

heaven squeeze without ~~see~~ being dipped on. Guaranteed success everytime.

Happy Leaping
She Lemming.

The Invisible Force - A cautionary tale for budding Cave Surveyors.

T ⇒ Today (Monday 18/7/88) I tried holding up my
H
I
S
I ⇒ Surveying torch (beloved of Steve Gale in times past) to
S a survey compass. Holding it close to the card in the
I ⇒ position to take a reading caused a shift in θ of up to 10° .
S The effect is more pronounced if on NS rdgs than EW rdgs.
I M A
D O ⇒ A caving light had a much smaller effect

MORALS 1 If you use a torch to illuminate the
compass, hold it a foot or so away

2 Use Make sure leapprogging is used so that these types of errors cancel out.

William

49/5 "My little Rabbit Hole" William & Billa 18 July

Entrance: Bearings Julagua $169^\circ S$ La Vertelluengua $225^\circ SEW$

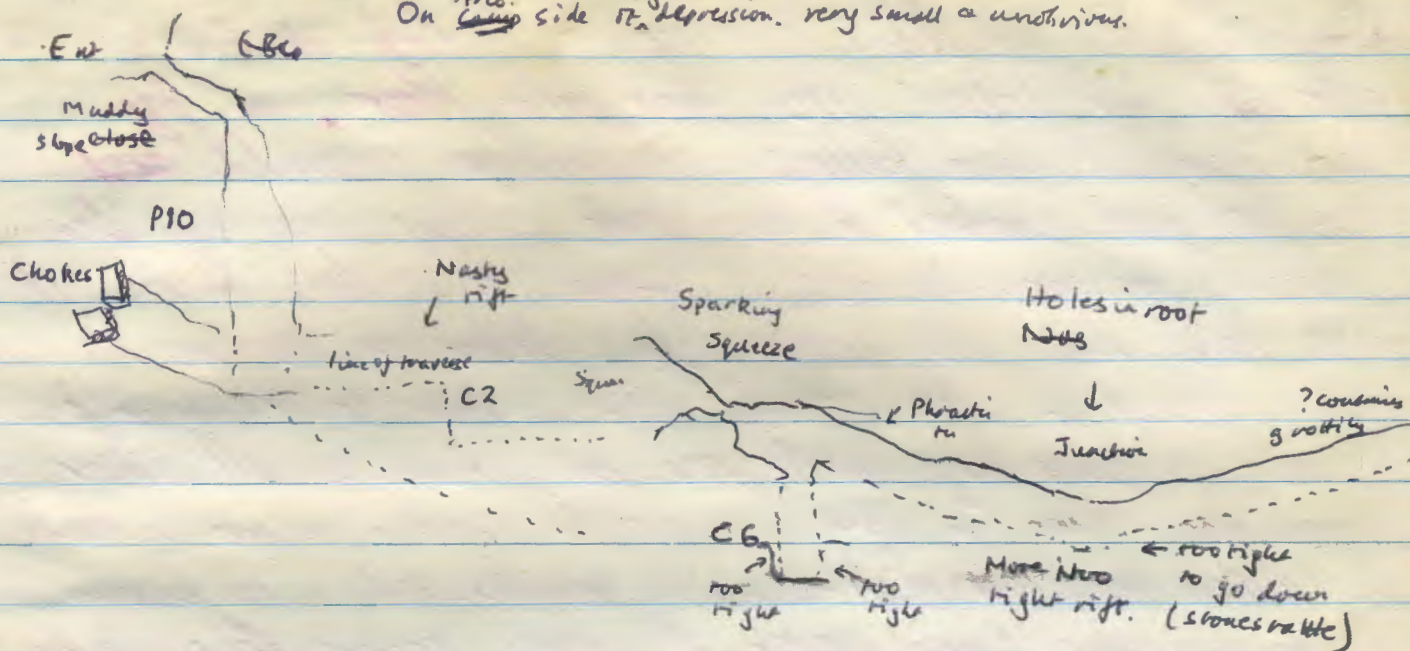
Julagua $064^\circ (NE)$ μ

Rigged - SRT rope on entrance climb & proceeded along said rift to a squeeze which was hammered open. Beyond is a phreatic tube ca 3' in diameter above a 4" wide vadose rift. Shortly beyond the squeeze, one in climb down 20' to the base of the rift, which looks too tight. Proceeding along the ^{phreatic tube} top, however one soon reaches a junction area with a couple ha of holes upwards. Rift still too tight to descend, however. Can follow the phreatic tube some distance to where it gets smaller, but OK, we didn't absolutely push to the bitter end. Exited at this point leaving a rope & hammer in the cave. Worth another look with proper (carbide) lights & more thermal insulation than a shared set of Danost.

Exit is $\approx 400m$ from camp on a bearing ca 210° .

32

On ^{Arctic} ~~Camp~~ side ^{large} depression, very small & unobtrusive.



Sunday ~~16~~ 17 July, 1988.

2/7. Lynn, Dan, Paul.

Went down the cave really just to look for ways on at the bottom, so only took 35m of rope & a large BDH container of carbide, plus rather alot of food. We made the bottom without too much difficulty. Paul cursed alot & rigged a very wet relay on cementing gates. I (Dan) went down to very bottom of cave for old times sake & convinced myself (as I did last year) that there was no way on there.

Meanwhile Lynn had found a strongly draughting rift, tho is the way on guys, but is abt the small. She periodically battered at it with a hammer while Paul went to the very bottom & I popped down a rift that was, as suspected, merely the inlet for the water. I ~~had~~ then had a quick back at hammering but was beginning to feel weak & was having ear problems so we

went out. We didn't bother to look at F.C.'s
 rift at just below the first false floor, as by
 this time I was feeling definitely unwell ~~and~~
~~was~~ and just wanted to get out. Very slow up the
 pitches for some reason. ~~was~~ A useless fact - it
 only took me 160 prussick strokes up Perismit's
 pit, instead of the usual 190, however I didn't
 have a tackle bag with me as I have on all other
 occasions. Even so 160 prussick strokes seems a hell
 of a lot for that pitch - I'd be interested to know
 if anyone else keeps count. How many they take!
 We were abit more efficient this' the rifts
 and were all "lean and mean speleos"
 thro' Paradise. I enjoyed the trip apart
 from the bit I was feeling ill in.
 The bottom of 2/7:-

Don.



Thank you to Lynn and Don for getting
 me down and out of the cave in one
 piece.
 Paul.

Monday 18/7/88 Phil R, Martin H, Martin L.

2/7 Photographic Trip

Things didn't start too well with a very hot walk up to the entrance, where Phil found he'd forgotten to pack his Petzl generator. Then Martin H found he'd packed two right-footed wellies. Thus resigned to a shortish trip progress ended (for ML at least) when he couldn't force himself down into the final bit of rope climb near start of Paradise rift. This was probably because he was facing right hand wall (looking in) but it just didn't occur to him to try any other way.

Anyway, a few photos were taken of squeeze into P.R. (the rift that is) & a totally filled phreatic tube which has been bisected by Seventh Heaven rift, and of 7th Heaven itself. And we got out to hear the first rumblings of the thunder that was to continue - on and off - throughout the night; but got back in time for dinner & just before the rain.

Tuesday 19/7/88 Dave Monahan^g, Ditta Neumann
The dynamic dustman team

After long and strenuous walk up to the top; mauling hawaiian crutch. We first visited the eyehole: very impressive hole with blank light grey on the other side. Being OUCC rebellious we had 2 petzl-stops! Slight problem as on the top of the first pitch Ditta's stop stopped. No it just wasn't to be persuaded to go down. Trying to force feed it and bounding up and down the rope showed little effect. Dave M had no problem since he had a nice and heavy tacklebag. (and nice and heavy person as well.) Ditta got stopped virtually all the way down the first 3 pitches and was completely worn out by the end. Maybe a stop is too safe after all. At the bottom of 7th heaven Ditta started off putting the first bolt in "of which Dave Elliot would not have been proud of" quickly followed by Daves bolt. At one stage we thought of putting a Y-hang in instead of a belay but that would have meant another bolt. ^{Ditta} were even went to the extreme of putting a bolt in at the bottom of the slope while Dave getting utterly bored put in loads of butterfly knots. We sat down to relax after such an extraordinary hard job when suddenly a rumbling was heard from above. Suddenly next to Ditta's last bolt a massive waterfall sprang into existence. Wow! What

a shock. Once established it didn't seem to get any smaller or bigger and Dave reassured that Paradise squeeze would be dry. It was - well the top was. Gliding through the rift with total ease and absorbing down Flying Rebels. Changing fresh against spend carbide and Ditta decided that she had quite enough so Popcorn rift was abandoned. Dumped some food then Ditta started going out and found a very serious nip point down to the core just 1m below the top of the Pitch - knotted it out. Definitely used rope protector out. It proved not an immense problem - not as big as imagined - except Dave got his welly well and truly jammed, struggled for 10 min and in the end had to take it off. Ditta managed to climb out of the top squeeze without extra help by Dave which Dave didn't think fair at all. More food and then slow press it out. Especially the top two pitches were quite drippy. 7 1/4 hours was the verdict plus wet clothes and vesicles. But it was still light outside and even the fog disappeared so we could find our way back without having to walk round in circles too much except Ditta keeled over twice since she started to get quite tired. And then ... food and a dry tent.

Ditta

Phil R Bill S Garin

19-20/7/88

Does 217 go or not.

This was to be it, the final venture into 217 to crack the way on. Despite the gloomy prospect of the cave prematurely bottling out our team was full of optimism and dreams of high level rift by-passes and massive streamways. Oh psychospeleogenesis (Singleton 1980) is such a powerful tool! Infused our optimism was so great that we nearly forgot to pack the diesel + fuel hammer to continue Lynn's desperate hammering.

The journey down was generally smooth although punctuated by various colourful and hilarious unthought of cases of the ability of rucksack bags to stick to rift passages! We were really dead chuffed with ourselves, optimism running on high when we finally loaded at the base of the pitch below cemetery gates where ~~the passage~~ by Spm. Looking across the passage a dark hole beckoned which seemed for all the world to be above the rift previously hammered and accessible by a moderate climb.

The prospects of this upper passage were confirmed by a quick visit to the hammered rift and we then prepared to push ourselves into the unknown munching the traditional pre-pitching supper.

Wooosh - growl - mble. Our supper was interrupted by strange noises from above followed by the sudden increase in the water volume by at least 100x. We thought

that were were trapped as the splashing
pitch was transformed into a foaming cauldron
(well there was a lot of water anyway!). Still
we were not to be discouraged - a few
hours poking would see the water level drop
and the pitches become possible again.

The climb proved even easier than
expected (thanks to Gamm) and we soon found ourselves in
a maze of muddy passages with wind
pneatic pendulums in the roof. The passages
drafted superbly and we were soon reaping
down to a junction - a pneumatic level
going off to the left and a small drafting pitch
going down to the right. Intrigued by the
prospect of following horizontal passage we
followed the left branch. As we progressed
along the sizeable passage we began to
make out a deep booming roar of
quite terrifying proportions. Some where there
was one half of a lot of water. Eventually
we came to a 45° slope down that
ended in a small chamber. The boom
was now deafening and to our left
we could make out a black hole
out of which the muffled boom came.
Smallish rocks were thrown through this
hole made no impression - the sound of
slaps being drowned out by the
roaring water. However when we thought
threw down a fairly enormous boulder
we were riveted to the spot when
the fist bang after about two seconds

was followed by another at least 4 seconds later. This is one hell of a pitch and our longest rope was only 35m!

In the face of take of kibble and the flood in progress we decided to leave this pitch for another day and explored and a beautiful road phreatic tube on our ~~left~~^{right}. This descended at 45° for about 150 and then gave ~~across~~ access to an easy free climb - we rigged a hand line to an obvious traverse level, this ~~level~~ ^{was} about 10-15 m below.

The traverse level continues for several hundred feet, the booming roar of the streamway getting louder all the time. Several easy traverses and a couple of constrictions later we arrived at an exposed climb down of ~ 20-25m. This was rigged with a hand line but further exploration curtailed by a shower bath and blocking the passage with a bucket as much water as the 2/7 shafts which filled the passage.

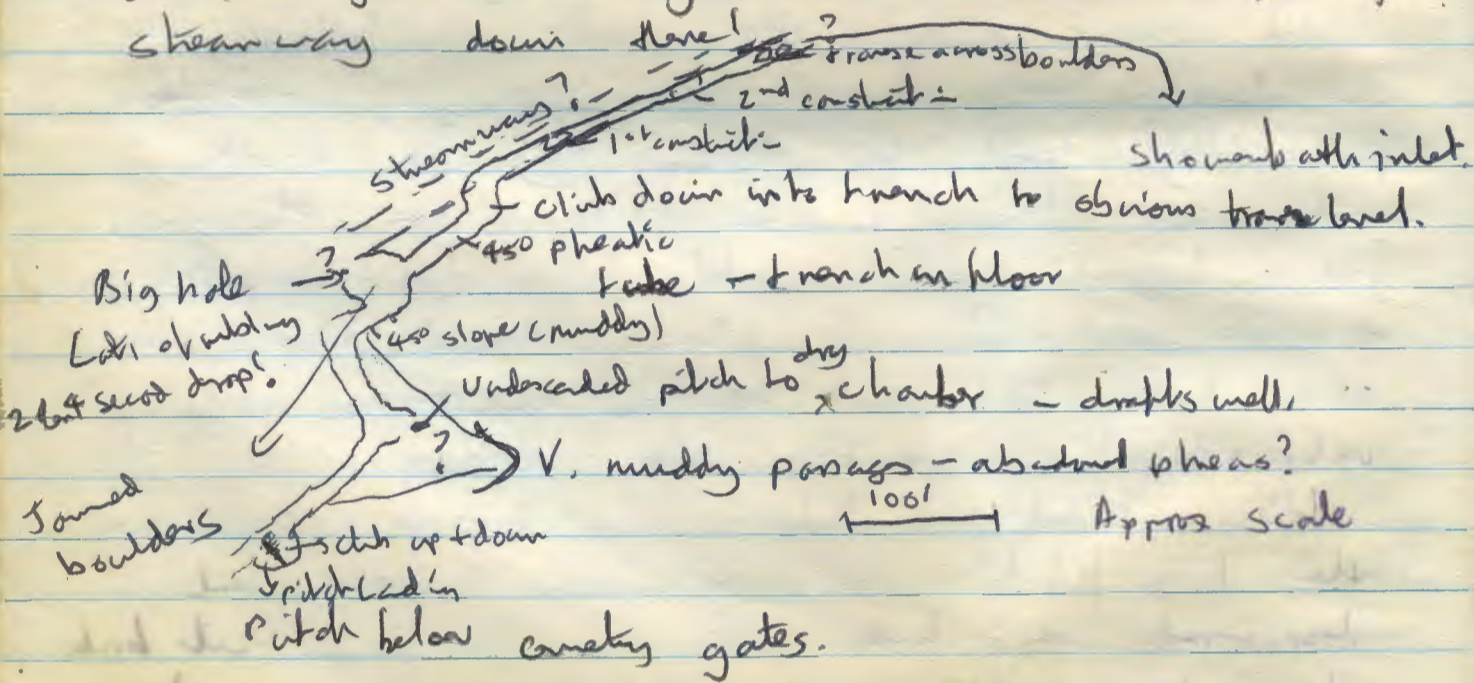
The boom of the streamway below - it would seem that the rift we followed was in the high levels of the steam canyon, was here particularly loud so there may be another good spot to rig down to the streamway just beyond the inlet. We didn't investigate as we thought the flood might trap us for some time so we decided to remain dry and retreated back up the rift - denigging the climbs.

We intended to have a bit of a look down the big pitch we had found earlier but discovered we had left the battery kit back at our camp so the excitement cooled by

the flood pulse. We were feeling pretty euphoric at our discoveries but when we returned to the Cemetery Gates found that the water level had not subsided.

It being 11 pm, it being pretty knackered and faced by the prospect of 500m of prodding in the equivalent of heavy rain we decided to beat a tactical retreat, taking the cabide dip with us in case we became trapped by the water. In the end the exit wasn't nearly as bad as we had anticipated despite its aqueous nature - it is to be noted that even in flood the gypitels above Armageddon are pretty dry. The cabinet of water, the fact that it was Bill's first trip and is multiple cabide all resulted in his getting completely knackered - he even threw up at Flagging Rehelays!

The result is the cave goes and boy does it go in style! There is one hell of a big streamway down there!



Wednesday 20th July pm

38 T-02 22 July 2002

Went back to old camp site & picked up yeast bottles
& a certain amount of litter. This needs doing each time camp is shifted

