

further. I began to wonder where he was when there were cries of joy from below. It went. At the bottom of the ladder, (which is too long to be untied (decided half way down) there's a climb a bit further down - 15-20ft with a ledge part way. You can then see from the bottom of the ladder + from the bottom of the climb you can see a pitch! which ^{Mike} ~~we~~ chucked stones down. It sounded large + boomy and 3-4 seconds long with a bounce. Mike thinks off a wall rather than a ledge. I bounded back up the ladder which was easier up than down, probably because I wanted to get out. We then hauled the ladders up - after Mike had climbed up them that is we then felt happy - Probably if someone else does it with more ideas for naturals the ~~Mike~~ thought there was or a bolting bit they'll probably rapidly perish at the ~~moment~~ end but we have the hopes still.

Old Roe - A Note from last year.

F10 - Just ~~over~~ at the ~~start~~ of the walk from Top camp to FV56. This is a hole about 20m deep with a snow plug in it. At the bottom a rift rapidly ~~ends~~ down after about 3 20'

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22nd Pushing trip Fred & Graham.

A relatively early start ~ 11am, it was one of those rare occasions when I was feeling moderately keen and set for a long trip, though as it turned out we were out by ~ 7-30. A relatively uneventful descent, noting a little difficulty on the boggy reelay. we also put a rope protector in the wettest part of ^{the} bogie to make it a little more sporting. Having taken the 40m spare rope from the traverse above the stalisk and a tackle bag from the bottom of the nostril, we collected another bag from the base of the ~~boggy~~ ^{boggy}. Down the pitch Phil ^{et Nicola} had rigged there was more rigging gear & tackle, so all seemed set for a good push! A rift follows which we at first followed too high forcing Fred to do a climb down into the blind pot chamber which he didn't like "I don't like this" he said. The way on it seemed was to follow the bottom of the rift (rather tight). A large rock pillar makes the traverse over the blind pot just about possible. The other side was another rift (- "the bastard"), which we at first followed too low but discovered that a route high up was wide enough to fit a body. Negotiating a tackle bag through was a bastard, some

people say the names in caves should be descriptive of the type of passage hence 'the bastard' seemed quite apt. Just after, a ~ 15 m drop was quickly rigged, down to a sloping ledge which leads back to the stream. Though the roof ~~had~~ was sloping steeply downwards, which had worried Phil, the stream's slopes down even more steeply and after a short climb down and a bit of traversing down, we were already ~ 20 m above the streamway. I went back through the 'bastard' to get some more rope (lightweight 25 m) while Fred put in ~~the~~ his first bolt. Another ~~tape~~ tape for backup and we were down - into a huge passage (wow!) with a boulder choke at the far end. Some very large boulders blocked the way looking, as Fred had suggested, as if they had just fallen out of the roof. Fred chose to climb down amongst them while I decided to go over the top. A wet oven came ~~out~~ in from the right at the far end, whereas a strong draught came from a passage on the left. A climb down through boulders reached an awe inspiring sight - I rushed back to fetch Fred. Back at the black spectacle I casually picked off a cozy foot hold and waited for the 5-6s delay before the distant boom. We stood there for a

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while shouting "fuck" ... "fuck". A good 100m we estimated, we decided to let the next party carry the rope down for it and returned to the last pitch to celebrate on a tin of Pilschards. We then made an exit getting s**ting wet on the bogey, and caught up the surveying party by the top of the obelisk.

Monday 23rd

Ukey & Graham surveyed from the bottom of the Obelisk to the top of the pitch below the Bogey, and got very cold and wet. I can think of a dozen more exciting ways to die of hypothermia!

~~Monday 23rd: Peter & Ukey pushing~~

Monday 23rd: Dave & Fred

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Tuesday 24th: Phil & Ukey pushing

As Fred and Dave had helpfully carried the 185' rope and all the rigging gear through the Bastard Rift the day before (!), Phil and I were all set & psyched up for a good pushing trip. We got down quite efficiently, with a brief struggle and curse ~~as~~ as we shoved the two auxilliary tackle bags through the rift. It wasn't difficult to find Graham & Fred's "6-second drop", and we spent some time standing on ledges staring out into the blackness and dropping rocks down ("OK Ukey, I'm dropping the rock now" says Phil. Pause. "Well go on, drop it then!" thinks Ukey. Pause. BOOM goes the rock. SHIT! go Phil & Ukey) before we decided we'd better get on with it and rig the luggers.

Phil went down to put the first bolt in while Ukey pissed about trying to get her carbide to work. When the time came to put the second bolt in Ukey was still pissing about with her carbide so Phil did that one as well. Eventually it was all rigged and sound and Phil went down. "Here I go into the unknown!" he cried as he vanished.

He seemed to take a very long time going down. Then the call came "Rope free!" and I followed. It's an incredible pitch: a straight free-hang down the middle of a vast chamber. On the way down, enveloped in a cloud of steam, I had to look at the rope running through my

sack to convince myself that I was moving at all.

We landed in a bouldery, drafty sloping chamber and headed off down a little rift. Soon we came to a drop. "Is this a pitch?" I asked. "No," said Phil confidently, "it's a climb down." So we clambered down this little climb with that popcorn stuff all over the walls. Does this begin to sound familiar, Gentle Reader? It should do, because a few minutes later Phil cried "Hey, wait a minute! I've been here before. . . . THIS IS FUS6!"

Later footprints and the Pol Pot bolt provided incontrovertible proof. Shit, we thought. So much for our deep going cave.

Phil took me to see Lago Victoria (wetter than last year, he thought) and the bottom of Wallop, where we collected a shred of Planters' peanuts bag as further evidence that we were Not the First. Then we headed out, leaving all the extra tackle for "some other lugger to take out". That Hot Tub pitch is a really sweaty prussik! I got slower and slower, and ~~we~~ we were further held up by catching up with the survey team at the Nostril. "HELLO!" I yelled up. "GUESS WHAT WE FOUND?"

Out at 12.20 after a twelve-hour trip with a strangely historical feel to it. . . . What will happen to the Expedition now?

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24 July 1984 Stephen G, Mike B-L: surveying

A rather unimpressive trip. We didn't get underground until 1845, largely because I (Stephen) dosed after doing a carry from Base Camp in the morning (failing by two minutes to equal Phil's 2 hour 4 minute record - rats!) We surveyed from the top of the pitch below the Bogie to the start of the blind pot chamber (when is someone going to think up some names for these?). Much cursing and swearing in the rift.

UKey + Mike Furlin Around 25.7.

We had planned to rig the pitch in F12 but Mike's first bolt was a flop and when UKey tried to bang in a replacement the rock face decided to start falling apart. By this time it was 5:00 and ~~water~~ for various reasons enthusiasm to bang more in was running low so WE TALKED having achieved NOTHING.

We have left the first pitch laddered (but not litalined) and have deensed a bolt kit, 80m rope, 15m rope and a couple of slings but the next pitch below wires of all lengths and general rigging gear are needed.

Now we're going down the hill to drink LOTS of BEER.

25 July 1984 Stephen G. Cave F13

Impressive rift-like entrance at base of diff just above scree slopes to SE of Top Camp. Easily visible from Top Camp (Bearing to Top Camp cairn = 322° (magnetic) (back bearing checked); Inclination = -14°).

Cave 25 m long with 10 m climb at the end. Large, walking-size passage. Walls and ceiling formed by collapse. Floor littered with resultant blocks. Cave choked by breakdown. Ice formation and snow plug in entrance.

26 July 1984

Better luck with the rocks next time lads! Try getting up earlier in the morning. Cheers

S(EL Jefe)

26 July 1984

Andy + Martin + Fred.

Got woken up by EL Jefe stumbling over tent guys attempting to make an early start down to Loggs. We then wasted a good couple of

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hours tucking into Spanish Saguettes liberally
smeared with green chine. Eventually
got down the hole at 11.30. The team
were 'coaxed up' laughing for several pitches
as I informed them of my attempt to "hobble"
"El Jefe" in his efforts to break the sound
barrier ~~with~~ whilst in transit to Lagos. (011-
Unfortunately the ~~two~~ two well placed 'rocks'
were discovered before 'lift-off'.

Our mission → to photo the bottom section
of F7. All was well until Obelisk pitch was
reached. Myself and Martin agreed that
the traverse and 'take off' were not too
liking for reasons which will be explained
later. Fred had already gone down hence he
pivoted back up. He then discovered that his
arm which he had injured two days previously
was very painful and had no strength. At this
point we decided to photo everything from the
top of Obelisk out. - which we then
effectively finished off. Took ≈ 45-50
pics including 3 d's. Fred has
decided that his arm is too bad for
him to do anything useful here and
legged it to Lagos.