

we had an Borborogan & the two following pitches, we were somewhat embarrassed to find ~~the~~ hauling the rope through the real Nucks ~~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 Sapples - 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, mummelling at the distance advanced by the first push. At last, the wall hit. 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 windy decision 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?

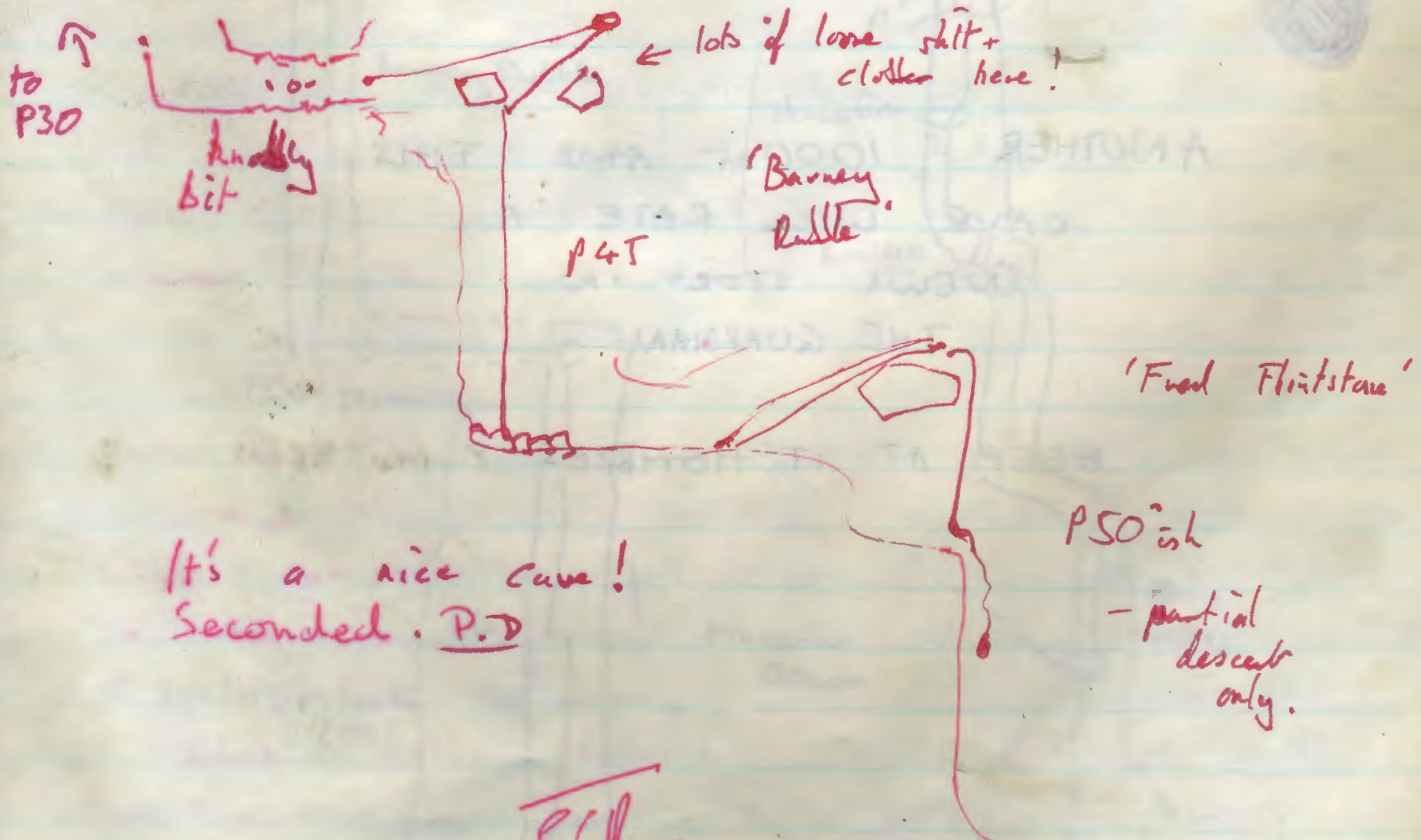
Time was getting on so we sat out, staly at the 10:30. Nucks ~~could~~ ~~be~~ ~~made~~ ~~to~~ ~~expectations~~, as did the ~~AX~~ ~~idiot~~ ~~on~~ ~~Monday~~ ~~afternoon~~ giving a vague warning of ~~sorted~~ ~~open~~ ~~rock~~ ~~the~~ ~~size~~ ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~jeep~~ ~~can~~ ~~off~~ ~~the~~ ~~ground~~ ~~pitch~~, ~~at~~ ~~which~~ ~~let~~ ~~my~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~leg~~ ~~after~~ ~~scrambling~~ ~~at~~ ~~horribly~~ ~~at~~ ~~me~~. The ~~next~~ ~~again~~ ~~happened~~ ~~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~~ ^{it} ~~stroke~~ ^{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-rope 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 scraggy, 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-try F20 with long rope, blue
 recovering lots of 40m lengths.
 Then to start to survey 1/6.

- Don't Forget Mark's Hicks coming out
 today, so if 5/5 to rigged, 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

It's a nice cave!
 P.P. [unclear]

2/2

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

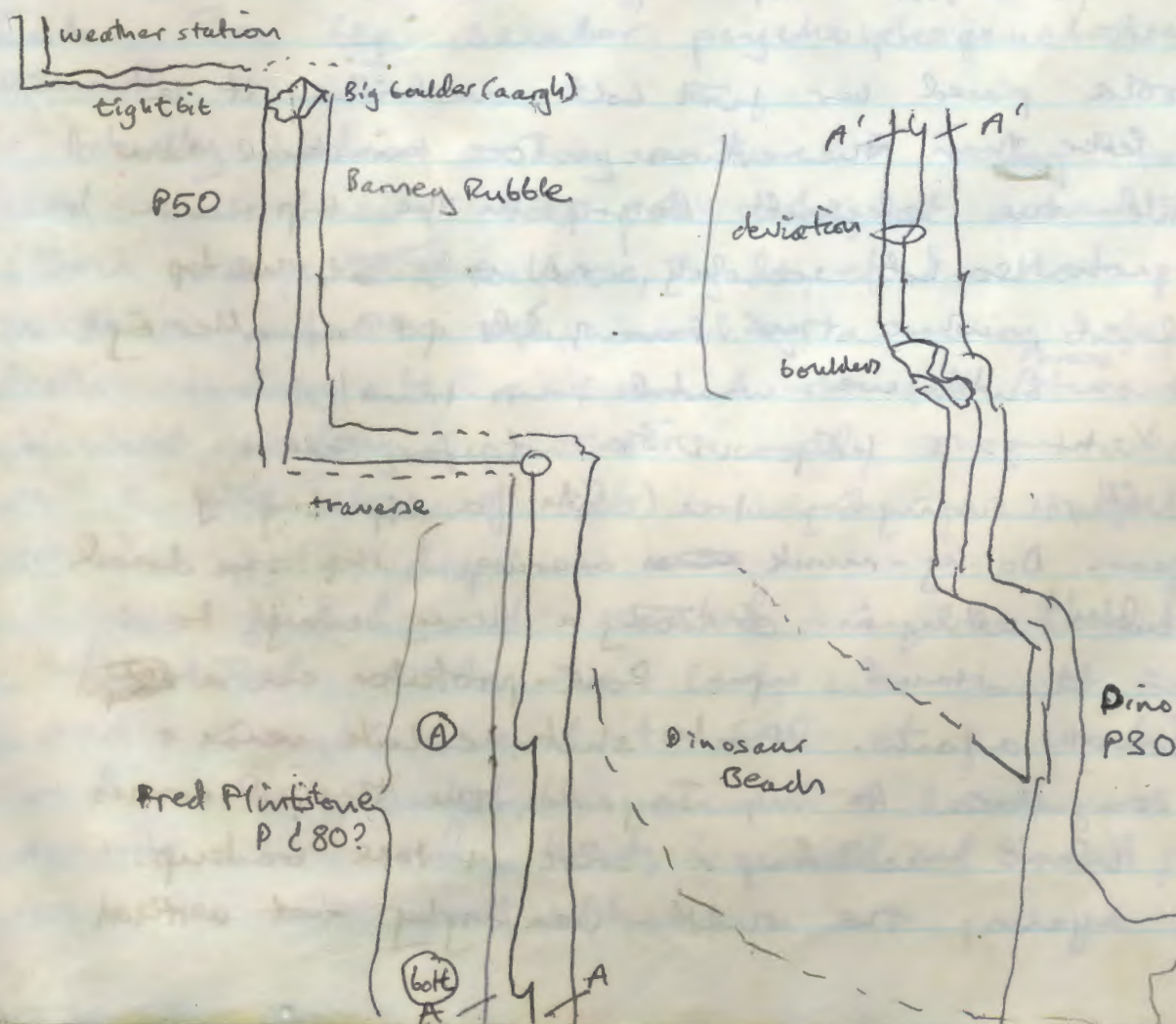
21 JULY 1985

DWER (whose 26th birthday it was), SQR, Noodle. (34)

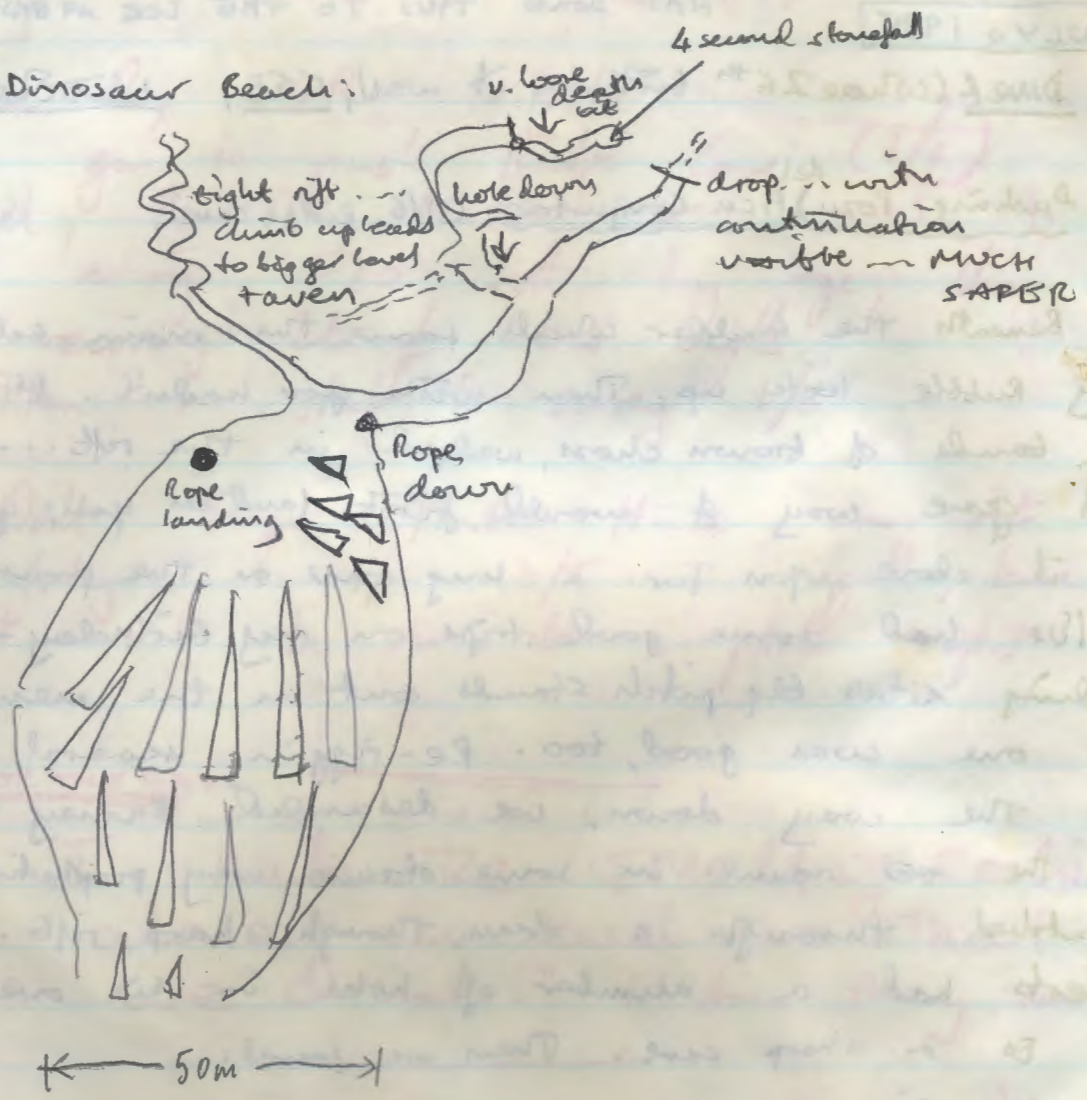
Pushing Pozu^{del} Pica Conjuntao (1/6, Ridge Cave)

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 + can't describe: 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 pain + 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. ~~Roberts~~ 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 parthen suit (~~new~~) 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' - yes 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, 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.

Unfortunatly, 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

knobbly sharp squeeze to go through. In classic Pro's form, this was half way down a ladder pitch.

With complete disregard for cave conservation year, I hammered off most of the knobblies, and out suits were saved. Beyond, a distant stream could be heard - deep and quiet. We rigged down to this - a 45m rope climb, a 15m pitch.

What a great streamway - large, clear, cold, tight, bugged the tackle bags. We made perhaps 200m downstream to a roomier section and left the bags. The way on was blocked by an appalling boulder choke. We spent the next - how long - five hours? trying to pass this.

Stream level - promising, very. crawls as far as the drips & hammer a squeeze. Passage can be seen beyond. Safe.

15 feet up - squeezes through boulders leads to unpromising holes about as far as the drips

much higher (30-40 feet, more) - a largish passage can be followed and into complex series of passages & chambers that take you beyond the drips. Huge boulders are deadly.

Upstream: brilliant streamway with Swildon's 1 cascades leads up to another impenetrable choke.

Geoff

Jeff lead the way out. 'I thought we needed' to go through a squeeze to get into the big chamber. He had found another big chamber! This chamber is above the downstream boulder choke & I reckon that Miss Beats is above the gap upstream with the big chamber. Let me draw a theoretical sketching.

