

By the seas on your fingers I can tell  
It is Ben Lovett's dig

Well (what) if it is Ben Lovett's dig  
Ben Lovett's not at home  
For he's gone up the Ario path:  
A-bringing the bimbo's home

Ali Gorman who was standing by,  
Hearing what was said,  
He swore Ben Lovett he would know  
Before the sun had set

And in his hurry to carry the news  
He ran straight up the crag  
And when he left the Ario path  
He wandered in the clag

Little Lovett the mad she lay down  
By the stream that did a-bubble  
And when she looked up Ben Lovett was  
A-brandishing his gerbil

Saying "How do you like my furry suit  
And how do you like my dig?  
How do you like my boulder drake  
Whose draft it is so big!"

"Well I like your furry suit  
And well I like your dig,  
But better I like your boulder drake  
With the draft that is so big!"

"Get down, get down", Ben Lovett cried,  
"Get down as quick as you can;  
It'll never be said in fair South Wales  
I killed a dog in Spain."

Alternative Lyrics (added ~~24~~ on  
President's <sup>assistant</sup>)  
"Go down, ~~do~~ go down" Ben Lovett said  
"Go down as quick as you can"

"Oh I can't get ~~up~~ down, I won't get down,  
I can't get down for my life;  
For you have two long digging tools  
And I but a pocket knife."

"Oh I can't go down, I won't go down"  
"I won't go down for your pole"

"And I shall strike the very first blow  
And strike it like a man,  
And you shall strike the very next blow  
And get through it you can."

It's true I have 2 digging tools  
and I borrowed them from <sup>my</sup> things,  
But you shall have the  
better of them,  
and I shall have the least

"For you have one long digging  
tool,  
And I but a ~~small~~  
little mouth."

So Ben Lovett struck the very first blow  
And knocked the keystone out  
The pirates heard the cry, too late,  
As boulders fell about.

Then falling up El abal  
And sitting him on his knee  
Said: "Which can do you like the better name,  
(Anahis) or C3?"

Well up and spoke El abal  
Never known to speak so free:  
"I'd rather a dog in the boulder chokes  
Than swamy in C3."

Ben Lovett he jumped up,  
And loudly he did shout,  
He struck El abal through the head

And pinned him to the wall.

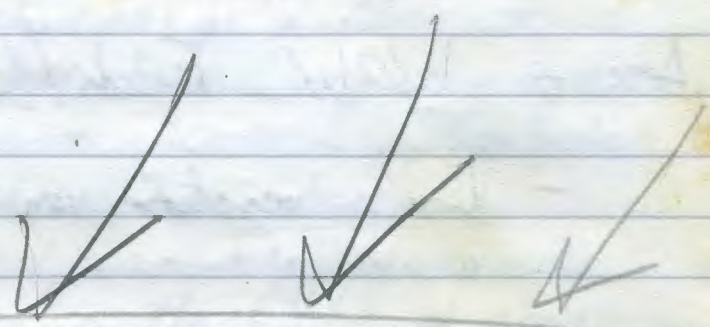
'A pain, a pain,' Ben Lovett cried  
To stack these diggers in

But please mad Lou behind that rock,  
In case the roof falls in!

C4 digg - Friday 1/8/97

- ~~John~~
- NJM
- ~~Al~~
- ~~Ben~~
- ~~Mark~~
- ~~Rob~~
- ~~Andy~~
- Fleur
- Rob

- Lou
- (Tom)
- Alisan
- (Rhys)
- ~~Jan~~
- (JC?)



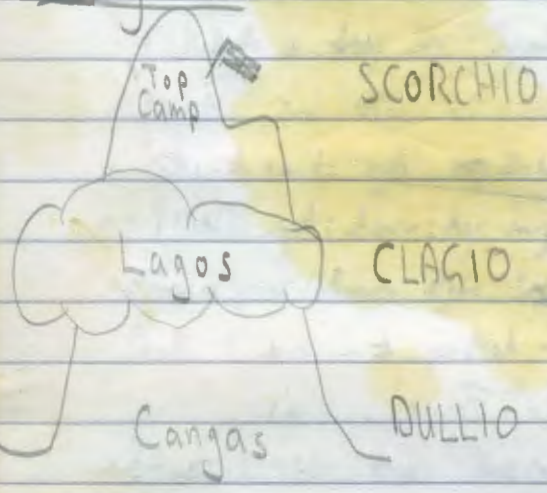
Provisional timetable

- early team : <sup>+ Rob</sup> Lewis at Banish
- followed by : Al + Ben 2-3 hrs later i.e 10am
- followed by : Andy + ~~Mark~~ Rob 12pm
- followed by : Mark + Lou 2pm
- followed by : NJM + Fleur 4pm
- followed by : Jan + Alisan 6pm
- reserves : Tim etc

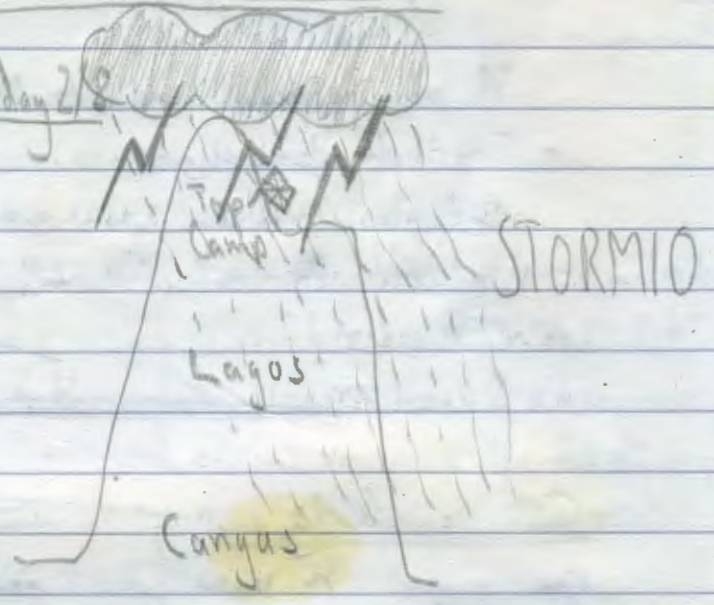
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The Weather Forecast for The Next 48 Hours

Friday 1/8



Saturday 2/8



Lou - WOW Fuck!!

- Lou's reaction on discovering Tim's age.

Beyond Keith in Canahron 1

1/8/92

"Oh yes, and then ~~to~~ a boulder fell out of the roof and hit Tim on the ear", said Lou as we sat with cups of tea at camp trying desperately to think of ways to encourage people to return to the terminal Choke in Canahron I. In fact it's not true that at all. The roof really doesn't fall on out. Not unless you poke it with a crowbar that is. But of course that's exactly what you have to do to raise any program - poke the roof with a crowbar. The cave currently ends in a more open part of the chow with a distinct change of character. One are the muddy, face-down squooshy overalls where the first ~~30-40m~~ 30-40m wormholes its way through the chow; or where Lou shuffled backwards and forwards performing extraordinary contortions in the effort of slushing rocks in any available space; where Tim ~~stayed~~ lay for ~~hours~~ what seemed like an eternity staring into a diffuse and apparently ~~per~~ confusing jumble of packed boulders dying to answer which way offered any prospect at all; and where, as usual, Rob lay and shivered in the biting cold. After perhaps 20min of ~~off~~ digging a space down had opened ahead, and a cleaner, water-washed, more open section appeared ahead. Stal on the roof. Space to turn, to sit, and to practice yogic flying for maximum obedience and the promise of greater depth. we seemed to have progressed below the level of the start of the chow, and it really felt as if this time we were about to break down into

## The next phase of Canastota I.

By the time Ali and Ben arrived at the break through (Andy had declined to enter the chow, and was back at the equipment dump watching for changes in water levels), we had determined that most of the draught was going up again into the chow, although some was pouring down and through. Laughs were ~~exchanged~~ echoed in the chamber as the absurdity of it all struck home. Lon's feet struck shyly into the air as the ~~dry~~ pointed boulders cut for a head-down tube at the chow face and ~~as~~ passed their back to half the country's force of Breanen diggers sitting in a cramped line. Laughs echoed and echoed. Some of these nervous laughs of course - its an intimidating place to enter a Welsh dig - 50m of squeezes into a water-prone boulder chow beamed at the end of an overflow to a smogging tube (and of course, 225m down). But the company was all right since we ever been with such a concentration of humorous people.

8:30pm. One time to go and survey the breach character in the land of Gervilliers. Efficient, but not enough to stave the laughter. Maybe it was the squid. maybe it was watching the survey post rise as he passed upstream.

11:30pm. Time to go out? No way. Done the chipping. Done the surveying. Now time for the photo dip.

Fewer laughs this time, but stalwart helpers made for relative efficiency even here. By 1 am we were heading out.

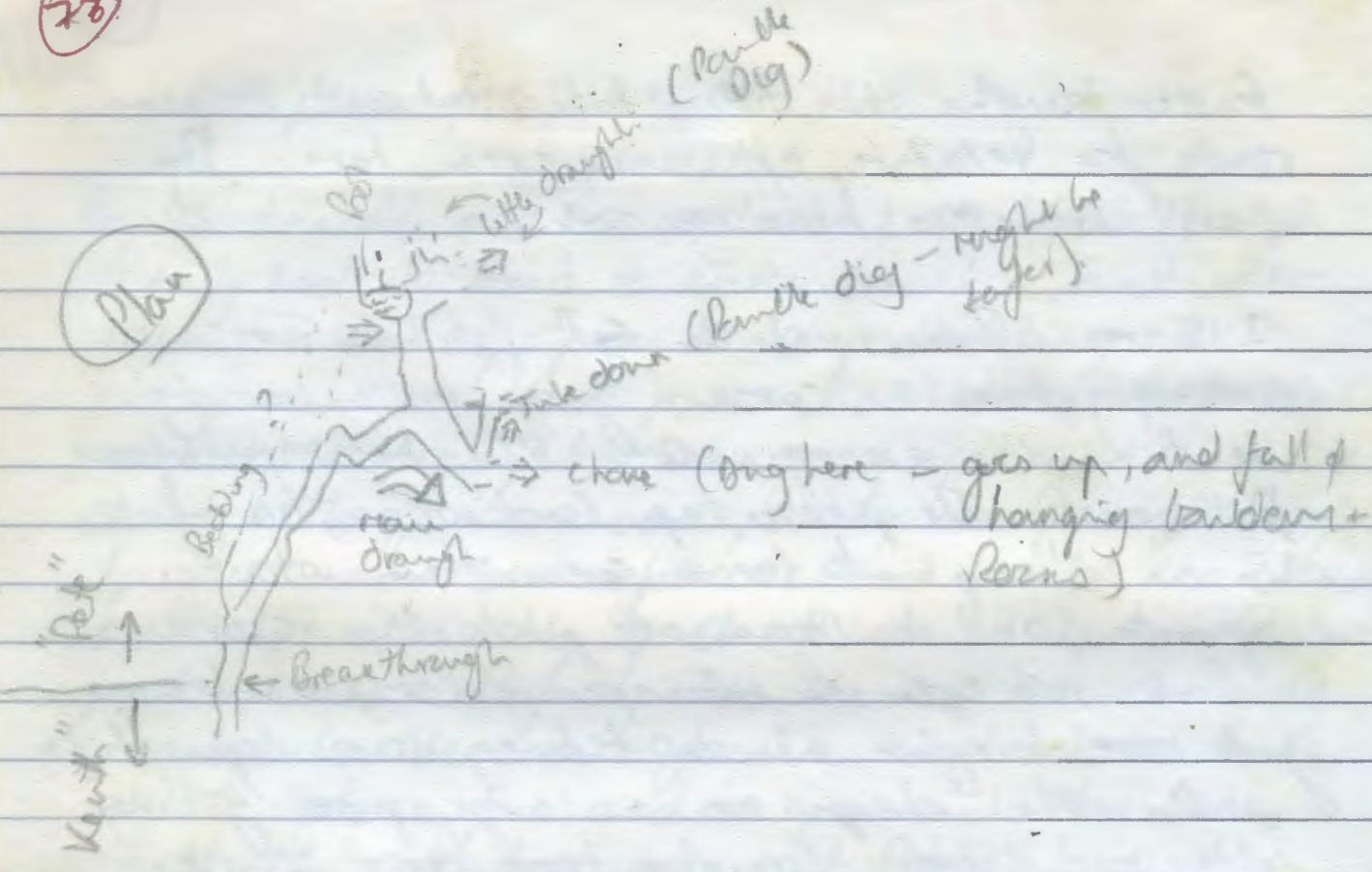
2:15 am Bottom of the 5<sup>th</sup> pitch. Tim Amoninghy has his camera gear unpacked by the time Lon emerges over the previous pitchhead. The photo trip continues, as if in an attempt to break even these stout spirits, and to break all photo-trip records.

But not even a whisper of complaint - just more laughs at watching Lon squawking under the drapes in a large pool getting colder and colder: laughs from her of course.

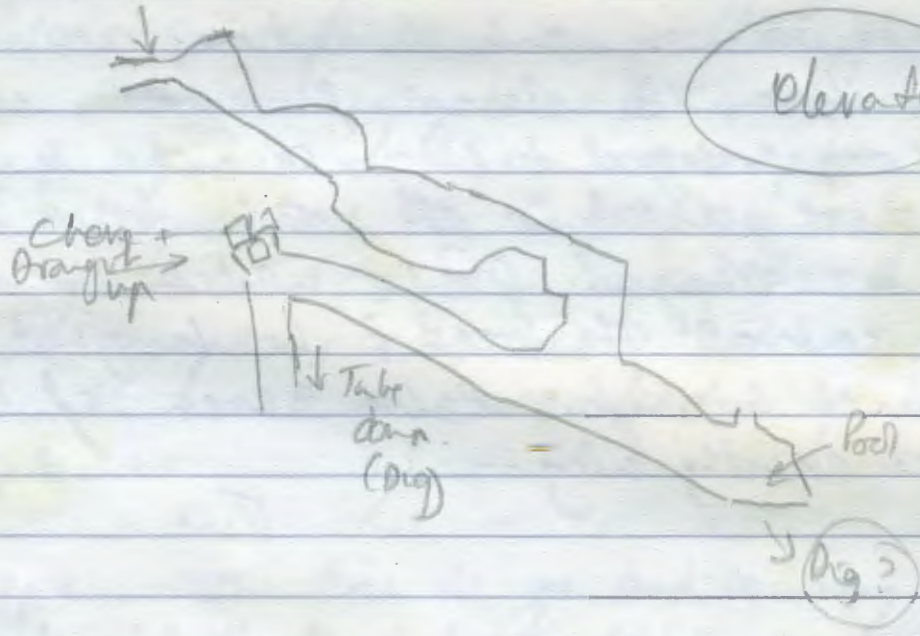
Rob found his way out this time, and soon, well by 4 am, the slowest person in the team (me) emerged to day. Or was it stars? And did we get lost on the walk back? Does Rob like Mugs? Did we watch the dawn? Did we eat all the bread? We laughed a lot, that runch is unforgettable - even if I can't remember exactly why.

Tim

Plan



Break through



Beate prediction -

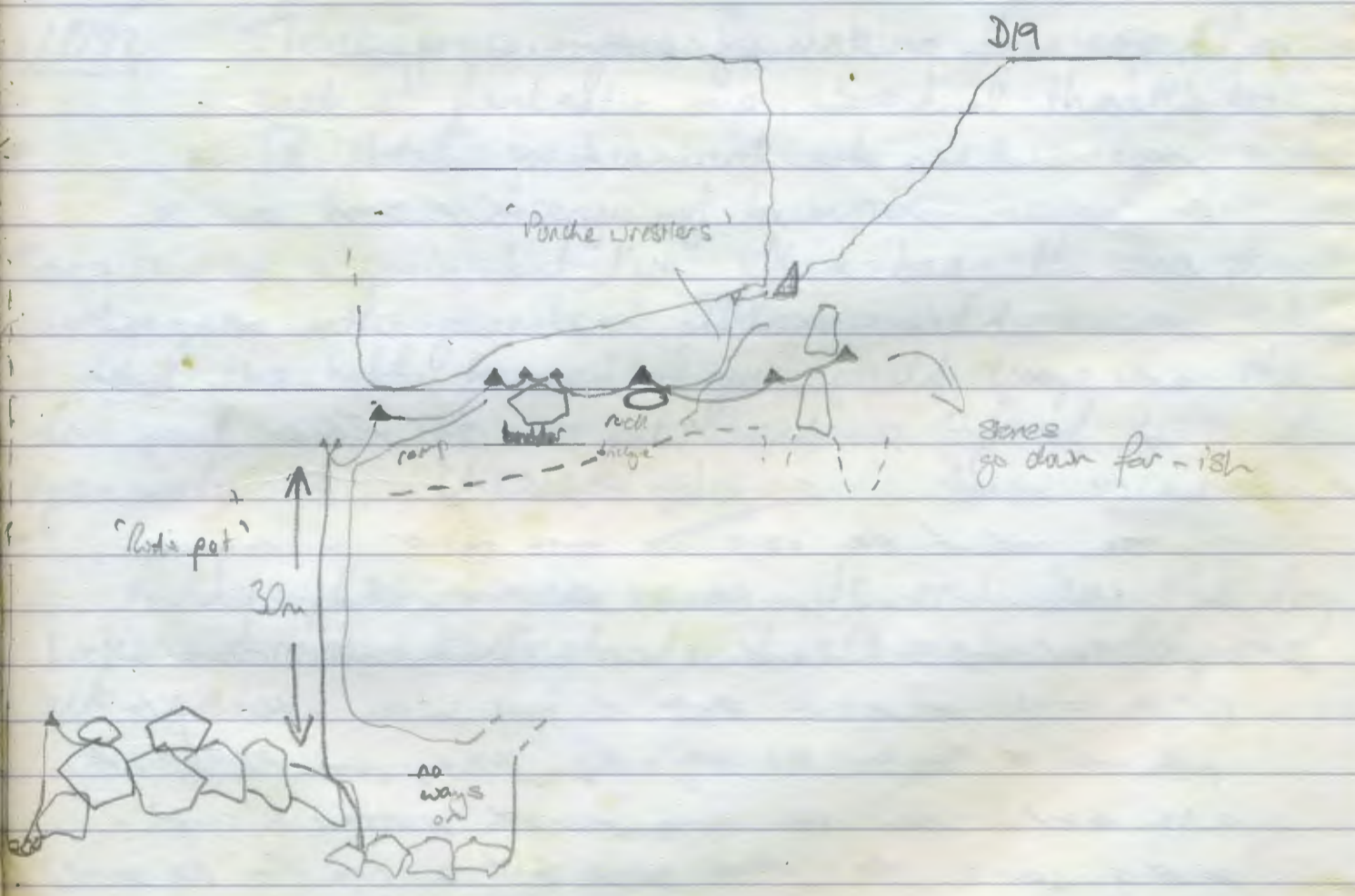
Run back out as quick as possible.



D19 - 'no snow & still absolutely fitting bearing

(Poza del Per) - see area D shaftboring for location

Flew, had & I have been to this cave twice. 1<sup>st</sup> time we followed Pek's route down a ramp to a 30m pit into a large ~~open~~ traverse chamber with possible routes down at either end. Last time we returned with more rope only to find that both routes ~~changed~~ changed completely and that a ridiculously hopeful climb was just that. ~~As~~ On the way out, however, a traverse above the rift directly below the entrance leads to a point where rocks can be thrown down holes which may slope away from the original route in the opposite direction. Hopes not as high as ~~previously~~ previously for this one, but its not dead yet. NPM



(46)

1/08/97

G.P.S. Snow pole

N 43° 13' 730"

(NAME)  
97-4

N 043° 13.730'

12.04 GMT

W 004° 56.814'

1885m

30/7/97

Photo trip in Canolines

Paul Mann, Joanne Whisler, Olly Hilton

My second photo trip - with main objectives to photo the entrance shaft, the beginning of the rift, and the sump pool.

Made a traditionally late start, leaving camp at 3:30pm, and getting underground at 5:00pm. The entrance shaft was efficiently photographed as Jo & Olly followed, using whistle signals. Scary Big Pile!

The rest of the cave was much easier in comparison, we stopped for photos at the first rift pitch lead, at the breakthrough rift, and in another random rift. Passed by a number of possible slots of east pitch - thinking to get one or two on the way out. Photographed the 5th rift pitch lead, then the sump approach passage & 'sump'. At this point the flash guns took a turn for the worst, with Steve and I taking turns at not working. So called it a day.