

(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 rope by the photographers. In spite of this, however, the exit was miraculously quick, & 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 Blasphemous 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.

1. Routefinding 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 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 have 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 hogs (1 ring hogs) couple of rope protectors (15 wedges + 10 anchors)

Tackle now at the end of cave includes bolting kit + lot 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 it's held, 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...

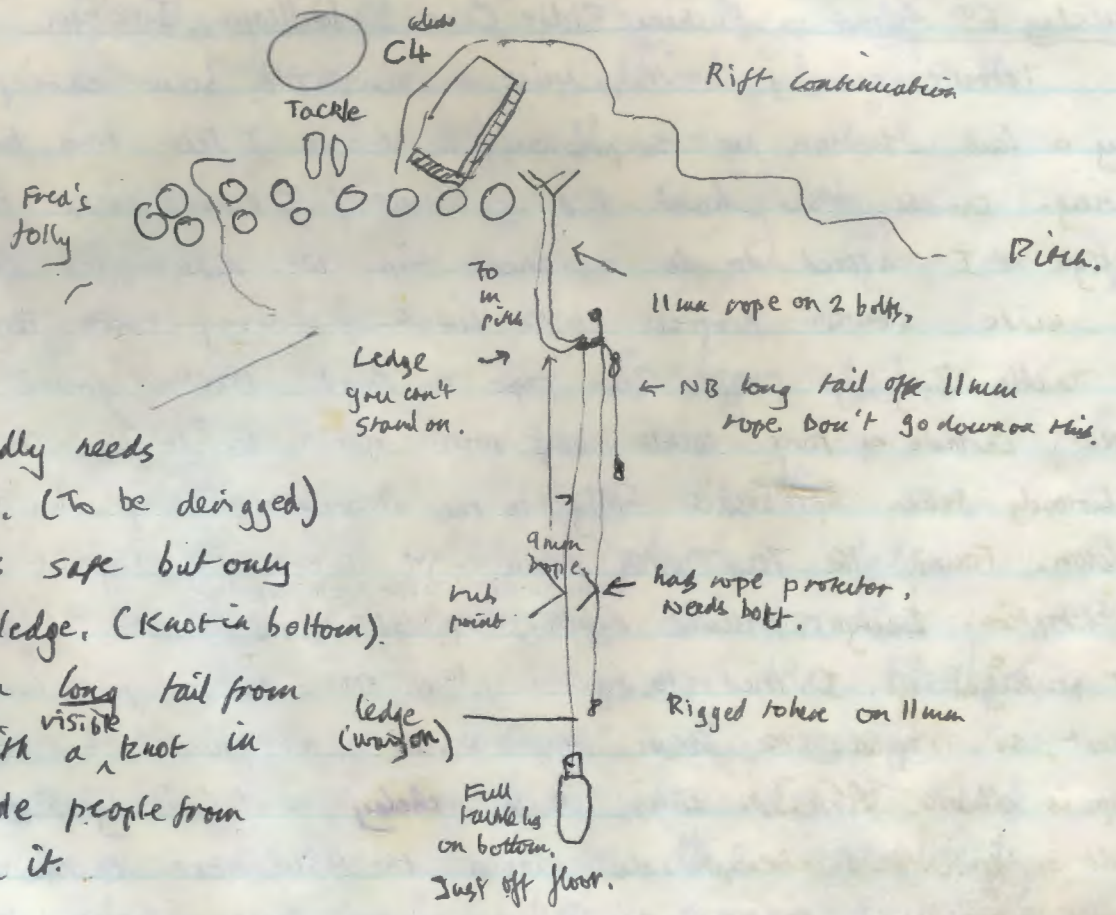
Tuesday 6th August Pushing Ridge Cave Willcain, Iestyn

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 & prussiked 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. Prussiked 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 ~~four~~ ^{about 1m wide} rift, you climb up to the right & end up in a crossing a rift. Upstream to the right, the rift closes, 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) \approx 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 couple of tins of Calamaries & 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 Drog 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 ~~push~~ 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 1st Pitt Phil R. Martin H.

F... Trip... pickin... the... survey... some... pickies.

Sat 10th.

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

Die sic!

- Adara. → Phil A.
- Coulterbro.
- Hoyo la Madre.
- Mabius

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

Duncan (aka Dibil & ...)

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

no I won't - yet...

18

Die

tracing.

19

carry down hill

20

21 Wash Rope Pack Van leave for Sakander.

22 Call de Ferry.

(Book - map - notes - etc)
Ertompa Ertompa