

- 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. Many 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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 C9 (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 kivered 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 Laches, 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 r6 :-

Its probably worth looking at the traverse over the top of Mostly to find a free hang to Top of r6.

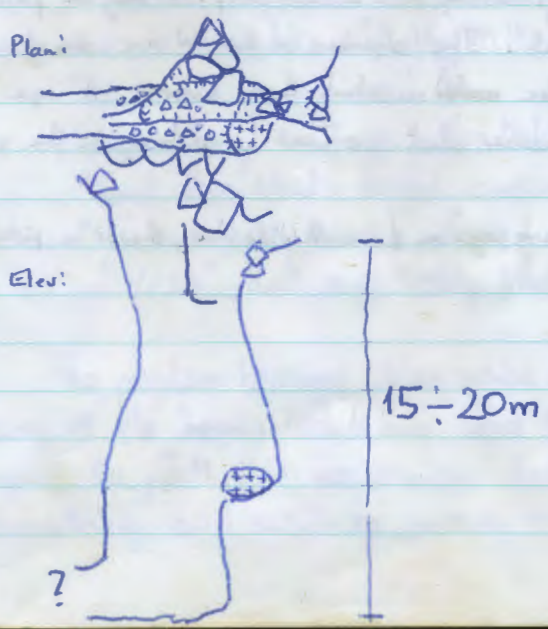
Another possibility is a Tyrolean from 1/2 way down Mostly. However, would be v. time consuming to rig. Probably not worth the effort.

Another possible is a Tyrolean from lower down Mostly to 'Gannet 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 May'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/tonkety/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... THA-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..

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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} throats 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 press 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