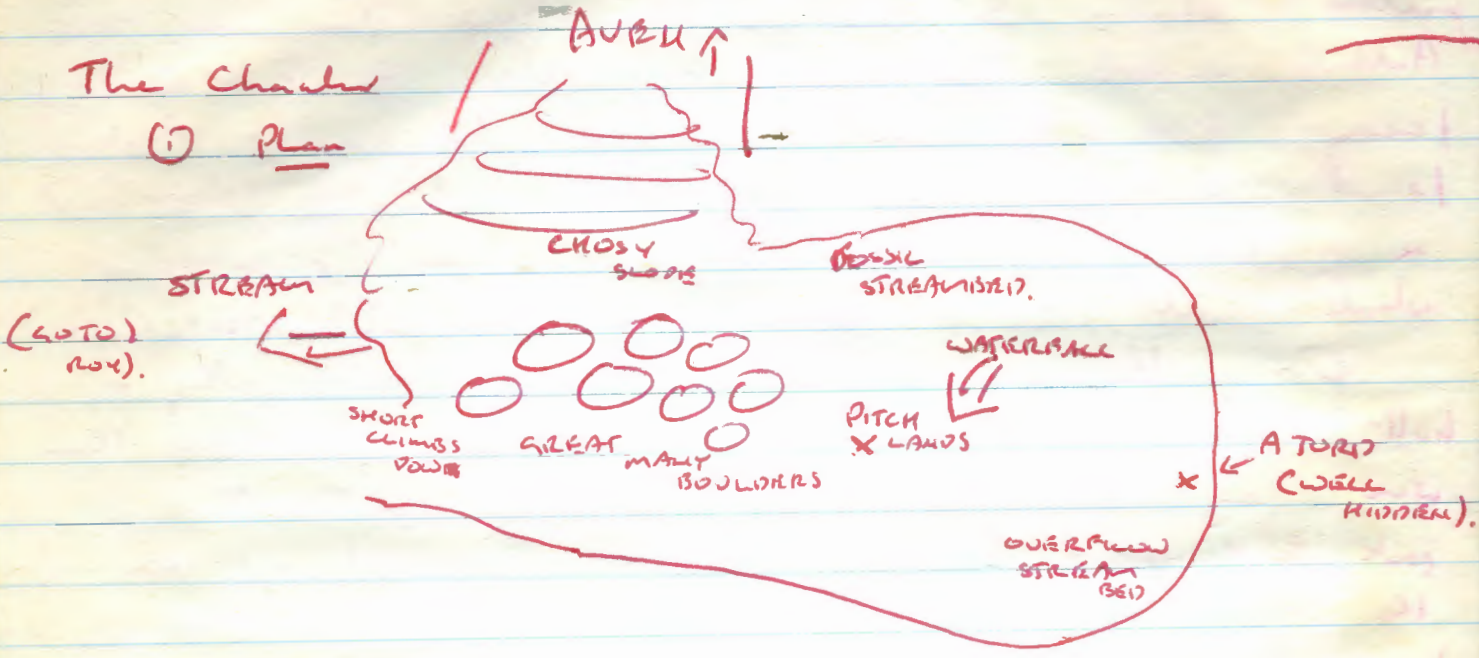


camp hill 12. The Bags are on a small investment and we were locating.

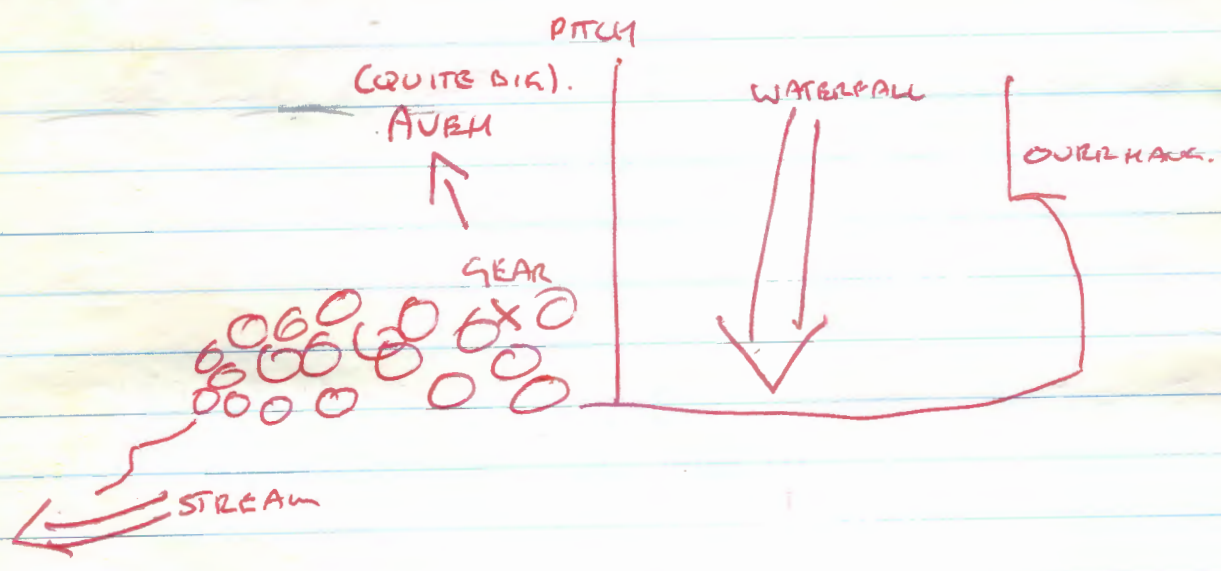
The Character

(1) Plan



Over to Rog "Best" trip ever" Taylor. (much labor) ↓

SIDE VIEW

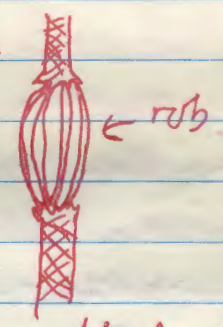


Paul. - I went down with Jc and got completely freaked. On the two pitches above the river I jibbered a lot and made lots of cock-ups. The cave is fucking huge and the river is also fucking huge and it is a fucking brilliant bit o' cave. The rest of the cave is posy by comparison and not really worth the effort. (Camping is OK but is getting mildly squashed now.)

27/7/88

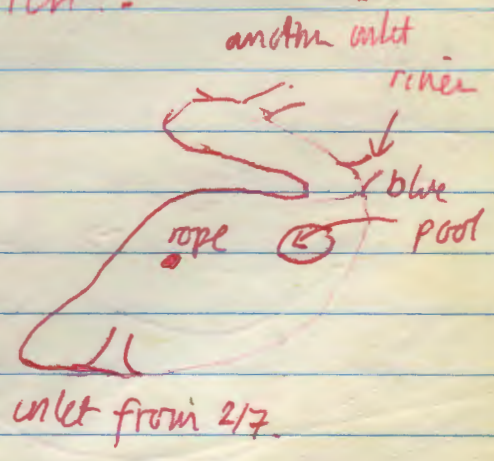
Roy. - I met Jc on the big ledge, and after showing me the river, he set about re-rigging the pitch ~~with~~ with the rob point.

- he showed me the rope with a small smole. - "Wanna see a rob point?"



While he was banging bolts, I grabbed the Rhodamin and sent it down stream. I got red crabs, red willies, red troll suit, everything was red. I spent the next forty minutes "cleaning up", and checking another inlet to look for the rhodamin Paul was dumping. The inlet turned red just as I was about to go down the next pitch.

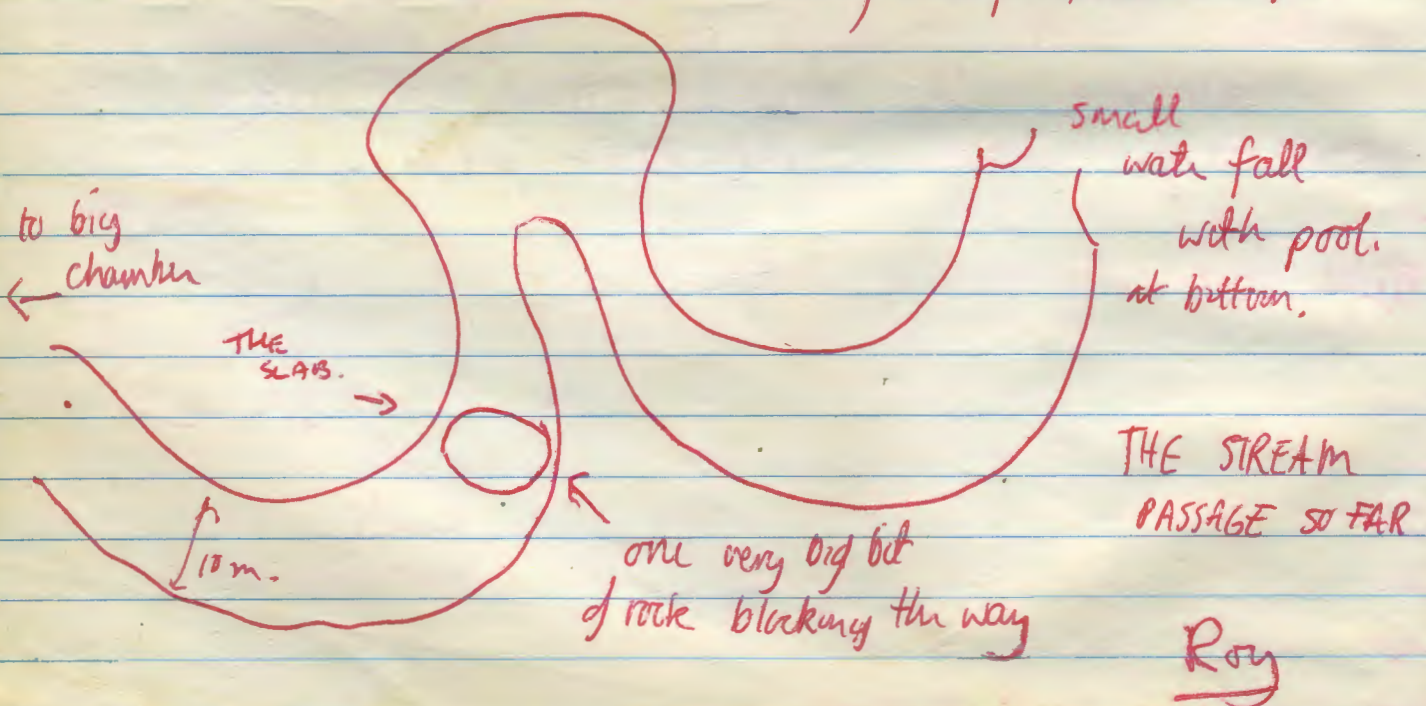
~~Diagram~~ Brief diagram of ledge



I got down to the change over where the rub point had been - got completely stuck and fucking scared - this chamber suddenly looked big and the rope looked very thin. The water fall was about 30 ft from me. ~~and was~~

At the bottom J.C. had already found the way on - a huge stream passage - I was happy to get out of the chamber as it was quite cold, the water fall was throwing up a lot of spray, it was very windy.

We followed the stream passage for about 25-30 minutes, most of the time we were out of the water, but we had to wade for some sections. The passage was about 10 m wide and we had to find our way through several boulder piles. We were prevented from going any further by another water fall - of about 10 m so we ate some planets and came out. - a very unpremu bit of cave.



The Passage with the stream is about 10m wide with sand/gravel banks, or high and traversed on boulder patches to keep out of the water. It is possibly heading south but meanders a lot, even more than in Roy's diagram. It was quite shallow under the low water conditions that we encountered, hence there is no need to dig (barrage) out at the water. After wading, we quickly went up again by dragging ^{the} passage. The way we now got so ~~restricted~~ ^{dangerous} as to result in any one being swept away by a sudden flood, but should prove to be possible, (by around the side of the slab) there are frequent high level ledges to set out the west.

The passage from the big chamber to the west ^{side} is called STRAUMREIÐER PASSAGE, because it is big enough for a large steam powered vehicle and (barrage) we bring (unless like Dan Mungton (by town gate) ~~By~~ The big chamber with the waterfall is the Thunderdome, because it is quite roundish but very loud. If someone down up the survey unless to get rid of Flakogson (which is cry) then an alternative is The Big Time for the path into the big ledge. We have found the main drain for the area. Willem Staal has a long list his muskweave. Men of X120 which out! have come the Witches.

Meanwhile... Survey in slow motion Willem & Paul (26/7/87)
 Having taken ages to get up, Paul & I finally started surveying at 1:30 pm. Initial station is marked S on rd below route for pitch below cemetery gates (will need looking up to 1987 st'n). Did more sketches of chamber, put Rhodamine in stream & then surveyed slowly towards camp. Surveying with two is slow work & it's ages since I had to choose my own stations. Left junction marked S at an unidentified passage to left, at the small pitch down (no 9) & finally at the head of the 4 second loop, AS

we still had a little time left over, we surveyed down the photocopied table towards the upper series. (Final sp'n above rift, couldn't work S at N. roughly & our carbides weren't up to it). A limited amount achieved.

W.

P.S. Survey gear down case now comprises: 1 tape (? 30m), 1 good compass/clinometer, Engineer's log with attached pencil, 2 spare pencils, my survey torch + old penknife (on loan) + some permatrace (may need more). Could do with small resealable plastic bags to take completed survey notes out of case. => We need a SURVEY BOOK at Arica

P.P.S. I've now been to the camp twice & still haven't seen the streamway. Next time?

"FLABBERGASM CHASM" IS CRAP p.1.

Sherry "Can someone grab my bottom!" Mayo.

"Flabbergasm chasm is crap" P.B.

Ditto	J.C.	It is not suitable.
For "crap" real rubbish	WJS	It is somewhere else

The Way Out or Finale.

Roy left me to carry the pitch so he and other pushers would not be shut scored. As he progressed up a general urge struck. I needed a crop and I needed it then and then. Having looked around the chasm I knew the ideal spot so sprinted across, shedding gear left, right and centre. Roy got to the rebelay and blew 4 times for rope free. Then again, again and repeatedly for 5 minutes. I could not reply because I was embarrassed, miles away in the chasm. Finally - he moved on. Placed a bolt on the lip

and the chisel down for a while before
gone a T being for the final being. Nothing suitable,
so followed Ray up.

Meanwhile back at the camp, Gavin and Harry
had arrived. William and Ray had set off. Paul
was in situ eyeing up the heavy bags and
Katie was ^{was} $\frac{1}{2}$ way up Country Gates railway
her prairie bag which she had somehow managed
to leave at the top. Good grief. Horries!

Paul pretended that he wanted to catch the
others up so I could stay around with
Harry, Gavin and Gavin at the sharp end. But
the heavy pack winked at him so he had no
option but to ~~catch~~ continue the relationship. Went after
Katie to fill up the sig bottles and show her
an unfriendly face, but took no sign gear so
had to chisel about down the climb.

Meanwhile back at the camp there was another
brew ready. After a ^{rather} fiddle (Better at
night than in the morning) went to bed with
Paul. (Separate bags) whilst the others surveyed
down to the ~~then~~ big ledge for 4 hours trip
at 3³⁰ o'clock, then were rudely awoken by
some extremely offensive cavers, climbing the
pits which were rightfully there. Took 30 min
to get ready, having soup and rice packed
for breakfast then set off finally at 5.30.
Rigged Rosy Crucifix off a large backup,
Noted how muddy farmers felt to work on
muddy ropes, an interesting exercise.

No problems up the shafts except there was
an overhead haul on the complicated pitch below
Armagadon and a sub pitch. Needs reorganizing
i.e. Cut out sub-pitch. Replan lower bit at 100m

rope + Single hanging from last ledge.
 Got tackle bag of BDM + climbed up through
 after. The Lanchet was not having the desired effect
 on Paul who rushed on ahead, seeking sanctuary
 and bag roll and the entrance. Fortunately the
 shift subsided at Paradise, so he helped me
 get the handrol tackle bag through.

With Graham, Harry and Sweet on 7th level on
 boulder slope, just after we had finished
 blaspheming in Paradise. Paul was again caught
 in the grips of a terrible word, so he
 proceeded up the pit like ^{the} bee's knees. Postponed
 our final ^{come} south until the extra when
 ledge and provisions went down a track.

Paul collected his scattered clothing and returned
 we that we had been underground 47^h and 47^h
 hours respectively. The longest trip for eyes and
 eyes.

P.S. Should people decide to piss off to
 Cayuga for the dig would they make sure
 that Arvo is well stocked for food. There was
 bigger all.

P.P.S. - Belated Happy Birthday to Lynn
 from

Sachan Paul. William

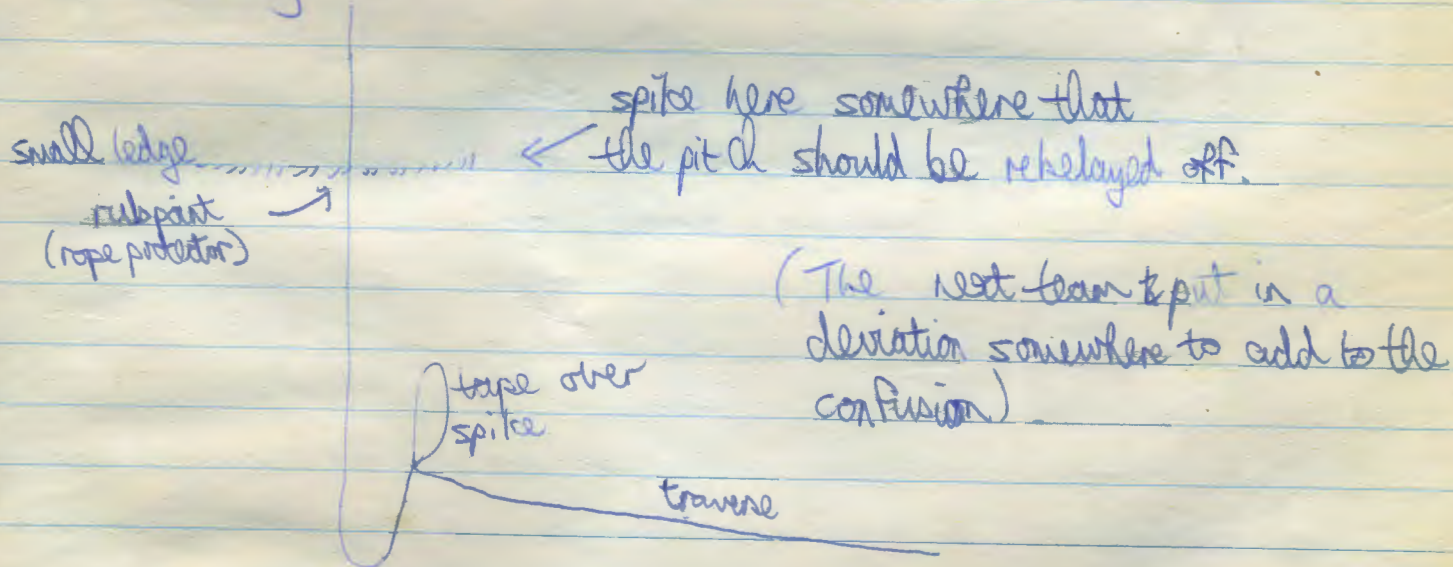
Roy.

26, 27, 28/7/88

Shery, Kate, Gavin

43 hours

Started off early. Had a fairly uneventful trip down, apart from when Kate tried to hang herself from her helmet in Paradise Rift. Got down to the camp site to find total squabour. Had some tea and then Paul and William turned up. Sat around for hours while the others arrived and everyone ate and drank. Eventually Roy and William left. IC and Paul went to bed and we started off surveying down the first pitch ("The Abortion") to the first small ledge ("Crash Pad") and down the next pitch ("Five Night Night for Flying") onto the large ledge ("Landing Pad"). Got totally freaked out on the traverse onto Crash Pad and vowed to re-rop it the next day. Went in search of the streamway but got totally confused and couldn't find it. Went back to the campsite to find Jon and Paul still in the pits. They then sat around for hours, keeping us up. Eventually got to bed and kipped till midday ~~the next day~~. Tried to re-rop The Abortion. The traverse is now ~~very~~ fairly tensioned but a rebelay is still needed.



Surveyed round the landing pad, again failing to find the stream. Had a last look round and eventually found it. There is also another inlet on the landing which I guess may be the water from the shower bath - probably worth looking at.

Started out, meeting Graham, Harry and Sarah at the
campsite. Got out Sam, totally shattered,

Gavin.

Classic caving mistakes: sucking at the drip of your
generator, after having pissed in it. PB

24/7/88 Harry / Sarah / Graham. 39 hours

Slim man thin country
Push on, way on, put down.
Stay in the smooth groove
Gravity sucks at ones feet.
Rifty Riffity Rift small mouse
Rabby Ripping Rip yarn.
Stop sliding and away
Slide Slid Stop Slip Lip
Service Were Woo Woosh.
Oze Ouze Slim
Slime Grime Grab skit
Distant thunder in hell
Roar, up roar, soar on
A sensory depriving fast nine.
Crunch
Splash splash Sloop
Gloop gloom my dear moon scape
Slobh Sleep Stop
Stop
Time to tango, a step in time
Pugh Puff. Pugh Puff
Pant, Pant, Pant
Gripe, Hoop Squeeze, Suce, Ea, Easy

Drunk random walk in
A verdant tunnel half shadow
Smiles all round to
Some run for fatigue fucked!

All over

THE JOYS OF CAMPING.....

2/7's 1st CAMP

