

OUICC

Boca del Joon

'95

Top Camp

Chartwell

Manuscript Book

Narrow feint and margin

Reference A4-629K

1st July 1995 : 4.30pm.

Eight carries, and the successful recovery of last years stashed gear, has produced quite a collection ~~at~~ at top camp.

The Milton is up and ready for business, the imaginatively named "Will's Dads tent" has been pitched and the Scout tent is just being finished.

Tea has been brewed and the sun is just breaking out between the clag.

Suddenly, without warning, pedantry strikes at Top Camp!

2.6.95

lain, on filtering top camp water: "Is this the usual degree of wildlife?"

3.6.95 / 9.00 am GMT (after 3 hours ~~with~~ swim to top camp) Whodak,

is very cold (5°C) & very wet, I am thinking seriously to leave expedition and go back to sunny Britain.

It cannot be normal that summer temperatures in Spain is 5°C and in Britain in this same time $+30^{\circ}\text{C}$. Probably weather in Scotland is much better than in Spain.

Actually, I'm recovering from hypothermia, and examining instructions from "Medicine for Mountaineering" pg. 210

... No one should be considered cold and dead until he has been warm and dead...

3rd July 1995. 3:25 pm.

Will + Wade L. To left at km.

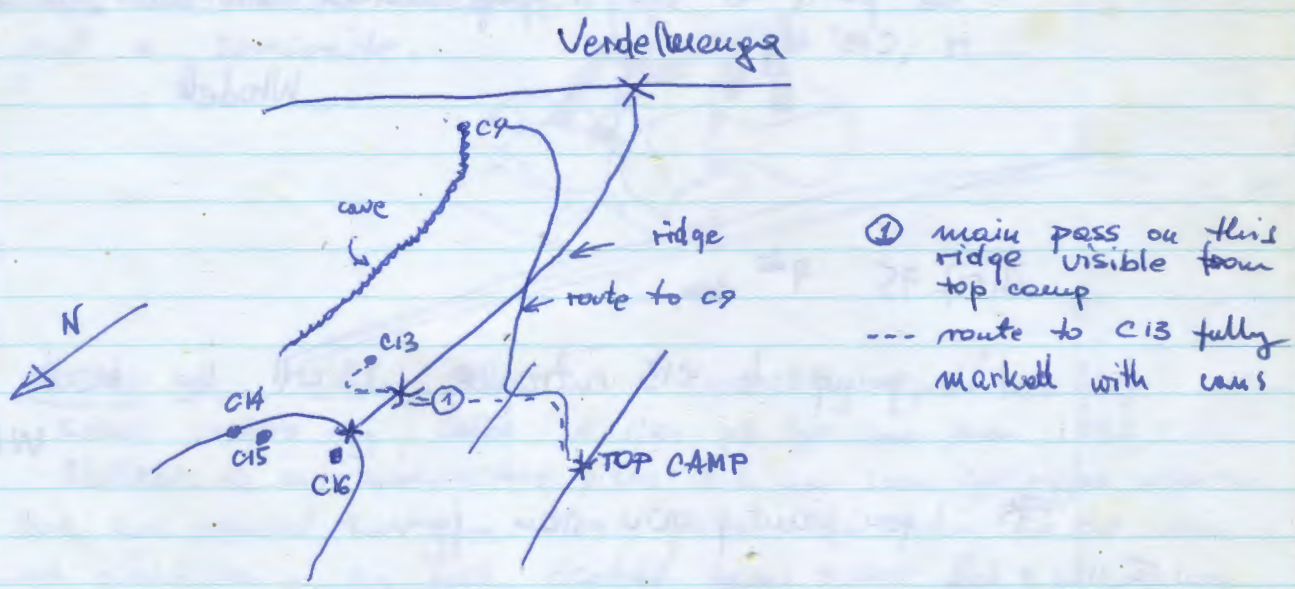
Mission to find C13 (Standing at snow pole facing uphill, follow ridge round to obvious pass. Apparently 1-200m on the other side of the pass.

et.b. 6 pm.
Calluna 7 pm.

OUT

Found C13, possibly! Could find hole which Gerhard supposedly left for the entrance pitch. First time we had to cut ice steps to get into a cave - doesn't give quite the same sense of security as a rock way.

While bumping around in the same area, we found C14, C15, C16, C17 !!
Will.



C14 - a very interesting dig on the top of the wide ridge with draft. Dig is easy, small boulders, progress is fast in 5 min we open a 5m passage 0.70m wide solid rock, looks interesting.

C15. - another dig 25m below, ask Will for details.

C16 A big shaft beyond the Pico Guatitlan(?) ~ 50m behind. At least 30 m deep, strong draft - change the direction of the flame from lighter. Draft - down. C16 is the biggest shaft in C area

C17 Ask Will for details

C13 level of the snow in the cave is at least two meters higher than in the last summer, but the way down is still possible climbing up about 2-3 m to the window.

Wkadek

3.02.95 8⁴⁰ pm

I went to C13 carry some ropes, I will be back 8⁴⁰. ↓

The path to C13 is fully marked with cans. In the entrance is 'C13' tag.

Wkadek

4.07.95 9⁴⁰ am

I'm going to C13 entrance, I will be back at 1 pm

Wkadek

Ps. If you want, you can join.

10.30 am. Will

Come to join Wkadek in C13.

at 6.30 pm

Callout Spm

OUT.

013

Descended entrance pitch from bolt on rock bridge to land on snow plug. Use Wolodok on his way out. Ascended climb which Wolodok had rigged as a pitch, to head of second pitch, 20m. Pitch lands in success chamber with boulder floor and a small amount of snow. Success draughting hole in floor is a possible dig but needs a lot of work. Climb up wall climber down, as does a pendule from below from base of pitch.

5/7/95. First night at top camp, Rob, Iain, John and Anita get to the summit of La Verdalle just in time to catch the sunset. - Its great to be back!

The easy carry:

A genetically engineered cross between a rebecca and a samsonite.



Trip date: Wed
Nov Dec

5/7/95

William, Olly

Detackling Optimisto (!)

Spice previous day check A little job left over from 1993 -
Walked up in rain to two pitches 2-6 had been left rigged when the cave was revisited that year. Mon: Walked up in rain + a tent which we pitched in a dry spell. Hauled down & met Rob & Will on way down who asked to be shown the entrance. Their tent then clogged over again, so we abandoned our attempt to find the entrance. The curse of Optimisto strikes again. Walked back to Los Lagos in the rain & relaxed. Decided not to bother carrying ^{more} gear + went to beer in the main instead Tue. Walked up after breakfast in rain in the SO again, left at gear at tent + went to Refugio to dry off & get a coffee. Rain stopped after a bit, so we walked round to Optimisto as the weather had by now cleared.

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Found entrance easily, thanks to 1993 Cairn, which I found just before it clogged over again. Left (NB. Cairns demolished now) + left orange rucksack lines. Went back to tents + proceeded ourselves it was too late to go looking - anyway I was knackered ^{+ wasn't improving rapidly.} + didn't sleep at all well. ^{Lovely stars.} Fine the following morning - frost on ground. Set off 10am in fine weather + down at 11am. Feeling like death warmed up. Down fairly easily to Lepess Leap. Found stacks of tackle in remarkably good nick + out at 4pm - had to wear Spun, ^{The} Gore's a bit heavy with the some loose rock but generally nothing like as bad as it's made out to be. Back into mist, met Alex + Will. Cleared ca 7:30pm. Walked a little towards Trea for the view - lots of goats. Whisky (thanks Jones) was fed. Then: Woken by vacas Faen, set off 0840, reached camp 0955.

Gear at Ario: 6 new maillons + hangers
35m rope
Tackle bag.

Gear recovered from optimists: Tackle bag
3 unmarked lengths of rope (total ca 75m)
ca a dozen bolts + hangers + OK wood + maillons
ca 4 small knots
3 or 4 tapes
3 or 4 wires.

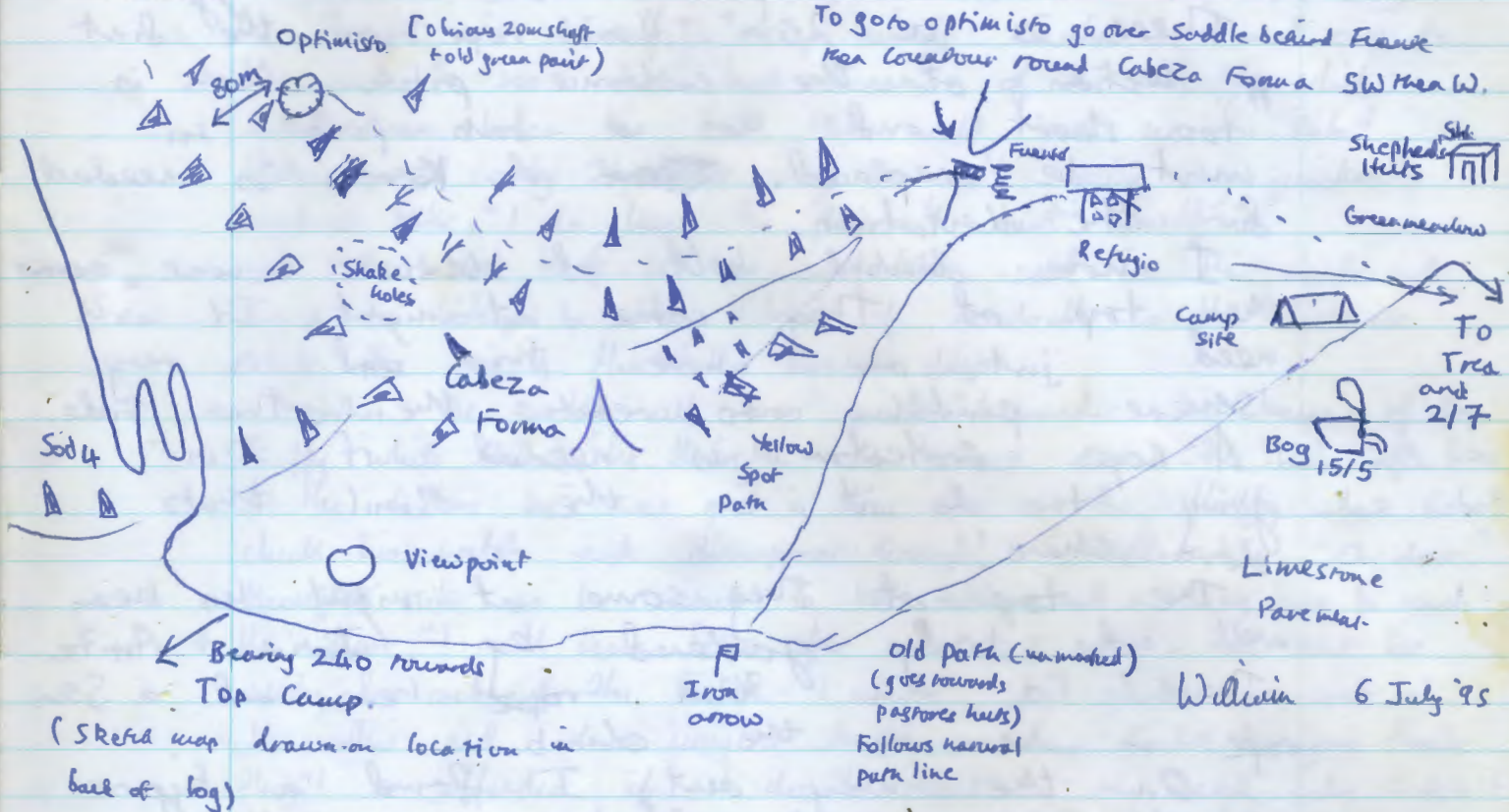
William
6/7/95

W.

Map for those who couldn't find us.

7

↑ N



William 6 July '95

8

6/7/95 : FOH 1st rigging trip - John, Anita & Jaim

The first two pitches have been rigged. There is a 20m 11mil rope on the first section of the entrance pitch, which is too short and has a rub point so must be replaced. ~~A~~ A Knot is needed for the deviation.

I have climbed half of Christ's traverse, across the top of They come at night. It will need just one more trip and a very severe pendulum to reach the other side. A rope protector is needed if I'm going to do it on the 9mil that's down there!

The top of They come at night has been well and truly gardened by Jaim & Anita. There is a 30m rope here and a 50m rope in use on the climb.

On the way out, I found a bypass to the top half of Oté-Oté-Oté, which I will re-rig on my next trip.

John

7/7/95

The flag flies.....
The Phreak has come home at last
The depthometer rests at 430 / 485 m.....
The story continues.

Jaim

Between Wlodet and 40 - lies SIS m.

7.7.95

"Mike in Wonderland" a.k.a. Rob, Wlodet & Mike visit C9.

It was a hot sunny summer's morning and Mike had just arrived at C9. Ahead of him he could just see the fluffy white Robot disappearing down a big black hole. The Robot checked his watch before vanishing over the edge. Meanwhile, the Wlodet in his mad hat had wandered off towards C13 to look

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for some tea ; or was it to collect some ropes... Mike couldn't quite remember for he had been walking all morning and was now rather tired. Indeed he was very tired: "I could sleep all day," he thought to himself. To keep himself awake he went over to the hole to see what had become of the fluffy white Robot. Down below his feet Mike could just see the Robot falling ~~over~~ slowly. "I wonder why he isn't going any quicker" wondered Mike, "I do hope he doesn't hurt himself."

Mike went back to his comfortable seat in the shade and began to listen to the Hooting of crows in the distance while the buzzing flies lulled him to sleep.

When he awoke all was quiet. "I wonder what became of the fluffy white Robot," he thought and jumped down the hole after him. At the bottom he was just in time to see the fluffy white Robot check his watch and disappear through a smaller hole. "Oh dear," thought Mike as he seemed to be taking such a long time to reach the floor, "I must have fallen for miles and miles - this must be nearly the centre of the Earth - I wonder if I shall come out at the other end where everyone stands on their heads. Do you think they'll be offended if I don't stand on my head only I don't think I could; not for very long anyway... Oh dear," he thought again when he saw the small hole through which the fluffy white Robot had gone, "how can I fit?"

Just then Mike ~~had~~ found a bottle labelled drink me, so he did, and when he looked again the hole seemed much bigger. Mike wasted no time in rushing through the hole but accidentally upset a big pile of rocks all over the floor. "Oh no," he thought, "they'll never stop crying unless I find a vacuum cleaner with which to cheer them up."

At this moment the fluffy white Robot appeared and said "Follow me... hurry, we haven't much time." So off they went together until they appeared in a big chamber at the far end of which they could see the vacuum cleaner. ~~They~~ Unfortunately they needed a ladder to reach it and Mike's ladder, which he always carried with him in case of emergencies, was too small. The fluffy white Robot tried to feed it to make it grow but alas the ladder refused to eat.

"What's the Wlodek?" asked Mike.

"I don't know" replied the fluffy white Robot, "let's go, and look for him."

They found him back on the surface resting in the sun by a large pile of ropes... or was it tea. "I wonder what has become

of the Married Hair," they all wondered before wandering off back to the snow pole which, they observed, now had a rather fetching yellow flag on top of it!

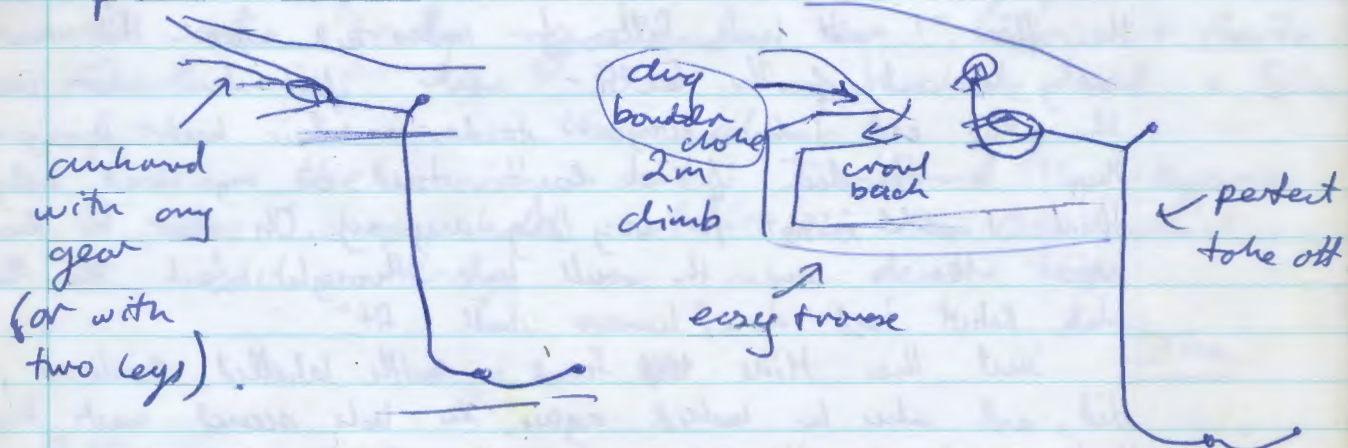
RBG

7/7/95

F64: John, Will, Tom + Oli

While Oli only got a quick trip down to the top at they come at night, before heading back to top camp, for the rest of the day it was quite an eventful trip.

The second pitch was been rigged to avoid the awkward climb down to the pitch head.



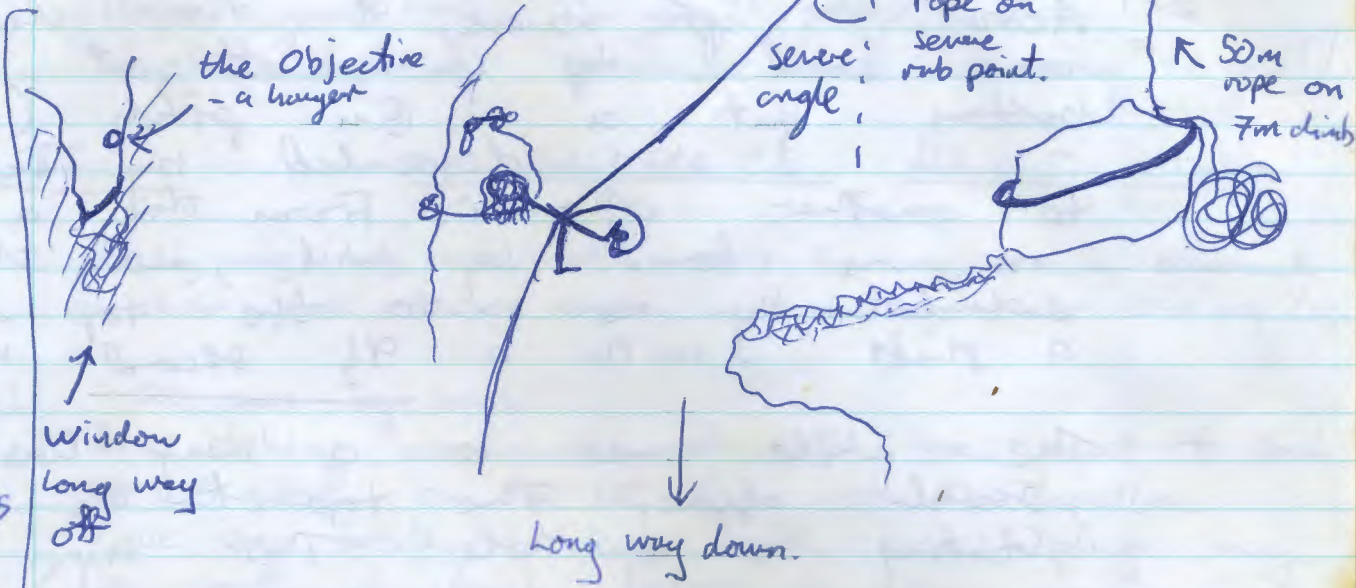
before

after

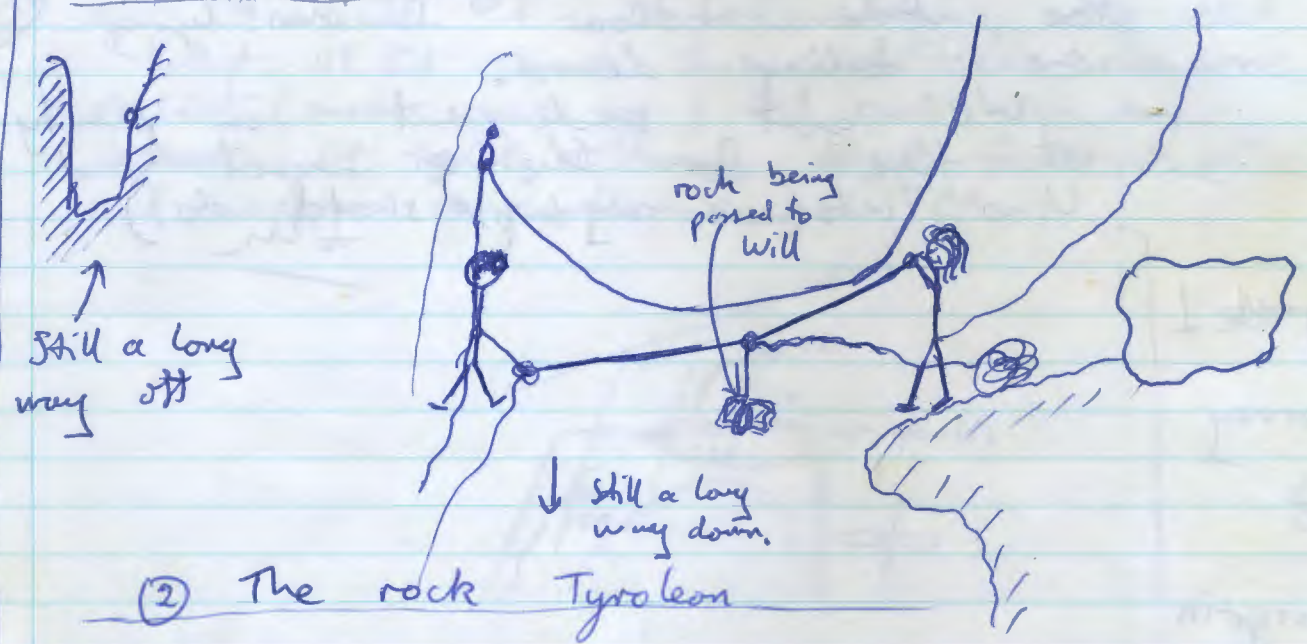
Then there was plenty of sun and games at the foghülle (?). Will had a go at pendulizing, and the let me have a turn, when I got in found Chris' bolt holes from last year and traversed to them; from which Will was able to create a "rock rebelay" with a ~~the~~ rope tied round a stone to finish things off. The ~~pitch~~ ^{traverse} was then rigged as a loop of rope, although it goes for, or tyrolean should be put in.

The Tagliatelle

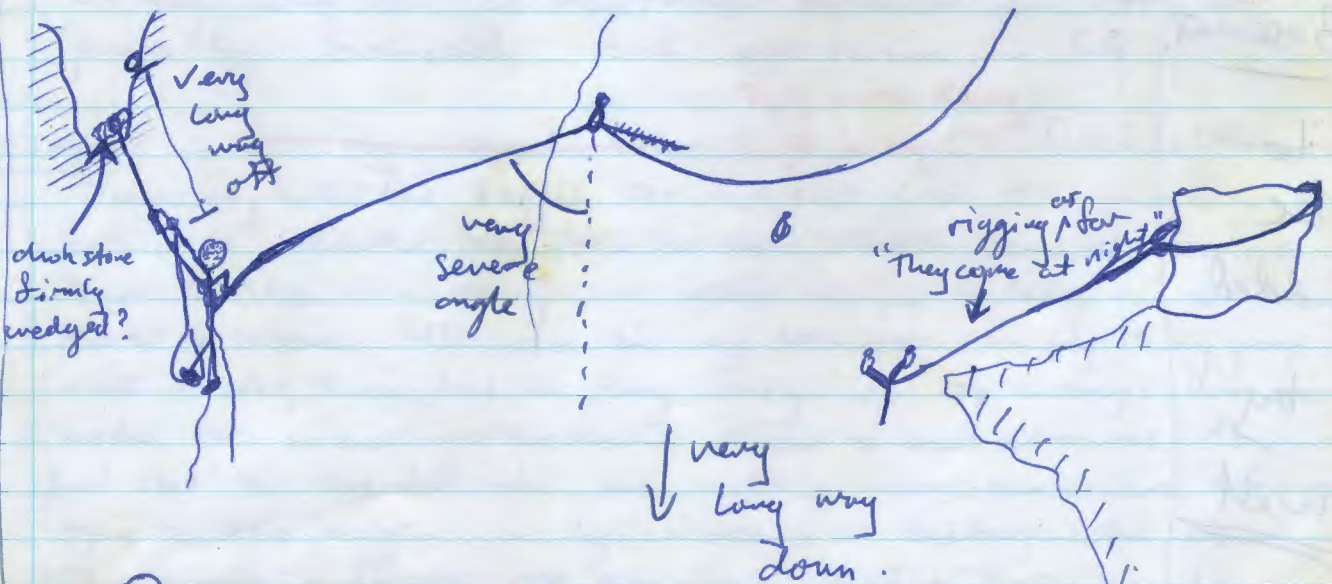
Space for
drawing
diagrams
of
John
+
Will
traversing
"they
come
at
night"



① John inserts the bolts.



② The rock Tyrolean



③ The rock below

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Across the ~~pit~~ passage, a 7m climb was found to pinch off at the bottom, but a 15m pitch (to another chamber. From this a way on was found by Will, and then extended by me to the top at a shaft with a 9 1/2 second rattle!

The whole area is a very loose boulder chock. The top of the pitch starting as a hole This lay

and becoming ending up with the whole floor I was lying on falling down.

We got back out in plenty of time for the sunset and Vino Tinto (as any trip should do!)



Grade 1
Survey
of
Borgin
Basement.
to
be
added
by
Will

[Hope you had a good trip C9 - The depthometer is primed and sewing to go!]

Saturday 8th July

Shaft Boring Nr C3

William S. Wtodok

Feeling very lazy, we awoke out of Top Camp, pausing occasionally to shelter from showers under rock overhangs. First stop was C13

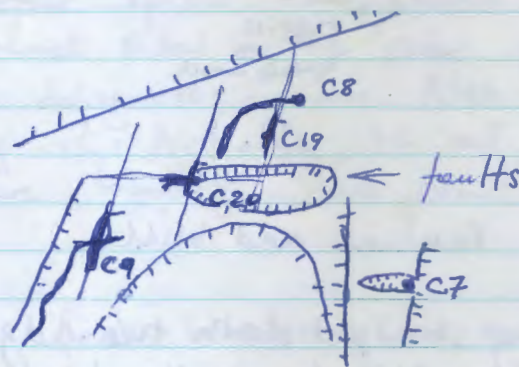
C13

↳ see cave top book

After taking coordinates of C13, we went to look at C18 cave, on the NE slope of EL Repallon. Cave was totally blocked with snow plug, may be worth of look later.

From this place we went to area around of C9 to find C4. Unfortunately, cave what I thought is C4 is not. This new cave numbered a C20 (needs cave tag) is out the way between C9 & C8. Strong draft from the cave suggest connection with C9

scale 1:1



On the way to C8 we found entrance of C19, is probably connected with rift series in C8

7 Up on the Rocks

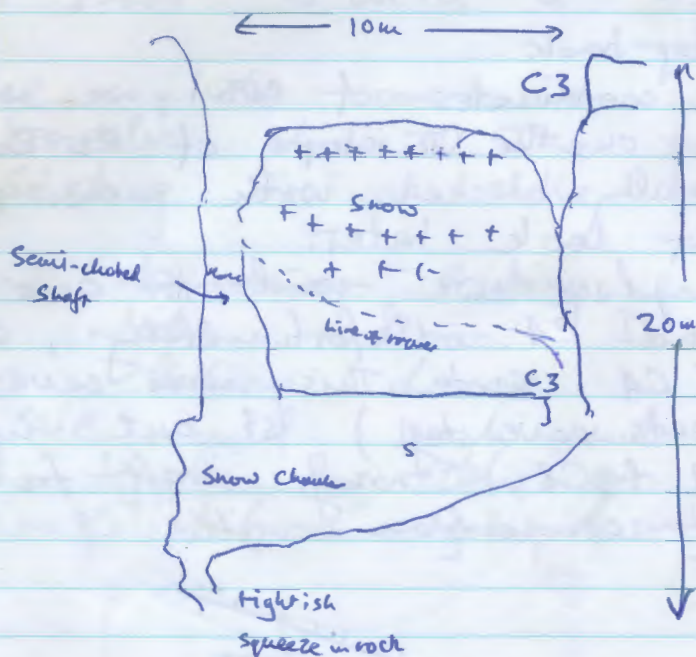
Sunday 9th July

~~C3 rigging towards bottom~~ Shaft boring C7 William, Wtodok

James, Oly & Rob had haggled the first shift down C3, leaving us to peep in the intermittent rain for a few hours. Finally persuaded ourselves to go ca 2:45pm in a sunny spell, which changed to heavy rain as we reached the entrance. WJS put on his only waterproofs (muddy hairy gear) while Wtodok, having found his furry soaking after this morning's downpour, needed put a hairnet over his head & attempted to crawl under a rock. Also found that the others had taken one tacklebag more than expected, they was trying to cram everything in one bag. Wtodok went exploring while his suit was drying on a dampish rock end, having failed to identify any of the shakeholes as Ch, decided to take a look at C7. Found a way under

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The large snowplug in the entrance & seat WJS built for a light. Armed with artificial illumination, Wlodek found a passage in snow chamber with a rock wall & a tightish passage leading down. Decided to call it 7 Up on the Rocks & adjourned back to Wlodek's lamp ferry on the rocks. Wlodek had got by now got sufficiently cold down C7 that ~~he~~ felt able to jank without feeling too guilty & Wlodek adjourned to camp just in time to shelter from the next rainstorm.



P.S. We promise to go down C3 tomorrow - lowest. (Subject to the amount of view into drink tonight.)

William 9/7/95

9/7

D2, Pauline and Will

Looking straight down the ridge that you walk up from the Vega Aliseda path, beyond it is a big shaft, pointed out to us by Wlodek.

Wlodek said he'd come and watch us rig it, but in the end didn't, although we could be heard belting from top camp.

There are 2 parallel shafts. We chose the one furthest from camp. Will tried descending the standard route where we found a bolt already in place, ~~but~~ the rub points were not very nice, and he thought that a free hang could be achieved by "going over the edge" and putting a rebelay on the lip. We felt a bit intimidated by it, so put in at the top; a Y-hang, with back up, plus a life-line!! Then it felt safe, and it was a free hang which used up more than half

15

of the 100m rope. It was a good hang! We reached the snow plug but didn't look down all sides of it. Will do that tomorrow.

E9, Alex, John & Anite

Bearings to: Veshmenaga 139°
Grastateru 054°

Went there just to check whether the everlasting snow plug is still at the bottom. It is. My first rigging took some time as different flaws and boulders were checked for endurance. Take off from underneath a small ^{flashed} boulder required spider-line lowering before swinging into a big boulder... Snow plug seems to be about 3m deep. A wide rift (~2m) leads off for about 10m but ends blindly around the left corner. There are no obvious leads or holes on the edges between the snow plug & rock.

On the way up the spider-line climb was a little slippery and my helmet ended on the snow plug. My cowstails prevented me from doing the same. Alex generously suggested retrieving it. Actually he only wanted to check out the cave himself. We came back soaked from rain.

William: "Not so fast Wloden, I'm not awake yet"

10/7 Puline in D2, James shouting on surface.

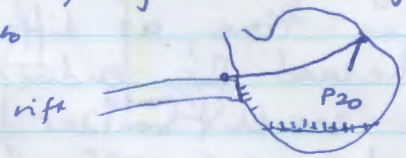
There is still 100m of rope in this cave shaft, because of a thunderstorm while I was rigging it. You can't just pull this rope up because I have rebelayed it twice. I promise to go and get it back the day after tomorrow.

PS. I got 70m down, and still going.

Monday 11th July Rigging C3 1996 extensions Night Games / Big Vannos
Wtodek, William [WS]²

Having failed to set off the previous afternoon, we were all packed & ready & got up Fam, setting off for cave ca 0830. Weather - partly sunny with stormy looking clouds. Wtodek forecast Sun. We got to entrance & paused there while Wtodek dried his overcoat & William attempted to dry his wetsox. Tied new rope at entrance & down ca 10m carrying a tacklebag each. Down to end of nightgames by 1320 where Wtodek started bolting vigorously. Impressed by the simplicity & use of the minimalism displayed in the late Seddon rigging in Big Vannos, (How ever did he manage to rig it without falling down the shaft?)

Suppressing an urge to drive bolts into every bit of rock, we let aesthetics prevail & rigged as was.



Plan of the Seddon minimalist rig

Continued to the sling where the ropes from the traverses had been removed (Y?) - parsimony? a challenge?) & a short rope left on the chise. This now didn't give us enough rope to rig the Entertainer, so we left an 80m rope there, - The person will need to bring a 40m rope for the traverse. Felted while & grabbed a few hangers. Distressed in the stream. Reached the Sun cascade: this had flood pulsed when we went down it, but the volume of water had redoubled since then. The cave was by now *+*+*!! wet & we were concerned about getting out. Paused to desecrate the Seddon minimalist rig on the way out in a triumph of practicality over aesthetics & rigged another traverse line in Night Games. The pitches out were distinctly sporting by now, but fortunately most of the hangs were clear of the absolutely worst of the water. They could do with rigging a bit further out if these are going to be camping trips. Wtodek's electronic packed up at a particularly interesting spot. Ration piss wet through but retired to leant of the water, we walked up slowly - a number of the other chambers were very cold & draughty & I was surprised to arrive at the vacuum cleaner, having passed the Moose Hole without noticing. A fine sling in the trail on the little cascade near Max Manoeuvre - the water went right down my neck - someone please re-rig it. Out at Sunset - except that I had to pause to cut the entrance rope & retie it. Urged back fast by Wtodek to camp to use the last of the daylight & got back ca 11pm as hoped before ETB & totally wet & knackered to a very relaxed camp - especially James.

William

P.S. When we got out, we found the reason for the cave being wet - there were patches of snow on the ground.
P.P.S. C3 is a classic cave & makes a worthy successor to 2/7 & Xitu with lots of large chambers & relatively few squeezes. Go for it!

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Interesting is how much water can be in this cave, and how fast the water from surface income to surface (less than 20min). In these weather conditions is more swimming upstreams than pushing. Fortunately I can swim. Wlodek

And another thing...

There are voracious mice near at the entrance to C3 as James's hat & Wlodek's undersuit will testify. Think before leaving chocolate here. W.

Iain, Rob, Alex & Pauline down F64

Things to note: Olé Olé Olé and They Come by Night are rigged on 9mm.

Mostly has lost its second deviation but now hangs freely nevertheless (water may be a problem...) Some of the bolts have a tendency to work loose, especially at the top of Olé Olé Olé; they should be checked regularly!

Write-up "Mort de l'Amour de F64"

Alas, it has defeated me. Today's performance at the 2nd (Very) fierce lady was as close as I get to an epic. I'm sure more hardy (and smaller) souls shall continue the quest.

Not that it's particularly small, just technical, and, as Rob put it, I have too little masochism and too much sanity to try it again...

Otherwise, this was marvelous, it bouncy in places, and thoroughly achieved its objectives. Lovely free hangs and the sun still out to greet us - berygnous!

Now Wlodek & William have arrived, the party continues apace. More later! ... (Iain)

Pauline and Alex in Feb 4, after being deserted by Iain and Rob

As a rigging trip this was not a huge success but as a portering trip we did quite a lot. After Iain and Rob headed back through the fierce ladies, we gained 2 more fuck-off heavy tacklebags, making it 2 apiece. Hauling them up Old Bores Hill didn't work at all, so we climbed with them $\frac{2}{3}$ hours of fun!

So this is the situation. There is enough tackle to rig to the corner ~~in~~ in Zodiac rift where the draft is lost. Its no wonder we're running out of tape up here because I found several stashes of it in the cave. I also noticed a short rope and a medium length rope lying about. Alex rigged Eton Rifles (spot Alex's rigging because he uses figure-of-8 on-a-byte, not Y-hang knots) which desperately needs a deviation to keep you away from the wall of propped boulders but we couldn't see anything obvious to rig it off. We were just about to put a bolt in when we noticed how time was getting on. Part of the trouble was I've never been here before so don't know how it was rigged last year and Alex couldn't remember, and I forgot the rigging guide.

Its all set up for somebody who knows the rigging to be quick and rig the rest.

9/7/75 Oly, James, Rob

This was my first trip down C9, with the aim of rigging Don't Drive, Snake in the Park, She Dies, and Snake in a Tippet. The trip ran fairly smoothly, with Rob rigging Don't Drive, then me and Rob make for the surface while James rigged the other pitches. Gah! I, at this point, thank James for throwing large rocks down Goodnight Vienna just to make sure I knew just how deep the drop was that I had to traverse over.

Oly

11/7/95 Oly, Pauline

After spending a few hours exploring D2, Pauline may have been forgiven for making straight for Top Cay. Instead, I persuaded her to help me have a look at a somewhat less impressive looking entrance some 10 metres from D2. William and Wlodek had both passed by earlier in the day, and expressed enthusiasm at the possibilities of the entrance. With this in mind we quickly rigged the entrance pitch on naturals with a dubious sub point, protected by a porous bag. After a quick look around I encouraged Pauline to join me, and we explored further. We found two further small pitches, one of which Pauline climbed down, then thrashed up another small climb, then through a crawl to the base of the other pitch. Here there is the start of a tight rift which will need work, and there is also a traverse at over the top of the pitch to some dry passage which also looks promising. There is a bolt at the top of the entrance pitch, and the cave is marked Polifaco '81, so someone has probably been down, although the extent of exploration is unclear. It appears that both leads have not been pushed. We will be back!

Oly

12/7/95 Oly, Will

Since Will needed to get down to base camp, we decided to do a short, early CA trip to dump some rope, carbide, and first aid equipment at the start of the traverse at Goodnight Veana. After an early start, we reached the cave 1 1/2 hours later thanks to some rather delicious route-finding by yours truly. The trip in took 2 hours, with much fun had at the vacuum cleaner. On the way back I noticed a strange smell, the flames burst out of the side of my helmet. After putting out the inferno, I realised that I must have set fire to the tube. After much comedy was had by Will setting fire to various things, including to my hair, I eventually managed to get a highly efficient blue flame out of my lighter which gave bigger all light. We still managed to get out in 2 hours, to complete a very successful trip.

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Thursday 13th July

James William

Revisited: Old Top Camp Cases

Having wrapped out of a casing trip with Wtodek & Mine down C3, Jack I decided to do a trip down memory lane & dragged James with me. Full ~~description~~ revision. A lot of the cases have v. ^{poor} location descriptions or how to get there + these have been revised in the ^{yellow} shaft bounding guide.

Cases visited:

Ridge Case 1/6	F30	Clearly marked.
Bridge Case 2/6		Fading blue spray paint
	F20	Fading blue spray paint
Pozo las Perdices	F7	clearish marked - description poor + rewrite
Pozo Jornada Blanca	FV56 F2	Very faded blue spray paint. Needs Tag.

POT paint from ca 1986-9 & Ridge case 1980 paint is lasting well. Blue spray paint used 1982-4 is fading v. badly - cases need tags. Gerhard's Scurry prints + case marks are lasting well. Pleasant trip down memory lane.

William

Kenik led Martin up from base arriving 3 1/2 hrs later ~ 7.30 pm

~ 9.30 Martin tried out his altimeter/barometer. Assuming Top Camp to be at 1900 m, pressure is 808 mb. Sunny with little cloud, not even below

Dear James,

Anita had her first non-epic trip.
and I thought C9 was brilliant.

Can I go there again please?

See you (much) later

Love Pauline "random bolting"
Right

Dear Pauline, C9 is to
brilliant. Can't wait to
see you down there
again. Love
James.

Dear Pauline,

Thank you oh so much for your
wonderful deviation. You cannot
appreciate how much fun it
was to be hung up at 2 oam.
yours (until I can return the
favour)

Will

Dear Will,
It's 26.77*!

ITP
apply it did
a.s.a.p. J.
suncream

12

N.B: There are quite definitely wolves in the area as I encountered a rather hungry one on my way back from C9 at 4.00 a.m.

Rob

"Dancing with wolves"
Parrett

After meeting with snakes two years ago, with wolves, you can expect at least ~~one~~ a meeting with bears in '97 expedition. However you have a lot of experiences with wild beasts.

15/7/95 9am Misty above Verdelluenga & below Alizada. Wind SW. Pressure same as last night ~ 808 mb. 9.30 Sun coming out & clear down to coast. No response to radio from base 9-9.05.

14/7/95 F64 - Zodiac Rift ? William, Alex, John.

William took a day off from C3, to come and experience the Fierce Ladies first hand. We had few problems on the way in and ~~did~~ some re-rigging beyond the ~~Bazdley's~~ holiday to shoe up ropes.

A new bolt webelay was put in on Eton ristles before we caught up with the ropes and gear at the top of Cool for Cats.

We rigged this and then the first 6 pitches of Zodiac rift (as far as the top of Libra). A bolt has been put in for a traverse here.

We turned around at about 12.15 and made it out (with William carrying a bit of sun in Bud habits and the hobbles) by about 5 am, just missing being able to make out in the light. John

Sat 16th July am

A vast number of Pastores came past letting off their rifles in hot pursuit of a wolf sorry, wild dog. Martin followed them with binoculars for quite some time. We had them about Rob's comment may find it hard to believe he was rarer at 4 am than 10 am. William

If we have wild dogs here, they really do need protecting

D#3 again

Pauline, discovering that her 'topologically correct' survey is anything but.

Alex was teaching Anita and Mike how to survey.

I have this cave sorted out now. When the entrance pitch has been descended, there are 3 routes leading off. One, at the very base of the pitch connects up with the route from a short climb then (R). These go in an 'upstream' direction where there are 2 pitches down. The 2nd one is free-climbable and blind. Its quite pretty, but everything seems to close down.

from the climb at the entrance pitch, going (L) is in the 'downstream' direction. A small hole emerges near the bottom of another pitch, or, alternatively, you can climb high and come out at the top of it, which isn't very useful. A climb up into the rift going from the pitch, is a narrow section into a 3rd shaft. It looks like an inlet comes in here. In the floor is a rift which goes rattle, rattle, 3 second drop, boom.

rather frustratingly the rift is only 6 inches wide for the first five feet. The base of the shaft is choked, but apart from one or 2 boulders which are too big for me, its fairly easy to clear the rift. However my rummaging failed to reveal a human sized bit of the rift.

More rummaging may get somewhere. It would be good if a JCB-minded person had a look as well

A Dig & A Wolf Trap - William S. Martin, Leuk.

As cloud blew in & out but the barometer remained steady at ~810mb, we went down to look again at what the shaft bashing guide calls 'A Dig' in area E. Its actually at

the W end of the Vega de Aliseda and is a 4 m climb to a low chamber sloping down to a choke which emits a strong, cold draught. It didn't prove too difficult to remove a ~~couple~~ few small boulders and reveal some enticing holes with views - not yet vistas - along and down. A return is planned with crowbar, chisel & hammer.

William was not to be outdone and then led us to the start of the gully leading down to the Lagos path from Vega de Aliseda. Here the very path itself was said to draught. It did, not as much as 'A Dig', but not unimpressively. Pebbles and boulders were removed to reveal a way down into a small chamber. From this, which appears to be in a fault judging by the calcite walls, a slit to the SW appears to emit most of the draught. Could be worth lazing away a few hours at, but take something to remove debris from the hole in as there is no stacking space down it.

16/7 A Dig. Iain, Martin, Lewis

Moved some boulders, damaged others with the hammer, damaged the hammer & rebraced cold after extending the cave by about a metre. A couple of big boulders need breaking up ---

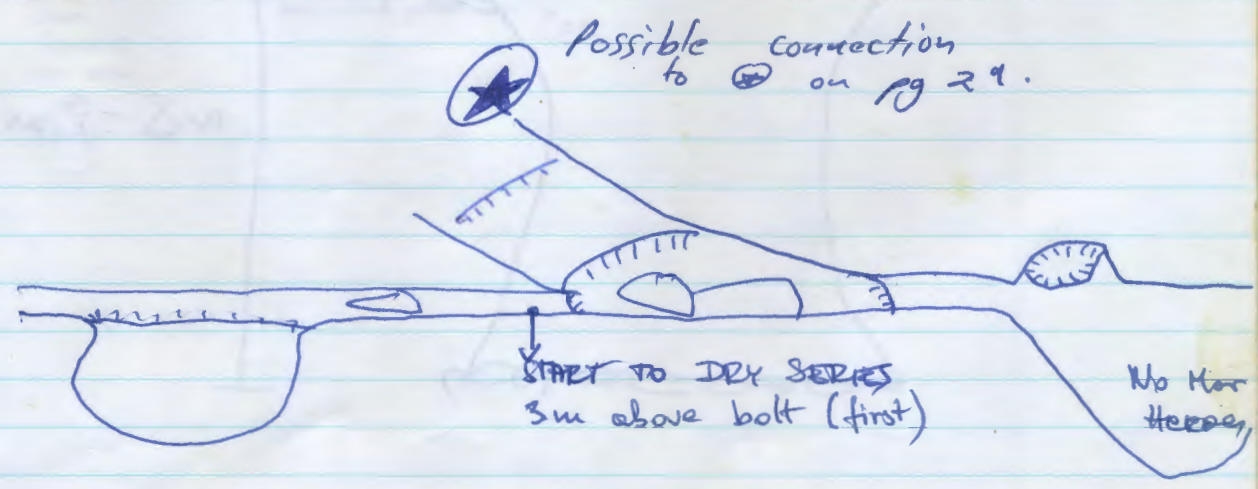
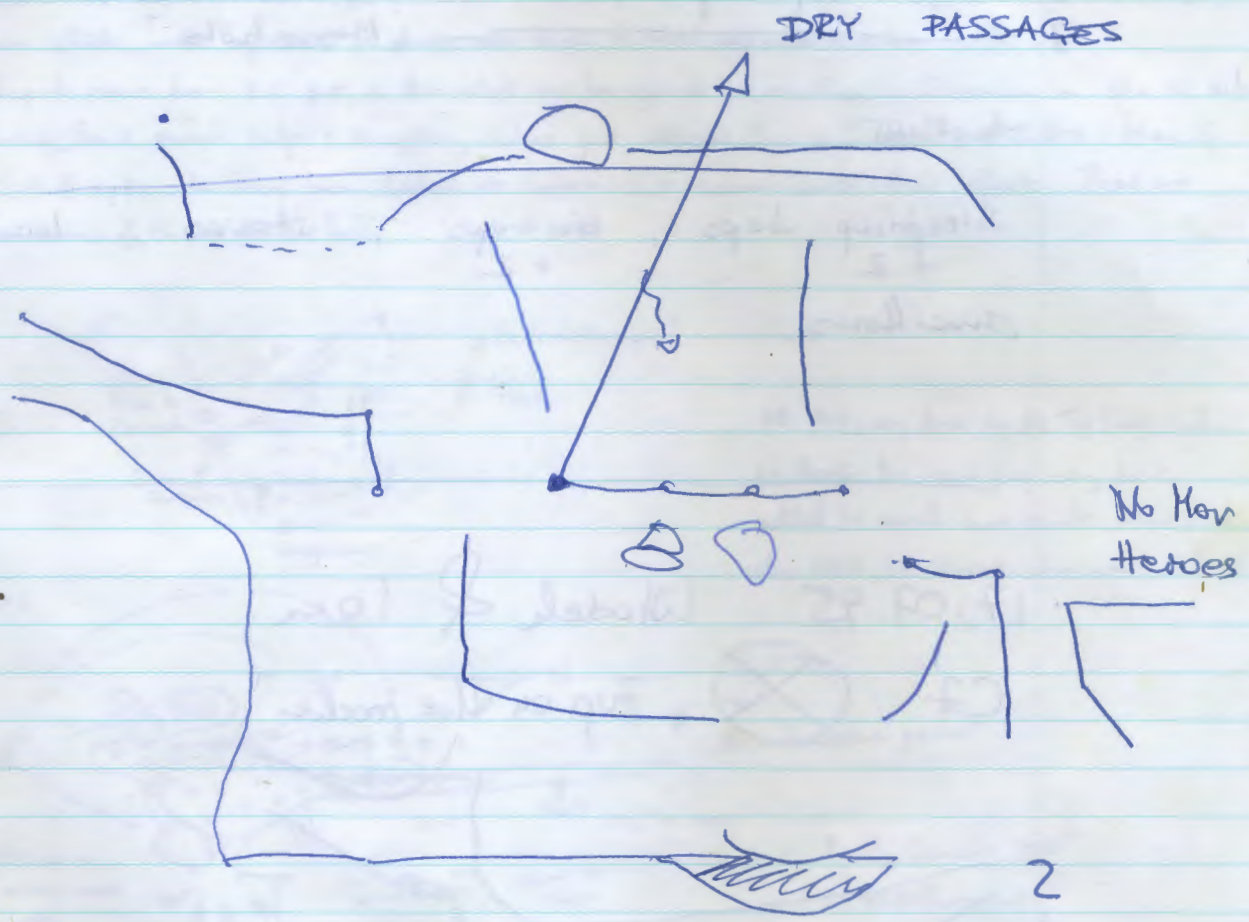
15/16-7-95 "The lost frontier" C9 JAMES, WLODEK

An interesting Trip. Three hours to Enterteiner with 200 m rope, and three hours from Meel Cleaver to Entrance - a crazy race.

Before Enterteiner we had more than 400 m rope, Rescue kit, Karabiner, flipping peck and more, 2, 5 BIG TACKLE BAGS PER PERSON. ~~We have p.~~

We have stabilized Meel Cleaver using 40 m ropes. Now it looks much more stable & safe. After some changes in Defenestration's flipping we had descend this shaft and carry down 200 m ropes. This rope have been left just before Couchy Frog, as a gift for next group. Passing all squeezes we have found No more heroes in the state which have been left in last year. (60 m 10mm rope (10mm) & tackle back.

When I was descending shaft down in No Man Heroes, James went explore the rift. Unfortunately both of us cannot finish the job. Me because of shortage in mailloths James because of long length of rift.



After return to Terminator (big boulder choke above Meet Cleaver) we went to beds, spending here about 8 hours.


Some important things to do in the cave:

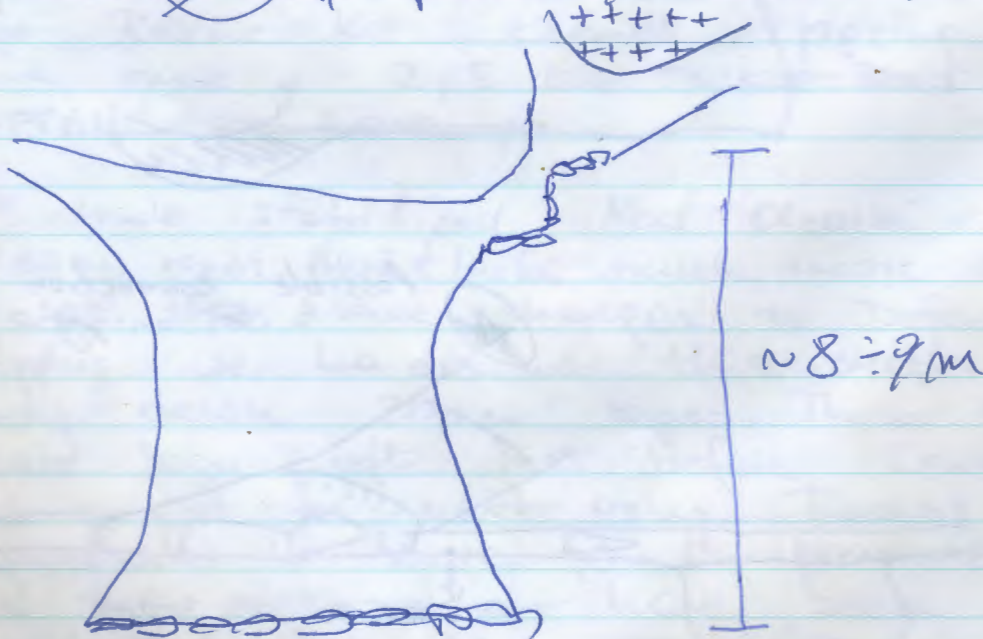
1. Attach second maillon to descend "She rises" *done*
2. Attach rope protector on "Smoke me a keeper" *done*
3. \uparrow "Moose hole"

Another:

Sleeping bags $\times 2$, bivvies $\times 2$, stoves, hampers and mallets.

17.07.95 Wladek & Ian

C7  "Zup on the rocks"

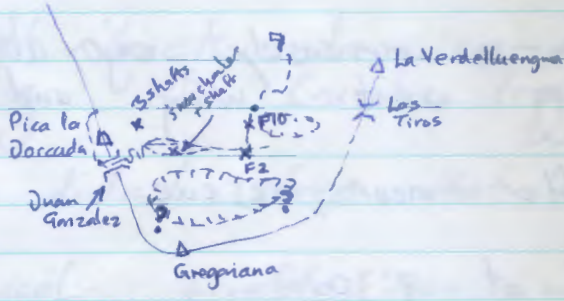


C20 - is still going!

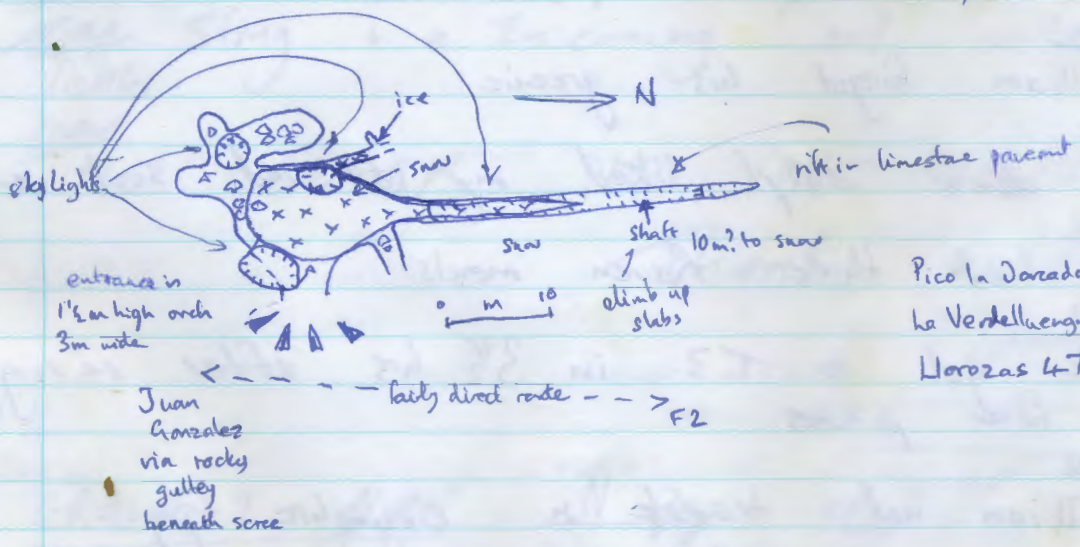
18/7/95 Martin & Leink Walk & find a few more F's.

Walked up past old top camp, various survey bolts & the odd hanger to F2; watched rebases as ~~the~~ skiing & sledge running & then went on up to the Juan Gonzalez col. On the way passed a fair sized chamber with several skylights & much snow. There was also a way down at the back of the snow to a possible crawl & some pretty icicles. Also a rift leading to a shaft down which rocks appeared to drop into snow. A rodent ran under a rock..

Superb views from the pass, & the ridge can be gained near Pico la Dorcada on the W side. Returning, found several shafts & draughting chokes just below Pico la Dorcada's E cliffs. None of this shaft appears to have been looked at before but seems worth the effort. There are also shaves of chives to be had



NB F10, very close to old Top Camp, looks as though the snow plug may have melted to reveal more shaft. Blue paint - rather faded, but obvious when moving N (back)



Pico la Dorcada 250°
 La Verdelluenga 80°
 Horozas 47°

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Wow - what a splendid walk up - perhaps a little sunny & hot. Oh, 24 those foolish tourists sitting at tables, picnicking in the dog, only 30 minutes walk from happiness. 36 hours ago I was in drizzly England, now I'm here enjoying one of those serene rock-of-the-world sunsets. Is there anywhere better to be?

Pouly

Ollie: Oh, I really need a shit. Oh, I can't be bothered... (Bloody Morn Flakes!)

B/19 - 7 - '95 "The Next Degeneration" a.k.a. William, James

A classic, ~~a~~ immensely enjoyable trip in which every thing went ^{wrong} and right:

CON

Late start after near rescue

PRO

We still left at 9:30.

CON

William forgot his greenie

PRO

I never really liked my left red sock anyway.

CON

I had three Raven meals

PRO

We got to T3. in 3½ hrs after re-rigging a few pitches.

CON

William had trouble in Crunchie frog.

PRO

The Python made it ^{through} O.K.

CON

I dropped William's prussik bag down apparently in penetrable pitch.

PRO

We found "Butter finger Bypass" to 2nd Crunchie frog (diagram later)

CON
"No More Heroes" pitch was blind.

PRO
I spotted a window.

CON
We pushed rift to samp pool ("Well Jim").

PRO
Exit sump - big passage ~~plus stream plus~~

CON
We soon lost stream in flow of passage

PRO
BIG OR AUGHT...

CON
We ran out of time.

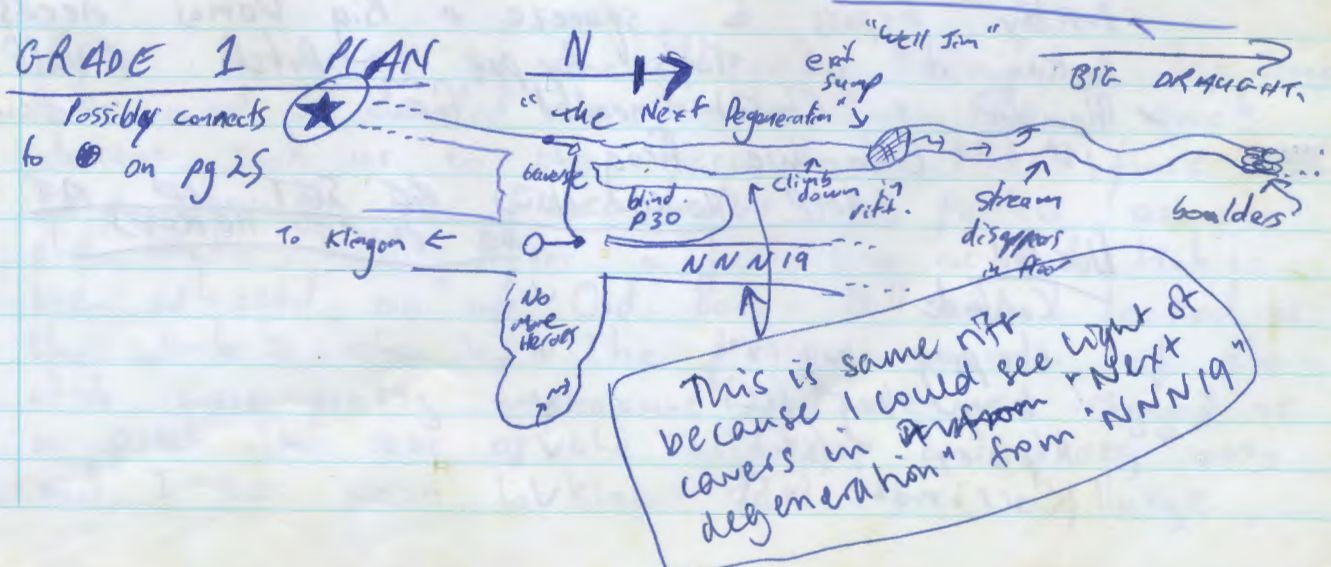
PRO
Made it back to camp (MS) O.K. after hammering 1st Crunchie frag.

CON
William didn't sleep that well.

PRO
No real trouble on way out - re rigging ~~day~~ Sting + a In coming and carrying out fettle.

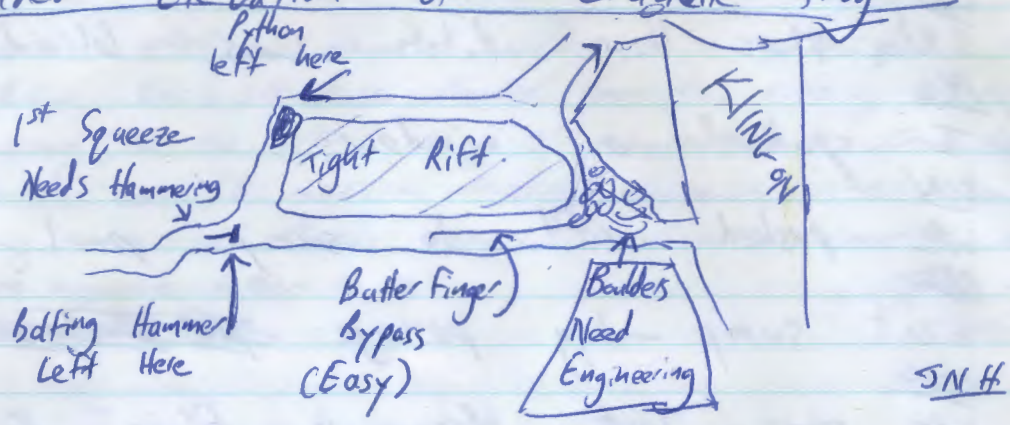
CON
NO CIGAR NO YINO TINTO....

Thanks William,
James



Grade 1

Extended Elevation of Crunchie Frog



Left in Cave

- Bolting hammer at Crunchie frog (see above)
- 200m Python " " " " " "
- Tape Measure } at No More Heroes NB. No survey instruments in
- Capn's Log } " " " " " " Cave.
- Paper } " " " " " "
- 2 Pencils } " " " " " "
- 7 Hangers + Maillons " " " " " "

At Entrance

There are 3 Maillons, 4 Tackle Bags.

NEEDS DOING

- Attach tackle bag at top of Snake me a Kipper with 1m of tat.
- More Carbide needed at 65p streamway
- (Re) Rig deviation on "Snab in The Dark." (Tape and Crab left at the top)
- Bolt & rebelay needed above final bolt rebelay on the Defenders trafo.
- Possibly bypass to squeeze in Big Vamos needs looking at of Tony's Bypass Pitch. (Half way down)
- Hammer + Chisel needed for 1st Crunchie Frog.

CAMP SHOULD NOW BE SET UP AT NO MORE HEROES

- Needed
- Carbide. ✓
 - sleeping bag (x4) ✓
 - binny bag (x2) ✓
 - Alpinex (x2) ✓
 - Karrimat (x3) ✓

- Staves
- Fuel
- Tin opener ✓
- Sharp Knife
- Chisel (for Crunchie Frog) ✓
- Food ✓
- Carbide. (Some needed at 65 / Streamway). ✓
- Survey instruments ✓
- Booze
- More tapes

May 19 Go Ever On and On....

- Leads: Downstream The Next Degeneration
- Upstream ditto
- Climb up from traverse after Klingon
- Passage going SW from traverse after Klingon

Also: Last permanent survey station is a black cobble S on rhs at top of Klingon.

Well, last trip this year was a classic.
Plavey thanks James.

William

19/7/95 F64 Alex & Mike

After hammering in the 'Ultimate Belay' at Top Camp Mike and I decided to bumble down F64. A quick descent took us to the Fierce Ladies. Mike's first ~~trip~~ trip through the Fierce Ladies was painless, as was the tackle hauling. After a little time at Bad Habits we whizzed on up Old Bore's Hill and I looked at the climb to the left. The first ten metres of the climb were pretty unpleasant and are now rigged as a pitch. The rest of the climb up was pretty easy and I was soon looking down into a large

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shape which I suspected was Mostly. Climbing back down was interesting as I didn't believe I'd come up some of the limbs but after a few incorrect traverses I was back at the rope. I hauled the tackle up, dropped it down, hauled it up again, then waited for Mike to come up. We then lugged the tackle up the climb I whacked a bolt into the wall of the way down. Due to having only bought 5m & 10m lengths of rope I had to rig using a 5m rope tied to a 10m rope with a knot change-over to another 5m rope; fortunately I can still tie a double fishermans. At the bottom I landed on a ledge and in the feeble glow of my carbide I saw Gavin's rope from climbing up from the base of Mostly, the M6 bypass had been made.

So, alas, a classic piece of Picos cave has been shameless bypassed in the name of progress.
Forward FBK!

20.7.95

HAPPY

BIRTHDAY

WILLIAM!!

20/7/95 P64 rigging the MG

20/7/95

Since we killed the Fierce Ladies yesterday, we decided we should go back and make sure they 'died' by rigging the climb up from Old Bear's Hill. After a decently efficient abseil down we prussiked up Gavin's climb. The rope down Mostly can easily be used for a tyrolean (sp?), but only to the ledge below the start of the MG. This ~~requires~~ ^{needs} a bolt at the bottom of the pitch up to the MG, which we ~~didn't~~ ^{didn't} have time to do. The rope up from that point needs to be re-rigged with a 15m rope (after ~~the~~ ^{it's} less is derigged, that will work). At the top, a bolt still needs to be put in on the rope heading down to Old Bear's Hill. Currently, the rope is rigged, but there is no back-up. The current ~~spot~~ ^{belay spot} should be used as the back-up and a suitable bolt put in at the top. Other than that, the way is ready.

I have to admit it does make to route (pronounced rowt) down a bit less adventures

20/7/95 evening. Pressure beginning to go down - now 810mb again after having been steady at ~815mb. Last 2 days have been very hot.

Pauline, Timi, Oly and Wrodek Fri
21 July. 2pm

We have a plan now. (big cheer).

The list of things to take to underground camp was so long that nobody thought we could take it all. So we have packed one tacklebag each, and the only things we cannot manage are:

stoves.

pan

fuel for stoves.

We will use solid fuel and the next team will have to bring these things.

There should be 3 tacklebags still at the entrance to CA (and more may come out of F64) which means that team hotbed can still come down on Sat. night if they want to. We are going to stick to sensible getting up times, ~~in~~ and we will be prepared for your arrival.

We are going to camp at "Our House" and move the camp down on the last day if we think it is a good idea, ~~but~~. This means it will take team hotbed 2 hours less to reach us.

By now it is well past midday, and Wrodek prefers to spend tonight above ground, and is planning to wake us up when he gets to camp early tomorrow.

4 of us are organised, and have a this plan which suits us all, I think.

Tuesday 18 July F64 Pauline and Oly.

Oly agreed to come with me to rig the last few pitches of the cave and survey, even though he had never been there before. It must have inspired confidence when we detatched in preparation for the Fierce Ladies, only to find another pitch comes first. Then I tried to put myself through the wrong squeeze. I had a little epic with each one. In the 2nd Lady I caught fire, but couldn't put it out 'til I'd done the squeeze. I fell through the 2nd Bad Habit (almost did on the way out too). Had such a horrible time that we stopped to look at the climb at the top of Old Bores Hill which might bypass the Ladies. Climbed up 5m, and rigged a pull-through, which didn't, to get down.

On the way in I rerigged "They come at night" on 10mm and took this rope to put on Skittle Alley. I ~~do~~ did find the deviation, but not the bolt rebelay. I couldn't ~~be~~ put in my own because Oly had disabled the bolt driver by clogging it up, so we decided it was time to turn round. p.

Friday 21/7 Prospecting around Vega Aliseda & to W. Martin.

After another blazing hot day collecting snow or searching out shade to keep cool, I managed to stir myself to go prospecting. The area between TC & where Keith & I kirried a ~~to~~ - or more likely off - the 'direct route' had looked interesting at about 7am, but not as interesting as the prospect of breakfast & the forestalling of a callout (needn't have bothered as the radio link had failed again & we weren't expected).

After investigating a few of the shattered shakeholes on a direct line to the marine in V. Aliseda I found a large and distinctive one with a small bush growing out of the brownish stained, slightly overhanging back wall of a doline with large boulders, between which there was space to climb down about 6m, by several routes, to a small chamber. Here, a narrow pitch head - seemingly so beloved of the current breed of OVC caves - emitted a good old draught & gave about a 2 second dip, 3 second rattle. Unfortunately, a couple of large boulders blocked direct access. These were, however, movable. Unfortunately, the largest moved the wrong way blocking access even more severely. Should definitely be looked at again.

Then carried on out W. of V. Aliseda, to N of direct route. There seem to be lots of remnants of cave have truncated by surface erosion (e.g. arches, gullies, blind shafts), but some prospects in draughting chokes. Also, one fairly big shaft (maybe 15m to snow plug & possibly something off to side) & the two entrances I noted near the direct route & previously (see base camp log book).

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Saturday 22nd
~~Wednesday~~ July

- Train is 21 !

- he can now drive to us & find a man!
(legally, in the old days)

- After much discussion, we ~~will~~
have a plan for tomorrow's caving.

Everyone who thought they might have an idea what might happen is now convinced they don't. By breakfast the plans will change again, unless Will doesn't reappear, in which case new plans will need making.

Hotbedding in C3 seems still on, but we're not sure who's in which team yet, and which team will take which shift, and at which camp. Maybe we'll have the stove at No More Heroes, and the pits at Our House, or T-3, although maybe Prink's Point is more scenic in the dark. The generators may need sharing too, unless Mike exchanges with Alex at base and Bill's generator arrives before I go caving, so I can swap back with Tim.

Is a cluster-fuck inevitable?

Will Iain master anarchy? (or even cope with it)

Are our plans flexible enough?

Doh

Friday 21st & July 1995. F64. Will.

Fierce Ladies, Bad habits Old Bares Hill dangled.

Carbide dump + emergency food etc. now at top of Old Bares Hill. Drives gear attached to rope at top of Old Bares Hill.

- Gear : Top of Old Bares Hill 15m and 5m rope.
- Bottom of Mostly 2x 15m ropes
- 1.5m rope
- 8.5m rope.
- Short ladder.
- 2 tapes 3 mauls
- 2 hangers.

Rigging from Mostly to M6 :-

Its probably worth looking at the traverse over the top of Mostly to find a free hang to Top of M6.

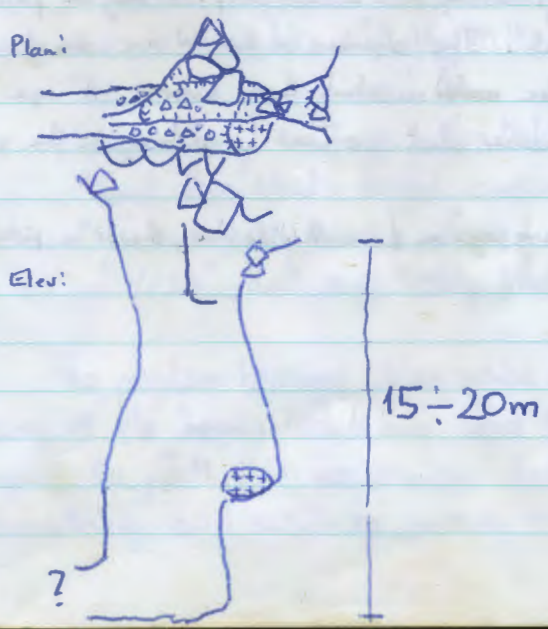
Another possibility is a Tyrolean from 1/2 way down Mostly. However, would be v. time consuming to rig. Probably not worth the effort.

Another possible is a Tyrolean from lower down Mostly to 'Gannus Ledge'. Would be easy to rig but not really worth it as prussiking gear would have to be put on

22/7 Shaft bashing. Martin, James, Wlodok.

Tagged D7 & D5 (A Dig).

Moved several rather large boulders in D7 to give access to pitch which Wlodok partially descended in a knotted rope. Needs rigging properly - rock looks good for bolting.



Weather deteriorating - drizzle & fog
Pressure still about 810mb, but wind from NE.

Cleared up later.

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23/07/94

Wrodlek
(after 3rd attempt to c9)

THEORY OF WARNINGS:

You should not go caving if:

1. Your partner's penecebr is broken
2. Your generator is broken
3. Someone still carbide for your generator

Other events ~~like~~ such as:

1. Someone have eaten your alpine breakfast
 2. Rope in entrance shaft is broken
 3. Your tech bag is full of alcohol.
- are not important.

Instead Wrodlek went surface surveying from El Regalan via various Cui's and a dig to Gustatoru, accompanied by Martin & Lenik. Superb views and some good progress in caveing a draughting heap of boulders into a hole surrounded by heaps of boulders, several rather smaller after a good hammering.

Afterwards, Martin went to look at La Dagada & found the snow level much lower than before. In 1987(?) you just went down the chossy slope and jumped a couple of feet onto snow over a narrow gap; today there's something like a 7m drop. It may be possible to climb this, but I suspect a rope would be useful. The chambers to the W are almost certainly open again - & possibly even more could be ~~revealed~~ revealed than before. A rope was needed to get into the chambers but I can't remember what we used as a belay in the snow - maybe a crambar?

PS. If you see Sherry Mays's Picas caving pages on the World Wide Web, there's a picture of her by an ice column in La Dagada...

"Gas, gas - Quick boys!"

22nd July

Alex, Rob (Iain, me) in C9.

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The sun rose on Saturday 22nd, to low cloud and high spirits. After only half an hour festering in my tent, instead of the one, I started getting up and opening my lovely presses. It was my twentyfirst birthday.

At this time the C9 camp had been set black by 48 hours, and Rob, Alex and I had decided on a bimble/tonkery/portering trip to 65p streamway and back. But first we had all those vital and time-consuming tasks of - eating, drinking, jettling, festering and reorganising tacklebags and tents. It was after 1pm that we set off to the cave with one tacklebag of food, a 75m rope, and a very heavy tacklebag of carbide and paraffin, and I couldn't wait.

One hour and three photos later, I was at the bottom of 'Incoming' ready to attack the rift, and the 'Manx Maneuvre'.

"Should I take my tackle off, Alex?"

"Nah, I do it in full kit..."

I suppose I should have known better, but after a few minutes of suit-shredding, bollack crushing, expletive-rendering wiggling, and I was through, and being inexorably sucked down to the 'Vacuum Cleaner' shredding

We had been quite efficient so far, and after more wiggling and sweewing (I am not a squeeze man), we got to 'Reopen investigations': Things were about to get interesting.

The first thing to note here is the amazing beauty and size of this cave. I could not suppress my delight at 'Ana Columnata' and the moon-milk pitch of 'Anethical'.

"Come away from the pitch-head Iain, this is 'Goodnight Vienna', Rob explained.

"There's a pool to refill your generator over there! Here, get a big rock and throw it down the pitch"

The former suggestion ~~was~~ was no problem, but I could only find a small rock and ~~and~~ got a rattle "Rattle, rattle... tinkle, tinkle, tinkle".

"Nah, use a big one"

(larger stone) "Bang, rattle, tinkle tinkle... JHA-BOOM!"

"Shut Rob, that's better acoustics than F66 to top camp"

"Is everyone okay?", Asked Alex half way down Anethical.

"Yeah", but my freshly filled generator was getting sorely.

The problem became clear when Alex reached the bottom. He had been carrying the heavy tackle bag, and the donkey's-dick had snapped near the top of the pitch. But we couldn't find the tacklebag at the bottom, and something was seriously wrong with my carbide..

(40)

It was Rob who spotted the bung - it had fallen, within meters of us, down a tube in the floor. He switched to electric, and went down to retrieve our ill fated tackle.

"Gas, gas quick boys!"

An ecstasy of fumbling, extinguishing the clumsy carbides just in time.

And Rob emerged, coughing like a bag, as if drowning in a sea of fire or lime.

"Well it smelt of paraffin, so I went to electric, and I could see the damper down of carbide", Rob explained.

"But it was in the water, and bubbling, and when I pulled it out of the water I got the gas in my face. It's in the dry, but lets get out of here. I've got a real bad headache coming on."

We needed no encouragement; the smell was really bad.

So we frantically pushed the haversack, and got down to moosehole, all the time wondering how long we'd got on electric, and desperately trying to remember whether acetylene gas was heavier or lighter than air.

"Oh, it gets really smelly down here guys" Rob warned, in the moosehole

"I guess it will collect lower down, in Goodnight Vienna and the Steamway. Let's wait here"

So for half an hour, we waited, worried and ate chocolate. My birthday had very nearly gone with a bang.

"We ought to go out", Alex suggested. "These fumes are no good for us, but the camping party are low enough to be okay"

"It's out of the water, the fumes might ~~be~~ have dissipated, and we should tell the next trip to bring more paraffin"

So, rather nervously, we went back to Anethical, and, as much as we could, tried to stop yawning and heaving. But not terminally. Thankfully.

As it happened, we managed to retrieve the tackle reasonably easily and with only two ^{high} ~~high~~ heads and one drenching in paraffin, we started back out the cave, leaving quite a lot of gas available for Paul's 'flash' photography at Goodnight Vienna.

Further up though, the air was rather clearer, and, apart from Rob & Alex having to passic up incoming in the dark, we escaped without further incidents. Oh, I also dropped my right glove, down a boulder choke. But that hardly seemed to matter then. ~~And~~ I couldn't keep my mind of the poetic ending to my birthday trip,

Thodde he,

Dulce et decorum est pro spelio mori.

Jim

23/7/95 Rob, Alex + Iain C20

Tried to push other leads in this cave, but to no avail. Dig at bottom is very tricky as it is at the foot of a scree slope. Probably needs hammer, crowbar and high morale team for further pushing. We aborted and climbed Cuveciente instead!

22/7/95 F64: John, Horney + Anita.

We became the first team to do a trip deep into F64 without ~~us~~ doing the tight sections. The M6 bypass proved to be a great route to follow and we had soon tumbled down to the bottom allowing Horney to get ~~his~~ back into expedition caving. A Corbide dump has been ~~the~~ left at the corner chamber in Zodiace rift.

I spent a long time (following on from Pauline + Oli) looking for the rebelay + deviations ~~on~~ Skittle Alley, and in the end ~~put~~ rigged it with just one rebelay, and a slight nub point unless you're very careful. This could do with improving but I didn't bring the rigging guide so didn't want to put a bolt in, in case I'd missed linking one already there.

This however is exactly what I did on picture palace. I found one bolt for the Y hang, but ~~couldn't~~ after 20mins searching couldn't find the other.

despite having watched Gavin put it in last year. So I ended up adding my own.

Once these were rigged we found last years terminal ~~survey~~ survey station without difficulty and rigged then surveyed down into the ~~that~~ chamber and half way up the slope. I climbed up to the top of the chamber, and then part way up to the left towards a black space - The final chamber, before ~~my~~ holds the holds

(42)

I'd dug soiled and I slid down 20m. After doing this at -450m, good sense prevailed and we left it for the next team. A crowbar has been left at the bottom of my comets, which may prove helpful (A skill in levitation would be more so)

We turned around at ~~about~~ about midnight and ~~we~~ made steady progress through the small haws to arrive on the surface in the early morning light.

John

9, 21-25 July 1995, "Tear Light Brigade"

~~Chris~~ Pauline, Oly, and Tim set off for the first 4 day carrying trip on Friday afternoon, planning to camp at T3. Walter was to join us next morning, preferring bed to heavy bag. My first surprise was that the vacuum cleaner had been as formerly described "as no way on"; my second surprise was at the sheer spectacular beauty of the pitches that followed. If eat your heart out. But then my light failed, and no amount of fiddling could fix it. We dropped the bags, and retreated to be back at camp by 10pm - 4 days early.

26-7-95 F64 Chris, Bill.

Took out Rob's "pussicking on a core" experience. And a bit more re-regging. Then attacked the choke for a couple of hours - feels fantazising - went up clank at bottom of choke to no avail

C9 22-27 July '95

Port Will James = Team Anarchronic

Just a summary for now, as it is 5am.

Well, we did loads.

Loads of photos, including sponsorship for Tunnocks, Marmite (inc Hawaiian Crunch), Pringles, Twinings & Carrots.

Loads of Surveying (No More Heroes - Next Degeneration - Well Jim; Clinger, - No More Heroes - NNN-19; 'Tain't Natural - Big Kahuna Burger - Thunderbolt.

Loads of Exploring (inlet just beyond Hinga, 'Hope & Glory Series'; the bottom, from 'Tain't Natural' to 'Rio Alisedo', via 'The Big Kahuna Burger' and 'Thunderbolt, And, Lightning')

Loads of other cave sort of stuff (re-rigging, sizing, squeeze blasting, festering, sleeping).

What we didn't do includes:

Breat the Primus - but it's broken, and there is very little ^{solid} fuel either.

Sleep lots of times - Only three times in the last 5 nights (& intervening days) - because we did so much loads of other things

Shit much, (James not at all for over 10hrs!)

Bottom the cave (quite?)

Worry about the time of day

Miss our call out.

Anyway, a good time twisting cave trip was had by all, so one I won't be back down C9 this year.

Poly

44

A Tacklebag's revenge.

~~Meander, Plank and Dragon set off to C9 unceremoniously stuffed full of gear and left to the T3 camp. Tear light brigade, the per one posters, had screwed up~~

A cold wind howled over our heads as we lay ~~awake~~ for in the rift two hours into C9 where we had been unceremoniously dumped the day before. ~~The~~ The sound of water dripping into a tuba tin at the base of the next pitch ~~to~~ ~~turned~~ lent an almost endless melody to the wait. Then, eventually, we heard the low thunder of cavers coming down the passages above us. Tear light Brigade were back, this time with working lights. "But wait," cried "Meander", "there's still only 3 of them?!"

"Dragon" was unsurprised, as it slowly dawned on the others that Walter still wasn't with Tim, My and Pauline. Now, it turned out, his light wasn't working. But, they were assured, he'd be along in the morning...

"Sure", thought Dragon. For Dragon was a wire tackle bag. Modern Design. Taylor made for C9 by Dudley and his expert outfit. He was smart and tough.

Several splendid pitches later, the posters finally worked into T3 camp, for the first night. Plank was tired: Ned had a hard drip. Pauline had dropped her (lymbane, the claws) down a pitch, but had managed to miss Tim's head altogether. So, they slept.

Next morning, Tear, Herked armed, and T, O and P ~~dropped~~ ^{headed off} through the taped tangle of the robot cleaver, down defenstar and into the Green Crundly frog. Nice.

Nice place. For do Python, ~~the~~ He'd been left to left beyond the frog by those bastards James and William.

TOP hammered the fog, but dhy still get stuck until he took off his wellies. Python was then dragged down the rift again, and abused for a further few hours until, yet again, he was left all alone, at no more heroes. No more heroes, indeed! Pah!

Now, Flash news all this became she was a telepathic tacklebag. She lived Python. A lot actually. And they were disappointed to be left apart again, when she had been promised that she'd be joining him at camp. Barbarians, those porters never tell you the truth. She'd show them....

Next day, TOP were back, and Python was pulled again through a series of jitty, scratchy rifts. His complexion ruined, he milked as Tim ~~was~~ pulled out his intestines and batted a beautiful 45 redie patch - "you know, I don't think water's coming".

well, that ~~is~~ was something at least! Nice to be used properly. But then, at the bottom, Pauline took out her penknife and chopped him up. Then, they burnt his ends.

Barbarians. This was it. Flash, who could feel the pain in her tummy, had to have revenge. She committed Dragon. "well, you're the ~~braver~~ one: what ~~can~~ can we do?" Actually, Dragon was all mouth. Not so much when really put to the test. So did Flash hatched a plan herself. using her telepathic powers she watched and waited. then she saw her moment. dhy was carrying Python across a big open daverre, right at the end of exploration before "squaliporkerdwi" the final, undesended patch. Tim was right underneath. That would have meant little, but for two crucial errors.

(46)
Tim had taken his helmet off to scratch his head. Fool.

Olly had forgotten to clip Python to his harness. Dickhead.

This was it. Just as Olly placed Python on a high ledge, right above Tim's head, she thought dirty thoughts. Nothing happened, because Python was in a deep depression; missing half his comrades and wanting for the butchers.

Flath thought really dirty thoughts. You know, ~~is~~ like now she wanted to do never mind - you wouldn't appreciate a tacklebag's lust anyway.

Then, just as Flath was closing ~~some~~ telepathic ~~some~~ ~~some~~ Python woke from his despair with a warm shock, and twitched.

Python twitched.

Python rolled.

Python fell.

Bang. Tim didn't even see it coming.....

Ah, sweet revenge.

Bye.

Pat 27 July 1995.

27.7.95

2000 Pete, Lesley & John (Gom - as distinct from the other John with long hair - perhaps we should call him longJohn to discriminate) arrived from Base after an excessively long morning trip up in the heat. Clag at Base but beautiful weather above - I'm writing this in full sun even though it is late evening. Tim, Pauline, Anita & Long John to Base. It is said that there is to be a beach (sorry - shopping) trip tomorrow and then there will be a big carry up. Recalibrated the snow pole so that depths in 100m increase downwards 400-800. If depths

(optimistically) get beyond 800m it can be recalibrated again with 400m at the top of the upper green band, 900m at the base of the lower green band and 1000m on the concrete!

The Rescue

John

27/28.7.95

The Alex Rescue! Exploding tackle bag on pitch in lower part of C3 at 1800 on 27.7.95 caused facial/hair first degree burns. Top camp awoke at an extremely early hour to mount the rescue. 1st wave went in immediately, with Harvey acting as surface controller at C3 entrance, John as Top Camp controller. Party went to Base to pass message & bring up more food. Radio watch to be continued from 0900 28.7.95 at Base with 15 minute attendance. Landing pad for possible helicopter evacuation to be sorted out at C3. Sterile water & food supplies being organised at Top Camp. News expected 1800 28.7.95 with second wave callout 2200 28.7.95. We really should standardise on C3 as the cave name!

02-30

~~0300~~

Wlodek appears at top camp having been to underground camp for about 15 minutes. I hear a slight commotion but sleep wins as usual.

0315

I get startled by a fierce beast in the door of my tent. This turns out to be Harvey who calms me down and tells me about Alex's (in)accident. Situation deemed non-critical so sleep gains another victory.

0530

Alarm wakes me up. Sun hasn't risen yet so sleep goes into a 3-0 lead.

0615

Creep back into wakefulness thinking that I ought to set a 0600 alarm in case I oversleep! The sun is starting to rise so I get up, put water on, and wake everyone else up. Score 3-1 to sleep.

0630

The organisation begins. Harvey conjures up a notebook, accepts the role of surface coordinator and rounds round making copious and extremely useful notes. Pete, Lesley and John become team breakfast. Chris & Bill are dispatched to base to try to head off the beach trip and set up radio contact. Paul and Dave sort out their gear to be Wave 1.

2710/95

First carving trip on Expedition: Erik Snabdet & Wlodek
 I was dying to experience camping underground
 So despite having a drinking cold & never
 having been down C9 & not really knowing
 an awful lot of S.T.E. never having carried
 a tackle bag in my life I thought "Yeah
 it'll be alright" and bet off at Wlodek's
 alpine hut @ 11 am. Several mishaps had
 stopped Wlodek from don't his pushing trip
 down the cave before & so he was looking
 forward to this trip more than usual. The
 first delay was Snabdet's harness which
 ripped as he put it on. He had to go back
 to camp & borrow Tim's. One hour later, at
 about 1:00 Wlodek disappeared down
 the entrance. I followed. No Wlodek at
 the bottom. Where was the way on? I had
 to wait for Snabdet. In this manner we
 made our way down & I felt myself
 getting very tired with the tackle bag. In
 addition some of the pitches were riced
 with several ropes. What to do with these
 again wait for help. At about 6:00 pm we
 had just got to the bottom of don't drive. By
 7:00 we hit the big vamsos & I gave the
 tackle bag to Snabdet. By 9:00 pm (8 hrs after
 going down) we got to the camp. It was
 supposed to be our turn to do by 12 hr
 pushing trip - but not surprisingly I felt
 of very little use. Besides, after the Big Bang,
 the others decided that Wlodek had better
 go out to get some new surveying equipment
 & a rescue (actually the volunteered).
 This left Snabdet & me to share one sleeping
 bag. An interesting night. We had to lie on
 our sides to fit in & our movements required a
 concerted effort. Needless to say that
 despite being waxy, we did not actually
 get much sleep. Alerted by Wlodek the
 rescue team showed into camp at about
 10:00 am to see how things were and to
 bring the required kit. Alex and Dave went

Back just as Paul decided to put up with my coughing & sneezing and kept us at the SRT to guide me out of the cave (seeing as I was too knackered to go pushing & nobody would have wanted me on a pushing trip anyway). The way out was pleasant (no ~~fast~~ tacklebag) and to my surprise took 30 mins less than the way in!

I think I may do a few short trips to get a bit fitter before I try for a camp again. (Maybe next year).

By the way, the dried plaques at the cave entrance were excellent. Thanks!

Anette

The rescue cont'd

0830 Wave 1 plus Harvey head to the entrance with much useful equipment. Sleep fights valiantly on the walk across but loses comfortably (3-2).

0930 Wave 1 enters the cave. Harvey is left with plenty of instructions for things to bring to the entrance (all written down in his trusty notebook), but unfortunately somewhere around here he loses his trousers. Sleep has no chance with stimulation like that (3-3).

1200 We reach camp to find Alex looking as calm as ever and slightly reluctant to leave. Anette also wishes to escape so we split into two teams. Alex and I start at first leaving the sound of radio 4 behind. At this point sleep appeared to have stopped competing (4-3).

1400 About half way out Alex is leading and looking a lot fresher and fitter than me. Whilst waiting for 'rope free' sleep starts to make a comeback. (4-4)

1715 I finally get to the bottom of the entrance pitch. Alex is practically out by now and I'm feeling desperately knackered. Not eating or drinking anything for two days seems to have been a rather poor plan.

1740 About half way up the entrance and every possible step takes about two minutes. I must keep going though. It would be far too embarrassing to go down to rescue Alex and end up having Alex haul me up the entrance.

1800 Not content with one bodily excretion in C3 I decide to add to this by vomiting down the pitch. Fortunately this misses the rope.

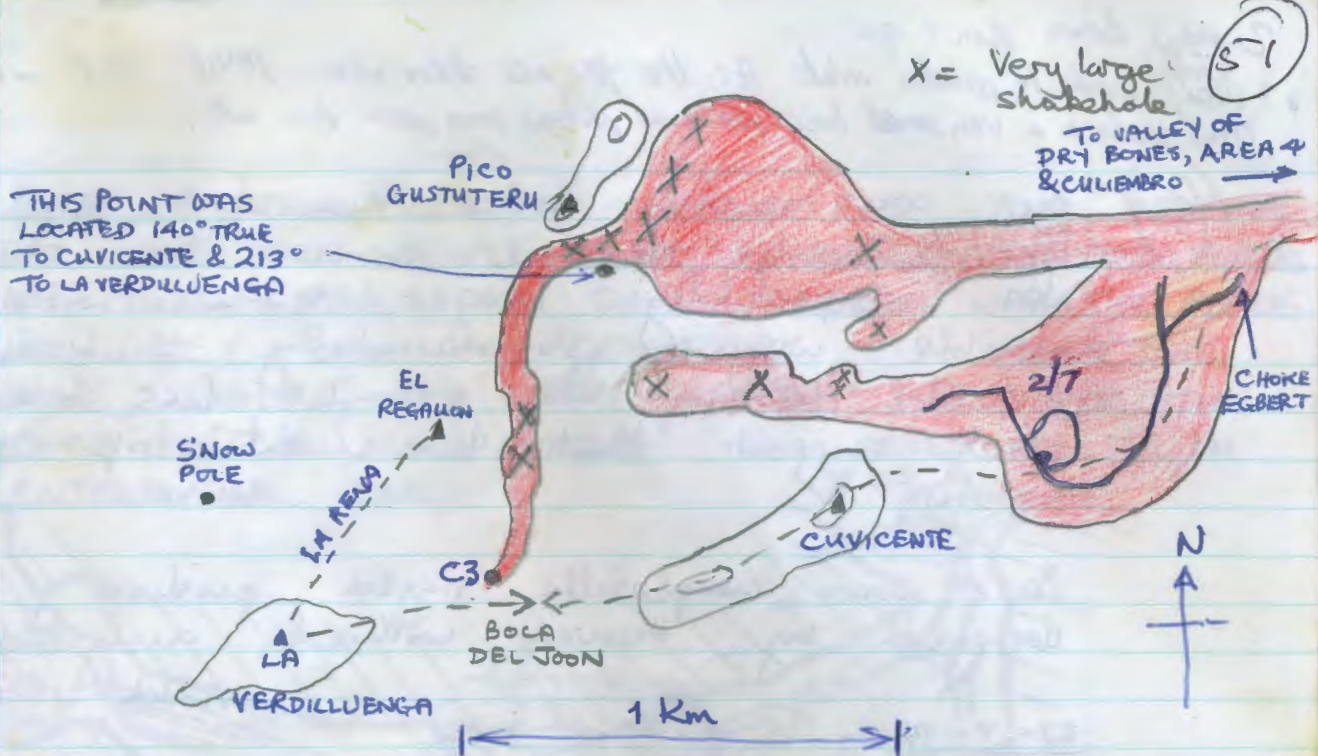
1820 After over an hour on the pitch I finally reach the surface. Alex is in much better condition than me and leaves fairly promptly to let camp know what is happening. I am about to give up to sleep when Harvey arrives still minus trousers. Sleep loses another point (4-5).

1930 It's far too hot to put my tracksuit trousers back on so I follow Harvey's lead and walk down in my underpants. Alex is sent down to base to be whisked off to hospital for a check up. Much food and tea then follow.

2200 Annette and Paul appear on the ridge and the rescue finally ends. Sleeps scores the final point (5-5). A satisfying draw.

P.S. YOU BASTARD URS
I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT
Dave

29/7/95



John dowsing over C3. The route has several large shakeholes/depressions on the way down & near Pico Gustuteru. This enters the northern limb of the reaction previously found (see OUCC 13) around the Jultayu bowl. If this is correct then there is the potential for the new passages to pin 2/7 beyond Choke Egbert. A suggested lower entry might be at the eastern end of the "Valley of Dry Bones" (reaction first found here in 1989). The water is thus destined for Culiembro, either via Xitu, or (if the area of dowsing is correct) via the Cabeza Muxa inlet.

29/7/95

Wtodek & Harvey ↓ D7

Harvey packs rucksack & prepares for arduous trek to dig/shaft. Wtodek points to entrance - "No, not across the Vega Aliseda - that rock just behind shit creek", Harvey approved.

Climb down through boulder reaction reaches top of 30m shaft, with strong draft. This was the site for a comprehensive tutorial on bolting from Wtodek. After this, and me putting in a bolt we climbed back to the surface to deposit. One cloud over sun.

After a long & interesting discussion about geology, hydrology, etc ...

Harvey went down to put second bolt at the top of the shaft. The second

2 was down don't go.

1 way leads to parallel inlet. At the far side there is a small slot with draft. This leads to a very small hole you could perhaps push your arm into.

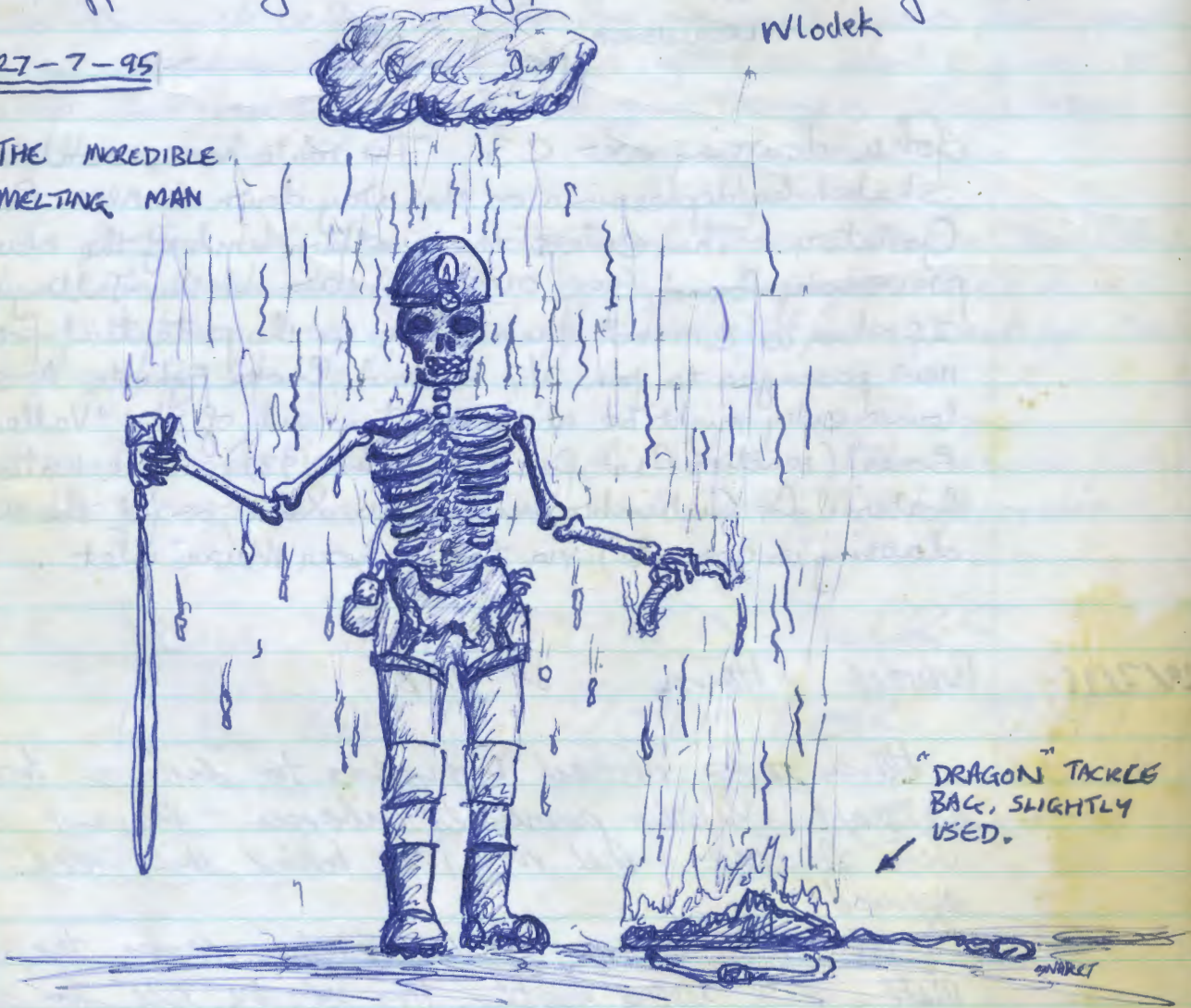
(52)

one was much faster than first one. After this he descent down. The shaft was unexpectedly longer ~ 30m with few possible ways. Unfortunately somewhere at the bottom the draught has been lost, what suggest that the next trip can be necessary.

Cave was completely rigged, pushed, and derigged by Harvey, without any difficulties. Wlodek

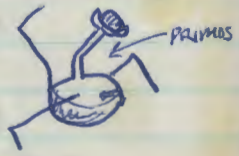
27-7-95

THE INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN



27-7-95

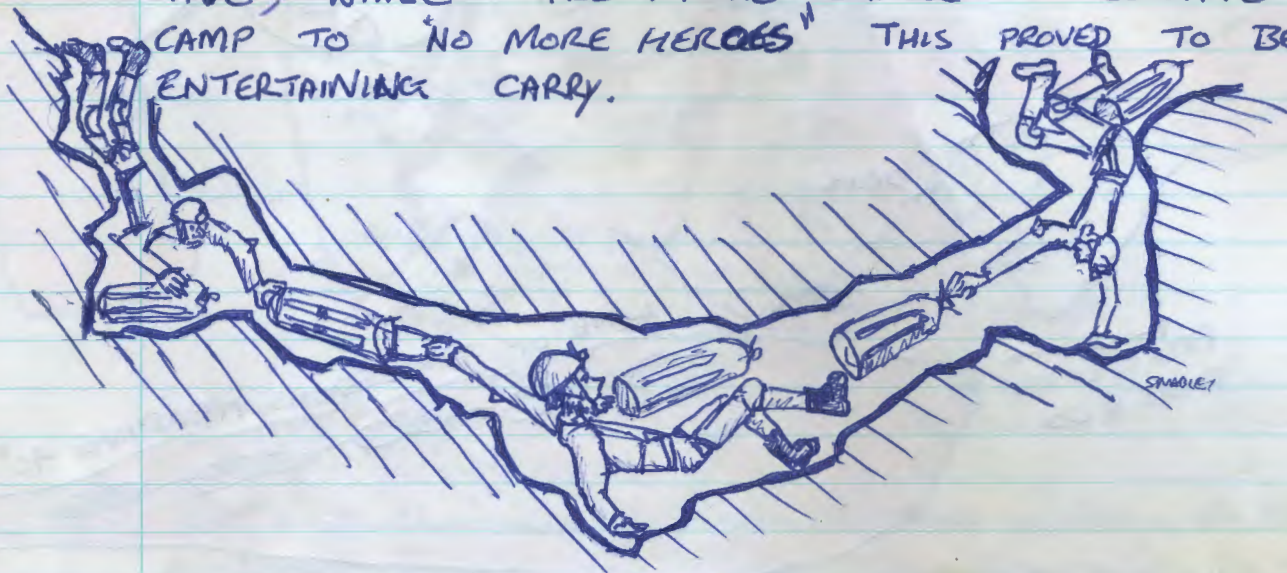
WLODEK + ANETTE + SNABLET ARRIVED AT CAMP T.3. TO FIND ALEX IN THE ABOVE STATE. (ISHI). ALSO WE FOUND THAT THE PRIMUS STOVE I HAD CARRIED DOWN, WAS NOT IN THE BEST OF SHAPE. WITH NO STOVES, A ~~SMALL~~ TOASTED ALEX AND A VERY TIRED ANETTE, WLODEK DECIDED TO GO AND GET HELP FOR ALEX (SRT KIT) AND GAS.



Logistic?

28-7-95

AFTER A SMALL LOGICISTS PROBLEM OF FOUR SLEEPING BAG AND FIVE PEOPLE, WE AWAKE TO MORN FLAKES AND THEN PAUL AND DAVE ARRIVED WITH THE RESCUE KIT. ALEX + DAVE + ANETTE + PAUL EXIT FROM THE CAVE, WHILE ROB + MIKE + SNABLET RELOCATE THE CAMP TO 'NO MORE HEROES' THIS PROVED TO BE AN ENTERTAINING CARRY.



AFTER SETTING UP CAMP 2 WE PROGRESSED TO THE END OF THE KNOWN CAVE (SO FAR). AT THE BOTTEM OF LIGHTENING ONLY TO FIND ONE SUMP OPSTREAM AND A VERY WET SWIMMING PASSAGE WITH 30CM OF AIRSPACE, ~~THE~~ IT LOOKS LIKE IT WILL SUMP VERN SOON. WE SURVEYED THIS PITCH AND HEADED BACK TO CAMP 2 LOOKING FOR A SUMP BYPASS AND THE DRAUGHT.

29-7-95

ROB + MIKE + SNABLET EXIT FROM THE CAVE. SNABLET

& Mark

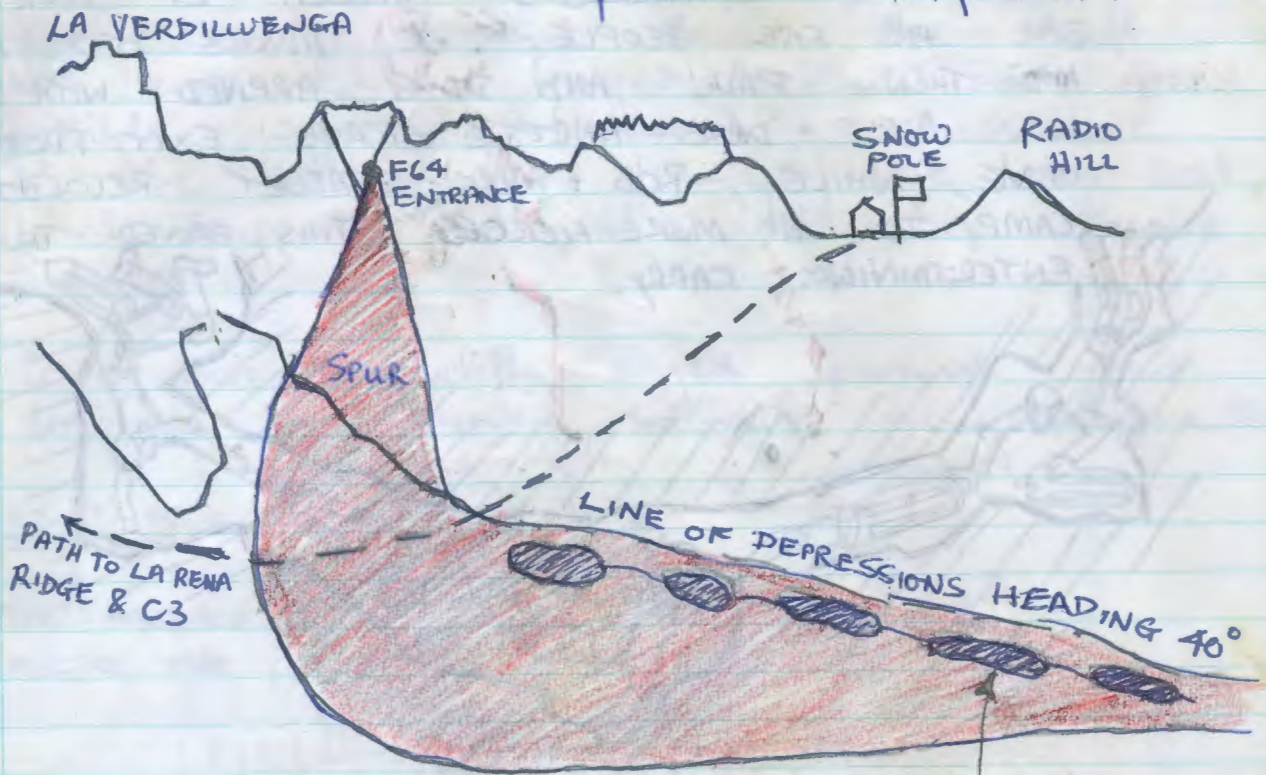
30.7.95

1430 Sherry Mayorarrwies from Australia, such is the draw of the Picos! Quite like old times. They have been to Yellow Bag Cave, which sounds very political & strict with Belgians & Spaniards. They walked from the Central Massif via Cain & the Trea path.

(54)

30.7.95

John dowsing over F64 + amble through Vega ^{de} Aliseda.
Not quite what I expected!

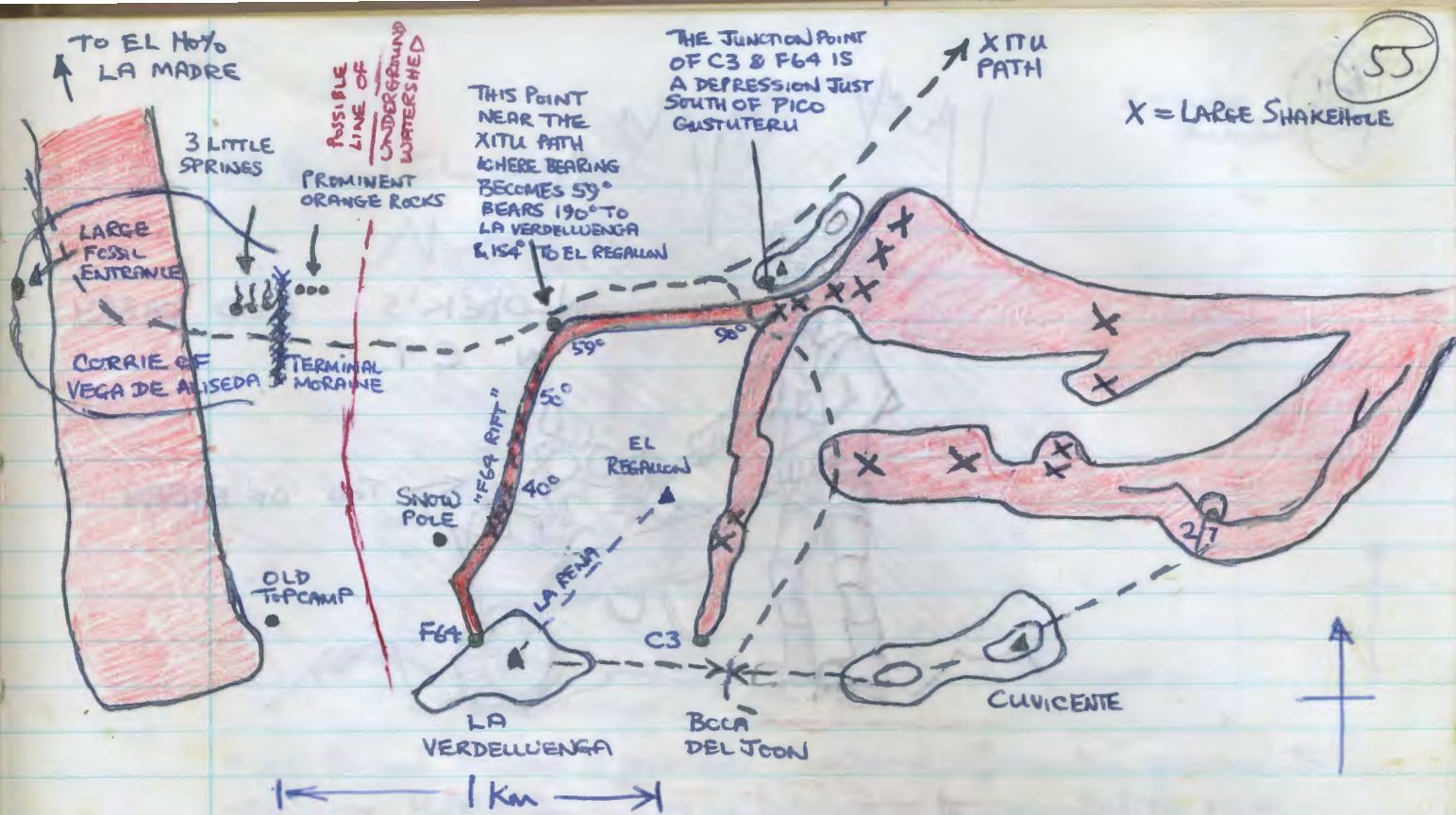


A VIEW OF THE BEGINNING.

YOU COULD TRY DIGGING SOME OF THESE DEPRESSIONS. THIS ONE HAD A 2 SECOND RATTLE.

From the spur above the path to La Rena ridge and C3, the line of F64 follows a long line of depressions heading 40° True "F64 Rift". There are many possible sites for alternative entrances here — take your pick! The rift continues, changing bearing to 50° and finally 59° near the Xitu path. "F64 Rift", by the way, provides an easy alternative route to the Snow Pole instead of climbing the spur to its right (viewed from the route up from Xitu). The route then turns due east and joins the C3 predicted course, in a depression just to the south of Pico Cjastutera. Thus it seems that F64 is yet another tributary of the Culiembro system. It will be interesting to see if this predicted junction between F64 and C3 can be found underground.

Perhaps you don't like the conclusions, but C3/F64 would make an interesting through/round trip, perhaps.



What a charmingly pleasant place is Vega de Aliseda! A classic corrie complete with terminal moraine. No sounds but the tinkling of remote cow bells & the buzzing of insects. There are 3 little springs just inside the moraine (not much flow except in winter possibly) and the prominent orange rocks are of course a peculiarity. There is a large fossil entrance way up in the crags. Its form (if it were to be stripped of its grass verdure) quite reminded me of the Valley of the Kings at Luxor, right down to the ^{hard limestone and} pyramidal "Peak of the West" (Pico Conjurtao). In glacial times caves would have formed under the ice and this possibly accounts for the large drainage system which now exists to El Hoyo La Madre. The edge of this reaction was again checked to see if the position of the underground watershed could be detected. It now seems that this watershed passes between the Snow Pole and Old Top Camp, passing through the Vega de Aliseda to the east of the terminal moraine.

Well, I hope you like this bullshit.

John

(56)



31.7.95 Dear Pete,
 Can you please make a list of
 who's got what from the Dragon
 spares kit??
 To you lovely man, James

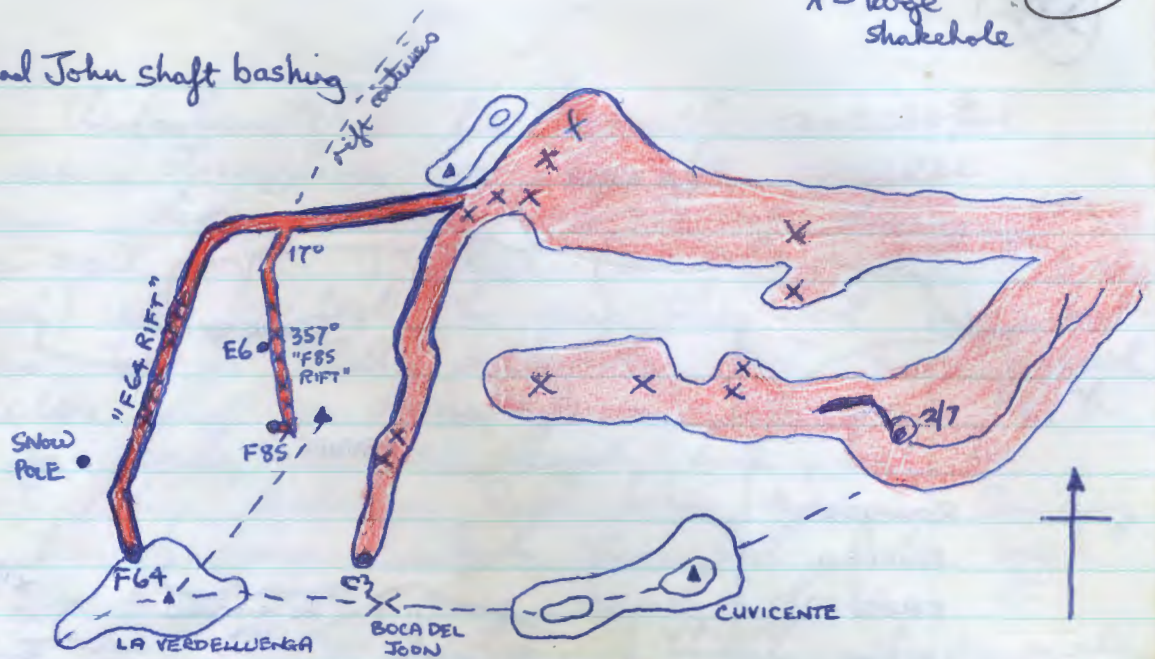
30/31.7.95 Hello OUCC
 We came to visit but have got to go back
 in our der-rig yellow-bag cave with the jolly organised
 Belgians. I think I prefer the laid-back OUCC
 style expeditions where you can write your adventures
 in a log-book rather than filling in a form to
 say what you're done.
 Give our love to everyone as we didn't get to see -
 big stobbery kisses + squishy hugs
 Sherry + Mark.
 © XXX.

31.7.95

Bill, Firo and John shaft bashing

X = large
shakehole

(87)



F85 tagged, dowsed & pushed. Dowsing information passed to explorers Bill & Firo. F85 is believed to be connected to F64. The dowsing reaction is closed off to the S, W and N of the F85 entrance. Proceeds 50m 90° to large depression then drops into a 357° rift "F85 Rift" for 300m. This rift has on its west wall the entrance to OUCC E6. The description of this reads as if it has entered a varicose rift passage which is blocked. The bearing changes to 17° 100m before the Xitu path. This 17° direction can be seen continuing to the skyline east of La Rasa with some prominent rift/collapse/solutional features visible at long distance. However, the dowsing reaction ceases at the F64 reaction before the Xitu path is reached. The junction is at a large & deep doline close to the Xitu path immediately below a prominent cleft in the northern crag. See over for view.

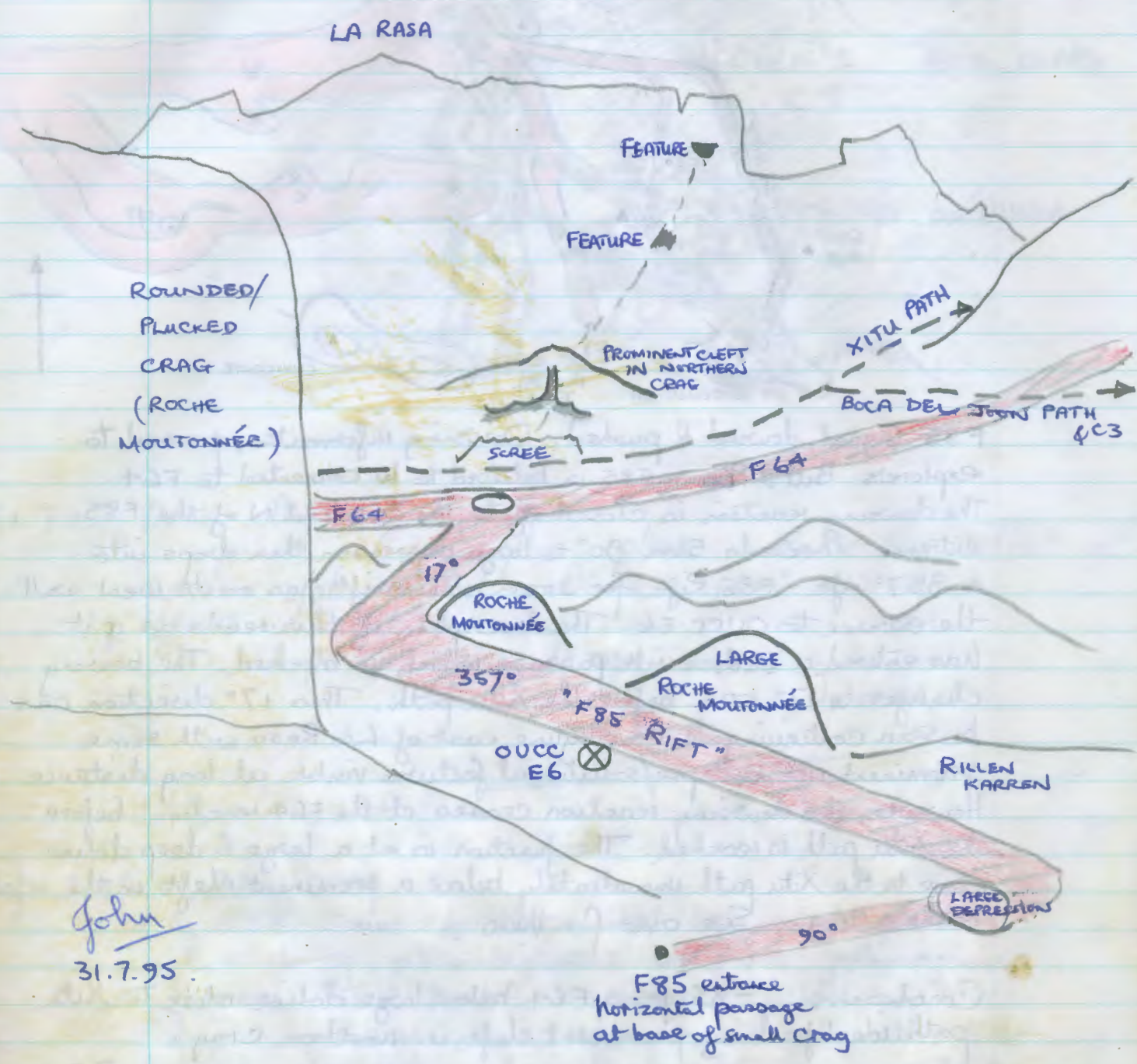
Conclusion: F85 joins F64 below large doline close to Xitu path identified by prominent cleft in northern crag.

P.T.O.

Pushing in F85

The cave starts with an about 10m long horizontal passage. At the end of it there is the first (hopefully) first pitch which is about 5m deep. We made a Y-hang and Bill descended the pitch. He came out almost immediately and said it was ended by a boulder floor. I descended, too. The pitch is really nice with some dipstones and beautiful shapes. After

58



John
31.7.95

about 17 meters there is a ledge. A deviation was put in. At the bottom I found a small hole which leads into a rift tight rift and there is (draft) draught.... I climbed up and managed to persuade Bill that it was worth doing some hammer work. We came back to the camp and got some chisels, a hammer and some extra bolts hoping we ~~would~~ would need them.... So went back and I started the hammer-work while Bill went to descend on the

draft. Unfortunately he wasn't successful, like me, struggling ~~at~~ at the squeeze ... Bill came down and helped to me doing the hammer-work. At 9 o'clock (when our FTB was promised) we decided to give this work up, but only for today! Bill ascended first and noticed two holes and a chimney on his way. He tried to reach the second hole, but he couldn't, the deviation kept him away. On my way out I checked the first hole which leads up and there is a sand-drome. It looks to be an easy dig, I think it is worth trying it, despite a lack of draught ... See you tomorrow F85!

31. 4. '95.

Pivo

Pushing in F85 again. Bill and Pivo

First of all I have to admit that I wasn't right yesterday. Actually, at the second hole there was draught ... Our plan was that I would go first to the second hole and put in some bolts or fix some how a shorter rope and then Bill would be able to use the main rope for checking the chimney. Unfortunately I couldn't find any proper place to rig the rope from. But the rift is tight enough so I couldn't fall down although I haven't got a courage to leave the rope for a long time. So, there wasn't ~~any~~ other possibility and I started to dig. After about one and half our struggling I managed to make a squeeze and I could realize that stones fall down about 15 metres and there is a boulder chock above the squeeze. Meanwhile I had left the rope and Bill could descend down to the bottom of the pitch. I crawled into the squeeze and started to think what to do ... I had no idea there wasn't enough place to

turn around and the boulder chode looked ~~huge~~ awful. I climbed down and let Bill have a load.)

1-8-95

Well it's my last few minutes at Top Camp, for this year at least. Just wanted to say my good-bye to the log book + thank you for a great year. Hope to see you all at Bull Pot Farm on the New Year if all goes well.

Mike

So he climbed up and first of all he had to make the passage wider. When he could have a load he wasn't too satisfied. After a short struggling he came down (and saw) to find out what to do. After eating of a chocolate he went back with a plan to enter the ~~one pass~~ into the new passage and rig the rope. He found a small hole (enough to rig it) but he couldn't turn around so he told me that I was shorter and I should try it. I went up, went through the squeeze and could turn but some stones from the boulder chode gave me a surprise..... First I thought I would escape from that boring place but under me there was a new rift... so I didn't. I descended down and when the rope ended I left it (I can because it is not a hard free climb, actually. This part is a fossil rift. At the bottom of it there was a boulder chode, too which I could drop down. About 1.5 meters down there is a ledge. I couldn't climb down more, but I think (it is) there is a streamway below. Of course I dropped stones down, with fall down for a very short time (can't be more than 5 metres) and some of them bobbed into water. It goes down. I couldn't find the bearing out but it's possibly goes to the F64. Meanwhile, stones came were coming down

from the boulder chode. When I left the
square and was out of the danger I had a
strange feeling...

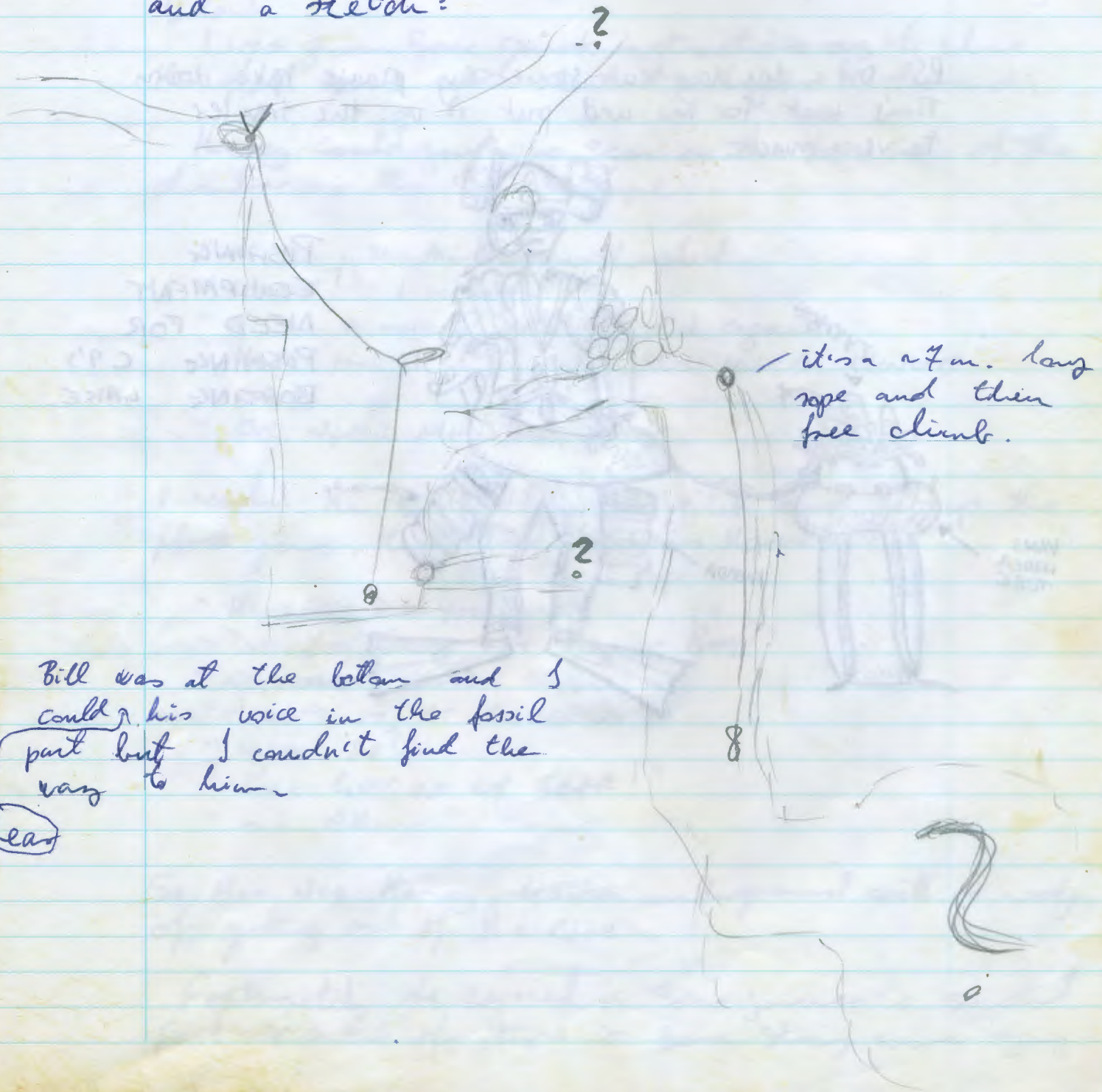
Whilst Bill was coming out he checked the
third window but he found only nice talacmites.

CONCLUSION: THE CAVE GOES! but there
is that boulder chode...
SUICIDER VOLUNTEERS ARE WANTED!

1st August, '95.

Pivo.

and a sketch:



Bill was at the bottom and I
could hear his voice in the fossil
part but I couldn't find the
way to him.

hear

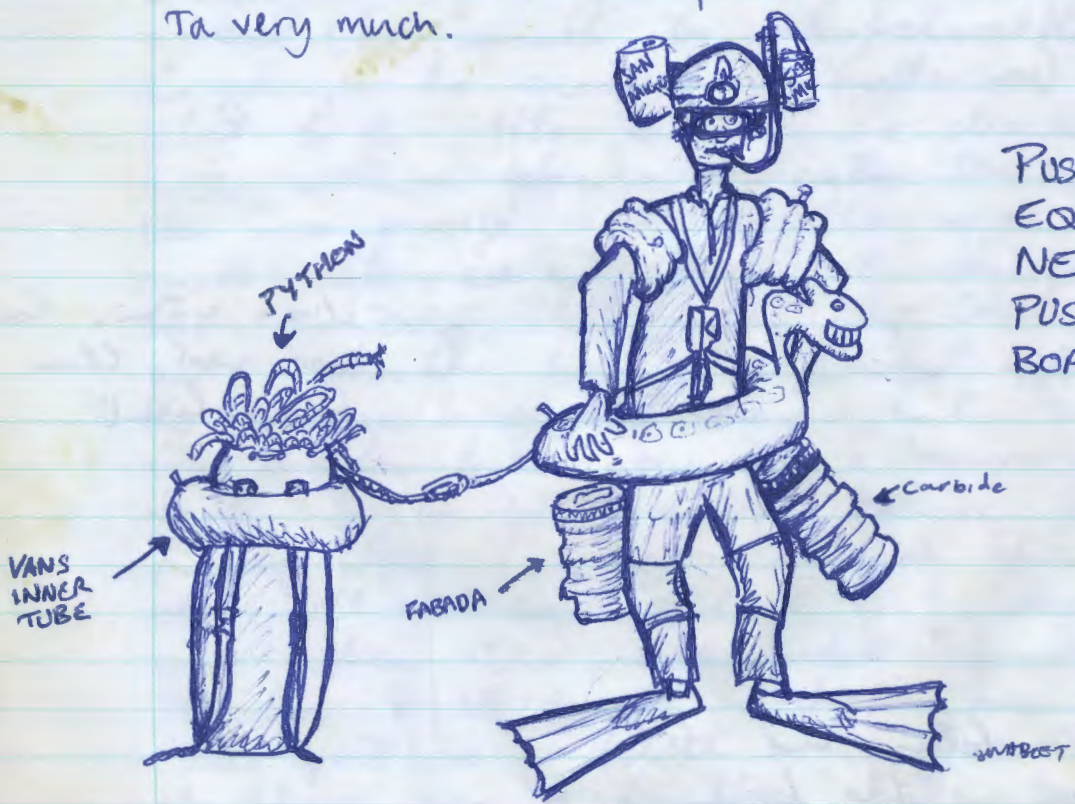
Wed 2nd August.

Everybody's down and at Base Camp. The weather is claggy and horrible. Top camp is a mess. This is much more like it. I'd almost got used to sunshine and Alex's washing-up. If it's going to be claggy then it's a good time to go home. I've definitely had the best of things while I've been here.

See you all ~~when~~ after expedition.
The km is within reach!

P.

PS. On a dry day can somebody please take down Tim's tent for me and put it in the trailer.
Ta very much.



PUSHING
EQUIPMENT
NEED FOR
PUSHING C9'S
BOATING LAKE.

31.7.95 (finally written up 3.8.95) F64 PHOTO TRIP

After one or two failed attempts to finally get underground - I tagged along on Paul & Harvey's photo trip to the bottom of F64 - especially since the ladies had now been passed over the top.

Due to not previously using a Stos descender before on a long trip I trailed behind Harvey & Paul & finally caught them up at the corner of Aquarius, where a quick break led onto Shuttle alley & the first pitch - Nymphentosis Paul was waiting up top & Harvey was already below.

I was given some quick instructions as to where the flash guns were wanted & began to descend.

Harvey could just be seen on the far side of the chamber up the sand slope.

"Ne... You... Bt... Ak... Bg?" He shouted

"WHAT?" I replied

"Ne... You... Bt... ak... g?" He shouted again

"HANG ON I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE"

"WHAT?"

"OK.. NEVER MIND!"

I reached the bottom of the pitch and set up the flash guns, then went to join Harvey

"Hi, WHAT DID YOU SAY?"

"DID YOU BRING MY PRESSURE BAG?"

"NO, WHY SHOULD I HAVE?"

"I LEFT IT AT AQUARIUS"

"YEAH, SO?"

"I'VE GOT NO W/ GEAR!"

"..... AH....."

So here was Harvey, 450m underground with no way of getting out of the cave.

Fortunately he carried a spare jammer & so did Paul, & a bit of tape & some string were lying

crowd, only one problem, pauls ascender was at the top of the pitel & he had little intention of coming down as he was sizing up his probs so he slid the spec jammer down as far as the rebelay,

I prussiked up with the end of the rope attached & lowered the jammer down, so that if did not hit the floor I also tied a knot in the end..

This left the end of the rope & the jammer 12 ft above Harvey's head.

Apparently he gained the rope by piling boulders on top of each other & waving a crow bar around & was able to cobble together ~~the~~ a prussik kit as far as aquaring, just as well, otherwise he might still be there.

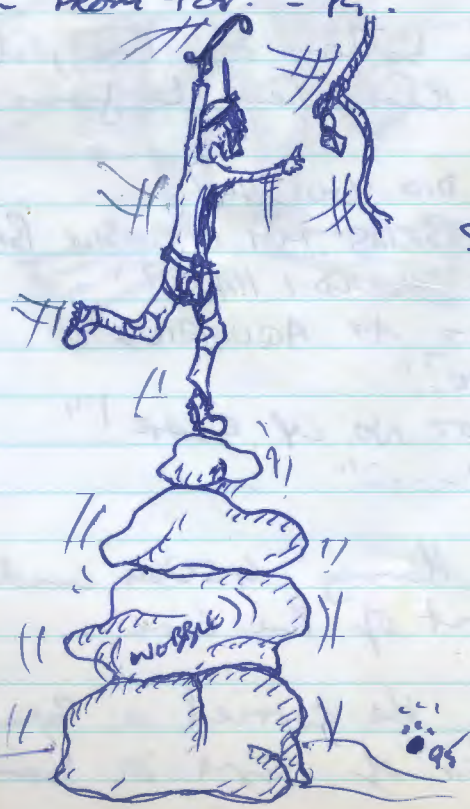
PHOTOS. - PHOTOGRAPHIC PAR MANN 1

- 1. FIERCE LADIES BY PARS. SUBJECT K. LOOKING UP
- 2. OLD BUCKS HILL - SUBJECT HS. DOWN PAR SIDE.
- 3. MUKAMATOSIS - FROM TOP K + HS
- 4. ZODIAC RIFT - TAURUS + SCORPIO - SUBJECT HS.
- 5. MOSBY - FROM TOP. - K.

17676

"ARE OVEC CANGRS SMARTER THAN BLUE TITS, BEHAVIOURAL STUDY NO. 23."

Mount
What's the point of climbing
you think gear if you
haven't got a rope to pull
up anyway?



Thoughts about Expedition Rescue Exercises

No one has talked about the 'rescue' for at least a day - withdrawal symptoms!! Actually, it was an incredibly useful exercise in that it provoked lots of thought. So, for what it's worth, here are some suggestions for things ~~that~~ to be considered next time the decision is made to switch expedition into rescue.

- Down the cave, at the scene. There should be careful discussions as to the message which shall be taken out of the cave. This should preferably be written down.
This = time very well spent
- Rescue 1st wave should not necessarily be sent immediately. Rest/sleep + daylight might be essential
- Surface controller should keep good records of everything. Times + equipment lists could be v. important
- Upon rescue alert, everyone at base should come up to top-camp immediately, except, say, 2 people including a driver who would potentially be responsible for obtaining assistance from emergency services etc.
- No human resource should leave the mountain unless there really is some vital items needed
- Regular radio contact with base is acc.
- Surface controller should delegate responsibilities for radio contact, cave entrance vigil, food preparation etc. to individuals.
- Everyone should ensure that the surface controller is aware of everything that is going on - including conclusions from conversations made in his/her absence.
- Surface controller should take advice from ~~the~~ experienced members of club.

66

- Provision for caving, light etc. to make route to cave + cave entrance obvious ~~at~~ after dark / in fog should be made.
- Nice food & stuff to sleep in etc. appreciated at entrance
- Look after rescue team as well as evacuees!

— I think I'm too pissed to continue this

Henry



Chris D →
EXITING FROM C19.
WITH A BAG
OF CRAP BECAUSE
THEY ARE FASHIONABLE

CHRIS D

C9 Camp 30/7/95 - 3/8/95 Will + Chris

Set off for the "finished - its sumped" cave.
Superb camp at 'No More Heroes' - I had the surreal experience of hearing Dire Straits on the radio as we passed through Crunchy Fog. While Pauline & Dave went to bottom of Big Cahuna Burger, Will & I looked for a sump bypass.

5/8/95

We miss you, James
And the boat!

→ Will zipped up a climb around the RHS of Cahuna Burger & found a pitch: - a quick light-tracing experiment with Dave + Pauline down E-B showed it did not connect, so while I bolted a traverse line so he could get back down, Will rigged the pitch head. 40m of rope was not enough, so we waited until D+P arrived with 150m of python. 'The Porche Rustlers', p30m was followed by the mighty impressive 40m pitch 'BBC World Service'. Lobbled down a 5m pitch at the bottom to land on a false floor - 'Three Men in a Boat'. Lobbled rocks down the 3 second drop between cracks in the floor & the rift at the end. ~~with~~ the floor vibrated with each rock. Will clipped into the rope. I clipped into Will, & Dave clipped into me. All safe. Returned to ^{camp} leaving this fine lead with the sound of ~~water~~ water cascading below it. We were greeted with all due enthusiasm by Wlodek & James at No More Heroes camp. Will & I were back at 3am after having surveyed the days finds.

1-8-95

Up again at 7.00pm, as determined by Big Ben, as all our timepieces had failed miserably. Breakfast, then mugs of tea to hand over to James and Wlodek as they came off the pitch. Tapes of fine beaches and lakes had replaced their earlier tales of woe and tacklebags of carabide and peaches. Eager to

(68)

Inspect these finds, we claimed gear and departed. But first, Delayed Gratification! We moved Human Time Bomb, deemed too wet by Wlodek, crap rigging by Dave, and rigged a pitch fork along the rfs. We re-rigged 'Poodle Rustlers', deemed too wet by Wlodek, crap rigging by Dave, and baited a yhang on BBE World Service, deemed too wet by Wlodek, crap rigging by Dave. Having exhausted our hammering enthusiasm, we tumbled on down to the main streamway. 2-300m of pushing upstream and semi no end in sight, we felt gratified and returned to build a sandcastle on the beach and piss in the lake like true foreigners.

Surveying time, or so we thought! 13.9m, leg upstream, and laminents fogged up. 20min later having come this close $\leftarrow \rightarrow$ to going up, they magically demisted and off we went. 100m or so upstream and we decided it was more important to finish piers and Wlodek's surveying, thus tying the lake into the surface. Returned to camp at 2.00pm.

3-8-95

Up at a sprightly 2am, there ensued a 4 hour breakfast fester before we dragged ourselves, a rocket tube of crap and no turnouts boots, out of the cave. Wlodek & Jones already departed in search of 'Un Bateau'. The lake was not the place for a kacklesack of inflated condoms; a serious beach craft ~~was~~ was deemed necessary.

8-8-95

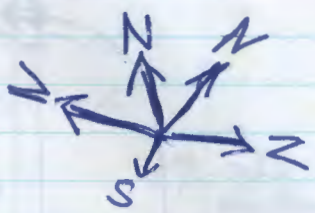
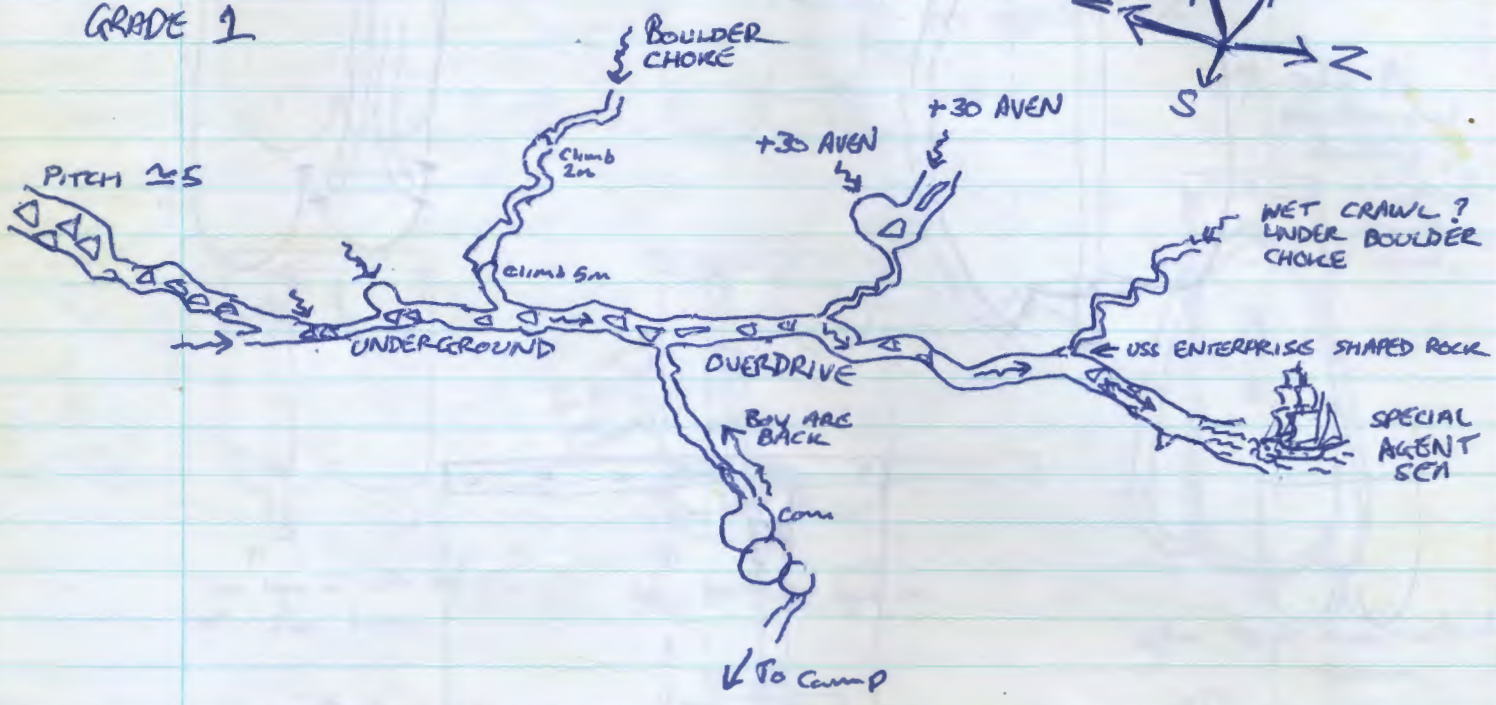
Just back from a brilliant 2 day camp, where team "crap" managed to do nothing but place a few dye detectors (E Dave did that). A great personal achievement for me none the less. Maybe next expedition I will be good enough to do some actual exploration! Found traces of life in "Underground-Overdome". Tiny threads of silk either made by an arachnid (Copeid) or perhaps a mycetophilid fly of some sort. May bear closer investigation (bait trapping & collecting for identification) next expedition. Another

5-8-95 - 7-8-95

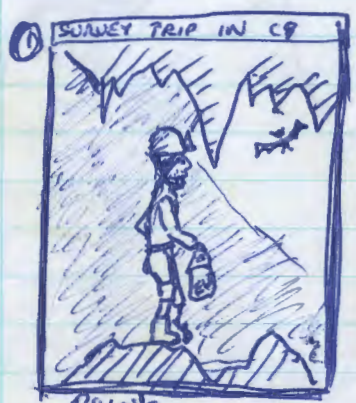
SNABLET + PIVO

C9.

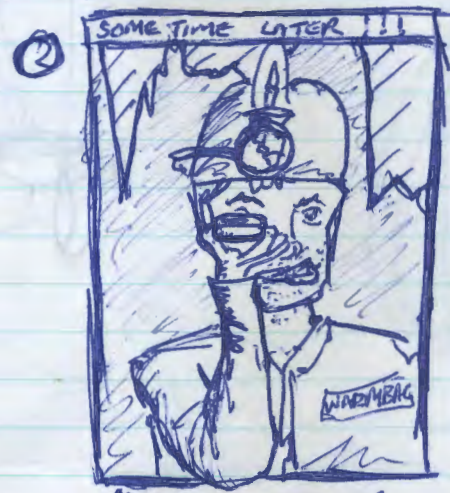
GRADE 1



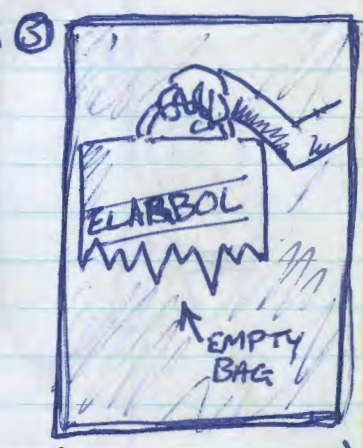
WE SURVEYED UPSTREAM UNDERGROUND OVERDRIVE UNTILL WE REACHED A 5M PITCH + THE FOUR INLETS, DESCRIPTIONS OF PASSAGES ARE IN THE UNDERGROUND LOG BOOK.



PIVO'S EL ARBOL SHOPPING BAGS TRIP FOR TAPE ECT.



"COMPASS 341° WHERE'S THE TAPE PIVO."

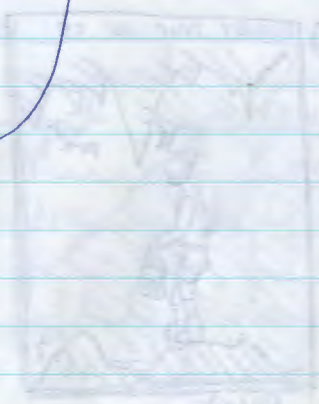
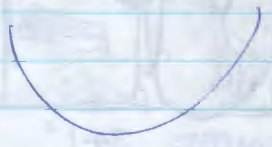
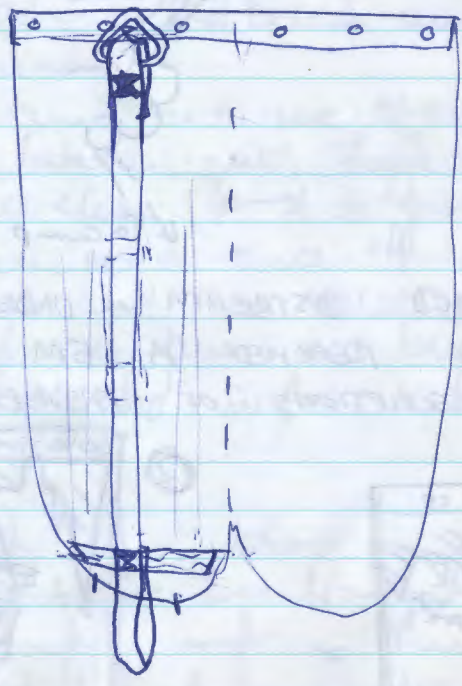
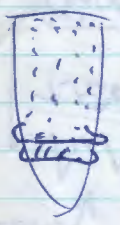
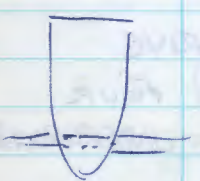
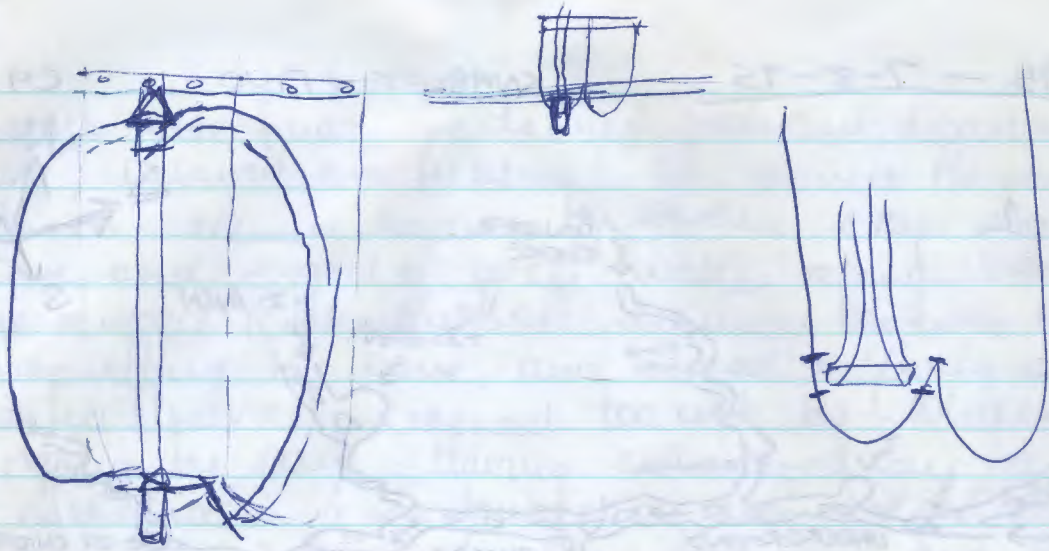


"IT'S IN HERE"



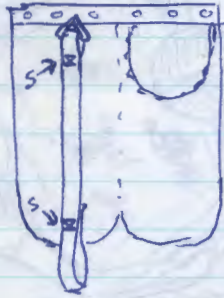
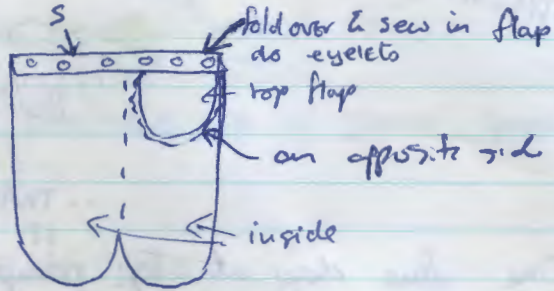
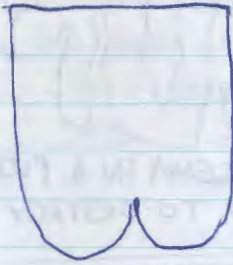
THE PASSAGE UPSTREAM STILL GOES DIA 6M X 8M A ROPE IS NEEDED. SNABLET

70

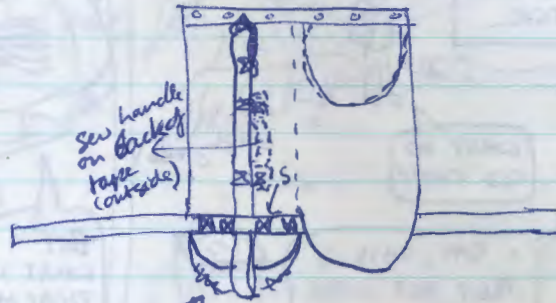


a bag with features : 1) one (half) seam taped on outside
 2) Δ malleon (internal) to attach rigger gear & dangle dial
 3) handlets & bottom hand point all attached to a common tape + emergency

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Sew tape in with tab at the bottom

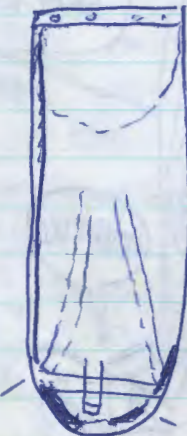
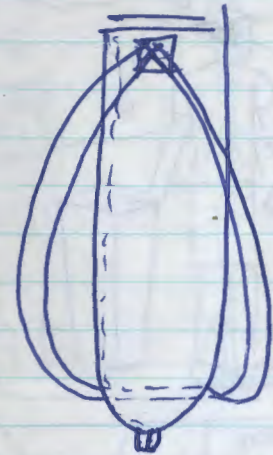
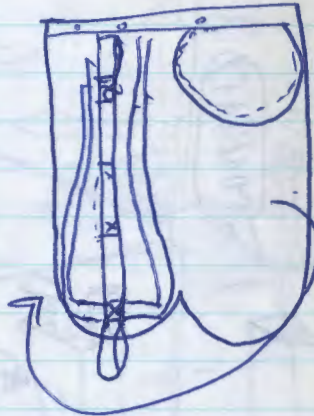
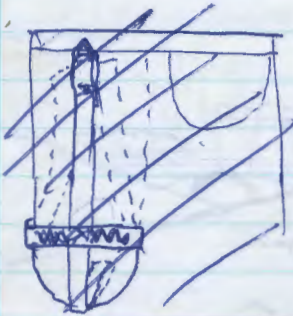


Sew backstrap tape in



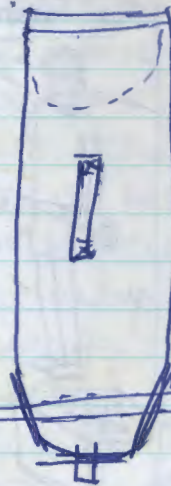
glue tape over outside seam.

Washed



holes

Invert
 and pull thru straps & loop thru holes



Stick strap to outside and stick over holes = when straps pulled they

72

Professor Quatermass and

The SCUM

... TRAPPED FOR MILLENIA IN A PICOS ICE-PLUG
IT HAS AWOKEN TO DESTROY MANKIND...

One fine day at Top camp...



NOON. CHRIS EMERGES FOR AN ALPINE START

I'M THINKING OF ANALYSING THIS SCUM

TO BE CONTINUED...

9.8.95 PARENTS TO CAMP 95 -

SEE YOU AN AT THE BCRA.

HAVE A HAPPY DG-RIG & A SAFE JOURNEY BACK TO OUR BRIGHTY.

HUGS & KISSES



10th August Will Alex, Chris, Piro. PAELLA SHIT!

The powers that be (ie us) decided to put off Dave L's C9 denigging camp by a day in order to utilise better the available workforce, by spending a day denigging F64. Alex and Chris went ahead to kill the cave by checking the mythical 'draughty traverses', and 3 hours later me and Pirolybus left to join them after a mammoth gear fettleing session.

Surprisingly enough, not only were the traverses not draughty, but they didn't go either. Pious rock I hear you cry! As it happened it was a mixed blessing as, having put in one bolt, the pot with the remaining anchors and wedges disappeared down the rift. Further progress may have been interesting.

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Pub - ding to surface at dawn.

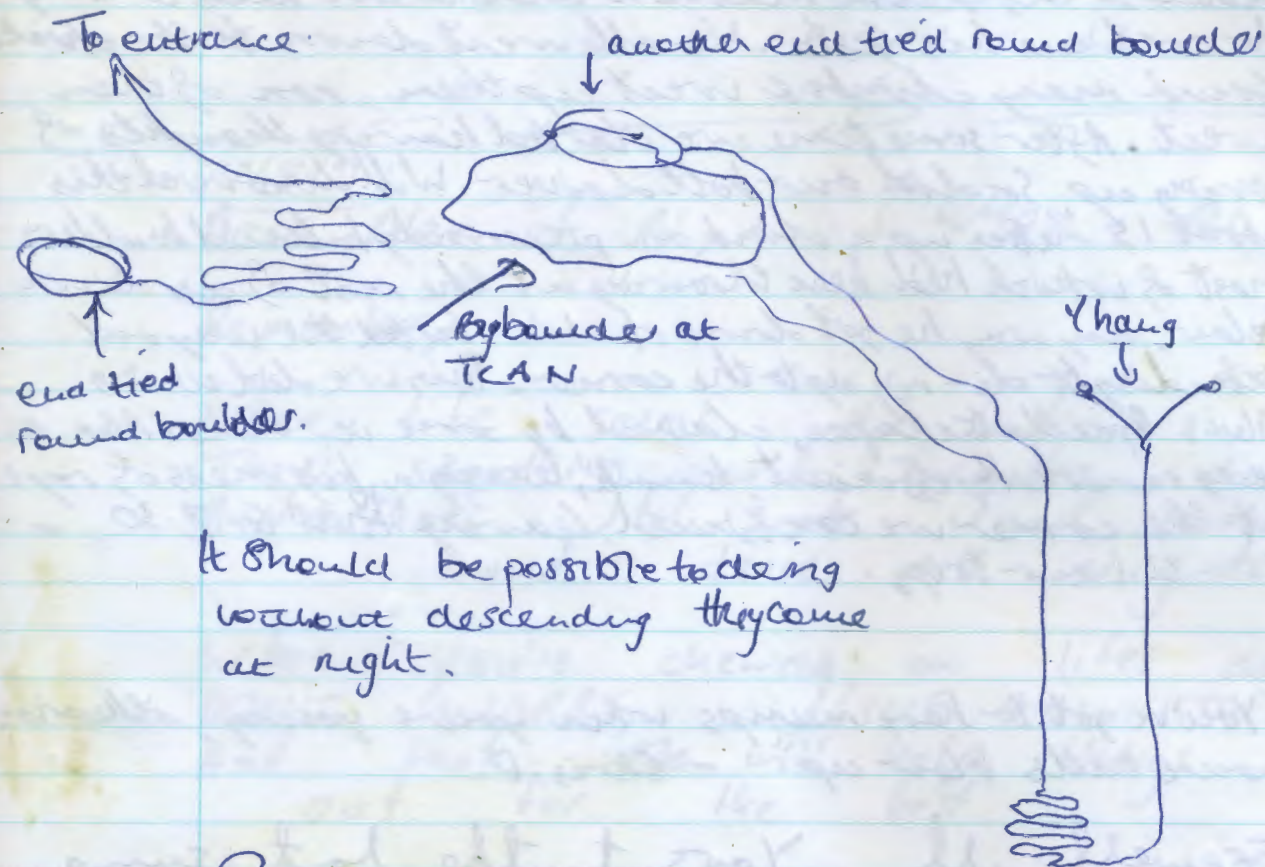
Distributing people along Zodiac if we made efficient progress to the bottom of Leal for Cats, the pile growing steadily and not once tangling! The next couple of legs were slightly more tricky due to the unstable slope. Chris ~~survived~~ survived despite valiant efforts on the part of Paena to dislodge as much as possible. Late, and a superb stretch from the boulder choke saw a nice pile at the bottom of M6. "Looks like we'll be out by 5am," says Chris, putting the ~~best~~ ^{best} of death on the trip.

Riding on our previous success, we went for the piece de resistance - a Paena from bottom of M6 (Old base this) to bottom of the cave at night. A few hundred metres passed through, then disaster! Pio and Chris both ~~had~~ gained a spare end. 4 ends on one Paena - a little suspicious. It ~~was~~ started all went downhill from there. Chris came down M6 and up mostly with his end leaving Alex on M6. I went up the cave at night with one of your ends. Alex dangled M6 and a small amount of rope came across, snagging every couple of metres. Cave echoed with "slack", "haul", "stop", "bungee", "stuck". Alex disappeared. An hour later still no sign of Alex. Pio and Chris are keeping warm in their love shack at the top of Mostly. I go to find Alex. He's back at the bottom of M6! What is he doing? Who knows? Sam.

Me and Chris start hauling to the entrance when suddenly, 'kaboom', 'kerash', 'clatter'. Alex has discovered that washing line tied around a small wedged pebble does not constitute a sound belay. I find him at the bottom of Mostly having fallen from the top of M6. - 2 second rattle? Luckily (miraculously) only a bruised elbow, and he is escorted out by Chris.

Meanwhile, a few hundred metres of Paena has become a Paena shit. Me and Pio untangle and haul smoothly up Mostly. To avoid further tangles, we try to haul Paena 1 up to the bottom of the entrance. It snags and again. Sam no enthusiasm left. Me and Pio make our exit.

Folk Rope :- Small pile at bottom of entrance connected to large pile at top of they come at night



It should be possible to do it without descending they come at night.

Recommended method

do it properly. ~~Take~~ Take down some tackle bags stuff the rope in. Carry to the entrance.

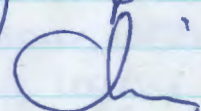
"Unfortunately, I haven't got many open wounds" A. Harding

Why not PIELLA properly with PIELLA knots not snaggy fig 8's & bowlines.
- The next trip to Foc.

5, 8, 95

After one long, hard day of yesterday, Will, Alex, Chris, Rob & me (Bill) started up to F64 for the final push of the Bernina boulder choke arriving at the entrance, Rob remembered he'd lost his Delta madlon and went back to camp to retrieve his. We all went down to the choke found many climbs & went up them, none of them went. After some time we started having thoughts of giving up, so did our bolt driver. Will discovered this about 15 metres up a climb on precariously balanced boulders most of which he'd been throwing at the rest of us down below, anyway he got down ok. We started the way out intending to de-rig up to the corner. This we did using Alex's *paella* technique, claimed by some to be Chris/Alex as being remarkably efficient, humpf, leaving a big mess of rope at the corner we continued, leaving ^{1.30} head to 2.30, a 20-22 hour drop.


"You've got to have mumps when you're young, otherwise you're balls blow up" - Chris D.

Forewell all. Yaws to the last, jump of C9. Find that bypass (yawn!) 

~~12/8~~

As you're ~~was~~ still all digging today's carries we restricted to Tim's tent and rubbish. Will radio 9.00 a.m tomorrow morning (13.8.95) if we remember. See you then...

R & T

P.S. You should be able to strike another tent if you make everyone share tents instead of having one to themselves. I'd recommend doing this a.s.a.p. but it's up to you... 

(back from Francia?)

EXPEDITION LESSON # 666

YOU CAN'T PUSH AND PULL

12/8/95

Dear Alex et Al, (whose Al???)

Remember,

When life seems jolly rotten,
There's something you've forgotten,
And that's to smile and laugh
and dance and sing...

When you're chewing on life's gristle,
DON'T WORRY, GIVE A WHISTLE,
And that ~~will~~ will help things turn
out for the best

OH, ALWAYS LOOK ON THE
BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE...

There'll be beer, gin &as,
salad, boiled potatoes, pit space.

All waiting at base

See U When I See U,

James

Verdell we go,

when we first raised the flag,
I'll remember you,
When we sat in the tent in the day,
I'll remember you.

(78)
end

Pissed as a fart,
Watching the setting sun, I'll remember you.
The rising dawn after a camping trip, I'll remember you.
Age will not with you, I'll remember you.
Nor time destroy you,
Till we meet again,
In sun or day or rain,
I'll remember you,
It's been a great year,
James

p.s. you can leave the radio.

Well, this is the time, when you should write something clever and smart as a goodbye but you can't. You feel that your brain is empty, no ideas etc... These are my last minutes here in the Top Camp, despite I promised another carry today what I won't do, I'm afraid. Sorry for this and thanks ~~to~~ everybody for ~~this~~ my third, pleasant holiday in the Picos Mountains. I hope, we will meet again, somewhere in sometime, you never know....

17th, August, 1995. Cheers: Pivos.

ps.: Please, try to forget Paella....