

It remains a riddle to us how Włodark got to where he got ^(III) without a rope, without a light, and without leaving footprints. (Probably the snow was still a couple of feet higher a week ago.)

Description, Entrance pit rigged from the only two marginally stable slides drops ~ 9m to rock spur. Pendula out onto the snow plug & descend about 5m more to snow at bottom of shaft. On the way down, ~3m below surface, an inlet on the W side was passed, in the intersection of various inclined bedding & fault planes; one of these has two or 30cm diameter 'eyeholes' in it, illuminating an aven which can be seen from where you're now standing.

The continuation of the surface rift along 30° strike closes down after ~ 3 meters. Further to the left, a small fault plane on strike 165° heading E by $50^\circ-60^\circ$ forms the roof of a snow-floored incline which you can look down about 5m before snow meets roof.

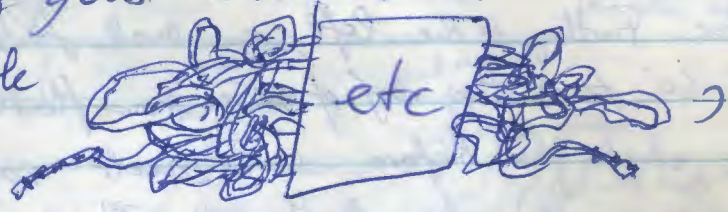
The way on is underneath the aven illuminated by the inlet 'eyes'. The rope can be reelayed on an obvious ledge in the ~~bottom~~^{SW} corner for a snowy descent to a 2nd snowplug, ~ 8m down from foot of entrance shaft. This is in a blind pit however. A bolt (up on the left-hand wall (which hasn't been placed yet) should enable a tension traverse over the 2m wide pit to hit the lip of a several-seconds drop (sounds like 20m pitch to a ledge or ramp and another 15m or so to bouldery floor.) Walls are smooth here, no naturals in sight.



Some reactions it's unpleasant being eaten by a cow while falling down a pitch: & who else would cry "Telt creative" or being eaten by a marauding cow.

11 August: Two ferries rigging down C-13...

Well Gavin had released 5 belts from his secret treasury so I carried an optimistic 155m rope across to the entrance (carrying some BIOHAZARD on the way back) Then we set out one last time... the caring gods seemed not amused. It started by a horrible result of unbraiding



The severely twisted rope. Rebraided ~ 3/5 of it & rigged the first 2/5 down the entrance pitch (HEAVY CARBON). Then the next ill omen hit us:

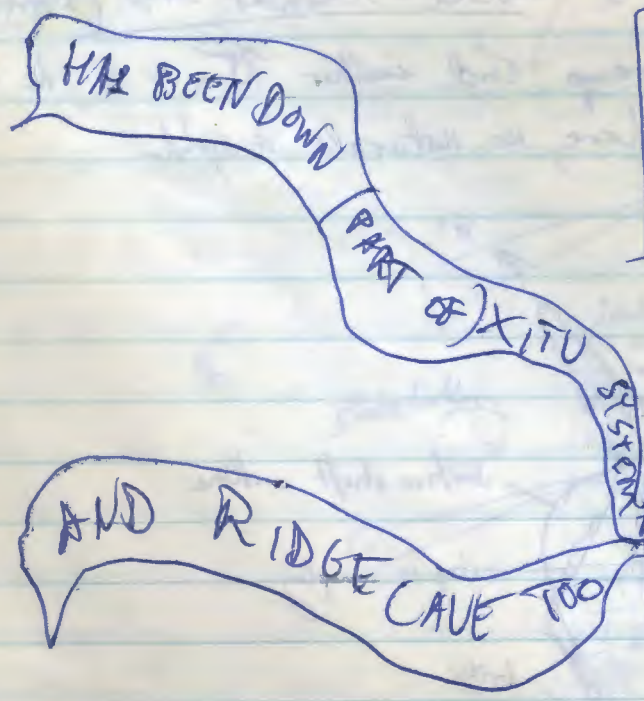
IN MEMORIAM
MY TRUSTY
RUSTY OLD

FLSMA GENERATOR

born in 1985, tape marked in green (wide) & red (narrow), of literary fame (there's a picture of it dangling from

Paul Brennan's belt in Culimbre in BENEATH THE MOUNTAINS) died 11 August 1994 of a broken gas outlet pipe, with a foaming fountain.

R.I.P.



Oh well. Half past four, if not later, I stepped onto the snow
plug and started fighting my way across the three braids (113)
One hour later I'd decided not to go for the Graham Waylor
Award - the ideal place for a bolt, high on the left-hand
wall round the corner at the start of PEUTERIUM TRAVERSE
would have been surrounded by cracks on four sides (like my
famous rebelay on the Bliderunner in 26), so I scumbled for
a position lower down & less cracky. Another hour later -
(LANDING GEAR ALERT: HYDRAULIC OIL FROZEN STRANGE VIBRATIONS,
'STRUCTURE ALERT: TRUNK BEAM SUPPORTERS (LEFT) CRAMPING') the
bolt went home with a bang and I fell back onto the snow-
plug, panting. Ilka came down to have a look at it and,
maybe, place her first bolt. I started out on the traverse but
chickened back (old OFD fears taking over); Ilka however
made it to the pitchhead and lobbed a lot of pebbles
down. No floor in sight; pebbles hit a ledge about 20m
down & go on bouncing & rattling. - Near the far end of
the traverse, a perched boulder not attached to anything
much looks inviting as a foothold. DON'T. It's Dangerous,
though we failed to move it enough to topple it over.
It was getting late so OXYGEN-18 pot (got the drift? stable
heavy isotopes - CHLORINE-37, LEAD-208...) was left for
a luckier team next year. - While I'd been hammering
away, Ilka had prevailed away digging out a little rift a few

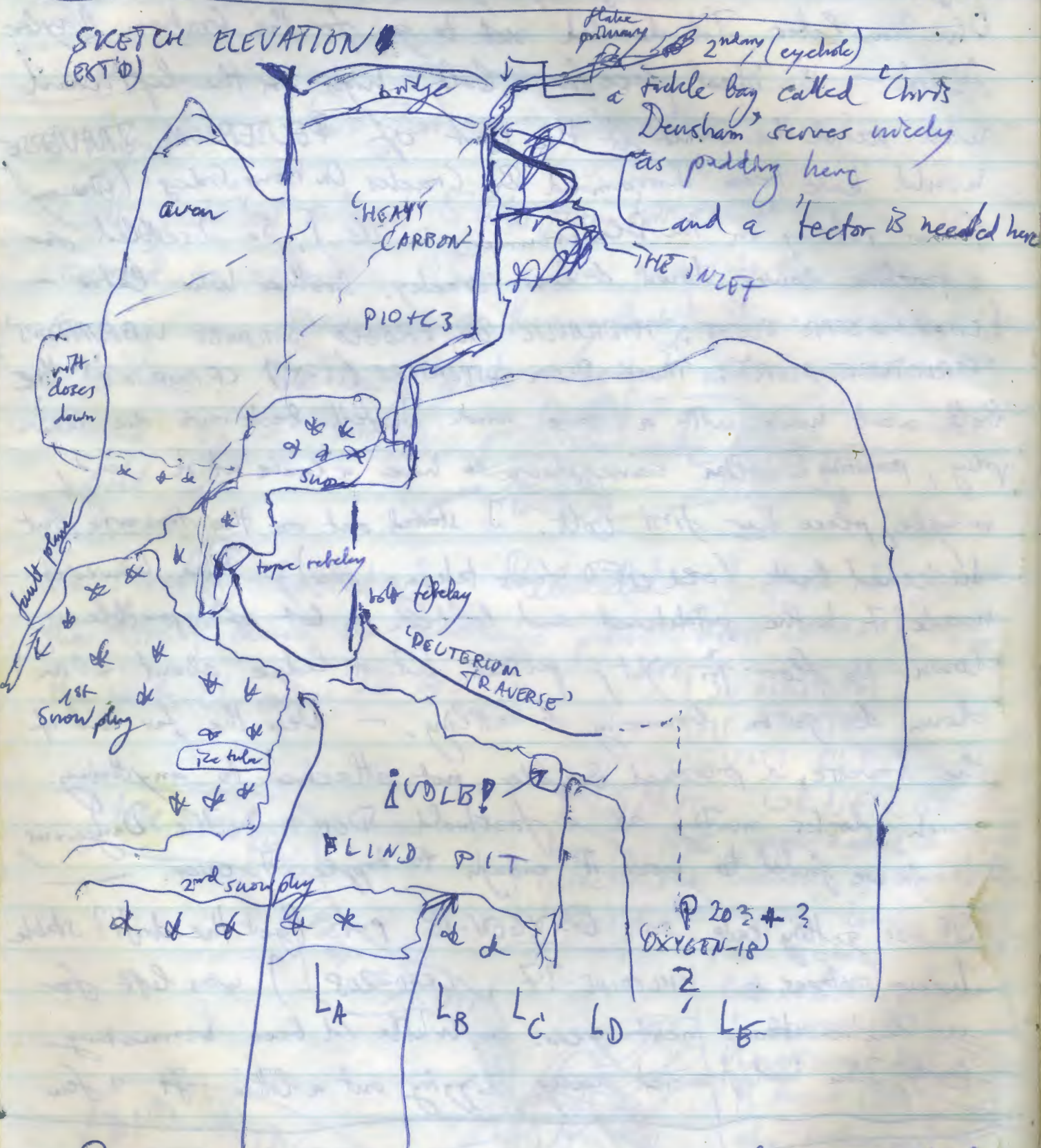
WOULD THE B....S WHO LET THE CHEESE SAUCE SET &
CONGEAL IN THE LARGE SAUCEPAN PLEASE WASH THE
LATER UP THEMSELVES. THANKS.

IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE SOUP, LEFT FOR ANYONE
WHO WANTED TO EAT IT!

eg

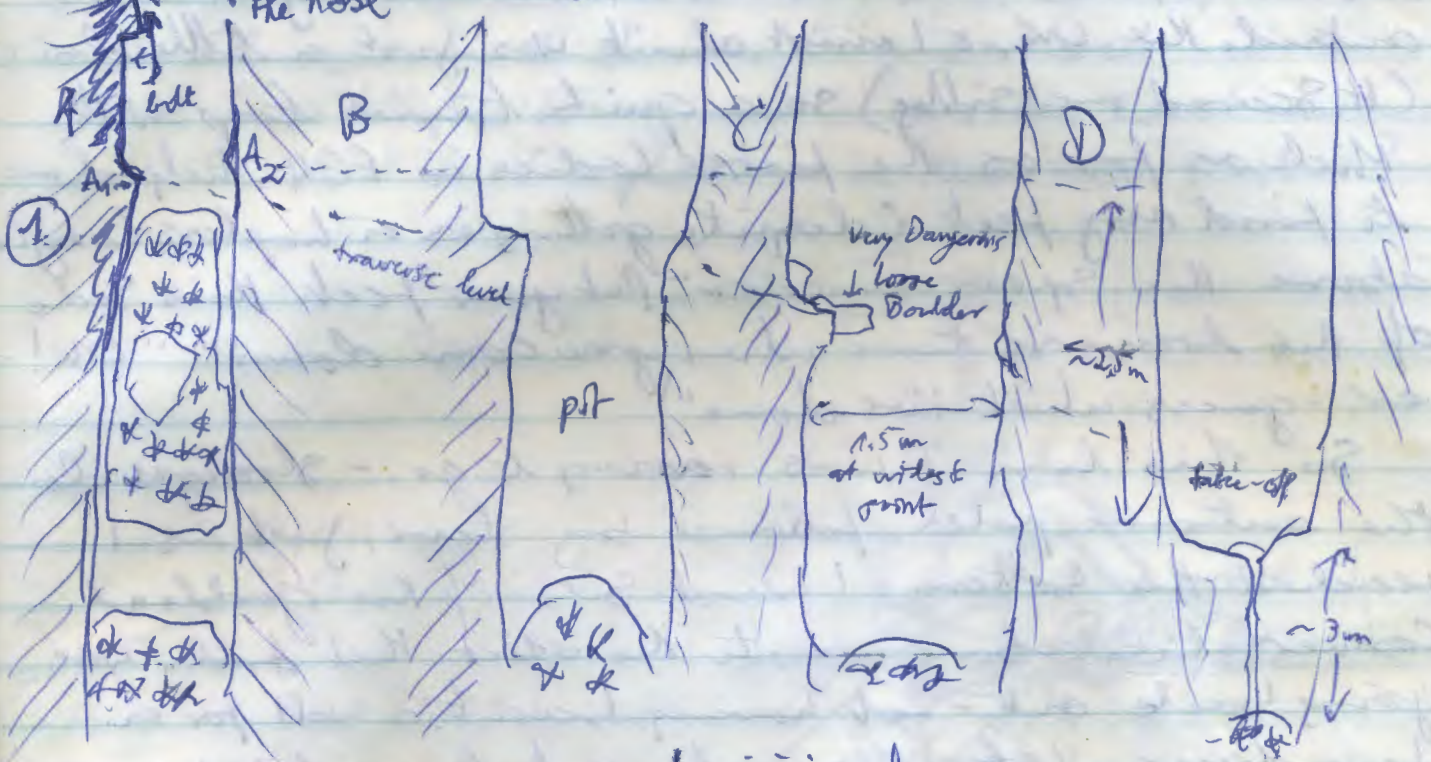
114 yards off sideways. This one, while still blocked by a large boulder, has rather more of a draught than the biggy...

SKETCH ELEVATION
(EST'D)



Point to ponder — with very low snow levels, it might become a problem even to reach the bolt & the start of the traverse; with much higher snow, one could just walk forward to the pitch head...

Cross sections: (looking into the cave)



(not quite to scale)



becomes 1 by 1.5 m elliptical tube

Gyrford

- ① Notice for next year's cavers looking for the bolt: Go put it on standing on A1-A2, it is behind a very characteristic "nose" (stacking in the room ca 5cm) on the left side.

10/8/94 CA PHOTO TRIP - Peter + Steve + Andy (NGARU)

My 1st trip down CA last week, was also my 1st cone outside the UK, & I must admit was just a little daunting (It scared me silly) so a quick tourist trip with Mick as far as the piece ladies in F64, helped me to find my feet. (despite getting in a hopeless tangle above the spacers... "Put your feet this side of the traverse line when you come down" "OK! - er - guess what I've done")

So this time I was raring to go. - straight down the entrance pitch, followed by Steve, just as I reached the bottom, I heard bits of the go/blead conversation above me, to the effect that Andy was going back out - not having been too well for a few days - Steve nearly got decorated from above by Andy's stomach contents. So then there were two.

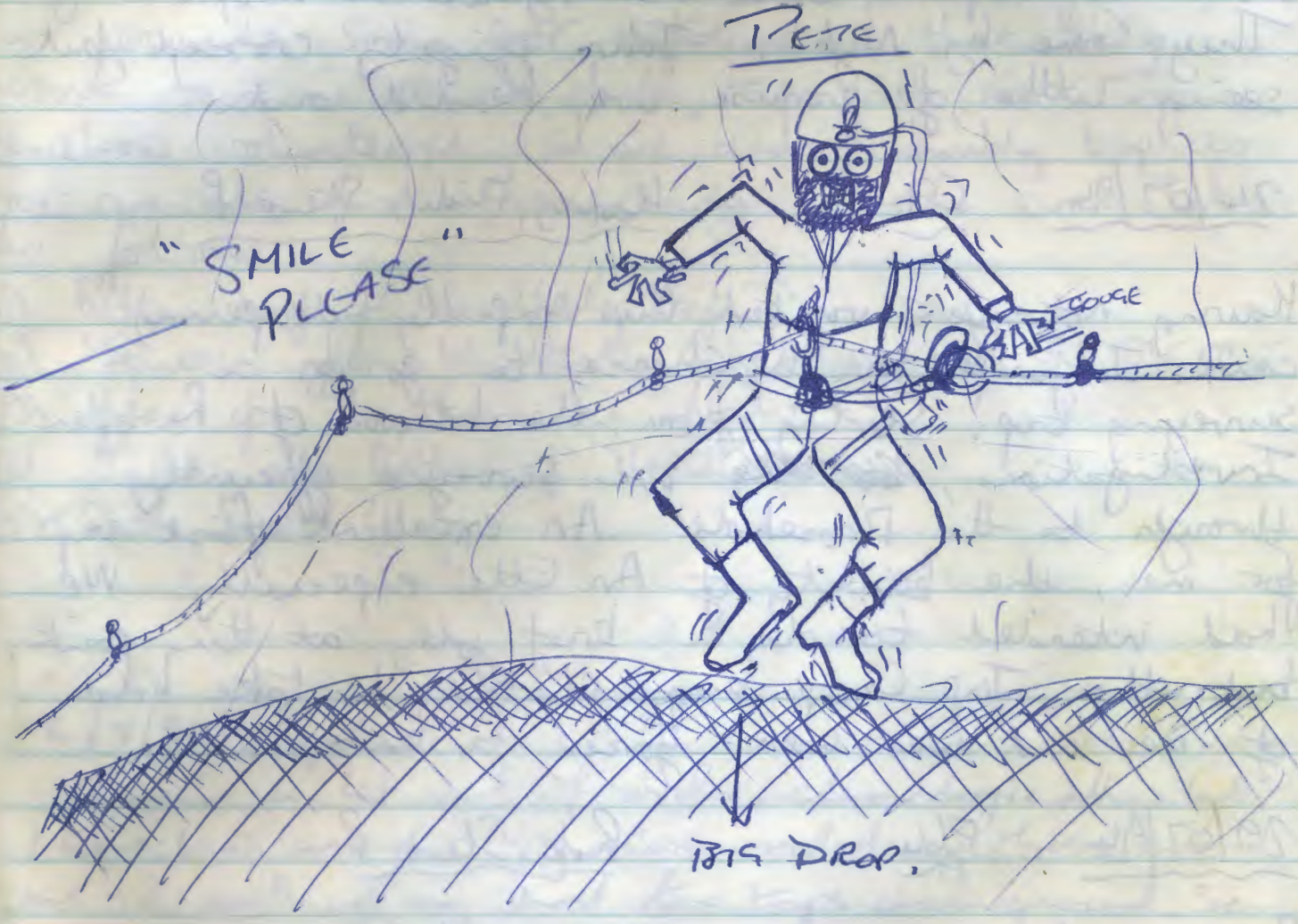
A quick stop to pose at the vacuum cleaner shuffling in feet first to get the ideal pose & off to Pura Colomada, where time was spent trying to find the best shot, with me feeling like a shop window dummy, attempting to pose as Ma Havel Spanish cover girl (Snoes, Guffaw).

On to ANET, where the attempt was to set off the flash at 15ft intervals on the way down.

Thus - ab down, switch off my light, & blind myself with the flash, by the time I reached the floor all I could see was big red squares.

Finally - the traverse, if I have 1 look of tension in my face, if the photo comes out, that's because I'm trying to pose, on a traverse line, with an 80m drop beneath me. - I know, the distance is academic after 20m, but with an 80m fall you have longer to think about it.

So with lots of piccies taken & getting cold from all the standing around it was time for out - good fun trip - every one does the hard work & I get to stare in the photos - is there no justice?



Some trips, the details of which shall at last see the light of day (better late than never)...

23/1/94

EBt

John, Nick, Steve P

We headed down the cave to push and survey the inlet off Whistlestop Café. We pushed the climb at the end of the inlet another 15m or so higher, running out of rope with another 10m above us.

Inspired by the wafts of thyme from the empty spice bottle we were carrying anchors and wedges in, we named the climb 'Out of Thyme'. After surveying, Nick headed out while John and I went to inspect Chris D's tagliatelle above. They Come by Night. John gingerly crossed, but seeing little of promise, we headed out.

24/07/94 C9 Harvey, Nick, Steve P

Having not yet visited this rapidly-deepening cave, I jumped at the chance to go on a surveying trip. Starting from the bottom of Re-open Investigations, ~~the~~ we surveyed efficiently through to the Rosehole. An excellent first trip for me, the beauty of An Ette especially. We had intended to do a brief jolly at this point, but the Top Camp bugs started to take hold of me and we were forced to leave.

29/07/94 F64 Rob, Steve P

Returning to the inlet with more rope, we pushed the last climb of Out of Thyme, but unfortunately there was no way on at the top. Unless you fancy digging a boulder choke from beneath, that is. Surveying what we had found, we de-rigged the inlet and headed back to camp. We later calculated that we had pushed the inlet to a height of +17m; 'depth', but at the wrong end of the cave!

04/08/94

F64

James, Steve P

119

With a peculiar quirk of fate having left all the expedition's underground photos in my hands (and very inexperienced ones, at that), time for me to persuade some poor unfortunate that they want to come on a photo trip with me. James somehow volunteered, so we did a bimby trip as far as the first Fierce Lady. Photos were taken as follows:-

- (1) Bottom half of Whistlestop Cafe
- (2) 'Squeeze' from Whistlestop Cafe through to Olé Olé Olé
- (3) Head of They Come by Night
- (4) Inlet at bottom of Mostly
- (5) First Fierce Lady

6/8/94

This is a bit out of order, chronologically, but I have been asked - nay - commended by those around me to write up my first two trips underground. So here commences a sorry tale of quivering knees & ineptitude.

C9 - Steve P. & John. - photo trip

- My first Spanish Cave, oh wow!

"How deep is this entrance pitch?"

"70"

"70 foot, that's ok!"

"no - 70 meters"

"oh sxxt!"

with much anticipation I lower myself into the chasm, "oh my God, oh my God I'm going to die!"

one very slow descent later, leaving poor John waiting around at each relay above me, I reach near touch down, where there is Steve with camera set up trying to get an action shot of me abseiling in.

Finally we set off a two yards, & pause for another photo, John as Captain Tormochs though Monk monomane, where due to ill advise I had not put on my knee pads, I sustained a large number of bruises, these were magnified as I again crashed my knees - in the same place & isn't it always? - coming down the 8m Pitel following.

At the bottom of this I made a grievous error & being fed up of all my SRT gear catching on everything - I took it off - No body told me that the next pitel was only thirty seconds away, & so I found myself at the bp of death with, rather exposed, & no way of clipping in to the safety line. Never have I put on my harness so fast before. At this point I was almost into brown adrenaline, only for the fact to be magnified when the maithias for the main hang chinked into position & I dropped - only 2 inches - but enough to have me wishing I'd been kinder to my cat.

Post the relay & I found I had my abseiling knob twisted & all my weight was on the gate. A swift use of my top jammer & I was back on target - to meet Whodok & Jones emerging outdoors.

After this, a couple more photo's & time for out. Diffuse to say, the next trip down C9 (see above) was a little more pleasurable