

23/11/96 OUEC GUSTUTERU '96 - Expedition Dinner

The "flowers of the Picos" present are: James, Knobby, PAULINE, Tim, Martin L., Andy, Geoff, Jo, Paul, Martin, Andy, Olly, JC, Fleur, Alison, Ian, Ker, Jain

A fine 5 course meal (coffee mints) etc. leads to --- TECHNO --- TECHNO --- TECHNO ---

"fuck." Pauline "If your head goes through, the rest of you should follow."

James "I believe in the long back" Hooper

Andy "Am I seeing double?"

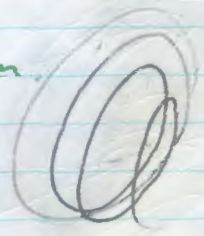
"SRT is the basis. Caving is the Principle!" * *# will, no, water*

DEPTH THROUGH THROAT.

(or El Regalon '97)

Just Chase Manhattan Manipulate them

SRT? NRT more like.



* or ... ' SGR is the basis ... Caving is the Pineapple !! '

EXPEDITION DINNER

8pm Saturday 23 November

at Baverstock Hotel (on A465 near Myrthyr)

Accommodation afterwards at WSG Cottage

Transport back to the cottage in the red minibus. (Room for all).

Bring slides and photos and booze

Please come

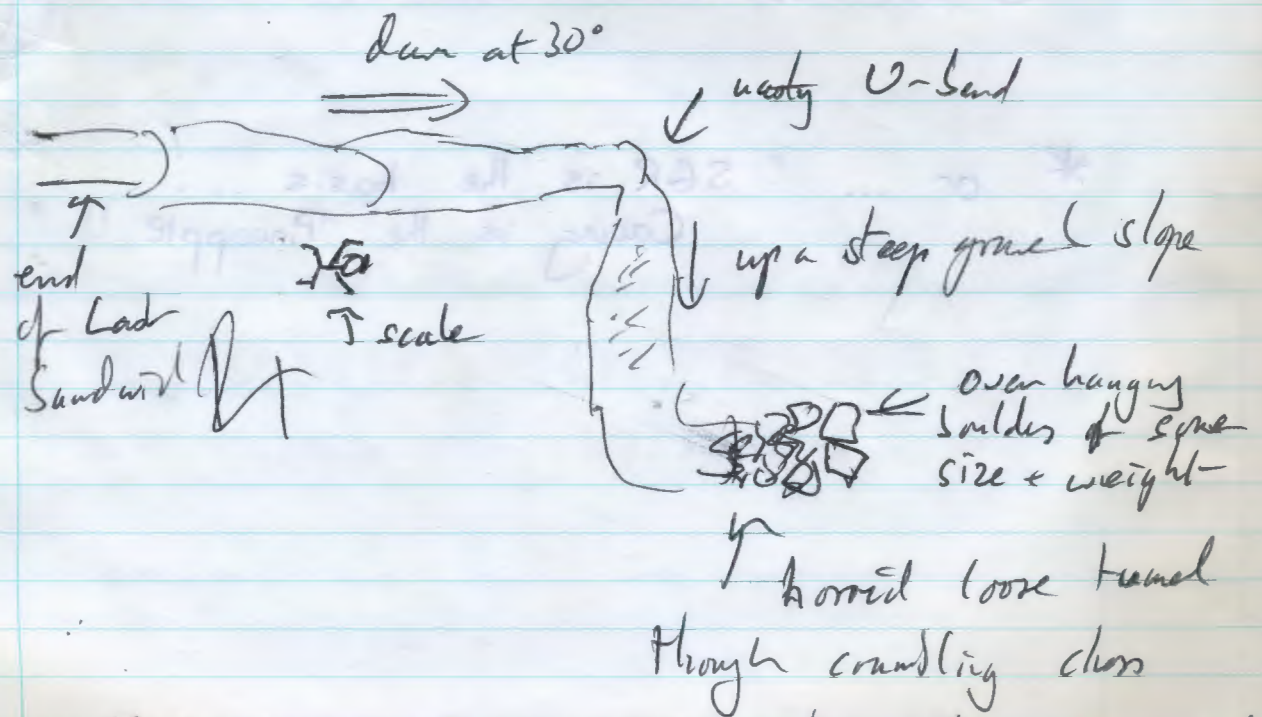
Gravin
S.G.R
J.C.
Nobby

DRAWN AGAIN

16/4/96

The Gang
of Four

The News about the new
excursion is so hot it is ~~the~~ ~~causing~~
only in DTT. Suffice it to say
that in the 'secret file' have been
various clandestine digs by me (S.G.R) &
Gravin, then including Nobby & J.C.
The penultimate dig saw light, or
rather darkness at the end of the tunnel. The dig
had gone to be like this



~~The~~ ~~work~~ I poked at the overhanging boulders
(of some weight) & several of them fell on
my head. This was OK, I passed the bench to
Guv, who passed the ant-

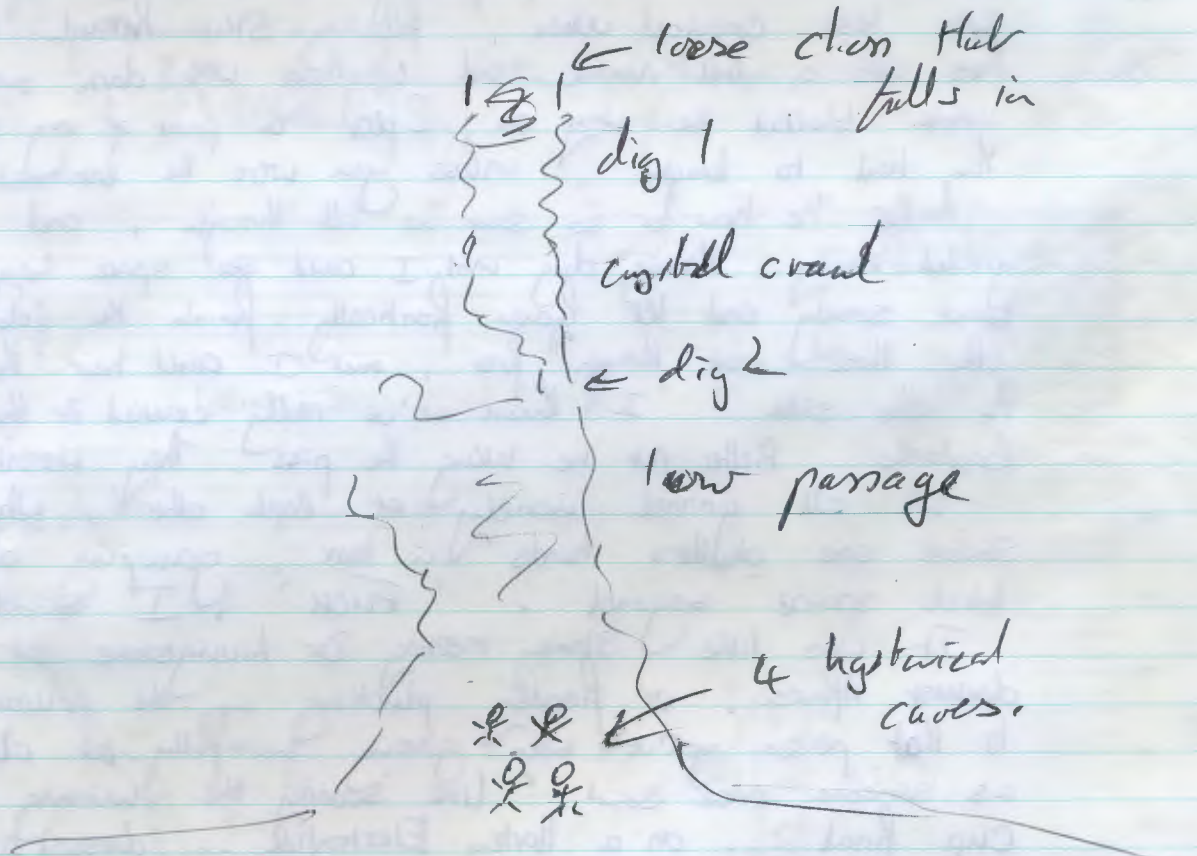
MORE VAST NEW PASSAGE (83)

PART I of a long series (3)
DISCOVERY OF DOLLIMORE SERIES

Next time we cleared the lot including the humongous 'big rock'. How low 'dressed' it out backwards I do not know.

With an sand -- I was though! A lowish crystal crawl led off. To a choke. I returned and tided up the dig. It fell in completely.

Let's --- see all right to, enough was cleaned out for me to think "at least we thy can pass Mars Bus + water though". Soon we were all at the 2nd dig. It flew back as low wed at it. Then:



IMMENSE BLACK SPACE

GOSH! wow! gosh! wow!
we all said.

LEFT? or RIGHT?

No question - right was south. The way to go.

An interlude from Nobby:

I'd seen the darkness beckoning, but hadn't been totally convinced, though obviously interested enough to come back for the breakthrough dig. I was less convinced when Steve got through and announced 'about 30m of passage to a choke'. I was far less convinced when, following Steve through the dig, there was a dull rumble and everything went dark as bits of rubble blocked the way on, 2 feet in front of my nose. You had to laugh, unless you were the entombed Dr Roberts.

Another 1/2 hour or so saw us all through, and the next choke yielded easily. Having dug until I could see space beyond, I sat back smugly and let Gavin frantically finish the job. The other three went through first, and I could hear them talking on the other side - 'I think we've really cracked it this time' etc. Bastards. Better not be taking the piss. They weren't.

We all grinned inanely at each other, whooped and shook one another's hands in turn, gawping at the huge black space beyond. 'Fuck', I said.

It was like Stanley meeting Dr Livingstone at last in darkest Africa, or finally plucking up the courage to speak to that person you've been gazing wistfully at all term, or as someone once said 'like scoring the winning goal in a cup final ... on a Harley Electra Glide ... dressed as Spiderman'.

'Hrrumph' said Gavin. 'It's about time I discovered something in Britain.'

'My legs have gone all wobbly' said Steve.

We stomped off southwards.

NJM

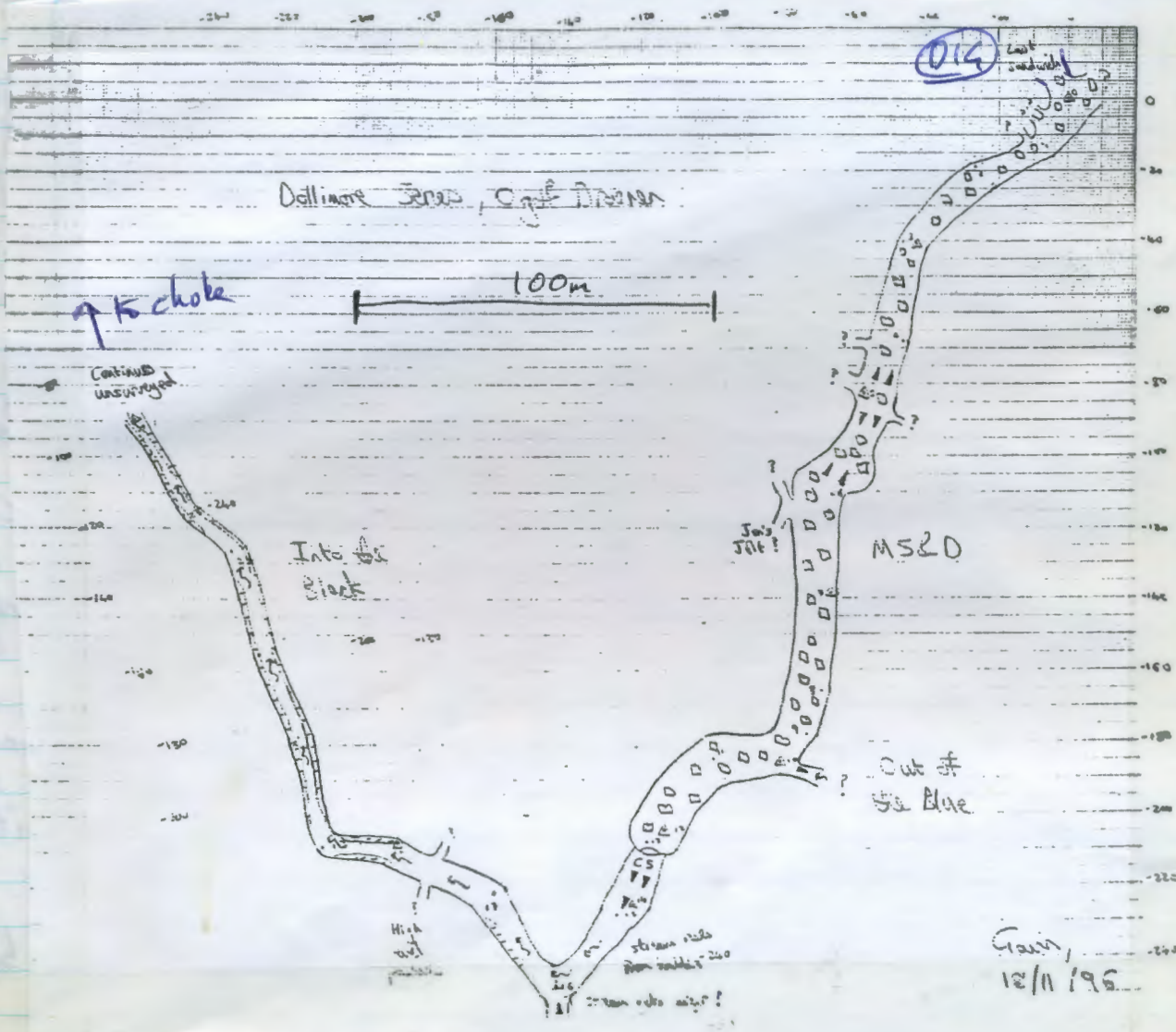
E-2 of Nobby's interlude --

It was big, very very big. Up & down over the loose rocky floor in massive passages, surveying as we went. We soon passed a 6m wide side passage. Why bother? Stick with the main drag.

On the left - a stream came in. We were now in a bit where the passage widened to a form a large chamber. Ahead was a tricky-looking drop. Bob Gair managed to find a way down, & Tom & Moby & I followed. Down a huge boulder slope to a stream, flowing away over gungy black stuff.

We continued to survey, until doubts were raised about our lights. A quick sprint ahead; this streamway looked like it was going to go on forever. We knew it didn't reach the main stream in known case.

But a few 100m further on, the main route was blocked by a choke.



Back out steadily, arriving at the Land & Fox at 11.45. Peter & Bolt was at the bar. I couldn't resist of the & amount of triumph - "We've cracked it!" - Big grin - first punching the air. Arthur Millet, John Stein sat some distance away looking glam as we told our tale.

Next weekend - 23/11/96.
Gavin, Steve, Ker, Peter Bolt.

A trip to show it off to Peter, & to find the way in that most surely exist amongst all the down stream leads.

It didn't. All leads from B into the Black chert choked:

Terraced chert: will require only to lots of dynamite

Side passages at end: all chert immediately bar one the goes south for about 150m. Diggable.

Side passages at 'Dog leg': Some going leads. Needs ladders for one & crowbar for the rest.

We discussed it over tea & Pampersid & cheese (Conberg P.B.)

Decided to leave the stream way "Out of the Blue" for another team, maybe, & look at some of the high-level passages. We decided that "Out of the Blue" would go, then Peter climbed up in "Hall of the One".

Passages led off at the top. One went to a lovely little grotto - full of stal, helictites - with a white floor with a 'fairy castle' on it.

"Perfect" said Peter, then, "These bats will shit anywhere."

24/11/96 Draenen - hard pushing trip (NOT)

Nobby, Olly, Andy, Jo.

The original plan to get to the ~~end~~ sharp end was hampered by a late start, getting the van stuck in the snow for 1/2 hr, Nobby's hangover, ~~and~~ of me hurting my knee & general inertia. In the end we ~~did~~ did a bimbely trip to the snowball. This took us quite a while due to the fact that every 1/2 hour or so we sat down for a gossip. We somehow got onto the subject of morality (or lack thereof) and I'm sure that the fact that Nobby got lost was completely unrelated to the fact that we were discussing sixteen-year-old girls at the time (?). Other subjects discussed were: the deplorable lack of sleaze in the cave club, ~~and~~ prostitution & bestiality. In the course of the latter discussion the following ~~quoting~~ classic comments were made:

Andy: I couldn't give a fuck about hedgehogs!

Nobby: I prefer small animals, such as hamsters, to large farm animals. * (see 2 pages later ->)

Anyway, moving swiftly on.....

On the way out we ~~was~~ had some fun wading through large pools & negotiating the entrance series which was a tad wet due to a large proportion of the snow on the surface having melted. ~~It was~~
A very enjoyable (if not terribly productive) trip. Jo

Well, not the most productive trip, we thought we had tied off all the good leads as 'Out of the Blue' would just come from now. (Ha!)
With "Nicola's Grotto" as a bonus, though, we felt we'd had a good day.
... and there's more!

Stuart

We like to explore down in Proenen
As long Welsh coves go, it's a fine'un
It gets longer & longer

"What don't kill makes you stronger"
- and gives us good stories to dine on.

Shey

Get of the Blue, & into the Black
Out of the the Blue & into the Black --
And when you're gone - You don't come back
When you're out of the blue, and into the black

Neil Young

30/11/96

Slaughter Stream Cave - Nobby, Oly, Mark, Alison, Mike.



Originally, we all thought we'd be mules for some cave diver seeking glory beyond static Sump Four. Unfortunately (?) the dive trip was aborted leaving the five of us to cavort cave-free through this fine system. Superlatives for this trip! Fixed ladders for the entrance shaft and only two casual ladder climbs beyond, the second of which had already been rigged for us and was still rigged when we came out, by mysterious, never-seen troglodytes who had obviously become involved in a trip of higher purpose than our own.

K I'll leave it to someone else to explain the picture.

SPECTRUM AGENT COL. GREEN
HE'S INDESTRUCTABLE!

Kuwant passage is a must-see, with pitch black walls, a few helictites, and really soft dirt floors for the crawly bits. Pine stream way as well! Can't go wrong!

(Please compare this entry with my dratribbe of 13 pages back, for assurance that I'm not a COMPLETE Moody Git).

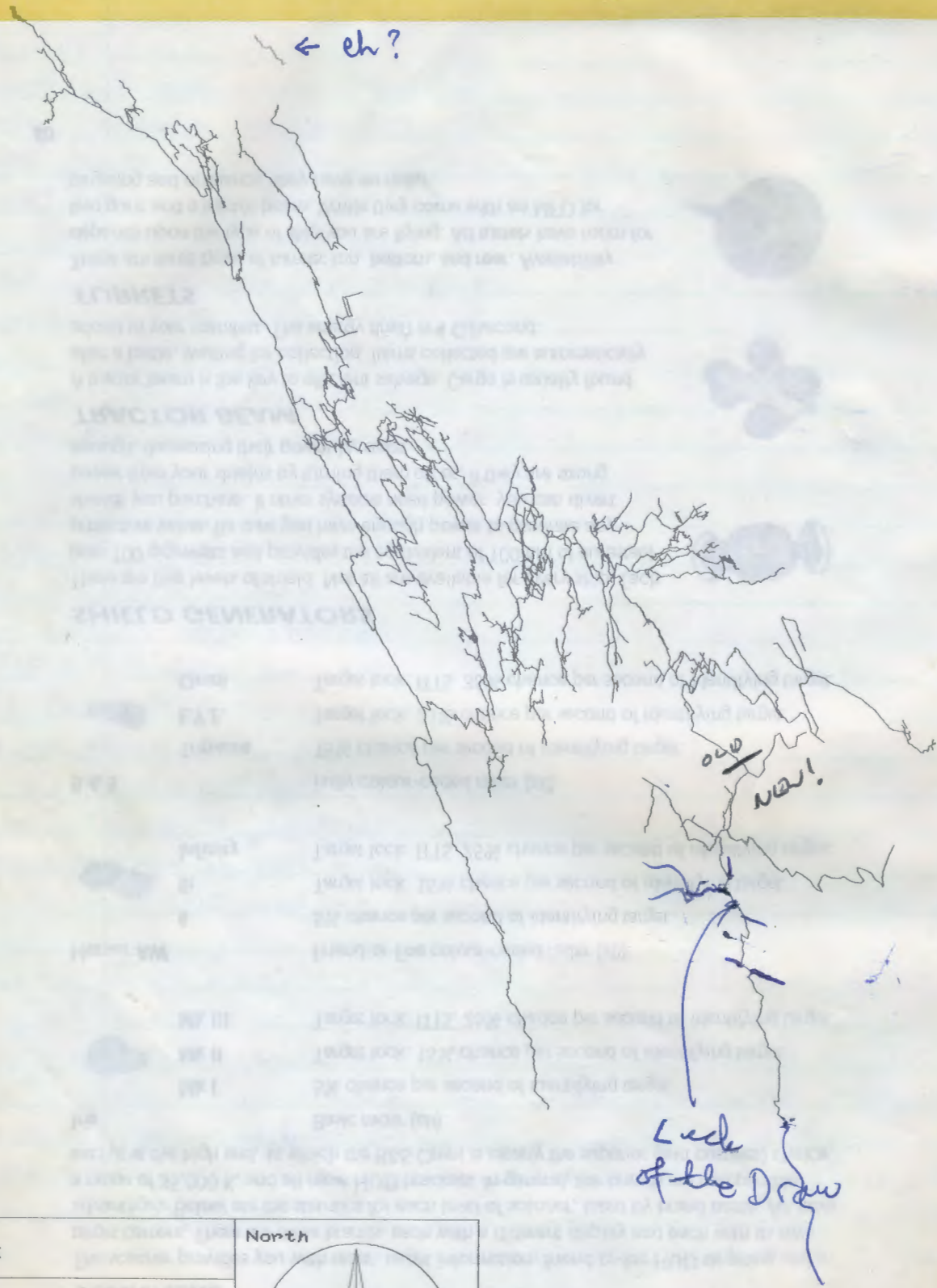
- Mike

* Oly

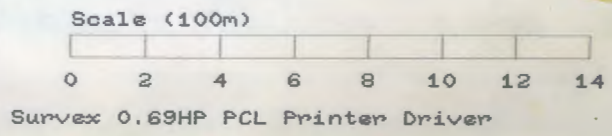
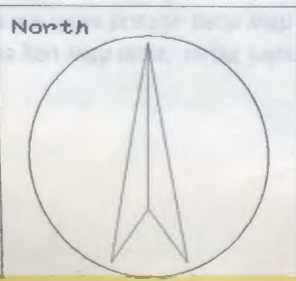
The casting vote - on reflection - 'I'd probably pump for the small mammal myself'

(a) Ogeel Draener (inc. Dollimore Series) as of 6/12/96 (James' Birthday)

with will with 10 small and more than 20



DD25.SVX
 Plan view
 SCALE 1:20000
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Survex 0.69HP PCL Printer Driver

the casting etc - or reflection
 I'd be glad to help for the small amount of money