

An organ we all overlook
 is the canal that is named after Nuck
 But ladies take care -
 It really is there
 in the parts that you use whole you ...
 ... pee.

11. SGR, WS

Thursday 25th

1/6 Surveying trip.

a Well what can I say, we went down with
 some instruments, food and more instruments for when
 the first lot stands up. We then proceeded to
 measure the size of a piece of air trapped underground
 until we got cold and had miraculously made
 the food disappear. Then we left at high speed, the
 thought of more food uppermost.

'Crikey' said David 'Lofty' Rose as he walked into the dorm. 'You don't look on top form Dickie.'

Richard 'Dickie' Gregson wiped away the remains of the diced carrots from his chin.

'Yes', he replied, 'I must have rather overdone ~~the~~ the cream buns at the midnight feast last night.'

'I say, I hope you won't miss games' mused Lofty, and then the two boys began to hatch a plot to go casing, down F20, which was out of bounds. Dickie agreed but was nevertheless worried.

'We mustn't let Beaky Stead find out' he pointed out. Their form master, 'Beaky' Stead would have put them in detention if they had been discovered.

* * * *

'Lummy, this muck's a heavy' said Lofty.

'Rather' agreed Dickie, 'this plot is rather a stiff one isn't it?'

They had slipped out of the bounds of St. Margot's only a few minutes before.

Lofty heaved his young frame over the sharp rocky spines and concealed pits that marked their path. 'I say Dickie' he mused, 'I hope Beaky isn't working down here somewhere! We'd never know and he'd be on us with a whopping extra prep before you could say Jack Robinson in that infernal mist!'

They arrived at the entrance.

'What a spitting hole' ejaculated Dickie.

The two chums had wisely raided Beaky's private master's kitchen before setting out, and made sure they had a tin of ~~the~~ pineapples and Beaky's own tin opener — something Dickie knew he had to guard with his life, since it was a Beaky family heirloom, the gruff

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Master's great-uncle having removed it from a
dead Boer trooper at Mafeking back in
'02.

* * * *

Lofly heaved himself ~~up~~ ^{down} the ladder pitches at the
far end of the cave. They had put the ladder there
themselves at the end of a long winding passage
with trembling hands, for normally boys were not allowed
to rig ladder pitches without the supervision of a
master.

'Oo-er' said Lofly. 'If I tumble off this one, I
expect I should probably break all the bones in
my body.'

'Don't worry' replied Dickie 'I'm sure Matron would be
able to sort you out'

in the chamber beyond they found a 30 m pitch
and put their tackle bags down. Dickie wobbled
a little.

'I'm feeling a little queasy again Lofly. Do you
think it'd be an awful bore if we knocked
this trip on the head?'

He sat down on a rock. Could it have been
that Steven 'Windy' Roberts, the St Margot's School
Bulky had put something in his tea?

* * * *

'Never mind' said Lofly. 'Let's have the pineapple.'
Eagerly he rummaged through the tackle bag,
strawing tapes, wires and a mysterious orange bag
around the little room. Triumphant he fished out
the messy gaud. 'OK Dickie! Tea's up!'

Dickie looked for the tin opener. His
features froze. 'On my gods Oh my gaud Lofly
I've lost Beaky's hairbrush!

The two fell into a frightful funk. Beaky

might even send them to the head, Dr Gale, for this -
 The boys liked to keep out of their stern
 principal's way but it was said he was like a
 weather-vane: liable to suddenly spin round and
 come down upon a pupil with a countenance of
 thunder. Oh if only they were back in their
 oak-panelled study with Brennan their trusty fog
 to make them ~~the~~ chip-sandwiches, dripping with
 viscous extra lard!

Struggling around in the gloom, his heart
 pounding, Loffy knuckled the hazy orange fog
 into the stream. Instantly a deep coloured powder
 issued from it, turning the water first a
 vivid red and then a deep, olive green. 'Oh no!
 he wailed, 'look what we've done now! That's
 really torn it!'

Dickie jumped down to the stream and began
 trying to stop the dye, escaping, in vain.
 'Oh lor, oh lumme,' he roared 'we shall be
 sent home ... what will pater and mater say
 if I'm expelled! They'll have to come back from
 Rangoon!'

The drips from the waterfall trickled onto his
 forehead, and then, as he opened his eyes he
 saw the kindly face of Old Ma Winchester, the
 Matron, who was mopping his brow.

'What are you doing with Mr Stead's tin-opener,
 you naughty boy,' she inquired warmly.

Dickie looked about him at the walls of
 the St. Margot's sick-bay. Yes ... it had all been
 a dream.

26 July, 1985 Surrey trip down F30 Stephen Gale, Martin May.

Surveyed Barney Riddle to Dinosaur Beach inclusive. At the high, far end of Dinosaur Beach, Martin crawled through a hole and we followed an ancient, narrow, meandering vadose trench up to a streamway. A climb down led to the stream. Martin climbed up several pikes, continuing upstream. He has eventually stopped at a traverse. Estimated height reached perhaps halfway back up Fred Flintstone pitch. Reasonably efficient trip. 12 hours. Met Phil R. and Fred in Dinosaur Beach.

26 July 1985. Top Camp Survey - H. Tang

Arrived previous afternoon via the picturesque and shattering route i.e. Tullaghan and ridges. Started surface survey in the morning with Stephen so that the contour map can be drawn to reasonable reality. At top camp with William, writing up survey data, and Iestyn, feeling unwell. William and I washed up and sorted out the food tent, which was in a disgusting state because of spilt olive oil. (Perhaps we could purchase a olive oil can?) Richard and Dave, Phil and Fred arrived and after much persuasion decided to go. The day clagged in and I managed some very local survey legs in between wisps of mist. William calculated XV2 coordinates. We fetched water, cooked for dinner and felt virtuous. Iestyn took Kedex and took to his pit. Caren arrived in 3 batches from 9.30 through until 5 am to the delights of chick-pea stew.

27 July, 1985

Stephen Gale

Amongst other things (writing up yesterday's survey, completing surface survey with Hilary etc), cave F31 was painted. This is located to the left of the path from the bottom of the Jorcada Blanca depression up to F30 (the renumbered 1/6).

It is a 21 metre diameter shaft with a snow plug, but stones rather beyond this.

26. 7. 85 Phil R + Fred down Ridge cave.

The trip required some tie for preparation including a great shout which blr me and Fred as he tried to succeed / to navigate from F20 to Ridge cave.

The trip was down was smooth but we could not really see any hope of a way on in the stream level choke. Back in the Big Cumb Fred did totally ridiculous free climbs up in the boulders.

Eventually he got a couple of slugs in and put in a bolt. However, the way out Fred's arse suffered a bit so that by the end he had no skin left.

It is quite a totally Boners-lead.

27. 7. 85 Hilary Surface survey

Brilliant sunshine all day, so I managed to do lots of surveying, although got sunburnt legs as a result. Ian and I reconstructed C2, Stephen and I also built a new cairn (C6) back towards Punta Gregoriana col. Managed to survey most of the spurs and depressions in the area to the SE of Top Camp. Found 2 caves from last year's staff bashing which have now been renumbered as

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28/1/55

The Plan

Sue	Phil + Steve K	pushy	F20
Willow	Iesha + Steve D	subways	F20
Nicola	Paul + Ian	surveying	1/6

Phil, Doreen + Gerwood will be coming up today.

∴ All others will have to go down to this w. Lager ~~to~~ this evening to make room. in Martin, Steve G, Hilary, Fred, Sean.

L.J.

F28 (nee F6, meanwhile F20); F32 (formerly F21). The renumbering arises from last year's shaft bashing by Jan Haining which occurred at the same time as Andy's F20 - F27.

It seems that F29 is now a spare number.

Hilary, Steve G., Dave H., John surface survey and shaft bashing until 1730. Weather at first windy, then high cumulus cloud and increasing wind, finally rain from 1700. Two f 22s were found! Two new shafts found, numbered & marked F29 and F33

Camp tidied generally & stove tent cleaned & reorganised. Running snow melt found by Ian below large limestone boss to S of top camp.

NB lower F22 is F23!

Shafts bashed: All in area of F20 down towards the base of depression

F29 At base of F20 gully. Pitch ~10m, ends at snowplug: possible draught.

To C5 bearing = 080° inc +2° 50'

To notch under La Verdelluerna bearing = 113° inc = +12° 0'

F33 5m tight pitch, not filthy descended. Higher in gully than F29

To C5 dec = 078° inc = +7° 30'

To La V dec = 112.5° inc = +13° 0'

F34 Pitch ~6m deep to boulders. from here, further 3 1/2 metres down to snow plug and boulder floor. ? Possible way on through boulders up slope. slight draught

To C1 dec = 097° inc = +1° 20'

To La V dec = 113° inc = +8° 40'

F35 Pitch ~15m, chokes, no way on.

To C1 dec = 090° inc = 0°

To La V dec = 109° inc = +8° 50'

F36 Open shaft 10-15m deep, 10m long x 1.5m wide, choked at bottom.

To C1 dec = 084° inc = -1° 45'

To La V dec = 106° inc = +8° 30'

Any other shaft bashes: can you locate F21 and F27 (Andy Riley 1984)? And give 2 sets of readings on above? Cheers, Thony.

Steve Plid R + Sue P using - F20

was what a care! The series of entrance pit des are really superb, nice smooth interesting by the famous probably soon reached streamway and proceeded to Dave + Richards ~ 30m pitch. This was rigged with from two large boulders to get you over the edge and then from a small natural job into the rift upstream of the main pitch. At bottom of main hang short ladder pitch leads to narrow canyon and a 7m ladder pitch. Way on is very tight steeply descending vadose canyon. Obvious traverse leads eventually to a choked aven from where above may possibly be chib, down to the stream. * We chibed down just before aven but didn't push hard

Not there I wasn't.

as Sue was feeling a bit shaky knackered. On way up tangled with sunnys party which shortly realized she exit. Sue also had pin on the way up, I aided up tandeming with her up Touts however she got out in the end

Main problem was I had no light (electric not working, carbide went out)!

Still, looking back, a good cave. V. impressive shafts, nice streamway

* The is me, which I did. The stream is 5-6" wide the chib very strenuous walls full to bits & rose deeps Rocks on your head still

29/7/85

F37 Near the 'Arch' caves b/w
FU56 + Jocardia Blanca This is a
steep rubble slope with two Squeezes
leads to a small area. No
way on!

28/7/85 Jan H, Paul + Nicola Surveying Trip - Ridge Caves

Well - so much for Steve Gates "meandering vadose trench" which
won't take long to survey! 30 survey legs to do the trench
which is super bright at the top of the Dinosaur Beach rubble pile
down a very loose little hole. The vadose canyon is full of amazingly impressive
stal curtains and crystals (Well - amazingly good by Picos standards)
and after much twisting + sodolous turning, it meets a streamway you can follow
upstream via rocky but fun climbs. Crave up on one overhanging climb after
Jan had had a bash at it, and retreated slowly, surveying on route. Surveying
efficiency increased massively after a temporary return to Dinosaur Beach
to fettle our lights. Unwieldy exit for Paul falling asleep at the top of
Fred Flinstone. Out to a glorious starry night - back at camp 4 on
13 1/2 hr trip.

Good day, even if it won't look very impressive distance
wise on the survey. Would be worth pushing the upstream climbs if someone
could find a climber. Looks hopeful

