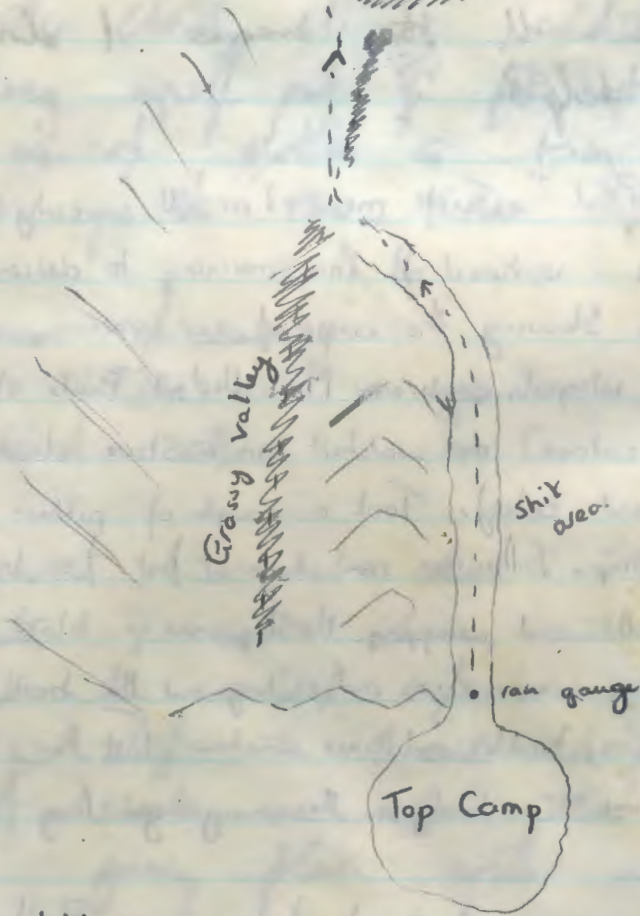
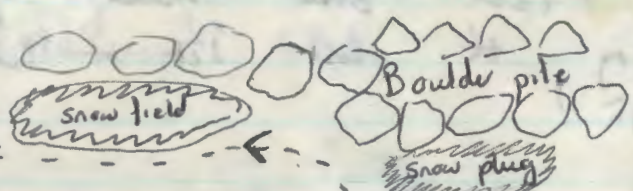


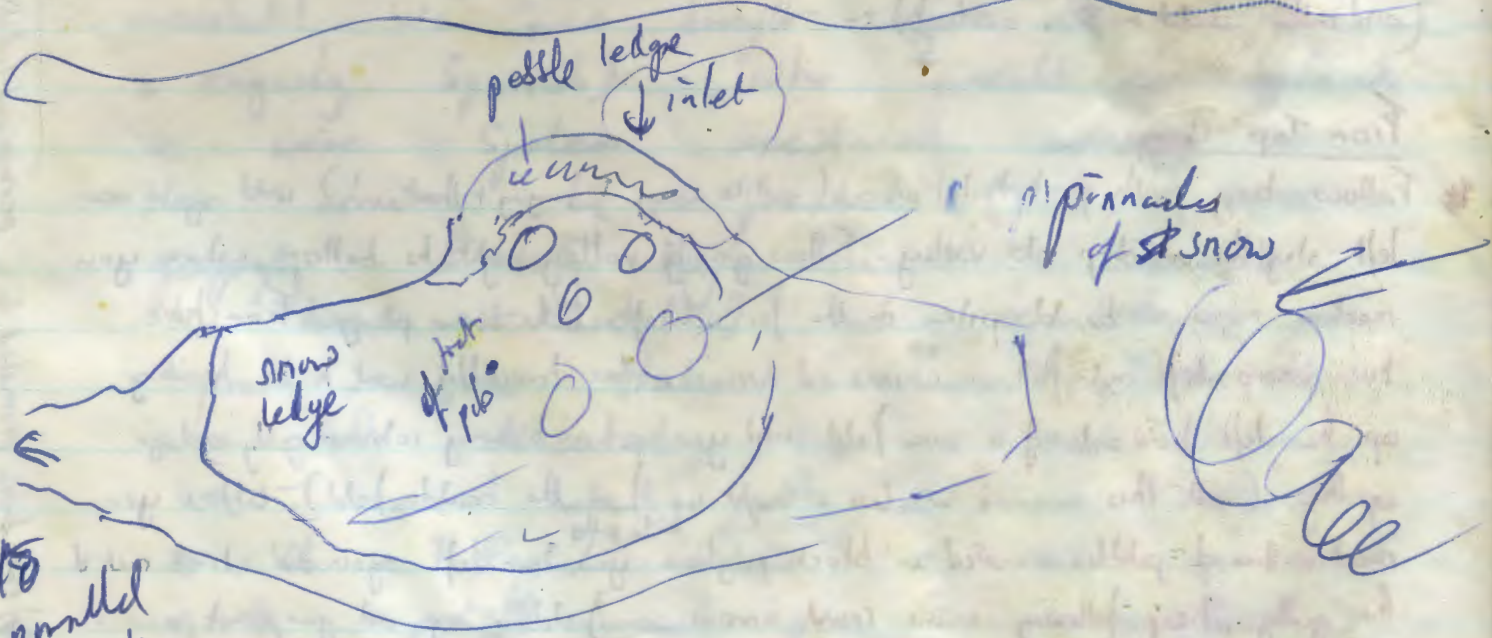
(1)

← Bridging coloured gully

Beyond this gully its too bloody complicated to even try drawing a map. Have a look at Hilarys surface survey in the shaft basket envelope to get an idea of F20's location in relation to the other caves and position on mountain side. Don't take short cuts up the hole though unless you actually like increasing the danger you expose yourself to significantly and fancy a climbing rather than caving holiday.



← This is a pretty crap map actually as it turns out. Best read description instead!



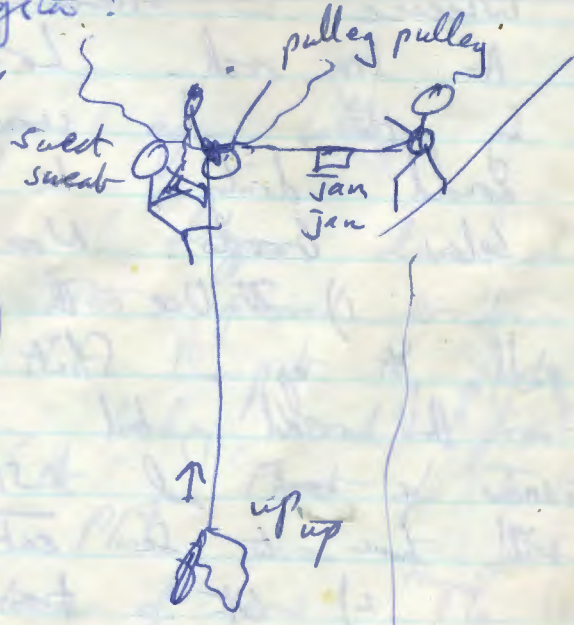
parallel shaft (either way or from top?)

"Oscenaly vertical"

- a cover.

A trap of 7 hrs in = 3/4 hr out. On the way in - put new salt in above ~~the~~ Tents. Out the hanger off Phil Duncan's Bolt. I wouldn't have felt so happy about this had I known what was below. The two bolts are a bit close together so at present the (LTM) rope goes along both with one knot. ~~Ascended~~ Paul can do to the 'saddle', and eventually get the very heavy two buckle bags up to the ledge. *Sylvia:*

Wang full damn, T-shirt, short, jumpy = Troll suit this was a bit of a sweat.



Ascribed due to knot - we had tried a LTM rope to the bolts of Phil's LTM rope. Fucked up the chimney a treat. Pitch could

on a ~~small~~ snow ledge. This was shaped like a Disney castle in snow, with great pinacles & pits for eyes. Says to get stuck in.

ye he!
 leaning

I fought my way round the back to the pebble ledge and should for Paul. A few Souldes later he got to the knot & fucked it up worse than me. I persevered up to get his bags, to

(13) continuous shouts of 'Good as knacker' from the poor trapped unfortunate lad. Back on the ledge we dined royally on a Yorkie & a tin of oranges.

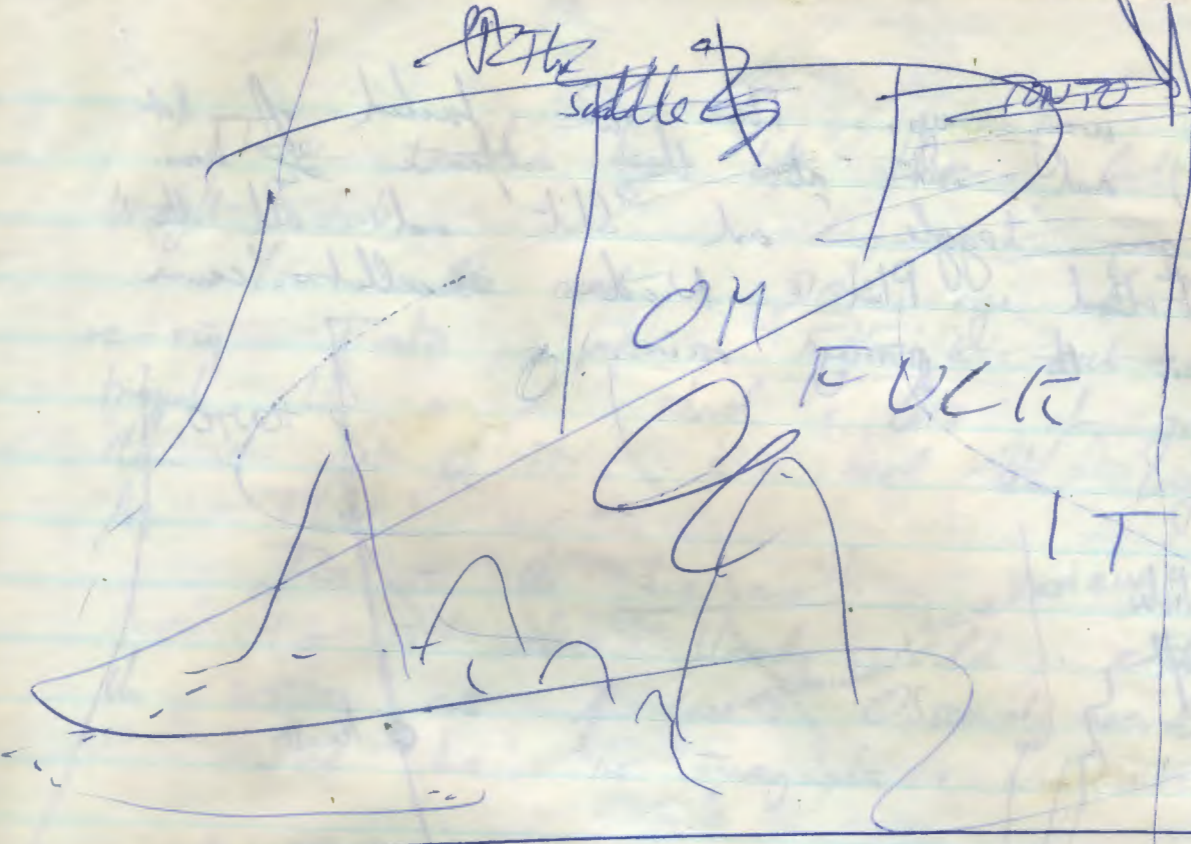
Now the bit you've all seen waiting for! The new site! I tumbled off on the rope to shove the pinnacles and swing from side to side losing rocks. The left side (as on previously page) seemed more promising. I returned, and got more snow. I looked down over the edge of the snow. Whee... silence. Another... Wheeee... silence. 'Fuck!' we both exclaimed. A big rock. Loud! Whee... think. Emboldened by this, I swung down over the edge, and could distinctly make out a 'landing' c20m below. Good. Now - how to rig. Possibilities:

1) Use the surplus rope. OK - good. pull it up - Shit! Aaaa! The knot I tied in the end had fallen down a slot 'twixt snow & rock and stuck but good. I think it will have to be cut off, losing ~10m of rope.

2) OK. traverse across to parallel shaft. Clap on. Swing scabble scabble THUNK look into the snow. No go.

3) Put belt on with some drops! Ah, good idea. Except that this involves bolting over right shoulder swing out horizontally from snow on rope. No go. A scar marks my feeble & knackerish attempt.

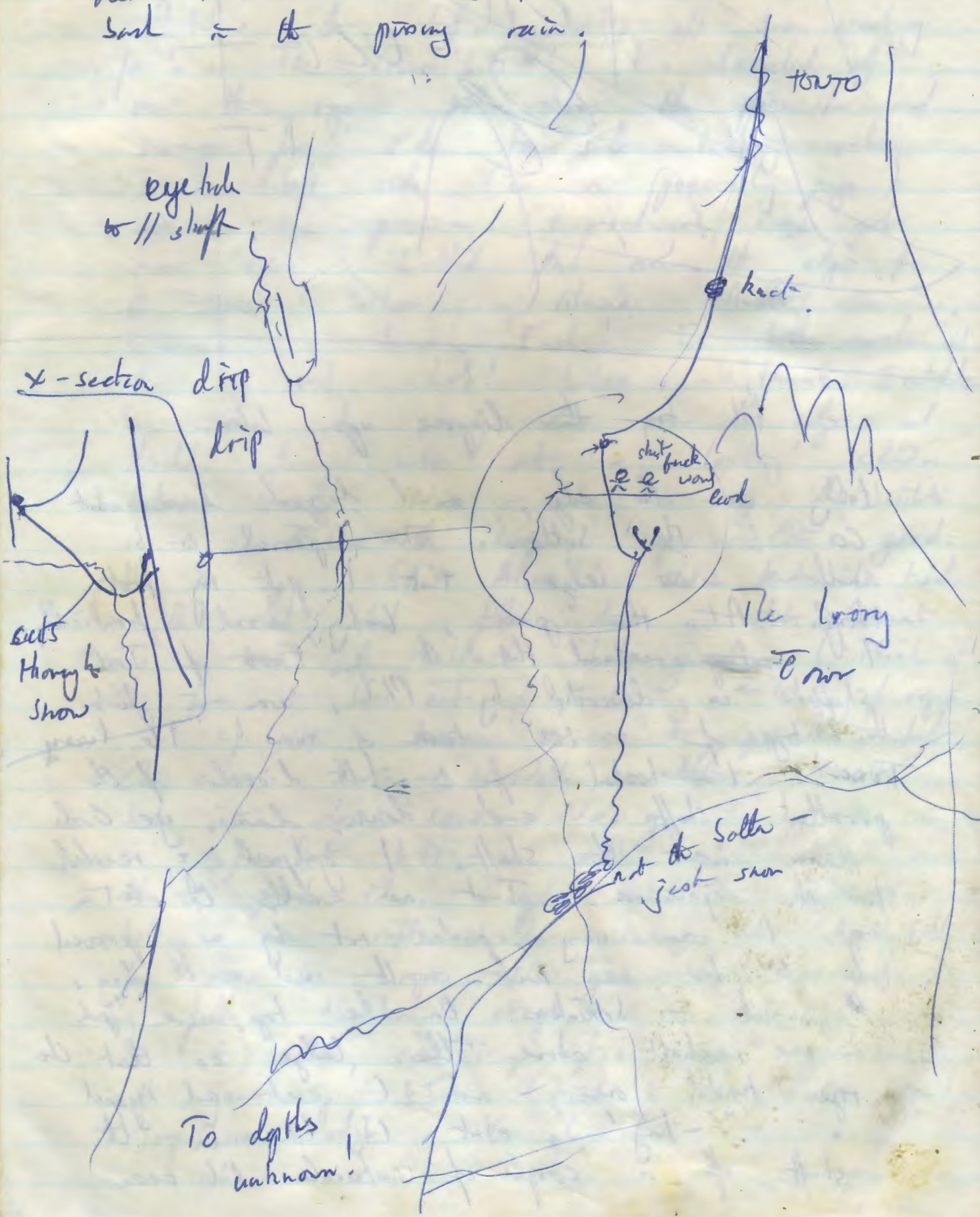
4) OK, sod it, tie new rope in the jammed up 45m 'tied to the Tinto ropes) loop over edge - Go for it!



--- I'll try the diagram again later.

Lobby over the edge, or I dropped down about 60' to the 'bottom'. This proved to be another snow ledge that I put my foot through. At this point, looking around frantically, I ~~realized~~ realized that the 'Foot of Tower' shaft' is described by Phil, was a 100' tower of snow! The very top of a parallel shaft ... and down, down ye look down west of shaft. I gulped & reached for the jammers. Just as well, to let me see I was wrong; pushed not by me proved better to have no hint on the end of the leg, ~~Suicide~~ is brainless. On the top, we put in a soft above the ledge so that the rope braked over, and I went and rigged a 'y-hang' about 15' lower in the shaft off a couple of natural led seen

on the way up. Then we fished off lot
quite, and set at the entrance $\frac{3}{4}$ way
later gang 'Loggler' and 'Slit' and all the
rest. Fathend Phit & Niide excellent cause
said is the pining rain;



Three table legs left. Bolt kit brought out.

You will need a 70m rope at least to re-rig Tents, and a knife to cut off the trapped bit, or a shovel & lots of guts to dig down & get it. We need the long ropes for TLM!

This is the Susians!

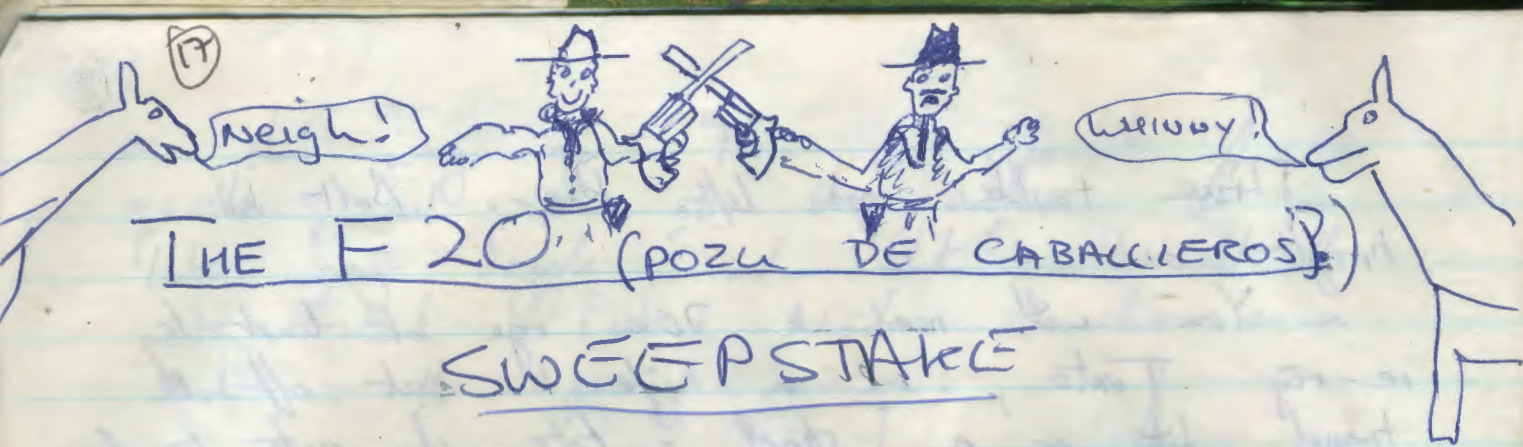
It is about blood ^{shouldn't have had any witties up him!} cold, evil & scared the witties out of me. Occasionally vertical. Paul has no imagination & was not felled

Immediately, the snow pinnacles are just on a thin bridge ... ~~the~~ OOK.

The whole case is heady (cut much, its so vertical), into the hillside. Asats 20m or so to 150m depth?

[Handwritten signature]

scared sitting.



SWEEPSTAKE

Guess the depth of this staggering abyss and you could win a holiday for one in Northern Spain
 Enter now to avoid disappointment

NAME	DEPTH (vertical section) ^{PREMIERE}
EL JEFFE*	250m (Please, hopefully less!)
Nicola	400
Perc B	750 (hope you fall down it!)
Perc D	550
D. Rose	190 (total)
R. Gregory	350
Sean	603m
Sue	450
Fred	890m
Philip S.	490m

* He means "Jeje", one assumes.

Tuesday:- Katy con. Come down. All 4 of us left our SRT stuff and things outside cave entrance for future - PLEASE can people leave the stuff as it is there or else it'll confuse things ^{have.} terribly. Good luck with F20.

Wednesday 17th.

Struggled up from Ario with our carrying gear & much of the rope from TL. in nice weather.

No water in rain gauge.

Opened log book to find it full of incomprehensible rainings in unreadable scrawl. Could it decide what gear was in the cave, out of the cave, bolts had been put in, or not, or what.

Roberts' idea must be to make people take as long to read his write-up as it did for him to do the trip. I have decided to go down the cave instead to see what's what rather than ponder further the indecipherable graffiti of one who can neither spell 'Jefe' nor the Spanish for notsemen, which incidently I think is a pretty rotten name*. Not that I can spell any better, of course. Indeed my old primary schoolmistress, Mrs Dallison Calas since passed away used to despair of my ever spelling anything at all. When she left, she was replaced by Mr Killick, a precious Irishman, who made me stand in a corner until I could tell the difference between 'their' and 'there' and recite my 7 times table.

Just wait for the 250 m pitch just around the corner

You can't spell graffiti

* It has to have a local name - after a hill, local animal, local flower etc.

Killard

PS I wrote this when hot + made cross by swarms of flies.

THIS PAGE IS TOO CRINKLY TO USE

Ballocks - it would make good 100 paper

I know a person who claims to be able to separate front and back of one sheet of paper by up to 300 km. E.M.

Hand

It is not to have a total name - the ...

... of ...

JULY 17 (DR)

Five long years ago, when I was but a lad of 20 summers, and Xitu's exploration limit was 400m down or so, I went for a now-notorious walk with the almost-forgotten Dave Thwaites. I was pretty tired so failed, alas, to notice where I was going very carefully. But I did find two caves which seemed to hold great promise: 1/6, a big phreatic tube by a snow-field going down to a pit, and 2/6, a very large and quite deep open shaft. They were both near "the ridge." Which ridge? There was the bloody rub. Despite clear signs in black paint proclaiming their existence, "Ridge cave" and its vertical neighbour were never located again. Many was the party that left Ario or Top camp, many of them including the present writer, determined to find this alleged spot of speleological excellence, in 1981, 1982, 1983 and 1984. All failed.

Today, before going back to ^{RTH?} (JTH) for more gear, I carried a 150m rope for Richard and Sara to use in F20. We found the Roberts cairns but ~~did~~ continued on up too far, right to the top of the so-called "brown gully." At the top we met ... the ridge. Bells whirred and lightbulbs flashed in my brain. Of course. This was the one ridge in the entire macizo de concion where I had never hunted for ridge cave. 2/6 was located first: to the right a little from the gully and only 10m or so down from the ridge. It does work like a very good bet: crows, stones rattling for many distant seconds and great rick-on-the-sound