

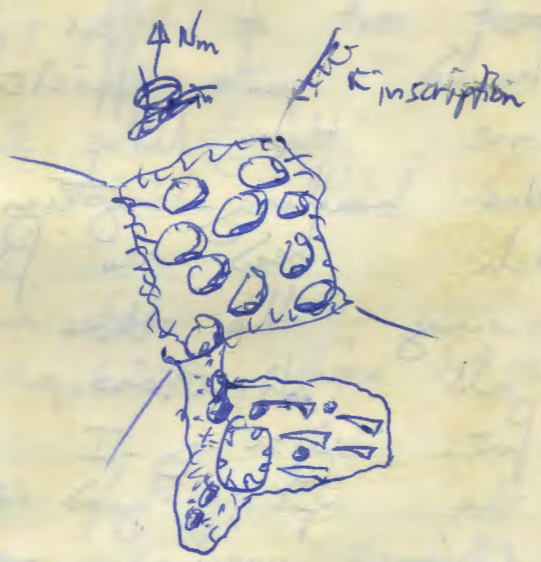
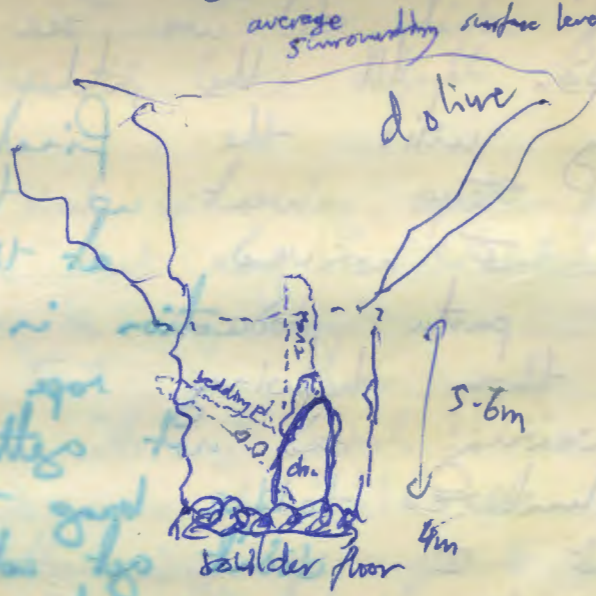
Addendum to the pre-previous page, 14/8/87.

Investigated 27/7 today on the walk back from 2/7. The northern (which?) wall of the rectangular shaft can be free-climbed. (It's grade 1 facing the wall but grade 3 facing the shaft and you probably want to wear gloves since the rock is very sharp - I spilt blood.)

Walking into the obvious hole at the southern end, a cool little chamber with a floor of rust-coloured (?) sand is reached. Straight ahead, the roof meets the floor, above a narrow aven could be climbed for 2m. To the left, a bedding plane slopes upward, rapidly closing down to 10cm height. Too bad, a no-go.

Elevation looking south, Grade 2.

plan, grade 0.



Since I didn't have any paint on me I couldn't cross it out.

G. Hubbard

(27)

The BIG D

Martin, Steve, Paul C. (BLUE TEAM)

Bill, Mike, Harry (RED TEAM)

Version No 1 by Martin

Having sweated up to the cave we were glad to be in the shade and get out of the Sun. Enthusiasm was boiling over at the thought of the oncoming jolly.

Just past 1 Blue was off with the reds to start the chase $\frac{1}{2}$ hour later. By the top of the big pitches Harry caught us up but not for a long while did we see the rest of the Red's. All the pitches were hauled quite efficiently until the final big one. Harry, Mike & Steve went up to rig the hauling system. I arrived at the pitch head to find pasta production in full swing, the three of them heaving rope in all directions, swearing and not getting very far. Wisely I volunteered to take bags through the rift, good that I didn't get cold anyway. Endless weaving seemed to pass up and down the hauling system over the head of the pitch and on down to William who was the unfortunate to be tying the bags on (or not) at the bottom of the pitch.

It seemed endless but trundles down in the rifts, tackle bags took on characters but if you hit them hard enough they were swarmed (even the Big "B").

Eventually we resurfaced at about 8.30, feeling totally naked & battered but it was a good trip. Steve suggested we walk to the top of Jubbay so foolishly Paula & I agreed. A great morning view with some birdie things soaring above. Just the way to finish a hard trip, maybe next time we'll pop down into the gorge for a drink at the bar before breakfast.

As a final note: ~~be~~ beware of looking into carbide drums with your carbide still running. If you forget it results in light entertainment for the rest of the party and a strong smell of burning hair.

- How to (not) detach a big pitch.

- 1) Hook up a long rope - proceed with it.
- 2) "Hook away!" "What!?!!" "Take in!!! Whaat??"
a big say.
- 3) Fail to throw rope back down
"Does it reach???" "Whaat??" "Rope BELOW!!!"
"No!!!!" etc.
- 4) Hook up rope, generate 100m of tangle.
- 5) Successfully hook up rope, - and say. Generate 100m tangle in mesh.
- 6) Find some smart case has tied another rope on.
Keep on hooking. Generate 200m of maddy tangle.
- 7) Untangle. Generate new tangle (takes 1 hr.)
- 8) Untangle. Throw down pitch. "Does it reach?!"
"NOOO!!!"
- 9) Pull in rope. Stuck. Try again. 3 or 4

10) Hsced down Pendula over. Under surge and from big calcite crystal on other side of shaft. Pendula sack and smash into wall

11) Rep to throw down. It lands all over you head as you swing about - the dark

12) Rep to lower down. Does it reach? "Nooooo"

13) Hs down 70m. Tree rope

14) Join into loop!! Tie in bag!! HAUL AHEAD!!

15) Bag carries up rope. Mounted up 60m before it

16) Loop system works. "Pull on Madar!!" "What!!" "Pull!!" "This one??" "NOOO!" "What!!" "This one??" "What??" "Yes!!" etc.

17) A certain person drops an end of the rope BACK DOWN THE PITCA. Refuse from hustling into After it. A pulley falls down the pitch

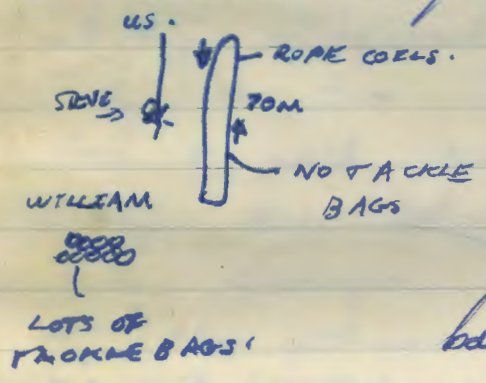
18) Give up and leave her to it, having at swinging about over logs all shouting instructions up and down 100 ft for 2 hours.

19) Energy utterly exhausted 12 hours later.

Quota of day!

" FUCE OFF, WILLIAM WERE ON FIRE OVER HERE "

I feel it is necessary to develop some sort of belikinass's between the haulers at the top of the pitch(es) and the loader on at the bottom. to insure that the rope coil set up to transfer from bottom to top is not endlessly pulled round and round in a large circle with no bags on.



The couple of bags we brought through were pigs. We betrayed the monsters across endless, seemingly bottomless rifts, which barked hungrily, snapping at our heels.

Trip home 2 hrs. William/Parry/Wike

Views from the bottom: The first few pitches had been detached relatively smoothly, so of the 70m pitch mainly, I assumed that the 70m pitch wouldn't be much harder, ^{being so} Three hours or so later standing at the bottom of the pitch alone, with not a single tacklebag at the top, I began to feel differently. I was aware that there were problems: the incomprehensible instructions & the subsequent swearing when I failed to follow them did indicated this, as did the occasional missiles followed by anxious enquiries after my state of health.

How did I survive?

- a) By making sure that the food went up last. I had indicated not to eat any peanuts until a few bags were up, but later weakened.
- b) By cowering in an alcove when the rocks showered down.
- c) By being unable to understand most of the abuse hurled at me.

W.

(40)

8/11/87 (Casio watch!)

We go up to 2/7 to empty out the
Says - to start digging stuff down.

All the ropes pulled out of the Sags
are filthy + smell of MWD + PISS.
In fact I should imagine the whole
cave smells like that.
Doubtless in the future as odours that
will instantly transport me back to those
dreadful sights. - Good for it!

St

On the derigging trip, I noticed that the smell at the foot of Graham's Todge
pitch, which earlier had so offended Dan's sensibilities, had improved somewhat.
^{This} may, however, merely be due to the rest of the cave lowering itself to the
same level ...

W.

almost.

Any Somewhat Bigger D than "The Big D".

Dan, Silvia, Dave, Son T, Son C.

A not very well ordered account because I had spent midday and the early afternoon enjoying a leisurely stroll with a couple of mast dogs I met and discussed the possible reason for a sheep dropping dead in the middle of the Arvo path. I think the others were down by 1.30 but took some time getting to the pitch before Stimulated Emission Square. There they found 15 tackle bags, No grease + No pulleys so were suitably unimpressed.

By the time I got there; delayed by i) long rest at Arvo to avoid heat exhaustion, ii) very slow walk up + iii) getting down hot pitch and deciding to rearrange rock bars whereupon the nut disappeared. Rubber Mango for the pitmanous Lemming award I went out again + borrowed Martin's bobbin; they were prussicking up the pitch after Paradise rift and were at least on the surface much pleased to see me. This pitch should be named "The Flying Rebel's" first of all because the take off was acrobatic, but also because during hauling the big nut which held the main haul fell off, as Dan stood on it. Miraculously the rock caught up in the eye around it instead of doing undue harm to Silvia who stood directly below.

No problems in the rift, but the next two pitches were very hounding until a pulley was brought from the surface. On both I managed to set bag the prize spot of sitting above a rebelay to prevent ropes / tackle bags catching. This has probably resulted in a set of misshapen hips, and a higher threshold of pain around my backside. Having

(270)

to partially reach 2nd Haven, just as reaching the
eye did not help matters. All out by 5:30 approx.
to walk down to Rio/Los Lagos (Sonny) with the
down, ~~at~~ horses of the Picos.

S.C.

P.S. I did not piss on ~~any~~ ~~tackle~~ bag.

You missed out that Silvia ~~passed~~ ~~onto~~
her tummy at 1st Squeeze

→ I was just being tactful. - Well there
was no need I would have recorded that momentous event myself
it being the only thing of note I achieved on the trip,
besides getting the black marlow stuck on the ledge of the
pitch below the said squeeze when trying to haul it up.
Dan nearly went back down for it - before I had pissed
down the pitch I hasten to add. The other thing of note
I achieved was not to be split asunder by the relay
crashing down the 3rd pitch. I survived to hear Dave H.
being pessimistic about my chances of then pissing
up the pitch on the back-up. My only regret is that
they seemed to think I was too heavy to be hauled up the
pitch. I missed my chance ~~to~~ to experience the agency
of the life of a tackle bag.

Glad I went casing.

Midnight Feast!

Flap, Flap, Flap, the billowing tent
 awoke me. A strange glow was cast
 across the mountains highlighting the nearby
 mummified sleeping figures. A strange energy
 coursed through my veins, my hair
 tingled as I lay there, a large toothy
 grin upon my face. Synapses closed
 upon the thoughts of a milleria, all
 my pasts shooting for their freedom to
 roam the hillsides. Polish beef will
 quench their lust for real meat, the time
 was not yet right. My pasts receded into
 me, waiting, waiting for when the
 moon would be full.

(20)

Latest News From Area 7

clo Ewald & Gerhard
15/8/87

- 1) 2/7 and (after another inspection) 19/7 and 27/7 were crossed out ~~⊗~~.
Sorry I started crossing out the '0' of 'OUCC' at 2/7 before Ewald stopped me with his astonished shout. - Route clues to 2/7 (or most of them) are destroyed.
- 2) 6/7 & 7/7 remain incompletely investigated beyond the snow - no time...
- 3) I'm told that 21/7 has ended. (Ask Dave H.) - 28/7 is crossed out ~~⊗~~.
- 4) There remain the results of some 8 hours of frantic bashing/digging, and they're somewhat inconclusive - i.e. going, after a fashion:

20/7 (1984)

Reached cave at the peak of early afternoon heat & weather a herd of rebeccas chasing a herd of sheep on the Juktayu side of the bowl. Start gardening the entrance slope. Shower tons of rock and earth down the pitch, break some handholds out of the roof. Tied a sling round a buried boulder next to the entrance and attached a 10m traverse line ('tector at the entrance lip!') to it for safety. This allowed us to reach the pitchhead without sliding down the 40° wind slope ourselves. Jointly bashed a backup bolt in (well-drilled in tubious rock...). Then hung myself on a piece of 50m Knie Lyon (which William & I had gone over yesterday; it had looked alright then but had ^{since} mysteriously acquired two bad cuts/rubs one third from one end which we had to knot out - roman fig '8 came in handy!), and lying horizontally over the pitch some 3m below the lip, bashed in the main anchor. This might earn me the GAN Mem. Award since the rock flaked badly when the hole was halfway in. Further exploration will require a second bolt here.

Note There's still some stuff at 2/7 entrance (badelebags, Cal₂ containers, rubbish).