


NOTE:

On the way out I noticed the following:

ENTRANCE PITCH - marlowe(?) very furry, rub point at bottom with noticeable flexibility in rope. Needs replacing.

7th HEAVEN - rope looks knackered, very soft, furry and shiny. Needs replacing. ** People are abseiling down here too fast and damaging the sheath of this rope.

- handline at bottom could do with another bobt, because the boulder slope is becoming a free hang.. [i.e. rrig to 

FLYING REBELLES - the polish rope on this pitch was meant for rigging traverses. It is too flexible, too bouncy and is worn out. There are several places that, although not rub points, are getting close to some. This must be replaced urgently.

THE BELLS - the top of this bit (from the spiky traverse down to the second rebelay) is rigged with polish rope. This stretch is a good place for the formation of rubs (hence numerous previous re-rigs) It is stupid to use a rope that cuts like butter on this pitch.

F.F. FLOOR - white marlowe down here? Dreadful stuff. Destroy it. (Replace it too)

David

12-7 (noon) An ICONA employee came. (He spoke Spanish but there was a Spanish ~~and~~ camping who spoke English and translated, so I hope every thing was understood. I think it was) The ICONA person said we had 1 big & 7 small tents and we only had permission for 1 big & 8 small tents. I explained that our leader had believed there were 1+6 but in fact there had really been 1+7, and that we hadn't put one up since then,

and that we would take one down now if we had to. He said he would go back and check if I+7 was okay and tell us later. (I also said Sherry was in Canyon today which he seemed to know.) He left in a friendly mood, so there should hopefully not be haste about having the extra tent now, but we still may have to take it down later. Dirk

He came back. I think we have to take a tent down ^{when Jim gets a bag} I can take me down. He also said something about the green bags but I didn't understand. Dirk. (I'm not sure if he object to green bags being used for things other than rubbish)

13 -> A cow got in and ate the stew.

13/7/90

Dave & Tristan walked up from base in the 48 mins after a very early start. Found Dirk complaining that a cow had eaten all the food he'd cooked - I'm sure it was just play 'cos he hadn't cooked anything. Poor old Dirk in it again.

Dave & Tristan, in a fit of energy cleaned out the cheese cans of all the rubbish - entirely SPANISH and then cleared out 54? and the cans we got snow in last year - this still had some snow & lots of rubbish. About 30% of this was O.U.C.C.'s responsibility (from 1986 I think).

There are now 12 bags of rubbish waiting

(23)

to go to base.

Dave

14/7/90

Dave H. Dink & Tristan

Down to Gripper Pitch & out. 5 hrs total.

- 1st pitch black marlow replaced.
- 3rd pitch (7th Weaver) rebelay lengthened with 3 mauls

At the top of Paradise Tristan's cable
stopped working. After 5 minutes conversation
the fault was located. It transpired that,
though Tristan had been told to get
cable from the blue drum nobody had
told him that the grey powder was spent whilst
what he was supposed to put in his generator
was the big lumps hidden in the powder!!!

- Replaced rope on Flying rebelay - removed
eyebrows, beard & hair in explosion at cable
dump at base of Flying rebelay.

- Removed ^{spent} cable ^{spoke} cable from bottom of Gripper
Pitch. However there is a bag of shit under
a pile of stores that needs removing as well.

- Left a bag of spent carbide at base of flying rebeltags as it was leaking gas and exploding regularly - should be brought out as soon as possible.

Dave

PS on the exit at the top of Paradise / motor asked how far to the entrance, and was extremely surprised to be told he had just done Paradise as he hadn't noticed anything particularly tight - well not anything to match the descriptions he'd been receiving from Dave & Tony back at base.

Several more attacks by Las Vacas during the night - someone definitely* has to sleep in Big Eric every night. It could have been much worse if no one had been there.

15/7/90

Dave & Tony have gone shaft banking, Dink is mending gear & writing letters.

The tabs need moving as the grass is starting to look very dead under some of them - especially Big Eric.

*someone definitely must learn to spell

Dave H. Dave L. and Tony went to the 3sec. drop - O.V.C.C.'s old shit pit. I rigged it and Dave L descended. He checked for any ways on and did a bit of digging in the bottom where he thought there was a possibility of a way on. We then removed four bags of rubbish - most of which was O.V.C.C.

Dave

If a way on does exist it would involve a large amount of digging - either a handstand position or flat out. Almost certainly not worthwhile.

Dave L ii

Shaft Boring - Dave Lacey & Tony 15 7 90

We went down 6/7, don't get excited, it doesn't go. Dave found it quite easy, we descended to the snow plug - no longer massive - in a chamber with little air movement and no obvious way on. At one part of the snow plug's base ice had formed, indicating some draught, and mining a few tentacles revealed an easy squeeze slightly threatened by pointed menace. Through this was a small 6x5x7 foot chamber with no obvious way on. Dave dug at the base of the chamber while I fiddled about, finding nothing. Rogue Cave carried on for a while until I encouraged him to give in - it really doesn't go, albeit in a less spectacular way than 1/7. All the cave now needs is for someone to return with paint and cross the circle. Ah well!

16/7/90

Dave H Dink & Paul
go camping.

We need it aris

Cave Food - and lots of it

Vege.

Large gas for cooker.

small gas for lights

Bin bags - lots

Bread

Bog roll

mittens

rope

Molico

Marmalade

Choc spread

none

FOOD

We do not need more gas for the
cave !!!

P.S. we ought to move the tents to allow the grass to recuperate. I moved Tony's yesterday & Dink has taken his down whilst undergrowth. It there is time for some of the others be moved as well.

that they are
"The trouble with children is, too big to put in tackle bags" Sheri
"When I close my eyes all I see is rocks!" Sheri
"All that's on that cleaned washing up is snot." David M.

Monday. Jan is knackered but has brought an enormous no. of veges up to Anjo. The straps on the rucksack were creaking badly. And due to starting out @ 3:30, she didn't get up to Anjo until 3 1/2 (!!) hours later, + i. very bad shape!

(27)

"The thoughts of Chairman Mayo" N° 23 in an occasional series - the trouble with washing-up dirty pans is that no one notices how much you get off. All they do is complain about what you have left on.

Well get it all off then ~~over~~

17-7-90

Today we moved Big Eric (we being Joan, Tony, Dave L and David). It took about an hour in the evening. Moving the tent was simple, we just unhooked it from the ground and carried it bodily to the new site. It took much longer to move all the junk that had collected inside it, since it was made up of numerous disparate items, rather than convenient boxes.

It was also the day of the double entendre. Les said the better, nudge-nudge, wink-wink, say no more, say no more.

He also rigged a ^{snar snar} big shaft near the old camp site. This was done in true Dave Elliot style, with traverses, Y hangs and rebelay. D. Lacey will explain his rigging techniques below

Otherwise we ate and slept and feasted in the oucc fashion

I hand over to Mr. Lacey...

David

"You can't ^{get a} ~~the~~ birds' insides out just by showing your hand up inside it + pulling!" David

Joan is still shagged + suffering from altitude, jet, lack of exercise etc. But can still make good flapjack.

- Oh woe, Oh woe + twice woe. Aay me I aar broken hearted. I am sooooo ~~up~~happy. I aar sooooo loonely. I howl @ thee moon!
OK?

Sheri says "Please feed Graham when he gets here".

17-7-90

Once upon a time there was a man name Dave Horse (name changed to preserve anonymity). This man told me "El Tefe has instructed me to teach you how to rig." So off we went while I was getting kitted up Dave put a bolt in to show you how it's done. The hole was drilled, the anchor removed, the wedge fitted. Bang, bang, bang, crrackkk. The bolt fell out. Dave had put it too close to a crack.

And so it was, two days later that a new team of instructors (David, Tony & Joan) escorted me to the shift (from from) again. "That's no good," they informed me about the place where Dave would have had me rig it. "That's classic Oucc rigging; perfectly safe, but a real bugger to get on and off the rope." So I rigged a traverse line. Natural back up - tape over a rock, followed by a bolt "slightly vertical but it will do." Then a 1/2 way - bolt on right hand wall, long wire over large rocky spike on left hand wall. This done I began my descent. "I haven't got a piece long yet," I thought. "But I should be able to rig a deviation off naturally." The hell I could, as John Jayne might have said. So I put in another bolt and rigged a rebelay about 20 feet down and off to the left.

One 40' abseil, and a hell of a lot of worrying. "The bolts going to fall out. I've probably tied a ship knot. The mailon's undone etc." later and I landed on a bloody cold snow plug. "That's not so bad, you might think." Well it is when it's covered in decaying sheep and chough shit.

After a brief look around, I decided that the area towards

the Refugio was probably most promising. But as I was dead in only a oversuit, and was therefore getting numb with cold (I was sitting on a snow plug after all) and seeing as the snow plug was about 20' high and safe exploration would probably have involved another bolt rebelay, and seeing as I was hungry and wanted some food (what a lot of aards), I changed to prussik and (tho's another one) came out with even more fear and worry, this before. On the way out I derigged the rope, leaving a hanger on the rebelay to facilitate further exploration, and came back to one of the best sites I have trusted for a long time - thanks to Jon and David (and Tony who cut up a couquette).

Dave L. i

P.S. if anyone does go back there, the parallel shaft next to mine joins up at the bottom.

18/7/90 Shaftbashing

Starring

Tony "chief missile thrower" Seddar
Dave "hunchback of Skull Cave" hacey

We set off at about Midday with the intention of finding 3/10 supposedly unexplored. On the way to the green ridge we found a promising looking valley with no marked caves. Gratefully dumping rucksacks we wandered off to explore. Half an hour later we had two really grotty looking entrances. Neither of us being particularly keen we tossed a coin to decide who would have the privilege of first entry. I lost. First one: a 20' shaft. One dodgily rigged ladder

later we had a blind 20' shaft which we numbered 61/5

Second - a small slit in a cliff face. One crawl later we had a small blind slit in a cliff face, not worth numbering. We carried on. By this time I was undergoing the worst my fever attack I've had for about five years and I'd forgotten to bring a hanky. (I ended up using my shirt - yuk!) Most of the way up the green ridge, with no sight of 3/10, I decided to have a rest. This involved dropping rucksacks and eating lots of cave food. This done Tony carried on up without his rucksack while I rested a bit longer. I promptly fell asleep perched precariously 15' up a cliff sitting on an uncomfortable rock. An hour later Tony came back and woke me up with a story of a really storge entrance at the top of the green ridge on the edge of the Jullayau bowl. We went to look.

The entrance turned out to be a hole on a dusty grassy slope. The rock was disgusting loose shattered stuff - absolutely useless for rigging. Fortunately there was a limestone outcrop 10' above round which we put a long wire and hung a ladder. Tony descended, coming back 10 minutes later with a story of a really big pitch. Typically causing bullshit, thought I, but I went down to look carrying a 80 metre rope.

"Throw a stone down," said Tony. Pattle. . . . BANG

"Wow, it's deep," I said. So Tony rigged a rope and we went down. At the bottom was a large chamber full of Rebecca skulls with no apparent way on.

"We might as well go out," said Tony. But as we were going out I spotted a squeeze. Tony hammered while I removed my gear. I got through easily. Much hammering later Tony followed. Below was a small area barely big enough for two. In one direction a squeeze to a very small chamber with no way on. In the other direction was another squeeze leading to