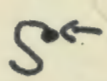


① land in a risky sort of passage. I should think it goes somewhere because the climber draughts like buggery. Warning: ANYTHING DROPPED FROM THE HEAD OF THE PITCH GOES STRAIGHT DOWN THIS CLIMB. I found Dave's eponymous hammer head down there.

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, overation 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 cotes reach F20 again, rest as Usen, Miley & PatR get up no problems Dave & I do 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. (12)

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 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-CIRCUIT 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 Cave 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.

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

12-13 Aug Amazing Suvay / Derissis
trip in F20. Phil R, Fred, Ukie, Martin, Paul.
we should long debates after how
Phil + Ukie we made our way down
to Ernst 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.
Smooth suvay inexorably navigated its debris
at soon the crew was resorting + quivering in
horror at the quality of our blaspheming. It
was so horrified that it tried to take a
tax of our generator bottoms - however only
Paul's was inevitably sucked into the abyss.
Ernst very keen to be greeted by
bread + Jam by Phil D + co.

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 Leg) 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.

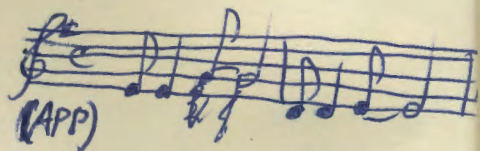
...
How can you be so sure?

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 Verdellunge - 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.

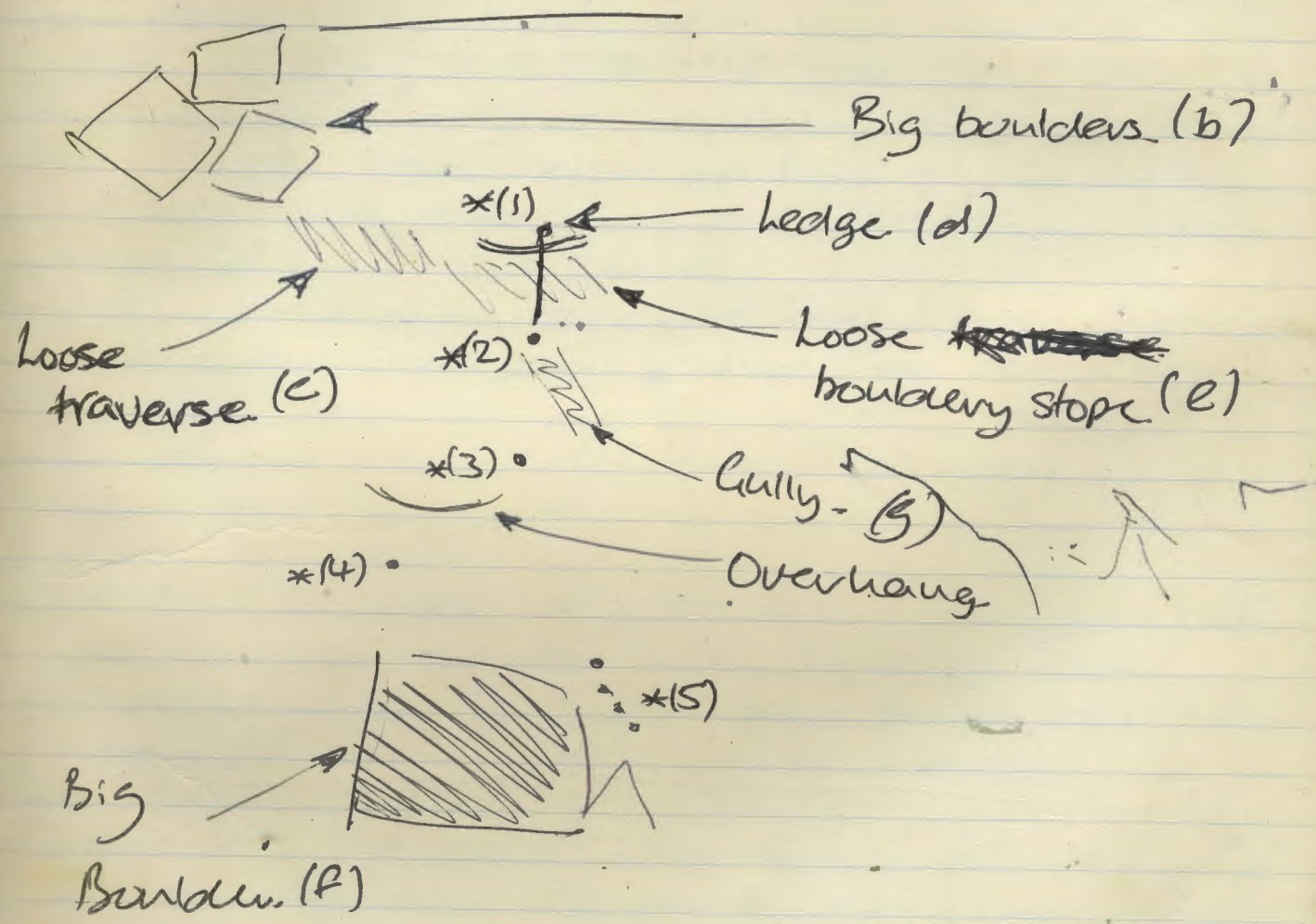
The one ad idly ^{absolutely amazing}
Ridge Cave Detachable. Phil D Phil R ^{Oh the Martin} Fred Gouldts. Duncan.
we came, we saw, we
detached - & with a 30 hr
trip met by & others with 22
how trip crowned by Gouldts
hearty tally up Dancing in the Dark
with a 5 hr trip.

... 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 Darks having already prised 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.