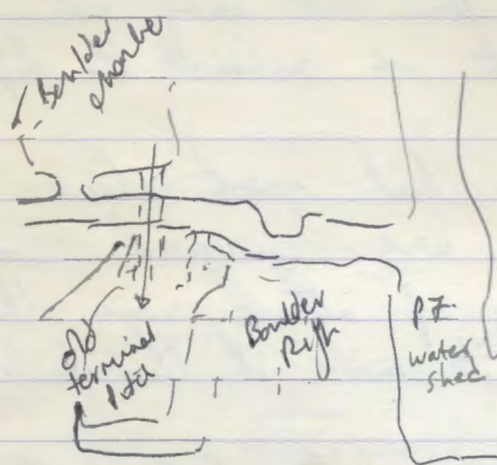
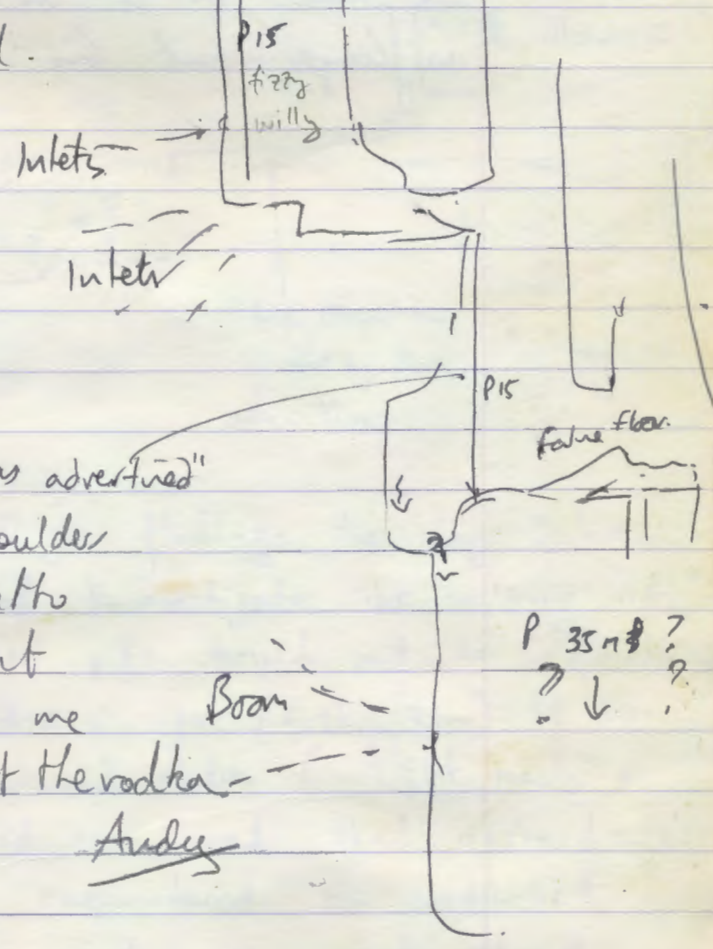


14th July ~~from~~ Tim's grade 1 of 4 discoveries.



Tim finds a ~30m+ pitch
down a short climb by a pool.
and carries out intensive
scientific research into the
gravity field within it.

Check the other way off
the chamber and find a
rather alarming no. of
holes in the "floor" "as advertised"
which is in fact false, boulder
jammed in the rift. Retreat to
safer ground and head out
having found more than we
could have hoped for, but not the vodka.



Andy

John: Some screw naturally, really easily, others are
a much harder screw...

↑
↓
?

(12)

13th July

Oby, Alex

Tona del Vesco

The execution of this trip may not have been text-book stuff, but we achieved the objective: we found the way on.

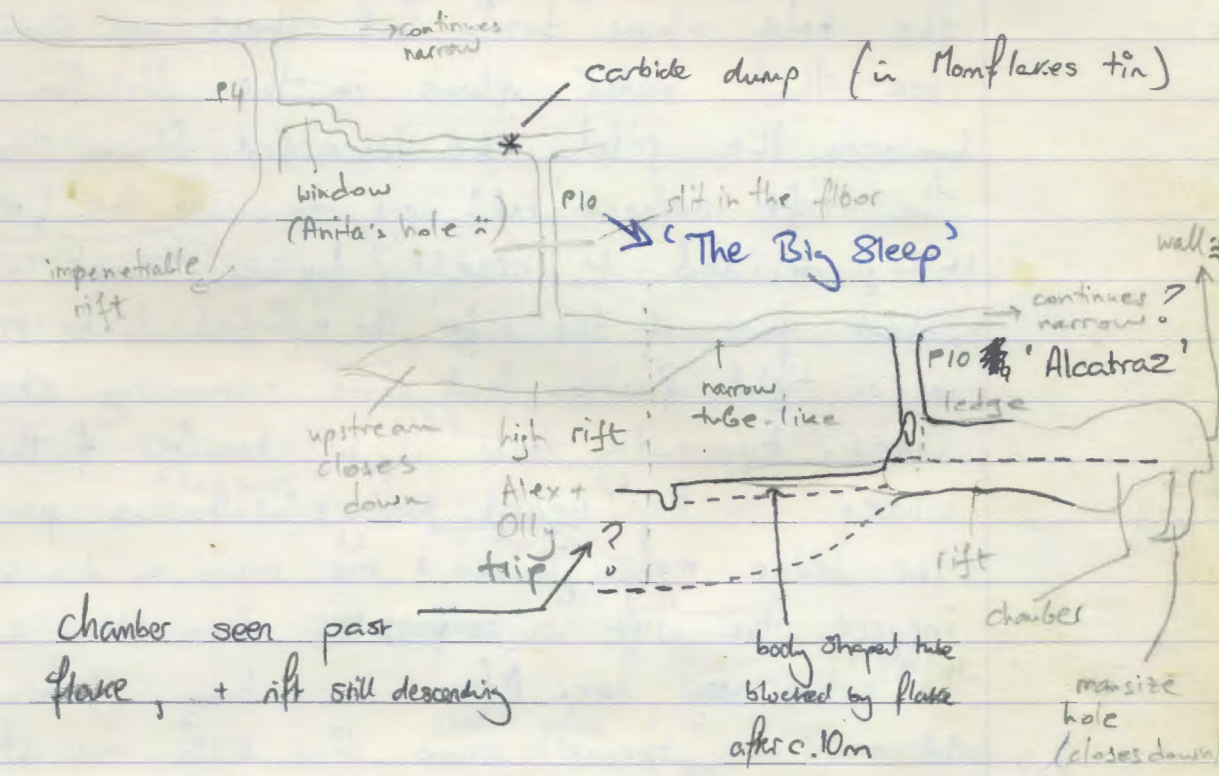
The previous trip had spent time pushing a tight rift which they were convinced was the way on. Our first line of attack was therefore to try hammering the rift to make it through to the passage beyond.

After waiting an hour getting lost half way down, we made it to the bottom only to discover that Alex no longer had his SET hot on him.

14/7

Torca del Vasco - Nobby, Jason, Anita

† 'Alcatraz':
- there's a bloody big rock there, and only one person has ever got out



Encouraged by Alex's & Ollie's findings the day before, team B-Tim + Nobby set off to investigate the "walking rift" at the ^{current} end of T. del V. The rift turned out to be of walking size only as far as A. & O. got (first 3m). It then immediately becomes an awkward tube (tight, nasty + difficult). I went forward, convinced that yesterday's trip went along it but encountered an untouched muddy slope. It is fun on the way out, though, you just slide down. A couple more tight corners (nothing like the Fierce Ladies, ~~and~~ thankfully) and there was a hole on the right hand side! A pitch or a climb? We tied a rope to two naturals and I lowered myself down into a huge rift, landing on a ledge.

(14)

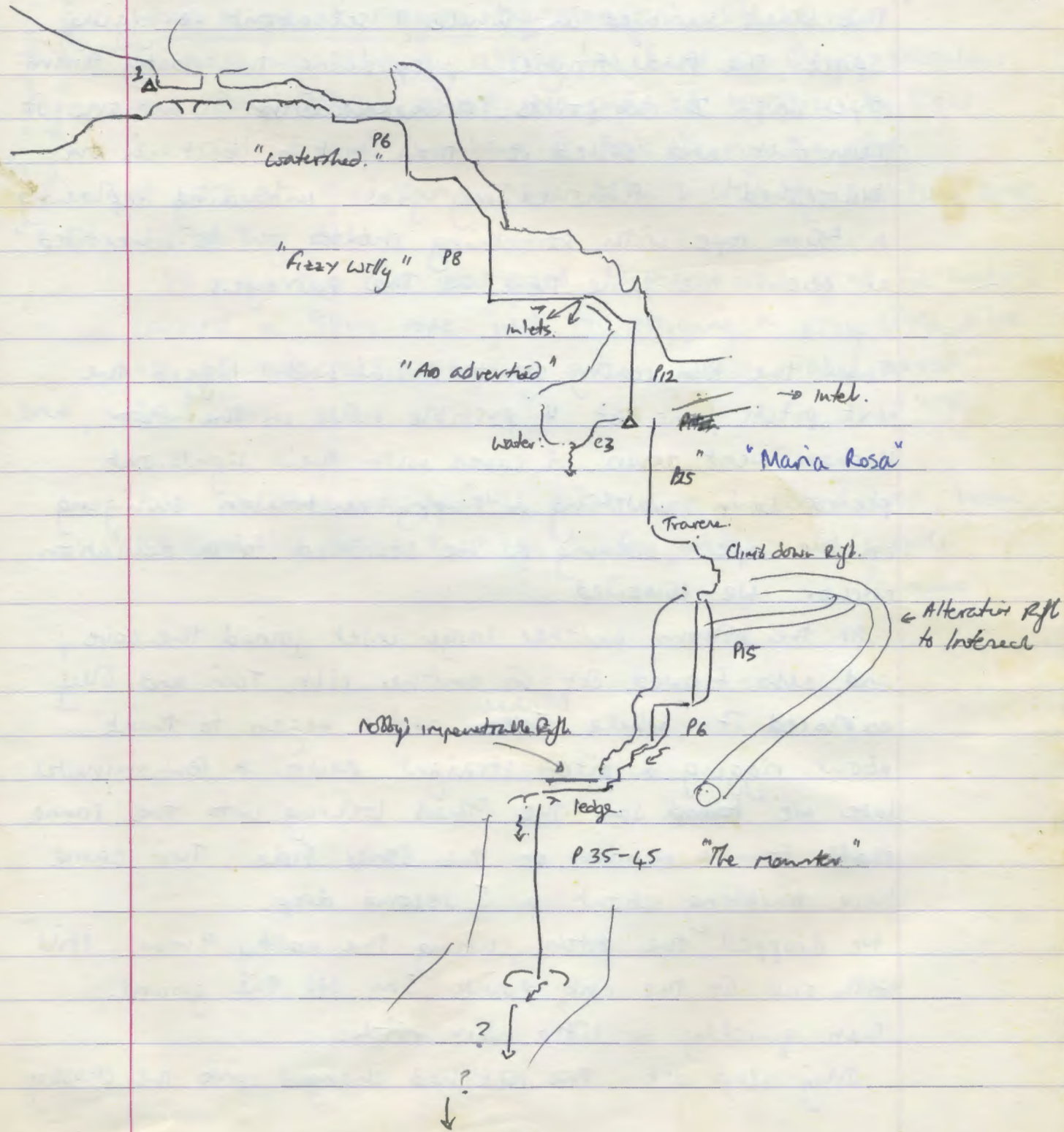
Despite its size, I didn't feel terribly excited. Only a few corners on, the rift ends as a very tall chamber, with possibly a pitch head on its top. Within the chamber there is a hole about 5m deep, large enough to climb down. Water is flowing into that hole, down chamber walls. The hole closes down but there was enough space to see that water flows in the direction of the rift, towards the pitch we descended. Since the ledge of the rift is about half way down to the bottom of the rift, Nobby decided to abseil further, through a very narrow widest part of the rift. He reported that rift continues in a tight fashion, but some hammering should make it wider. Apparently, there is a chamber further on and water can be heard. Nobby's laborious pushing up to the ledge made Jason & me make a decision not to inspect the rift ourselves. We took Nobby's word that that's the way on. After converting Jason into tuna admirer, we turned round. Our ETB was still long way away and Jason got infected by a "bolting bug" so I spent about an hour waiting on the safe side of the narrow bits while Jason and Nobby put in four bolts on some of the oucc pitches, and also replaced some of the rusty Spanish Bolts. Way out was a little slow due to tightening of nuts on some bolts. But we came out with a feeling of having had a good and successful trip.

Anita

15th July 1996. L4. Tim, Pauline, Elly, Michael.

Back 3:30 AM. Fuck does clgo.

fuck it does!



(16)

16th July 1996

GPS reading at Top Camp. in UTM.

0841998

4788213

Altitude 1830m.

15th July 1996

Samira, Oly, Michael, Tim. Cf.

The story so far...

The others surveyed in, while I set about rerigging 'Space, the final frontier', replacing the nasty 9mm rope with 2 rub points. ~~unmeasured it~~ I cut one of them out and coiled it, then put a bolt in on 'Watershed'. I finished my jobs, including replacing a 40m rope with something shorter on 'As advertised' at about the same time as the surveyors.

Then the fun really started. Tim and I rigged the next pitch, one of 4 possible holes in the floor, and Michael went down. 3 caves with their lights out peered down, watching a happy Australian swinging on the rope, swinging as he searched for a deviation anchor. We followed.

At the bottom another large inlet joined the cave, and also flowed off in another rift. Tim and Oly explored it, while ~~Michael~~ ^{Michael} and I began to think about rigging a pitch straight down. A few minutes later we ~~noticed~~ saw the others looking into the same shaft from a window on the other side. Tim came back burbling about a 5 second drop.

We dropped the pitch, using the nasty 9mm, still with one of the rub points 5m off the ground.

Then quickly a little 5m pitch.

Oly lead off. The rock had changed into the chossy

The 5 second drop I was "choking" about
never for a different in all!

brown stuff. The rift got smaller, as it always does in this type of rock, and Oly said he thought the 'journey's coming to an end'. Moments later we climbed out onto a ledge ~~at~~ part way down a massive ~~a~~ pitch. So we called it 'Nobby's impenetrable rift' because Oly found it.

The pitch head was very chossy, and Tim wanted to have a go at rigging 'the monster'. Off he went?

Michael was already resting his head on Oly's shoulder and Oly looked asleep. We cuddled together to fight the cold during the hour it took to rig the pitch.

It was at the same time both incredibly exciting and incredibly dull.

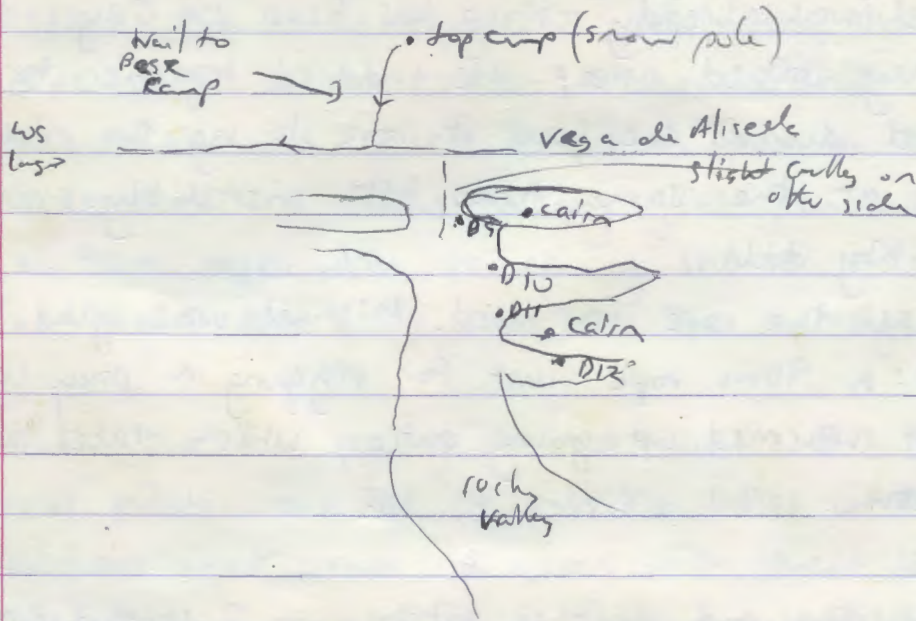
So, all the rope was used. Michael was glad he hadn't carried a 90m rope just for rigging a proxy little pitch. We got warmed up going out, which takes about 2 hrs now.

And at the end another pitch - a 2 second drop, boom, followed by booms that go on for another 6 seconds.

Pauline

GPS reading on snow pole 16/7/95 7pm
0342021 1895 ALT
4788260

16th July 1995 - Michael & Maria Shaff Baskins
we crossed the Vega de Aliseda to the ridge on
the other side (where Anita & I had found a shaft a few
days ago)



9 caves were tagged and are described as follows
D9 (A & B) 2 shafts 20-25 ft deep

GPS reading 0342122 4788681 altitude 1717

Compass bearing to snow pole 208°, 172° to Verdelluenga. 110° to Sulltayu

Collection of shafts in bare sloping rock on RHS of gully

Good digging potential at base of 25' shaft below many eye holes - draughts.

D10 chamber 6m wide/long - dry good potential cache
just around corner from D9. No potential for digging

D11 2m climb down into disused hollow. 5m further on from
D10. somewhat "optimistic" to say it has digging potential a
further 5m ^{climb} down a slot under wall
C.P.S 1801 0342170 4788772

712 - (The sheriff Anita & I heard found)

at Base of cliff on RHS of side Gully (backing down into the main Gully system) we have built a cairn on high point directly above it. 25ft shaft into 4x6m chamber. Trickle of water in one corner & hole in floor to v. small canyon. Potential - none... although we did feel a very distinct breeze on the first visit.

GPS 039 2111 478 8835 altitude 1765
verdellugan 1720
Puña Santa ~~Est~~ nel 228°.

DS still has by far the largest & coldest draught around...

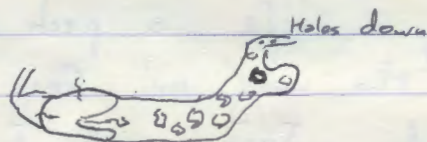
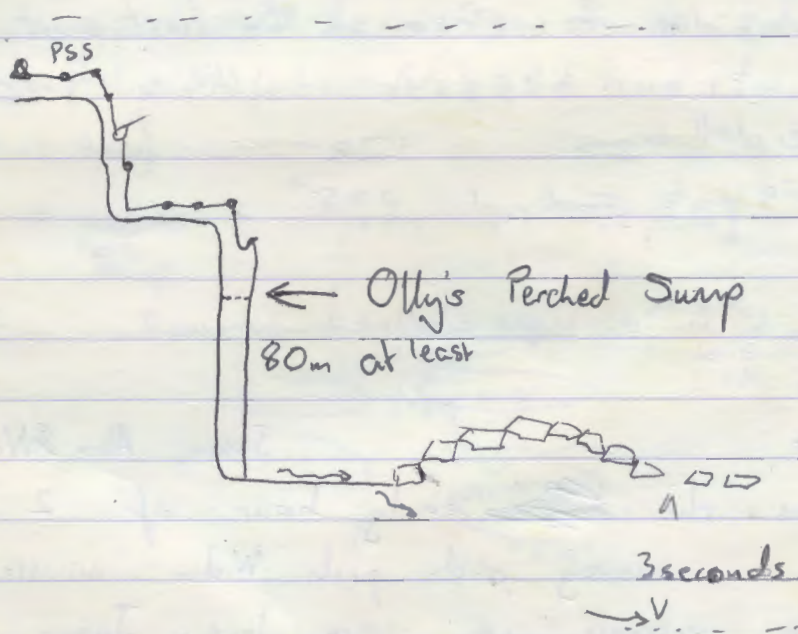
16/7 C4 Jason, Alex & Nobby
Set off at the ~~late~~ early hour of 2 in the afternoon to survey and push. Within minutes of leaving the entrance we were lost. Jason had found a climb up to a rift a pitch early, so Nobby was sent to check 'the way on'. Once Nobby was well and truly wedged Jason and I found the next pitch and carried on up the correct climb and rift.

On down the cave, tightening bolts as we went, to the permanent survey station. Here Jason left us ~~to~~ rerigged the last pitch we had come down whilst we survey. Much later he came down to say he had enough for the day, little knowing what lay after the survey.

Beyond lay the Monster. Initially we rigged the second part of the pitch off the tail of the previous pitch but this was far too short. Soon we had an 80m ish free hang and where stomping down big passage. The passage splits in

(20)

two, right appears to be an aven, left leads down to a rift which is partly chocked with boulders. Holes in the boulders give a three second drop to a streamway.



I tightened the bolt on the rebelay above the slackness and peered down through the stream. 'I don't think I'll bother coming down,' Alex had said. We had figured that the rope used for the top half would probably be long enough - after all, there was about 40m left and we had only used a bit on a 3 bolt traverse...

Not even close. I watched the knot in the bottom slowly approach me, willing the floor to appear, until I hung on the end and could go no further. Suddenly I could see, about 30 ft below me, a sump pool with the tell-tale thick ring of froth around the side. Arse arse arse.

So that's probably it, then. Oh well - I suppose there