

* Martin H' is that to the right of rod 3, or the left?

81

rashy weather, sheep attacks, windy weather, and now 'The Wroth of the Picos Gods'.

We have disturbed their abode, and they are out to let us know about it. Gales, rains, storms. Base camp flattened x2. Base camp obliterated, all the big tents written-off, the ~~of~~ van jiggling (and written off as well anyway) in the wind. Every tent in Ario letting in water, Dave's Polish Red Wander floating in 6" of aqua.

Gentle reader, it is just possible that some of us atheists may be rethinking our philosophy of life!

JH
This place is beyond words.

* Thus 13 oaks

Tried walking up to 27. 1st lot of limestone showed how unfit I was + how lacking in balance. Didn't make it 1/4 of the way before troublesome @ knee asked me to think twice v. carefully. Returned to Ario. When the foxk will I ever be fit?

*Lynn 'well I use the right' Martin 'I'd use the left when I get there' Lynn 'And 82'



Sketch made from Dave

4/2/83



you should have ~~the~~ seen the sunset just then it was fabulous, all red + pink'

83

4 August 1988

Final Pushing trip into 2/7? NC & JC

To help NC's knocking knees from bashing themselves to pieces - a "trip" was "organised" to find a by pass to the rifts. JC went 'à la mode' in a dashing pair of shorts where as NC took the more traditional funny suit, over suit fashion. A quickish descent took us into 'Seventh Heaven'. NC, bravely although ~~un~~^{un}knowing at this stage, went to the floor of the chamber JC under the pretext of finding a belay point on a crossy ledge, proceeded to fling rocks down the shaft at NC.

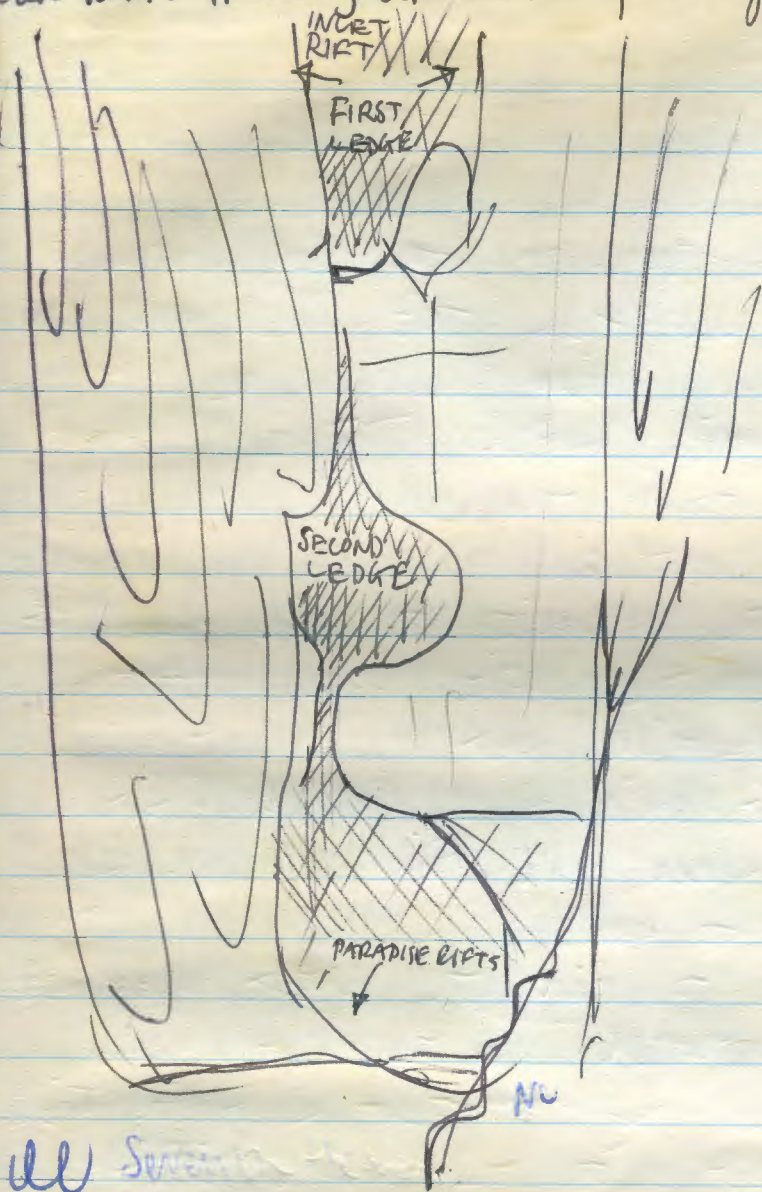
In fact, JC first landed on a ledge 15m from the floor. Any lead here is in a narrow rift - one way an inlet for much of the water falling lower in the chamber, and in the other direction, simply a continuation of this.

A new belay on a sling was rigged over a dodgy nose of rock enabled a drop and a swing onto the lower ledge. This observed from the rope looks like a possible phreatic lead. In fact turned out to be a higher section of the chamber. No leads here!

Consequently room was quickly pushed out ~~again~~ with hardly a hair out of place.

Joan thinks 'probably like the scrape on Lynn's bottom'

84



lll Susan

Sherry "I'm not going to do anything outrageous because I've had too much to drink" Mayo.
Sherry "I've never had a dick" Mayo.

The Epic Detackling Trip

JT, Rob, Gavin

The plan for this trip was to go down to the camp, sleep the night, and then start detackling out the next day. Quite slow going down, as we had light problems, one of which forced JT to resort to soldering his electric back together using his stinky Flam and Met the others on their way, Graham reading his book. Got down to the campsite to find loads of food, and, surprise, surprise the site was actually tidy! (Why can't the same thing ever happen at Aho?) Somebody had left their knicker behind, however! Had supper of soup, beans and fish followed by rice pudding, and went to bed.

Next day, woke up to find the water level had risen by 3 feet overnight. Packed up the site, during which time, the water rose by another 2 feet. Tried to set off: lowered myself onto the ~~bridge~~ just below the site to find the water coming up to my chest. Decided progress ~~at~~ would be impossible and so ~~came~~ gave up. As the water was still rising, we started trying to find an escape route, in case it didn't stop. Started climbing up the wall - very slow and hairy because the holds were so slow: throw long tape over inch long projection; attach rope to tape; prusik up rope; attach short tape to long tape; stand up in short tape; throw rope over projection; prusik up a bit more etc. Every time I looked down there was less and less dry land until the sloping area was flooded and Rob and JT were perched on rocks above the water. Thankfully, at this point, the water started to fall so I gave up on the climb.

There then followed a period of several hours where we sat around watching the water fall, regularly inspecting the level. However, as it was only falling at a rate of about 6 inches per hour, this was very boring. We even resorted to playing I Spy ("I spy with my little eye, something beginning with W"; "Water"; "Yes. You go," and twenty questions. We then crawled back into our pits for a few hours.

Later, we had another go at getting out. The other kindly gave me the honour of leading. However, I soon found myself in water which was wrist-deep and getting deeper all the time, and so I jacked. After a supper of soup, fish and MonFlakes (Oh my, God! Not MonFlakes! I only go caring to get away from MonFlakes!) and a tin of what we thought was rice pudding, but which was actually spaghetti, we went to bed.

Through the night, JT got up every couple of hours to inspect the water level, until at 6 he decided it was just about passable. After a quiet breakfast, we started out, wading through deep, but not too deep water. Had a brew at the old camp site, and another one at supper time before eventually getting out after a 55 hour trip.

The Bad Tempered Detackling Trip 21 hrs.
Lyn, Simon, Dan, Paul.

We went down the cave meeting the 1st detacklers emerging after their 36 hour epic in the sleeping bags. Quickly down to camp with high water in the river. Detackled to top of Govin's climb with 14 tackle bags. Sat at old camp for ages eating gish and things. Everyone did their best to get in a bad mood shouting at each other on the pitches 'cos we couldn't hear each other very well. Carried a bag out each and I took water samples on the way out. Simon's Molko container ^{Paul} did a very impressive impression of a falling rock over the rope.

6/2/88.

Another (Somewhat bad Tempered) Detackling Trip.

J.C.*, Sean*, Kabe*, Dave Hetherington** (from the River's).
* (Soft as shite covers)
** (Quite hard)

Sean wanted a look-see at 217, so we took him detackling. Pretty slow to the false floor where Dave was demonstrating the shape of things to come; prussicking with 3 bags. I chucked down to talk to Kabe, happily went down the last ^{hang} when Bang! "Fuck! Fuck! Fucking Fucking Fuck!" etc for about 5 minutes. The last rope had broken when I was about 2/3 of the floor. Was at work but had a good think about short cuts in rigging. The kit change-over was

interesting, so re-rigged the piton and hauled shirt
Dane propped more bags out. Detached to bag
bottom of Arma Geddon, before got propped off and
set off out with 2 tackle bags (less)
which was one less than I took up the
piton 1 detached (mega hero). 3 bags left on
Arma Geddon ledge, rest stream through the cave. Gave
up on two tackle bags, so just took one
out all the way. Caught up with take in
Travellers Scribble and went out very slowly
cos we were all bugged. Got out 5.00,
only 2 hours after Dane with 2 tackle bags.

and ^{get} another bad-tempered detaching trip

William, Roy, Wlodeck, Paul Eastwood (diver)

18 hrs

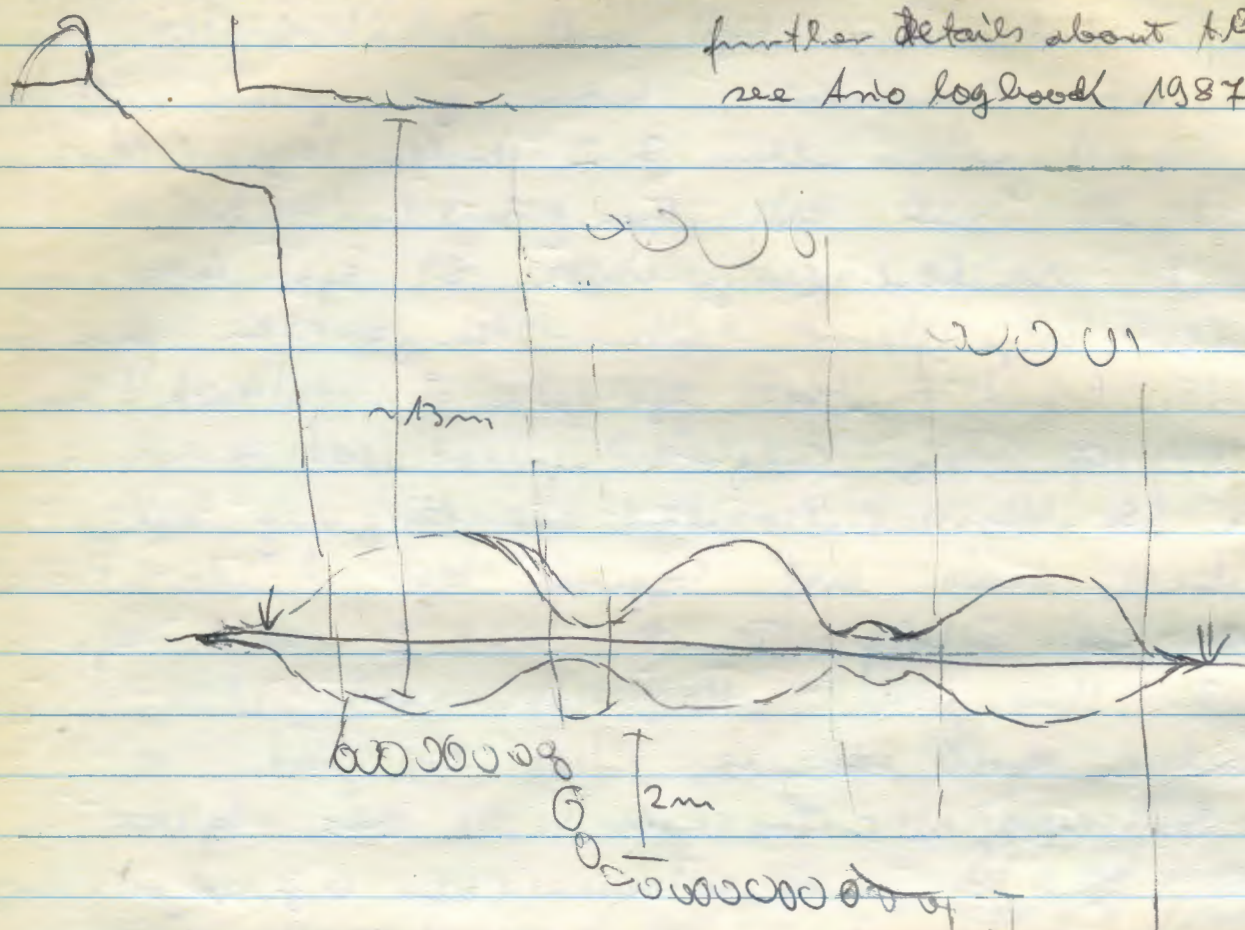
5/8/88

This was supposed to be a mega-trip, but somehow a whole lot of people just leaving
only two indigenous caves & two guests. Met the previous trip at the entrance,
where Paul took photos of Lynn emerging. Showed Paul & Wlodeck the eyehole, then
set off shortly after 1pm. Reached the tackle at Gavin's chimney by 4:40pm (!) &
decided to show Wlodeck & Paul the 4 second drop. This proved to be a mistake,
because at Camp 1, we found some more tackle. Yes, dear Reader, we removed
all the tackle which Lynn had decided to leave down there till next year (Lynn hadn't
bothered to tell us as she knew we wouldn't go there) = we did, however, leave the shirt
at the old wrapping spot, on the grounds that the tackle bags at 600m presented problems
enough.

The first piton hit up to the ledge on courtesy gates went OK. Thereafter things went downhill.
YT had the job of hauling said the tackle bags on said ledge in a thunderstorm. This took hours
as every bag caught & Paul had to go up & down the rope to free them. The performance
(minus water) was repeated on the Rosy Conception, this time with Roy going up & down.
To add insult to injury, we failed to find the gully, so a couple of bolts were left unpropped.

By 11:20pm, our guests had had enough, particularly as Paul was hoping to do
Cabeza Thru the following day. Set off out + a tackle bag each to emerge at
Dawn in not too bad shape. (Except Paul who took two bags up the shaft. A big thankyou
to Paul & Wlodeck. William P.S. Found badly worn tape on 1st rebelay in Rosy Conception

7.8.88 Ewald B. 40/7.

further details about the cave
see Anso logbook 1987

The cave is located in a cut above
the cave 4/7. Found in 1987,
but not bottomed. Wanted to
make sure that there is no
way on after the second pitch.

If you want to ~~go~~ rig it on natural belays, take
30 m rope and at minimum four rope-pads,
better six! No rope pad means no safety. The stones
in this ~~rope~~ cave cut like a knife. The cave consists
of a ~~rope~~ rift that is widened by three parallel shafts.
When I came to the end, I felt that a cold air
came through the boulders on the floor. No chance
to dig, although you can see through the boulders, on
the sides of the ~~rope~~ rift.

90

"EL Turismo" Cabeza Mueca 6/8/88.

Dan & Simon.

A fine cave that was ~~our~~ ^{the} deepest for both of us. 3½ hours down to the bottom - ridiculous for a 906m deep cave.

Conversation down the cave is strictly limited. eg. Down the shafts:-

Dan: Rope free

Simon: Ok.

Dan: Rope free

Simon: Cheers

Dan: Wow this is a fantastic cave

Simon: Bloody amazing isn't it.

Dan: Rope free

Simon: Ok.

and so on for 600m.

In the streamway.

Dan: Spit is this the streamway already?

Simon: Looks like it.

Stream: Roar, splash, roar.

Simon: What a brilliant cave. etc etc.

Dan: and so on for 1½ km of streamway.

Reached the rump ½ hour after Ric had finished diving. Ate Springlow & baby food before dragging a couple of fiddlebags out. Stopped for another Springlow before pitches. Fish & Mash is supposed to be excellent - next year leader take note.

Shafts looked fantastic with 5 people protruding out of them.

One excellent cave.