

15th July 1994

Twi + Gavin, Beyond Bad habits, F64

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The entertainment of bad habits led to a stunning
fossil borehole with protruding drop to stream and
undescended 15 m pitch. While Gavin lowered boulders
out of a pitchhead, I climbed up "old Bore's hill"
to another fossil borehole with inlet arens and
pitch (or two) down to the left, and a ruddy
ledge traverse to the right. Right, time for a
rope. 2 naturals later, I rigged a rope for Gavin
to follow, and we rigged on down the borehole traverse.
Much gardening was done, and Gavin was ready to
rig "over the hill" - 15 metres to another pitch.

I rigged this, and 15 metres later we were in a
choked bottom, with possible inlet above.

Now on into the boulder choke - one big mother.
Henrys everywhere. ~~It's~~ it's hard to recall
all the readenings, but the overriding impression
is of a ramine draught heading down and
forwards into the cave. The upwards leads seem
a little unproving - probably arens coming in -
but you never know. An obscure route down
led to a water cut passage down to a boulder free
pitch. Big draught, and possibly a walk/climb
through on the other side. My head spun with
exploration. 7pm we headed out, 9pm out at
the surface. ~~It~~ There's something big down there.

✓✓✓.

P.S. Bye everyone!

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15/7/94

F71

Richard + Steve

With Tim having just negotiated the squeeze the evening before (albeit minus overcoat), I returned with Richard, determined to hammer ~~it~~ it further so that mere mortals such as ourselves could pass through to push the cave beyond. For three hours we hammered, constantly slotting ourselves in to check our progress and to find out which obstacle to destroy next. Just before Richard had to head out, I backed in. Somehow it felt different this time. A brief bit of shoving and my bum was through! But could I reverse it? Another shove and I was back through again. Excitedly, I did it again a couple of times. Nonetheless, I could only just make it and it was tight on my chest. I wasn't going to get through just yet. Richard tried and finally got his derrière through as well, but only after a lot of work. Much discussion ensued as to whether Richard had bigger buttocks, larger genitalia or whether mine were simply more flexible. We emerged to a gathering storm. I'll be through soon....

Steve (he of the malleable manhood)

14/7/94

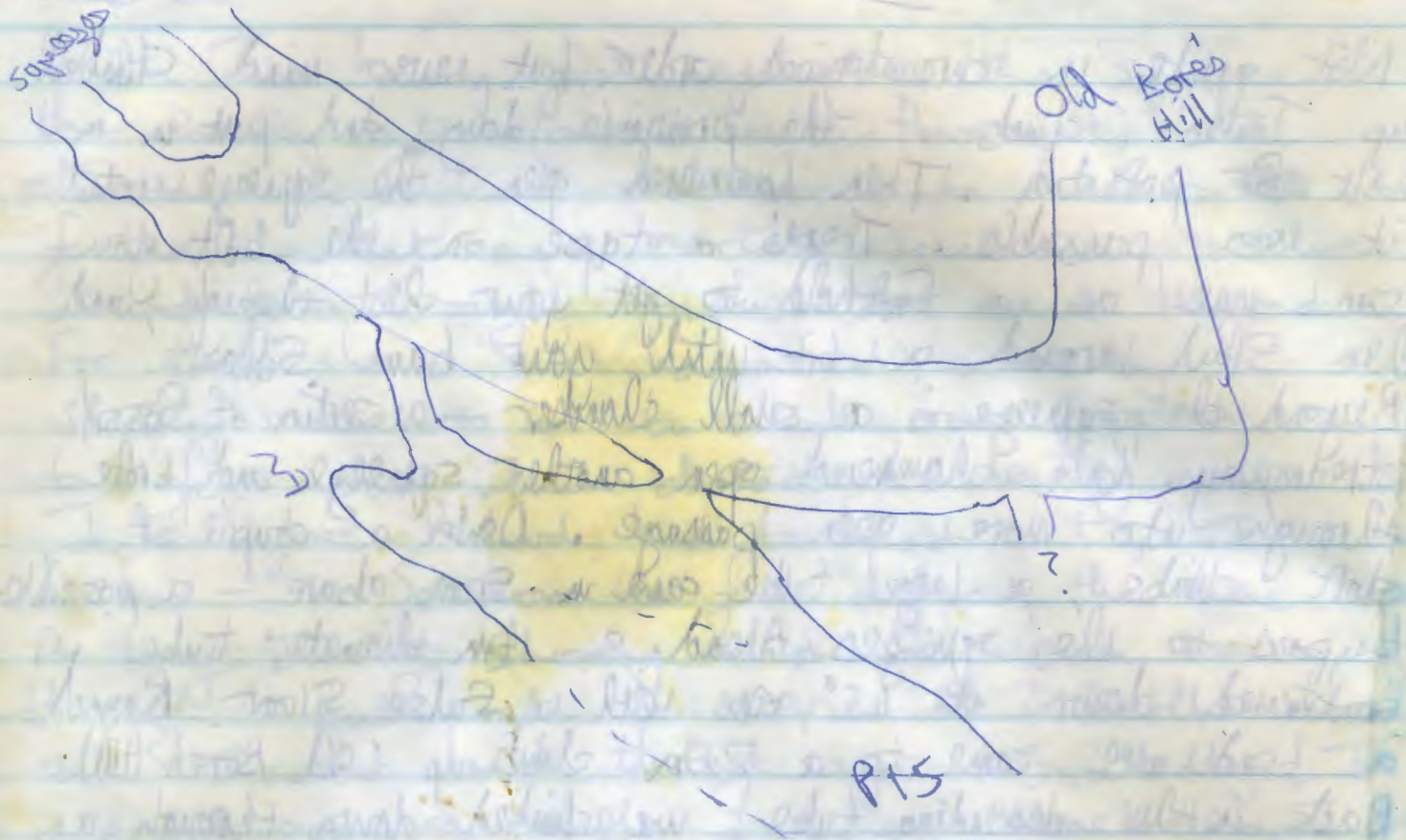
F64

James & Gavin (53)

Not quite in chronological order, but never mind. Climbed up James's climb of the previous day and put in a bolt for protection. Then hammered open the squeeze until it was passable. There's a tape on the bolt you can use as a foothold to get your chest through, and then slide around a bit until your bum follows. Beyond the squeeze is a small chamber - a section of fossil streamway. We hammered open another squeeze and broke through into more open passage. Down a couple of short climbs, a large tube came in from above - a possible bypass to the squeezes. Ahead a 4m diameter tube continued down at 45°, now with a false floor. Round a bend we came to a 20m climb up (Old Bore's Hill). Back in the descending tube, we climbed down through a hole in the floor to meet the stream. We followed the rift down to the head of a 15m pitch. Then out.



54



1:17/24 Sean Denolition n 768

James, Chris A.P & Mike went down to hammer the fierce ladies. Chris decided on the way down that he really doesn't like Spanish caves & wants to go back to Hungary where caves & sisters are prettier. On the way out Chris decided the pitches were extending as he laboured upwards. Down in the first fierce lady we hammered & hammered & hammered for an hour or so then Mike tried the squeeze. Too tight a fit though she spent some time peering hopefully round the corner trapped by a dangling leg. Many convictions later & retreat completed we hammered & hammered some more. James concentrated on denolitioning the bits that caught Mike so if cave keeps going still have to try again. Chris dithered a bit then decided he'd rather not so out we headed. James's rebelay, though a splendid thing on the way down hooked itself round a huge lump of rock forcing Mike to leap for the rope at pitch bottom, then after much struggle to free the rebelay, turning he into a human catapult hurtling into the far wall of the rift. Landed feet forward so damage only to nerves & no apparent damage to rope. Another fine trip.

16/7/94

F71

Judith, Rich, Steve

With three days' hammering behind me and two days after Tim had already been through, I was determined that this was to be the trip where I would get through the Squeeze. As the day before, three hours was spent hammering and checking progress. I was getting further and further in. Judith then tried and, being a small person, got through wearing her oversuit and harness. I took my oversuit off and followed. Through at last! Unfortunately, a small knobble of rock at the bottom prevented Rich from getting all the way through, but this could soon be removed. Judith fiddled while I got cold in my fleece. Stones dropped from the ^{rift beneath the} short pneumatic tube that heads out to the 3m pot rattle for 5 seconds. The rift is too tight but looks easily hammerable. The draught definitely emerges from ~~this rift~~ here. Left Crowbar, hammer, chisel and some cave food at the bottom of the pitches. This cave remains promising.

16/7/94

Sharon

F82

Went for a walk NNW of Top Camp. Found a hde. location: 343° from Top Camp. Distance I haven't a clue because I'm hopeless at judging distances but at least 100m, maybe 200m? Anyway it's easy to find. Get ~~to~~ the other side of the hill NW of TC, and look N. ~~There's~~ There's an obvious depression half way down the "slope" that is the biggest in the area, with a high back wall to the north. As you look at

(56)
it, it appears visually to the left of that funny green slope on the other side of the valley which has orange stones on and is visible from Top Camp. Investigating the depression, there are boulders at the bottom. Huge boulders, bigger by volume than me. But these are various sizes in between the boulders, in particular at the westward end of the depression. The boulders are securely wedged (well if I feel happy enough jumping on them, they must be secure). Draft goes underneath where I can't see, and stones rattle for a few seconds. If I'm not mistaken, there's a draft (wind and shade were trying to confuse me but the draft definitely felt cooler). Pootled back before the storm arrived.

Another pearl of wisdom from Rob "Horsley" Barrett:

"Statistically speaking, you're as likely to die as be born."

Stev - How'm I supposed to solicit with shoe-polish on my breasts?

Stev & Chris How much pleasure can you handle. Depends how big it is.

On being eaten by a bear

James - "Yes & it's great."

John - on being asked if eaten "I'm not sure"

Barrelle - "Is it warm & furry?"

Jim "I can't decide if I'd like to be eaten..."

Rob "Depends what you mean by eaten or by bear & if you had an independent interest..."

Stev "Is this the way?"

Vladik "No problem."

During Chris Denham's and Bill's last evening at Los Lagos we decided to have a meal in the restaurant next to the bar.

After a couple of beers we persuaded Chris to ask the barman if we could move next door to eat.

Chris made Spanish sounding noises and pointed towards the bar restaurant. Straight away the barman shook his head, and after a short conference with the other people at the bar said:-

"Mañana, Mañana, ~~Germany~~ Alemania y Romania domingo, Italia y Brazil"

"Ah!" said Chris, "I think he's trying to tell us that the restaurant isn't open because they're watching the world cup"

We all agreed with this explanation and then pointed towards the menu board to see if we could eat in the bar.

To our complete amazement we were then led into the restaurant where there was no sign of any football.

It was then that the truth dawned on us. The barman ~~was~~ had ~~what~~ thought ~~was~~ Chris was asking him when the World Cup finals were on, despite the fact that Chris hadn't actually spoken a word.

Needless to say the ensuing meal and wine/beer/43 drinking session was v. enjoyable.

17/7 C/8 (or not C/8) Rob, Alex, Mick & Steve

It had been cunningly decided to go casing down C/8 and have a nice easy trip where the only thing in danger of being broken was the rules of English grammar (with the odd spelling mistake too!) The plan had been to survey into the "Arch Window" near the ~~the~~ terminus of the second pitch through the

for pneumatic tubing to the end chamber, rounding off the tip by digging in the sand sump at the end of it. (We'd even acquired two empty overflow tins as they would be useful - for building sand castles etc.),

Having eventually got everything organised we set off and found no difficulty in navigating our way to the entrance. Mich was ready first but declined the offer to set off down claiming she didn't know the way. Steve was ready next but similarly declined the offer to set off down. So it ~~ended~~ ended up with me heading down first... Conspiracy - Nearly at the bottom of virtual reality I sensed a discontinuity in the first derivative of the rope's equation of motion. This could only mean one thing - I was no longer able to describe the rope (between the knot, of course) using a polynomial. Moreover, I didn't know of any closed form equation which was likely to describe it. I hurried onto the ledge and considered my options: one - check my calculus; two - check the rope; three - go to sleep and wait for someone else to check the rope later.

Apathy battled bravely but in a rare fit of enthusiasm I finally checked the rope - nothing obviously wrong... strange - but stranger still was the even rarer second wind of enthusiasm which enabled me to not only check the rope again but also to find the proof that my calculus had been correct and that the rope was indeed no polynomial. I shouted up: "Mich... the rope's broken."

"Say again." was the gabled reply.

"What was that?" I ventured

"~~Say~~ SAY AGAIN!" was the clear loud response.

"I said... 'WHAT WAS THAT?'" - pedantic to the end.

"I can't hear you..." and so the conversation continued... for some time.

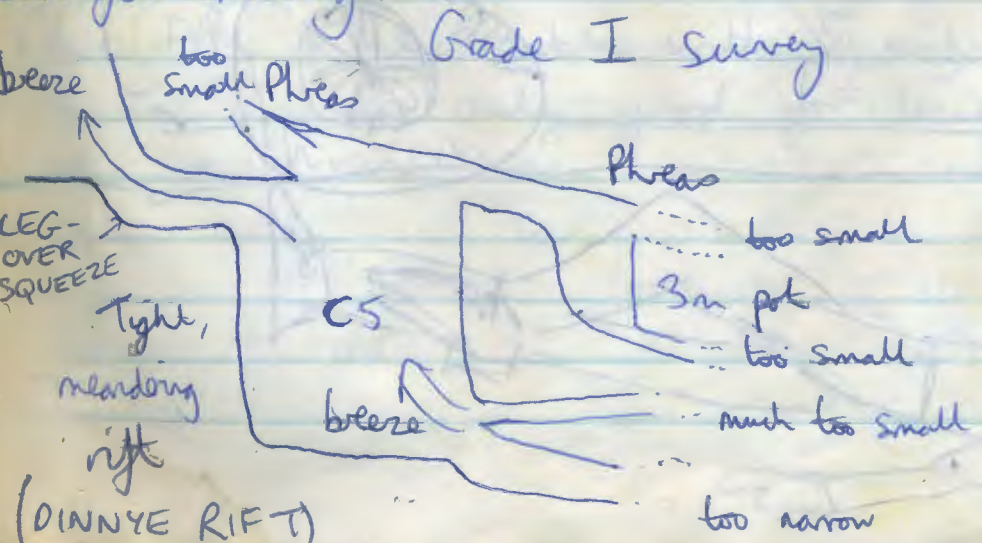
Eventually I started getting ready to come back - untying the rope on the way. Since the discontinuity was at ^{only just over} head height ~~by~~ I stretched up to put my foot jammie as high above it as I could. Then step into the footloops and swing across the shaft - over the 10m drop. A quick prussack later I was back at the top of the pitch and out we went - taking the rope with us.

P.S. For anyone waiting for the continuation of Chris D's Rob ~~write~~ write-up from 11th July 1964 - I'll get round to it eventually... probably.

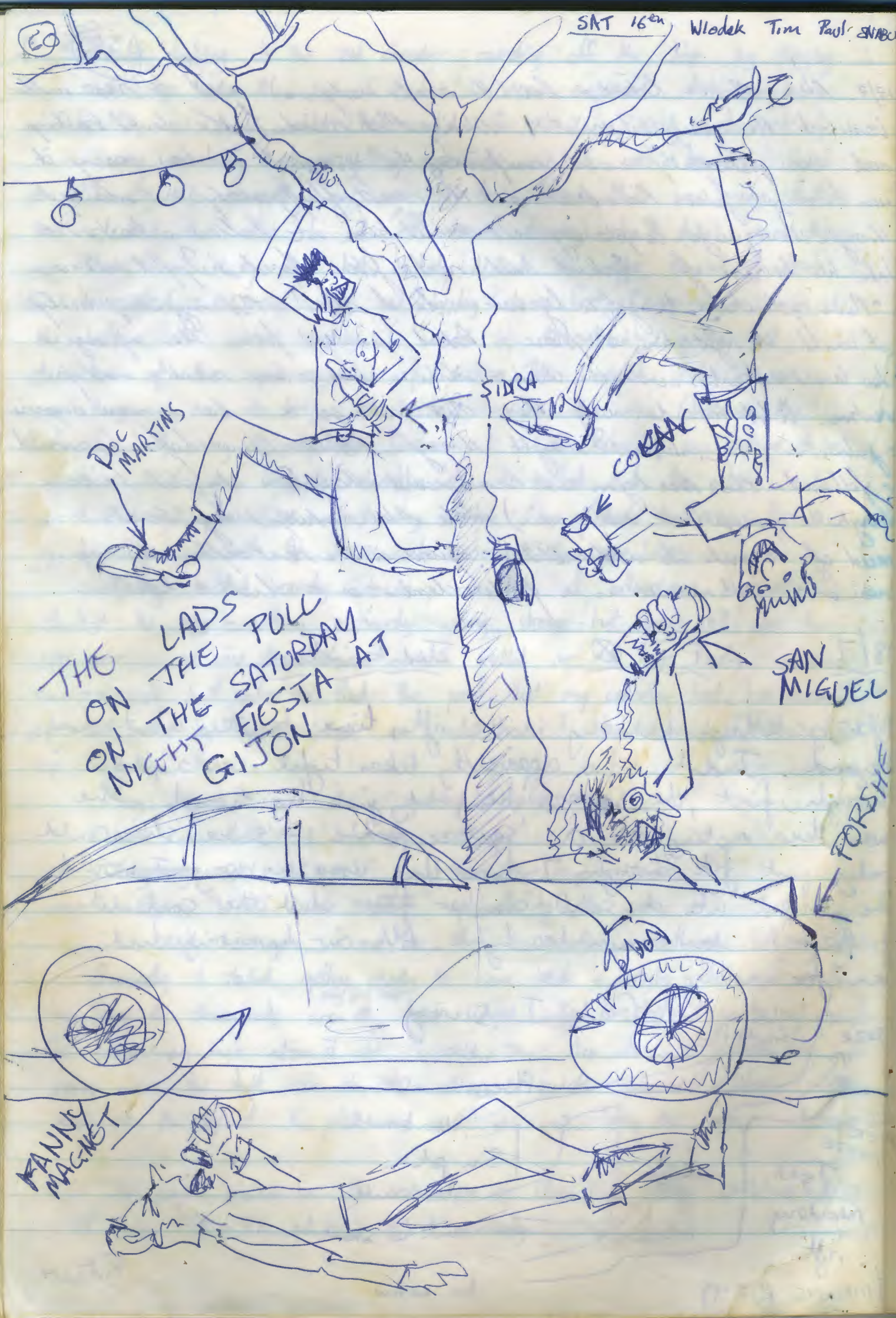
17/7 Steve & Mick & Richard & Ben (the smaller weedy one) went to have another bash at the squeeze pit in F70. Steve & Mick arrived first & started bashing rock. Steve periodically inserted himself into the squeeze to see how noisy it was becoming. John & Richard arrived & the small, fluffy weedy one whistled through the squeeze, complaining & tried him into believing he had to take his harness off. Richard tried next. John offered helpful advice "Now's your chance to get a leg over... so it now! Mick suggested possibly it wasn't the right time or place. Richard re-emerged from the squeeze - too broad & nearly across the chest - unlike a ~~some~~ certain small & weedy creature. A bit more hammering then Mick had a go & to her immense surprise & jubilation she slithered straight through. Then Steve doped to cross it & followed. Mick ~~then~~ began to have second thoughts & struggled back through the squeeze (with much pain) while Steve whooped & gibbered & raced off to make like a demolitions squad in the next rift. The way is now open - all we need is a fender climber or a bolt & lifeline.

18/7 F71 ~~⊗~~ Judit, Steve

After yesterday's hammering in the rift, time to see what lay beyond. Judit, who apparently likes tight caves, went through first, the squeeze being only just big enough. She was thus acting as a 'squeeze poodle' - since she could only just fit through, I knew there was no way I would. She dropped into a small chamber, from which the continuation of the rift was much too tight. All our hammering had been for nothing.



Steve.



DOC MARTINS

SIDRA

CORAN

SAN MIGUEL

FORSHY

THE LADS ON THE PULL ON THE SATURDAY NIGHT ON THE FIESTA AT GIJON

KANN MAGNET