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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 in 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

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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 knackered 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 Armelita, 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 pic of various things, including the Newt, the metal ledge ladder, the Owl, Graham + Sitvins (in for Phil + W. India) Cascade Dump Streamy, etc. + Marta + Steve 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?

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Phil + Mark - Alternative walk to

Top camp.

Started off down the Treen path to the edge of the gorge and then up Jukaya. Flashed by by steep cliffs down by Cain we slid off rocks of filth 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 descended to Verde Cuango + shouted down to get the brew put on in Top Camp. This was done + after refreshment pulled our bags with trouble + ailed down to Ario.

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

Shame on ~~you~~

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

Urey " + to Steve " You have a very aboriginal farskin! "

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.

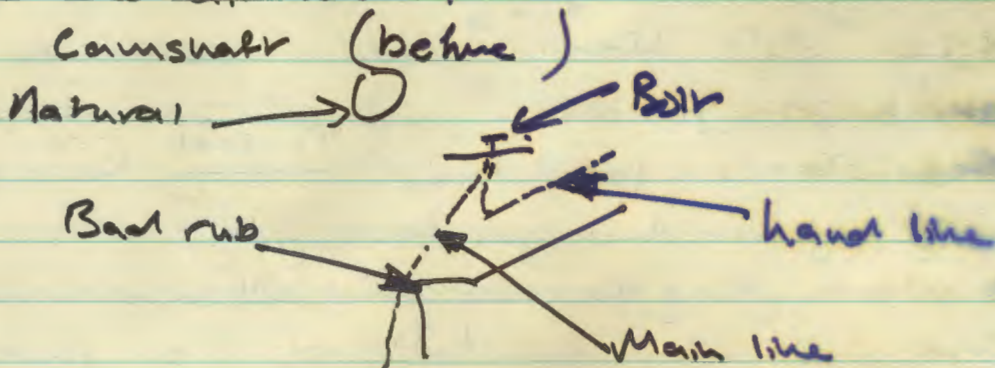
Steve " I was a bit of a jerk when I was fourteen " Roberts.

Frigging with the rigging Fred + Ian 6/8

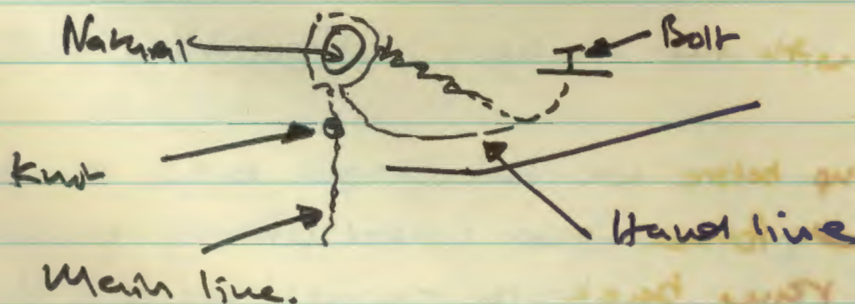
Major balls up before we left. I got to the cave entrance and found that I had left my gloves behind so I ran back to camp I couldn't find them so I borrowed some of Dave R. When I got back I realised that I had some gloves in the bottom of my rucksack. What a burke!
We got down to the bottom of the Armadillo. Ian said that the snow was very bright red by the way, as the super-protection was wearing through.

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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 ~~grip~~ ^{grip} ~~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 tacker bags. I found the tacker bags at the top of another ~~pitch~~ pitch.

Lou came down and we set her 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.

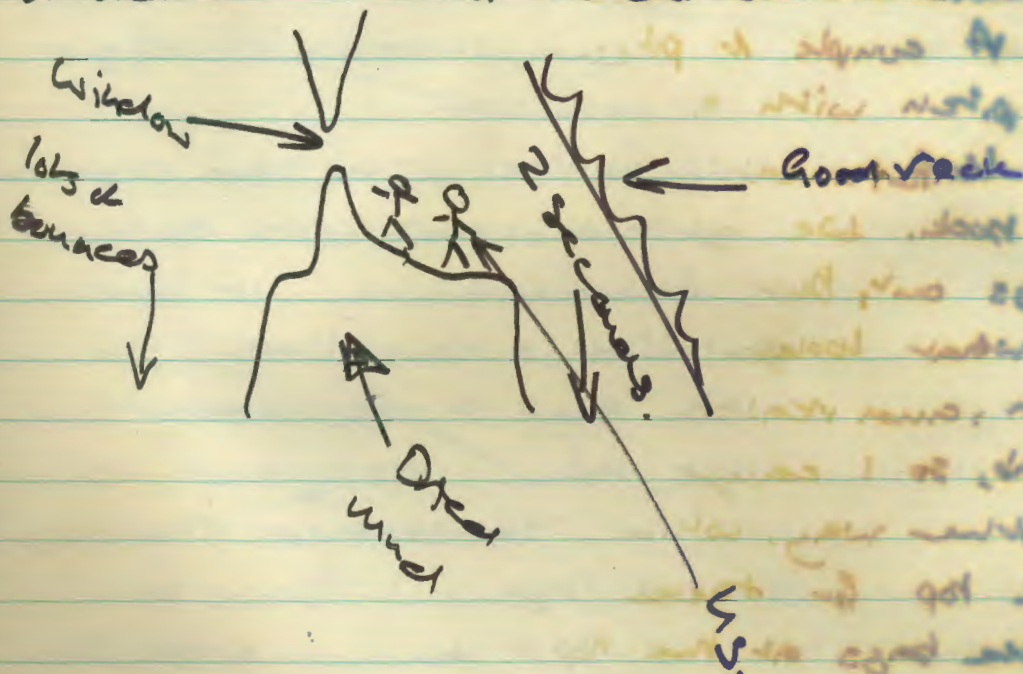
At the top we set to another pitch.

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, defeated both Phil and Dave, so I, with larger legs (and smaller brain) lurched up it to

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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~~ ~~to~~ ~~was~~ ~~direct~~ ~~under~~ ~~steps~~ ~~to~~ ~~a~~ ~~big~~ ~~pitch~~ ~~with~~ ~~lots~~ ~~of~~ ~~branches~~. ~~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!

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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 Gesellshaft 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 ~~slice~~ 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.

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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