in the bag but the carbide.

was left to steam gently (it was cleaned up on our return) so there is now a (small) carbide dump down on the left, near floor level, just round the corner from the bottom of the Annadillo.

Onward! Down the lower streamway and the Shaven Hedgehog (15m), the only smooth part of the whole length. Very gribbly with lots of brown excrescences poking you in the gut. Dave suggested that Graham should have named it King Fu passage since these could be broken off with well directed Dunlop size 7s.

The rock of the lower streamway (apart from the excrescences) is white-calcite-veined dark (greenish-black) limestone, ~~is~~ very like the marble showers in OFD2, but with more calcite.

We came to S+G's tackle bag and the climb they didn't attempt. It is free-climbable, the next one (about 20' away) isn't, so we laddered ^{into deep pool} it. Then another chamber/bit of passage of about 30' and another steep climb, put a bolt in and used our last ladder. Not very far from the bottom we found a 6m pitch but didn't feel like rigging it although we had all the gear. Left 2 tackle bags at the top of this pitch and ~~a nearby~~ one containing 70m of 8mm rope at the top of S+G's unclimbed climb. ~~Then~~ We turned back at 20:10 after 5 hrs 20m underground, and were ~~and~~ both out by 23:40, just less than a 9 hour trip. Philp got _{too}

NAMING NOTE?

Lower streamway ladder pitches: 1: Wet Pool Pitch. } most try harder. 2/10.
 2: ~~Deep~~ Deep Pool Pitch.

(26) Very cold at points because he was soaked through.
 The Carving Supplies ~~or~~ oversuit is NO GOOD AT ALL for
 dripping pitches + climbing in streamways.

Points to note: Water in streamways was faster than before,
 up maybe 50-100%.

Draft was much stronger, noticeable at the Nest at the
 top of the Amadillo and a few places in the upper streamway,
 must be where we are near the top of the passages.

Tried to find Nicola's suggested dig-bypass of the lined-
 slope and climb but no vocal connection established, but we
 were cold + tired so somebody else should make a more
 thorough attempt.

Inaugural trip of my FIRST PAIR of DUNLOP WHEELS! ^{1 2}
 I didn't notice them at all so they must be good!

Back to campsite in our carrying gear in thick mist by
 a direct route (ie. not on the path!) To discover that
 some bum has ripped off my blue KAYNITRO fertilizer bag
 I keep my clothes in! What is this place! Was it Fred
 taking my gear down in mistake for Graham's? Was it
 Stone or Dave R. borrowing it? How can we find out?
 Don't miss next week's exciting episode. (Actually it was
 stuffed into a physket somewhere)

(NB) BE-66 Arrived just after Shawent Hedgehog - Phys 5.
 ("Bloody Ell - Good God!")

TUESDAY 31 JULY 1984

Rained all night. Eventually dragged myself out of bed to Nonflakes + cocoa at the Refugio. A day late later Dave joins me as I go to get met. Reading, the water collector has blown over! Separate measurements from bottle + from bucket. Temperature in is 12°C and that's what it reads now too.

Meet Sean + Phil D. trudging up to tops camp, Phil with hair plastered to brow by mist + sweat. Sean tells of great storms and rippings of tents at Lagos, also the welcome news that Steve R. & Dave R. are buying food & will bring it to Arico - also the AMAZING news that Steve got through the Newt. Back at the Refugio, Dave H. & I find this very hard to believe indeed.

NB. Sean suggested someone take a compass down 12/5 to get a rough idea of where it is going - the gorge at Xita. We have an old 5 pts bottle at camp what could be made into a compass container?

Note Arico Spring is running like a tap today - ~~so~~ must be rain runoff.

13-00 Having lunch, festering, mending gear + drying furries in short-lived spells of sunshine.

15-00 Leave camp for Lagos (Dave H. + Phillip S.)

(27)
1ST August! (SAR)

Phil Sargenta birthday today, so
presumably he is 'incarcerated' as a Navajo
down at Lees. Narrowly escaping spending
a night in jail* Dave R. and I
came up last night with the heaviest
carry I have ever done. Hope you
appreciate the prod.

Now we go (I plan) to lash out
the Navajo some more. I can just about
get through (I think) at the cost of
a few rips in my nose-toe-printer
Petrol suit. Dave Cait. We knocked quite
a lot off yesterday, but it is hard, slow
going. Even the best blow of the W.S.
Humphreys shift a piece of rock about the
size of a seal from an old coal well - p. 21
21. Not loose only powder.

Will be back when bored with hammering
you?

We need - Rigging gear, esp. TAPES,
rope protectors.

A extra tent. A tarp for
the ropes, etc.

* more details later.

Some Salt. Some squab or Zuni to
use the water now (apparently using Ricard
for the purpose at the moment). Scolding
to cloth for washing up. More pots & pans
& dishes.

+ (U. URGENT) PETROL!!

If anyone feels like cooking, here are some
BEANS to soak. OK?

1st August. 12/5. Steve + Dave R. 11 hrs,
including the passage of the Newt.

Ok chaps. It can be done now by
anyone. I, David Rose, the largest person
on the expedition, have been through
the dread squeeze of 12/5 000 and
back - Admittedly on the return I
took my Troll suit off but here I am
again at Aris, feeling that I have
been through this and back again its
1-50 am, none else is about, and

(20)

Steve and I are just going to have some soup. But we feel GOOD.
Yes. 12/5 is the business. 12/5 is the works. 12/5 is the big one we've all been waiting for ever since Xitu. It's G-R-R-R-EAT!

The trip began with more hammering. Whether to any avail is hard to say; anyhow, soon we'd had enough + Steve having already gone through to hammer from above I followed suit, pausing only to drop my helmet down the next 40m pitch.

Miserably it was almost undamaged and we continued on our way, passing the various landmarks (I HATE the deviation on the 60m - it's probably dangerous in the wrong hands and as I can't see the point ~~and~~ you'd get it already.)

After some time we reached the table and the limit of

exploration, impressed deeply by all we saw ~~else~~ along the way. Some of the areas were quite superb; generally the cave is much more varied, in the And style, than the pots of Torrada Blanca. There must by now be at least 1 km of passage.

Sorry Phil. We have a better name for your second ladder pitch - THE FISHING POND, so called because Sam dropped a bog into it + amazingly enough retrieved it with a rock or 2 joined-together cows' tails.

The 3rd pitch as described by Philip turned out to be about 25m, with a ledge 6m down. It is called CAMSHAFT. Beyond, a very pleasant, broad section of streamway, with bird warbling - reminiscent of Xitu below ~~the~~ ~~that~~ ~~place~~ ~~the~~ Pythons. It gets a bit narrower after 50m or so and soon leads to the next (25m) pitch - ~~Geellschaft~~ GESELLSCHAFT. This is a bloody

(32)

niche loop. Below were 2 ~~very~~ tree
climbs with dodgy rods, which
we hauled. So, then, to the
present terminus - the head of
~~THE~~ THOMPSON'S GESELLSCHAFT,
a superb-looking pitch of at
least 50m, quite possibly 55 or 60.
What ho!

We came out and reached
the surface to a beautiful sunny
night at 1am, totally FUCKED.
But a good time had been had
by both.

SGR Addenda:

1) We thought some of the rock in the
earlier part of the cave were TOTAL ABORTIONS.

It all needs tidying up. One in particular
must be the worst ~~of~~ I've ever seen - the
one after the slope with the lie down it (why?)

2) The ^{new} entrance pitch ~~was~~ which drops
though ~~of~~ a false floor has a beautiful formation
just like an owl - about 3 feet high!
Name this wall's piece!

3) One colder pitid which needs

crowly though choss to get to it has an
attitude being reachable at high level - Needs
re-rigging.

- 4) The scriptures don't in the xxx new
bit*** I have ~~the~~ 'premature ejaculation
climb' - they keep coming off 'in your hand'
- 5) wow! This is the big one!

2 AUGUST 1984

Phil arrived at 11:00, having been chased by a kangaroo
all the way up the hill. [Nearly caught me on El Sod 2, but
I didn't weaken] Arrived just in time for a large bean lunch.
I bought some food + a couple of ladders

Don R, Phil B & Steve R go & pill age Top Camp.

Richard + Sarah time up.

Donett & ^{SEAN}Shawn + Mike B-L time up. we drink a
lot + eat too much.

3 AUGUST '84

FOUL weather. Even the ducks are silent.

We prepare to go underground.

Don R, Steve R & Phil S. go pushing.

Richard + Sarah + Donett survey the entrance.

Sean + Mike go re-rigging.

(25)

Sean and Mile reach 12/s entrance with all gear for re-rigging trip, no trouble finding cave, only to have Sean's diarrhoea cause him to jack. Mike goes on for a brief tourist/hammering trip, while Sean wanders back to camp feeling very guilty at balling up trip. Sean stops feeling quite so guilty with stomach ache, severe sluts, dehydration and nausea. Retires to bed.

sorry everyone but I wasn't feeling immensely heroic today. PH

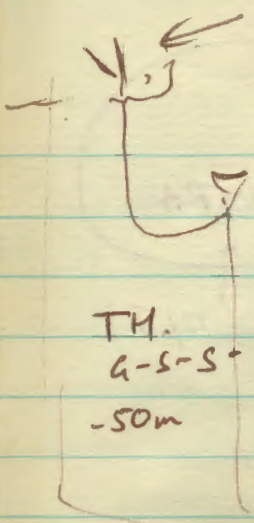
Dave, Steve & Philip have one of the best trips of their line - rigging 5 pitches: Thompson's Gesellschaft, Eddie Shah (worn out a bit of a bastard) + 3 more, ^{the last} one of which is called ~~the~~ Palais because of the many great rock bands in it.

Coming back every single one of them was wet, as was Gesellschaft, Consluff and the 5 Layer Hedgehog and the Amadullo. We were wet. Very. It took us 5 hours to get out from the line of explanation, without carrying anything.

There is a PUB - cut to the cave at the rope protectors on Gesellschaft.

Beyond Hammersmith Palais, the stream gets back into the limestone (horray!) and descends via a twisting canyon to the wall st. SHUFFLE to a 20m pitch, back in dolomite again.

excellent y-delay!



THE LAST BIT SO FAR

THOMPSON'S GESELLSCHAFT.

TH. G-S-S -50m

HIGH LEVELS

THE ROT

LEDDIE SHAW 20m

CANALS

CLIMBS 11m

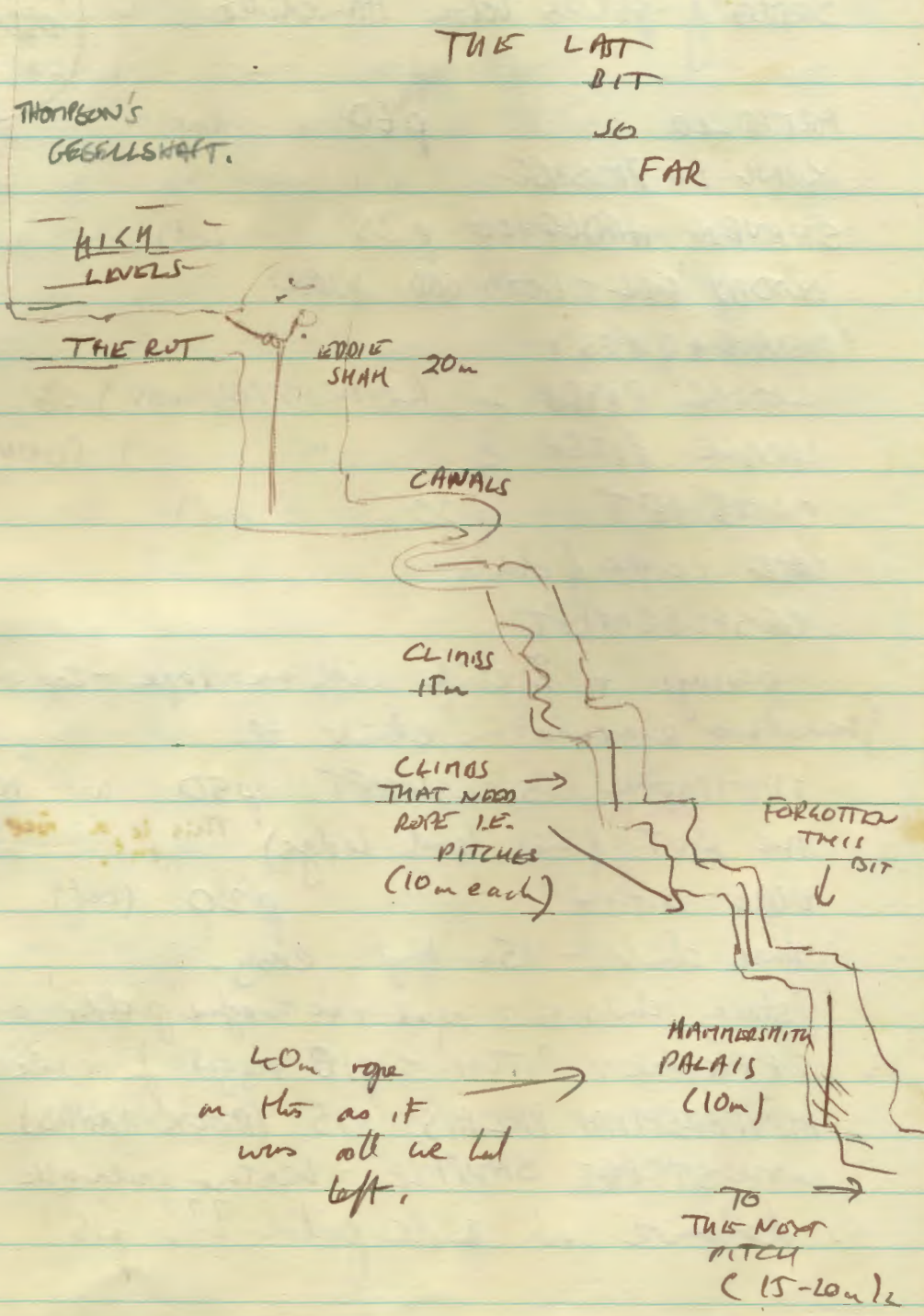
CLIMBS THAT NEED ROPE I.E. PITCHES (10m each)

FORGOTTEN THIS BIT

HARINDRSHITA PALAIS (10m)

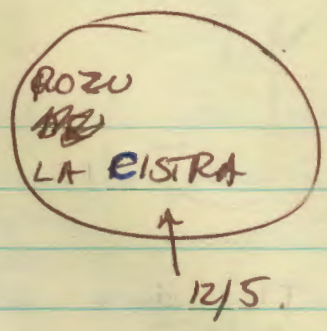
40m rope on this as if was all we had left.

TO THE NEXT PITCH (15-20m)



60

Series of pitches below Amastillo: =



ARMADILLO p60 (vet)

KUNG FU PASSAGE

SHAVEN HEDGEHOG p25 (vet)

BLOODY 'ELL-GOOD GOD AVEN

(PASSAGE + CLIMBS)

LADDER PITCH 1 (LOWER STREAMWAY) ~~by~~

LADDER PITCH 2 (") FISHING POND

CANSHAFT p20 (vet)

~~couple~~ couple of climbs

GESELLSHAFT

passage + 2 climbs with one rope - top one is 'premature ejaculation' climb then

THOMPSON'S GESELLSHAFT p50 with "rebel" ^{DEER RUN}

THE RVT (high level ledge) This is a nice passage ^{not}

EDGE SHAFT p20 (vet)

free climb - 15m high. easy.

steady climb some rope + one toe loop 'pitches' one of which

EFFICIENCY PITCH - p10 rigged for a wire + a toe loop.

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS p15 (ROCK BANDS)

WALL STREET SHUFFLE - limestone crabwalk

→ dolomite at another pitch ??? p15?

Philp + Stan.

Jan

4/8/84

Walked up from base to Top, meeting Dave R., Richard and Sarah, who gave me 'the story so far'. On to top, where the weather closed in. Packed gear; met Steve G. who was surface surveying in the rain + mist with Hilary. Walked to Aro, meeting Martin Hinds. near Top Camp. Very cold walking (5°C at top camp at 11:00 and decreasing). Nicola, Phil^R and Dave were getting ready for a survey trip. Since only Phil could read the climb, Nicola was assigned the Capt's log, and I showed her as best I could how surveying was done. Richard's notes on the survey so far looked a little sparse. Unfortunately, it appears that no fixed points were used as stations, but that the stations were taken as standing or sitting at various points. I hope this doesn't cause too many problems. Martin arrived from top shortly after the others left. It rained. I decided not to re-rig today but to start tomorrow, so fell asleep for 2 hours. Was woken by John Hatch[?] who dived into the tent in heavy rain. Martin had left, having forgotten to bring his oversuit down from top. John waited for the rain to get really heavy, then left for the comfort of base. Unfortunately, I now have to get up and camp for we call in the rain. It would be nice to be in the Refugium.

Oh well. I'll just put on another layer of TERMINAL underwear.

38

oops - Niccolò / man

Phil, Dave ~~Kay~~ 4th Aug Surveying Trip

Despite peoples misgivings about the diaro not being readable and then Wiley disappearing on a pushing trip with the instruments in her furry suit pocket (rescued in the end by Dave), the 2nd surveying trip of 12/15 finally got down at hole and without hassle reached the limit of surveying. Apart from nearly losing the one and only pencil (my fault I'm afraid) the surveying trip seemed to go OK - I can see why it takes so long though. How do the BCRA know you're telling the truth though?

Chocolate and sardines at the top of the Armadillo marked the final reaches of Phil's first trip down 12/15 (enthusiasm bounding everywhere for it) and Niccolò's first surveying trip (with hindsight, far more fun than writing the lot up at the end)

The following morning was spent cursing grotty pieces of sardine paper with scudulous diagrams all over them and trying to make some coherency out of them. Now at least I understand them - problems, does anyone else. Task not helped by having no rubber - a vital piece of surveying equipment (Also a spare pencil for underground?) Nice cave trip to end 3 weeks brilliant caving on though. Hope everyone else enjoys their stay as much as ^{I've done} See you all in October.

Niccolò

(Just think - caving without hiccups from now on - Bliss!)

PS Ian - Thanks for the loan of the Dornak. Its at the back of the big Vango

P.P.S Phil R - You've got my helmet! Yours

is in the entrance to the Vango tent minus battery box back

Mine I believe you read therefore have It has a red + yellow

sticker on the side PLEASE can you take it down to Base

Camp when you next go and put in the big orange Arbeston

VERY IMPORTANT

39

Waste Bag in which I'm leaving all my cave gear. Doubtless I'll get swallowed up into OVEE chaos otherwise! Can you make sure the Asbestos bag is tied up again afterwards to stop everything being lost (It must be your generator - I have mine)

Please could you drop it ^{the helmet!} in my Asbestos bag (in the green store tent at Base Camp) as soon as possible to avoid loss as I won't be collecting the stuff till October. (Good what a ^{is} yesterday thought)

Hope the saving goes OK See you in October

Nicky

P.P.S. All still around; all my gear is labelled red & yellow in case I've left any... Very likely I should think! Can it be bunged in the asbestos bag? Thank you.

See over for what really happened on this trip ↓ 5/8/57
The pseudo-rescue. SGR

At 3am ~~the~~ I was woken (just) by Sean returning from a pushing trip with Uky & Mike. "Ah, I thought, 'Uky back soon'" at 6.30 I woke up again. Still not sure. So I got up for a look & tapped on Phil's tent to make sure I hadn't seen hallucinating Sean's return. Then I woke up Sean who, though incoherent, said he'd last heard M+U somewhere around

(162)

the Amadillo. They kept around a lot
& told us lots of stuff about people being
overdue for Dita which I didn't really
want to know, but nonetheless put on his clothes.
Dine also got up. Dine & I got into our
humbly damp cold funny seats & we all
walked over to the cave. The plan was that
Dine & I would go down to the squeeze, see if
anybody was there: if not, they would go
back, round up food & another party, and we
would go in, put them, and "take
appropriate action".

All the problems as Mike & Uky see
in the squeeze. Uky said would to present
our my system and Mike's light kept going
wrong. Back in the fire early evening light.

Uky can write up his trip now, & I
can write up the photo trip.

Phil R Fried + Phil D surviving

5th ??

Good to surviving trip from the
Amadillo down to before the oxbow
below the shaman Hedgehog. Very
experienced by the lower shaman

(44)

with its olive green mottled
limestone with grey black + brown
chucks sticking out of the wall. Skipped
crag in SEGF even in an attempt
for quite a while - exhausted bright
on by this time we had to stop for
a substantial feed.

Saturday 4th / Sunday 5th

Mike, Sean & Ukey pushing.

We made slow progress down to Phil, Dave & Steve's
limit of exploration despite carrying fairly small tackle
bags. We found some naturals to rig the pitch that the
previous lot had declared had no rigging points, and
tagged on down. We had no short ropes and ~~no~~ one rope
protector ~~on~~ so some of the rigs will have to be re-rigged
(especially the Icing on the Cake, which Sean dropped a
rock on and bugged the rope). The new stuff is: a
short nameless pitch, followed by a nasty wet ladder pitch,
followed by a very short pitch, the Icing on the Cake, so
named because of the band of white stuff that curves out over
the pitch head. Then there are some bouldery chambers which
take you to what looks like an unrigged pitch, which you
ignore and climb down in the rift instead. At the head of

(42)

the next pitch we realised simultaneously that it was 11.30 and that ~~was~~ we were running out of steam, so we headed out.

I don't know what Steve Roberts uses his prussik gear for, but I find it difficult to believe he uses it for prussiking. I at any rate was incapable of making it perform this junction. I can't be bothered to relive the horrors of prussiking out from $\approx 550m$ in three-inch prussik steps; suffice it to say that it took a very long time and knocked me. Mike's light as usual wasn't working, so we made very slow progress indeed: the fact that I fell asleep on the Armadillo (right in the water) didn't help. Sean was nowhere to be seen.

Little did we know that Sean would get out four hours before us, causing general alarms and excursions at camp. This meant that we were met at the Neuf by a rescue team (see SCR's write-up) whom we disappointed by not being injured or indeed having had any epics at all. Rather embarrassing. Still, the early morning sun in the Gorge almost made up for it.

16 hours (Sean) or 20 hours (Mike & Uberg)

Actually this was a pleasant trip, so never mind the whinges! It just took a long time.

~~SUNDAY~~

Photo Trip

Marta + Steve

Sunday 1st Aug

Photo'd in to the Armadillo, where I looked up at the roof and wished I hadn't - the hanging death up there is worse than that you face (in which Phil S. attempted to 'just a little') and that under your feet. Rebreathed quickly + ate mandarin oranges. Shot pair of vireos. Things, including the Nests, the wood ledge ladder, the Owl, Goshawk - Sitvins (in juv Phil + W. idia) Cascade Dump Streamy, etc. + Marta lost one of the two cameras, leaving only the stereo as in use. Out to a magnificent scene: cloud mist + glowing sunset over the Carrast. Got miffed but in the way back, wobbly serious.

Re-rigging. Can.

Sunday 1st Aug.

Well, can?

(64)

Phil + Marki - Alternative walk to
Top camp.

Started off down the Treen
path to the edge of the gorge and
then up Jukaya. Flung out by
by sheer cliffs down by Cain
we shot off rocks of film +
then traversed the airy ridges
to woods La Vedehenga. This is the
most superb walk I have ever
done + we saw some impressive
snow covered rifts on the way.
Eventually, we traversed round the
ridge by way of a couple of
airy cliffs we reached La Verde Cuanga
+ shouted down to get the
brew put on in Top Camp. This
was done + after refreshment
filled our bags with tins +
+ abled down to Ario.

Phil Rose: " I don't ~~really~~ know what a foreskin looks like". 6.8.84

Shame ah.

AND LATER, in a protesting tone, " I've seen plenty of Stokes' willies in changing rooms "

Urey " + to Steve " You have a very
 chunky foreskin!

AND LATER, in a proud tone, " ^{It's said} ~~These~~ Roses have a pretty high sex drive you know "

Sean says anything the veins stand out on is chunky.

Steve " I was a bit of a jerk when I was fourteen " Roberts.

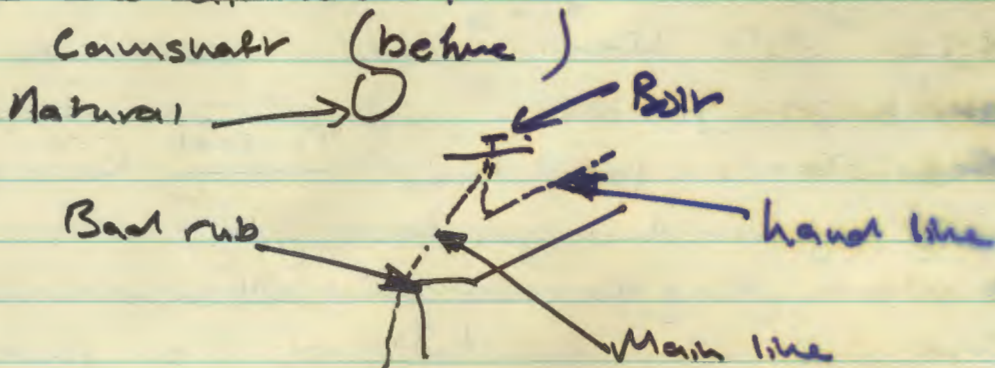
Frigging with the rigging Fred + Ian 6/8

Major balls up before we left. I got to the cave entrance and found that I had left my gloves behind so I ran back to camp I couldn't find them so I borrowed some of Dave R. When I got back I realised that I had some gloves in the bottom of my rucksack. What a burke!

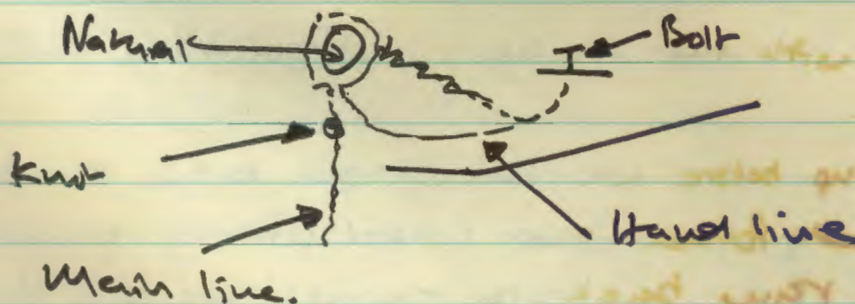
We got down to the bottom of the Armadillo. Ian said that the snow was very bright red by the way, as the super-protection was wearing through.

(16)

We got down to Camschaft, went down the hand line, and found that there was a terrible rub. The rope protector was worn through so we had to halt the rope.



(After)



We rigged the Camschaft as I showed. As we didn't have enough rope on the main line we had to use the hand line and then knot it. You don't have to pass the knot though. We also turned the

was upside down so that the ^{rub} ~~rock~~ is at the bottom. (on the way out the handline was replaced.)

The next three pitches seemed to be rigged with the rope running over the lip with a stream flowing over it, so we're rigged ~~with~~ on naturals.

A couple of pitches later we're rigged a pitch with a ladder.

Unfortunately neither of us had read the log book. We got to a chamber with several ways out, but found the way. It ended in what looked like a handline. I started down, and realized that it was a very hard climb, so I came up. I climbed down another way, while Lou looked around at the top for tackle bags. I found the tackle bags at the top of another ~~pitch~~ pitch.

Lou came down and we set out to rig it. We rigged a traverse line to a rock bridge that held a dry tree hanging about 20 ft. We used a 40m rope for both traverse and hang.

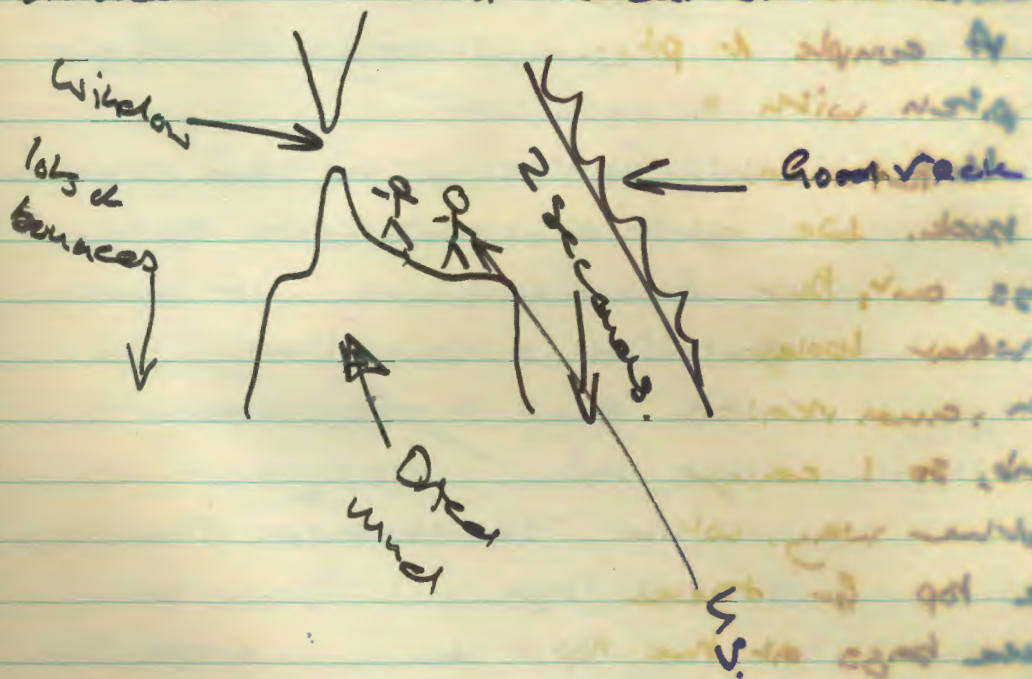
At the top we set to another pitch.

6 August 1984. Stephen G, Phil S, Dave H. Shore surveying trip. Surveyed upper levels above the Nestt and then proceeded down to Killinways to survey the inlet passages. One of these, developed in fault breccia, deflected both Phil and Dave, so I, with larger legs (and smaller brain) lurched up to

(48)

the right hand wall was a shingling rock good rock. The left was ~~more~~ ~~of~~ ~~soft~~ ~~or~~ ~~direct~~ ~~under~~. ~~the~~ ~~rock~~ ~~was~~

Further up the inlet steps was a ~~winnow~~ ~~through~~ ~~to~~ ~~a~~ ~~steep~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~direct~~ ~~under~~ ~~steps~~ ~~to~~ ~~a~~ ~~big~~ ~~pitch~~ ~~with~~ ~~lots~~ ~~of~~ ~~boulders~~ ~~and~~ ~~branches~~. The drop on our side was 2 seconds



We started staking a bolt into the right hand wall and the bolt driver broke so we couldn't go on.

I put in the edge of ~~the~~ 2300 at the bottom of the pitch after the "jelly on the cake" ~~at~~

find, fortunately, that it ended in a tight rift. Phil left in a hurry with Ario Betty, leaving Dave and I to survey Mylonite Inlet to the sound of lumps of dolomite falling off the climb I had just surveyed down. Epic exit by me - my first time through the Neck!

449

We headed out. We ~~reached~~ caught up with the surveying team on the way out. Got out at around 4:30.

6 August. Richard, Wiggles, Rose Major (patient)

Surveying from the previous point to the bottom of Thompson's Gessellstoft formed the incidental circumstances to the casing discovery of the month. ^{*****}JAMON!^{*****} A trip to Cargas market on Sunday was all the necessary preparation. I approached the stall: in the appropriate (linguistic melange) asked for 500 grammes, sliced. This was done on an ancient hand ~~grinder~~ slicing machine & the slices ready packed in a plastic bag. No further adaptation for underground use was required: Dr. G. simply placed the package in his SRT bag.

(50)

On reaching the end of the survey (some
while after leaving as we re-rigged/lined
all the ladder pitches) the bag was unpacked.
Bliss. Chewy, dry, salty slices of the
finest ham in the world's REAL FOOD
instead of greasy old tinned fishes + invertebrates.
We left half of it + went surveying. How
we worked! The ham juices redoubled
our acuity, strength and vigour. The
survey, we knew in our hearts, was
accurate to the limits of belief and
Squanto design tolerances.

We came back again and ate the
rest of the ham (as well as some other
things like dices). How we cheered up
despite the fact it was midnight!

On the way out we seemed almost to
float through the cave. (Well, sort of.)
So enamoured of the natural Beauty
(her appreciation is testified by the ham)
was Dr Wibley that she got off on
a lorry-park ledge half-way up the
paradillo.

We got out about 4am after some

difficulty with the square, partly owing to the lack of further nourishment.

The night was extraordinary: so quiet that I could hear the two doctors making love at the top of the first pitch ~~at the top~~ in their shared joy at a successful speleological excursion although I was discreetly waiting for them $\frac{1}{4}$ mile away.

There was also that rarest of phenomena - real starlight, unmodified by any other source, so bright that the clouds in the gorge, the rocks, the grass & the details of the crops could all be dimly picked out.

[It was Dr W's 7th caving trip. It lasted 15 hours. A point worthy of record.]

7 AUGUST 1984

Philip S. attempted to calculate the depth reached by the survey so far and found a couple of diurnal readings of 147° and 149° ... Also, the data for stations 1 \rightarrow 36 has no author, date, names of surveyors etc of reference to when the cross sections may be

(52)

found. Given up in disgust. Gave to Lager to do a copy. (NB) ↓

When people copy out results in the logbook, could they please leave extra columns to lay out the data in 10 columns: ^{logbook} _{to be calculated later}

station - station	clin.	compass	tape	leg depth	leg N.	leg E.	tot. depth	absolute	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	N.	E.

If you copy it down in a nice compact table it only has to be copied out again when the data reduction is done.

7.8.84 Phil R, Ukie + Phil D.

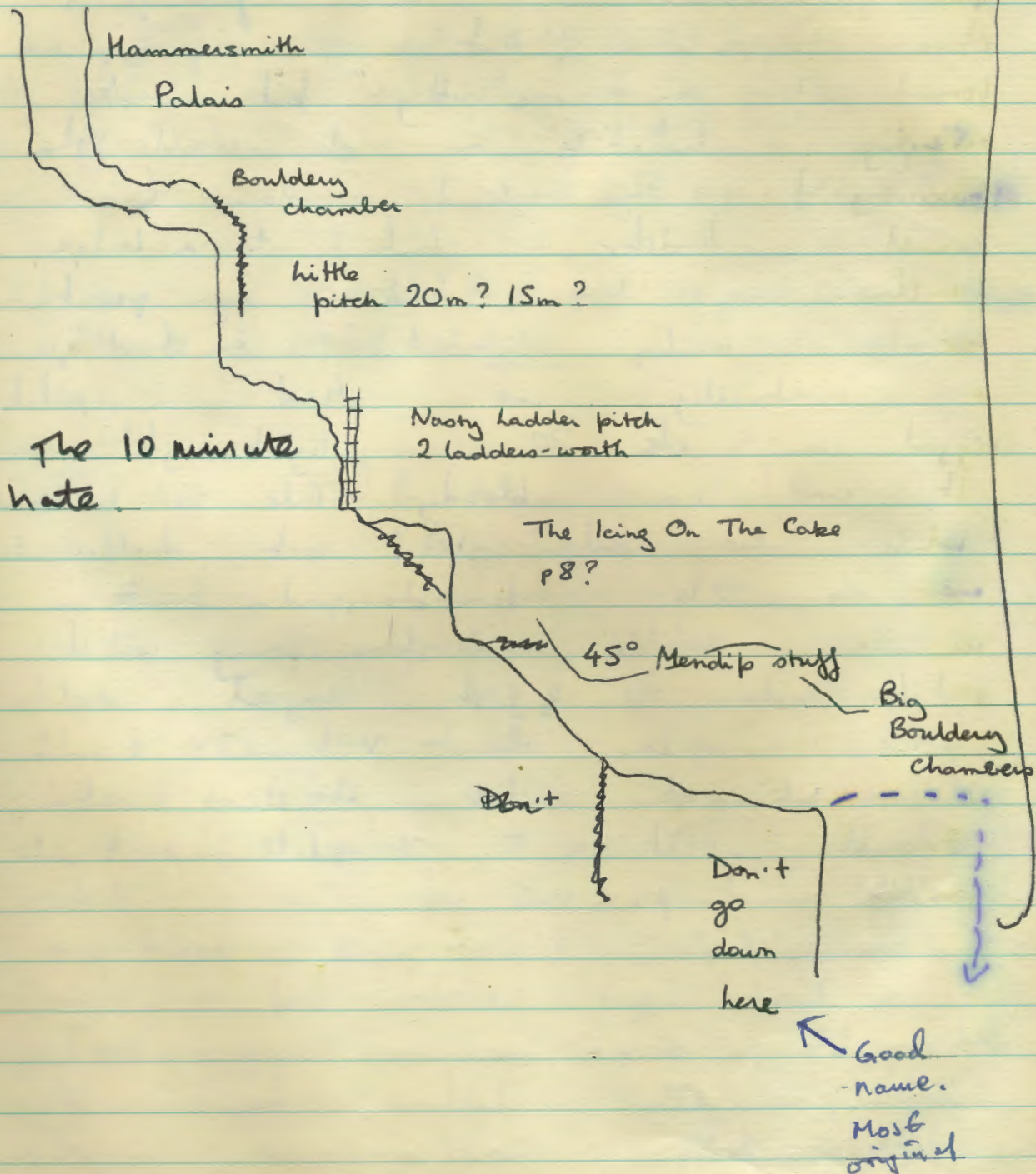
Pushing trip 18 hours.

Had a smooth trip down to the top of pitch where the bolt driver expired under the direct of Fred & Ian even though perhaps made less pleasant by tuble bag + preparation. Rigging this proved interesting stuff a hip toes on a chussy preparations trying to put a bolt in as far above my head as I could? This gave a nice 40 m pitch to superb unabled ledge followed by a 15m pitch ^{riped rigged}

an ... The passage is
 than large but soon you are
 forced into a scrubby pit with
 amazing helictites on the wall. (the
 wormy?) This lead down to a
 small ladder climb to a ledge
 + then ... we had a great
 tie making and a dis ledge
 + eventually we had a pitch
 rigged on the 70 m lightweight rope.
 It was now bloody late so I decided
 while the others started out # elements
 were ... I dropped it in
 massive mable streamway with
 pitch down & just began - d clips
 up there - is this X it a ? & wait
 i ... anticipati for the Dues net
 Suzath exit to complete on Suzath's
 pusly trip.

(54)

Sketch to join onto Due + Stone's





Don't go
down here

Climb down in right



20m pitch to
muddy chutes

Room 101

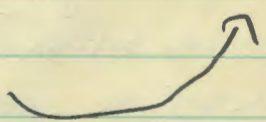
No!!
Aargh!!



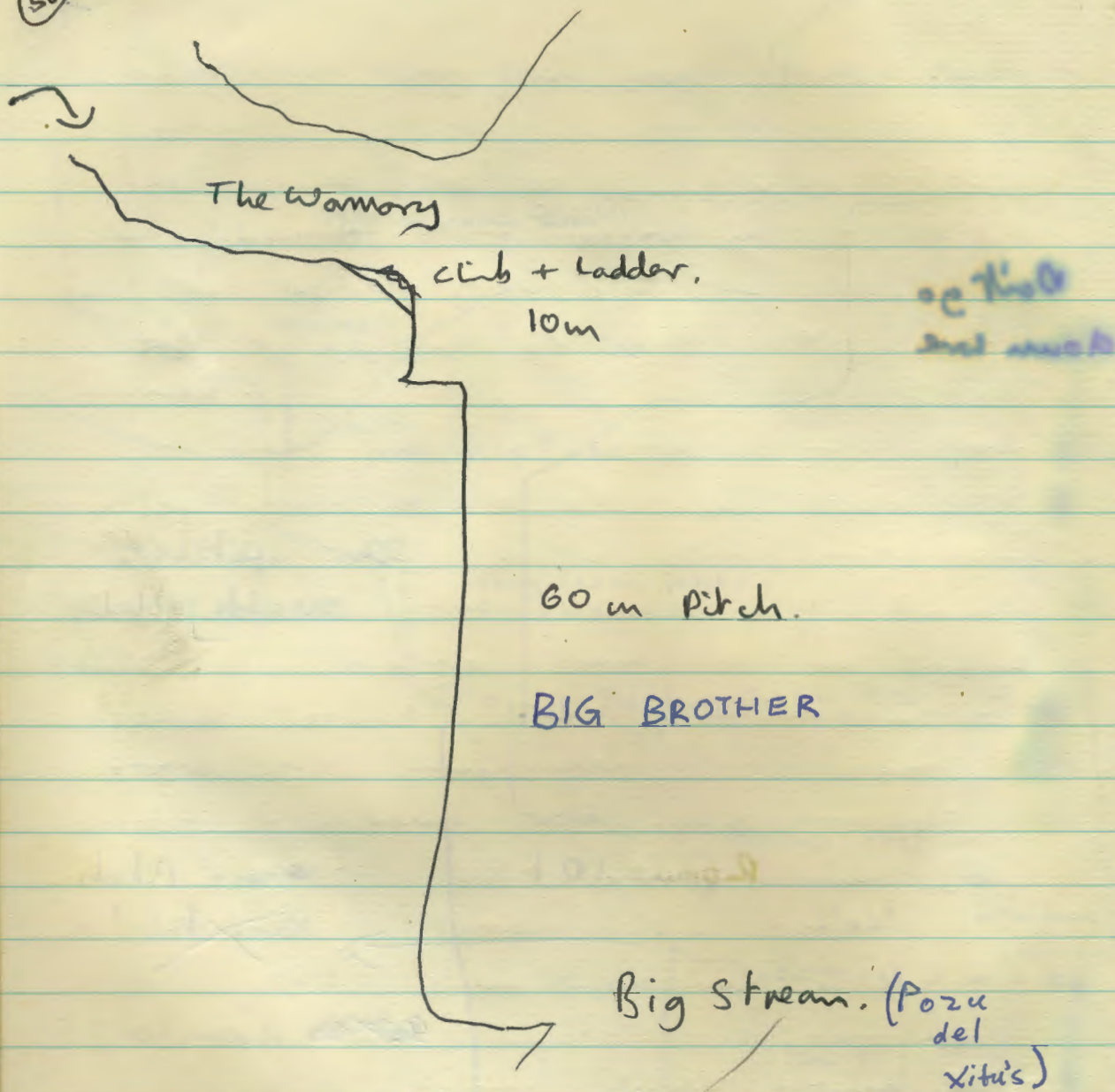
40m pitch.
~~Xanadu?~~

~~Room 101?~~ ROOM 101?

✓ Jump for you
like 15m.



(56)



7 August 1984 Martin Hicks, Stephen Gale, Sean Hedges. Photographic trip: 15 hours.

Photo record of high-level entrance passages, Geological Disaster chamber and the cave between Armadillo and Thompson's Gesellschaft. It seems that Sean cats even more than I do underground.

Dave + Steve Verification Trip 8.8.84.

Despite the ~~obvious~~ obvious unfashionability of verificationism, with the heaped-up critiques of philosophers like Kuhn + Newton-Smith undermining its premises + objectives from many angles — more significantly, perhaps, the logical explosion (or "reductio") of verificationism's reductionist elements, the discovery of this postulated "master cave" (a very big hole into which other, smaller holes emerge — Steel, 1980, et al) demanded that this approach be adopted.

OK. Now a short sentence. Was it So or was it ain't Poru del Xitu? (Fitzgerald, 1946).

Since Richard was making love with the other qualified medic with redoubled vigour at Los Lagos I was the only 1981 veteran equipped to find out.

Our big mistake was to take a bag of tarte down early. Prima facie, the chances of it not being ~~del~~ Xitu were remote: while the 6 cans of fruit, 17 cans of tunc + 26 packets of olives in one

(88)

of the sacs came in handy, the ropes did not.

We reached the top of BIG BROTHER after several hours, marvelling at the bolt on the 40m above along the way.

~~the~~ I reregged BB with PM1 and descended.

It was not, on reaching the bottom, presque vue - It was not jamais vue. It was déjà vue, or in other words, Dampfontain Much bigger + cleaner than La Cista. Beautiful.

Tears of nostalgia came to my eyes as I peered round the all-too-familiar gutters of Dampfontain Piths and spotted Graham's bolt with hanger still attached: ~~the~~ and the memories of those jolly times of 1980 + 1981 came flooding back.

How we would sit around the bolt ordering ~~stish~~ round after round of drinks while Skunk tinkled cool jazz on his little portable piano. How long-forgotten hombres of oucc like John Singleton gaily enlarged the cave by

lumping into it, to the gratitude of their companions. How we were young once too. And yes (more seriously) how Graham + Keith Potter had pushed down Dampsturation and on to Pythagoras, + before that how Keith + Stunk had free-climbed the bread mantleshell.

But it was time to dry the tears. Dr. Roberts had arrived and was demanding to know the location of the nearest latrine. I pointed ~~blithely~~ him upstream, where we sat on a ledge having our 15th meal of the trip, and then he (alone) covered his STI equipment with faeces.

I got out of there fast. 5 or 6 hours later we were on the surface. We had arrived, in a sense, at a Truth, a Fact, a Certainty. As we walked back to camp and later sat ~~over~~ eating in the frosty (yes, frosty!) night I pondered on the implications of the trip. Yes, it was is but not was aint xite. But contemporary philosophy would never be the same again.

(60)

Rigging Trip Ian

8/8/84

3-30 pm and it was still raining. But I had, as they say, to go. Dave^{R.} + Steve^{R.} were pushing, having abseiled down the Armadillo rope (worn through $\frac{1}{2}$ of the sheath) on the understanding that I'd re-rig it before they returned.

I was to go with Dave H. but he'd been stricken down with a surfeit of Mornflake 'Data', so solo it was.

An age sorting gear out, packing it in a bag at the entrance, and then finding the bag too big to go through the Nest set the mood for the day.

Wild anger prevailed and proved that the boot is mightier than the bag. Heave, thud down the Streamway to Armadillo.

Somehow I couldn't sort out an easy way to rig it and finished with a '3 way' belay at the pitch-head which had involved traversing out on BOTH sides of the pitchhead. (The RH side is airy!)

Down to the mega lorry park ledge that Dr Wobley ^{had} ~~previously~~ disembarked ^{onto} from the rope. Various combinations of rebelay, deviations ... They didn't work.

Back up $\frac{1}{3}$ of the pitch. Put in a bolt. Tried a X-hang on various flakes. They all fell off at a glance. Tried perditions and deviations. Geronimo like-hurtles across the pitch thudding.

into opposite wall. Gracious projection. It falls off.
I hustle back under the waterfall.

Hey, dummy, why not hang it off the bolt above?
Wow - it works!

At this stage, about 5 or 6 hours underground alone, I start to wonder if solo caving destroys the brain.

Back down, more pendulums and this time a working deviation. Down to the bottom, I untied the old rope and prussiked up, detaching the old rig as Steve Roberts arrived at the pitch base - with the news that we had joined Xitu.

It was nice to see a human being? again. We shared chocolate (mine.) I later found out that Steve had already eaten rather a lot, which explained his leaving 2 squares. I legged it out, closely followed by Steve and less closely by Dave, + managed to get the Cretan style stuffed peppers hot by the time they arrived in camp.

9 August 1984

Dave H., Fred + Richard go off surveying Cistra. Sara & Philip S. do a surface survey between Cistra & Xitu.
CISTRA is 73.60 m lower than XITU.

After cooking a gourmet meal for the returning

(62)

Surveyors we returned to the Refugio to finish the work
and SIE lent us their HP41C to do some survey
calculations. Very Nice of them indeed.

The fine trip upwards to magnificent view
of the boiling gorge has not been mentioned.
The rapidly advancing holes of grey cloud
discouraged a trip up Tultayan but the
peak above the camp is definitely worth a
visit.

10 August 84

Sara + Hillary arrived late last night + left for
top camp ~ 09:00. Then we discovered that the
surveying compass used by Fred + people for the past
3 or 4 trips has a RANDOM ERROR (the scale is loose)
and they didn't think to tell anyone but just kept on
using it.

We (Sara + Phil + S.) are going down to survey
down from the Tcing on the cables and desperately
hope for some relief party to come & continue
from us after a few hours! We are taking the
old class + the ~~Set. of Geodesy~~ ^{other club} compass.

Dave H. Fred & Richard (me) surveyed La Gitta.
 I was pleased with delight at a chance to taste the
 sweet waters of Papa del Xitu again. I was almost
 as Fred at descending La Gitta. A foothold
 slipped away and pitched me the first into the stream.
 Suddenly a dread horror swept upon me as though
 of probing I had eaten. Did this fall represent
 the return of the old trouble? In Borneo every
 coming trip left me with a new injury - dislocated
 shoulder, gashed arm, knee etc. But I digress.
 We reassembled at the head of Gashellschaft.
 The rope was through to the cave... the water
 thickened to tip over the top of our welly boots...
 But we re-rigged La Gitta having turned the
 ropes upside down. We were dismayed at our
 predicament. Where could we put the ropes
 properly?? Where could we put the deviate??
 We wouldn't find any spot. Unfortunately we had
 to settle for second best: we rigged a completely
 dry ice hang from two good naturals with a
 paper to take off. I'm afraid the spirit of Picos causing
 a little trouble on us.

An efficient and speedy surveying trip followed and
 then we toured to the Xitu stream. Ah yes! what
 memories were brought back. Dampuration pitch was

(64)

famous for the fastest CRT in Xim. A
pitch, it was so wet that you can get off
rope real quick man. Prussiking it wasn't
because coming so soon after the hot Pythagoras
it was only a little bit more than refreshing.
Dampthation was also famous (apart of course for Graham's
BTR and the chain of over 20 maillons which
constituted the primary) because it was one of the
unresolved problems of wings on in Xim. One, at
the bottom of the Big Pitch turned out to be
El Puritan series (which memories make me shiver
with horror) but the black space above Dampthation
was never pushed. This was because it was a
drain - which we now know to connect to
the lower part of Big Brother. A tremendous
the fur once.

PS: ¡Cabeza Muxa ha terminado verdad!
Profundidad al sifon terminal = 900 m
Sifon terminal esta 1000 m de profundidad
al bajo directamente del Refugio MUA

Phil Sargent, Sara + caught up by Phil R.

came and went unnoticed behind the
 foggy mist. The road to complete the survey was
 delayed. All went calmly until
 Gesellschaft where the rope broke, no less.

As Phil absailed the outer disintegrated leaving
 what looked like about 5 flimsy strands.
 Sara, bravely, hard to pass with crossed
 fingers, descended part it, tried a mega knot,
 then both enormous cursing took 20 minutes
 to descend part it. We apologised to those
 following but, aside from telepathy, could not
 make a warning.

Phil R. found us at Hammersmith Palace
 we had a large meal from the Christmas
 cake of ration he had brought. The survey
 station was soon found and the restaurant
 located. The clinometer declined to incline.
 cold hour was spent fiddling with it in
 determined (honestly) attempt to make it
 work, without success. We decided not to make
 a touristy trip to the bottom (the surface
 was a long cold way away) and in fact
 the exit had quite an efficient exit. Please

(66)

don't assume that this trip was completely as we enjoyed it very much.

Also I joined the blow
Earlside container up in your
dumb' arlen I tried to have
Took at that dreadful dino
top of the Armadillo.

3rd August. Dave H. Richard & Satch.

The first surveying trip down 12/5 (written up very
late.) Arrived at the entrance and surveyed
from the SIE circle down the entrance.
Surveyed to the bottom of the 1st ladder.
Dino failed to work. After 15 minutes of dino
broke a birth, deciding whether to go on or not.
The dino decided to work again. Surveyed
the way down the entrance series and
down the upper streamway. Left two inches
in millways chamber and all the chamber
chrome the squeeze to be surveyed at
a later date. All 4 members of the party
had no difficulty with the squeeze, even Paul.
On arrival back at Rio some complaints
were heard about the accuracy of the dino
and later of elevation, which were in fact there.

Richard's notes are decipherable only by Richard.

It's said that Ian says he's useless in the middle of the night....

12.8.84

11~~th~~ August 1984. Stephen G. and Jan.

An unusually efficient start, awake at 0600 and in the cave by 0900. Our plans for a tidying-up surveying and sedimentological trip were shelved when we learnt that the previous night's arrivals from the cave had failed to do any surveying because of an erratically-reading ^{alino} compass. We therefore agreed to complete the survey, as someone else would be sent down to help us, followed by the first of the detackling party. An easy and uneventful descent, with the exception of an interesting technical changeover at a knot whilst not wearing any ascending gear. Having been assured by Richard that 20 survey stations would see us to the bottom of the cave, we surveyed ~30 in 4 1/2 hours before

(68)

counting our remaining bits of carbide and deciding that we didn't even have enough left for a tourist trip to the bottom. A pleasantly-paced exit we left the cave at 0110. Early morning starts must be the sensible way to do trips of this sort of length. A pity no-one else arrived to give us a hand, as with someone to read the instruments we could have proceeded at twice the pace, and could probably have completed the survey.

12 AUGUST 1984

Philip S., Iestyn + Phil Duncan.

I & PD underground at 11:00 or so, PS rushes back to camp for the anti-skin pills + to fill some tubs with grease. I (Phil S.) caught them up at the top of the Amadillo and watched Iestyn remove his rock to negotiate the deviation.

Otherwise uneventful trip to pitch 30 where the top & last survey point was found - we did one vertical leg into the chamber below the traverse line and spent an hour boiling the compass and other bubble bubbles + tailing trouble ~~for~~ trying to get it in a fix state to read, PD jacked at Iestyn & I went for a tourist trip down into Xitu - SURRENDERS! Big Brother is AMAZING!! Vague ghostly shapes looming out of

Tackle List for 1215

12/8/84

Pitch No.	Pitch Name	Belay + Tackle
①	ENTRANCE	F, IT, 2W, 2M, SP, L (25') / F, IT, M / 10R
②	2ND LADDER PITCH (UPPER)	B, M / B, M / SP, L (50') / 15R, RP
③	NEWT	THR, 10W, M, 5T, M, 15R
④	BASTHOUSE	B, M / F, IT, M / B, M // DEV = B, M, IT, K // RB = B, M / DEV = B, M // 50R
⑤	HANDLINE CLIMB	NATURAL CHOCK, 2W, M, 10R / IT, M
⑥	OWL	B, M / F, 2W, M, IT, M / 15R
⑦	RIFT CLIMB (OPT)	3 THR, 3W, M, SP, L (5M) / THR, 2T, M / 10R, RP
⑧	MILLWAYS	THR, 2T, M / THR, 2T, M / F, 3W, M / 25R
⑨	THE WINDOW	4W CROSS LUMP, 4W, 2T, 2M, SP, 10R, L (25')
⑩	BOULDER SLOPE HANDLINE	BOULDER IN RIFT, 4W, 4T, 10R, 2M
⑪	OPTIONAL PITCH TO AVOID TRANSVERSE MUD FORMATION LADDER	USE 15R ON PITCH ⑩ / F, 2W, L (25')
⑫		F, 1W, M / F, IT, M / SP, L (10M) / 20R
⑬	ARMADILLO (1)	B, M / B, M / 20R, RP
⑭	ARMADILLO (2)	B, M / B, M / F, IT, M / 75R // RB = B, M, 2W, M, 2T // DEV = 2W, 4T, K
⑮	SHAVEN HEDGEHOG	F, M, 4T / 2W, F, M / 20R, RP
⑯	1ST LADDER (LOWER) FISHING POND	F, 1M, SP, L (5M)
⑰	2ND LADDER (LOWER)	B, M / F, IT, M / SP, L (25') / 10R
⑱	CAMSHAFT	F, 1W, M / B, 2W, M / THR, 2T, M / 40R
⑲	GESELLSCHAFT	3W, M / IT, M / IT, M / 35R, RP
⑳	CLIMB	F, 2T, M, 15R
㉑	THOMPSONS GESELLSCHAFT	B, M, 1W / F, 1W, M / 40R // RB = F, 2W, M / F, IT, M

90

Pitch No	Pitch Name	Belays and Tackle
22	EDDIE SHAH	F, 4W, M / F, 4T, M / 30R // DEV = F, 2W, K
23	GRAND MAZ	F, 2W, M / F, 3W, M / SP, L (25') / 15R
24	PETIT MAZ	F, 2T, 2W, 2M, 15R
25	HAMMERSMITH PALAIS	THR, 2T, M / F, 2T, M / 20R, RP
26	LADY MITCHELL	F, 5W, M / F, 2W, M / 25R, RP
27	LADY HARRIETS HALL	F, IT / F, IT, 1W, M, SP, L (25') / 20R
28	ICING ON THE CAKE	F, 6W, M / B, M / 15R
29	CLIMB ALTERNATIVE	BOLDER, 20R, 5T, M
30	THE HEATH TRAVERSE LINE PITCH	F, IT, M / F / F / F, 2T, M / THR, 1W, M / 40R
31	JUMP FOR YOUR LIFE	B, M / B, M / CHOSS, 3W, M / SSR (WINSTON SMITH?)
32		2T, M, F / F, 2W, M / 15R (JULIA?)
33	ROOM 101	IT, M, 15R / F, 0.5W, SP, L (25') / IT, 2M
34	BI & BROTHER	B, 0.5W ^m / F, 1W ^m / 60R

Key: F = Flake, B = Bolt, M = Maillon, THR = Thread belay
 3T = 3 metre tape, 4W = 4 metre wire, SP = Spreader
 65R = 65 metre rope, L (25') = 25 foot of Ladder
 DEV = Deviation, RB = Rebelay.
 / = Separates belays at same general height
 // = Gear + Belays required further down pitch

Example: Eddie Shah comprises a 4 metre wire and maillon around one flake, a 4 metre tape and maillon around another flake, some and uses a 30 metre rope. This rope is deviated some way down with a 2 metre wire and knot around a flake.

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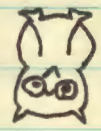
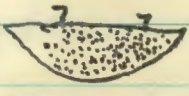
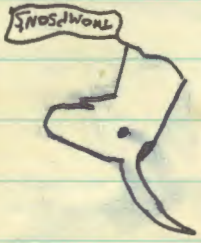
(flake.)



How To Grow A Beard In 4 Hours
Window Box At Home.

Contact Mr. I. Watson for free explanatory booklet. Simply send over S.A.E. and return

Let a geological course up?



harmless or neuro.

We got back to camp totally dehydrated and urged to find nothing to drink but wine and Ricard. All completely

Next is not a gift for the queen - otmoked. disheartened and curing badly. Seeing Dave coming through the

Comorahst with news of the fucked quarry gear. Out we went, completely unimpaired so we met Phil Duncan at the bottom of

hatched our departure till twenty to five. This proved to be above 2: 50K DSR UCC : indulgence in lead Ricard

the great darkness. Not Jan as we came out at the top of the Heath (named after our feelings + trouble) since we discovered rigging. On the way out I put another type on Gull's draft as a letter backing. Exit (PMS) party 01-22 to testify night. Back to camp to discover a lot of pieces people suffering from water storage & wine supplies.

(72)

13/8/84 Steve R, Richard (who else), Sera

To find Sistema Tercera

3C + 3RS FTBCG + 1PP + 1BC + 1NWO

Key C - cover

Rs - mebrach

FTB - full TB beam

CG - carrying gear

PP - product permits

BC - bar chocolate

NWO - naturally wrapped

Found cave (317) rig constituted

1-KR(50), WB, M, PL, TPTB

Key KR - knotted/limited rope

WB - wire belay

PL - Picos Limestone

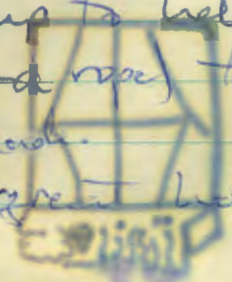
TPTB - 2 precarious jammed boulders

Descended by nervous material scientist
slowly but bravely to ledge a full metre
below ledge - RB - key rebelay

Then continued descent, rather faster than
expected (as new PMI) to ledge with view
of a chamber. Dr G scrubbed up to help
and brought RZ (key seco - a rope) to
the ledge where a first was made.

Dr SW finally braved the great hole

4-13. 7/8/84



To gain the intertidal exposure at the blind bottom. (ST climbs in grot)

Way - SI - Spatula Terebra.

+ mega-trawling (R14)

Next objective - Trawling (Fm) (resources)

Next next objective - to explore every

alley, survey every hole, leave no stone

untouched in our quest etc.

4/7 - a serpulous, stony crawl not

attempted by ~~at~~ R4, opening into a

permissive rift (thought 50ft) of ~ 20ft

with 2 dead sheep, much sludge and a

difficult exit.

5/7 Cueva del boqueron on the head

R4 climbed down. The entrance a long

tube to find. Narrowed to a 5 inch

gap for the water from above was included

and the (narrowing to 1" nft) remains

unexplored. ~~2~~ appears 30 feet deep.

21/7 Ser's cave - Cueva del Tiro Cochise

belonged to DE Way Bank of England

+ Das Way donation

(44)

In W first pushing trip. A superb 15 metre pitch followed by a devastating 10m scramble among overhanging formations. To narrow squeeze - declined as so suit on constant risk ten with scratches to v small ~~chamber~~ chamber with stone floor.

Percent to Refugio to beers + wine (on David's bill)

14/8/14

Richard, Dave H + Steve R

End of Survey - struck Deniggy Super-Loses
Brownie Points Trip.

Survey to the Dotted; Dave bravely 'volunteered' to go down Big Brother.

Gathered out with 6 tackle bags but got fed up + dumped them at the Palais.

Started a carside - shaving club, owing to lack of deep dungs.

SLR had another deep dung, at the head of BB this time.

Appreciated the food - near the entrance left on the last abortive trip

In at 12:30, out at 4:15, knackered.

14-15 August. David Rose, Ursula Collie, Philip Sargent, Carper Weinberger,
I am flow-to, Dr. Sarah Wiley.

POZO CABEZA MORA. (-906 M)

At the top of the first pit from the entrance
the rig did not look good. It was clear
that the "cork-up" bolt was doing no
such thing. Fortunately ~~for~~ for one's peace
of mind, the ~~that~~ the more section of
sheath-less rope near the bottom was invisible.

Josep Victoria stood smiling on the ledge
with his omnipresent umbrella, his right
eye of 25 years coming experience sparkling
through his shoulder length hair + black
beard. At last his long legs were to descend
his job. "Au revoir" I said finally slipping
in, "Mari Victoria, a domain."

At the bottom, a large, meandering rift,
hard, clean limestone of a quality which
I had thought akin to the ficos. The reverse
fith. Or deer. Only one bolt, + that, hitting
out 10 m. No corkup! The longer ancient
water-run bed. At this point there was
a down. Abandon try + explain why to our

(76)

good friends from Barcelona. Or rather that if the rigging could support the 315, it would support us too. Many hours + many shafts later we're back so it may just have done.

Things became interesting at the Gran Abisa, P247. (Two-four-seven.) At the top, 2 Goffs, with 2 metres slack between them. A little white marble chute tapers into a shaft ~~then~~ 40m higher than the Post office tower. Innumerable re-belay: most of them old, rusty bolts in which the half-screwed in ~~by~~ hangers had long ago set rigid with corrosion. Dr Sargent decided that he had ~~now~~ had enough at this point and departed: partly my fault for going very slowly out front, consumed with an irrational need to unscrew the ~~the~~ hangers that could be moved, just to make sure there was in fact a bolt underneath and they weren't just pressed onto the rock with mud.

At this point, Dr Sargent the jacker takes up the story: - I came back in very thick mist and found a very tidy campsite and Chris in command. There was time to go up to Top Camp to take Chris - but since we couldn't

see from one side of the campsite to the other it was hard to
be a bit making an attempt. We boiled a lot of potatoes and
ate some & added the rest to the stew - a reinforced later
edition of Stew of the day before. We spent much of
the evening speaking apalling french with Victoria + the
SIF and reading books. I brought 4 lb of rice + to do
more - and got well stuck in to one of them - Chrys went
back to produce a 3rd edition of the stew with added veg.
After a while - and much of a like later - I realised ~~Stew~~
had been gone some time and staggered back into a heavy
load of home centalman, splintered surveying tools, a
vintage Le Cane - makes no light, thick fog and a lack of
balance.

Back at camp, Teatyn had appeared and I ate some
stew and went to sleep. At 05:15 Team Knight Factory
came out of 12/5 and I had some more stew and
spaghetti. At 07:15 I got up to welcome the return
of the Kagimusa Stew in 1/2 hours (and had some more
stew) Spent the morning drinking me + Fred's
mending and mending Fred who was showing signs of
catalanistic silicosis and who had fallen over what
hung a pin. The photo should be done by
Spent part of the afternoon mending a 15m tape on
the cliff above the strand to 8/5 for climbing to learn SRT - a
2 fire natural threads on wires.

(78)

13 August 1984. Stephen Q, Jan.

After getting up at 0500 at Top Camp in order to get Hillary to Los Lagos in time to drive Phil R to Arriandaz, Jan and I eventually got underground at 1300 with the intention of doing a very short tidying-up trip: surveying the last inlet at Milkways and sediment sampling. Things started to go seriously awry when I abseiled at terminal velocity through The Nest onto the first ledge on The Cast House; a very painful experience. We arrived at Milkways and began surveying "The World Richard Forgot". At the inlet attempts were made to follow the stream (too tight), before we climbed the rift. Previous hardmen had pronounced this scrofulous, tight, unpushable, wet, etc, so we were quite surprised to find our way through the rift into a small high chamber. Jan wisely decided that the rift climb out of this was a) loose and b) exposed. He was right: I promptly fell off as various holds crumbled beneath me, ending up jammed above the stream. Another attempt got me to a walking size passage and then round a corner

into a large, upward-bending and beautifully decorated passage (La Peristera de Santa Dominica). I followed this up and up, the passage becoming larger and possibly even more beautiful, until eventually I decided to return to where Jan was waiting and to survey up it. We surveyed until our carbide ran out, and then returned to Millinings where we re surveyed back up to the base of the ladder pitch. We exited at 2310, eating at the top of grapefruit on the surface (Jan has such wonderful ideas!) before making the desperate journey back to Rio for our saline drip.

Philip "We want this cove" big enough to get a coffin out of "Sargeant

La continuation de Maska:

The crew Ataru, ~~was~~ ~~there~~ is an overwhelming significant place. Later, ascending without a light, its waters were illuminated by the other 100m above + below me: some for one small ledge, its straight down for the entire distance.

Uel
(80)

After the last re-belay I could hardly believe that the bottom was at last coming into view: but there it was, just like the bottom of many other shafts, a sloping shingle floor.

Round the corner, Poru Lueje, P110, for most of the way a splendid free-hang. Except after the re-belay half-way down where gross incompetence has created an horrendous sub-point: the altitude of the ICE here ~~low~~ seems to be simply to pull up another few metres of (9mm!!) rope when it's through to the core and tie another knot.

At last, then the streamway well not really a streamway a genuine river-passage. Immensely high, often 5 or 10 metres wide, it winds its way down - 300m past cascades, a boulder shore, waist-deep wading and several appalling traverses + wet pitches - rigged on steel bits of dobestime, ~~etc~~ usually tied simply.

without back-up with bowls round pieces of glass.

Many of the pitches are quite wet: by the end we were all soaked through. In a fine fossil section, ~~so~~ Ian felt stirring and using a handily available plastic bag excreted 2 gallons of liquid ~~water~~ through his anus.

A little further on I destroyed my generator trying to stuff carbide into it with only $\frac{1}{2}$ a dozenall ~~DD~~ + Ian's bowel problem we + Sarah turned round.

Our exit was long, for me quite dark except at re-belay when I flicked the light on, and arduous, but exhilarating none the less; and ~~see~~ by the time one found the belay one was above it, generally ^{better} ~~good~~ for peace of mind.

Ian was out first at 4-30; I joined him half an hour later + changed, keeping warm by copying to imaginary James Brown. By 7am we were all out of the doline, and soon met Victorio on the path. He had come

(2)

to look for us, which I found
very touching. Well done SIE. ~~They~~ had
rigging but a superb cave unlike any
other I have seen in the Pies.
And as promised. pas des étroitures!
(It was Sarah's 10th caving trip. To c. 800m.)

Well, as Fred said, the SIE would have thought we were
wimps if none of us made it to the bottom. So when it became
evident that the destruction of Ian's bowels and Dave's light
would halt their progress in the cave, Fred and I (Ukey) made
our way down. The streamway became increasingly beautiful:
deep clear wide pools alternated with spectacularly wet pitches
rigged on a fascinating variety of clothesline, broom, a catgut etc.
The SIE obviously take caving ethics to their logical extreme - to
the point, in one case, of disdaining actually to attach the rope to
anything at the pitchhead. Such purity of vision! The rope from the
previous pitch was simply ~~washed~~ wound round a projection on the
far side of the chamber and trailed over the edge of the pitch;
when it unwound itself in mid-abseil Fred fell six foot resoundingly
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12/8/84

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Tail: Bowels now ~~have~~ changed from full on to full off. I don't know what my body is doing, but I prefer this version of it. At least I can now form wave 1 in safety, so I thought
Ha Ha.

Wave 1 (me) got up at 0600 and was down 12/5 at 0800. Everything was planned: I would attempt to speed the detackling by getting as much done early in the morning as I could and Phil S. (Wave 2) would follow a couple of hours later.

Unfortunately, my now rather well-known desire to re-do rigs that I don't like got the better of me, ^{so} and I pulled up the rope at Gesellschacht (knotted at the nub) and cut it, retying the knot with a nice, safe, long tail. I then abseiled down, changed over ^{to} past the knot, changed ~~to~~ back to abseil, and --- abseiled off the end of the rope.

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19 August 1984

I (Philp) walk up from Lagos with a light pack + collapse at Aris. Various others discuss heroic carries and detaching trays and I moan gently as a means of putting my point of view. 3 hours later I wake up to a deserted campsite - still totally knocked, however, after discovering the restorative effects of bread dipped in strawberry soup (very hot in the stove tent) and driven by a raging thirst, I decide that this is a good time to test out the Sargent Groundwalking Rig. A quick check reveals that no bits have been stolen by Asturian Bandits so I set off: Hmm - surprisingly comfortable system given the general deplorable state of my component wanky ankles, sore feet, dodgy knees etc. Recommended for short distances only, with no

without back-up with boulders round pieces of glass.

Many of the pitches are quite wet: by the end we were all soaked through. In a fine fossil section, ~~so~~ Ian felt stirring and using a handily available plastic bag excreted 2 gallons of liquid ~~water~~ through his anus.

A little further on I destroyed my generator trying to stuff carbide into it with only $\frac{1}{2}$ a dozenall ~~DD~~ + Ian's bowel problem we + Sarah turned round.

Our exit was long, for me quite dark except at re-belays when I flicked the light on, and arduous, but exhilarating none the less; and ~~see~~ by the time one found the belay one was above it, generally ^{better} ~~good~~ for peace of mind.

Ian was out first at 4-30; I joined him half an hour later + changed, keeping warm by copying to imaginary James Brown. By 7am we were all out of the doline, and soon met Victorio on the path. He had come

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to look for us, which I found
very touching. Well done SIE. ~~They~~ had
rigging but a superb cave unlike any
other I have seen in the Pies.
And as promised. pas des étroitures!
(It was Sarah's 10th caving trip. To c. 800m.)

Well, as Fred said, the SIE would have thought we were
wimps if none of us made it to the bottom. So when it became
evident that the destruction of Ian's bowels and Dave's light
would halt their progress in the cave, Fred and I (Ukey) made
our way down. The streamway became increasingly beautiful:
deep clear wide pools alternated with spectacularly wet pitches
rigged on a fascinating variety of clothesline, broom, a catgut etc.
The SIE obviously take caving ethics to their logical extreme - to
the point, in one case, of disdaining actually to attach the rope to
anything at the pitchhead. Such purity of vision! The rope from the
previous pitch was simply ~~washed~~ wound round a projection on the
far side of the chamber and trailed over the edge of the pitch;
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tackle bags - with this system these should be hauled (by other people). Nothing drastically wrong with any particular part but the system is definitely not as efficient as it should be, I'll try oiling the cams and soaking everything in a strong ~~caffeine~~ caffeine solution...

Lates: Shit! I've slept for another 2 hours - what is wrong with me?! Sun now behind clouds so my brains are boiling a little less furiously; better go & help ^{desira &} _h ~~heave~~ tackle: Cistra -> Arico Camp. Phujs 17-25

Shit Ahoos! Having fettled gear etc (untouched since El Deriggo Grande) it is now 1800 - too late to be really useful to go underground. For the Good of the Expedition I will forgo my opportunity to have a look at the Cistra pettles and put my knackered limbs to better use moving gear on the surface. Ow. Angz.

19-20. No sign of SB, SR, IH or DR at Cistra - or of tackle bags. Met Jan on return & since conditions are perfect, am now going to Top Camp to bring a load down to Arico this evening. ETA at Arico ~ 22:30.

Jan
19:30 - No sign of anyone at Cistra so am taking gear to Lagos. Back early morning to ferry gear from cave
Wine in food tent. JM

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Got back from Top Camp at 22-31, bit heavy getting back in the dark but fairly clear and skyline always visible. No sign of Ukey & Chris up there, but Testyn's rucksack + bag were in the stove tent (the only one still there). Brought a load down. Rather surprised not to find anyone back yet at Aris so began to prepare a meal. Tried to find logbook + failed - eventually found it 20 mins later when I tripped over it going for a pee, had been left on open ground - no doubt clearly visible in daylight.

20 AUGUST 1984 P.M. Sargant 10-55

Steve R, Dave H & Jan emerged at about 23-30 having brought all the bags out of Cista. No sign of Jan & Steve G's photo/survey trip except for some distant noise: they got back some four or five hours later.

Steve R. & Jan now gone to Lagos carrying personal gear, Steve G, Dave R & Jan have gone to finish dismantling Top Camp & to try & find out what happened to Testyn, Chris + Ukey. I am taking 55 mins for the round trip to Cista + back (carrying 2 little bags + a few shags etc) and my knees are killing me. Will do washing up to recover & then get on with it again.

15-45 Dave our bit for international relations by giving tea to 4 germans who had come up from Lagos to find the Refugio skat. Better get on with things I suppose. Dave H. came up & helped get some bags out of the entrance - I will do one more carry then take my gear down to Lagos & then do ~~over~~ 2 or 3 hours dye detector collecting.

Arrival of Testyn & Chris on 17-28, Chris absolutely knocked.

Gesellschaft