

1992

OXFORD UNIVERSITY
CAVE CLUB
LIBRARY
O U Cave Club
1992 Expedn
Anno Log

Richard Barnes

Steve Shipp

Dave L.

Pauline

~~Tommy~~ (scribble)

Martin J.

Pat

Samburgh

Jay

Sean

Chris

Chris

Flossies mark.



John

Ferella

Harvey Smith

Martin L.

Ilka
Richard

I thought I would start this with something very dull:-

Note: Gavin asks that if you visit any cave marked in his shaft bashing kits then please record the fact in the shaft bashing kit that you use. Just put "see logbook", and the date, and write up your results in here.

(why upside down?)

Saturday 4th July - Rigging Trip Down 2/7 - Tony, Pauline, Richard.

After enlisting the help of Dave L. to carry tackle to the entrance we arrived there about 2.00 p.m. Snow in the shake-hole. During an enjoyable first trip down the cave, Tony and Pauline rigged to the bottom of Graham's Toggler Pitch. Interestingly snow was found at the bottom of the Flying Rebels.

Richard

Sunday 5/7 66/5 Gavin Dave L.

We rerigged the first pitch, after Gavin had spent several minutes enlarging the entrance by throwing rocks on me, then carried on down to the cornershop. Gavin took a couple of attempts to remember how to do it, then disappeared round the first bend. After a brief moment of speculation, in which Gavin contemplated the meaning of life and the ignominy of jacking, we struggled onwards with the tacklebag. At the end of the rift Gavin decided that an inlet might provide a nicer way in, so he started hammering. Meanwhile I found another side passage which, after a bit of crawling opened out at a pitch down with a boulder slope at the top. This slope contained a large boulder which looked attached. So I stepped on it. It wasn't. It collapsed under me taking most of the slope down a rather large drop, while I jumped back rapidly. So, satisfied that the water I could hear below was the

stream we had met, and would follow. I left this hospitable region to rejoin Gavin. This is the "wormhole" I think, etc.

Gavin had been having rather more success. He had hammered his way through one fairly constricting squeeze, and into a short section of walking passage. This ended at an interesting 12' climb and a crawl choked with boulders. I managed to pull out several small rocks but got stuck with one large one. So while Gavin went back for a tape I wrestled with the rock until I realised how exposed I was. The climb down was more interesting than the climb up.

After a nervey huff hour in which we managed to wedge the boulder even more firmly Gavin noticed the rather poor quality of the right hand wall. Twenty minutes hammering and we were through. The walls beyond the squeeze were slightly less stable than we would have liked. The first wall Gavin touched disintegrated into a pile of rubble. But, intrepidly, we pushed on. At least five feet to the next squeeze. Half an hour's hammering later, it was ready to push. But did we really want to push it? We both tried several times, one of which involved Gavin hammering a piece of rock titillatingly close to my posterior, but we both felt rather over-committed and left it for another day.

Another inlet that we found on the way back was pushed but ended at a tiny hole. We finished our trip by rigging two Misérables. This was so named because it was rather drippy and cold last year. It now has a stream flowing down it.

The trip out was rather easier, lacking a large ticklebug, and we exited to miserable weather and a rather spicy stew.

This inlet is called "Right Said Fred", or in Right Said Fred, Let's get a move on That there wall Is going to have to go

This song continues "Took the wall down Ever with it all down We were getting rowdy"

A hint maybe?

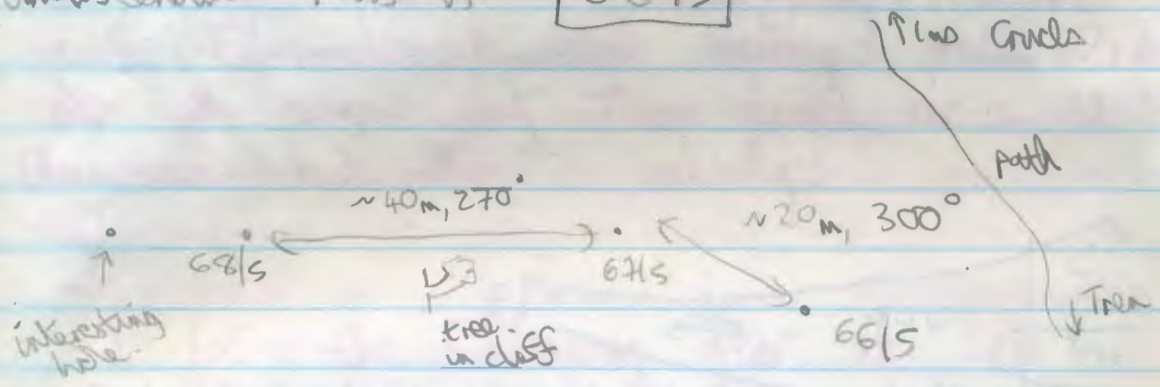
B. Gibbons, c1983

The song ends with the whole roof falling on his head. Definitely appropriate!!

Shaft Bashing

The aim was to find something dropping into Right Said Fred. Found a shothole directly above where I think it is, and started digging. An hour later I had a shaft with just one boulder blocking it. This is **67/5**.

Then carried on along the same line found a small stream sink and started digging. 30 mins later, another shaft, with lots of perched boulders at the top. Currently undescended. This is **68/5**.



A bit above 68/5 there is an interesting (but impenetrable) hole that I thought I could hear water through.

2/7 Richard, Dave, and Tony

6/7/92

Richard's generator degenerated so he turned back at Grupper. Dave, who had kindly accompanied us at the last minute, took the rigging gear to the head of Rivin's then followed to make sure he got out safe. Rigging reasonably efficient but for finding a good rig for 'Anrogators' - much [wringing] trial and error, but I think people will like this one. Shafts unusually wet, especially bottom of the Hundred. Stopped at this point due to light clipping out. Re-rigged main hang of the Bell on the way out, and placed patches on Personnel man today. Nice trip, if rather sleepy towards the end.

Shaft Bashing 7/7/92 Dave and Pauline with Sean. We located 16/4, 9/4, 7/4, 5/4, 15/4 and 10/4, 8/4 and 11/4 but not in that order. Many of these are undescended, according to the guide. We bottomed 15/4 - it chokes completely and left rope at 10/4, which looks most promising. Saw the 'Roca Naranya' on the back.

More Shafting

8/7/92 Gaim

15/4 : this is the same as the unnumbered shaft by 7/4. Descends 8m to choke.

11/4 : descends about 20m, free climbable with care, to snow plugs on boulder floor. Near the bottom, a slot on the L might be passable by a determined team with chisels, but doesn't look very promising.

10/4 : 3m climb down to head of 15m pitch rigged from thread - lands on snow plug. At bottom, bolt gives 6m descent, with squeeze past 2nd snow plug, over 3rd snow plug. There might be a way on under the snow, but this is unlikely.

I left the following gear at 5/4 : 35m & 15m ropes, ladder, bolt kit (shit driver), rigging gear.

Sunday 5th July - Rigging Trip 2/7

Paul

Steve Sean

Sam

Steve

Left late due to drizzly day, glad to get out of the weather into the cave at ~ 130m.

However, the cave is very wet.

Took Sam & Steve to Graham's Redger Pit. They seemed to have few problems. Took 200m of rope, that was a problem all the way through the rifts, requiring the usual jumping up, kicking & obligatory swearing, especially with Steve's back carrying loop gave way on the traverse line, and I had to climb down

30 feet to the bottom of the rift to rescue it.

Myself & Stan then continued to Deseronto, where we started our rigging - I continued until the rope ran out at an overhanging ledge, Stan wisely waiting at the Spitzberg ledge.

The journey at was fairly wearing, we eventually exited at ~ 1:45 am.

At the entrance we found Steve & Son bivouacked up for the night, having emerged at 11:30 am to find it dark & drizzly.

Myself & Stan decided that we were already very wet & cold, so we might as well lay down to Aris; we left the other two as we thought they'd probably be more comfortable staying where they were.

Our descent was a little interesting, we repeatedly lost the path on the way down, and were lucky to make it back to Aris in 1 1/2 hours. We had tea, (a few mouthfuls of bixey stew) and a mug of red wine each before crashing out at ~ 4 am.

(Gavin heroically rescued the other two the following morning).

8th July '92

Shell looking in area R

Rob & Richard.

- Went looking for 8/17, but didn't find it, but found several smaller caves instead, before locating 8/17 on our way back.

These caves went nothing at:

13/17

Location: on first ridge ~ 600m on 310° from peak of Coteau Julayua (?) S.E. face of ridge.

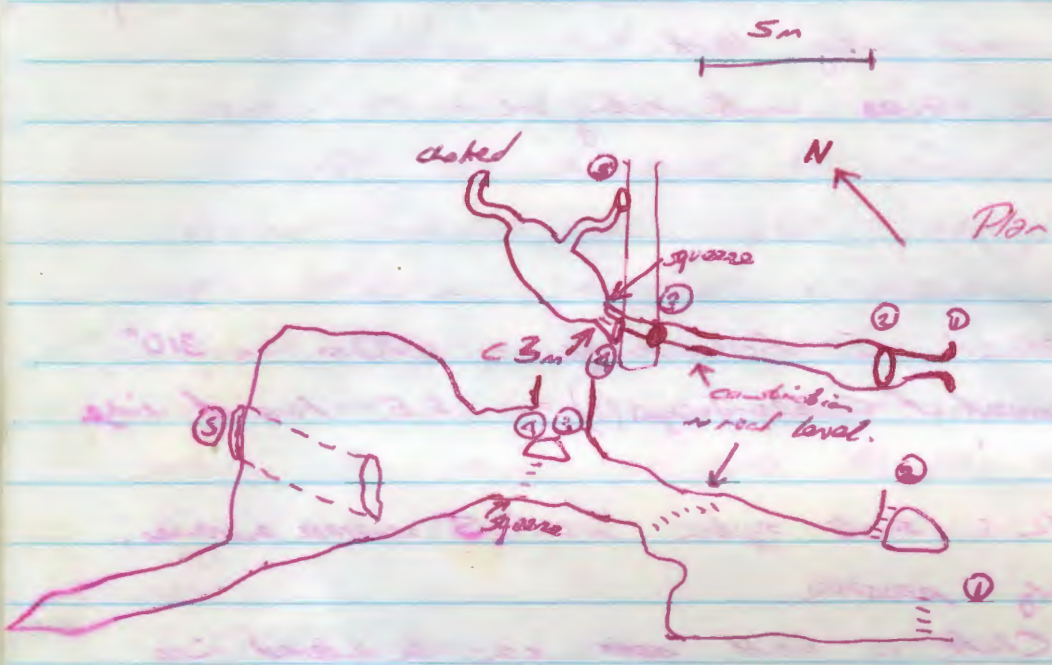
Description: small system with 5 separate entrances, 3 easily passable.

Cliff in cliff side can be entered into rift ~ 10m long, access at entrance is easier at higher level, rift widens out after ~ 2m, where small 'skylight' entrance can be seen above. closes again, may be just passable, ~ 7m into cave - daylight visible beyond constriction.

This comes from one of two entrances in large cliff near ridge top. This entrance gives access to the remaining 3m of rift beyond the above noted constriction. Doubling back under this entrance, the rift continues slightly to the right - this can be followed for about 2m to a easy squeeze into a rooey chamber. The other entrance comes in above this squeeze. The chamber is about 5m long, and slopes away from the entrance. Half way down the right hand wall a raked cave in, giving a light narrow rift through which the light

entrance can be seen, but is too tight.

At the bottom of the choker, a rift leads off downwards, but is choked after about 4 metres by large boulders. No way in or draught is apparent.



Est. Elev. Section

14/11 Location in valley below 13/11, at bottom of stakehole

Description - bouldery stakehole, with 2 large rifts with trickling water draining into it.

Saw some fine digging at boulders. Entrance now open, but boulders very unstable still so didn't enter. Looks like it gets to tight angle.

(Also had dig in stakehole ~50 yards up valley) 50m below summit

15/11 Location On N.W. face of Calozo Tray, just above one of the paths leading to this. 2 Obvious entrances.

Description. Right hand entrance, short climb up, obviously blind. Left hand entrance, entering

traverse to reach a grade, 5200m entrance & vestibule ~ 4m
log 62m deep 3 leads off, all appear to be silted
up. Both entrances very water, and appear to be
probably in range of entrance near the inlet areas.

Not particularly exciting but very difficult to do
for the valley below.

Another (official) note from the treasurer.

Will everybody remember to read the official note
from the treasurer in the base camp logbook as soon
as possible, and note that it is serious, not a
joke.

Please remember to record all bags in the back
of this log book.

is the day after their trip down this cave

Thursday 9th July 66/5 Tony, Dave L., Pauline

66/5 is a very difficult cave. I did not like
corner shop at all much on the way in, nor did I
like Yorkshire. It opened straight over a 15m
pitch, rigged on chockstones, where both my lights
failed. I hit my laser headset with both fists,
and as twist had failed, hit the walls around me.
Carried on in the dark. Halfway down my electric
turned on. I silently thanked it for working at all.
We started down Route 66. By now I felt

(10)

that I had seen enough of the place for my first proper trip, and at the first sign of danger - an exposed climb - I wanted to turn back. Dave rushed after Tony to break this news to him while I fiddled with my lights. Tony had other ideas: he was pushing a wet squeeze at the bottom of Route 66, and we could not desert him. He thought I should continue, and be involved in some real pushing (of which I have managed precious little), so I was persuaded.

The most exposed climb was right at the bottom of Route 66. About 20' high, it had too many footholds to be a pitch and too few to be an easy climb. Dave climbed down first to cushion my landing if I slipped, but this was unnecessary because I discovered that I can fly!

There was the most ominous, terrifying deep rumbling sound above us, as a boulder spontaneously fell out of the rift, ~~and started to fall~~. Dave and I left for cover, instinctively. From being in the middle of the climb, I rapidly found myself tucked into the corner at the same level, apparently on no footholds. I'm not sure whether the sounds of the boulder falling stopped before I got there or afterwards. Thank God (and I did, because I do believe in him) the boulder landed at the top of the climb; it did not quite reach us. I stayed where I was until Dave felt safe to come out of the rift below. We retrieved Tony and headed out straight away. When we saw what had actually fallen, a slab perhaps two foot by two or three foot, our urgency increased. On the way out we felt happiest in Corner shop rift where nothing