

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 Cuveiente instead!

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

We became the first team to do a trip deep into F64 without ~~using~~ 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 Zodiac 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.

As 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 hours 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 kantalizing - went up climb at bottom of choke to no avail

C.

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,
 Marmalades (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 Aliseda',
 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
and left to the left hand. 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 Williams.

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. Oh was carrying Python across a big open darrere, 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)fa(c)ident. 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 vamos & 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
 & also 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 top 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 peaches 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