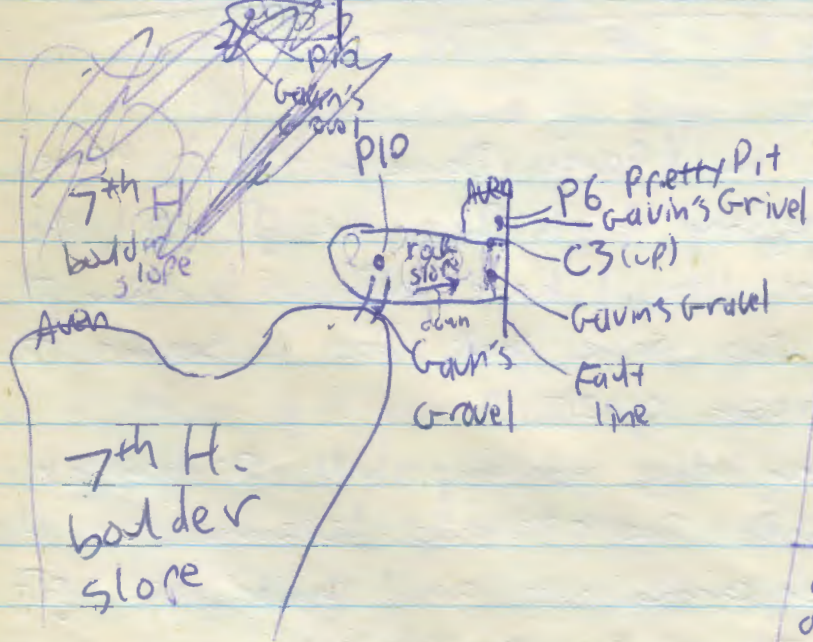


Dave "I don't like Paradise" Lacey !!!!!

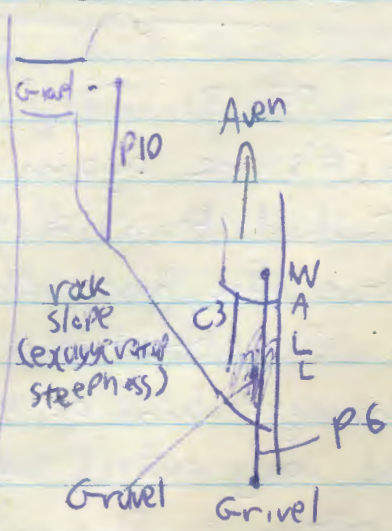
4-7 Dirk & Paul went with two tackle bags to take ~~two~~ end of mats and another tackle bag to explore seventh ^{boulder slope.} ~~heavenly~~ ^{area.} Exploring took longer than expected, so the two tackle bags only got to end of paradise. (They have since gone down the cave.)

Looked at hole at top right (looking up) of boulder slope in 7th H. After hammering, a 2m gravel (Gavin's Gravel) lead to a 10m pitch to boulder slope, sloping down 10m horizontal & 10m vertically (very rough estimates) At the bottom was piles of gravel (Gavin's Gravel) against a vertical wall along an obvious fault line. In one direction ^{to the right} there was a 1inch wide rift narrowing to zero. To the left a 3m climb lead to another small hole. After hammering this lead to a 6m deep pot x 2m x 1/2m, with entirely white walls covered in pretties, stalactites, popcorn, crystals, I could say anything couldn't I. (Actually it was very pretty) At the bottom of this pit (Pretty Pit) there was a small gravel (heading back under the gravel) big enough for an anorexic rabbit. Not so much a gravel as a grivel (Gavin's Grivel). No way on and no potential

From above:



From ~~the~~ direction on other picture



Also a rope was put up wall at bottom of 7th H. b.s. (big mts on paradise). Tackle bags with some gear left on b.slope is needed for further exploration in area:

I wasn't pissed off enough at the time to write something in the log book at the lack of food and pile of washing when I got to a rd after 11pm and a heavy carry. If I knew I was going to get showered in shit about it, I would have written a winge just to cover myself. Anyone who blames me for not washing the dishes and cooking the dinner in these circumstances can get f---ed.

The Agro page

Sorry Folks -

(12) D.

Looks like Mr & Mrs Together (Dirk & Dave) can't even read instructions on packeted food. - They haven't even got bread.

not when there's hundreds of metres of solid rock in the way.

me & Clare were hungry at 1:30pm

- looks like you might too -

unless you can wake up early enough.

Dirk was not really responsible

Paul Slow

it was all Dave's fault.

In going for some kip ^(Exactly what I did D.)

Paul

Thank you.

DIRK + DAVE
WET COMPLETE WANKERS!!!

18 hours underground &
NO FOOD (not for Paul
+ (I am either.) ^{or Dirkeither.}

I WILL KICK SOME ASS
WHEN THEY DEIGN TO
GET UP!!!

How pissed off do you think I was, not only not getting food, but getting blamed for it as well. My sentiments also



Henry

You weren't entitled to any my way. You should have eaten of Bass

(13)

7/7/90

5^m rigging trip - Tony, Dave B, Sherry

Tony says "perfectly satisfactory" Dave says "apart from a few code ups with rope lengths". Not a bad trip - finished rigging to 1st false floor & carried on to do rocky crumfixion, cemetery gates, Mum's guano gravel & down to the crash pad.

Stuff left at crash pad:-

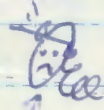
Short rope - 10m, 10-15m

Remainder of 100m edited (25-30m)

Short tapes & wires, eyes (lots) hangers - quite a lot but ~~few~~ ^{few} mailbags, not many krabs.

Bolt kit

All the useful things in the green tackle bag are at the bottom says DB.

Sherry 
said we
no food!

7/7/90

"Carrying" Trip - Paul & Clare

A very tedious start, entering the cave well after 2 pm, we took our time down the cave, carrying 150 m rope & 25 m rope in bag, & a bolt bit. The bolt kit was left with the tackle bag, just before paradise, where I intended to continue my climb.

I used the 25 m line to re-rig flying re-bells, starting at the top of Paradise, having asked Dave (at the bottom, on the ledge) if there were 1 or 2 lines or at present. Getting the wrong answer, Paradise was re-rope only for me to find there were 2 lines, and I'd just replaced the wrong one. - Not to worry, it looked

pretty tracked anyway. I then replaced the correct rope with about 15m from the 150 of Polish I was carrying. We pattered through the rifts, with much cursing, as far as top of Grahams Todgey Pitch; before making a turn round. More cursing, and then we reached flying rebelles. I ~~also~~ chained the rope I'd removed from the pitches, detached, and sent Clare through Paradise - Only 1 swear word was uttered as she went through, I managed to restrain myself to 4 as I followed. Clare has yet to hear me in normal form, my ~~uncensored~~ version makes giving birth sound comfortable.

Anyway, we carried on up, surfacing in mid night, and enjoyed a slow serene slide down the mountain.

| - All you need to know - so Tackle -
 ~ 130m Polish rope in tackle bag at top of Grahams Todgey Pitch.

Clare - "I love my ^{children} ~~babies~~ ^{sit Larass} - I'll never be able to have ~~babies~~ again" - Is there something I should know? Yes, in a few pages time she'll reveal that you can't put ~~children~~ ^{babies} in tackle bags

(15)

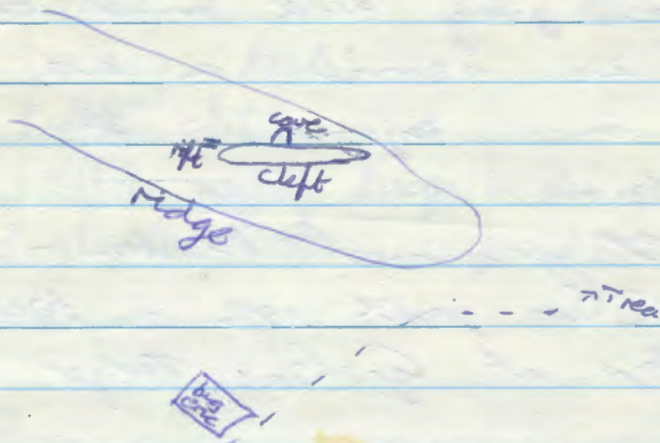
7/7/90

Shaftbashing Trip

Dave L. & Paul

At the top of the ridge (98° ^{from} ~~the~~ camp) there is a large cleft (20m x 20m x 2m). At the top end of this cleft I discovered a large rift (3m x 60cm x 12m deep).

Yesterday it appeared to be unmarked, so we went back. Today we found SIE ⊗ about 5m away from the entrance, but I went down anyway; all the way down to a boulder floor with no apparent way on. Ten minutes of digging revealed an extra 50cm of depth and still no way on.





Further along the cleft there is a strongly draughting entrance. Exploration revealed a connection with the surface above but no way through the boulders.

Dave L

∩

Packed for camping underground

- 4x Pasta & vegetable Bolognese
- 4x vegetable stew
- 4x vegetable chilli
- 3 small cans tuna
- 2 tins mornflake
- 3 cans pineapple 1*
- 6 packets Prunts 4*
- 5 Prunna tubes 2*
- 4 bars chocolate
- 9 fudges 3*
- 6 cluster bars
- 1 mornflake tin sugar * X
- milk *
- 3 epigas * 
- 3 * 
- 1 bag teabags *
- 1 bag mash
- 2 ~~two~~ buffalo inner & 2 buffalo outer
- 2 Karimat
- 2 water carriers
- 1 collapsible sink * X
- 25 Rubbish bags
- 3 Scorpia stores
- 1 mornflake tin Symp *
- Pint butter * X
- 200 m rope *
- 1 marmite * X
- Salt *
- Candles *

* Not in cover - in green bag.

(17)

To be packed :-

BDH's

Carbide

Bog-roll

Rigging Gear

Survey Gear

Food for in-trip.

~~Salt~~

First Aid Kit

w/g book

8.7.90

Awoke at 8.30am. Wandered blearily over to Big Eric. The tent was fastened securely; the doors were all done up and weighted with stones. Obviously I was first up. I started to undo the tent. Sounds of movement came from within, perhaps I was not first up after all.

I opened the door of the tent. My God, I was first up, and I was faced with a scene of utter destruction. I was also faced by the perpetrator, who affected not to notice as she munched at some pasta. No, it was not our glorious leader as a bungee, it was a cow.

The perpetrator was removed from the tent with a gap on the rump. The damage she had caused took six people all morning, and Paul the rest of the day to tidy away.

Later,...

Partnering trip to top of Rismuots.

Team 1, Tim & David.

In about 1pm, out at 6.30. What more is there to say?

David.

Version from Tim :-

Not much more really. Tediums rifts which are a
trifle dull after a while. Paradise more exciting with subtleness
& all your SRT kit but I guess everyone knows that!
(by the way didn't make it all the way up with that
lot on). Met team 2 for a short while on way
out. All in all a pleasant (as Picos caves can be)
~~evening~~ ^{afternoon} evening trip.

Tim N.

Team 2 Dave L & Dirk

We set off with Tim & David, but when I got to the
cave entrance Dirk was nowhere in sight. Team 1 disappeared
underground while I waited, and waited, and waited. At
about 1.45 I decided even Dirk couldn't be that slow, so I
started back down. I finally found him at the top of the scree
filled valley. He'd ^{FELL OFF} tripped on the way up and had to go back
to bandage his knees.

We finally got underground at 2.40. I carried on to
the bottom of seventh heaven where I waited for Dirk... and
waited... and waited. Half an hour later he arrived com-
plaining bitterly about his tackle bag, which contained 200m of
rope, not fitting through the squeeze. "Tackle bag sub-
stantially bigger than hole"

And so we continued, slowly but surely, picking up a
third tackle bag at Graham's Toder's Pitch, courtesy of
Paul & Clive, to compound our problems.

On the way down through the rifts I was somewhat concerned
to hear "Ohhhhh, Ohhhhhh, AAAhhhhh," from Dirk. "Are you
alright," I asked, thinking he must be injured. "Yes," came
the reply. "I just got my balls stuck."

The return journey was relatively free of incident and we got
out at 00.15 to walk down in the dark. Dave L. :j

19
10/7

Got up at 7.45 when Gavin came in. Gavin, Paul & Tony went caving (again) at about 10.00. Sherry, Tim & David followed at about 11.30. I went back to bed. Got up again at 12.30. I thought to myself "I'll do the washing up, and by then someone should have arrived from base." I was wrong. So I fetched some water. Still no one. "Oh well, might as well sew the rip in 'Big Eric' while I'm waiting." 5.00pm - still no one. "They must have decided to eat at base and come up later, I thought." So I had some bread and peanut butter. Then I put on a tape and lay down to read a book. 10.00pm - book finished, still alone. Sudden momentary flash of inspiration. "I'm alone at Arco. Team photography will probably be out of the cave before I get up. They won't be happy if there's no food again. I'd better cook something." So I did... and it's tasteless and uninspired. Well I used up a week's supply of inspiration earlier on. Now I'm going to bed. at Arco again. Maybe I'll get down to base tomorrow!!

Dave L. ☺

PS Someone had better come up tomorrow. We've only got a quarter of a loo roll left!!!

Meanwhile, somewhere in a cave in the Picos... 10-7-90 → 11-7-90
Sherry, Tim and David went on a mega-epic-last-time-I-did-one-of-these-overnight-trips-I-swore-I-would-never-do-another-photographic-trip-to-Just-Awesome-&London-Underground. We were using Tim's ginormous flash bulbs, which were packed into bag BOM's, and, much against our better judgement, a moko tin.

Zoomed efficiently down to J.A., redistributing food and Caribide within the cave as we went. Here we met the

camping team, who were rigging J.A. with new Edelrid.

[Editor's note: If you are abseiling on New Edelrid wrap the rope around yourself lots and lots of times, and bring a friend along to hang onto the rope for with you as you descend] New Edelrid is fast to abseil on, and makes J.A. completely mind bogglingly "entertaining"

We followed the campers into L.U.C., and watched as they staggered off into the darkness laden like pack animals with bags of kit. Mr. Seddon had arranged his bags to hang at his side like a pair of mammoth diving bottles, and with a third strapped to his back he looked as if he were off to push a giant sump. [n.b. If this is giving any diver ideas; they had better forget them - I do not intend to carry kit for any diver anywhere near 2(1)]

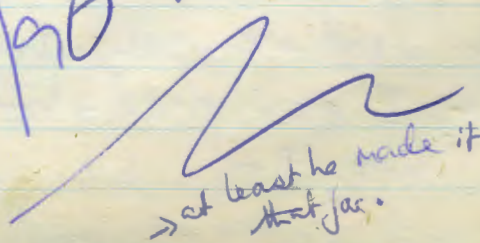
Then, under Tim's direction we flooded the L.U.C. with light, by letting off gigantic bulbs. I did this without his direction as well, forming a breakaway photographic team who let off bulbs without a camera being ready (or present.)

Swiftly on into J.A., where we repeated the process, slightly hampered by the red din from the waterfall. Then to Cemetery Gates, where a final shot was taken before the trip was called off because people kept chopping bits of kit down the pitch.

Then we zoomed out, pausing for Tea at Armageddon [Good Thing!]. Surfaced at 6:00am, to a spectacular dawn. Total time ~18 hours, which seems quite good, considering.

David,

Dave it
wuz here
11/7/90



→ at least he made it that far.

some of us have obviously not graduated from laboratory walls.