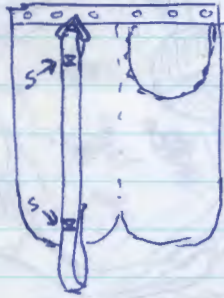
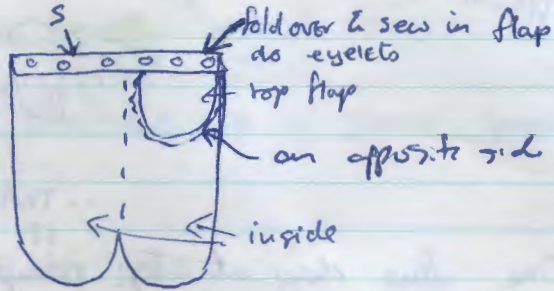
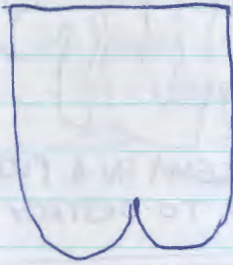
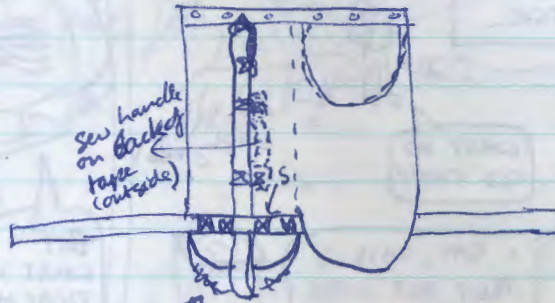


a bag with features : 1) one (half) seam taped on outside
 2) Δ malleon (internal) to attach rigger gear & dangle dial
 3) handlets & bottom handle point all attached to a common tape + emergency

77



Sew tape in with tab at the bottom

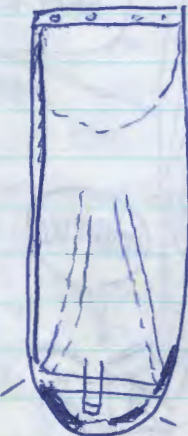
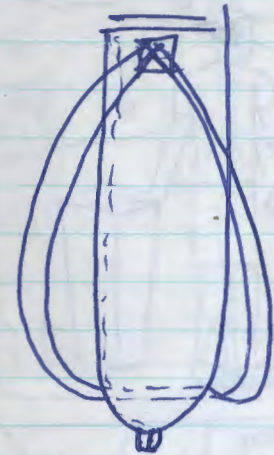
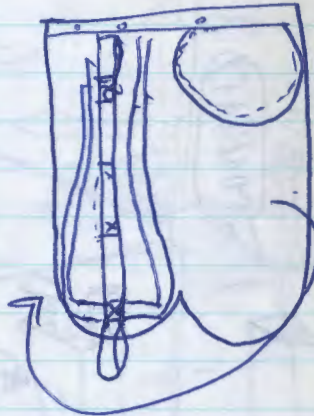


Sew backstrap tape in

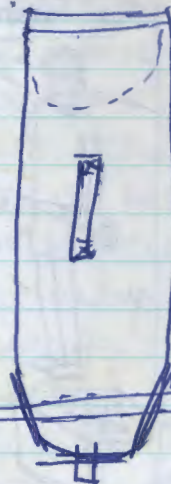


glue tape over outside seam

weird



invert
 and pull thru straps & loop thru holes



stick strap to outside and stick over holes = when straps pulled they

holes

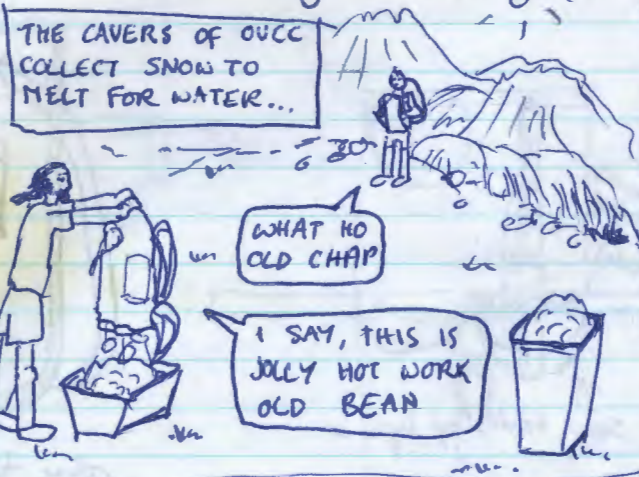
72

Professor Quatermass and

The SCUM

... TRAPPED FOR MILLENNIA IN A PICOS ICE-PLUG
IT HAS AWOKEN TO DESTROY MANKIND...

One fine day at Top camp...



TO BE CONTINUED

9.8.95 PARENTS TO CAMP 95 -

SEE YOU AN AT THE BCRA.

HAVE A HAPPY DG-RIG & A SAFE JOURNEY BACK TO OUR BRIGHTY.

HUGS & KISSES



10th August Will Alex, Chris, Piro. PAELLA SHIT!

The powers that be (ie us) decided to put off Dave L's C9 denigging camp by a day in order to utilise better the available workforce, by spending a day denigging F64. Alex and Chris went ahead to kill the cave by checking the mythical 'draughty traverses', and 3 hours later me and Pirolybus left to join them after a mammoth gear fettleing session.

Surprisingly enough, not only were the traverses not draughty, but they didn't go either. Pious rock I hear you cry! As it happened it was a mixed blessing as, having put in one bolt, the pot with the remaining anchors and wedges disappeared down the rift. Further progress may have been interesting.

(74)

Pub - ding to surface at dawn.

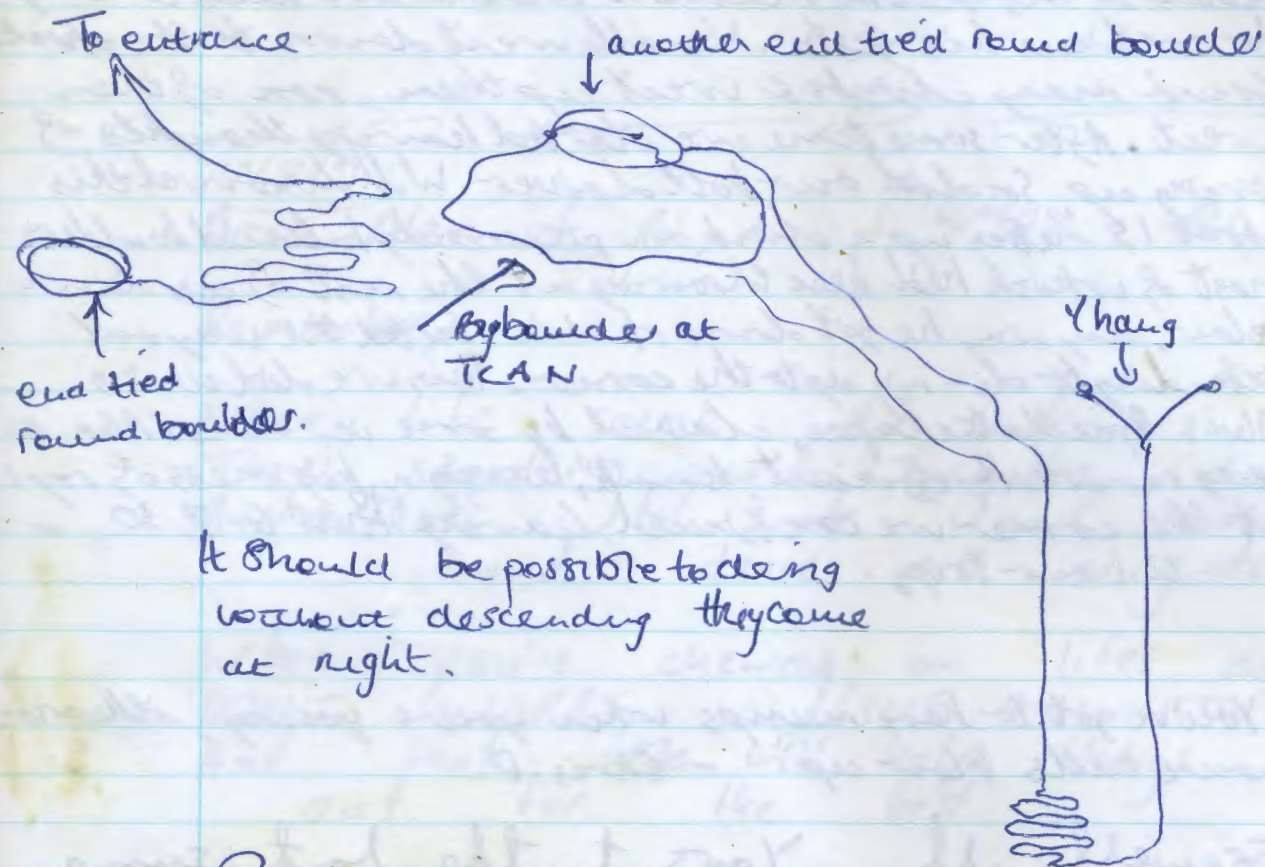
Distributing people along zodiac if we made efficient progress to the bottom of Pool for Cats, the pile growing steadily and not once tangling! The next couple of legs were slightly more tricky due to the unstable slope. Chris ~~survived~~ survived despite valiant efforts on the part of Paena to dislodge as much as possible. Late, and a superb stretch from the boulder choke saw a nice pile at the bottom of M6. "Looks like we'll be out by 5am," says Chris, putting the ~~best~~ ^{best} of death on the trip.

Riding on our previous success, we went for the piece de resistance - a Paena from bottom of M6 (Old Pass this) to bottom of the cave at night. A few hundred metres passed through, then disaster! Pio and Chris both ~~had~~ gained a spare end. 4 ends on one Paena - a little suspicious. It ~~was~~ started all went downhill from there. Chris came down M6 and up mostly with his end leaving Alex on M6. I went up the cave at night with one of your ends. Alex dangled M6 and a small amount of rope came across, snagging every couple of metres. Cave echoed with "slack", "haul", "stop", "bungee", "stuck". Alex disappeared. An hour later still no sign of Alex. Pio and Chris are keeping warm in their love shack at the top of Mostly. I go to find Alex. He's back at the bottom of M6! What is he doing? Who knows? Sam.

Me and Chris start hauling to the entrance when suddenly, 'kaboom', 'kerash', 'clatter'. Alex has discovered that washing line tied around a small wedged pebble does not constitute a sound belay. I find him at the bottom of Mostly having fallen from the top of M6. - 2 second rattle? Luckily (miraculously) only a bruised elbow, and he is escorted out by Chris.

Meanwhile, a few hundred metres of Paena has become a Paena shit. Me and Pio untangle and haul smoothly up Mostly. To avoid further tangles, we try to haul Paena 1 up to the bottom of the entrance. It snags, and again. Sam no enthusiasm left. Me and Pio make our exit.

Folk Rope :- Small pile at bottom of entrance connected to large pile at top of they come at night



It should be possible to do it without descending they come at night.

Recommended method

do it properly. ~~Take~~ Take down some tackle bags stuff the rope in. Carry to the entrance.

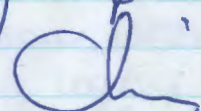
"Unfortunately, I haven't got many open wounds" A. Harding

Why not PIELLA properly with PIELLA knots not snaggy fig 8's & bowlines.
- The next trip to Foc.

5, 8, 95

After one long, hard day of yesterday, Will, Alex, Chris, Rob & me (Bill) started up to F64 for the final push of the Bernese boulder choke arriving at the entrance, Rob remembered he'd lost his Delta madlon and went back to camp to retrieve his. We all went down to the choke found many climbs & went up them, none of them went. After some time we started having thoughts of giving up, so did our bolt driver. Will discovered this about 15 metres up a climb on precariously balanced boulders most of which he'd been throwing at the rest of us down below, any way he got down ok. We started the way out intending to de-rig up to the corner. This we did using Alex's *paella* technique, claimed by some to be Chris/Alex as being remarkably efficient, humpf, leaving a big mess of rope at the corner we continued, leaving ^{1.30} at 7.30, a 20-22 hour drop.


"You've got to have mumps when you're young, otherwise you're balls blow up" - Chris D.

Forewell all. Yaws to the last, jump of C9. Find that bypass (yawn!) 

~~12/8~~

As you're ~~was~~ still all digging today's carries we restricted to Tim's tent and rubbish. Will radio 9.00 a.m tomorrow morning (13.8.95) if we remember. See you then...

R & T

P.S. You should be able to strike another tent if you make everyone share tents instead of having one to themselves. I'd recommend doing this a.s.a.p. but it's up to you... 

(back from Francia?)

EXPEDITION LESSON # 666

YOU CAN'T PUSH AND PULL

12/8/95

Dear Alex et Al, (whose Al???)

Remember, ...
When life seems jolly rotten,
There's something you've forgotten,
And that's to smile and laugh
and dance and sing...

When you're chewing on life's gristle,
DON'T WORRY, GIVE A WHISTLE,
And that ~~will~~ will help things turn
out for the best

OH, ALWAYS LOOK ON THE
BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE...

There'll be beer, gin &as,
salad, boiled potatoes, pit space.

All waiting at base

See U When I See U,
James

Verdell we go,

when we first raised the flag,
I'll remember you,
When we sat in the tent in the day,
I'll remember you.

(78)
end

Pissed as a fart,
Watching the setting sun, I'll remember you.
The rising dawn after a camping trip, I'll remember you.
Age will not with you, I'll remember you.
Nor time destroy you,
Till we meet again,
In sun or day or rain,
I'll remember you,
It's been a great year,
James

p.s. you can leave the radio.

Well, this is the time, when you should write something clever and smart as a goodbye but you can't. You feel that your brain is empty, no ideas etc... These are my last minutes here in the Top Camp, despite I promised another carry today what I won't do, I'm afraid. Sorry for this and thanks ~~to~~ everybody for ~~this~~ my third, pleasant holiday in the Picos Mountains. I hope, we will meet again, somewhere in sometime, you never know....

17th, August, 1995. Cheers: Pivos.

ps.: Please, try to forget Paella....