

1985
TOP CAMP



Top Camp Log

1985.

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**MEDICAL INFO
AND MAPS
IN BACK OF BOOK**

Wed 10th July
11th ^{TWT}

20
φ
ops

Fred + Sean.

Got up here absolutely knackered.

Hardly any snow at all.

Had to go to the dam to get water, but there wasn't even any there. But I found some nearby.

Sean was as knackered as you would expect having done an

Arto carry in morning - for the 1st time ever followed by trip to the

Thurs 12th July
Dingbat

Set up met stations

Found F20 easily from the sketch in

shaft bashing folder. No trouble with snow.

Rigged 1st pitch, but the second one will be

re rigging. Shaft is as Andy describes

in shaft bashing. No snow problems.

Set it down.

Set at Gnu Lagos - 5.15 got there

~8:20. Nicole, Phil D + Gerhard had

Set at Dⁿ 2 and 3. No sign of them.

I will head down to Arto to see if

they are there.

①

Friday ^{12th pitlock!} (13) July Not a good day!

Me (P.D.) Nicola Gerhart set off from Lagos having carried our topcamp gear as far as Amio and left it there. We set off at 6-20 AM after a hearty breakfast and arrived at Amio at $\approx 8:45$ to the delight of our companions. Gerhart arrived ^{Nicola & Me} 3/4 of an hour later and decided that topcamp for him was best left until later. Nicola and I set off. We had some route-finding problems and finally sighted topcamp at ≈ 3 , arrived there 3-30 pretty wiped out. Ate, slept, made some water from the nearby snow. Tried to cook at 7, but the stove ran out of petrol, bad karma. Returning to Amio forthwith, to get gear for F20 and camping stuff. Where is the water supposed to be here?

Will return tomorrow AM. Hasta la Vista P.D. Clint, etc.

^{13th} Saturday 14th July

P.D., Nicola, Gerhart + Man-Mountain Ray arrived 11:30 AM. Gerhart + Man Mountain returned to Los Lagos, P.D. + N set up camp ^{at} the \uparrow in search of F20 - hopefully getting underway by about 3.

Adios Amigos!

P.S. If you do use water from the black tin line system please can you refill the bowls etc. with snow. So far no other system of getting water rigged.

Saturday

12th.

Right!!

(2)

8:45. Martin + SGR arrive, having
left Lagos ~~at~~ ~ 5:15
Sawnt off Paul (Cab Mirador, retired hunt)
and took Geoff! (He had to pick up some stuff from
Ario, but did not re-appear). Odd spots of rain
on the way up from Vege Secca.
Brought you some food + rope, knives, also
rigging gear, etc. You have a good %age
of the car food - don't eat it all at once!
Good luck down PZO. We go back down to
Ario now, I will return to Sunday evening / Monday
morning with kits to CAVE!

I found a pitch Hut's lined with rubble:
David Elliott comes to me,
speaking words of wisdom:
"Hang it free"

Geoff was to bring up anchors for Ario.
If he doesn't take it, I'm sorry but you
will have to pop down to Ario to fetch some.
After much mega dragging and encouragement have
managed to slog up here with tons of goodies for your
enjoyment. I should feel a sense of enjoyment but am too
knackered even to move from this spot as Steve throws
it all into the tent Bye bye. Steve.

Richard Serra + Steve M arrived, full of goodies. Went
to Ario.

⇒ Nicola + Phil - I have brought up a bottle of
Brandy which you could buy off me @ 415 pts,
so long as you use it for medicinal purposes only.
Richard.

(5)

This is what I call a food tent! The only thing that could happen to disrupt our ecstasy would be the Rose brothers appearing, hell bent on eating it all leaving only Maillous and Carbide for breakfast. Thanks for the gear too, suppose we'll have to go carving tomorrow then!

Having got over the sight of so much food, it is necessary to relate today's progress. It took us a long time to find F20, largely due to the enormous amounts of gear in our rucksacks making the terrain even more difficult than normal. Found it eventually (Nicola) and prepared to descend. The first pitch has been rigged by ~~them~~^{Seam} and Fred. descended, rigged a ladder then spent a long time rigging a trowse line to get to the tree hang off a flake. This cave has a constant stream of meltwater passing through it. After I'd rigged the pitch we were both quite cold. I descended. To my disgust, the knot at the edge of the rope swung about 4 or 5 metres above where it ought to be. I came ~~out~~ back up and we decided to leave. I'll re-rig it tomorrow in a different style. Climbed up to the ridge. If you ever come out of F20 in the evening and it's still light,

go up to the ridge, (watch out for loose boulders and choss on the way) Its truly spectacular, I can't describe the view go and see it for yourself.

Seconded: - its a superb view - well worth the climb. Quite a sight.
↑

P.S. The started writing is not because I'm justified; its cos its 10.41 pm, I've taken my lenses out & I can't see a thing. - I got justified later.

Sun 14

No eggs.

SO. The old "Brandy at top camp trick" eh? Ill get you for this Richard Gregson, you wait! At the moment though, topcamp seems to be the best place to be suffering from a hangover. Its a bit windy but we are above a thick carpet of cloud which stretches out to the horizon on all fronts, the upper levels of which is a couple of hundred feet above Anno which means thick mist both there and at base camp. Top camp is definitely the place to be! As all cavers know, the best cure for a hangover is to do a cave so that's what we'll do today, I believe there are ^{some} caves round here somewhere.

WATER

The snow field nearby is diminishing at an alarming rate. The water from the snow is full of bits and probably sheep, goat and Rebecca pee, so we ought to boil it before drinking.

(5)

Sunday 14th : Steve R + Paul

Steve and I sat in the mist at Ario watching people depart for their various activities this ^{morning}. Shaft baskers in area 9, Martin and Gerhard returned having been unable to locate area 9! ~~but~~ Anyway after a snack lunch the two of us blundered off into the mist with visibility at c. 25 m.

We wandered round on the hillside above the Vega Seca with Steve continually saying things like "I don't recognise this" or "I reckon we should be over there" and then pointing in a different direction each time. However in the midst of all this Steve finds a small puddle and ~~ann~~ announces that he now knows where we are. To ^{cut} a long story short I then follow Steve up the mountain in the mist whilst having no idea where we are going, and we arrive at the shaft Steve 'found' yesterday right next to the path. Steve kitted up and belayed the rope around the only suitable rock in the near vicinity. Unfortunately the rope now rests on some v. jagged rocks. Aha! rope protectors we both thought. This was followed by a furious search which comes up empty. After a short period of depression the magic word "Karrimat" appears in my thoughts and so I unstrap mine and drape this over the edge as a mega-rope-protector. While Steve makes a serial check I walk 5 yards up the hill to find the inscription "OUCC '82 D1". Depression blues set in while we remove the tackle. These were only ~~slightly~~ offset when Steve offered

to eat his Petzl lamp if the shaft was less than 50 m to the bottom.

Anyhow we trot off up the hill to find Top camp empty. A quick search reveals that D1 is only c. 40 m deep, but Steve has not yet eaten his lamp.

An interesting 1st trip up!

Paul //

F20 The Awful truth!

Phil D. Nicola.

There's a lot of bad karma manifesting itself on this mountainside. Today's adventure started with a tiring exercise in technical mountaineering, attempting the Lethal approach to F20 across scree slopes, cliffs, snowplugs and boulders. There are 2 kinds of boulders: ① Boulders that have fallen off, ② boulders that are going to fall off. Differentiating between the 2 types is not easy but adds spice.

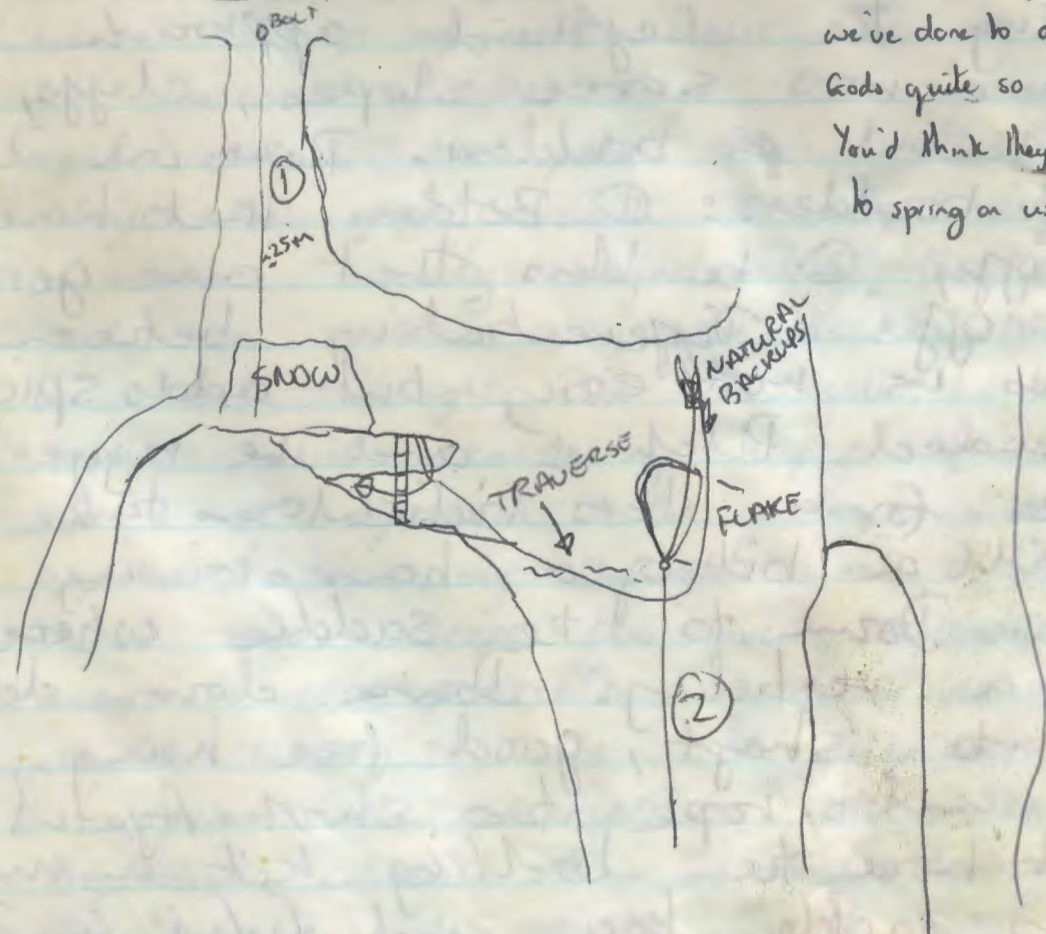
Descended Pitch 1 and re-rigged Pitch 2 for a less ridiculous take off. Still a bit of a hair raising traverse. Down to the saddle where I rigged a re-belay. Down down down, a superb shaft, good free hang not too wet, rope too short. Again! I didn't have the bolting kit in my enormous tackle bag and didn't fancy

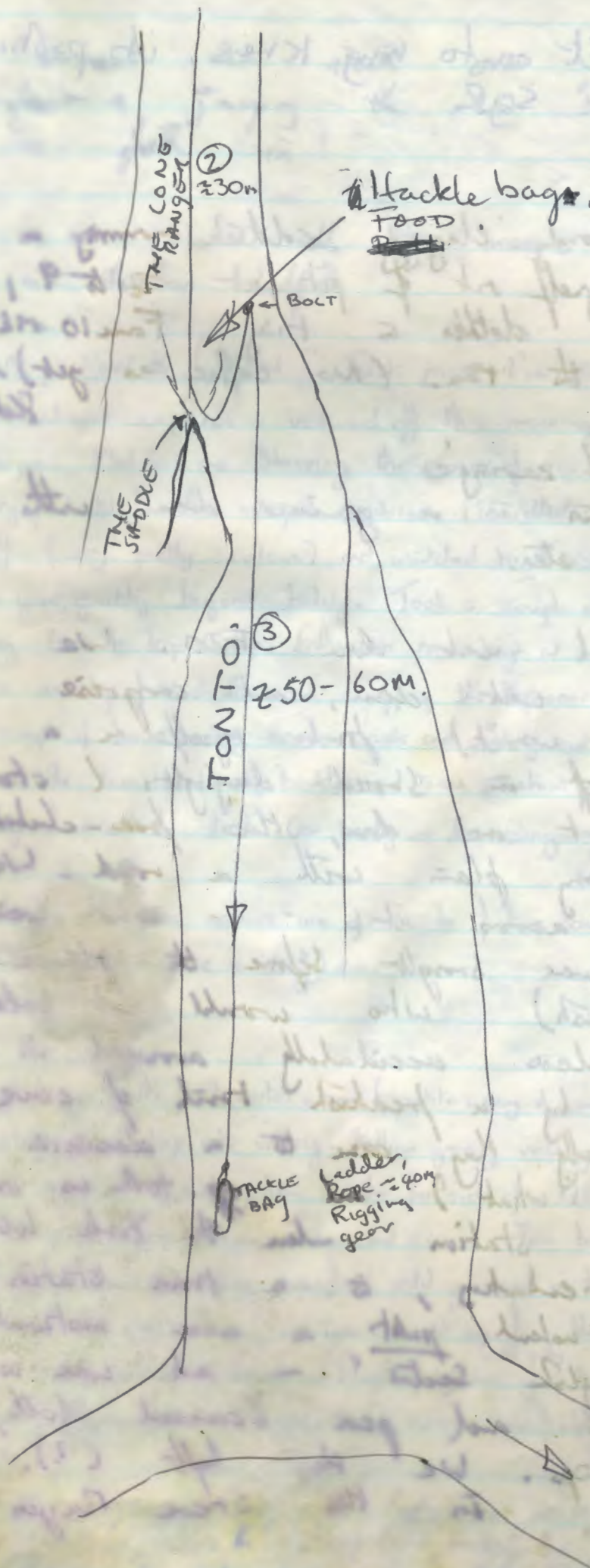
(7)

a flying knot changeover so I prussicked back up, leaving the tackle bag tied to the rope. We decided to abandon the trip as we were both quite cold and solly missed by these infernal short ropes. The trouble is that last year the pitch ended on a huge snow plug which has gone. To add the final blow to our misadventures, ~~the~~ the steadily rising mist had engulfed the entrance. We trudged back, at last finding a fairly safe way and found Steve and Paul at camp. Some consolation, they can do the hole tomorrow, good luck to them. P.D

F.20 SO FAR

Not much else you can say really - what we've done to annoy the Mountain Gods quite so much is beyond me - You'd think they'd have run out of tricks to spring on us by now...





good Rattle!

(9)

Nicola "

"If I can get it onto my knee, its probably worth holding" SGR

Monday 15th.

Horrible cloudy day, oddish morning. I finally drag myself out of bed at 9, put on my clothes & try. For 10 still and start up the tea. (No coffee as yet).
Sik

'A dream of caring'

This is a genuine dream, with nothing added etc.

I dreamt I was down F20. We raggah tents, I was down, and surprised (except that I wasn't) found myself on a ledge on a cliff in broad daylight. I started to try to get me down, then free-fell it to a grassy plain with a road. We started wandering across it and were arrested! We were sought before the police (I vaguely Spanish) who would not believe we were Spanish accidentally arrived in this country by a freakish trick of cave geography. Eventually they came to a decision (I have not what I) and took us out past a bus station where the York lot were all descending, to a train station. We were asked past a nice restaurant to the 'English Section' - and were served grotty potato and pea (canned, both) carry & chips. We then left (?).
Somewhere in the Steve Meyer

crossed an ice over river by using
just a jump, the last bit - but he stopped
& fell in!

What all this means I don't know. Can
a doctor help?

S.G.R. + Paul B (Paul "Fuck me, I'm all sweaty before I even get in
- The intrepid explorers - verted off this morning to descend F20; their two
Sherpas, Phil D + me showing the easier of our various routes to el hole +
carrying tackle for the intrepid explorers. Marvelled at Pauls shiny, clean S.R.T
stuff (very pretty colours) and watched him + Steve descend, to get all that nice
new gear, grubby beyond belief. Took a couple of pikies ^{edding} before picking our
way back to Top Camp. Enthusiasm ran high at first for juggling boulders and
rocks on top of each other and wrapping the topones in black bin liners, but after
a couple of hours making arrows, cairns and seeking out the best and safest way to get
between the two locations; boulders and stones somehow lost their appeal. Fog / cloud
getting thicker all the time. Can barely see the rain gauge thing from the camp.

Hope the cairns and arrows are of use to future cavers. Brief description of routes
(and rather sketchy map is overleaf) :-

From Top Camp

Follow bog path past toilet area (polite way of saying it that...!) until you see
left slightly and drop into valley. Follow grassy valley right to bottom where you
meet a massive boulder pile on the far side of a little snow plug. From here,
turn sharp left and follow cairns and arrows. You basically want to be heading
up the left hand side of a snowfield until you spot a brownish coloured gully and go
up this (all this is more or less straight up from the boulder field). Where you
meet a line of pebbles covered in black polythene you turn left again and climb out of
the gully. Keep following cairns round various snowfields up and you can't miss it
(No No)

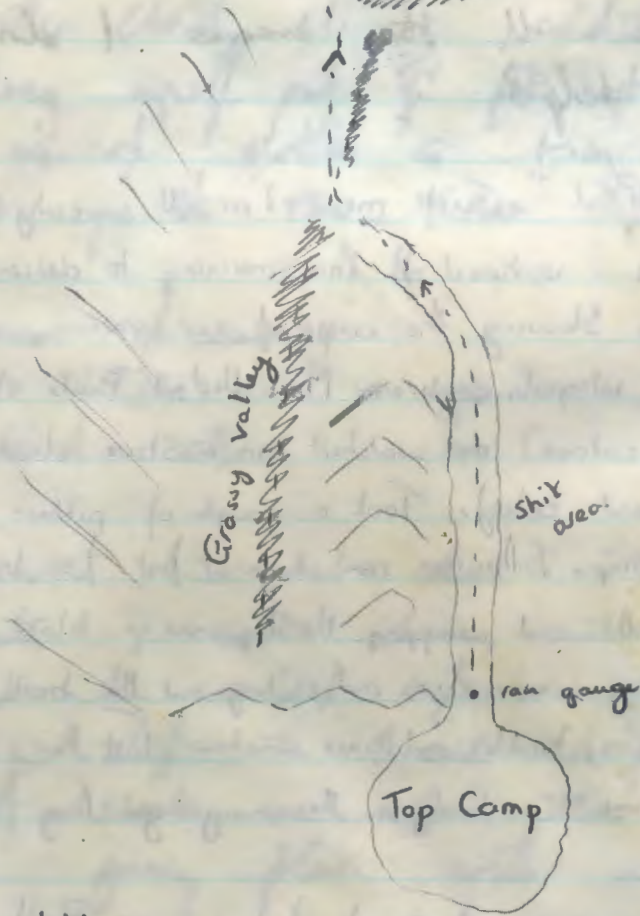
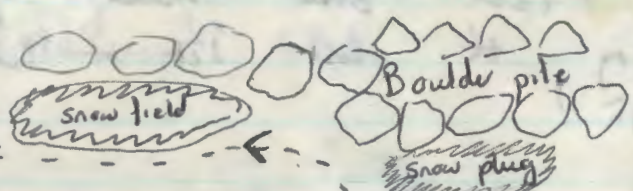
22/8/85 In a year like this, path descriptions in terms of snowfields are
pretty useless. When I went up to detach the thing there weren't any
along the whole cairned route. - One of the route cairns (the one at the bottom

The F20 gully has been promoted to a permanent (reliable) at least survey & triangulation station. G.W.B.

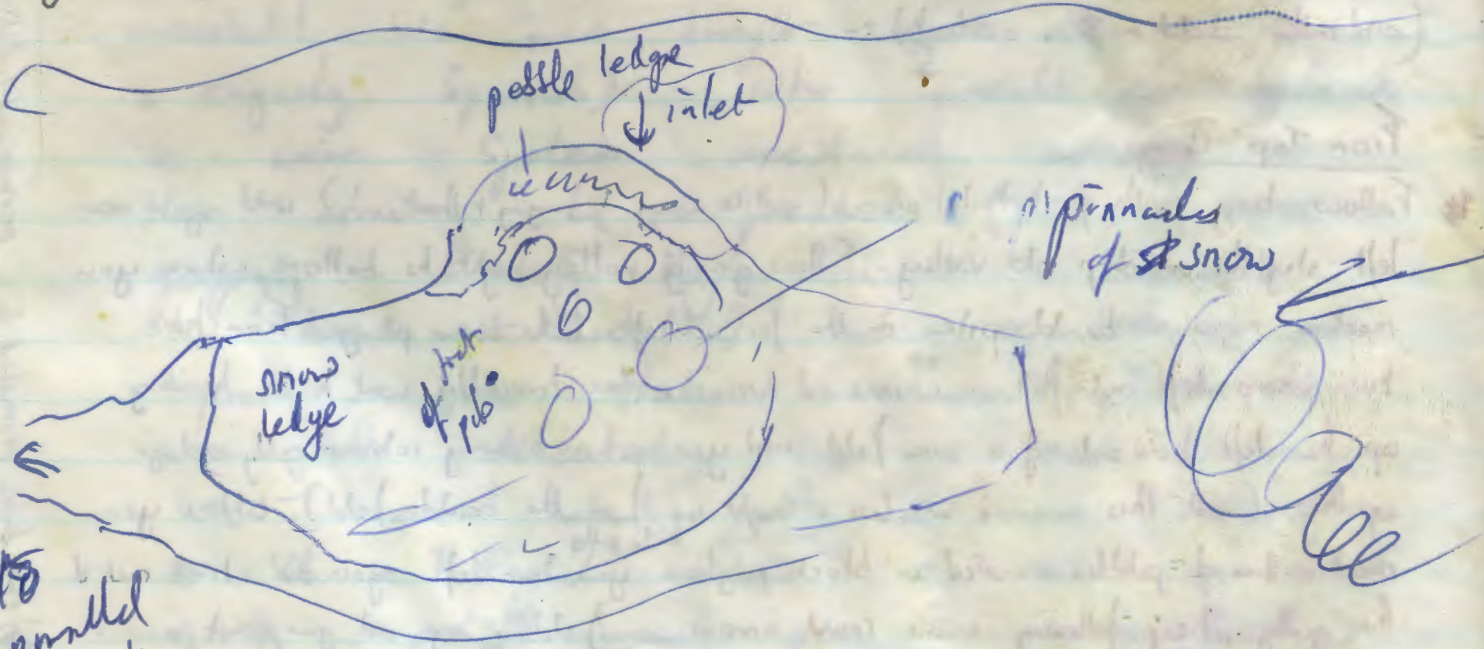
(1)

← Bridging coloured gully

Beyond this gully its too bloody complicated to even try drawing a map. Have a look at Hilarys surface survey in the shaft basket envelope to get an idea of F20's location in relation to the other caves and position on mountain side. Don't take short cuts up the hole though unless you actually like increasing the danger you expose yourself to significantly and fancy a climbing rather than caving holiday.



← This is a pretty crap map actually as it turns out. Best read description instead!



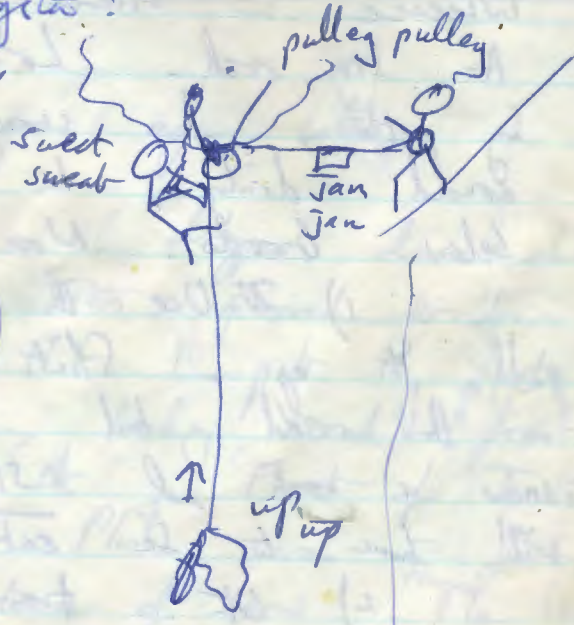
parallel shaft (either way on from top?)

"Oscendy vertical"

- a cover.

A trap of 7 hrs in = 3/4 hr out. On the way in - put new salt in above ~~the~~ Tents. Out the hanger off Phil Duncan's Bolt. I wouldn't have felt so happy about this had I known what was below. The two bolts are a bit close together so at present the (LTM) rope goes along both with one knot. ~~Ascend~~ Paul can do to the 'saddle', and eventually get the very heavy two buckle bags up to the ledge. *Sylvia:*

Wang full damn, T-shirt, short, funny = Troll suit this was a bit of a sweat.



Ascribed due to knot - we had tried a LTM rope to the bolts of Phil's LTM rope. Fucked up the chimney a treat. Pitch could

on a ~~small~~ snow ledge. This was shaped like a Disney castle in snow, with great pinacles & pits for eyes. Says to get stuck in.

ye he!
 leaning

I fought my way round the back to the pebble ledge and should for Paul. A few seconds later he got to the knot & fucked it up worse than me. I proceeded up to get his bags, to

(13) continuous shouts of 'Good as Knacker' from the poor trapped unfortunate lad. Back on the ledge we dined royally on a Yorkie & a tin of oranges.

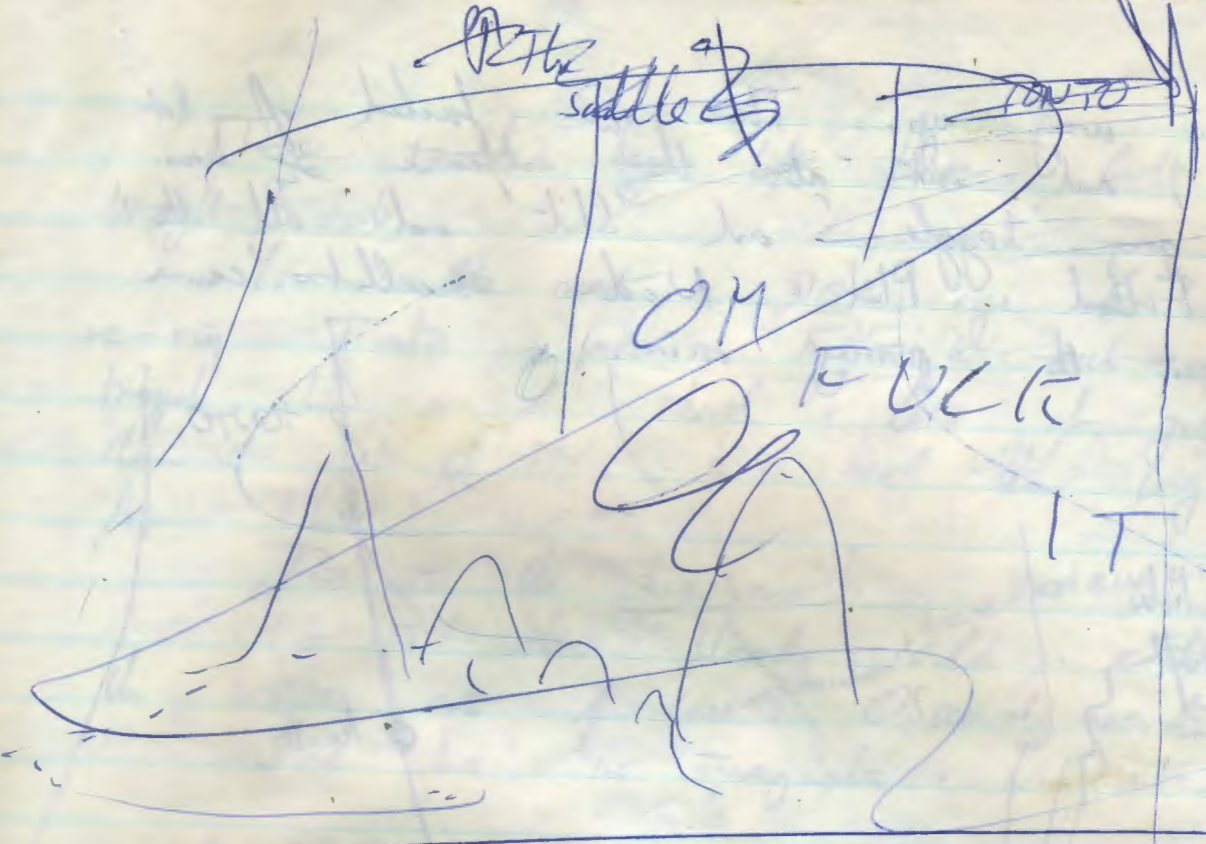
Now the bit you've all seen waiting for! The new bits! I tumbled off on the rope to shove the pinnacles and swing from side to side losing rocks. The left side (as on previously page) seemed more promising. I returned, and got more snow. I looked down over the edge of the snow. Whee... silence. Another... Wheeee... silence. 'Fuck!' we both exclaimed. A big rock. Loud! Whee... think. Embedded by this, I swung down over the edge, and could distinctly make out a 'landing' c20m below. Good. Now - how to try. Possibilities:

1) Use the surplus rope. OK - good. pull it up - Shit! Aaaa! The knot I tied in the end had fallen down a slot 'twixt snow & rock and stuck but good. I think it will have to be cut off, losing ~10m of rope.

2) OK. traverse across to parallel shaft. Clap on. Swing scabble scabble THUNK look into the snow. No go.

3) Put belt in with above drop! Ah, good idea. Except that this involves bolting over right shoulder swing out horizontally from snow on rope. No go. A scar marks my feeble & knackerish attempt.

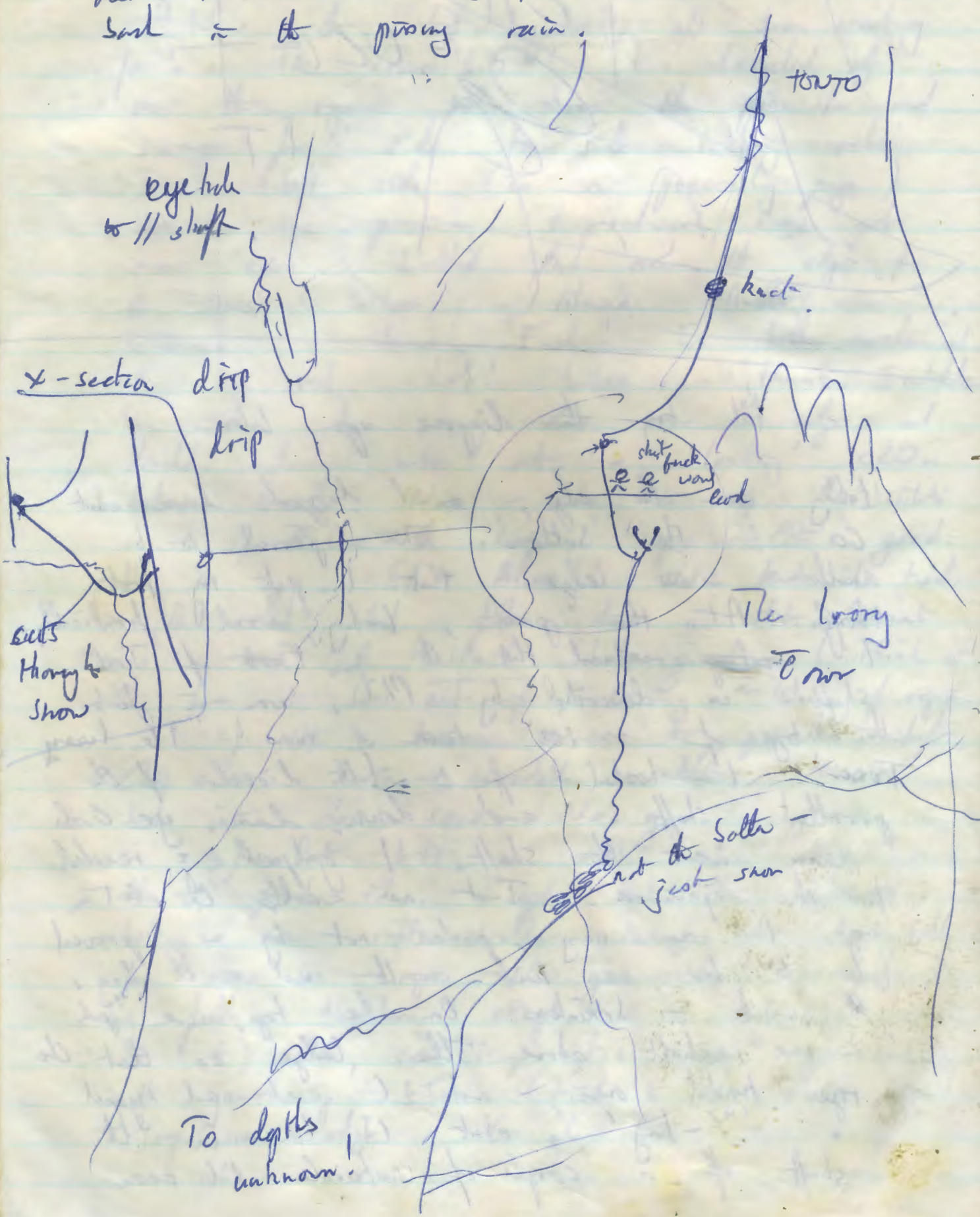
4) OK, sod it, tie new rope in the jammed up 45m 'tied to the Tinto ropes) loop over edge - Go for it!



--- I'll try the diagram again later.

Lobby over the edge, as I dropped down about 60' to the 'bottom'. This proved to be another snow ledge that I put my foot through. At this point, looking around frantically, I ~~realized~~ realized that the 'Foot of Tower' shaft' is described by Phil, was in fact the top of a 100' tower of snow! The lumpy parallel shaft ... and down, down ye look down west of shaft. I gulped & reached for the jammers. Just as well, to let me see I was wrong; pushed not by me proved better to have no hint on the end of the leg, ~~Suicide~~ is brainless. On the top, we got in a soft above the ledge so that the rope braked over, and I went and rigged a 'y-hang' about 15' lower in the shaft off a couple of natural led seen

on the way up. Then we fished off lot
quite, and set at the entrance $\frac{3}{4}$ way
later gang 'Loggler' and 'Slit' and all the
rest. Fathend Phit & Niide excellent cause
said is the pining rain;



Three table legs left. Bolt kit brought out.

You will need a 70m rope at least to re-rig Tents, and a knife to cut off the trapped bit, or a shovel & lots of guts to dig down & get it. We need the long ropes for TLM!

This is the Serious!

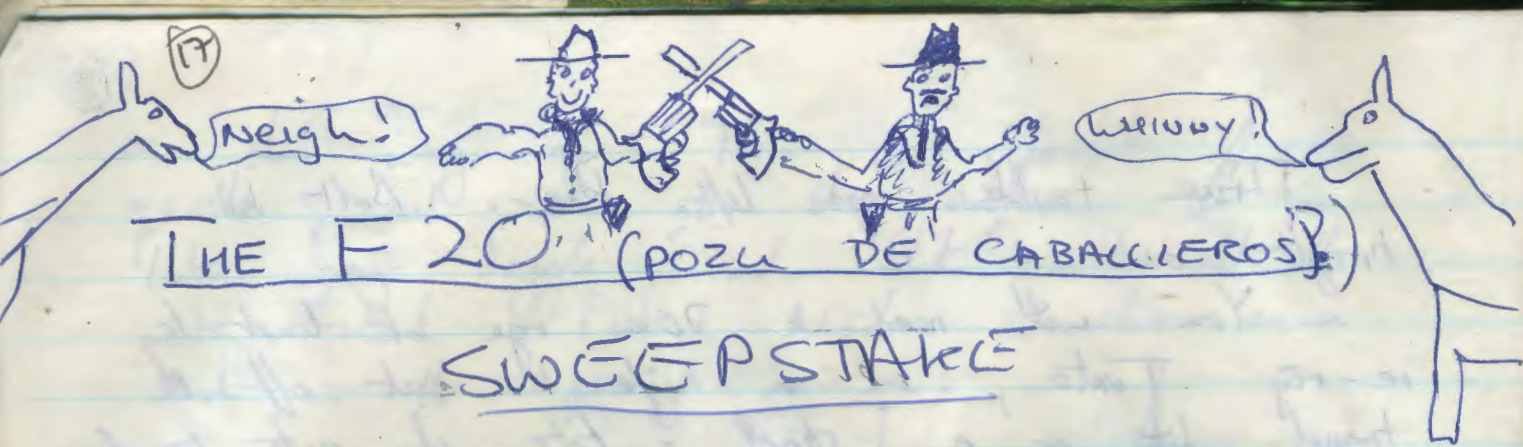
It is about blood ^{shouldn't have had any witties up him!} cold, evil & scared the witties out of me. Occasionally vertical. Paul has no imagination & was not felled

Immediately, the snow pinnacles are just on a thin bridge ... ~~the~~ OOK.

The whole case is heavy (cut much, its so vertical), into the hillside. About 20m or so to 150m depth?

[Handwritten signature]

scared sitting.



SWEEPSTAKE

Guess the depth of this staggering abyss and you could win a holiday for one in Northern Spain
 Enter now to avoid disappointment

NAME	DEPTH (vertical section) ^{PREMIERE}
EL JEFFE*	250m (Please, hopefully less!)
Nicola	400
Perc B	750 (hope you fall down it!)
Perc D	550
D. Rose	190 (total)
R. Gregory	350
Sean	603m
Sue	450
Fred	890m
Philip S.	490m

* He means "Jeje", one assumes.

Tuesday:- Katy con. Come down. All 4 of us left our SRT stuff and things outside cave entrance for future - PLEASE can people leave the stuff as it is there or else it'll confuse things ^{have.} terribly. Good luck with F20.

Wednesday 17th.

Struggled up from Ario with our carrying gear & much of the rope from TL. in nice weather.

No water in rain gauge.

Opened log book to find it full of incomprehensible rainings in unreadable scrawl. Could it decide what gear was in the cave, out of the cave, bolts had been put in, or not, or what.

Roberts' idea must be to make people take as long to read his write-up as it did for him to do the trip. I have decided to go down the cave instead to see what's what rather than ponder further the indecipherable graffiti of one who can neither spell 'Jefe' nor the Spanish for notsemen, which incidently I think is a pretty rotten name*. Not that I can spell any better, of course. Indeed my old primary schoolmistress, Mrs Dallison Calas since passed away used to despair of my ever spelling anything at all. When she left, she was replaced by Mr Killick, a precious Irishman, who made me stand in a corner until I could tell the difference between 'their' and 'there' and recite my 7 times table.

Just wait for the 250 m pitch just around the corner

You can't spell graffiti

* It has to have a local name - after a hill, local animal, local flower etc.

Killick

PS I wrote this when hot + mudd cross by swarms of flies.

THIS PAGE IS TOO CRINKLY TO USE

Ballocks - it would make good 100 paper

I know a person who claims to be able to separate front and back of one sheet of paper by up to 300 km. E.M.

Handwritten scribble

Handwritten notes at the bottom of the page

JULY 17 (DR)

Five long years ago, when I was but a lad of 20 summers, and Xitu's exploration limit was 400m down or so, I went for a now-notorious walk with the almost-forgotten Dave Thwaites. I was pretty tired so failed, alas, to notice where I was going very carefully. But I did find two caves which seemed to hold great promise: 1/6, a big phreatic tube by a snow-field going down to a pit, and 2/6, a very large and quite deep open shaft. They were both near "the ridge." Which ridge? There was the bloody rub. Despite clear signs in black paint proclaiming their existence, "Ridge cave" and its vertical neighbour were never located again. Many was the party that left Ario or Top camp, many of them including the present writer, determined to find this alleged spot of speleological excellence, in 1981, 1982, 1983 and 1984. All failed.

Today, before going back to ^{RTH?} (JTH) for more gear, I carried a 150m rope for Richard and Lora to use in F20. We found the Roberts cairn but ~~did~~ continued on up too far, right to the top of the so-called "brown gully." At the top we met ... the ridge. Bells whirred and lightbulbs flashed in my brain. Of course. This was the one ridge in the entire macizo de concion where I had never hunted for ridge cave. 2/6 was located first: to the right a little from the gully and only 10m or so down from the ridge. It does work like a very good bet: crows, stones rattling for many distant seconds and great rick-on-the-sound

(21)

F20?

scale as J.T.H. The cave took a few minutes longer: on this side, by a snowfield (the entrance only visible from one side of this) below a nice grassy bit. Up to the limit of daylight it looked great: arched, large, descending.

The two Drs are there now. These caves are a lot further round from FUSG than F20: the possibility that they are hydrologically independent or ~~that they bypass the sump~~ that they bypass the sump must be a lot greater.

From the ridge the view of Peña Santa de Enol is superb. And the area between it and the ridge - never looked at by caves - looks studded with entrances. The next five years' work for O.U.C.C.?



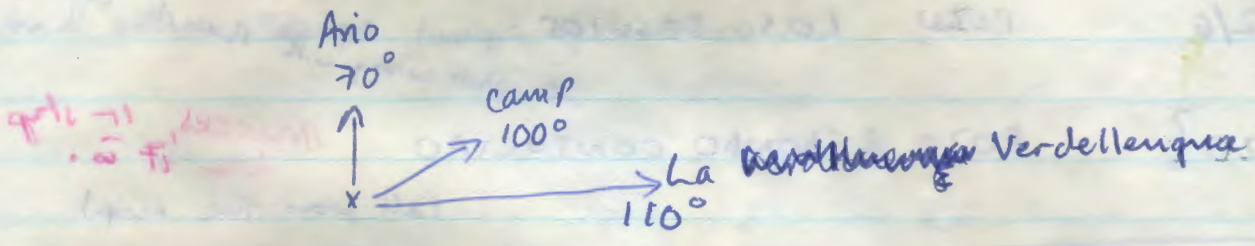
See Aug 3rd for sketch.

Wednesday. Richard & Sara in Ridge Cave.

Sorry? Oh yes, er (nervous cough), well er actually we never found f20 initially, as the burning sun prevented us looking up & seeing your cairns there. Actually we just got lost. Serendipity though... we found Ridge Cave. 1/6 & 2/6 both AI prospects.

Sara & I went down 1/6; Ridge Cave.

Entrance

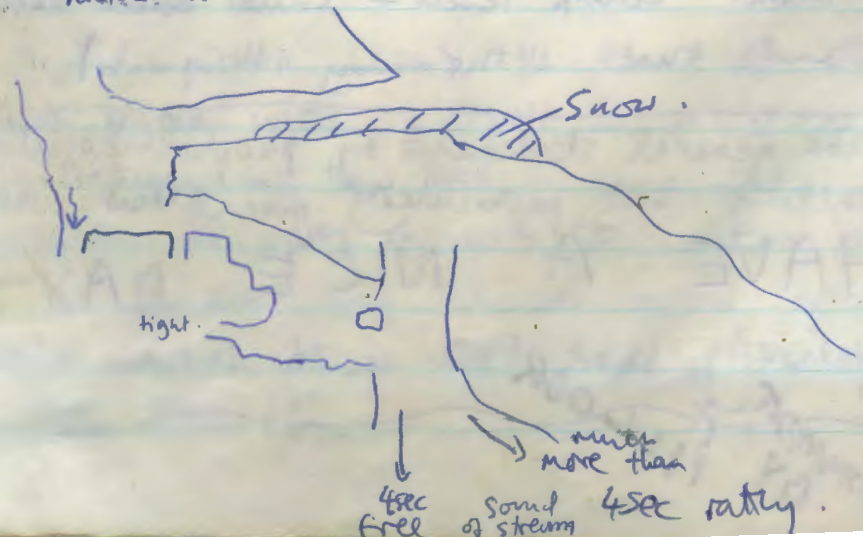


The entrance is a squeeze past a snow plug (well not much of a squeeze, you don't need to take off your pack). This leads rather surprisingly into a large horizontal passage some 7m in diameter, and heading into the hill for over 50m.

Then you descend, a 10m ladder pitch (rigged with a rope) into a vadou canyon. (R) leads to a pit with the sound of a stream. (L) leads over a drop to the second pitch - a climb down past the belay to a ledge, then 15m to a small chamber. This chamber issues as an argonauts-rift-sized rift into a shaft of 4sec free drop.

Above, the pitch head can be climbed to where it can obviously be rigged from natural.

XS.



(23)

OK. ES EL COMERCIO! THIS IS THE BUSINESS!!!

AND THESE ARE THE NAMES OF THE CAVES:

1/6 POZU PICU CONJURTAO

2/6 POZU LOS DESVIOS

→ which wrong with Pozo de Caballeros?

¿ F20? POZU REDONDO CONJURTAO

Balllocks, it's stop how it is.

(all from the map)

MESSAGE

Today (18/7) Dave + Steve ~~just~~ going down 1/6; Richard + Sara following after getting 80m rope from JTH. TLJ?

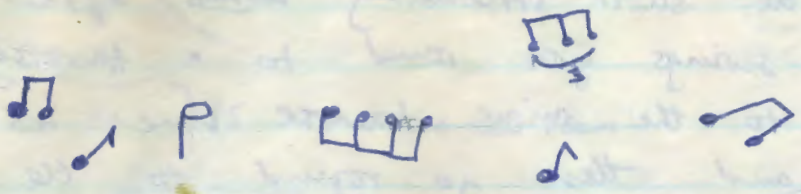
A SUGGESTION: after 3/5 is surveyed + derigged Aris should be run down ^(not dismantled) there are 3 going caves here now. We ought to have more tents, a double burner, big pots, and a bigger operation generally up here. And more water containers - nice stream to fill them at 1/6. All these caves could be part of giant hydrological network re-emerging at Hoyo La Madre - in which case depth potential is about 1400m ^{what? M.M. is at avg 800m!} forget the general theories about bump levels - some caves bump and some don't and that's the way it is...!

Forget the general statements by people who don't know what they're talking about, particularly given their view, held only 6

HAVE A NICE DAY-Y !!!

pages previously, that F20 would reach a maximum depth of 190 m

COMMENT BY PILLLOCK



Dancing in the Dark

(please fill in the gaps and add more)

I go down in the morning
 I don't got nothing to eat
 Except a tin of ~~the~~ tuna
 And some ~~lumps~~ lumps of cabbage

Can't light a lamp without a spark
 I'm looking for a Gelay
 So I can go dancing in the dark

YES VERY POSITIVE — 1/6 has gone
 2b or not 2b
 That is the system.

I fetched the rope from TLT & then Sara + I joined
 Dave + Steve inside ^{all time} Ridge Cave. The pushing trip which
 ensued is one of the Picos classics - best left to tales
 in the bar.

What happened was this.

After 1st + 2nd pitches (10m) the head of the
 bigger pitile was rigged with a bolt — a 50m superb
 shaft called 'Dancing in the Dark'.

At the foot, the way on with the water was ignored
 and through a window and down to a squeege
 which reminded Dave not a little of... well we
 called it 'The Axolott'.

A 5m pitch follows the short streamway ~~stream~~ after the Axolotl, which swings you round to a traverse passage - climb up to the obvious traverse line. as soon as you can, and then go round to the pitch head - a brilliant Y belay for a 20m pitch.

This pitch could actually be 40m but stop abseiling at the obvious place.

This word has now been forbidden. P2204

The way on now is complicated.

The stream vanishes downwards, but you go up an inlet straight ahead - except that it isn't an inlet but an abandoned outlet. There seems to be no way on ... until you see the rope dangling down a slit at floor level. Go down here using the handline on the last section.

*** You are now in a small cranny, with an obvious way on ahead.

GO UP WAY ON

*** Above your head is a traverse line in the roof.

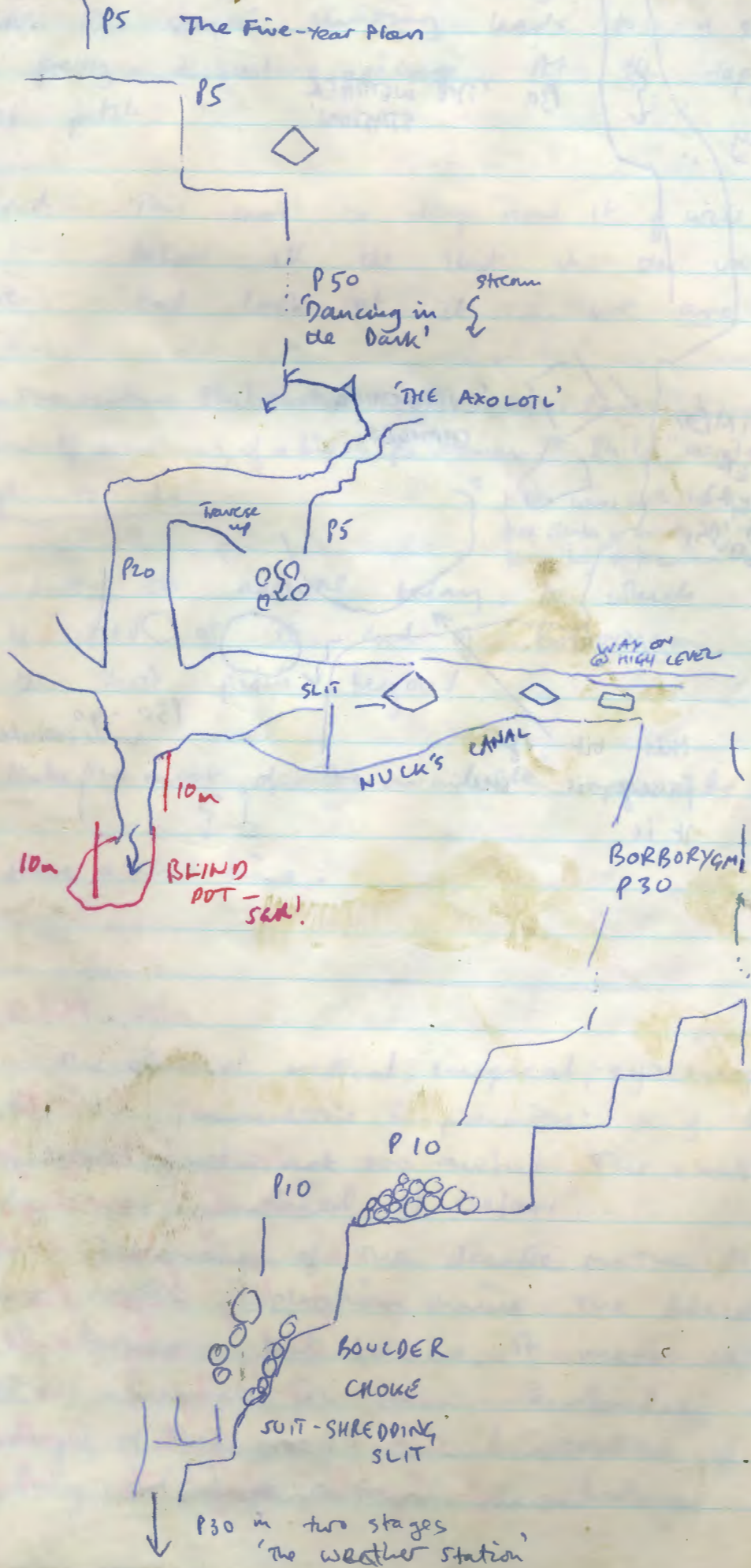
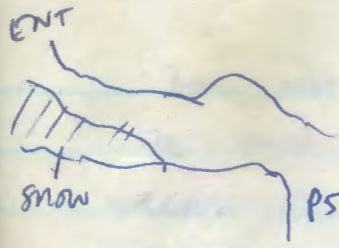
CLIMB UP TO TRAVERSE LINE & CLIP ON

*** The only way on is feet first down a foul chute to a pitch head.

GO DOWN THIS AND, CLIPPED ON TO THE TRAVERSE LINE, CROSS OVER THE DROP TO THE SRT PITCH.

The next pitch is 30m and the Marlow makes a growling noise as you go down - hence the name Borborygmi.

At the foot two short pitches lead to an area of massive collapse, and climbing down through this a cold draught is felt and then you say to yourself surely the way on can't be down here? But it is. Slide down the vertical slit and crawl to the pitch head.



P30 in two stages
'The weather station'

27

SLIT

rebelay

P30 'THE WEATHER STATION'

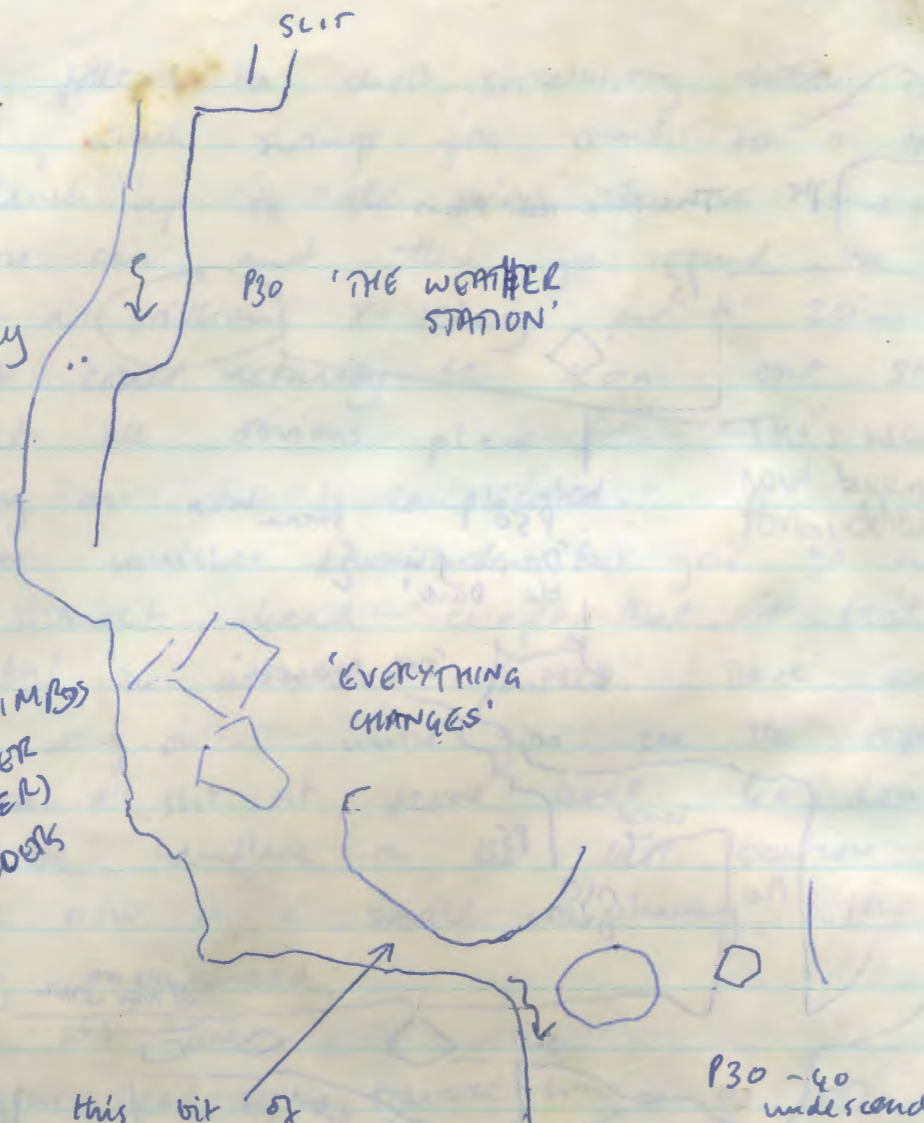
CLIMBS
GO UNDER
(OR OVER)
STAMMED
BOULDER

'EVERYTHING
CHANGES'

this bit of
passage is... well
it is.

P30-40
undescended.

!?



The next pitch is the very nice, especially after all the shit above. Water is regained here, and a series of 'super' climbing leads to a short section of pretty disgusting passage. At the top of the next pitch

Richard 'This cave's so deep now it ~~of~~ will get well below all the shit in the valley'

Steve 'But look at it ... we are in the shit.'

↗ I've never said that at all.

Later on the surface Phil cooked yummy supper. Dave: "I suppose Nicola thinks herself something of a big shaft woman." Phil: "write that down, someone."

Things to do

↑ I like caves with lots of streamway and waterfalls, free climbs + variety - I've never tried to pretend to be a big shaft woman - not in the caving sense at least!

① Use the natural belay, to which the rope is tied at the end of Bortorygmi, to back up the short pitch beyond.

② Make the most of the available ropes etc.

③ Have a nice time.

222, 0 July, 1969

After the clinical, medical, surgical, eye surgeon's account, the jamaletic impressions: v. g. trip.

The squeezes just not too awful. The shafts interesting. If only I'd noticed it before...

So... Discovery of the decade on the Picu Conjuradas? The most notable exploration since the discovery of Antarctica? Perhaps. But for us, it marks above all a new ~~an~~ advance in our understanding of the hydrogeology of the area; a culmination of endeavour and ~~ambition~~ (why not?) ~~in~~ a certain ~~field~~ ~~of~~ ~~plant~~ ~~biology~~.

19/7/85 Friday 13pm Sean (call on his lonesome)

Hi chaps

Just popped up with 115m rope + few kins etc

Nicola bringing lots of food later. I would like to ~~say~~ second the proposal by DK that we run down Ario and concentrate efforts up here - never did like Ario.

Toodle pip.

19/7/85 Nicola (call on her lonesome)

Popped up with more goodies including lemon juice, coffee + milk - all of which I heard you were pining for. Pretty thick fog down at Ario for much of morning - much nice having climbed up through clouds.

About to cook food.

Hopes the caves are all going well (dumb statement really having read the log)

Nicola,

Just deanked, deumbed + sorted food tent. Can people please make sure the food tent is done up securely at all times cos otherwise lots of ants get in and munch all that nice open bread and anything else they can get their chompers into.

Thanks

19/7 Friday

"A Night on the Bare Mountain"

Martin, Phil O, SGR.

Sony lads, we screwed it up a bit. I write this with approx 1/2 a brain functioning, having just got up at 1/2 to one on Saturday morning. The reason for this is that we spent from 1:30 to 6am looking somewhere N of Top Camp (as it turned out) for a vilely misty night. After emerging from the cave at 1pm, we walked down to the bottom valley, as per usual, walked around it + set off uphill along the 'obvious'

green valley. 20 mins later we was completely lost
 We wanted up down & across
 shingles like very tall & slowing weather for all
 weight was worth sit to no avail. A sudden
 lifting of the mist revealed Torcote Blanca pass -
 far away. Then it clagged in again. Much
 walking later we found a 'cairn'. Didn't help
 at all. Eventually we decided to sit it out till dawn.

This is a peculiar form of self-torture. Basically
 it was cold. Not so cold that you immediately
 grab a 'car', shake a light, give it a 'set packing',
 but the sort that if you know that there is no
 prospect in moving till 6am, jump into your
 brass & starts you shivering. My watch progressed
 slowly through the hour as I hunked up on my
 mattress & shivered. A damp funny suit is overcast but
 keep cold & damp (it rained a lot too) out.

The darkest & coldest hour really was before the
 dawn. Martin managed to sleep somehow, after relating
 tales of much worse 'Sierras I have known'. At
 first signs of light we wandered round stamping feet
 & filling up over small boulders, and made our way
 back down hill, and up the right ~~hand~~ grass slope
 (looking to the left when we were) to Top Camp & Nicolas
 crissat, up Tuou Stue. Crash-out city.

5. with Ambrose now - the carrying trip. (1/8)

Sonyas, local didn't do a good job on the
 re-organizing. From behind & Dave's excited description,
 and the long carry helped the sketch survey, we mistook
 the 5m deep for the 'get off 1/2 way', and
 the possible squaring segments for Nucki Canal. Consequently,
 it was being ~~used~~ to use the 90m rope

we had an Borborogan & the two following pitches, we were somewhat embarrassed to find ~~the~~ hauling the rope through the real Nusho ~~could~~ ~~be~~ ~~made~~ later. The rope ran out just slow ~~and~~ ~~edges~~ on the 60m pitch & we tied the original 40m rope on the end. This now does the next pitch too. We replaced the 60m 9mm stuff (I remember buying this for Larry's Supplee - the Graham sat in to get 8mm rope, but we were so horrified by its shyness that we got 9mm, which still looked very thin indeed) from the next 10m pitch & rigged a bit of PMI.

We kept on down, marvelling at the distance advanced by the first push. At last, the next bit. Our cork-ups had left us with the 60m 9mm, a 20m rope off the swing across, & a few odd bits. The 9mm it would hang out to be. Bolt job in a wildly dubious rock for traverse to boulder bridges. Evidently found a free-hang, missing edges by 4 inches on either side. Pitch is 45m (or 10m ~~is~~ ~~used~~ ~~for~~ ~~climbing~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~at~~ ~~Sotten~~, 60m rope) to ~~pull~~ ~~out~~ 1m wide rift that narrows, leading quibbles to ~~climb~~ another pitch, got to be a traverse (traverse place) to a big rock. We only had 20m rope, which goes across to a bigish ledge. There seems to be about 30-40m to go, total length about 125m?

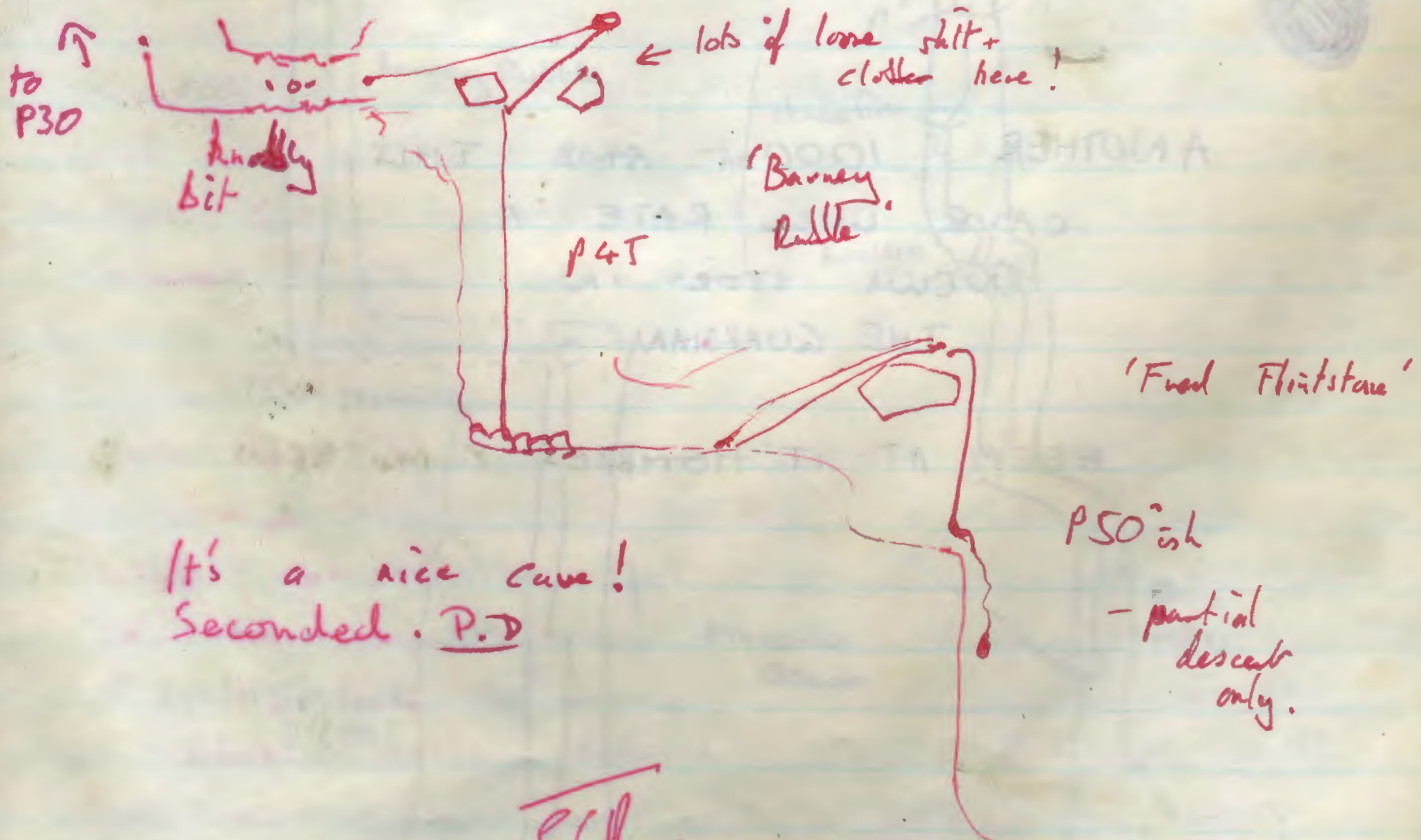
Time was getting on so we sat out, stalling at the 10:30. Nusho ~~could~~ ~~be~~ ~~made~~ ~~later~~ ~~than~~ ~~expected~~, as did the ~~AX~~ ~~idiot~~ ~~on~~ ~~Monday~~ ~~afternoon~~ giving a vague warning of ~~sorted~~ ~~open~~ ~~rock~~ ~~the~~ ~~size~~ ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~jeep~~ ~~can~~ ~~off~~ ~~the~~ ~~ground~~ ~~pitch~~, ~~at~~ ~~which~~ ~~let~~ ~~my~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~leg~~ ~~after~~ ~~scrambling~~ ~~at~~ ~~horribly~~ ~~at~~ ~~me~~. The ~~next~~ ~~again~~ ~~however~~ ~~admits~~

The Important Bit.

So: what needs doing.

- 1) 20m rope to replace ~~the~~ our screw-up on the NEEDED ^{10m} pitch (P.20) ~~MSO~~ Knuckles cannot handle ~~it~~ ^{stroke} 10m
- 2) Carry to 90m rope ~~forward~~ to its intended situation down ~~Barney~~ and the two pitches beyond.
- 3) Use 40m rope this record in the 'weather station' (Now mixed with ex-TM rope)
- 4) Carry the long bit of PMI you do now have to ~~the~~ re-rop the new pitch - 'Barney Ruddle', and the next one, 'Fred Flintstone'.
- 5) A ladder on each of the short pitches near the entrance would probably be better than a rope, as they are already leaning so well.

Oh well, we did get a little further, and the next pitch is quite a sissy, so there you are.



It's a nice cave!
Seconded. P.D

SKR

(A bit better after a few cups of tea.)

SUNDAY
21/7

MESSAGES OF THE DAY

- (23) - Dave R, SARF Niēda
 - gave to push Ridge Cave (1/6)
 - Pavel, Phil D, Mark #
 re-ry F20 with lay rope, blue
 recovering lots of 40m lengths.
 Then to start to survey 1/6
- Don't Forget Mark's Hicks camp etc
 today, so if 5/5 to ridge, leave
 it till he can do a photo trip.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

"god I hate the smell of carbide, its almost as bad as that wine we drink!" Martina May. SUNDAY



ANOTHER 1000m AND THIS
CAVE WILL RATE A
NEWS STORY IN
THE GUARDIAN

KEEP AT IT, HOMBRÉS Y MUSTRÉS

2/2

↑
st
029

It's a nice cave!
P.F. delivered

C A 1st ...

* THIS WRITE-UP IS NOT TO BE "MARKED" BY THE PERSON WHO HAS DONE THIS TO THE LOG AT BASE, OR ELSE.

21. JULY 1985

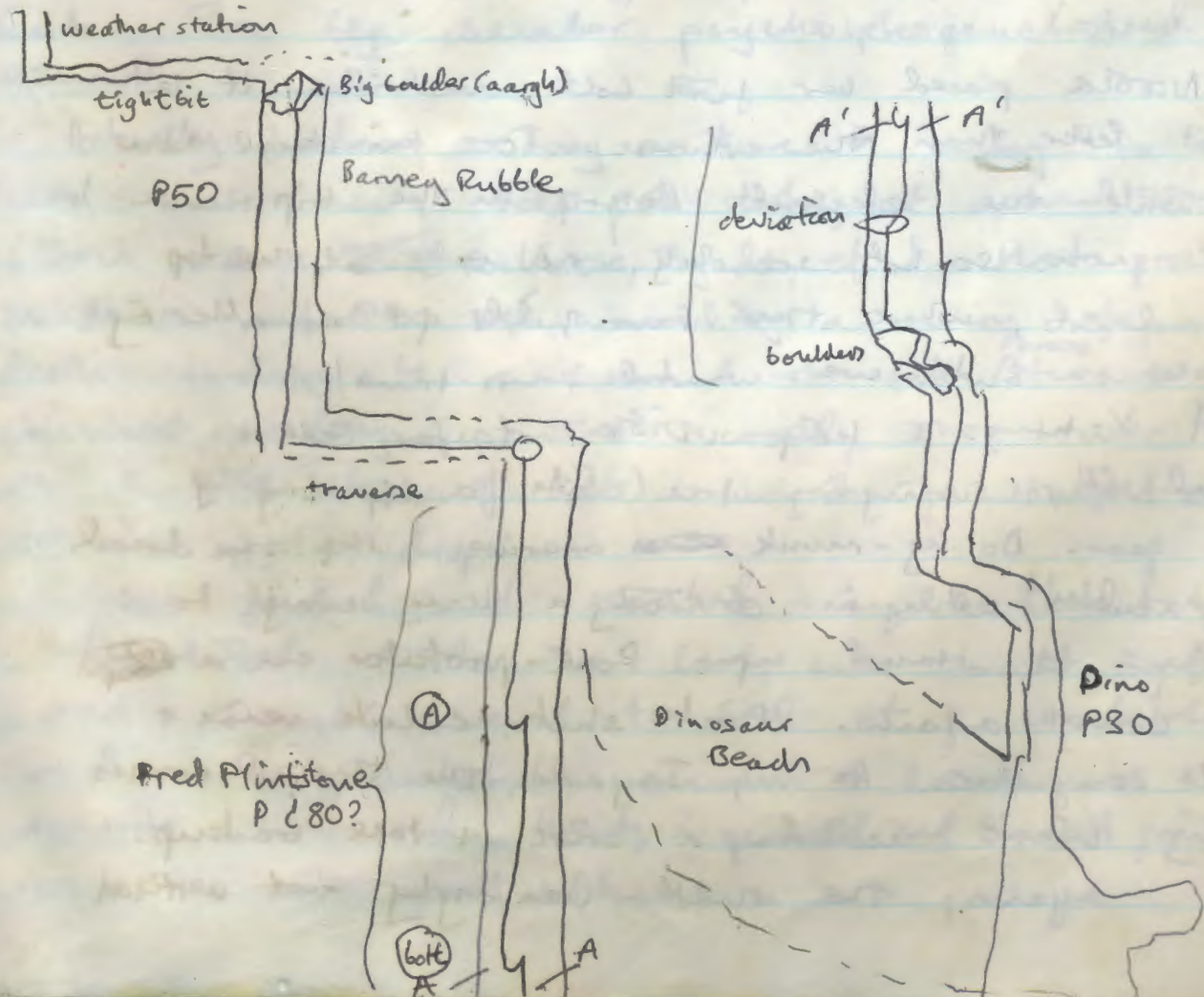
(34)

DWER (whose 26th birthday it was), SQR, Noodle.

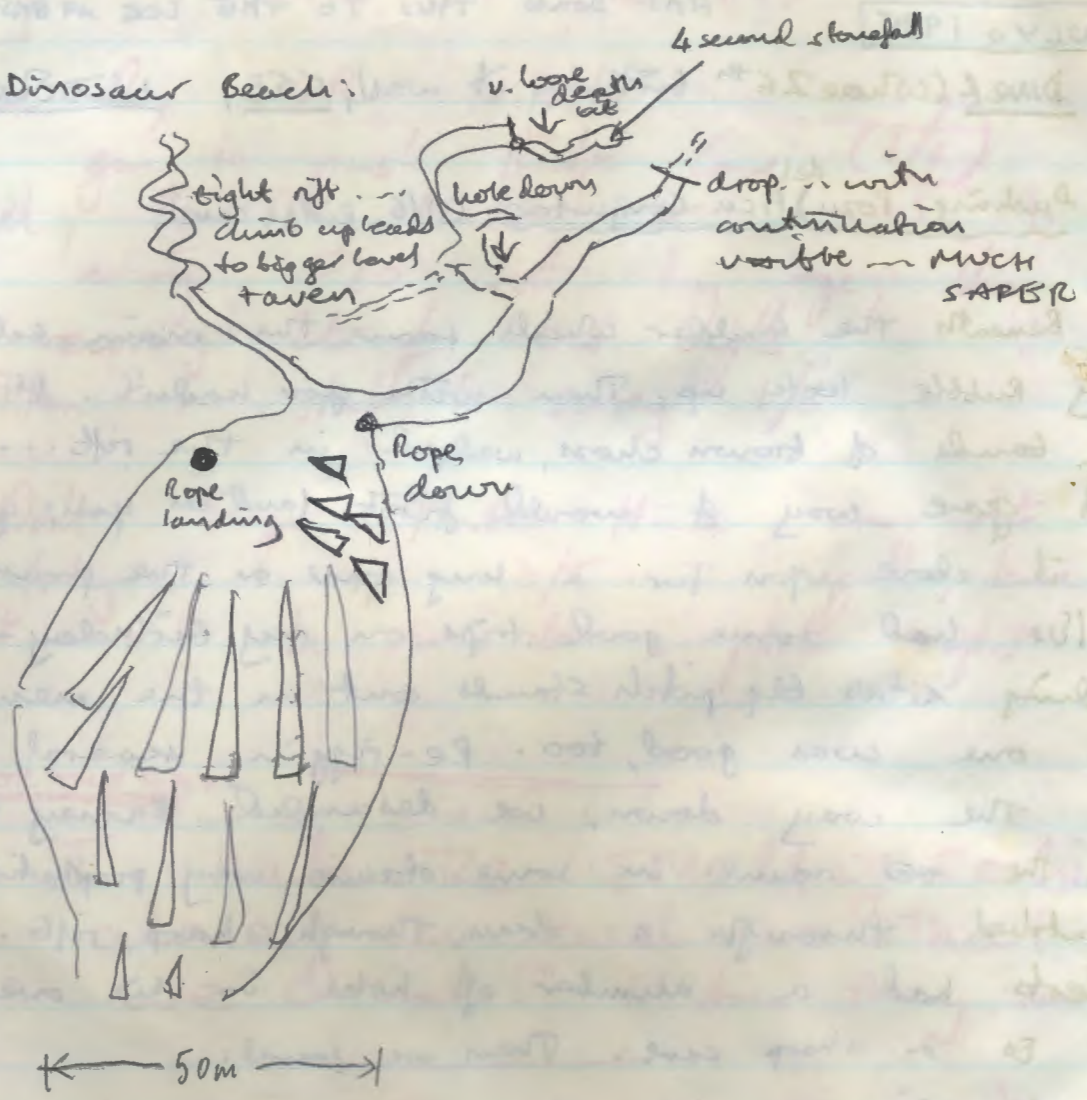
Pushing Pozu^{del} Pica Conjuntao (1/6, Ridge Cave)

Beneath the boulder which forms the main belay of Barney Rubble, look up. Then wish you hadn't. It sits on thin bands of brown choss, wedged in the rift... just. If it gave way it would just land on you; you can see it above you for a long time as the prussik up.

I've had some good trips on my birthday — finding Xitu's big pitch stands out in the memory. This one was good, too. Re-rigging several drops on the way down, we descended Barney Rubble (is the name in some obscure way prophetic?) and thrashed through a clean, though sharp, rift. Soon Roberts had a number of holes in his oversuit. It is a sharp cave. Then we found:



Plan of Dinosaur Beach:



Noodle placed her first bolt, overdrilling it a little. Better than the reverse. Too frustrated now to write the elegant description the trip + camp deserve: now so hot, so dry, no water at the top camp desert, where the snowfields get smaller by the hour. But we wanted sun-tans!

A Y-hang; a ledge visible not far below. I moved it, swinging free with a big bag of rigging gear. Do leg-musk ~~exercises~~ exercises... stop the dread pins + needles. setting in: obviously a long way to somewhere to stand up. Rope-protector on a bulge; down again. Rock shit: calcite veins + crystals everywhere. As in Toyade, the thread comes exactly where needed: a wire + tape backup. Down again; the shaft vexingly not vertical

but sloping out in a series of scoops. A long search for a bolt placement neither impossibly strenuous nor impossibly friable. One false start before it goes in. Then another 15m to the piece de resistance: a long decision pulling it away from the ~~last~~ penultimate bulge. Finally a landing: "rope free" to distant ches. Feel very creative, even if there should never have been that rope protector.

Below: a final drop from a boulder (also with a nub; th) to a shot (very shot) slope. Roberts takes over on the Edelrid 9mm; falling placidly as the water in our lights is very low. ~~Robert~~ Hanging off a car-sized boulder he descends and begins to ejaculate: "shit! fuck!" etc.

10m down the wall of the narrow, muddy shaft disappears. Instead: great space, glimpses of a vast stack of boulders, the biggest I've ever seen. Dinosaur track. The big chamber psychospectrographed by Richard.

Actually finding a way on there is going to be hard -- so many pits pots choke at around 300m. (Toro la Garga, ~~the~~ Koulderora, Jayada, etc.) Most promising is down a further rope, avoiding a section of pure death leading to a 4 second stonefall (two rods ^{squeeze} balanced holding up the world, the lower resting on a loose slope of silt). Instead go straight on to a further drop.

We jibbed and cranked and thrashed and dived. Nada, the lost, was out by 4am and as we went to bed at a water tower and more populated camp the horizon was turning dark red. Twenty-six years old and I'm still going, now the cave must catch up...

Paul and Ian F20

Monday 22/7/85

So! What have we here? Ian returns to Spain AGAIN, having been unsuccessful in his previous attempts to kill himself.

Woke up nice and early, but spent early morning siphoning water JUST SO THAT when I had to collect the bolting hammer from Aris, I would be frazzled by the midday heat.

We eventually got ourselves sorted out, ^{Paul} de-spaggettifying 130m of PMI, which we put in 2 bags, and struggled off down (Easy) and up (not so easy) to F20. It's higher than it was last year, or maybe I'm weaker.

I put on my nice new panther suit (~~mountain~~ for and disappeared into my troll suit, I thought trolls were short? Looking up through the neck hole at the sky, I realised it might be a wee bit on the large side. I wrestled it under control with the aid of a sit + chest harness to the point that my eyes just cleared the collar. Wow! Ready.

Paul ~~was~~ disabled down, and I followed shortly after with the bags. 'Unfortunately' - yet you guessed it, I didn't think I could climb down with the bags to where Steve had rigged the take-off, so instead of doing the sensible thing and lowering them, I rigged, and eventually finished off obtaining last year's rig, which I'd been quite happy with. I happily absided down, through the saddle (over?) and out down Tombs. It was almost unrecognisable, being some as the snow this year was at a level 20 feet below the eye hole. Last year it had been 20 feet above the eye hole, and one could walk down the snow to get into the parallel shaft. I found Steve's bags and noted the new route Steve had rigged, and waited for Paul.

Meanwhile, Meanwhile, back at the tarch, Paul was having a spot of bother. In fact more a sort of splurge of bother really. My traverse actually turns out to be more difficult than the one it was replaced and, in short, he ~~walked~~ ~~or~~ ~~got~~ ~~past~~ the difficult bit and fell off, landing on the traverse line. So you say now look what you've done Ian! And what had been done? He was quite safe, if 'safe' includes falling astride the traverse.

line, and crushing your right bollock. He extricated himself with little difficulty, although considerable pain; and decided he didn't really, well perhaps another day. He called down the pitch various abusive messages.

With the help of some 80 metres below, all Ian could hear was Nrrg, ug, copblak ank, and similar meaningful messages. Taking this for a good sign, I abseiled down the next two pitches, being impressed by the good rigging, and simultaneously terrified by the way which the rope seemed to weave in and out of in a most alarming fashion. The bottom was a big ledge, which neatly coincided with the end of the rope. I tied on my two bags I placed the bags in a corner, tying the rope ends together, and inspected the next pitch. Ah well, up, looks er Web, Loose, Snary. I think I'll prossik a back out, and see what's wrong with Paul.

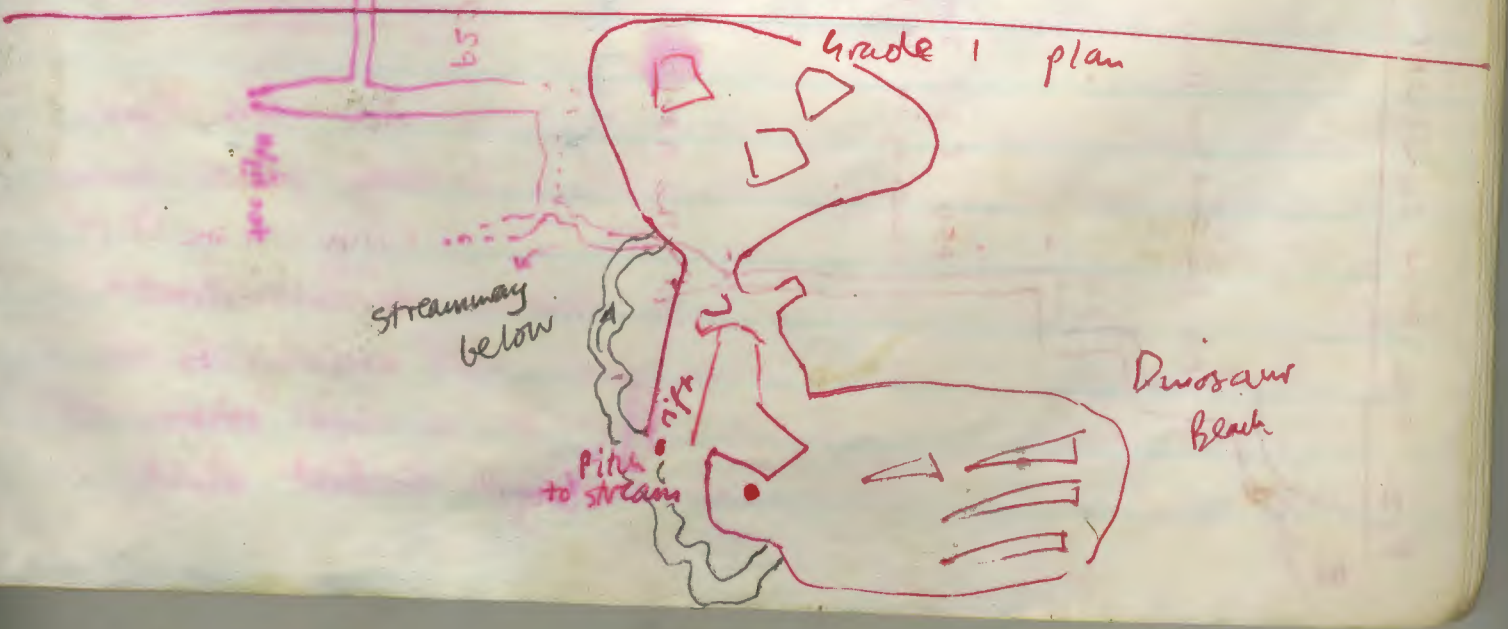
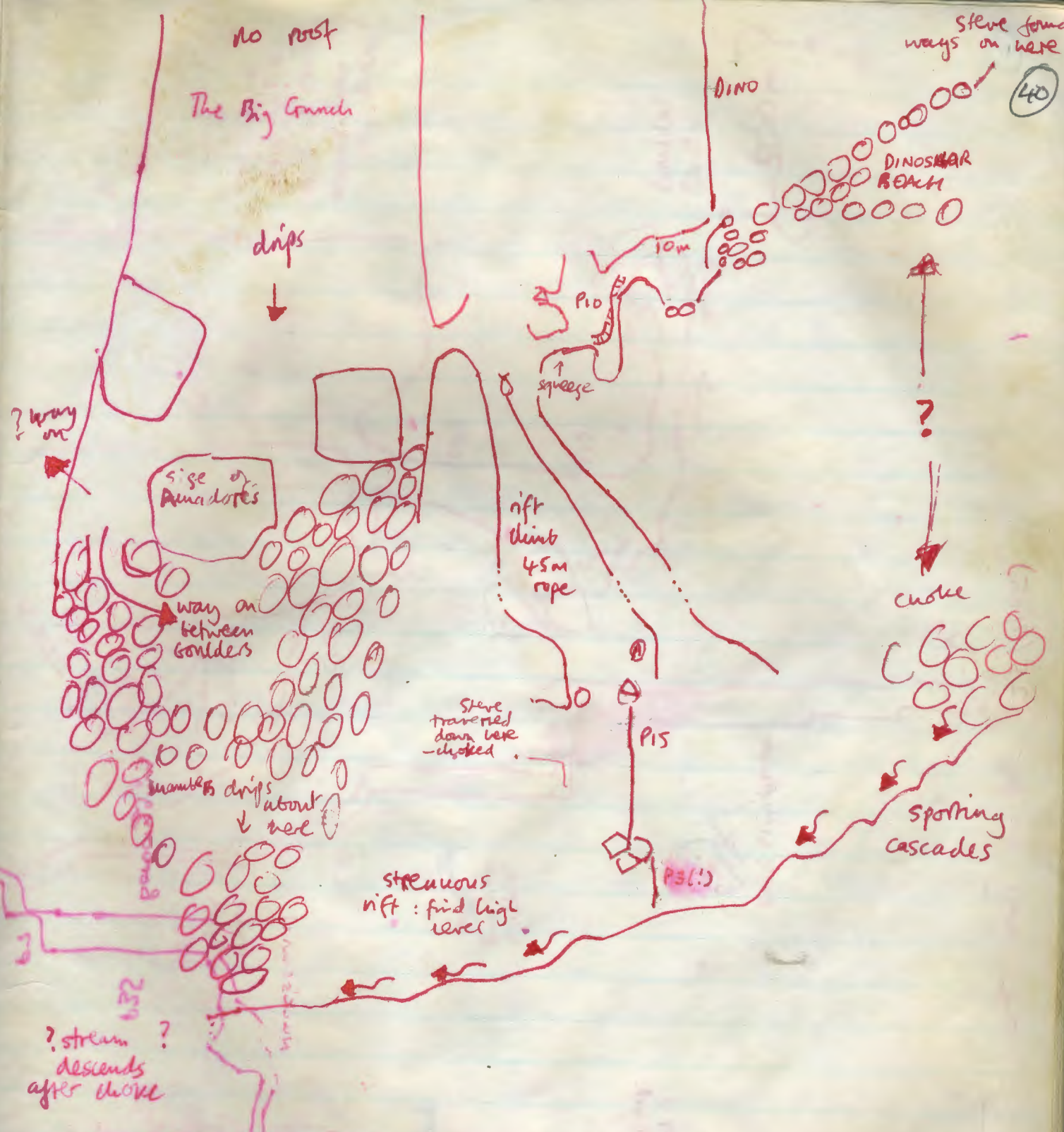
So here endeth the seventh? lesson. Remember the moral. Don't go down F20 unless you've had your bollocks surgically removed first. A fine 3 1/2 hour disaster.

Ian

PS. Are getting badly submerged in the second day of storms predicted confidently by the life. Steve G.

Steve (Mayer), Jeff, Richard in Ridge Cave. 11/6. 15hrs

'Richard & I think we've cracked it!' Steve said, and, probably, for a bit more than a moment I thought he was right. Finding a way out of the huge choke rock beach would be very hard, impossible! But Steve had pushed on down the passages. Dave had suggested and quickly found a



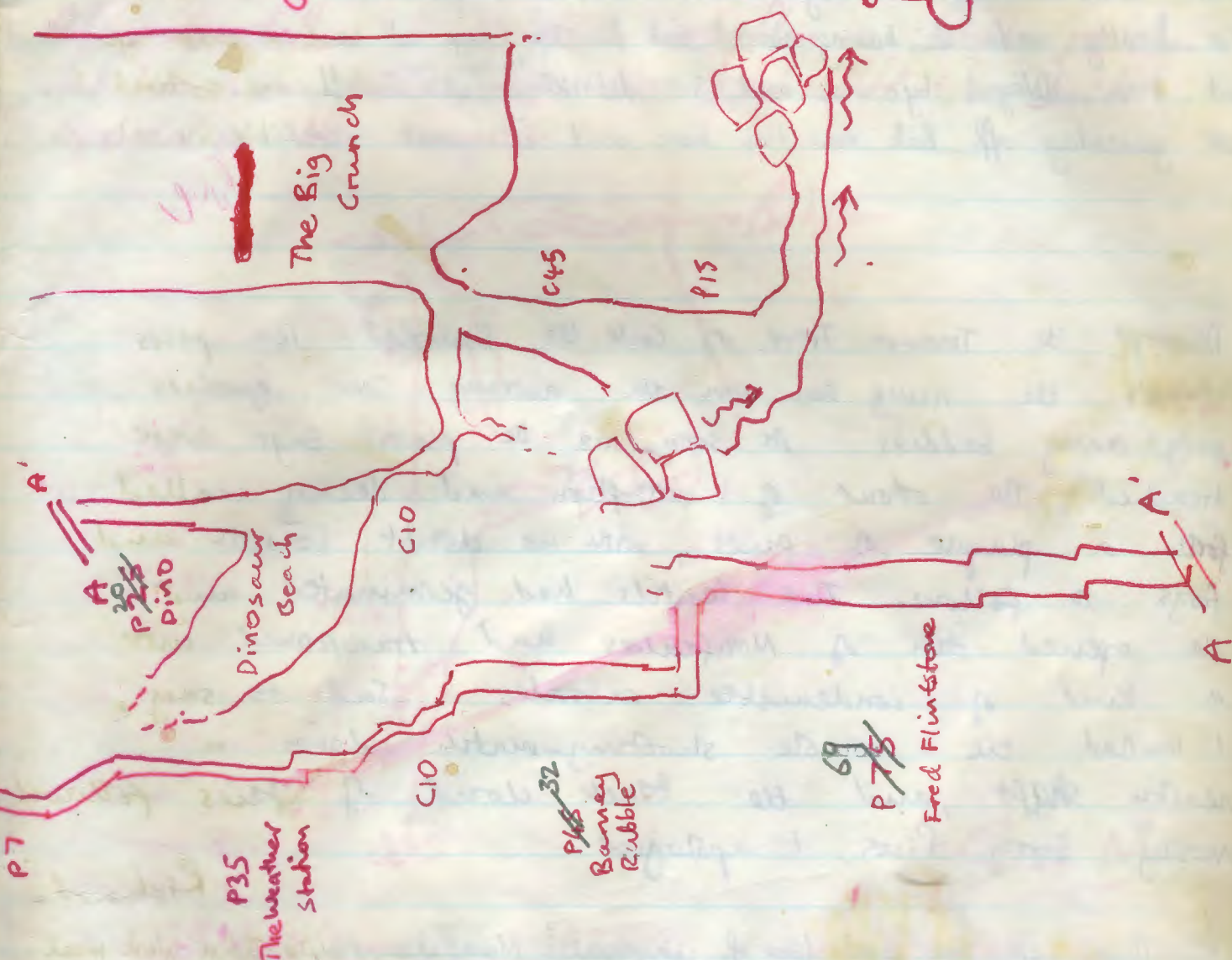
POZU DEL PIU CONJURAO : The story so far (25/7/85)



C "it'll be a
pitch by the
end of this
expedition" -
Phil Rose

Boulder
Chase

? - 500m?



Bridge Camp?

...descended with...
 ...side entrance with...
 ...a look at...
 ...and...
 ...

(43)

Tuesday 23rd

3/5 is now detackled so there was a mega carry up of tackle from Anis by Phil R & Fred, Martin & Sue, William & Dave H. Fred & Phil went carrying, William & Martin went down again to Lagos and/or Anis, Sue stayed here to leave tomorrow. I've finally made it, having started out for Top Camp at least a week ago and been delayed by mist and 3/5 detackling ^(18 hour trip) which left me so tired I took yesterday off but now I'm here and it's great - incredible views!

Discovered the Treasure Trove of Gale the Bearded: Ten paces towards the rising sun from the awning. Some goodies, and very many baddies. As soon as the plastic bags were breached, the odour of corruption and decay called forth a plague of flies, with no doubt locusts and frogs to follow. The lentils had germinated and the opened tin of Momflakes had transformed into a kind of condemnable cabrales. Sad to say I turned the whole shooting-match down a nearby shaft, and the black cloud of flies followed, mostly. Sorry Picos, I apologise.

Richard

P.S. There were some good bins of unopened Momflakes, Molicos, John West meat etc.

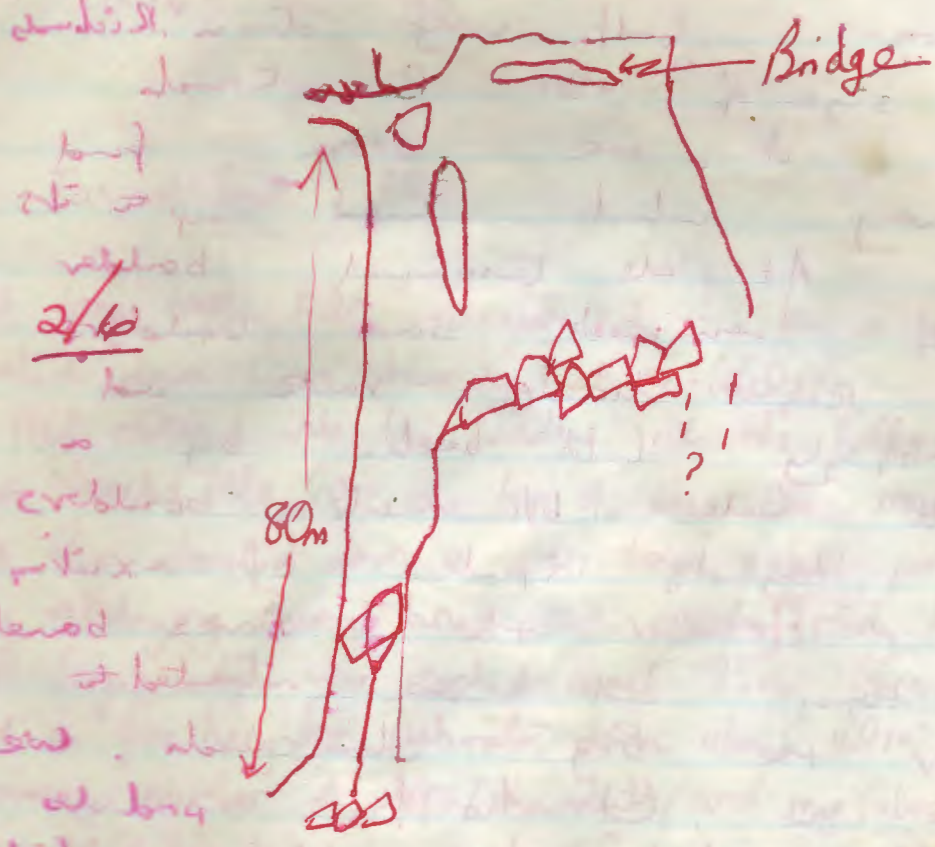
Great, Richard, Steve M. - 2/6 (Bridge Cave)?

Finally get round to having a look at 4.00pm dragging ourselves away from the brandy and lying in the sun.

Rig the shaft from a side entrance with brilliant natural belays. Steve descended with rebelay and deviations to 30m. to a floor in a huge ~~mass~~ rift. At about 20m there was a ~~large~~ boulder field.

leading into a chamber and several ways off into further shafts.

At the bottom of the 80m shaft a short passage led to an undescended 10m pitch with a black space in the distance!



Gene M.

Ridge Cave PRJ R and Dave R. Jan

This was the trip that only just happened. First Dave woke up in the morning accompanied by large ejections from his stomach and was fully intending to go down the ladders for swim. However once his mind set Top cap this little exercise was inevitable. Armed with drier clothes and a Richard ("get off half way" down our second pitch and you'll find a H&C chamber! Down the bottom

There is a ~~long~~ ^{stony} ~~path~~ ^{of} ~~ice~~ ^{ice} ~~field~~ ^{field} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~smooth~~ ^{smooth} ~~even~~ ^{even} ~~slight~~ ^{slight} ~~curve~~ ^{curve} of ~~Chovis~~ ^{Chovis} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~strong~~ ^{strong} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air} ~~due~~ ^{due} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Dunes~~ ^{Dunes} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~hills~~ ^{hills} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~bumps~~ ^{bumps}. ~~From~~ ^{From} ~~Dinosaur~~ ^{Dinosaur} ~~no~~ ^{no} ~~beach~~ ^{beach} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~way~~ ^{way} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~once~~ ^{once} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~were~~ ^{were} ~~soon~~ ^{soon} ~~half~~ ^{half} ~~way~~ ^{way} ~~down~~ ^{down} ~~a~~ ^a ~~Richard~~ ^{Richard} ~~cliff~~ ^{cliff}. No sign of the Big Creek but bigger ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~soon~~ ^{soon} ~~found~~ ^{found} ~~streamway~~ ^{streamway} ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~wind~~ ^{wind} ~~up~~ ^{up} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~its~~ ^{its} ~~description~~ ^{description}. At the terminal ~~border~~ ^{border} ~~where~~ ^{where} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~remained~~ ^{remained} ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~border~~ ^{border} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~right~~ ^{right} ~~hand~~ ^{hand} ~~route~~ ^{route} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~were~~ ^{were} ~~partially~~ ^{partially} ~~held~~ ^{held} ~~back~~ ^{back} ~~by~~ ^{by} ~~a~~ ^a ~~4~~ ⁴ ~~inch~~ ^{inch} ~~wide~~ ^{wide} ~~hole~~ ^{hole} ~~between~~ ^{between} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~boulders~~ ^{boulders}. The rock beyond spoke of exiting ways on. However the Dunes ~~border~~ ^{border} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~only~~ ^{only} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~retreated~~ ^{retreated} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~first~~ ^{first} ~~look~~ ^{look} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Big~~ ^{Big} ~~Creek~~ ^{Creek}. We ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~high~~ ^{high} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~low~~ ^{low}, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~horrible~~ ^{horrible} ~~probes~~ ^{probes} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~Richard~~ ^{Richard} ~~pitch~~ ^{pitch}, but could we find it? ~~Beautifully~~ ^{Beautifully} ~~like~~ ^{like} ~~Top~~ ^{Top} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~cliff~~ ^{cliff} ~~down~~ ^{down} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~shiver~~ ^{shiver} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~a~~ ^a ~~easy~~ ^{easy} ~~climb~~ ^{climb} ~~lead~~ ^{lead} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~this~~ ^{this} ~~massive~~ ^{massive} ~~cliff~~ ^{cliff}. But ~~no~~ ^{no} ~~way~~ ^{way} ~~right~~ ^{right}. The ~~only~~ ^{only} ~~possibility~~ ^{possibility} ~~would~~ ^{would} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~a~~ ^a ~~ball~~ ^{ball} ~~climb~~ ^{climb} ~~up~~ ^{up} ~~above~~ ^{above} ~~this~~ ^{this} ~~point~~ ^{point} ~~include~~ ^{include}. The exit was ~~slowish~~ ^{slowish} ~~regard~~ ^{regard} ~~due~~ ^{due} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~Dunes~~ ^{Dunes} ~~border~~ ^{border} ~~but~~ ^{but} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~climb~~ ^{climb} ~~up~~ ^{up} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~cliff~~ ^{cliff} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~make~~ ^{make} ~~our~~ ^{our} ~~way~~ ^{way} ~~back~~ ^{back} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~camp~~ ^{camp} ~~before~~ ^{before} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~too~~ ^{too} ~~late~~ ^{late} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~climb~~ ^{climb} ~~up~~ ^{up} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~cliff~~ ^{cliff} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~make~~ ^{make} ~~our~~ ^{our} ~~way~~ ^{way} ~~back~~ ^{back} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~camp~~ ^{camp} ~~before~~ ^{before} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~too~~ ^{too} ~~late~~ ^{late} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~climb~~ ^{climb} ~~up~~ ^{up} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~cliff~~ ^{cliff} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~make~~ ^{make} ~~our~~ ^{our} ~~way~~ ^{way} ~~back~~ ^{back} 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Star-date unknown {believed to be Wednesday}
 Turned up @ Top camp with 4 of the
 heaviest tins of grapefruit I have yet
 known + a few bits of SRT string +
 my phazor pumple {be gentle with it!} off
 to Lagos. see ya!
 CW

Ian and Fred F20

Tuesday 23/7/85

At long last, F20 succumbed! In a fine trip, Fred and I
 pushed down to a streamway at @ 250m.

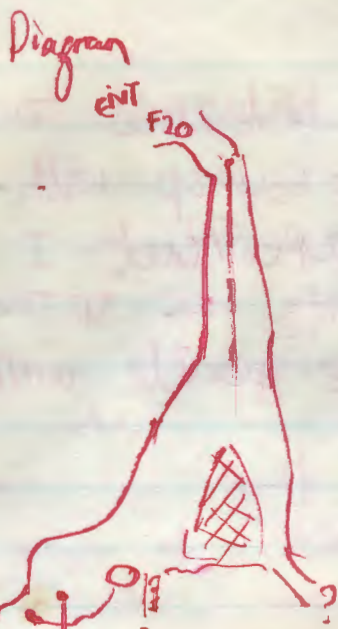
Fred climbed into the 'window' at the bottom of Tower that I
 had absided into from the top of the then much higher 'Ivory Tower'
 We then absided down a very large p shaft parallel to the Ivory
 tower, reelaying several times, and spending ^{uselessly} many hours clearing debris.

A large ledge was reached about 35m from the window and Fred
 rigged a fire hang from natural down about 40m, from where the
 increasing number of dips/showers, and my absence of an electric
 persuaded him to do a death defying traverse into another parallel shaft.

We placed 2 bobs at this pitchhead, and one ~~light~~ ^{light} ~~similar~~ ^{similar} to land
 in a streamway, which I explored for some ~~distance~~ ^{distance}. Stream is
 small, and the passage meandering, on average about 2ft wide in the
 higher fossil passages, and 6"-9" in the recent vadose bench carrying
 the stream.

Exciting huh! Abandoned exploration due to lack of time and poor
 light - Passage ~~continued?~~ ^{continued?}

Diagnose Sorry about writing! Only 4 hours sleep and down F20 today (Wed)
 Correct Trip!



Stab-rotz
 turned up
 + narrow
 my
 of

The Saddle ?

TOMTO

FLUTTER OF
 MARLBORS

Whiter

Spagetti
 Junction

35m?

Ledge

PENDULUM

A'

STEVE'S
 Route
 (The Ivory Tower)
 Continuous

B
 B1

A A'

PENDULUM

40m?

20m

20m?

Streamers

B
 Scepter

B'

Continues

Drainage
 Straps

! (Mistake)

Tuesday 24th July

Steve M. + Ian → F20 - Quick (cheap & nasty) trip
to assess way on & improve rigging. Put extra bolt
35m pitch but otherwise rigging very good
provided you like 20' pendules.

At stream level we followed Ian's route for approx.
200m. at the same level (70m crawling at end)
this left us maybe 15m above stream. Obvious way
led to a nasty ~10m climb (best laddered) & a
large passage above streamway. Upstream led to a
waterfall and following the stream from here
proved proved tortuous and not worthwhile. The
other way led above streamway to pitch back down to
the stream. Depth pretty hard to tell but stones rather
for a long time (30m?). This is probably the
best way on and is the target. I only wish
I was going on the next trip & was not on my
way back to England!

Steve M.

Tuesday 24th July

1/6 SGR, PD, SH.

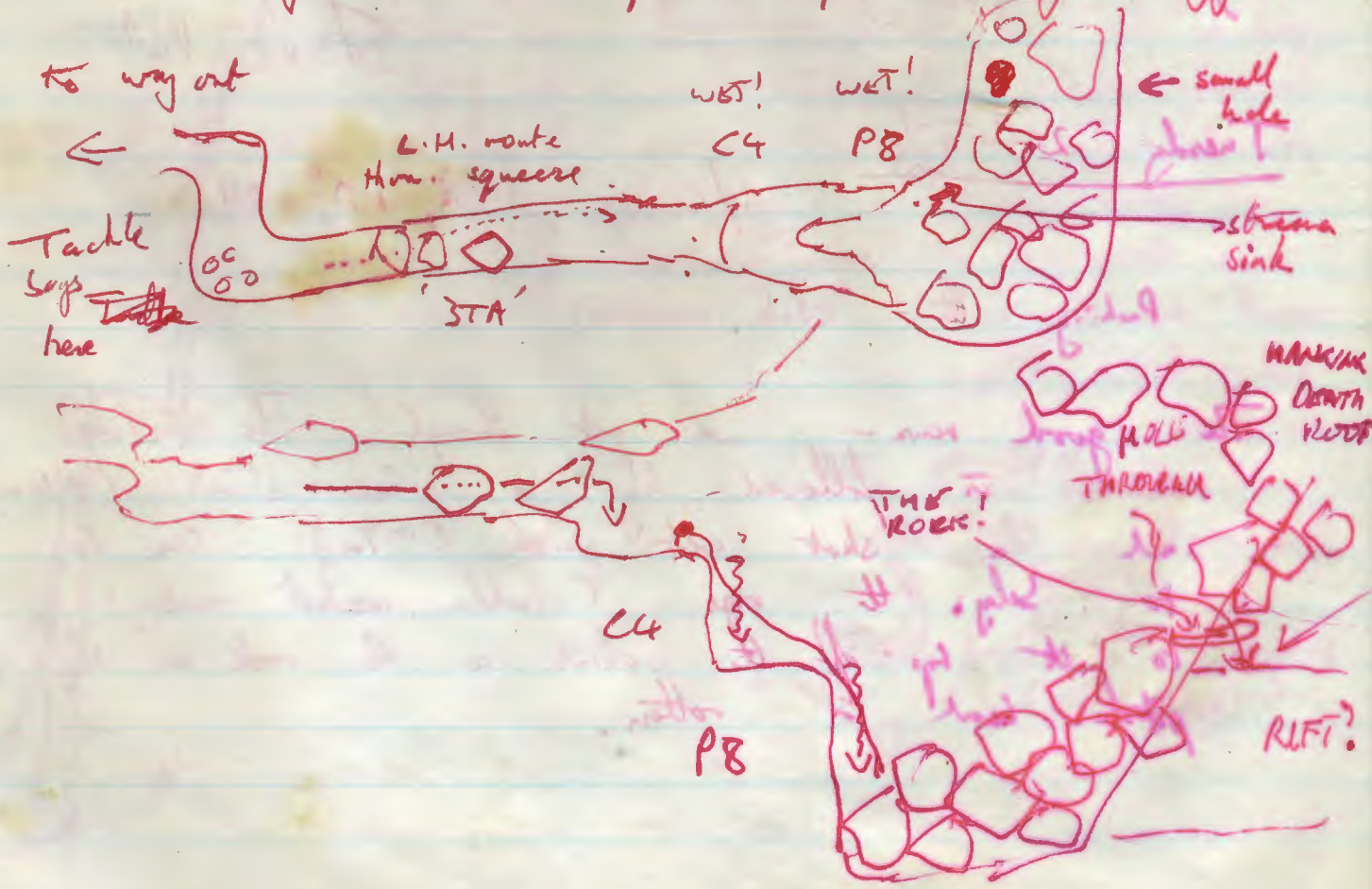
Pushing the choke.

The good news - we get through! The choke
is followed by a nice climb (~4m)
short wet pitch. (~7m). One has
to Sely. the rope (ladder needed really)
to at top of the climb as the rock at the
pitch level is rotten.



The bad news - The pitch looks like a closed chamber. The only way in was found by digging on top was found by digging (pitch is totally choked). Clearing away rocks made behind the stream with a man-sized hole visible. Unfortunately the last boulder, though it looks like it might release a pile of rubble, probably including the roof. I was dragged away by Sam + Phil, who didn't want to die. Attempts to find a place to pull with ropes failed, though bolting a piton to the wall might do it.

Having taken all the trouble through the first boulder chock ("3TA squeeze" - a Triumph, but only a small one), we brought it all back again, but left the pitch beyond rigged



If anybody is courageous enough to ~~to~~ haul out the offending rock, it is probable that the way in will be open, as apart from the hole, the rift is quite narrow, and will probably have to keep rocks out - and we may then be legal at base of the big boulder chert.

Alternatively, traversing along the rift at higher level may find way through.

We got very disappointed - came out slowly, emerging at midnight after ~ 12 hrs.

Steve R

Wed 24th July

Wed 24th July

1/6 D.H. M. May, S.C.R

Surveying

Martin "No, I didn't fall off, I just let go" May

left at about 11-30 am for 1/6 Martin on instruments, me on tape & Sue doing book. At the entrance we found a passage off to the right, with two ams, these were climbed & surveyed. A parallel passage off at the top of the climb was explored & found to end at the bottom of the 1st pitch. Martin climbed down this and continued down the rift. It is here this night that the above quote comes. From here we continued down the cave surveying along the main line. Descending in the Dark is a beautiful pitch surveyed as far as Nick's Canal, left a prominent survey station marked with an S. And came out again about 11 pm to find that there was no one in camp and we had to start cooking in the dark. Sue

An organ we all overlook
 is the canal that is named after Nuck
 But ladies take care -
 It really is there
 in the parts that you use whole you ...
 ... pee.

11. SGR, WS

Thursday 25th

1/6 Surveying trip.

a Well what can I say, we went down with
 some instruments, food and more instruments for when
 the first lot started up. We then proceeded to
 measure the size of a piece of air trapped underground
 until we got cold and had miraculously made
 the food disappear. Then we left at high speed, the
 thought of more food uppermost.

'Crikey' said David 'Lofty' Rose as he walked into the dorm. 'You don't look on top from Dickie.'

Richard 'Dickie' Greyson wiped away the remains of the diced carrots from his chin.

'Yes', he replied, 'I must have rather overdone ~~the~~ the cream buns at the midnight feast last night.'

'I say, I hope you won't miss games' mused Lofty, and then the two boys began to hatch a plot to go casing, down F20, which was out of bounds. Dickie agreed but was nevertheless worried.

'We mustn't let Beaky Stead find out' he pointed out. Their form master, 'Beaky' Stead would have put them in detention if they had been discovered.

* * * *

'Lummy, this muck's a heavy' said Lofty.

'Rather' agreed Dickie, 'this plot is rather a stiff one isn't it?'

They had slipped out of the bounds of St. Margot's only a few minutes before.

Lofty heaved his young frame over the sharp rocky spines and concealed pits that marked their path. 'I say Dickie' he mused, 'I hope Beaky isn't working down here somewhere! We'd never know and he'd be on us with a whopping extra prep before you could say Jack Robinson in that infernal mist!'

They arrived at the entrance.

'What a spitting hole' ejaculated Dickie.

The two chums had wisely raided Beaky's private master's kitchen before setting out, and made sure they had a tin of ~~the~~ pineapples and Beaky's own tin opener — something Dickie knew he had to guard with his life, since it was a Beaky family heirloom, the gruff

(53)
Master's great-uncle having removed it from a
dead Boer trooper at Mafeking back in
'02.

* * * *

Lofly heaved himself ~~up~~ ^{down} the ladder pitches at the
far end of the cave. They had put the ladder there
themselves at the end of a long winding passage
with trembling hands, for normally boys were not allowed
to rig ladder pitches without the supervision of a
master.

'Oo-er' said Lofly. 'If I tumble off this one, I
expect I should probably break all the bones in
my body.'

'Don't worry' replied Dickie 'I'm sure Matron would be
able to sort you out'

in the chamber beyond they found a 30 m pitch
and put their tackle bags down. Dickie wobbled
a little.

'I'm feeling a little queasy again Lofly. Do you
think it'd be an awful bore if we knocked
this trip on the head?'

He sat down on a rock. Could it have been
that Steven 'Windy' Roberts, the St Margot's School
Bulky had put something in his tea?

* * * *

'Never mind' said Lofly. 'Let's have the pineapple.'
Eagerly he rummaged through the tackle bag,
strawing tapes, wires and a mysterious orange bag
around the little room. Triumphant he fished out
the messy gaud. 'OK Dickie! Tea's up!'

Dickie looked for the tin opener. His
features froze. 'On my gods Oh my gaud Lofly
I've lost Beaky's hair comb!

The two fell into a frightful funk. Beaky

might even send them to the head, Dr Gale, for this -
 The boys liked to keep out of their stern
 principal's way but it was said he was like a
 weather-vane: liable to suddenly spin round and
 come down upon a pupil with a countenance of
 thunder. Oh if only they were back in their
 oak-panelled study with Brennan their trusty fog
 to make them ~~eat~~ chip-sandwiches, dripping with
 viscous extra lard!

Struggling around in the gloom, his heart
 pounding, Loffy knuckled the hazy orange fog
 into the stream. Instantly a deep coloured powder
 issued from it, turning the water first a
 vivid red and then a deep, olive green. 'Oh no!
 he wailed, 'look what we've done now! That's
 really torn it!'

Dickie jumped down to the stream and began
 trying to stop the dye, escaping, in vain.
 'Oh lor, oh lumnie,' he roared 'we shall be
 sent home ... what will pater and mater say
 if I'm expelled! They'll have to come back from
 Rangoon!'

The drips from the waterfall trickled onto his
 forehead, and then, as he opened his eyes he
 saw the kindly face of Old Ma Winchester, the
 Matron, who was mopping his brow.

'What are you doing with Mr Stead's tin-opener,
 you naughty boy,' she inquired warmly.

Dickie looked about him at the walls of
 the St. Margot's sick-bay. Yes ... it had all been
 a dream.

26 July, 1985 Surrey trip down F30 Stephen Gale,
Martin May.

Surveyed Barney Rubble to Dinosaur Beach inclusive.
At the high, far end of Dinosaur Beach, Martin
crawled through a hole and we followed an
ancient, narrow, meandering vadose trench up to
a streamway. A climb down led to the stream.
Martin climbed up several pikes, continuing
upstream. He has eventually stopped at a traverse.
Estimated height reached perhaps halfway back up
Fred Flintstone pitch. Reasonably efficient trip. 12 hours.
Fled Phil R and Fred in Dinosaur Beach.

26 July 1985. Top Camp Survey - H. Tang

Arrived previous afternoon via the picturesque and shattering
route i.e. Tullaghan and ridges. Started surface survey in the
morning with Stephen so that the contour map can be drawn to
reasonable reality. At top camp with William, writing up survey
data, and Iestyn, feeling unwell. William and I washed up
and sorted out the food tent, which was in a disgusting
state because of spilt olive oil. (Perhaps we could purchase a
olive oil can?) Richard and Dave, Phil and Fred
arrived and after much persuasion decided to go camping.
The day dragged in and I managed some very local
survey legs in between wisps of mist. William calculated
X,Y,Z coordinates. We fetched water, cooked for eleven
and felt virtuous. Iestyn took Kedex and took to his
pit. Caren arrived in 3 batches from 9.30 through until
5 am to the delights of chick-pea stew.

27 July, 1985

Stephen Gale

Amongst other things (writing up yesterday's survey, completing surface survey with Hilary etc), cave F31 was painted. This is located to the left of the path from the bottom of the Jorcada Blanca depression up to F30 (the renumbered 1/6). It is a 11 metre diameter shaft with a snow plug, but stones rather beyond this.

26. 7. 85 Phil R + Fred down Ridge cave.

The trip required some time for preparation including a great shout which blr me and Fred as he tried (I succeeded) to navigate from F20 to Ridge cave. The trip was down was smooth but we could not really see any hope of a way on in the stream level choke. Back in the Big Cumb Fred did totally ridiculous free climbs up in the boulders. Eventually he got a couple of slugs in and put in a bolt. However, the way out Fred's arse suffered a bit so that by the end he had lead and no skin left. It is quite a totally Boners-lead.

27. 7. 85

Hilary Surface survey

Brilliant sunshine all day, so I managed to do lots of surveying, although got sunburnt legs as a result. Ian and I reconstructed C2, Stephen and I also built a new cairn (C6) back towards Punta Gregoriana col. Managed to survey most of the spurs and depressions in the area to the SE of Top Camp. Found 2 caves from last year's staff bashing which have now been renumbered as

(57)

28/1/55

The Plan

Sue	Phil + Steve K	pushy	F20
Willow	Lesya + Steve D	subways	F20
Nicola	Paul + Ian	surveying	1/6

Phil, Dana + Gerwood will be coming up today.

∴ All others will have to go down to this w. Lager ~~to~~ this evening to make room. in Martin, Steve G, Hilary, Fred, Sean.

L.J.

F28 (nee F6, meanwhile F20); F32 (formerly F21). The renumbering arises from last year's shaft bashing by Jan Haining which occurred at the same time as Andy's F20 - F27.

It seems that F29 is now a spare number.

Hilary, Steve G., Dave H., John surface survey and shaft bashing until 1730. Weather at first windy, then high cumulus cloud and increasing wind, finally rain from 1700. Two f 22s were found! Two new shafts found, numbered & marked F29 and F33

Camp tidied generally & stove tent cleaned & reorganised. Running snow melt found by Ian below large limestone boss to S of top camp.

NB lower F22 is F23!

Shafts bashed: All in area of F20 down towards the base of depression

F29 At base of F20 gully. Pitch ~10m, ends at snowplug: possible draught.

To C5 bearing = 080° inc +2° 50'

To notch under La Verdelluerna bearing = 113° inc = +12° 0'

F33 5m tight pitch, not filthy descended. Higher in gully than F29

To C5 dec = 078° inc = +7° 30'

To La V dec = 112.5° inc = +13° 0'

F34 Pitch ~6m deep to boulders. From here, further 3 1/2 metres down to snow plug and boulder floor. ? Possible way on through boulders up slope. slight draught

To C1 dec = 097° inc = +1° 20'

To La V dec = 113° inc = +8° 40'

F35 Pitch ~15m, chokes, no way on.

To C1 dec = 090° inc = 0°

To La V dec = 109° inc = +8° 50'

F36 Open shaft 10-15m deep, 10m long x 1.5m wide, choked at bottom.

To C1 dec = 084° inc = -1° 45'

To La V dec = 106° inc = +8° 30'

Any other shaft bashes: can you locate F21 and F27 (Andy Riley 1984)? And give 2 sets of readings on above? Cheers, Thruang.

Steve Plid R + Sue P usig - F20

was what a care! The series of entrance pit des are really superb, nice smooth interesting by the famous probably soon reached streamway and proceeded to Dave + Richards ~ 30m pitch. This was rigged with from two large boulders to get you over the edge and then from a small natural job into the rift upstream of the main pitch. At bottom of main hang short ladder pitch leads to narrow canyon and a 7m ladder pitch. Way on is very tight steeply descending vadose canyon. Obvious traverse leads eventually to a choked aven from where above may possibly be chib, down to the stream. * We chibed down just before aven but didn't push hard

Not there I wasn't.

as Sue was feeling a bit shaky knackered. On way up tangled with sunyis party which shortly realized she exit. Sue also had pin on the way up, I aided up tandeming with her up Touts, however she got out in the end

Main problem was I had no light (electric not working, carbide went out)!

Still, looking back, a good cave. V. impressive shafts, nice streamway

* The is me, which I did. The stream is 5-6" wide the chib very strenuous walls full to bits & rose deeps Rocks on your head still

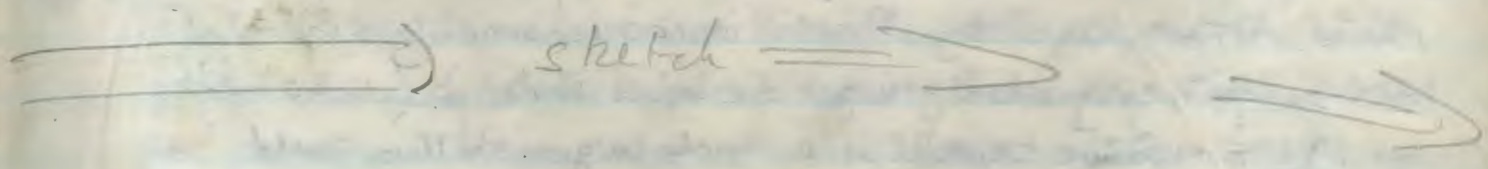
29/7/85

F37 Near the 'Arch' caves b/w
FU56 + Jocardia Blanca This is a
steep rubble slope with two Squeezes
leads to a small area. No
way on!

28/7/85 Jan H, Paul + Nicola Surveying Trip - Ridge Caves

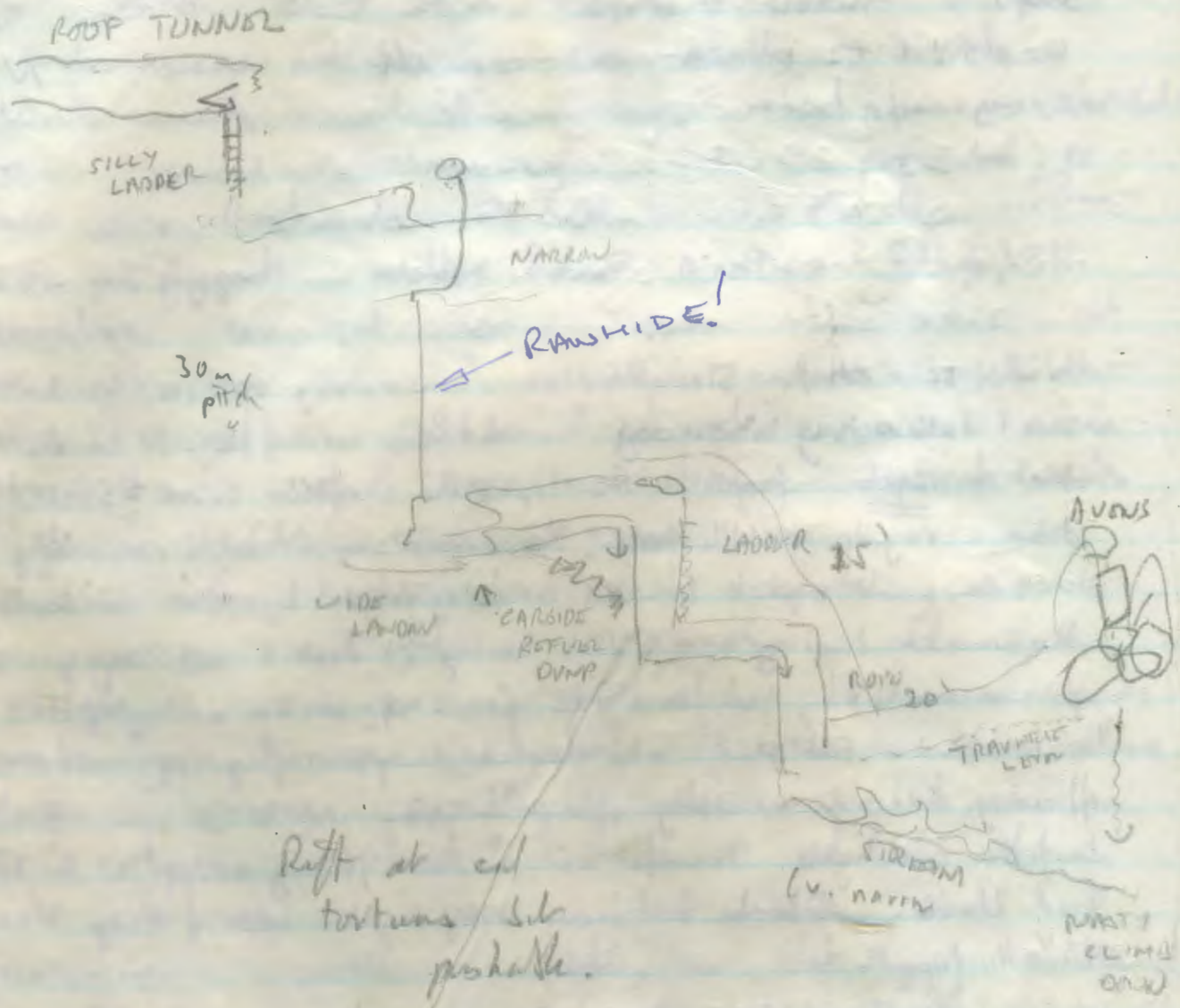
Well - so much for Steve Gates "meandering vadose trench" which
won't take long to survey! 30 survey legs to do the trench
which is super bright at the top of the Dinosaur Beach rubble pile
down a very loose little hole. The vadose canyon is full of amazingly impressive
stal curtains and crystals (Well - amazingly good by Picos standards)
and after much twisting + sodolous turning, it meets a streamway you can follow
upstream via rocky but fun climbs. Crave up on one overhanging climb after
Jan had had a bash at it, and retreated slowly, surveying on route. Surveying
efficiency increased massively after a temporary return to Dinosaur Beach
to fettle our lights. Unwieldy exit for Paul falling asleep at the top of
Fred Flinstone. Out to a glorious starry night - back at camp 4 on
13 1/2 hr trip.

Good day, even if it won't look very impressive distance
wise on the survey. Would be worth pushing the upstream climbs if someone
could find a climber. Looks hopeful



(61)

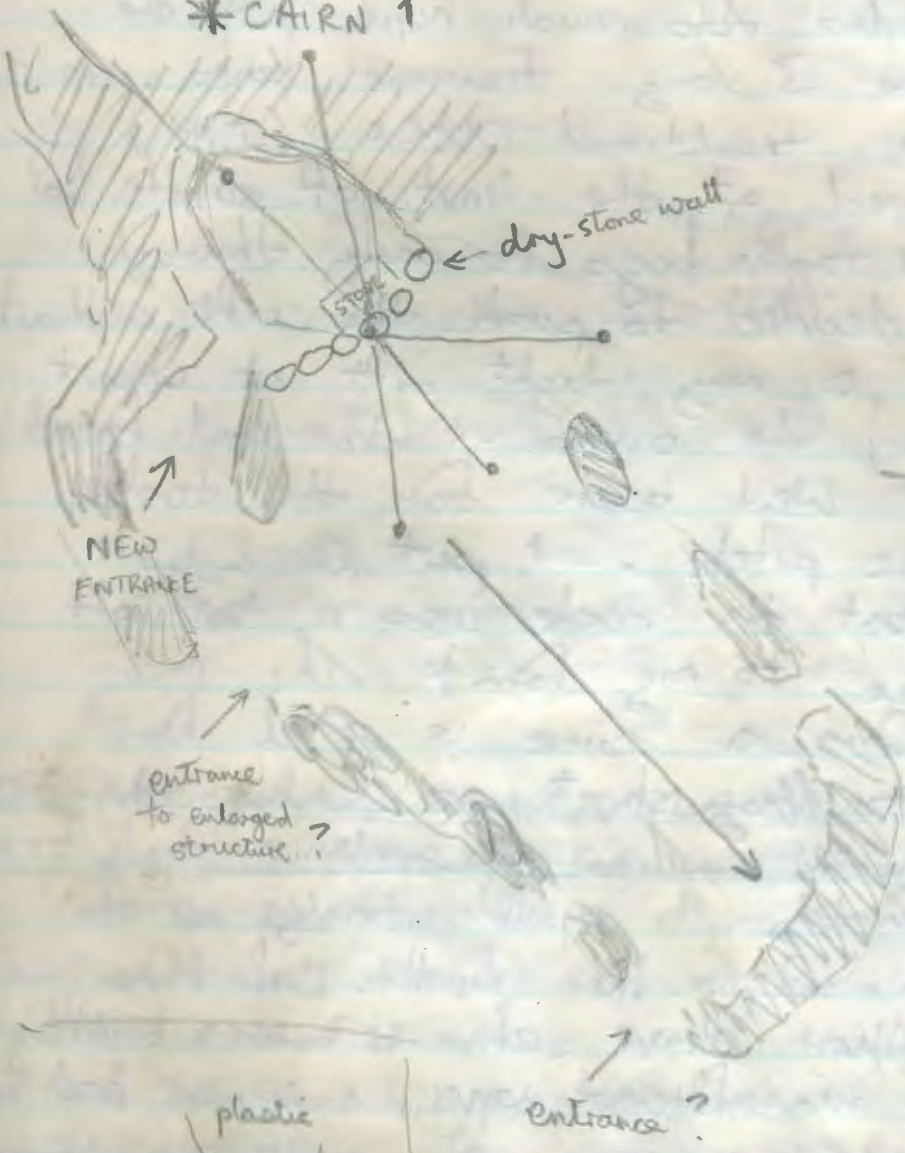
F20 Sketch



29/7 Reconstructed the cooking shelter which had been destroyed by wind on the night of 28/7. This involved a 3-hour "egg race" exercise directed by John with several labourers, using sundry knackered tent poles, caving ropes and substantial dry-stone walling. The structure named "Fort Knox" by Nicola is now reasonably substantial and is quite cosy when you get six bodies under it (10-12 might get in). For future expeditions a much larger shelter could utilise a rectangular depression if a large sheet of plastic can be brought up. Much more advantage could be taken

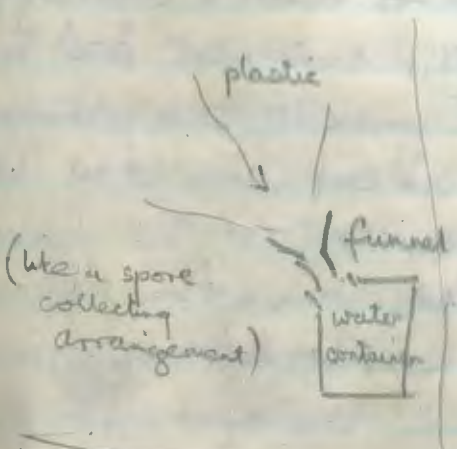
of rainfall for water collecting - basically a chute with a funnel & water container. See sketch. Alternatively the roof of a larger shelter could also be a water collecting chute.

*CAIRN 1



This rectangular area could be dry-stone walled and roofed with plastic. If the centre of the roof is ridged down rather than up it can collect water.

Arrow shows direction of fall for water collection



later after a day of moaning about the weather, plans for going home early etc there was one party to F20, remainder did some shaft location & water collection in the mist.

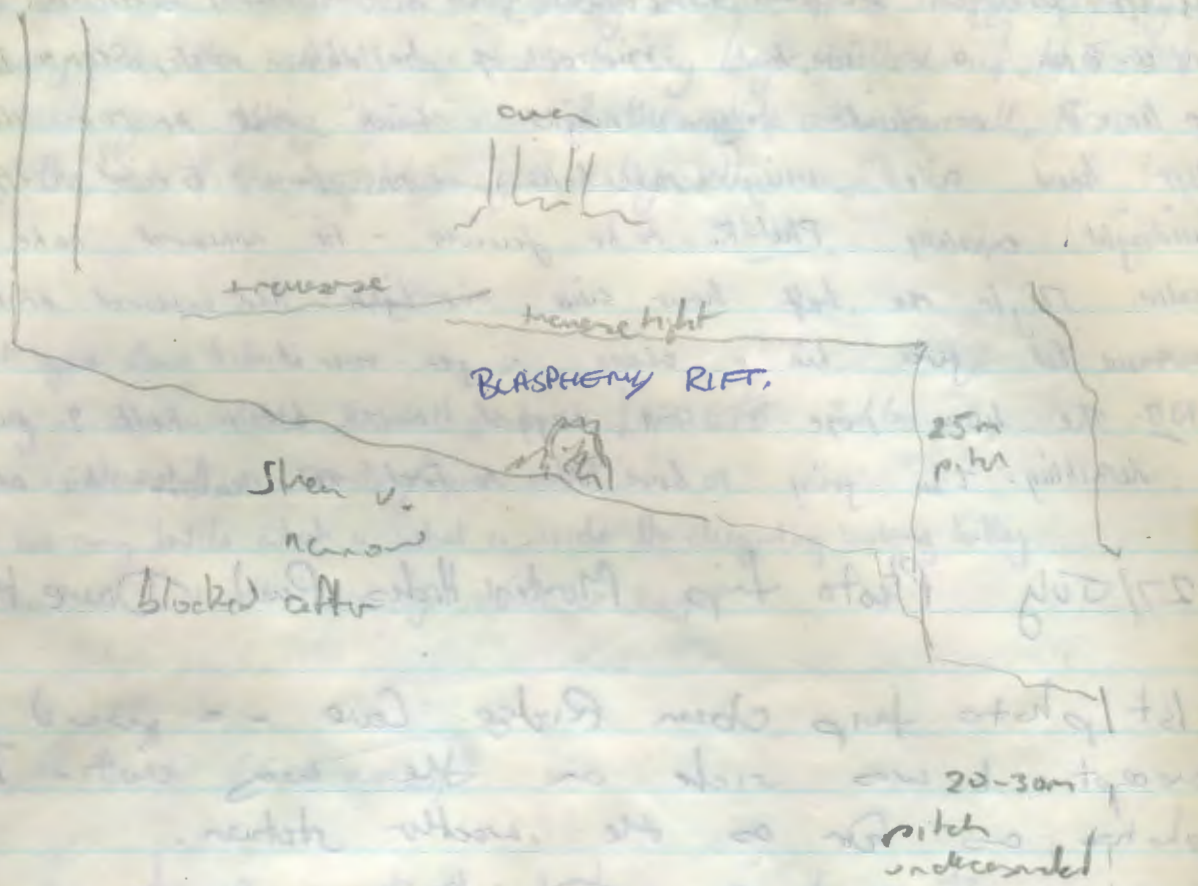
Water divining entertainment later. Basically it was proved that petrol and wine were unreliably detected. It seems the body is over the feature which is detected - don't ask me how it works but I believe it. John

(63)

29/7 F20 Pushing Dave H. Phil D., Martin May

Bombed off down F20 after having a quite
crisp. Beautiful big pitches, unfortunately several
(2) pitches had miles too much rope at the
top. Would you believe 3 long traverse lines. The
pitch after was the traditional OUCC (I.H.)
spider belay. Arrived at the limit of ~~the~~ the last
push, packed up 3 tackle bags to carry through
the rift. Then decided to push the rift without
tackle. Got through a very tight rift at about
the level (just below) the avars - ~~came~~ and found
a 20-25m pitch went back for the tackle
and Phil rigged the pitch. I put in a bolt
near the top, but the rock was a bit soft
(there was no 'che' to rig here). The main
hug was rigged from a wire & Phil had
the rope was too long short so a knot change
over was necessary. This I could & truly
coaxed up. Unfortunately I could bridge across
the pitch (just!) At the bottom of this
pitch was another drop of 1-2 sec + rattle
here which we had insufficient rope, & as we hadn't
found the combide we came out, picking up the
combide on the way.

The last pitch on the way out was
pass wet as it had been raining on the surface
& there was a stream going down the abutment.



27th July Bolting climb in Ridge Cave William & Sean

27th July Bolting climb in Ridge Cave William & Sean

The keen team set out to Ridge Cave in the looking hot sun [Sun? what's that?] determined to go anywhere & do anything. Caught up by Martin kicks & camera at entrance where Maryland Cookie Sponsorship photos were taken. (Good excuse eh?) Efficient descent to the big crumb where we admired Fred's climbing. I was prussiked up the rope first festooned with SRT kit, bolt kit, slings, bolts up to Fred's sling in the roof behind the boulders. How exactly did he get up there to rig it? After I'd worked out the cat's cradle we got back to the face, I remembered that we had no ladder to stand on. Prussiked up to the bolt & dubious natural or wedged myself in with the bolt at waist height while I drove one in opposite my forehead. NIS. This is much easier with an extra short cow's tail consisting of two Krabs.

⊙ The bolt driver is a lousy troll one & has no loop on it. I dropped it once. After this, a reig, then it was Sean's turn. We carried on bolting, putting in bolts alternately until at bolt no 5, I had a choice of bolting on the right or left. I tried on the right into a boulder which flaked, so I put one in on the left into a

(65)

main piece of flat boulder in choss. this cracked, when I put the wedge in & was left unrigged. DO NOT USE (unless you're a climber) At this point it was after 8 pm & as we had run out of boltable rock, Sean & I decided to leave it to climbers - you might climb ~~out~~ up the choss on the left hand side using the bolts as protection. Exited efficiently at midnight expecting Phil R. to be furious - he appeared to be amazingly calm. Maybe the half hour since our lights had appeared at the cave entrance had given him a chance to get over it.

NB. The 40m rope is still rigged on the bottom bolt & needs detaching. I'm going to leave it to Fred to remove his own sling.

27/July Photo trip Martin Hicks Paul Dave H.

1st photo trip down Ridge Cave - a good trip except I was sick on the way out - took photos as far as the weather station.

Dave H.

28th July F20 Survey from Entrance William, Iestyn, Steve Davies.

Being a mung, I was talked into doing notes never having been down a cave before. If I had, I wouldn't have been. Started from surface in wretched conditions just behind pushing party. I had decided to take precautions of not only Dometest but also a sweatshirt & ordinary long Johns as well as woolly gloves. These proved inadequate for a godawful surveying trip which took 1/2 hour per station, especially when being dripped on while sitting on a snowplug which ^{might} be just about to vanish down the shaft. Then at this point I felt so cold that I nearly called the trip off but I thought it would be too wimpy to go out at 8 stations or 7 stations so we pressed on to 8 pm or 15 stations while I froze, drew sketches suspended from a rope, spinning gently & tried to communicate with Steve at the far end of the pitch. "Can you see my light?" "Pardon?" etc ad nauseam. We caught up by the pushers on the way out & exited at 11 pm. Y do I do this? Nice prussik out though.

William

30/7/85

Well, this is it folks, I'm off home again, ^{what a primitive joke!} Having been absolutely appalling for the last day & night. ^{the weather} is now much clearer and sunny on and off so instead of being glad to get away from the wet, I now want to stay longer. Walked up to Torcada Blanca and down again, getting great views of the whole area. Farewell, Picos, and I hope the rest of the expedition goes really well.

Sue

30/7/85.

Bill & Paul gone down hill

Nicola going as soon as Phil & Dave II get back } from 6/2. 2/6.

Food on stove - stew stuff & tomato / pasta salad

I did far too many lentils which is what is inside the disgusting looking billey.

Hope all the trips wet well - see you down at Lagos.

2/6. R.I.P (for now).

Set off during the later part of the afternoon to de-rig the above hole. A leisurely trip up to the ridge. Then a short search and Dave found it. Expecting the usual picos nasty shaft I soon found Dave, by this magnificent hole, rather like a small Alum pot. Well rigged from naturals, with large birds nesting in the shaft, giving the place the atmosphere of being in a Hitchcock film. Superb shafts in a parallel system like F20 but dry light-warm and airy. It was painful to de-rig, but we did so, no problems. That ^{exploration of} such a fine cave has to be prematurely stopped is a reflection on the high standard of carving on this expedition.

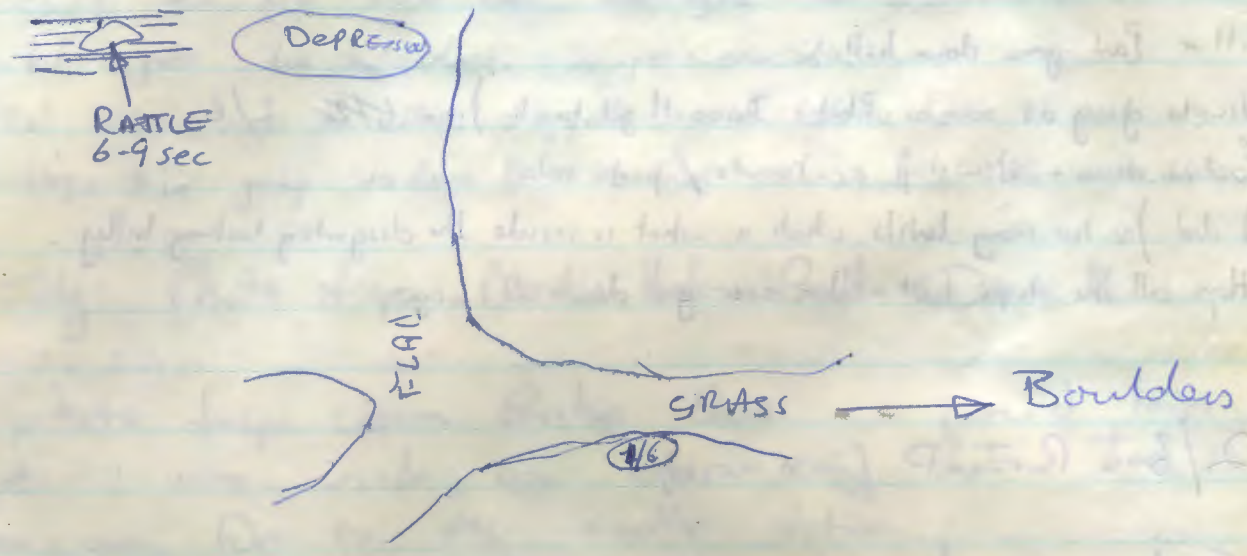
P.D.

By the way, there's a good ratter Just

(67)

(A30)

up on the plateau above 1/6, to the right and directly up from the large depression with the "cement" like far wall. Its easy to find.
Rough sketch



A short 2 1/2 hr trip (cont'd in the next issue!) Phil "We cave people, Gerhard, like squidor!" Rose

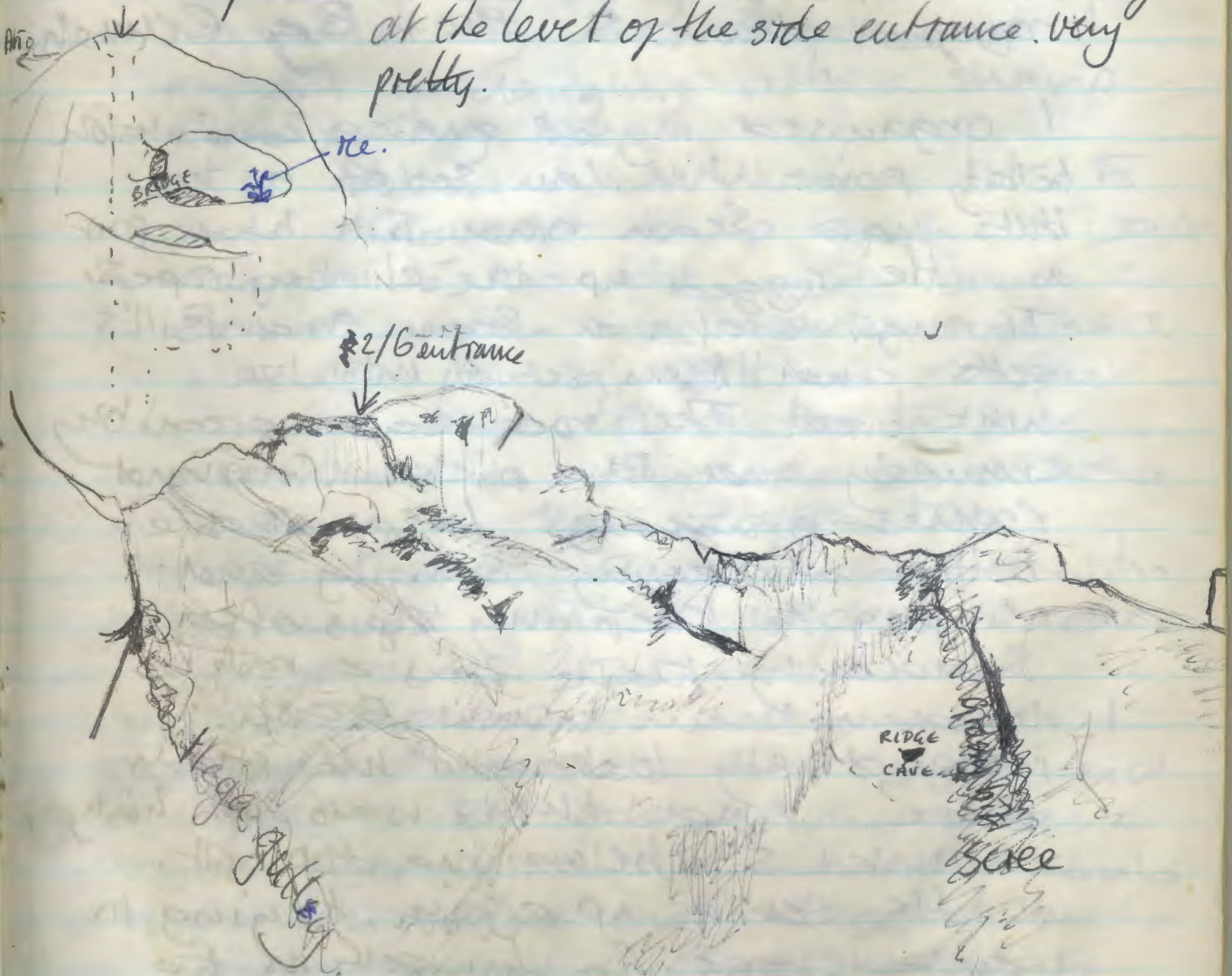
Thu 1/8/85 Picked up by Sean from Arid and dragged up with amazing (well for my standards) speed and directness through dense fog. Joined by Ian H. just below the camp and soon after by Phil² (R.G.D.), Martin² (H.E.M.) followed a couple of hours later. Ian & Sean back down to Lays.

P.S. Well Arid has been run down - and is now small & beautiful & by far the nicest place of the three! You can sleep late (interrupted only by reading the rain gauge), chase the cows & sheep, watch either the Picos or the mist or the rain, dream up exotic ^{fantasies!} meals, go to bed early... just my idea of holidays in Spain. Oh you who've pitied me & don't know how happy I've been.

Fri 2nd. 6,000 hero points to Fred, after I cut all his hair off to sap his strength, he walked all the way to top camp with me, via an overnight stop at Arvo; and he carried my caving gear up for me. What a man! Never got.

Margot "I'm an Englishman" Morris
("I'm a female Englishman")

Sat 3rd. Yesterday was a beautiful day, hot sun, cooling breeze, breathtaking views, so Martin H, Gerhardt & I wandered off to do a photo trip of Dave R's lost cave, 2/6. It didn't take us too long to find it & WOWEE is it impressive. We all abseiled down to the bridge at the level of the side entrance. Very pretty.



View of Ridge looking West from Top Camp Cairn

(69)

Wednesday 31st

Fred + Ian Ridgecave Push

An Appointment With Fear

I staggered up from Arto under a huge peak full of climbing gear, to find everyone wrapped in water proof huddles under the awning eating pasta.

We dodged up to the cave and trooped down to the Big Crunch.

I organised myself a nice comfortable belay point while Ian set off up the bolts that Sean and Bill had put in. He rigged up the climbing ropes through crabs in Sean and Bill's bolts, and then set off into the unknown. The rock was incredibly crumbly and Ian picked around rather gingerly. I sat at the bottom freezing, shivering and trying to keep my eyes open. Suddenly there was a rather louder than usual crash. I instinctively looked at the strike plate, and there was Ian hanging about 5' below the top bolt.

He set off up again, trying to cut steps for himself in the snow, but didn't get very far.

He came down and I went up. Above the last bolt the wall was made of loose earth with boulders sticking out in it.

I managed to climb up about 12' then a large handhold went.

Suddenly I was flying past the bolt, wondering how far I had to go before the rope caught me.

Then I hit a knob of rock, landing on my back. My glasses were ripped off by the shock, and I ended up dangling with a sharp pain in my back.

I abseiled down, had a bite to eat and set it up again. I went across to the left and found a point under an overhang where I could put a bolt in. I put one in and tried ~~to~~ to put another in. However as I was busting in the wedge the rock broke, and I was left with a driver with a useless anchor screwed on the end.

I decided to come down. I tied blue onto the bolt and started to ab down. After a few feet I realised that I could pendulum round the edge of the overhang, and claw my way up to a gully. I got to the top under another overhang, and

(7)

deduced that more safety
was essential hence I went on.

By the way all this time
I was scared absolutely
shitless.

I am proscribed up blue.
changed over to an SRT
rope and set up rigging
gear, SRT rope and a
mole wrench. I couldn't get
me another at the dinner
bar. I rigged a couple of
naturals on blue, and set
it over the overhang. I
made it out, a steep
bouldery slope with a ledge
at the top.

I tried to walk up, but
couldn't pull blue through,
as there was too much friction.
I was desperately trying
to reach safety and held
back by the blue rope.

In the end I clipped blue
into my footloop shock cord,
and then my shock cord
into my long cowhail. And
~~in the~~ I managed to reach
the ledge. I rigged the
top with a few chocks and
an SRT rope and ahead

down, bringing the climbing ropes down with me

That was the most frightening thing I have ever done. I suppose I'll have to come back and finish it off, as nobody else will.

Fri 2/8/85

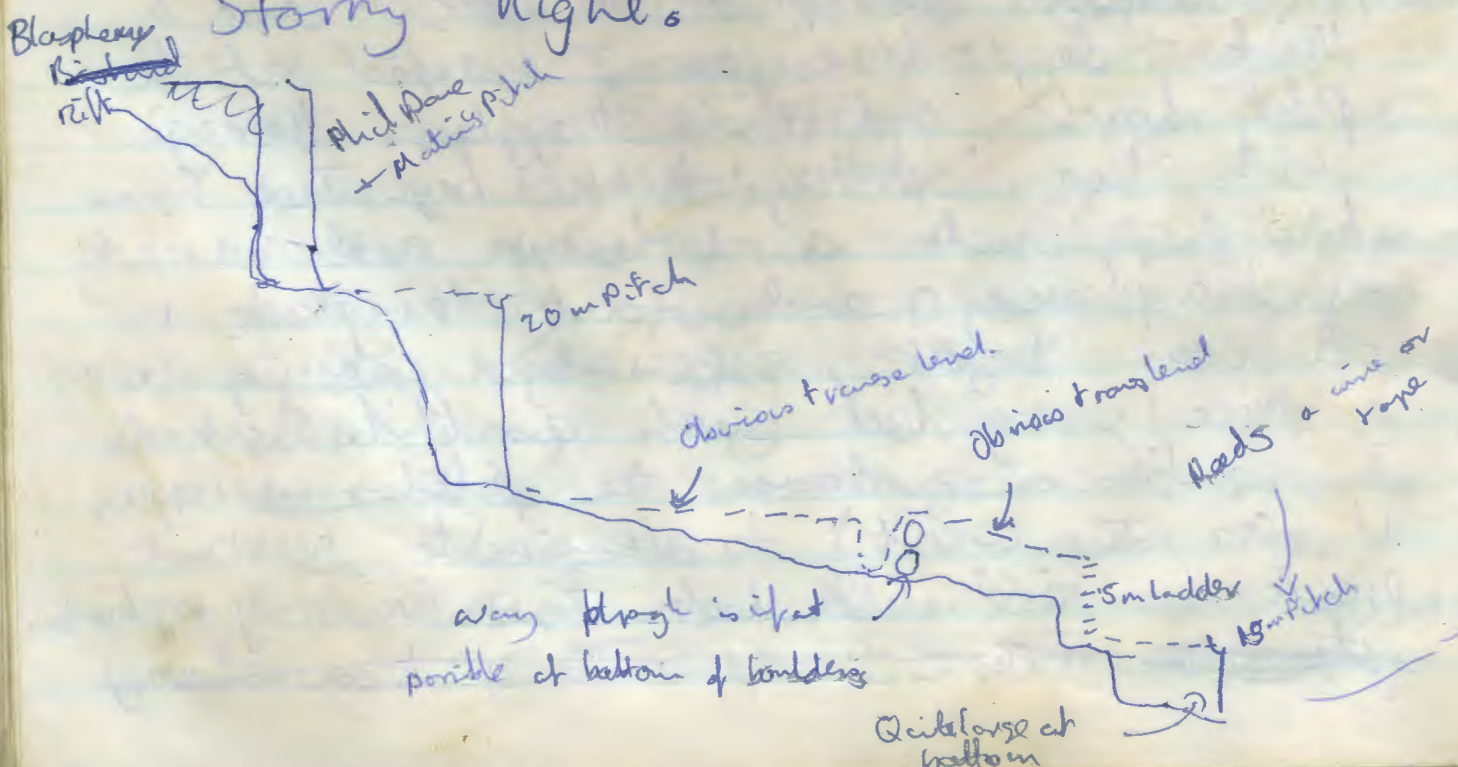
MEANWHILE - BACK AT THE RANCH - - - -

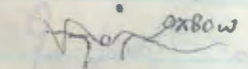
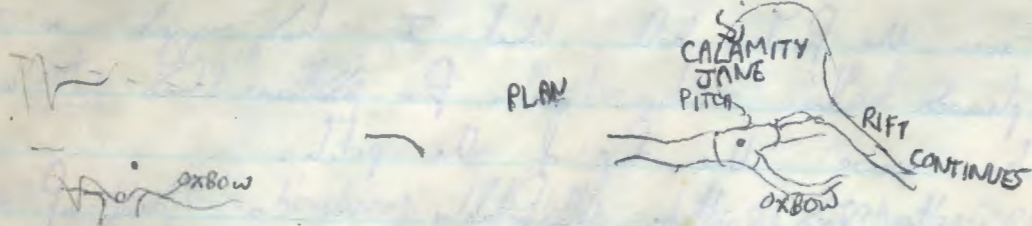
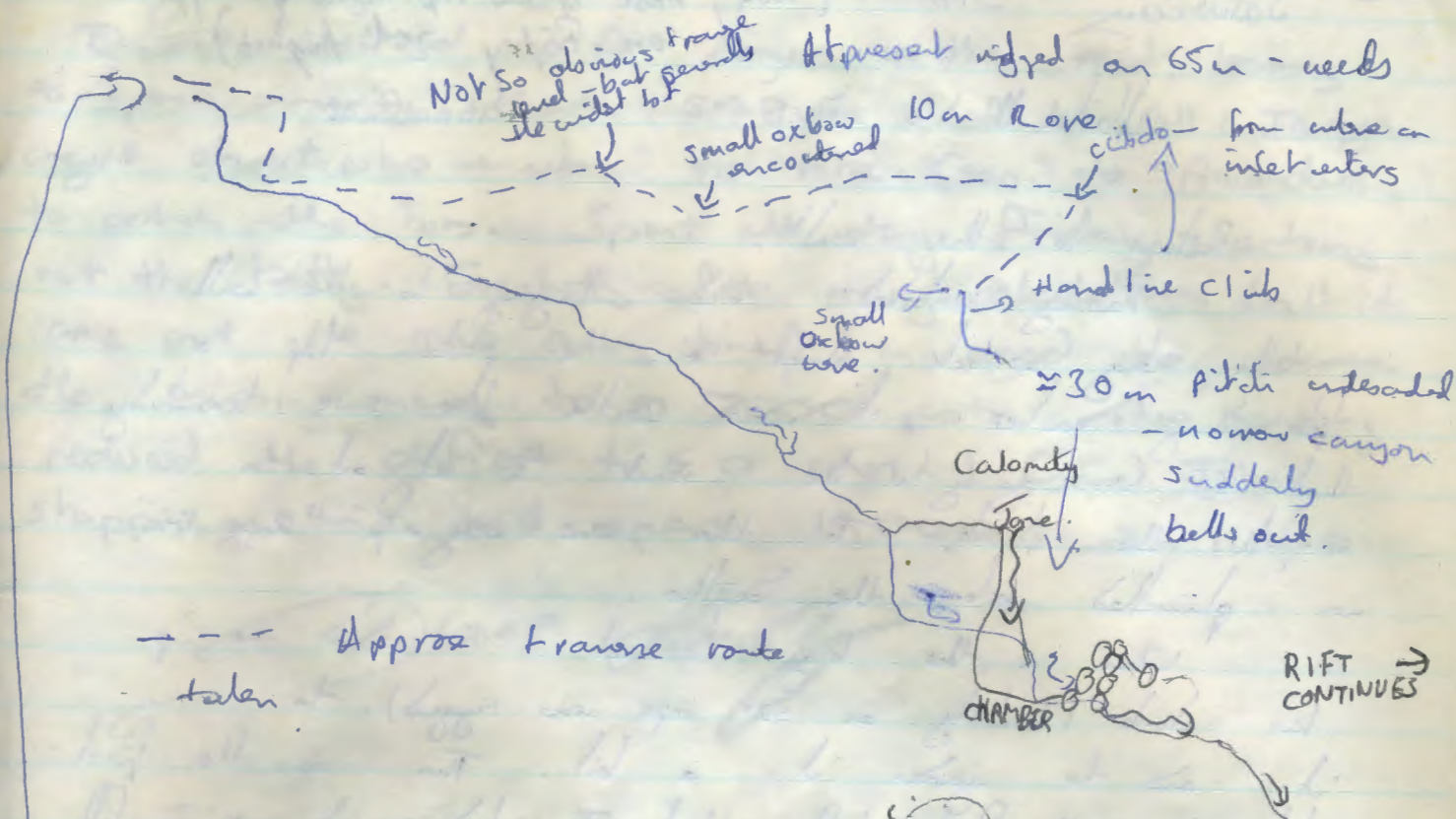
F20.

Phil Rose Phil Duncan.

The enthusiastic duo soon reached the rift which Mc(P.O) Store and Martin had pushed previously. I had been through it a couple of times before, but it was Phil's first attempt and the air turned a thick deep blue as I waited at the pitch head and Phil struggled through with his "sporting" tackle bag. I've never heard such a volume and variety of blasphemy and foul language in a cave before, especially coming from a nice young lad such as Phil. Shocked, I continued down the pitch, re rigging it as I went, to eliminate the knot previously tied. Reached the limit of exploration ~~after a from ten on, a long chassy~~

Rigged the next pitch which took us down to the stream and a chossy rift with a reasonable passable high level to a ladder pitch in a Cascade pool. More rift, getting more advanced and finally ending up at a pitch head ($\approx 20m$) which drops into another rift. Sloping down to back to the stream. Free climbable cascade and the stream disappears into ^{yet} another rift, this time more like Phil's blasphemy rift, no choss, clean limestone but of a bastard with a tackle bag. We pushed a route along the obvious passable level then headed down towards the roaring of a distant cascade. Rigged a haul line as it widened out and decided to terminate our exploration at the head of a promising pitch. Ate, came out, great trip, clear stormy night.





low continuity ^{planning} ~~planning~~ 217

low ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{now} ~~now~~ ^{can} ~~can~~ ^{be} ~~be~~ ^{done} ~~done~~

20/5/06

75

Saturday

35

(Well, most of the trip actually happened on Friday 2nd August)

Mark II

FRED

RIDGE CAVE

Return to the wall.

Having watched Fred clinging to the wall in the big crunch whilst on the photo trip a few days earlier, I was with the sure knowledge that I was going to do that I set out to complete the climb. To the way of "Rope Free" we plummeted into the depths.

When in the big crunch Fred ordered me up his climb (luckily an SRT rope was rigged) to bring it and to gear it a bit. This was the first pitch, even the first bolt, that I had rigged so I felt quite pleased when only a few additions had to be made to secure the top of the pitch.

Then with Fred sitting comfortably on a bag of rope he set me off into the unknown wire guided with a red and a blue rope. Much to my relief I found a way up through some boulders after a traverse and popped out onto a large flat area of boulders, and to there was a pitch down the other side. We rigged a traverse line over and then rigged the new pitch but soon ran out of rope. The pitch consisted of a 4 hang down to a relay or a bolt at 10m then down to the end of the rope 30m beyond this. The shaft (maybe blocked off if it) appears to head off away from the big crunch. What a sight of Fred hanging in the air half way between exultation and frustration wondering if his epic climb will truly pay its way.

30/7/85 : F16 properly painted and redescended : still no way on around the snow Paul

Sunday Saturday 3rd Aug.

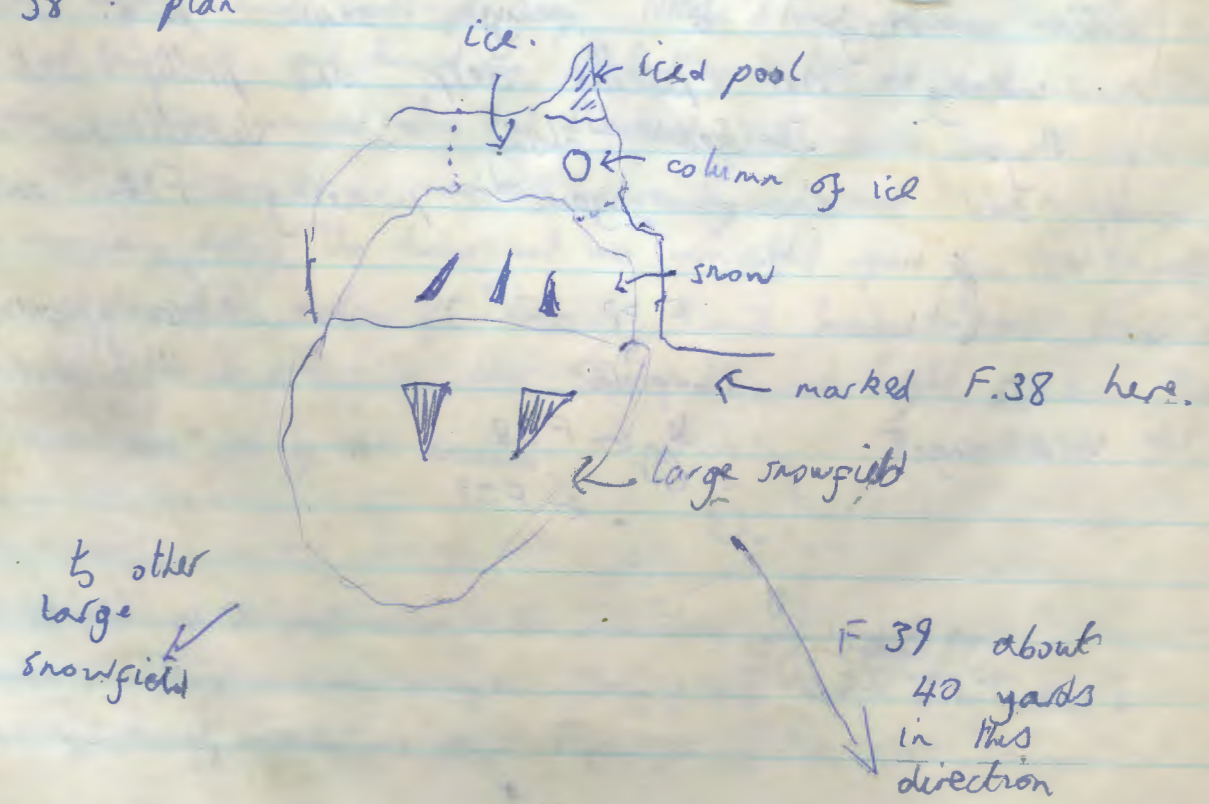
~~David~~ I walked up for Lagers in the mist, leaving at 3pm arriving about 6:30 pm. Left Ian, Bill & Teetyn argue about who & when to take Sean to Arrandara to catch the bus. Spent all day Friday working out the budget. Eventually after many calculations (till it came out the same every time) I managed to reduce the missing money to \approx 7000 pots. This morning reduced the deficit to \approx 0 when I found John's shopping trip had spent 19000 not 11000

Dave Hoag

Sat 3rd Aug. : Martin x2, Paul.

Shagl - bashing + little bit of photography. Initially went off to take nice pieces of ice column I had found. This cave now numbered F38.

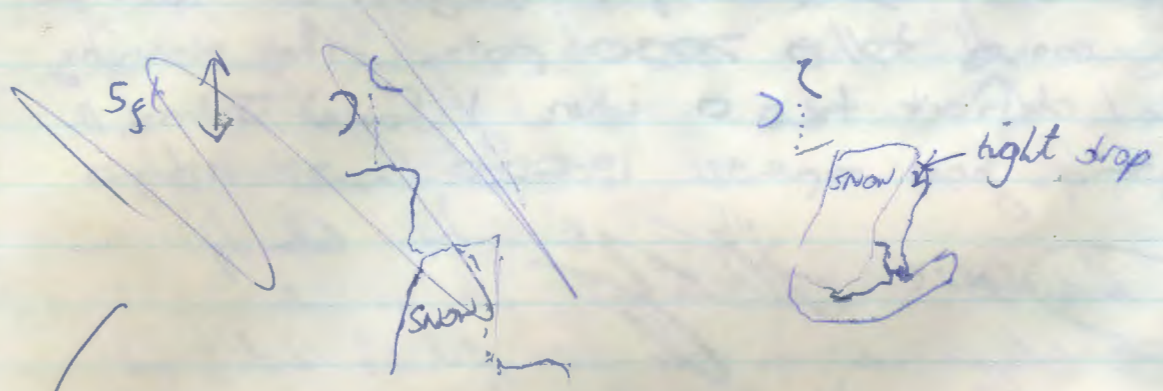
F38 plan



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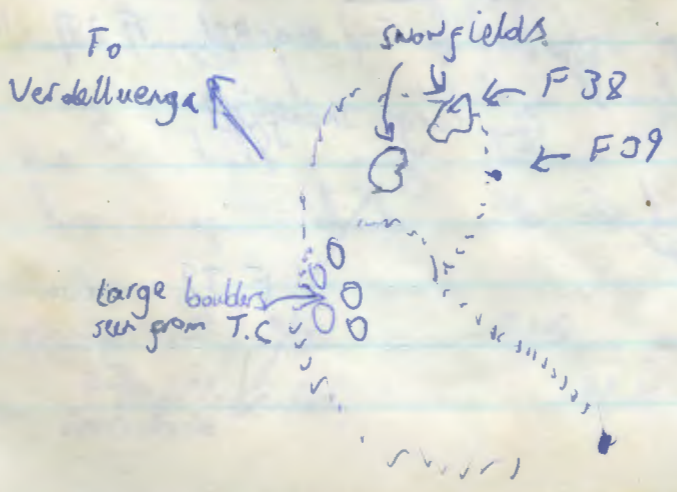
Then went over to F 39. A gap between 2 large boulder lead to 15 ft climb to snow - plug. Follow snowplug to bottom short passage to left lead to choked floor

F 39: ~~Area~~ elevation plan.



Both uninspiring and not worth a visit apart from the see column in F 38. After this we fumbled around a lot. I fell down F 17. which is still choked. Walked straight uphill hill from Top camp. Found F 5 (worth looking at properly), F 32, a large hole beneath F 32 and much higher near the ridge a huge snow plug in a winding rift. pretty deep and pretty wet. Anyway walked along to Verdelluenga and down again passing F 14 on the way.

where F 38, F 39 are: (sorry: no bearings)



Saturday 3rd Aug. — Sunday 4th Aug. Ridge Cave (Pozu del Pico del Conjurto)

Fred, Nicola, Margot & Gerhard

78

Surveying / detaching / pushing / knocking trip

Enter 2⁴⁵ pm and take only threetimes as long as usual (i.e. 3 hrs) to Dinosaur Beach where we stop for a fettle. Smooth descent continues down to the streamway where we take turns at tape, compass, dino, tackle passing & moaning while Nicola patiently takes notes. Somewhat serofulous. How do you hold a light left of your dino if the survey station is on a lefthand wall with just about enough width to fit your head in? Soaked ourselves (apart from Margot) on the wet pitch at the end (in a wet suit nobody would mind this sporting triddle!) which Fred tree climbed 'cos he couldn't make me understand what he was shouting down. Turned back and split since Margot was wet & tired (& so was I) and so we started the exit whilst Nicola & Fred detached the streamway to use the rope at the pitch beyond Fred's climb. So Margot & I raced up the pitches (well, not really) - they seemed to have increased in number since the ~~upward~~ descent! What a deep hole!

Stopped for peanuts & choc & fettle at Dinosaur Beach, amused ourselves replacing 'ectors we were passing on Fred Flintstone, got up Borborygmy at last and Margot got out of Nuda's Canal by standing on my shoulders, a feat which I on my own didn't succeed to repeat. So Margot went on alone & out by 5.30 am. Meanwhile I tried a dozen variations of flimflaming up but always slipped back to where I started from. Ended up celebrating ~~my birthday~~ my birthday's dawn by wrapping myself into my space blanket (which tore immediately) and trying to get half an hour's worth of sleep. Nicola & Fred became audible, then visible at long last - and showed me a dim up a little bit further back which I easily could have managed alone had I noticed it. My carbide was still working nicely but my second set of round cells was running out and I had to change to my emergency battery. The further exit was uneventful apart from Fred forgetting his prusik bag at the bottom of "Dancing..." and having to abort back on my (his old) babbin to collect it. Out 8¹⁵ am-ish into bright sunshine. Pooh...
ugh!

Could N. or F. please write up their discoveries.

Fred & Nicola detached all the stuff down to the streamway and dragged it all to the Big Cunch where we left it in a nice messy heap. Plenty of stuff there - 2 tackle bags full and a 40 m rope loosely tied. Took 70 m lightweight up Fred's climb and rigged it.

down pitch on the side - only just reaches. (Good job it was such a stretchy rope) Suspect shaft dropping into gap on the boulder choke. Will need re-rigging with a decent rope & plenty of rebelay's cos at present its got loads of terrible sub points that bang worryingly as you bounce up, swinging round & round in circles and knocking substantial amounts off the pitch walls. Good pitch though made better by the fact that Fred actually managed to be on the pushing trip which got beyond his climb which he wanted to do obviously. Well worth the time we spent. Pissed out with Fred patiently singing cheerily encouraging songs as I laboriously worked my way out. Caught up with Gerhard of the Axotott & the rest Gerhards related ...
Mick's Canal

Time Out - Just after 7.30 on. 17 hr trip ish.

Tackle as far as I can remember - In Big Vault Chamber:
1 40m Rope
1 5m ladder
Couple of wire belays
(including 2 v long ones)
Several rope protectors
More rope but I can't remember how long - some

All bottom of new big pitch 2 tackle bags (one tied on end of rope to make it long enough)
Bolt kit, some rigging gear (wire belays & mono etc)
↑ mauler's bag?

Out to a beautiful morning. Fred typically didn't show signs of weakness and instead of collapsing in the sun at Top Camp was roving off down the mountainside to Lagos.
A good day / night.

Noddy

Sunday 4th August. John W. walked up via Aris - scorching hot day with beautiful sunset & stormy night.

Monday 5th August.

Windy all night. Woke to driving rain. Rained all day with some hail, zero visibility. Caviers departed (about 2 pm!) to get out of this horrible weather. Nothing of course achieved in the way of surface survey.

Tuesday 6th August

The horrible weather continues, with snow, driving rain and Force 7/8 winds. Zero visibility. I regret that because of this atrocious weather ("top camp is such a beautiful place" they say - all I have seen is zero visibility, driving rain on both my visits, with admittedly one nice sunset) and my personal deadline for departure I have been unable to complete my programme of surface survey at top camp. There remains to be done by somebody:

Locate accurately the following caves by compass & clin readings to two independent fixed points:

F 21

- can't find it

F 27

- don't know anything about it

F 38

} triangulated 18 & 19 Aug '48 W.

F 39

Surface survey to link the entrances of F 20 and F 30 (1/6, Ridge Cave).
10-19 Aug 55 W.

I have made up one concentrated charge of fluorescein and left it in the base of top camp cairn - Since there is nothing to be achieved here I am going down to Aris tonight, and will be at base on the 7th, expecting Nicola & William to be down at base by 1800 on the 7th latest for transport (Meal in Cangas, followed by camp en route to Santander)

Sorry about the scribble - my hand is almost too cold to write. John

Sunday

~~Wednesday~~ 6th August Survey of F 20 Part II Paul, Dave H, William

Waked up from bus bags on a bright morning, reaching Top camp at shortly before 11 am. I had a "little" job to do orientating my cross sections in the entrance to F 20, since I had found the survey of the last trip totally impossible to draw. Thus the surveying trip set off down F 20, followed by Martin H. & his photographic team. Dave H. went on ahead while I set about drawing sketches suspended from a rope & measuring the distance from the top of changes in section, Paul steadily holding the rope while I did this.

(81)

In the event, this took ages & Dave nearly froze in the two hours he was set on the ledge. Had some food & proceeded to continue the survey down the rift much faster. We had done about 17 stations when the photographers caught us up at route picnic. We attempted to continue but it was 9pm & we were too cold, so we started out, but were just beaten to the entrance series by the photographers. In spite of this, however, the exit was miraculously quick, ~~after~~ as I came out as the last man at 11.25pm. Not as much adhered as I had hoped, but then we didn't start till 2pm. Bill managed to ignite the tape measure.

Monday 5th August "Pushing" Trip down F20 Ian + Nicola

Well. This is a trip I'd rather forget really. I haven't even got a great excuse for me being so involved as to rather buggo up the trip, but oh well, everyone has off days. In how trip to basically better the cave, rig a couple of pitches, rig a new 30m pitch; haul some ruckle bags to the limit of exploration and get lost. Got hopelessly lost in both Blasphemy Rift and in the "not so obvious" last rift. The main problem is that if you're looking for a pitch somewhere in a rift you can spend hours going up & down & along this rift on what looks like the obvious wide traverse level and then miss the pitch. This is because you've been thrutching along a different obvious wide traverse to the one the riggers before you used necessitating much reversing, retracing and general knockingness. All this is not helped if you have a ruckle bag with you..... Anyway we got to the end just - did various useful things on route which should make it very nice for the next pushers as they'll have nicely rigged pitches to the end and all the ruckles at the end.

Route finding on the way out was a lot easier but not massive waste because of me being cold through to the inner and very tired to the point of doing silly things. Was very relieved to see daylight when we finally got out.

This cave marks the point at which I now know I can get out of a cave when all I feel like doing is crawling into a bundle and coming out. ~~Slept~~ Slept for 20 hours almost solid when we got out. At least I saw the cave and if you find the right way first time it's a good trip. Should go really deep.... Pity. I'm going cos I'd love to push that cave further.... hope someone else does.

We named the ~30m pitch (25m) CALAMITY JANE

More technical details...

(Refer to Phil R's sketch of cave...)

Moved 15 m pitch after 5 m ladder, nearer the ladder to give a better footing and easier take off...

Rigged Hadline climb with 15 m rope

Put a 45 m rope down final pitch rigged off a bolt... (10 Petzl hoes (1 ring hoer) couple of rope protectors (15 wedges + 10 anchors)

Tackle now at the end of cave includes bolting kit + 1 lb of bolt stuff

hammer + chisel

65 m rope (at least 6)
Plenty of wire belays and some ropes (at least 8)
5 maitlons ish + ~ 3 Krabs
a 20 m rope we think... possibly another?

More maitlons are seeded down there - you can pick some up though at the bottom of the first of maitlons ~~and~~ (the top of the pendulum pitch) so I'm told, and about 6 at the bottom of the entrance series pitches in the red petzl bag.

Finally woke up to cavesoltra on the following lines -

To Okey + my querying about why on earth caves were Y grab the following responses were proffered....

Fred's

~~Phil's~~ reasoning in support of wearing Y fronts "Well, it means if you want to have a slash, you just get your dick out - it's obvious..."

Leahyn "Y fronts hold the parts other underparts can't reach..."

There then followed an equally wide ranging discussion about designing flaps so's the Okey + me's of this world can go to the too underground without totally freezing...

More establishments

Nickaloot her generator bases and didn't notice!

The 'route' needs improving by fixing high leads, and these routes should be marked with fluorescent tape. There is a surprisingly large amount of water at the bottom of the cave communication is near impossible on the pitches that are near the water. On the entrance pitch it was 'Tarraguly's' web, like a small stream landing on your head from a hole in the wall - runoff at ~ 1 gallon/min or more.

IT WAS SNOWING WHEN WE GOT OUT. WHO DIDNT PAY THE MET OFFICE!

(83)

Monday 5th August Dave H. Phil Rose, Martin May
Surveys in F20.

Top camp was wet, misty & horrible, so in 2pm
we decided to avoid the weather by going early.
We quickly reached the limit of the survey & made
quick progress to the 1st streamway pitch. This was
quickly survey, as was the next pitch. From here
we had some high level passage. Eventually
we decided to survey down this high level.

I went down the next pitch & into the caves
before Blophery rift. From here there was a
visible connection with the high level. We then
surveyed down Blophery rift in 3 legs by
surveying down from the cave with chamber with
a slight connection. Unfortunately this easy climb
ended in a tight squeeze, so no easy bypass.
A nice 12 trip.

Monday 5th August

Iestyn W.

walked up from Lagos - with an
ill Ian H. went to the 'phone box.
Picked up brown envelope & started
the tape recorder. "Your mission Mr. Phelps,
should you decide to accept it, is to
drop several tons of grapefruit down Fred
Flintstone. The details are in the envelope,
should you be captured, the secretary will
deny all knowledge of your mission. This tape
recorder will self-destruct — BOOM! KERBAM!
BANG! ECHO ECHO echo echo."

Hummm. A short fuse I suppose, & who
was this Mr. Phelps anyway? Ho-hum, I

suppose it was underpants-over-trousers time. Since I had destroyed Mr. Phelps' tape recorder envelope & telephone box, the Great Waldo would carry out the dastardly mission.

Anyway, I zipped down to the 1st ledge of Fred Flintstone, picked up my dropped Gibbs from a previous trip, kicked off a Huge amount of rubble {ooops! Cw = 1} & left. Still no sign of Mr. Phelps...

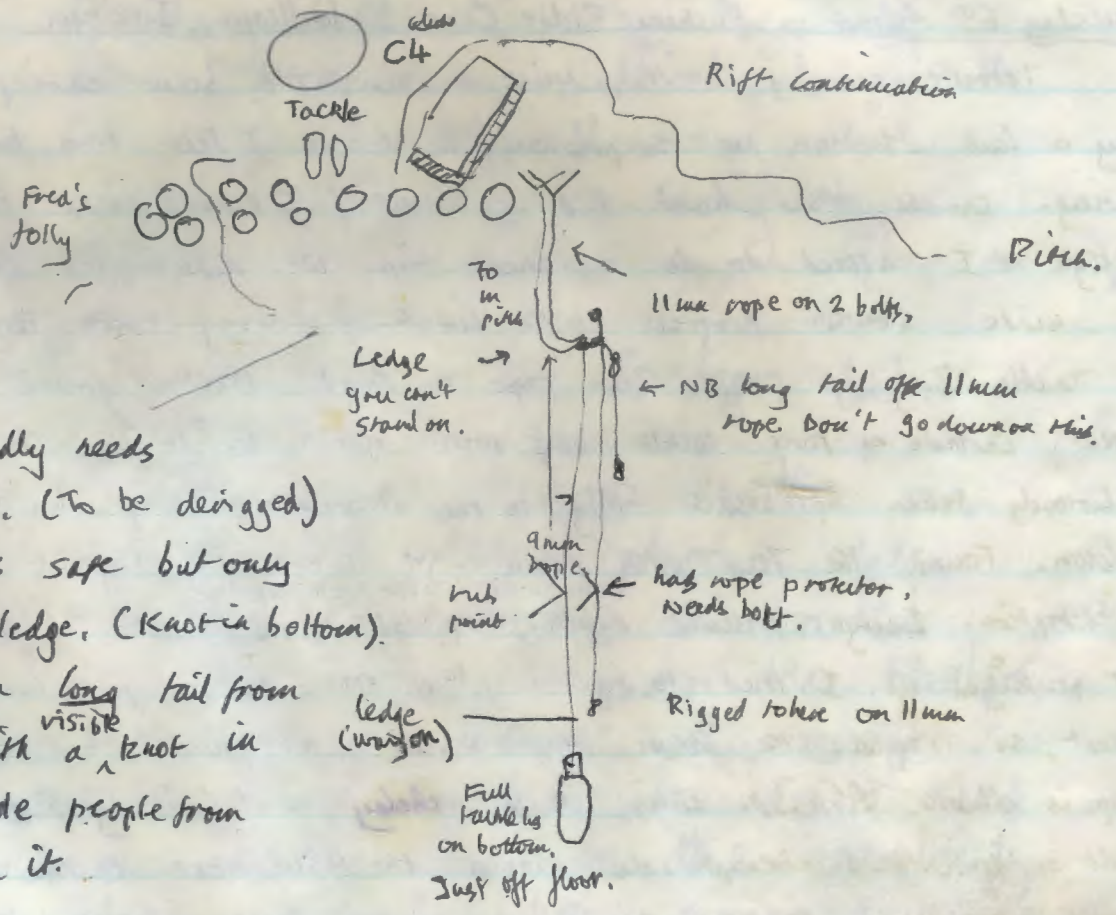
Tuesday 6th August Pushing Ridge Cave Willcain, Iestyn

Terrible morning with mist & rain. I'd been caring the previous day & had thrown up the previous night, so I felt too knocked to go caring. On the other hand I'd go mad if I didn't escape the weather, so Iestyn & I agreed to do a short trip. We didn't get down until 2pm & made slowish progress to the limit of survey with Big Cousach with a Tackle Bag of tape, a 20m rope & food. Here we found numerous bags of Speat Carbide & three tackle bags with gear & carbide in. The latter were laboriously taken up Fred's Folly to the accompaniment of boulders & choss raining down. Found the 70m pitch down & got ^{armed with 4 rope protectors} Microscopically psyched out by Fred's description. Iestyn abseiled down, ^{he} picked up the bolt kit from the bottom & prussicked up. I tried to rig a 19m rope on the first hang, which was too short, so rigged the 20m rope which was much too long. Maybe the 25m rope is shorter. Abseiled down to the rebelay & laboriously put in a second bolt on the third attempt, then rigged the 45m rope on the main hang. Had to leave the 70m 9mm rope on the pitch as there is a heavy tackle bag on the bottom & if removed the rope would be too short. Problem! After a 20m found a nub point suitable for a rebelay & twice attempted to put a bat in without success. In the end, made do with a rope protector ^{near the bottom} & found that the rope nicely reaches to the ledge. A possible way on would be to traverse round on the ledge. Prussicked back up to Iestyn who had

meanwhile stopped himself freezing by finding another way on. Followed him back climbing ~~down~~ At the level piece on top of the boulders before the ^{about 1m wide} four pitch, you climb up to the right & end up in a crossing a rift. Upstream to the right, the rift chokes, but downstream straight on, you find some small chambers full of old stal. Down some short muddy chucks the rift continues & the boulders slowly die out as some more chucks are descended to... a pitch. At a guess 15m just hang with to a ledge & some more pitch below. This must be passed as the boulders have now been bypassed!!! The cave has got friendly again!

After this we decided that the trip had gone on for long enough & we set off out, finally emerging at 6am to even worse weather. So much for a short trip to dodge the weather.

State of play



9mm rope badly needs rope protectors. (To be derigged)
 11mm rope is safe but only reaches second ledge. (Knot in bottom).
 Down there is a ^{visible} long tail from the rebelay with a knot in it to dissuade people from absailing down it.



NB. Go down by left hand route & up by right hand route.

Tackle

Old cashide at entrance to Big Crack.

Another bag of old cashide by water drip.

4 Tackle bags at top of Fred's Jolly.

2 long lightweight ropes (1 rigged) 70m each.

1 x 45m rope, 1 x 30m rope (shortest 20m) 11mm rope ^{all} rigged.

Also 25m rope, 19m rope, 15m rope, 10m rope

Several ladders, bolt kit, mailons, petzl hangers (not many rings)

a few anchors & wedges (need good container) Luup hammer. several wires & slings ^{many}

Two small tubes of cashide & bag for spent cashide.

SA cocpote of tins of Calamars & sardines & some bottled cooking chocolate.

← who at this?

Thurs 8th August.

Saw Nicola, William & John
off last night in Canguas.

Phil (S) was left in
charge of Base Camp
& so, having got an
early night he
decided we should
get up at 6 & walk
up here. We got up
at 7ish & left at 8,
but, despite this, managed
to break the record for
longest walk up time. I'm
not saying how long, it's too
embarrassing - it was still
daylight though! & we did
stop at Arico for a bit!! Nice
walk, rather hot. Arrived here to
find a take over bid for residence,
by ladybirds & little tiny flies, which
were valiantly trying to do the washing
up which the lady slugs up here last had
neglected to do. Also found a strange note
from the 'Food Tent Fairy', promising 25pta pieces
under our Karmati if we keep the Tent tidy.

Whoever this kindly little helper is, can't spell too good.
Pretty knackered; we came the pretty way - a sort of compendium of
'Fred's Way' which is the way Margot came up last time, with little excursions
in the direction of the Main Drag as I attempted to navigate by skyline, dead
reckoning and gut feeling. God this is a filthy place. Where have all
the snowplugs gone... '... gone to the cars every one, ...' (15-55).

I have brought up a bottle of Ricod. This cost £5-80 (1300 ptas official TC exchange rate.) I sell slugs at ~~extensive~~ ^{high} extortionate prices. My spelling is nearly as bad as the Food Ten Fairway's. If I want to buy slugs I'll see John Hutch F.T.F. PRS

Tuesday 6th August Pushing/Tourist Trip Ridge Cave. Ukey, Fred, Duncan.

Tuesday was just one of those days. The 3 of us walked up from Aris in the pouring rain and freezing cold, arriving at about 11 am. I got fucking freezing & finally crawled into a spare sleeping bag to warm up. Fred & Ukey, meanwhile, gave Top Camp a chorus of all the songs which you've heard on caving trips but can never remember. Fortified by this, it was decided the 3 of us should go pushing Ridge. I crawled from a pit, charged in the gale-force wind, & off we went. We began by walking around in a big circle a few times (or so Ukey tells me - it was too misty for me to work out). Just as Fred seemed about to dash his brains out on a rock, & I was going to pin off back to Top Camp for a brew, we found the way! Little did I know this was only the beginning of my troubles. Got down the cave at about 3 pm. Fred zoomed off, while I began to have problems feeding the rope through my brand new rack. Progress to Duro was slow but steady. However, at the changeover, disaster struck. I found myself hanging from a foot-loop I was powerless to get up & release. After about 3 hrs struggle (or so it seemed) I was finally away. Big crouch was reached and passed, Fred's folly ascended, but by that point so much time had passed a ~~pusher~~ further push was not really on. Progress out was slow, as my prussiking, never fast, got steadily slower and slower. Things were complicated by me mistaking a 30m pitch for a climb, and not realising my mistake until I'd climbed about 5-6m, when it began to get a bit diffy. A bit of an epic also occurred at the top of 'Dancing in the Dark' as I struggled to extricate my chest jammer from the rope. The last two ladder pitches were ascended without too much trouble, and we emerged to a glorious sunrise. The moral of this story is :- (1) Set your SRT gear & procedures sucess before you're dangling helplessly from your foot loops so that a companion has to hang perilously over the pitch-head to extricate you (2) If you're coming out mid-expedition, MAKE SURE YOU'RE FIT BEFORE YOU ARRIVE.

Duncan (who didn't & wasn't).

Saday 4th August

Photo trip down

P20

to

Phil R
Martin H.

Full
pics - the ivory tower will look
a good
the survey
got some

Sat 10th.

Quick trip to doing Arco & back, lunch food etc. Long way back via
whoops. Super surveying, muddled by mist. PRRS.

Die sic!

- Adra. → Phil A.
- Coulerbro.
- Hoyo la Madre.
- Mabius

Martin "I've only sworn five times on this expedition" May

Duncan (aka)

Programma For End of Ex.

20
end

12 Finish Survey + start detaching of F20.

13 } Two day detaching F20
14 }

15 } Two day detaching Ridge.
16 }

17

18 } no I won't - yet...
Die tracing.

19

Carry down hill

20

21 Wash Rope Pack Van leave for Sakander.

22 Call de Ferry.

(Book map Nelson's Ridge)
Eaton's

1985.A.1.

Queen Elizabeth's Grammar
School, Middleton, TY
CAVE CLUB
LIBRARY

Name J. J. J. J. J.

Form X-ray work

Subject Manganese
Oxalate

1985

Top Camp Log
#2

OXFORD UNIVERSITY
CAVE CLUB
LIBRARY

Martin M	19	
Sue	20	
Paul	19	
Nicola	19	
Gerhard	25	
Duncan G.	20	
Geoff	23	
Ukey	23	
Phil D.	25	
William	26	
Steve R.	29	
Phil Bitt S.	31	
Margot	30	
Richard G.	29	
Phil R.	21	
Fred	22	
Dave R.	25	→26
Sara	27	
Steve M.	24	
Ian H.	25	
Martin H.	27	
Iestyn	24	
Dave H.	20	
Sean H.	21	
Steve G.	29	
Hilary	30	
John H.	22	41
John W.	48	66
Steve J.	24	67

67/29 = 2.3

(25.3) average age (1 missing)

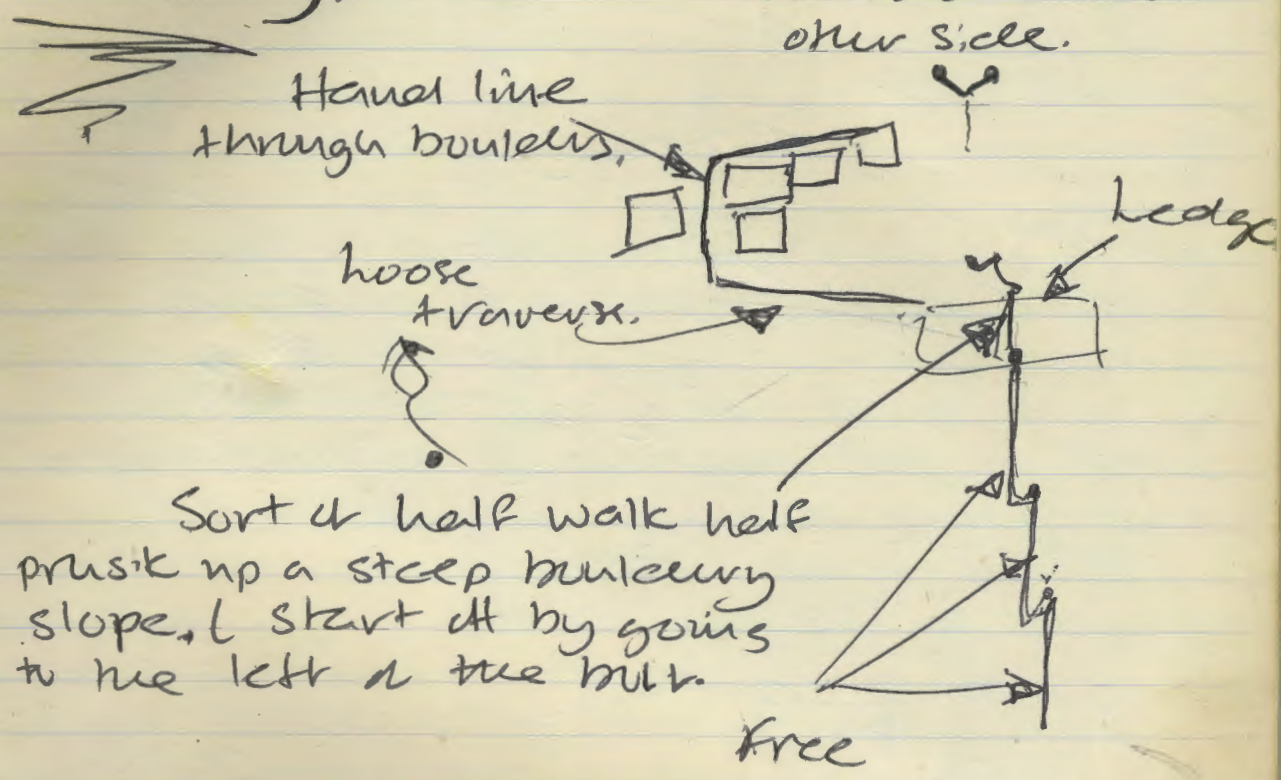
N.B. John W. has caused the average age to rise by ≈ 0.9 years all by himself.

Pushing Ridge Cave

8/8/85

Phil D + Fred.
Fred's folly.

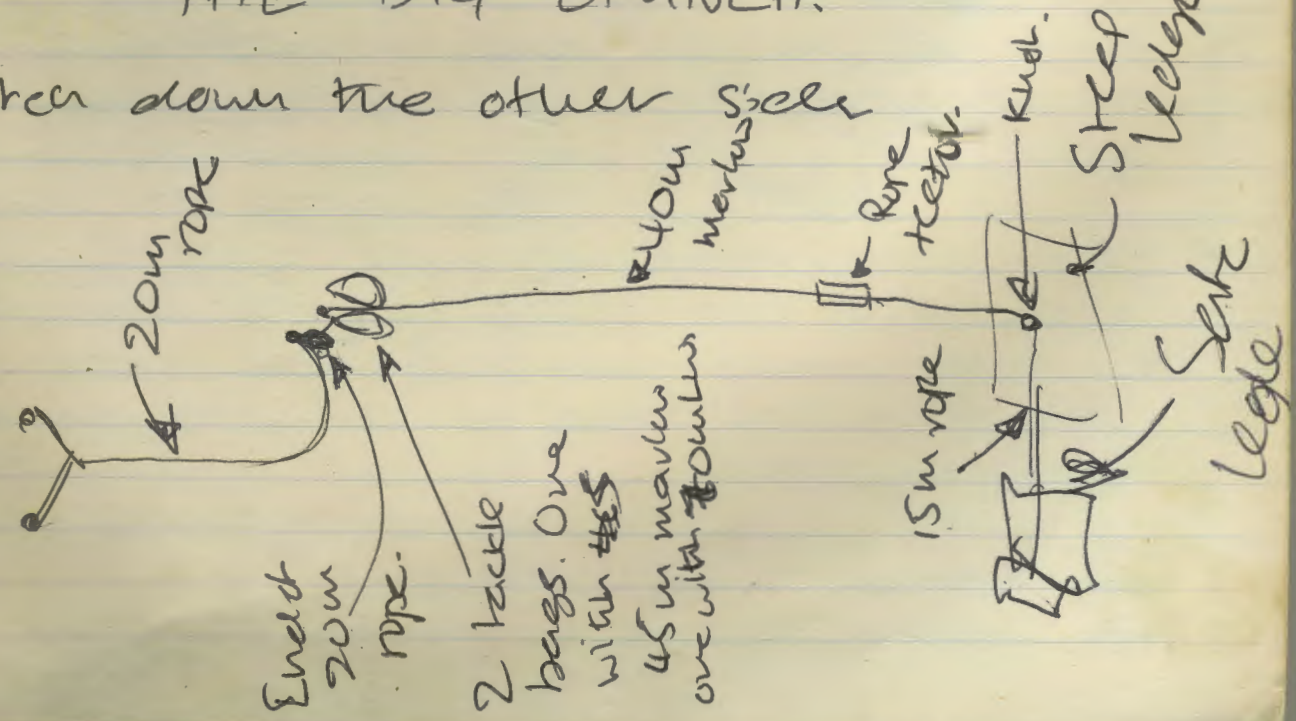
Pitch down the other side.



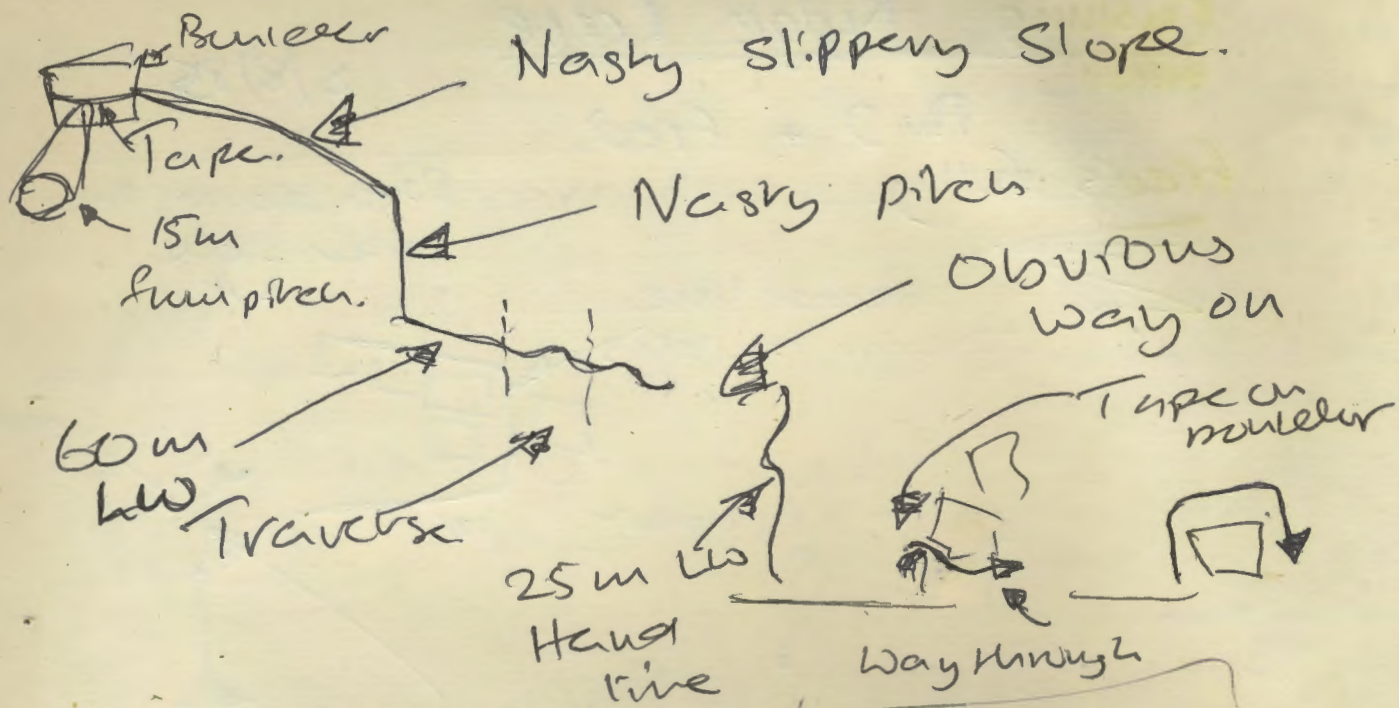
Sort of half walk half prusk up a steep bouldery slope, I start it by going to the left of the bulk.

THE BIG CRUNCH.

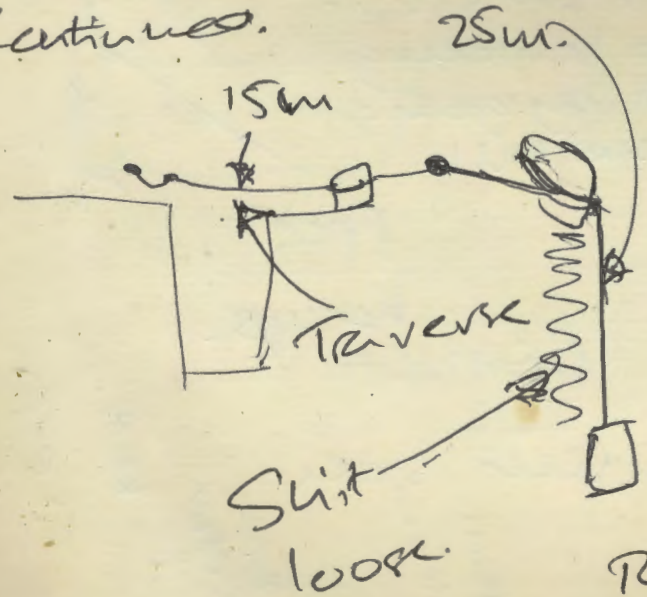
Pitch down the other side



3) Boulder choke



Continued.



ANOTHER
FUCKING
BIG
CHAMBER

Rigging
gear + bolting
kit

We woke up at crack of dawn after a night in Cangas saying farewell to Nicola, Bill and John W. Did ea carry up in beautiful weather and men festival around at top for quite a long time, eating and mending suits.

Phil and I probably got down at about 2:ish, and had a smooth trip down to the top of Fred's folly. Phil went down and decided that we didn't need a second rebelay. I derigged the 70m from the 7 being at the top and put it on to the secondary on the rebelay so that I could ab down it to get the bag at the bottom.

I got to the bottom and we put a tape round a large boulder, and tied a 15m rope to it, and the bottom of the 40m for pulling across to the safe ledge. We realised that we were now on the top of the boulder choke, with the rest of the pit then that Nicola and I had been down going down into the choke.

We rigged the 65m lightweight on to the same tape as before, and Phil went down a steep slippery slope to a chossy pitch ~15m. At the bottom we set about scrambling our way through the boulder choke. I tried to keep as high as possible. Eventually I got a ~~a~~ some passage reminiscent of the streamway, but dry and slightly wider, with

5
a shingly floor. Then I got to a hole in the floor, and the sound to flowing water. I let out a whoop of delight and managed to find my way back to Phil at the bottom of the pitch. We started through the chock using ~~the~~ the ~~end~~ end of the 60m rope partly to show the way, and partly to line traverses, rigging it with slings round boulders. We used the 25m LW to line a climb down to the meandering passage, and a tape on a boulder to mark the way through a pile of boulders. At the drop Phil started ~~to~~ to put a bolt in, and I went back to get the last bag. We put in two bolts and I went down a short drop to find that there was no way on. On the way back I pendulumed across to the other side of the hole and rigged a traverse line. Along the passage we came to the side of a huge chamber. The water sounded as if it was falling, rather than a streamway. Our lights didn't reach any other walls, but the ~~echo~~ echo sounded big. Rigged the pitch with a bolt, and a wire ~~down~~ round a boulder, and went down a 25m rope.

⑥
Fri 9/8/85 2²⁰ pm G. W. arrives from Ario with personal stuff
and a few trifles (e.g. rubber tubes, plastic mugs & plates).

5^{pm} leaves to pick up another load from there: food, petrol,
carbide, tackle (handfull of hangers, mailons, bolts, tacklebags),
cutlery, washing-up bowl, hammer and what not.
Egerhard

Brought up some cinnamon (which is ever so nice
with wet sugared & milkpowdered Mournflakes) and put
it into the Kitchen Corner. Don't confuse it with the
pepper which looks very similar to the unaided eye.
The cinnamon has "cinnamon" written on it, and "canela"
which is Spanish and probably means "cinnamon"!

9th pm Back here with a ~~BPH~~-container of carbide, 2 tacklebags, 25m rope,
a hammer & a lot of food from the "hidden" treasures of Ario.
And: Martin May's Mug!!

Got to a ledge. No more rope. It is hard
to tell how far it is to the bottom. We had
a bite to eat and headed back. At the
rebelay below the Y hang I spent hours sorting
out ropes which I had retrieved from where
Nicda and I had gone down.

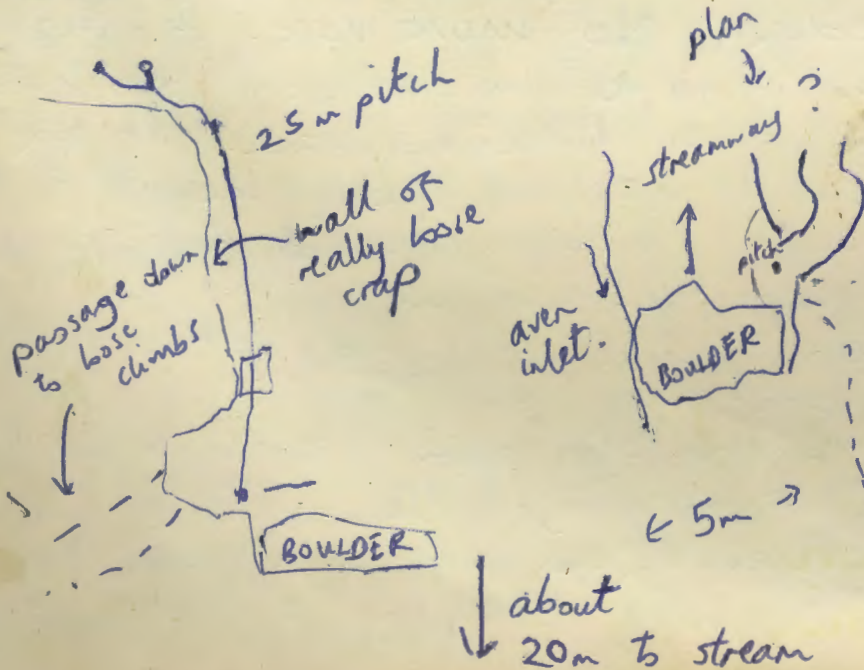
We came out quite slowly as we were
pretty knackered.

As I came to the entrance I thought my God
the moon is amazing. However I had
one more corner to go round. When I got
there the sun was blazing in. It was 9:30

(7) in the morning. We walked up to the ridge to look at the view, then came back to camp

FRI 8th: Pushing trip: Ridge. Cave. / Dave H + Paul

Between us we carried 4 ropes down the cave which was a real pain, without tackle bags. Recovered lots of gear from top of 40m pitel after Fild's folly. Generally quite slowly down, with a large rock landing on me ^{up} whilst prussicking up F.F. which slowed me further. At the limit of Exp. Dave put in a bolt to make the take-off easier. He then went down the large ledge and after a long while I came down. I put a bolt in to facilitate traverse onto huge boulder jammed in rift. Head fell off bolting hammer and down the pitch. So no more bolting tried doing next pitel on naturals, failed so made our way out v. slowly. Got out 5.30 am after 17 hour trip. Total progress: 5m vertically, 5m horizontal: Epic trip.



what Paul forgets to say (or didn't notice was that I fell down the secondary of the last pitch, when my rock unlocked itself. A salutary experience. And on the way climbs back up over the pitch - it's so much that prussicks fail to grip.

Must have left on the 7th

copy ~~Friday~~ ^{2nd} Thursday 7th

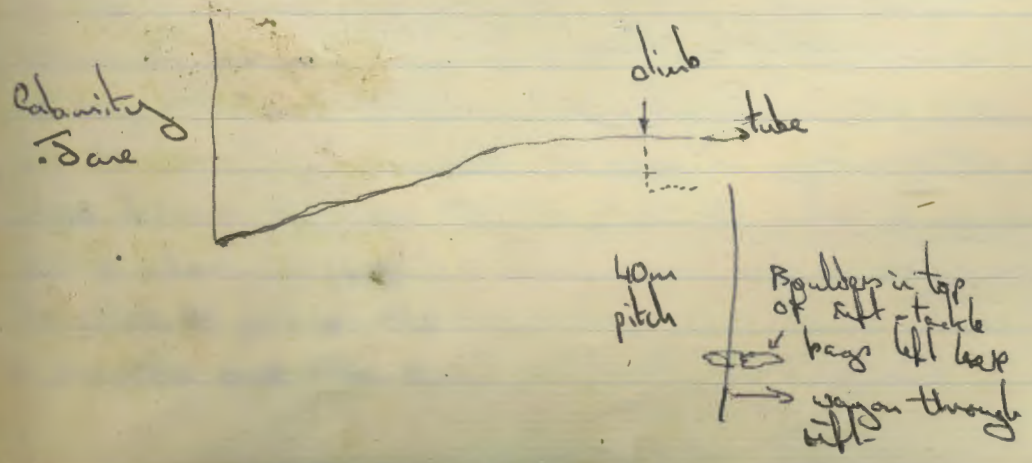
F20 Pushing Trip

Martin M, Phil R

After an early morning start from hags with a carry up by a direct route we set off for the trip at about 3 o'clock. At the cave entrance as we were just ready to get changed phil realised his party had decided to sunbathe at Top.

At 4 o'clock I started down to ring the top climb of a pitful of mailross to obtain a 50m rope. This done we proceeded onwards and apart from getting mildly disorientated in the big rift all went well.

At the bottom we followed the obvious way up from the pitches along a line of ledges keeping as high as possible. This eventually finds the roof turning into a small tube at roof level. If followed it opens into two small inlets which are too tight and cannot be followed down. At the start of the tube there is an easily followed route which brings you down the rift to the pitch head. At the bottom of this is a rift which if you go approx 1/2 way down you will find an appropriate route down stream with a few climbs eventually ending in a short (5m) pitch with the sound of a waterfall hence prob another pitch beyond.



9. One at the top of this short pitch we turned back and headed for home. Well some of us headed for home and I headed up an inlet getting myself quite lost and out of voice contact with Phil. I sat down for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour calling for Phil hoping for a quick rescue but he did not return - thinking I had rushed off ahead. I sat down for a bit longer, remembering Coral Island I wanted my possessions - no food. I could sit it any longer. By a strange stroke of luck I got myself even more lost and missing out a chamber I found myself at the bottom of a pitch I knew. With much rejoicing I started out from that F20 searching for scraps to eat but to no avail until the bottom of the entrance series. I emerged from the cave at 1 o'clock after a 2 1/2 hour trip totally exhausted. It was great. Martin.

9/9/85 'Surveying' Trip. Phil S, Ukey, Durian. Ridge Cave.

Start somewhat delayed by Ukey & Phil S. having to rush off to look for Martin, who was temporarily lost in F2B (see previous report). It was Phil's first trip this expedition, and he hadn't yet got all the 'glitches' out of his equipment, notably his light. This meant it took us four hours to reach Big Crouch, at which point we discovered we'd forgotten a tape measure. Ukey, not over-impressed decided to get out asap. We came out fairly rapidly, feeling not a little foolish, by 2 am.

13 August Tues.

(21:15)

Margot + Phil S. arrive at dusk to meet Gerhard who has been surface surveying around top camp on his own. Everyone else (except Hutch, at Lagoos) is asleep or underground derigging F20. A whispered consultation comes to the conclusion that the party ~~derigged~~ or attempting another 24hr trip and went underground just after the "snowers" got out at 17:30 ish. This proved to be in error (later) but anyway, all cooked out after a cup of tea: intending to do washing up + cook for those underground in day lighter PMS.

14 August Wed

Fred + Phil R. head off to help detackle (after lots & lots of washing up having been done around them) followed by Margot + Gerhard (Phil S. extremely reluctant to leave the light of day). Dave H., Duncan + Phil D. emerge before 17:00 head off. They eat some Fraybertos, & later ^(16:00) some ~~later~~ Batdeles chicken, rice & salad cooked by Phil S. & Ukey.

At ~~some~~ ^{some} time in the morning, confused shouting from F20 indicates that Phil S. is required for "surface hauling". This is contradicted by ~~the~~ G+M (at the bottom of the 1st pitch) so, leaving my empty rucksack at the entrance, I returned to TC: to await The Call. Now (17:16) not heard anything at all for hours + hours + hours. Water shortage (as usual).

... I've got this terrible pain in the diodes all down my left side....

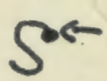
I thought he was using his knee as an excuse!

10-11/8/85 Phil R. & Ukey surveying Ridge Cave.

We surveyed moderately efficiently from the Big Cunch to the then limit of exploration, despite the fact that I hadn't been notetaker before & had to consult Phil frequently to check that what I was putting down made sense. On reaching the pitch that Dave & Paul hadn't rigged we thought we might as well go down for a look-see. The pitch lands in another big bouldery chamber and the way on seems to be down a steep rubblely slope behind the huge boulder that the pitch lands you next to. I've put a wholly inappropriate lightweight rope (which Phil went back up the pitch to get) on the climb down, but really it needs a stouter rope for a handline and then a ladder for the bit I didn't go down. It seems to

① land in a risky sort of passage. I should think it goes somewhere because the climber draughts like buggery. Warning: ANYTHING DROPPED FROM THE HEAD OF THE PITCH GOES STRAIGHT DOWN THIS CLIMB. I found Dave's eponymous hammer head down there.

I was slow on the way out, which made it a 22 hour trip. Very

The limit of survey is marked as an S on the left-hand wall of the pitch head facing over the pitch; the actual station is the top bit of the S i.e.  station. Perhaps it will need to be better marked if we are going to carry on from there next year.

13-14 Aug PHILIP DAVE & DUNCAN - DE RIGGING F20.

FW&PB

The previous party had de-tackled up to blasphemous rift on a mammoth 26 hour (I think) trip leaving us with the simple task of completing the job from there and getting as much gear up the vertical section as possible. We had to leave the hanger of the secondary belay at the far end of blasphemous in place but it will be OK for next year. De-tackled efficiently and soon found ourselves at the bottom of vertical section with 8 bags, of varying degrees of fullness. Dave and I rigged a hauling system up to Pendule ledge, got them all up with no problems. I continued up to the top of pendule pitch and Duncan and I hauled them up, (easier once the pulley system was sorted out!). Next stage - up to the eye hole. No problems, and I sorted them following the last tackle bag, prussiking up with the 140m rope, about 100 metres of it filling a large bag attached to the

To add the beginning of the tale: The three, hearing FW&PB emerging, raced off to the entrance. "Do you want the pulleys?" I shout after them out top voice. "Yes!!" - Dave Horsey. I grab 'em and run down, up two, three - only to find out they've also forgotten the belt grease, and how about some more water - could you do us the favour? I run back down, up, overtake by Fred who contoured round, lob some grease into a morn' flakes - tin (which Dtl later dropped down a crack), fill my waterbottle, try put the contour route to get to the entrance, ski down a Sheffield in my boots & bum-side down a smooth rock face & after some more effort reach F20 again, rest as usual, Miley & Pat R. After the same afternoon I find myself doing the Ig-F20 trip yet another time (completely frustrating) in order to begin a solo survey towards Ridge Cave. Arrgh... genuine mean bullshit... y.u.

140 M of rope which had constituted the pitches I'd just be-rigged.

It had all gone rather too well so to balance things out a bit, the bag of rope decided to fall off its perch up by the eyehole and go rocketing off down the pitch, Unfortunately just as I was wondering what to do with all this loose rope I'd just pulled up and was surrounded by. Said Rope immediately became a frenzy of lashing 11mm death as it was pulled down by the bag accelerating at Ig. Was I in any way attached to any part of it I wondered, if so you wouldn't be reading this write up now, The bag somoned some distance down the pitch. No, - it appears I'm not attached to the rope, although a simple loop round an ankle say would have done the trick nicely. A bit like that joke about the poor fellow who somehow manages to have one of his balls tied to a brick falling out of his bedroom window, he leaps out after it to find to his horror that his other testicle is tied to the bedpost I can't remember the details, but it's the principle that's important. Anyway, it scared me shitless and the moral of this tale.

is (13) Don't Put tackle bags where they're
going to fall off, the consequences of
such a simple mistake could be very
nasty indeed. Anyway, we decided enough
was enough and came out, leaving the
offending bag ~~downed~~ in place.

No food (Fray better tinned pie each) at
camp, Food tent in a mess, went to bed
in abject disgust. However the story has
a happy ending, Phil and Urse heroically
cooked us some good food and the
food tent during the afternoon
faivey paid us a visit
cest la vie P.D.

aha!

"I've only sworn five times on this
expedition" Martin May.

14 Aug. finishing off De-rigging F20. MM x 2, Phil R, Fred & Gordon
went down as previous party came out, & hauled, hauled
hauled. From the bottom of Tonto to the top of the Lone
Ranger. The others then cooked a meal with a shaft of
daylight shining into the pan, I came out & shouted
for sherpas from camp to come over, which they did.
F20 is now empty again, so we all went to bed
happy.

(14)

Thurs 15th

Phil x 3, Martin, Fred, Dave, Duncan, Gerhard & Ukey
all lugged gear & rubbish down to Lagos leaving me
up here alone with a slightly twisted ankle. It was
vile, it was almost raining all day, so I could not sunbathe.
Ukey & Martin reappeared at 9^{pm} for supper. Gerhard
had set off before them & had not yet appeared.

Fri 16th

Fred & Philk appeared 0930 after staying at Aido in a
real bed, with a pillow & a matting. Still no Gerhard.

The Yellow Van Speleos (To the tune of the Raggle Taggle Gypsies).

Three Caven stood at the college gate,
They sang so loud, They sang so flat
And the young ward sat in the library
She put down her pen and said "Bugger that"

She plucked off her floral print dress
a-bought from Laura Ashley - oh!
And she went down to Brasenose bar
And got pined with the Yellow Van Speleos

She locked her pearls for an old webuit
and a pair of Dunlop wellies - oh!
Then she went off to the Yorkshire Dales,
to go cavorting with the Yellow Van Speleos.

Oh bring to me my very E-type Jag
and fill her up with petrol - oh!
For I must leave & seek Genevieve,
Who ^{is with} off with the Yellow Van Speleos.

Oh he drove fast & he drove slow,
He drove past Charnock Richard - Oh
Until he came to Junction 34,
And caught up with the Yellow Van Speleos.

What makes you leave the Hunt Ball set
What makes you leave
What makes you leave

To go off with the Yellow Van Speleos
What care I for
What care I for
What care I for
For I'm off with the Yellow Van Speleos

Last night you slept in your narrow college bed,
and the scout came in so early - oh.
But tonight you will sleep in Bullpot Farm
Along with the Yellow Van Speleos

What care I for my narrow college bed,
with the scout coming in so early - oh
For tonight I will sleep at Bullpot Farm
Along with the Yellow Van Speleos

Caving in the Year 2000 - our predictions.
(Please bring this page to the Rio Grande 8pm Aug 1st year 2000)

Rope Carbon fibre monofilaments - 10 kilos weight per 100m. 5mm thick. → this means that the thing would float on water - nice!

Ascender Petzl motorized ^{Descender} Ascender - worn as present day chest ascender. and powered by:

Power Duracell self charging battery - present size including microprocessor.* which also drives the 25 watt halogen head lamp. + heated frostsuit.

* BIO-CHIP TOTAL POWER SUPERVISORY IC, INTEL 4007134

Clothing Troll, one-piece, heated, totally indestructible, stretch fit, interior toilet, astronaut type food tubes (stored under arms - à la Dunne stillsuits) with integral dunlop wellies.

Surveying Inertial guidance system which surveys the cave as you go & gives you a hard-copy print out at ^{your} will, on the surface by a low frequency radio link. Can also be programmed from a known Core Survey to guide the speleo party into a known cave. & to find the way to Top Camp in any weather whatsoever - I thought about it, too

Cave food

Astronaut type tubed complete meals with pipe going up to a mouthpiece. Tubes stored in suit pockets under arm so that food may be squeezed out using biceps

Cement menus include:

chocolate spread, mandarin orange flavour
Paste, simulated calamones, simulated
moufflake oat porridge.

12-13 Aug Amazing Suvay / Derissis

trip in F20. Phil R, Fred, Ukie, Martin, Paul.

we After long debates after how
should decide the remaining suvayis

Phil + Ukie we made our way down

to Ernest with the usual excitement

of getting totally confused and lost on the

way - to the top of Colony Tower. P+U

Suvayed upstream + the others downstream.

Suvayis inexorably navigated its debris

at soon the case was resolved + quivering in

horror at the quality of our blaspheming. It

was so horrified that it tried to take on

tax of our generators bottoms - however only

Paul's was inevitably sucked into the abysses.

Ernest very keen to be greeted by

bread + Jam by Phil D + co.

News of the day: "Detaching has now begun in Ernest"

14th August Phil Duncan, Dave H. Duncan. Surveying down F20 Left at 4pm for a surveying trip to begin at Ernest's Rift. No problems getting there (well not many.) Surveyed 7 legs before Phil realized we had gone the wrong way. So started again. We did a further 27 legs all very short (1-2m) The rift was a sod to survey. We then exited from the cave as it was absolutely cold.

Fri 16 Aug. After last night's adventure (see Lager Log) and three hours bad sleep my feet didn't want to go uphill again and every step took a decision to drag 'em up. 1/2 hours to Arr where Brasik Julia revived me with lentils, tortilla, bread, an apple & coffee, after which my head dropped onto the table. I slept a solid hour and woke up with bleary eyes that wouldn't focus for another 1/2 hr, and both hands still fast asleep. At last I gathered the remainders of my wits & strength and crawled up here within another two hours, lovely & sunny all the way this time. I reckon I'll sleep well tonight...
G. W.

Sat 17/8/85
TC deserted. All still down ridge I guess (18:25). Had met Margot in any way up. Will take as much as I can staid down with me.

Brought you some pepper, looroll + plastic bags. P.S.
God it's hot. Hope I haven't got sunstroke.
[Later] I can't find my generator (200ml, MR and D-ring). I presume Sarah is using it to charge? Anyway, I've looked everywhere (I left it lying next to my gear, near the carbide zone). Also, when the tents were last moved, there was a newish Inglespart sack under the flysheet of the Vango 2 (Cotta Flysheet) if it didn't blow away, could the sequester please return it? (if it isn't the wind.)
Sorry to find you as all not out yet. Margot cooked you a stew at 12.00 today, hope it's still OK when you emerge.
See you tomorrow (knees permitting) P.S. 19.00

(19) Surface surveying 10, 11, 13, 18, 19 August

...pages & pages of figures, compasses that change their minds by 1° per day - or per full turn round a cairn, one-pebble survey stations, 32m legs with a murky 30m-tape, ...

...only lasting (?) achievement: a palaeomegalithic cairn grazing (?) the skyline next to 216; really well visible from next to everywhere. But:

"If all things must fall, why build a pyramid at all?
If all things must pass, even a pyramid won't last.

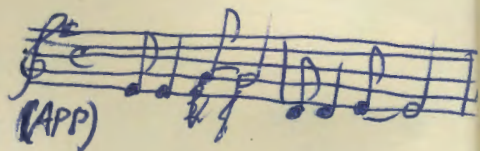
...
How can you be so sure?

How can you know what the earth will endure?

How can you be so sure

that the wonders you made in your life
will be seen by the millions who follow
to visit the site of your dream?

...
What goes up
must come down."



Data obtained to be delivered separately; still the F20-s 1/6 survey awaits completion.

Y.W.

Sun. 18/85 Finished off surveying around 216. On the way back via Ridge Cave I found all you busy beavers had left for me to carry was a lousy bag of $\text{Ca}(\text{OH})_2$. Since I wasn't knackered enough by the sun, I packed the green container into my rucksack and walked over to F38 to get some ^{more} water, using the occasion to try & locate F37 & F38. This was, however, severely hindered by the fact that the discoverer(s) have chosen sites from where you can't see any cairns. I'll do my best & calculate positions relative to the Verdellunga - this is bound to be wrong by at least a dozen metres.

The kitchen dry stone wall is inhabited by a mouse! Y.W.

Mon 19/8/85 nam off for a walk direction P38 / Cairn 2; back in $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour (I hope) G.W. (20)

- Oh dear! On the way back I hear simultaneously: Fred's voice approaching T.C. from a new direction, and a miserable "machi" from the right below me. One step round the corner and I look down a 4m shaft into the sad eyes of a sheep.

The newcomers are alarmed and the emergency unit consisting of Fred, Phil R, Phil D, Phil S & Martin M sets out armed with rope, stings and a Krab.

Fred volunteers to descend the shaft, soothing the poor beast with his deep, friendly trembling voice (farmlad Martin: "We don't know nothing about sheep - if it were a driddeen...") and manages to get the sling round its ~~waist~~ waist. Krab on - the stupid sheep tries to escape down a tight rift but we're stronger and haul it up! It collapses, then limps away on three legs (something wrong with the left hindleg) and starts nibbling some grass. We leave Sheepshit^{ole} with the uplifting feeling of having done our Good Deed of the Day...

- especially since the team from Lagos had made it in an unprecedented record time of $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours via a newly designed route - well timed indeed!

G.W.

Dumped in the treasury for one year:

- 2 BDM - containers of carbide
- 1 yellow tin of andros grease
- 13 tins ^(u) morflakes
- 3 bottles washing-up liquid
- 16 tins John West - meat, mostly Steak & Kidneys, one of which has been sitting around since '84
- + whatever Dave H adds

Staring above the thing, T.C. Cairn appears at $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 296^\circ \text{ bearing } \& \pm 14^\circ \text{ incl} \\ 283^\circ / \pm 16^\circ \text{ from the} \end{array} \right.$ deeper one

(well covered with pebbles - you'll have to dig!)

(21) Mon 19/8/85 With Phil Sargent wielding the tape & me staring through the instruments we completed the remaining one dozen legs from the route cairn below F20 to 1/6. Everything there now - calculations can begin "in Earnest" ...
G.W.

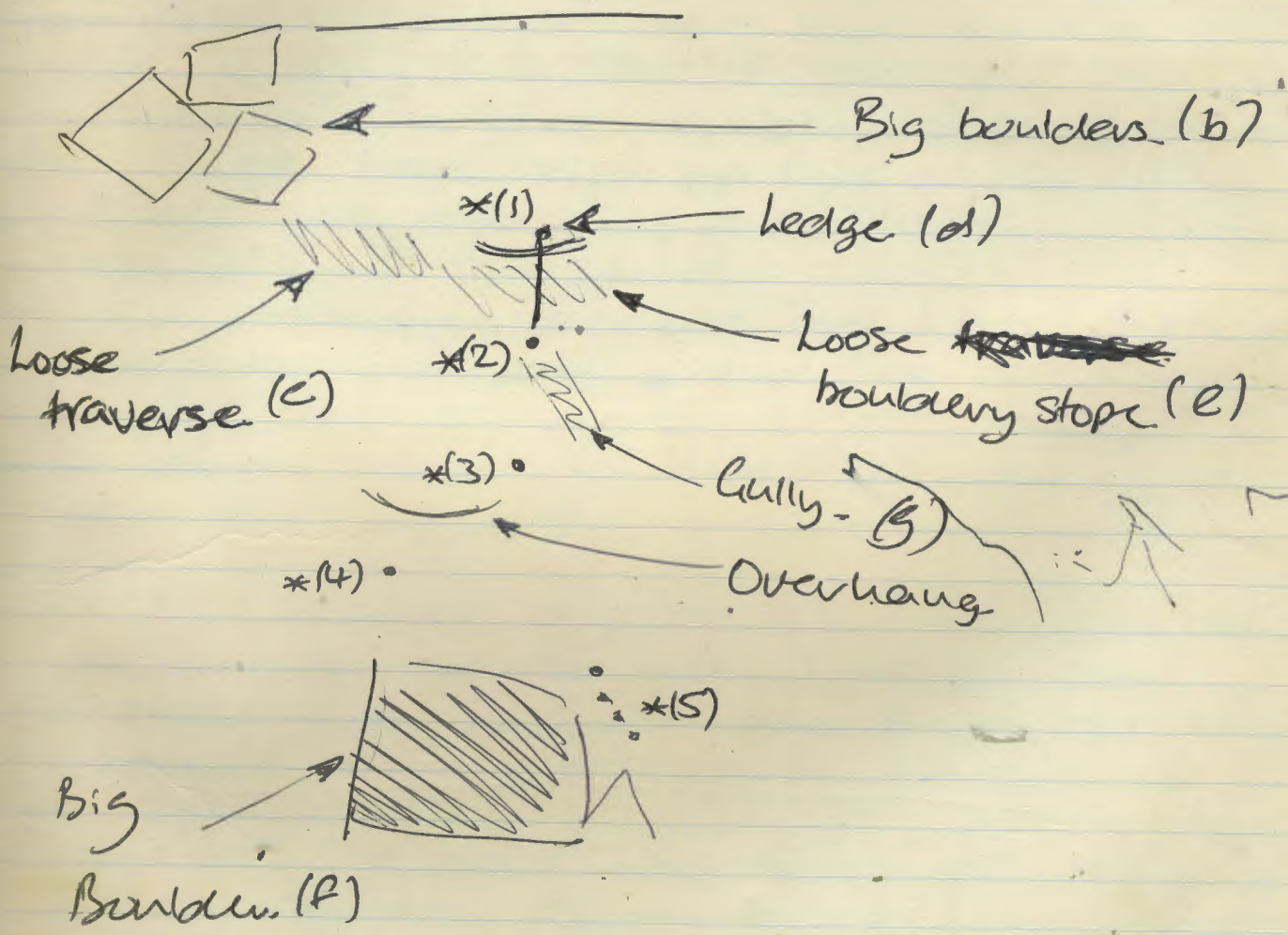
The one ad idly ^{absolutely amazing}
Ridge Cave Detachable. ^{Phil D Phil R} ^{Uline Martin}
we came, we saw, we Duncan.
detached - of with a 30 hr
trip met by 4 others with 22
how trip crowned by Goulet
hearty tally up Dancing in the Dark
with a 5 hr trip.

... Fred trapped a bollock in his Rapide on Fred's Folly
and howls of pain were heard to echo around the
Big Cunch ...

... I refused to pass below the Axolotl and punished myself for my laziness by pedalling up the equivalent of nine Dancing in the Dark having already provoked up the thing twice and having fallen off the traverse into short c.t. & bobbin' once. Then Fred relieved me and heroically got another five loads up. I stayed with Phil D. to design the entrance series and became witness to a sensational event of cave reshaping when he kicked off the big loosely perched flake SHATTER RATTLE CRACK BOOMBANG CRASH RATTLE cloud of dust cough Echo Echo Echo. Should've lobbed the rope down again to see what it looks like at the bottom.
G.W.

How to re-rig Fred's Folly.

The
(a) top.



The bottom

* = Bolt.

Through bolt (2) there is a crack with a long piece of green washing line through it which is tied at the bottom at each end. I hope that it's not twisted.

If you can get a rope through that you can prusick up to it. From there there is a tape hanging from bolt (1) that you can use to help you up the bouldery slope (e) should be lined from below up this bit as well.

Once you are onto the ledge (d) rig the piece down from there.

The traverse across the loose slope (c) ~~at~~ from the ledge and the climb up through the boulders (b) is really easy. ~~Somebody~~ can do this belayed from the ledge (d).

If (horror or horrors!) you can't get a rope up to bolt (2) using the washing line, you will have to go the dumb again.

The way I did it was to climb up behind the big boulder (f), put in a sling up high behind it and pendule out to put a bolt in a (5). There are woods & bolts here. Use them as runners to get across to bolt (4). Pendule from here up the overhang and across to gully g. Put in a runner at (3) and a runner at (2), and then as above.

All the bolts marked have hangers and mailons in them.