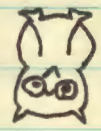
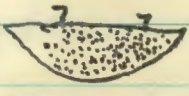
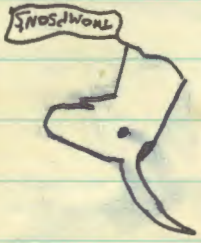




How To Grow A Beard In 4 Hours  
Window Box At Home.

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

Let a geological course up?



harmless or neuro.

Chapter 2: S&K D&E UCC : indulgence in lead Ricard  
happened on departure till twenty to five. This proved to be completely unimportant so we met Phil Duncan at the bottom of Comochast with news of the fucked quarry gear. Out we went, disheartened and carrying loads. Seeing Dave coming through the next is not a sight for the quarry-atomaked.  
We got back to camp totally dehydrated and urged to find nothing to drink but wine and Ricard. All completely

the great darkness. Not Jan as we came out at the top of the Heath (named after our larkings + trouble) where we discovered rigging. On the way out I put another type on Gullstaff 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

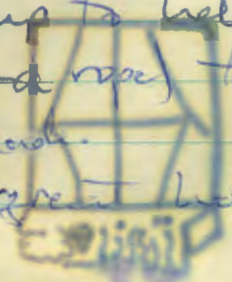
TPTB - 2 precarious jammed boulders

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 serpentine, stony gravel not

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

permissive pit (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 tube from above was indicated

and the narrowing to 1" (ft) 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 stoney 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  
down the rig did not look good. It was clear  
that the "back-up" pit 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  
fish. Or deer. Only one goat, + that, sticking  
out 10 m. No backup! The longer ancient  
water-run bed. At this point there was  
a down. Abandon try + explain why to our

(76)

good friends from Saraland. Or perhaps that if the rigging could support the 315, it would support us too. Many hours + many shafts later we're both 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 ~~that~~  
had been gone some time and staggered back into a house  
to look for some central man, splintered survey, back, a  
vintage Le Caré - under no light, thick fog and a lack of  
balance.

Back at camp, Tebryn 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 to mending Fred who was showing signs of  
catalanistic silicosis and who had fallen over what  
was a pipe. The photo should be changing -  
Spent part of the afternoon mending a 15m rope 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 cavity big enough to get a coffin out of" Sergeant

La continuation de Maska:

The crew Ataru, ~~was~~ therefore, is an overwhelmingly magnificent 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.