

8/11

18-7-93

Tony, Jim, Chris

Why hello Ario. Team 'no messing about' having arrived at Lagos the night before & got drunk on v. little, begged our gear + stuff up ^{in morning} & decided irrationally to go caving. Jim started to feel flaky on wet rocks, & Chris joined the decline into crapulence w/ Codeine phosphate. Deciding that the better part of valour was in discretion, we jocked. Tony was displeased with this decision so off he went, onwards. The jockers were pleased to note that they got back in time to drink vino at the Refugio. Not so Tony, for he's not out yet!

Chris Densham

16/11 @ Harvey & Richard

19/7/93

After a morning of festering at Ario, Harvey and myself 'noise riggers' went off to 'rig' 16/11 an unfinished shaft described as 5m from the Ario Path. After spending a bit of time on the wrong path ie in the Ario bowl we headed over the ridge and after a bit found the respective shaft.

Spectacular rigging ensued - Back-ups half way up the mountain and one carefully placed bolt (the only one we had) led to a surprisingly nice Y-hang free hang which Harvey descended.

The bottom was filled with a snow plug which Harvey descended. The passage heading off southwards proved out to be a tight crawl which left Harvey looking like 'someone off an Aerial Soap Powder' advert but which didn't lead anywhere.

Richard

Random Quote.

As Rob was beginning his 1' ascent through the tight part at the top of the 3rd pitch: Paul was beneath him.

Rob

Rob to Paul: "Am I standing on your head?"

Paul: "Yes, but it's all right."

Rob: "No it's not. I'm not on it properly!"

Digging the "Dry" Sump

20/7/93

Fair

We discovered this site nearly a year ago, and ever since then I've been keen to get back and dig it. It's situated at the upstream end of the Rio Pequeno passage, and appeared to be a very easy dig along a tube half filled with sand, and leading into blank mountain. Best of all, it was dry. As I spent the winter digging the wet, muddy dig in the north of Carno, I used to think how nice it would be to get out to Spain to such a nice, dry dig.

It had been a fairly crap morning. I'd been suffering from a severe bout of crapulence. I'd dropped the margarine; this in itself wouldn't have been a disaster, except it landed in the potatoes waiting to be fried, and scattered them across the tent. Eventually they were cleaned up, and I was handed a plate of fried potatoes; so I decided to put vinegar on them; except I missed, and poured vinegar over Jim's rucksack and the ropes. It was one of those mornings.

It was also raining, and so I spent a lot of time prevaricating. Once I got underground, my craps

seemed to wear off, and I made good time down to Passage With No Name Yet, where my creeps promptly returned. I tied the rope to the backup, and then the main hang, and realised I had six feet of rope left; so I switched to the longer rope, and pushed the tackle bag down the rift, only to discover it wasn't attached to me...

Anyway, I eventually got down into Rio Pequeno, and arrived at the Dry Sump. Except it was wet. There was a big puddle sitting just where I wanted to dig. "Yum" I thought.

I started digging a little channel to drain the puddle, but the floor was too horizontal for this. So I dug a big hole for the water to drain into. But then the hole filled up, so I started bailing the hole with my wellie.

Eventually I decided there was nothing for it but to get in and dig. My scheme was to dig until it got particularly squelchy, and then have a bit of chocolate. In an hour, the chocolate was finished.

I got in about 2 metres, and if it weren't for the water, the digging would be very easy. I'll be back in a few days when it's had time to dry out.

69/5

Richard & Gavin 21/7

Continued digging. Shifted about a cone of rock, and stacked it. At the bottom, a little rift seems to be leading off. It will take a bit more digging to get into it, but it's looking very promising.

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8/11 Richard, Steve^{P.} & Chris,

22/7

A short trip to the Very Big Chamber to give Chris a taste of the cave.

No problems at all - had a look at the Passage with N's Name set and then headed out,

23/7

The Radio works. It is on the ridge above Xitu, roughly above the viewpoint.

Turn it off after use.

The switch on the front turns off the speaker when it is turned ON.

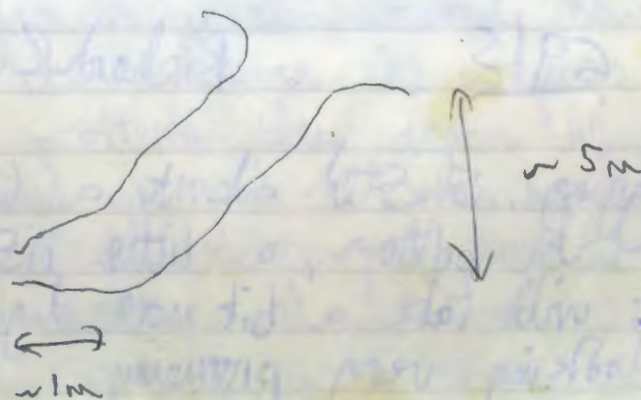
When it stops working, swap the two batteries about.

P.

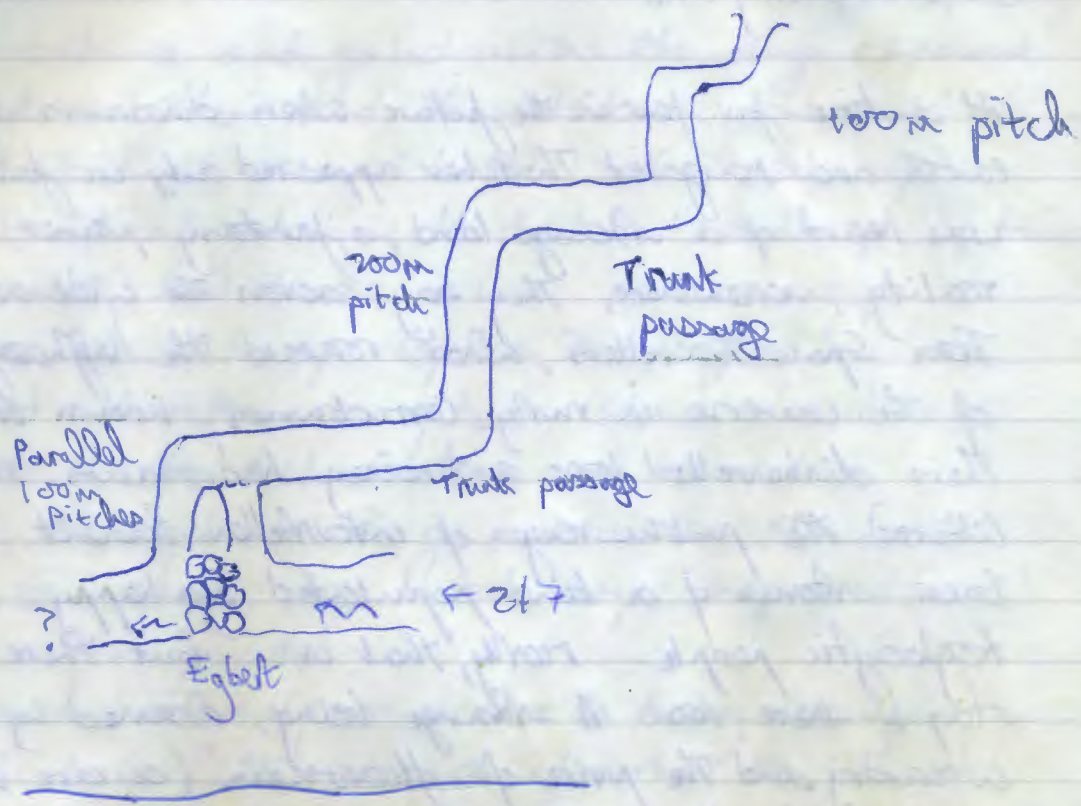
8/15 Sam, Steve, Rob, Gavin

23/7

Continued digging. The rise noted yesterday on the previous day was enlarged, and a black space at the end opened out. The hole is now foot size but will probably be easier to extend. There is no obvious blockage beyond the constriction.



Relationship with rest of cave:



The above is complete BULLSHIT.

6/9/5 Sam, Steve, Richard, Gavin 24/7

We removed the boulder blocking the rift, and squeezed through the rift to arrive in a chamber in the middle of a boulder choke. The draft dissipated between the boulders, and there was nothing obvious to go at.

We looked for a new dig site.

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DISCLAIMER: Any resemblance to persons or events, real or imaginary, is entirely coincidental.

Tales from the planet Technodweeb ----
1: "Good Morning Ario".

At a time far, far in the future when dinosaurs again ruled the earth and Margaret Thatcher appeared only in fairy tales, rumour was heard of a strange land, a fantasy planet, come from reality, somewhere, they say, across the wide astronomical sea. ~~For~~ Space travellers, who roamed the highways and byways of the universe in rusty Corrobumes, known on earth for their dishevelled looks and roiny hadrosaurs that escape littered the public rumps of interstellar hamnit routes, brought back stories of a land populated by happy, smiling dogbodytic people. Mostly, that is. But there was another rump here too. A strange being, obsessed by technical wizardry and the price of fluoroscein (a rare and valuable commodity in the wild mountain parts of the ~~planet~~ planet Technodweeb, and ~~and~~ a vital ingredient of the religious ceremony that involves turning the rivers green - but otherwise utterly worthless). Two such rumps are lying ~~in bed~~ part of an expedition searching for more religious sites. They are asleep in their tents at base camp. It is 10 o'clock. Two hours later it is 12 o'clock, time for the daily radio transmission from Ario, and the happy dogbodytics have important news about fluoroscein detectors. At base, the radio (a large, unwieldy device ~~erected~~ built by Captain Techno, who had a fondness for ~~to~~ making larger, unreliable versions of the ~~the~~ ~~the~~ Techno wizardry easily available in the shops) crackled into life. "Ario to base camp, Ario to base camp, over". Major Slouch opened one eye.

He knew the transmission would only last for about one minute so he had no time to be. He went back to sleep for a further 30 seconds. Then he finally realised

that he really was going to have to hurry if the radio was to be reached before the transmission ended. He dragged himself to the tent entrance and gazed across the huge expanse of space between him and the radio tent. How could he do it? Suddenly it occurred to him. Yes, wake up Captain Techno, and get him to do it! "Wake up, Captain", Slouch shouted. But it was no use. No amount of shouting would wake up Captain Techno for his transmitted number. No option, Slouch would have to drive over to the techno's tent and rouse him physically, then get him to go and answer the radio.

"Radio to base camp, Radio to base camp, do you read me?" the voice was exasperated.

Slouch decided he really was had to hurry, really.

~~The van~~ Which car? The van was closest. He jumped inside, started the (new) engine, and sped across the 3000 metres to Captain Techno's tent. Suddenly, there was a loud crash, thunk, tinkle. Slouch didn't notice ~~that~~ what had happened, but Captain Techno did... At the sound of the engine (Captain Techno had managed to programme his alarm watch to sound like an engine starting up) he looked out of his tent, to see a large glass object flying in a long, slow ~~and~~ arc from the van roof. His precious solar panel was in pieces on the grass, like so much low-stick.

"Have you any idea how much that ~~is~~^{is} worth?" Captain Techno shouted.

"Was" Slouch replied, grumpily.

"Radio to base camp, ending transmission - over and out"

Survey Instruments

Pre 24th/7Post 24th/7

Climo 510270

510270

Comp 81010

40703

Climo 844147

844147

Comp 40703

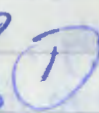
81010

Climo 228529

228529

Comp 319123

319123



Pozu Mohandi 26/7~~th~~ Gavin, Rob + Richard 25/7

Richard Barnes on making the connection with 8/11.
(apologies to Proc 12)

"Tears of nostalgia welled up in my eyes as I absented down to the floor where Gavin was standing. 10 metres above, the blue plastic bag, left by Chris + Tony while trying to traverse across the wall, bent on a ledge behind me, the pool where I had frozen to death while surveying. And, yes 15 yards ahead of me was the mud sump where Sam, Gavin and I had spent many a happy hour wallowing in the sump trying to find a way on - Oh, happy days they were.

Meanwhile Rob had arrived a demanded to know the location of the nearest habire."

The aim of the day was to connect 8/11 to a lower entrance near Mohandi. (or is it the over way round?)

Gain, Rob and I had elected to look at two entrances about 50m from Mohandi.

We rigged a ladder on 26/71 and I went down to see what happened. Climbing down into a small chamber to rift led off southwards. When my jumper started to rip I leaved outwards. We explored the other hole and then Gain went down to find no way on.

Gain who now had an oversuit and went back down 26/11. 'It goes' he shouted back after nearly falling down a 30m pitch.

In we went and followed Gain down the pitch which ended up at the aner just before the mud sump.

A connection had been made.

The search for Bufona (continued) 26/7

Well I still haven't found it. Suggested if I know where it is, found 2 entrances:

34/4 In the next valley left (NW) of 31/4, at an altitude of 1420m, just above where a subsidiary valley joins from the left. and The valley continues down to the pasture with the big brown boulders. Bearing to big brown boulders 70°. An unlikely looking rift on the right of the valley, marked with a gain by the entrance and another gain above. Just round the corner is a shaft of maybe 30m.

29/11 ○ In Mohandi valley, just above springs, behind a car-sized boulder, a horizontal gravel which splits just inside the entrance. Not fully investigated, but looks like a fossil resurgence.

Gain

The search for Bufona (Part III) later

Checked out 29/11. All routes choke quite quickly. Then walked down the ~~map~~ NE ridge of Cabeza Muxa, but no sign of Bufona, except I spotted a large entrance in a cliff about a mile away, probably in the crag marked as Cabeza Chica on the Adrados map, alt ~1350m.

26.2.93

8/11 Tradesmans entrance / Maps cook-up / New entrance?

Everything seems to have gone wrong so far ...

- (1) Forgot water
- (2) lost chocolate
- (3) went and got above
- (4) lost boot
- (5) went to look for boot
- (6) couldn't find it

So... I tried carrying in frames but that didn't work either

Meanwhile, surveying continued in 8/11 without me.

2 hours later after a quite rest I attempted to go back to camp via 8/11 but to no avail. I ended up too far to my left by about 1 mountain