

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~~ Late start - Are going to rebolt 40m ^(OASTHOUSE) 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 ~~low~~ made rather too large a hole. This was despite being attached by a variety

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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 chewing 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! Hahh!" 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

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a ladder ~~out~~. 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~~ 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. heading 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.)

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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-pit.
2it. 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 Pere, 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

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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 behind you're wet already.)

After some time we reached the table and the limit of