SRT bags.

- too small, the lower hanging loop means that the bag hang. awkwardly when full - prefer my Inglesport bag

The pull cord thingy is only just big enough when clean, when the thing muddies up it becomes impossible to do up the bag.

hardly big enought to fit my toolloops now they are muddy + stiff.

Black Marlow.

About the best rope for prussicking and also when you is very good for abseiling. If the old marlow is anything to go by though as it muddies up abseiling will become more difficult.

Problems - black this produces major problems for perdules as you cannot see where the rope goes, or how much to let out on the perdule.

Initially the sheath of the rope seemed to pull easily, ie small threads / loop of thread were pulled from the sheath.

Blank!

Camping in F20. Richard Fred Dave Moseley.
37 hours

It is 5 whole years since 1981 and the galeria Amador camp in Xitu. Since then OUCC haven't found a cave where camping was at all necessary, until now. Although much less deep (as I write) than Xitu, F20 is a far harder trip. Fred insisted he knew the campsite, so off we went. First problem; I (Richard) basically took a free fall on the pitch before Rawhide, smashing out of control into the floor as my Italian Hitch developed Anglophobia. I was ok, but what a bad angery!

God the rifts are awful, but the passage we began to survey - from the '85 limit, got wider & wider. Reached Fred's campsite after 47 stations to discover that it had no floor at all. Fortunately (for Fred) we discovered a delightful spot nearby & were soon munching breakfast. We slept for 6 hours. I was cold, but had pleasant dreams. In Xitu the camp had the tinkling / gurgling sound of a stream which made you dream of people whispering, or orchestras playing funereal music, or girlfriends calling to you from a long way off. Everyone had bad dreams there but no-one liked to talk about them. Dave Rose claimed he sustained an erection at that camp, but no-one saw the evidence. In F20, with its colder air, I should be very surprised: no storkies in F20.

Pushed the cave to a big chamber & squeeze pitch then made our way out. Dave developed the shits + had a nasty habit of puking down the pitches towards Fred: SRT = Successive Regurgitation Technique.

I'm off to Brighty soon.
Good luck with F20 (the cave, or the rumrods, or both — remember, you're big short men.

Richard

(104)

Phil "I've always been a good bottomer" Rose
Dave "I got plenty of brains" Horsley

7/8/86
Richard leaving downhill, Roy & Fred going to Base
Phil, Phil & Martin M > Camping in F20
Marcus & G running about with 'heavy red and white poles'
and taking sightings whilst D.H.C is having a pee
Duncan being sick
Jonny T keeping camp tidy

8/7/86 : - morning
Dave H & ~~Jonny T~~ tidying Camp & putting the rope under cover. Duncan washing up Richard & Marcus surveying

- afternoon.

2/6 packing / photo trip wave 1 ~~Jonny T~~. Richard, Duncan left 12.30 pm

Wave 2 Dave H left 3-00pm
If anyone from base wants to come and give a hand hauling bags out of 2/6 this evening any help will be most gratefully accepted.

Things needed from base.
Chocolate
tinned fruit
tins of meat
veg.

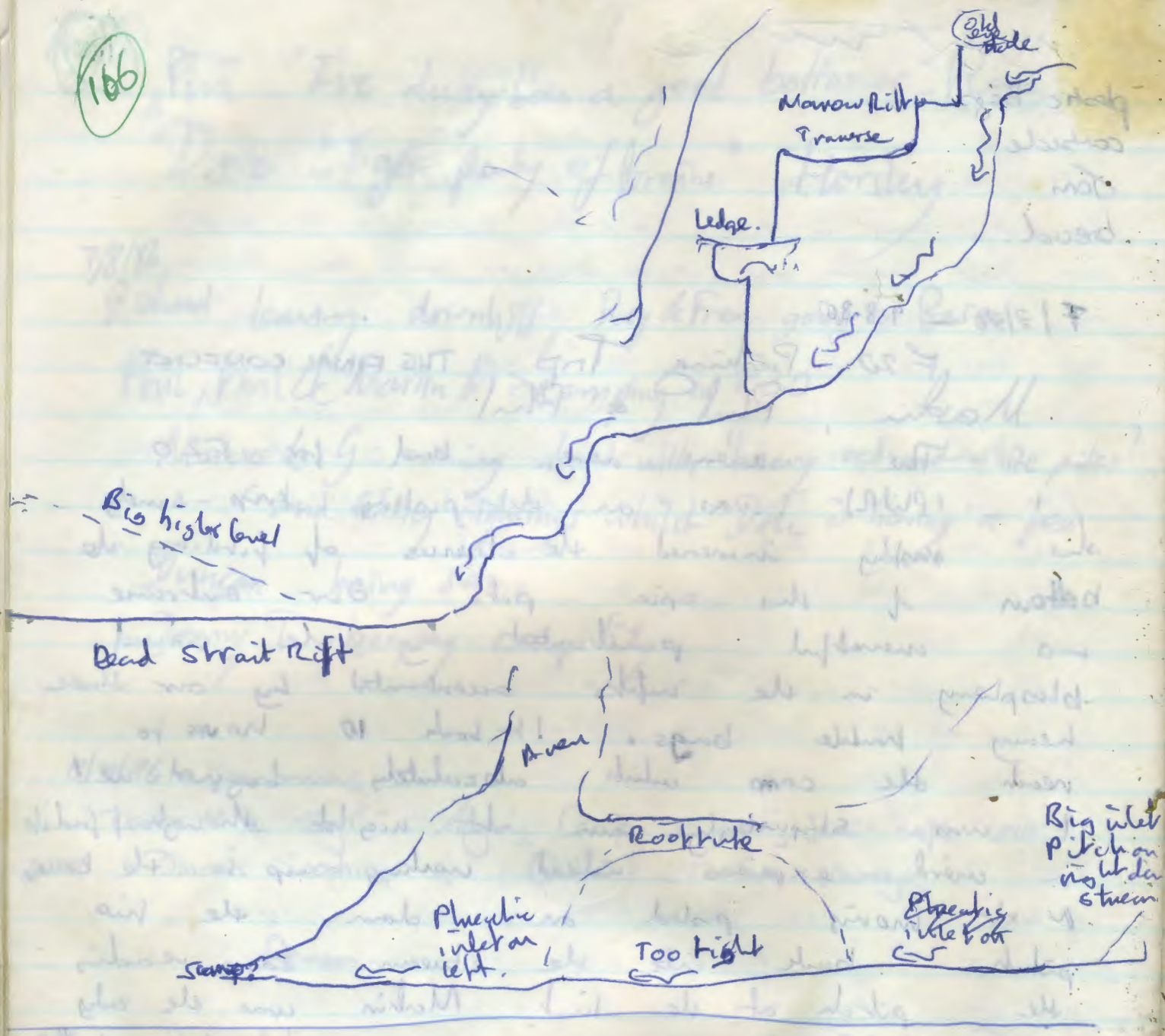
plastic bags.
carbide
Jam
bread.

7/8/86 — 9-8-86

F20 Pushing Trip THE FINAL CONFLICT

Martin, Phil & Phil

The omens were bad for F20 1 (Phil R) was on the pushing trip - surely this vastly increased the chances of finding the bottom of this epic pot. Our entrance was uneventful punctuated by the usual blasphemy in the inlets accentuated by our three heavy double bags. It took 10 hours to reach the camp which absolutely buggered me! I was surprisingly warm at night though I had a weird experience indeed waking up in the tents. Next morning piled on down the fine pitch back into the stream soon reaching the pitch at the limit. Martin was the only one who's faculties were 100% so he set off down the pitch. The whole one and Phil deployed the surveying. At the bottom an interesting straight left headed of past some fine inlets to THE SUMP! Well we could see a canal going round a corner with a 1 foot of air space but it would be a total immersion job to death cert - no joke at the end of F20.



12th August: Detackling Team 2 down at ~12. I cannot locate my FUNY so I have borrowed one out of Richard's tent (Duncan?) I hope this is OK

PB

if anyone has seen or moved by helmet + generator could they put it somewhere I can find it. The helmet is red with JV written inside it, and the generator, has 2 red paint marks on it.

Jon. J.

(who says I can't write with my left hand!) I'm off to base now with some rubbish as I didn't feel up to detecting today. Fred, Andy, Duncan and Dave already set off for T20, Phil D. + Dave set off for base.

PAUL HAS JOHNNY'S HELMET

15/8/86

Fred, Dave H, Duncan, Andy, Gerhard & Boris detackling P20 from the Eyehole upwards. Boris turned out to be a rather passive member but eventually we knocked some sense into him. 8 hrs. Many hombres duros helped with the carry back.

All our biggies are now marked as bottomed (in red), and all the route cairns have been smashed (some are still recognizable if you look carefully just as well as I walked up to P20 in the dark after the cairn-smashing.) No more tackle and no obvious rubbish left at any of the entrances. Thank you all.

G.

16/8/86 5 am — Woken up for the umpteenth time by the wind, I proceed to scan the sparkling starry sky — with unaided eyes at first, then, enthralled, with my binoculars. Interesting objects encountered included:

- three galaxies: our own one, the Andromeda Nebula (M31) and the Triangle Nebula (M33) — the latter is so weak that only in this clear mountain air it becomes visible with a binocular (I've never seen it before);
- several star clusters;
- Jupiter, with two moons;
- the double star ε Lyrae (each of the components is again a double star, but only through a big telescope);
- many many shooting stars.

MW (who turned on a light in his tent at half five) was also called out to admire the sky, and didn't regret it.

G

(~~140~~) (104)

▽ dry, I hope taken the gear you showed me, also I medical kit + rubbish.
have
~~to~~ man with 1 hand.

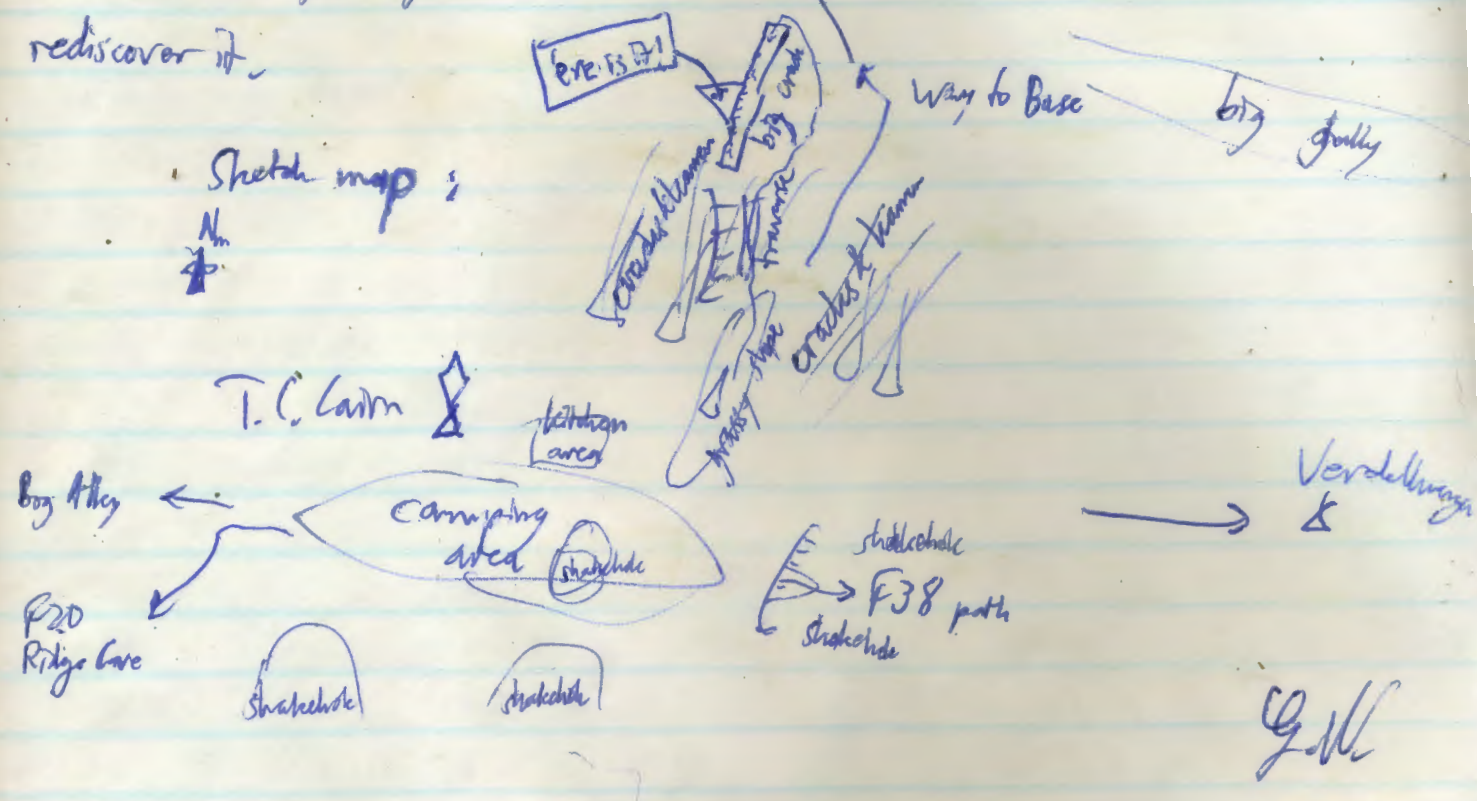
17/8/86. Dave H & Duncan G.
Survey & pushing down F40

We surveyed & pushed this to a choke. It does not go. See the survey at the back.
Oh! some people don't hell over estimated pitch lengths.

18/8/86 Dave M, Duncan G. & Gerhard N. establish food ~~&~~ depot in biggest of cracks E/NE of T.C.: walk down the grassy bit as you would do walking to Base, traverse to the left at the bottom end and clamber down the big deep crack with the sharp flakes. The dump is in an alcove on the far (western) side and is not visible until you actually stand in front of it. Helmets & gloves are advisable.

The dump contains: ~41 tins Mornflakes, the orange & blue water containers, 2 washing-up bowls (one of which broken, may still be used to drain washed-up cutlery), 6-odd pairs of wellies (amongst which one pair of mine — if I don't make it for

the beginning of the '87 Expedition, you're welcome to use them, dozens of unmatched gloves, the awning & its poles, three or four BOXes full of carbide ... Dave H should be able to rediscover it.



GM