

Sat 18th July. Muriel, Neil, Mel & Margot
Hammering trip in 2/7.

We hammered & hammered & hammered & drilled & drilled at the eyehole above the dig which we dug & dug & dug the other day. The dig had filled ^{being} with mud after the rain & we abandoned this ^{being} less hopeful than the eyehole. It is now possible to get into the rift (which gives a 7 sec drop), but the hole should be made just that little bit wider (to be comfy). We left all the digging gear here, but the crowbar may or may not be useful. There's a very strong wind coming up through the hole which is intermittently strong & weak - it must open up into the side of the gorge!! At least that bit won't be tight!!

1/4 'Pushing' trip. 19/7/87 Neil, J.C. & Mel

After hearing the wonderful description of 1/4 given by Dan, Martin & Phil from the previous day, we were full of enthusiasm to push 1/4 all the way down to Culimbro!! However, we did wait until 2.00pm to set out, so that it would be light when we finally left the cave & ∴ not get lost on the way back to camp.

The trip into 1/4 was fairly efficient. The only hold-up was an hour spent trying to find the way through the 2nd rift. We eventually found the way through, but ~~but~~ by this time I was knackered & after 1/2 hr trying to get through the crux I gave up!! We ate a bit of cave-food (peanuts, Yorkie bars, jump bars, peaches, & primula). We came out of the cave fairly steadily, leaving behind some food, 30m rope & rigging gear at the top of petunia shaft & more ropes & two ladders before the rift. When we got out it was still light!! Obviously only about 9.00pm

Conrad (62) Great! hooks like we'll be back before bedtime!!

Pity it was so misty though. Visibility was approx 15ft. We followed the ridge up to the top of the depression where we found the path. Unfortunately, we then lost the path & found ourselves on the top of another ridge. Was this the ridge around the Airo bowl? Better to be safe than sorry - so we followed the compass due west, down a nice grassy slope. At the bottom of the slope there were some limestone rocks - was this the toilet? We carried on west, but nothing looked familiar. We continued west, surely we must hit something soon!! Well, lets go North instead - that should bring us out onto a path! So we followed the compass North - down nice (steepish) grassy slopes which looked like sheer drops the following morning when we could see them!! Then we heard water running. Didn't Dan say that you can hear the Airo water running at night? It turned out to be a stream, but on the way to it we found a nice little cave which had been built up by shepherds (presumably for sheep!). Ideal for bivvying inside. We got the carbides going & settled down on the nice rocky floor. Neil & I shared the bivvy bag, while J.C. settled into his rucksack. I had stones in my back, my legs & my antles. My feet were wet to sleep (as did Neil's) & we were all freezing!

However, it was a really good night's ⁶³ sleep & I think everyone should try it!!! (a bit of exaggeration!!)

Fortunately, when we woke up, the mist had cleared & it was sunny. Racing up to the top of the cliff we'd climbed down the previous night, we could see the Central Massif & work out where Aro was. Unfortunately, it clagged in again almost immediately & we eventually found ourselves at the bottom of SOD 4 - retired! It only took 12 hrs to get from 1/4 to camp.

Recipe of the Week - Miss M's Bootsocks.

How to turn a pair of ^{soft woolly} socks into a handy pair of walking boots in 3 easy stages:-

- ① Spill half a can of bootsock over the socks.
- ② Ensure they are soaking wet and go carrying in 1/4 in them for 12 hours or so. Do not let them dry out at any stage.

- ③ Bake in direct sunlight for 2 days.

Your soft woolly socks will now be a solid and quite suitable for ~~mountain~~ walking over all terrain. They will, of course, not fit the original owner.

Dan. (who has tried & tested this recipe.)

64 Book of Jidda. Chapter 9.

The two lonely figures stood in the desolate white wasteland. All around the huge snow peaks of the Piccosian Alps soared up into the misty sky. These two men had embarked on the most dangerous task imaginable, they were to ascend the highest and so far unconquered of the range Ben McJullayan, in search of the greatest wizard on the planet Cliveon Westclarked. They purposed to ask him many questions concerning many of life's mysteries, in particular the nature of the vast abyss of McGill Crapper far away in the lowlands. Every night the vast hordes of the North Pentub emerged ^{from the hole} to ravage the surrounding countryside. Thousands of lowlanders had died or been captured and there was a real ~~for~~ fear that the lowlanders would be wiped in a few short months.

The two men plodded slowly up the glacier towards the towering bulk of Ben McJullayan. In the lead ~~of~~ was the charismatic Sahib Hicks. His chiselled features stood out in this bleak landscape. The bastard son of the Noble Lord Roterbon Evest he had a lot to prove and this was the surest way of lifting this great blight on his life and prospects. Trailing slowly behind was the ^{most famous} ~~greatest~~ guide in the Piccosian Alps. Sherpa Tenzing Norgay Brennar. This old man of the Alps was a sprightly

forty years old but he still managed to keep up with the much younger Sahib. The well known guide commanded the highest prices known in the Alps. A bowl of rice a day and a furry jacket of Uttamtion design on completion of the quest. Sahib Hicks could afford the bowls of rice but the jacket was way above the poor young man's means. He would hope to acquire one quickly when the Noble Lord rewarded him for removing the menace of the North Pole Cub from the lowlands. If the reward ^{was} slow in coming then he would be summoned before the Sherpa's Guild and then executed for non-payment of a Guild member's wages. It was a dangerous gamble that the young Sahib was taking but it was one he was prepared to take for the possible rewards were enormous ^{wherever} ~~best~~ failure would bring only a miserable death.

The Sahib's mind was on fire, the cold bitter winds tore through the many layers of clothing and chilled the consciousness of his sharp mind. It was the twelfth day of the trek. More than half their rations had gone but there was no point in turning back. They made camp on the lowest slopes of Ben MaTultau. It was the forbidden mountain. Access to the mountain is denied in one of the ancient laws of ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{kingdom.} ~~the~~, otherwise known as the laws of physics. These great laws were made by the first

66 sherpa prophet Scotty McScrotum who utter the immortal words "Ye canna change the laws of physics, boys" at the first meeting of the sherpa council, three hundred years ago. Sherpa Tenzing had lapsed from the faith many years previously as the missionaries did not readily ascend into the highlands, and so the trek up the mountains held no special terrors for him.

The following morning dawned crisp clear and cold. Their target was the gaping mouth of the huge cave of Uxed-pest in which the great wizard lived. For six hours they crawled up the terrifyingly steep snow slopes liable to avalanche at the slightest provocation, till they stood in awe at the entrance to the large cave. Their sweat crackled and fell to the floor, frozen in a split second. A cool wind beckoned ^{them} on into the mountain and into the realm of Cliveon Westlarkud. The brightly lit halls were a scene of devastation. Fittings torn from the walls and burnt out areas greeted the eye as they traversed from room to room. After 20 or so rooms they finally entered the largest chamber so far. It was eerily silent. Behind a desk in one corner a man appeared to be sleeping slumped forward onto the desk. Sahib Hicks motioned the sherpa to stay at the entrance to the chamber. The Sahib moved slowly towards the sleeping figure. As he approached

he became aware of a cruel smell in the air. It was the stench of decomposition and he knew the wizard was dead. He lifted the head of the ~~dead~~ mage to see the face of a tortured man. Across the forehead was branded "C.O. WOZ" 'ERE".

Oh damn said the sahib. The sherpa rushed forward to aid his master but all he could do was to stare at the mutilated face of Cliveon. "That bastard Kis Daniwicz beat me to it" ~~Lowson~~ cried Sahib Hicks. The leader of the North Pen cub had beaten him to the only possible salvation for the lowlanders. "Oh shit oh shit, oh shit, oh shit" A mad rage affected the sahib's mind, life was not worth living anymore, he could not pay the sherpa and death would result if he returned to the highlands. He dashed through the chambers and ~~threw~~ threw himself from the cave to his death. The sherpa walked slowly back to the cave entrance and there he saw the bloodied body of sahib Hicks ^{505 below}. His mind was filled with many ~~thoughts~~ ^{images} but the overwhelming thought was "what a stupid prat".

Tuesday 21st July.

Martin M, Martin L, Mel R.

This was the trip to end all the exaggeration of pitch lengths down 1/4. A team (the above) of some officials set out to survey the cave to the ^{nth} decimal place.

Okay let's get to the point, MEL DROPPED THE TAPE DOWN THE RIFT !! but we got it back. Let me state in my defence that it was attached to me. This was actually a very fortunate incident since we discovered that you can quite easily crawl between along the bottom of the first rift. Probably much easier than thrashing through the rift & then going down the pitch. You can also discover a number of other hazardous routes through the rift at the same time whilst Mel is shouting encouragement like "I can't help you because my bum is too big to fit through that squeeze etc etc. Meanwhile in a comfortable spot somewhere in the middle of the rift there were not many notes taken, so the veracity of the above must be judged in the light of the characters of the aforesaid characters.

Some time later.... Martin beat me to the top of one of the pitches & I started pushing before he ever appeared!!! Very unspooking.

21st July

Camp Grounds, clearing up & washing up by Dave & I washing by Dave & I & Steve as always & one, need lots of baskets and tinned in the sun yes

the sun

Not (the) sun. Oh No! We will fry.

Wednesday 22nd July

Out of 2/7 to find 1/4 bottled & about to be deneged. Oh dear - I am sorry, well fairly sorry.

never so sorry here again.

Finished off a rubber tree, much to my surprise & then discover that the "mushrooms" are simply burnt pepper.

Tuesday 21st July. 2/7 Pushing Trip. Lynn, Jonathan, Dan.

After a slightly later than expected start (11:30pm) we zoomed down to the hammer with only a slight pause while Jonathan rigged for ~~some~~ suicide rigged rack 3m below the top of the pitchhead.

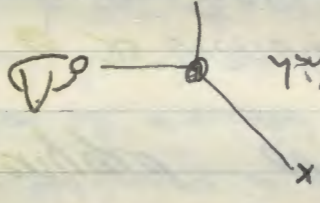
Dashed about a bit at the eyehole and then I (Dan) tried to get thro' & became psychologically fat halfway thro'. Jonathan was feeling thinner & squeezed thro' with no problems.

We rigged a 50m pitch off a lump of rock & then I rigged altho' probably off equally unstable rgs.

This pitch is so wonderful we called it "Seventh Heaven." At the bottom is a chamber with a boulder stream sloping floor. A further down is an almost unnoticeable squeeze to a rift: "Paradise Rift." The best way thro' this (Jonathan will almost certainly disagree with me) is to lead up to the ceiling & then descend vertically about a metre from a fixed rope. Unfortunately we didn't notice this way down at first and I spent ages rattling in one of those

Outward folks. I am myself in the pit, pushing a light in 3 inches facing space between the extreme what is more between 12 facing up the path, but on narrow etc in the light of finding that you can't actually get down the path, ~~discovered~~ in a separate fashion, eventually ~~discovered~~ from freedom. The way on had been rediscovered.

Having done every thing consuming thing including ceiling & uncutting a rope, finding a perfect sized rope for a secondary for Duns' path hole and moving a slotted full track bag through the pit at various levels, I was a wire passed off when the path kind out to be in light. The was nothing for it but to square straight down the pit until I was sitting on a dipping ledge with a 15-20 m path below. This was I thought a perfect place for a hang off a large natural end an easily put in ball, however since the angle between them forward out to be about 180° rather than less than 90° so had to be redone as two figures in sun which of eighth with the path dropped to a sun which of chamber with



As I wanted to know + Duns' a change quickly broke the general which would be a advantage along the path towards us so I covered it the end of the rope expecting a getting on under some bushes to down us. This kind out to be a sung - like light dot down which the stream bank - which our found out low light + water. The way through is to do up about 20 m to