

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)

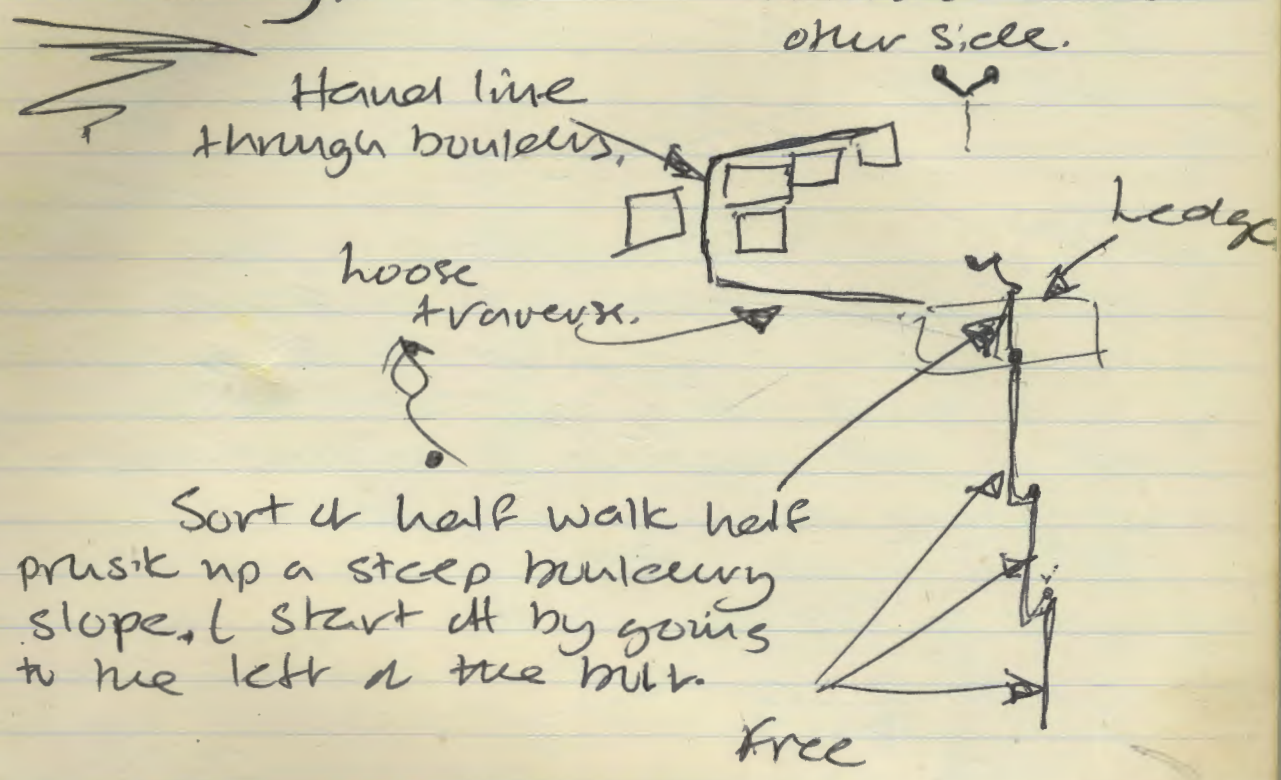
N.B. John W. has caused the average age to rise by ≈ 0.9 years all by himself.

Pushing Ridge Cave

8/8/85

Phil D + Fred.
Fred's folly.

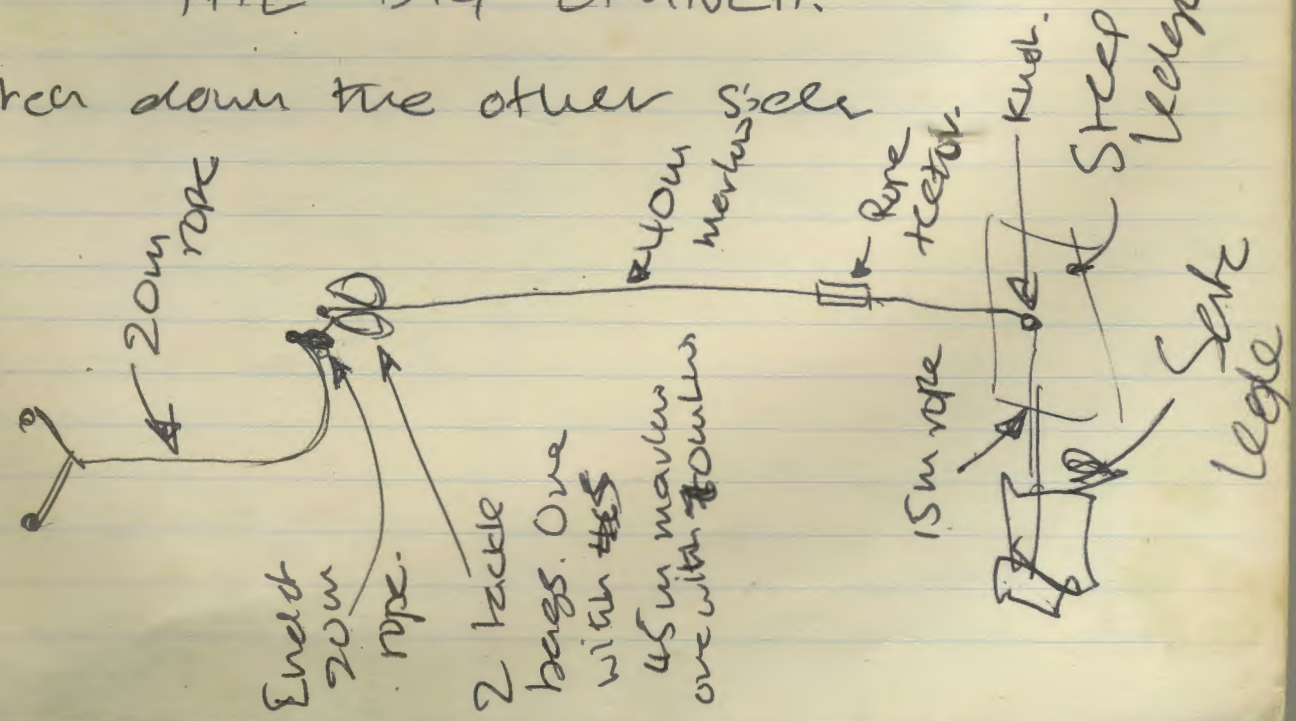
Pitch down the other side.



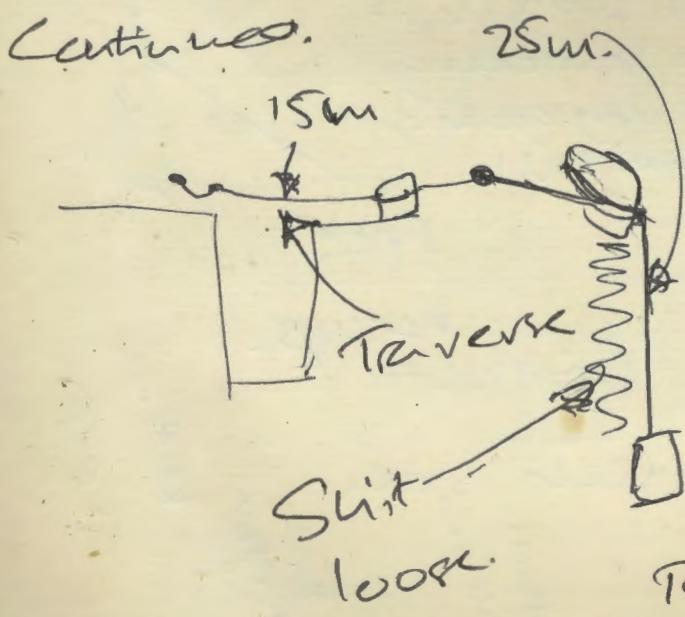
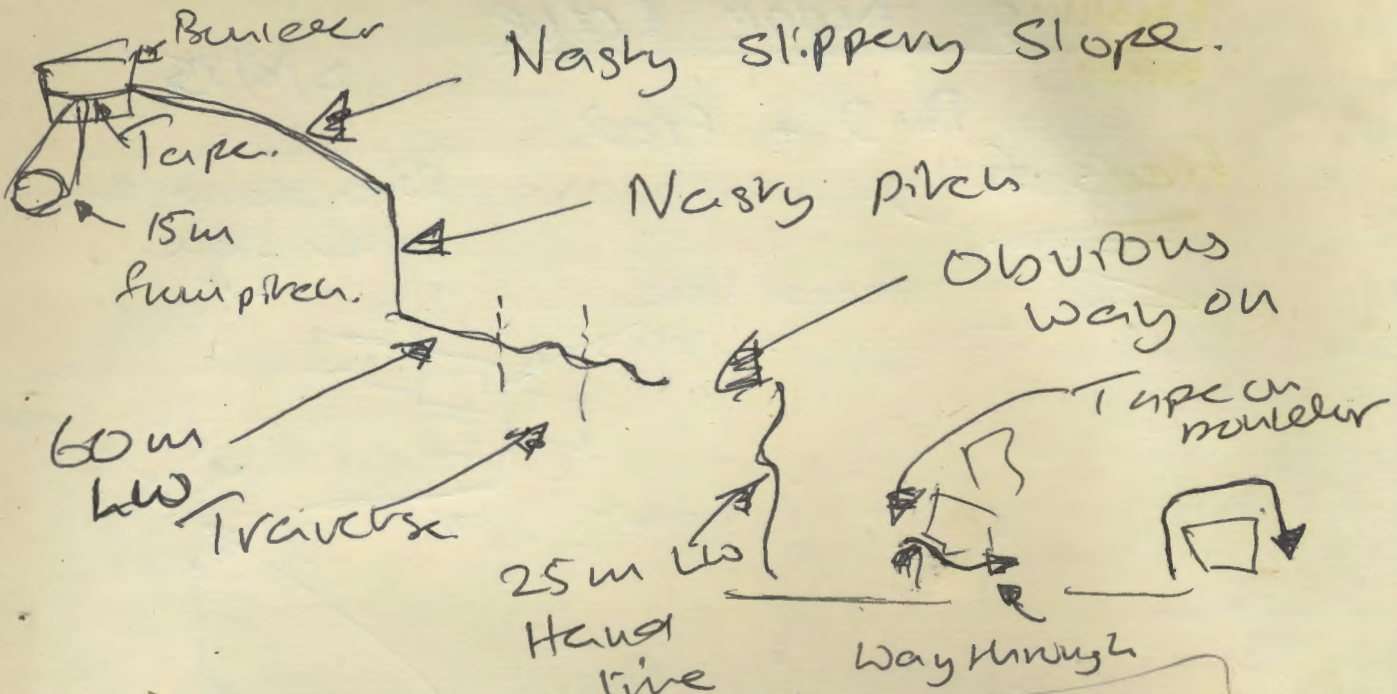
Sort of half walk half prusk up a steep bouldery slope, I start it by going to the left of the bulk.

THE BIG CRUNCH.

Pitch down the other side



3) Boulder choke



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 reckoned that we were now on the top of the boulder choke, with the rest of the pitch 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 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.

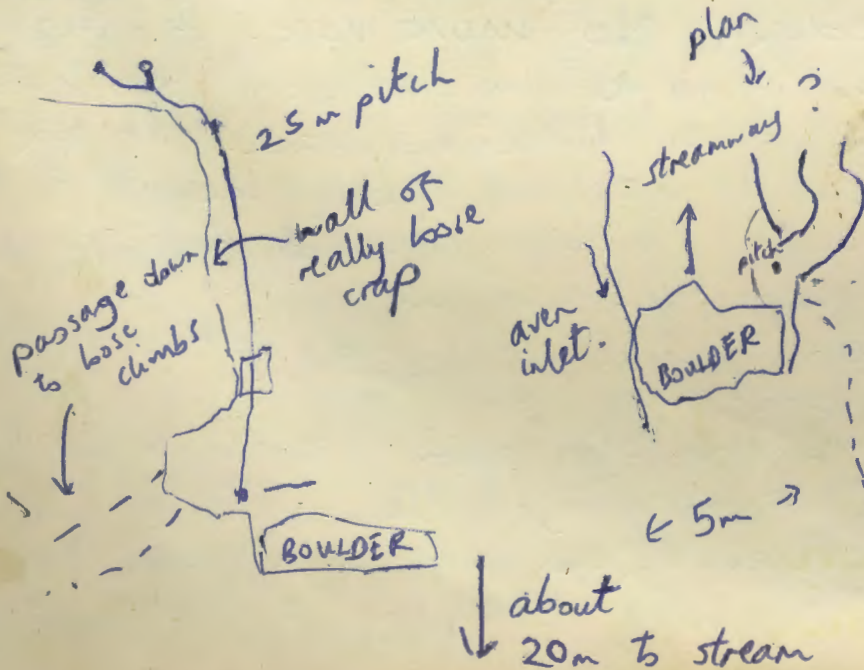
We came out quite slowly as we were
pretty knackered.

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

FRIDAY 24th
THURSDAY 7th

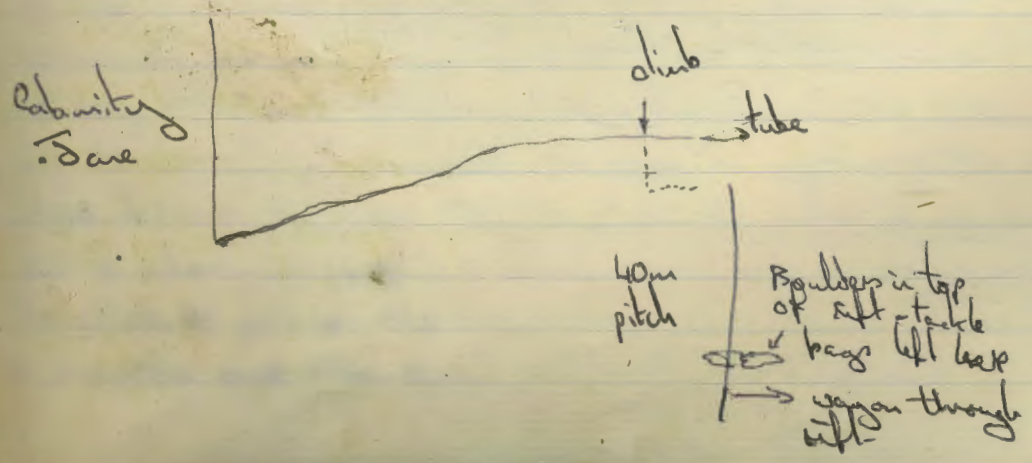
F20 Pushing Trip

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~~ ^{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~~ ^{some} Batchelor's 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