



OU Cave Club
1983 Expda
Log Book

The Members

Graham Naylor (Leader)

Steve Gale (Sec)

Ian Haughton (Sec)

Phil Rose

Pave Rose

Andy Riley

Paul Cooper (Trainer)

Richard Grayson

Sara Wibley

Kathy Pritchard-Jones

Iestyn Walters

George Hartforth

Marin Hols

John Singleton

William Stead

Mark Willbourn

Kevin Westforth

Steve Mayers

Colin Nichols

John Hutchinson

Jan Manning

Steve Roberts

Ukie Callie

Chris Danilewicz

Sean Scully

Stephan Grimmer

Tony Ward

Ray Lyons

Andrew Goring

Antony Swithenbank

Michael England

The Journey Out.

i) In the van.

An incredible pile of gear was assembled outside the hut, which miraculously fitted into the van with a couple of inches of airspace for the two in the back. Despite everyone's scepticism as to the roadworthiness of the van, it ran very well through France. That was until Phil drove into the ditch just south of Bordeaux
--- Ohh Fuck!!!!

ii) [X] The Invalides. (Dave + Iestyn.) By Dave.

Iestyn + I were lying on top of the gear (by now about 18" airspace) in the back. A lot of stuff to be crushed by if the van had turned over. It didn't. Instead, it went bump bump bump BUMP BUMP CRASH BANG AARRR when are we going to stop KERRANG!!

The engine was still running + The others
piled out to the sound of the
still-running cassette player which had
crashed the windscreen. I turned off the
engine and realized that blood
was pouring out of my nose. Iestyn
was in worse shape with a deep
cut in his knee, exposing the patella.
Philip wandered around in a daze
looking as if he was about to puke
& some French samaritans stopped to
help us, calling the police + ambulance
in the growing dusk + leaving
someone to give me a cigarette.

~~But~~ Fortunately, this was the
only stretch of this particular stretch
of road with no trees on the
side.

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The ambulance arrived + Lestyn + I got in, to be taken to Bordeaux General Hospital, a very modern, efficient + enormous edifice well, the building + air-conditioning was efficient. Not to the student doctor who sewed up Lestyn, sweating profusely + shaking and feeling ineffectually with the local anesthetic while Lestyn doted his interest in various conversational topics. It all took about 2 hours; the others hadn't phoned + so I lay down on hard plastic seats in the waiting room + Lestyn was given a trolley for what remained of the night.

Next morning Lestyn stayed on the trolley. I offered to take him to our car but he said he didn't want to.

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I wish we hadn't had a pass since
much time. The day before I was impressed
by his splinters. I went ~~back~~ out for
coffee + croissant + found the others
on the plane when I got back at
great cost restyn + I took a taxi
to join them in a lovely garage
at a place called Le Barp.

[1] (A) The rest of us (Steve, Phil + Graham) were left stuck
on the side of the road surrounded by packets of five plants
and ritz cheese crackers, which we munched nervously while
waiting for the gendarmes. One van of gendarmes arrived
and to our pleasant surprise were very helpful except we
had to wait for another van of gendarmes from the next
parish as their area ended just 100m up the road. Several
hours ~~later~~ and a thousand mosquito bites later, the second
van of gendarmes arrived. We had half emptied the van.

by this point to lighten the van to aid extraction from the ditch. They told us we might as well load it back in to keep everything together, the pick up they were sending for would be big enough. It finally arrived at just after midnight - and what a monster it was! The van leapt up out of the ditch and loloped pathetically behind as the ^{le}dépanneur drove off down the road. We spent ~~the~~ ^{the same} night by the van at ~~a~~ place called Le Barp (consistent with Paves version - wow!). The following morning we were ~~not~~ rejoined by Dave and Iestyn and emptied and repacked the van again. The van showed itself a true houbre by starting first time and after a bit of fashing of the front right wheel arch it drove around. We decided then we might as well drive on. Without a windscreen would be alright, we thought, as long as it didn't rain. Guess what, ... it rained. Steve drove with belstaff and spectacles, I put on a petzyl suit & Dave had his cog on crawling out of the windscreen at parrens by which must have disturbed them a little since they would have been expecting him to drive.

We had to drive all the way to Santander before being able to get a new windscreen (after doing a runner at the campsite there). Santander has the largest Ford dealer in Spain and did not show much hope of us getting one the right size. After searching through their back rooms they found one and the girl said ~~it~~ we would have to come back at 6pm, ~~we~~ Phil pleaded with her saying it was urgent. Meanwhile 4 Spaniards in greasy overalls were leaping all over the van thumping a new windscreen into place. We got up to legs that evening - a day and a half late, to find Dani and his chaps flat on their backs totally out of their heads with wine and problems with the ICONA wooden with camping permission. We would have to drive to Oviedo the following day to sort it out and look for the others that we were supposed to have met in Arrionday a couple of days previous.

The plan to make a grand entry to the strains of 'Cell Block No. 9' failed owing to aforementioned absence of people.

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Mon 4. July.

While Graham & others pitched camp & walked
to Arto. V. snowy. Walked back.

~~Mon 4~~ Tue. 5. July. Dave R., ~~Dr~~ Nazi, Steve Roberts.

A cold, long, somewhat lost walk to FUGG campsite,
via Arto where stuff was picked up. Rain intermittently;
the landscape slopes grey & depressing with huge
snowfields interspersed that we've never seen before.
Wor & fear confirmed by the entrance of FUGG:
last year's sloping scree chute was full almost
to the top with snow. We belayed a rope
and I abseiled down a narrow pit where the
pitch had been in 1982. About 80-60' down
a solid blockage. I sat there for a long
time, pitifully kicking at the floor of

snow + stones: thinking this was the end of
 the expedition, Prussitted down + off to
 Ario where Alvaro offered us a spade.

Wed 6 July

Andy + Dave got depressed + tried to
 find an alternative entrance. Phil, Steve R,
 Steve M + Steve G dug at the snow,
 finding after a few feet a spot where
 the snow seemed to fall down below
 into a cavity. Still feeling depressed,
 Andy + Dave went back to Ario
 promising themselves that they would
 go for eat on the morrow.

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Photo 7 July

Steve + ~~the~~ Dave dug. I (Dave) had Alvaro's
big + spade - and very soon it looked as
if a breakthrough might be imminent. Steve
shovelled off the snow I hacked out
from a growing cavity emitting a draught.
Soon I poked my feet + then my head
in - euphoric: I could see all the way down
the pit to the blue line left last year + into
the rift before is necessary. Dementedly I
abested down the whole way, whooping
with delight. On the way out I massively
enlarged the hole.

Back on the surface it seemed appropriate
to go caving. Steve + I appropriately rigged as far
as Mistral 2, where we turned back owing to
bad rock bolts.

Fri 8 July

Steve Mayer, Dave R.

Rigged to last bathroom step. Better + cleaner
 rig on several pitches (5 bolts in) especially on walk
 on the wild side. Cave v. wet from snow melt.
 4 tackle bags carried in.

Sat 10 - Sun 11 July
Sun 10 - Mon 11

Steve M, Dave R.

Mega rigging / pushing trip — all pitches from
 Bathroom step → wallop. ~~Then~~ Then, a quiver
 with that juvenile excitement so akin to the
 tremor of passion which a teenager feels on
 a first foray into French kissing, we
 marched boldly where no man had gone

before. Over the top of Tantalus Pitch we
traversed up into a dry, abandoned continuation.
The walls were bare but our courage no
knew no limit.

After some metres ~~that~~ we climbed a little
pile of rocks... into vast, empty blackness:
a great aven, with water pushing down,
at the bottom of steep, shaly slope of
rocks — ~~as~~ by far the biggest chamber so
far. Its name: Sala Nelson Mandela.

Ascending the water, the way on was
into a cherty, descending rift which brought
us back to the increasingly unstable ~~at~~
high level above the stream. As notes began
to open up all around we reached
a patch — Pot Pot.

This short (12m) drop is the most disgusting
I've seen in a long time. It being 3am I

Kept nodding off, tending the unweakened Steve
 to rig it a long job. Finally he descended,
 leaving me loitering at the edge of oblivion.
 He came back some weeks later to say
 that he had found hundreds of metres
 of stream passage ending in a boulder
 pit. That was enough to rouse me
 from my torpor & I awoke down to
 join him.

The landing of the pitch was a
 ghostly, bare boulder pit, with
 an equally disturbing (or easily disturbed)
 dirt down to the stream. The
 stream (or perhaps river: a FLUMEN not
 a FLUVIUS) entered a ~~seemingly~~ seemingly
 endles, ^{BRAHMAPUTRA} largely featureless meander-
 THE ~~BRAHMAPUTRA~~ Steve's boulder pit was passed,
 more hundreds of metres of passage followed.

Eventually we heard a low rumbling, gradually getting louder as we advanced. ~~The~~ found a bend. The rumble revealed itself as a 10m waterfall pitch in a much-enlarged passage. Steve we timed round, reaching the surface after 22½ hours at midday. We might not have added much depth (40m at most) but we had at least quadrupled the length of FU56.

Mon 11th - Tues 12th Paul, Graham & Phil

Walked up from Anjo. Down FU56 after Dave & Steve came out. Re-rigged the Sphinx on Marlow and added an handline on the climb down to the river (After considerable gardening!) When we eventually reached limit of exploration rigging the pitch took several hours! Really the primary

bolt was placed, Phil & Graham ascended down but the bolt crunched out of the calcite when I put my weight on it. In the ensuing panic I managed to scramble to safety and was left with the problem of getting the other two up.

A good thread came to the rescue - meanwhile Phil & Graham were stopped a short way down stream by deep pools. The modified hauly was wet, but not as wet as the rest of the cave looks like being!

WNC

7th - 15th July. Dave, Steve M., Richard.

Reached unit (with little tackle except food) in less than 4 hours. Traverses found leading over deep water. After a short distance the stream splits, or appears to. The left branch ends in a deep pool + mud choke. The right carries on as a traverse into a fine river chamber with an inlet on the right. This passage (several hundred metres long) is dry to begin with, a perfect flat floor of pebbles: an ~~excellent~~ ideal campsite. Water ~~starts~~ ^{after} this section, providing an unpolluted drinking source.

The main stream now enters an immature vadose passage with a phreatic roof. This dips down after 100 m. or so to the head of a v. wet coating,

rather terrifying pitch - THE VORTEX. This
 so put us off that we spent mostly
 on Steve's freeclimbing activities } many
 hours looking for a high level.
 Eventually Steve found a crack which
 rapidly enlarged to Xitu Teresa - seems
 like dry funnel. On the strength of this
 we rigged a line + ladder + wanted
 all the gear up. we spent the
 next 3-4 hours searching for the
 elusive stream type - to no avail.
 After a X roads in a big chandelier
 all ways on petered out: in ditches
 or (in one case) leading back to
 the campsite inlet.

Somewhat depressed (and doubly
 so for having no tin-opener
 to get at the Calamones on Saturday)

we had another look at the tight wet
 pit. Richard squeezed through the
 slot at the takeoff + free dived $\frac{1}{4}$
 way down; fetching a ladder he rigged
 for Steve to descend another
 $\frac{2}{5}$ or so before putting himself
 in a scary position (the ladder being
 in danger of pulling off a slab)
 still 20' off the floor. A black
 pool was visible below - maybe a sump;
 maybe a wet continuation.

~~to~~ The next party can start out.
 Steve made off out first + Richard
 + I followed, reaching sun, sky +
 Fabada at about 9 am.

Later Graham came up + I shouted
 at him, regrettably forgetting to turn on the
 tape recorder first. We therefore did

an action replay, but by this time
 the original dinosaurs had cooked
 too much to provide any more
 than an oblique, humorous record
 of those little everyday tensions that
 beset every well-organised world
 come depth record attempts.

16th July

Phil R. & Graham.

This trip started at the mixed table
 hour of 10 o'clock and before
 midday we had descended the entrance
 stairs to Dait Look At The Roof. By traversing
 higher than usual I found a very
 large high level passage entering Sala Wilson
 Mandela 15' above the normal entrance.
 Perhaps this continues all the way above the

trunk?

An hour or so later we had reached the Vortex the previous limit of exploration. Graham added another ladder to the end of this and descended the extremely wet pitch finding a small tight rift, Armageddon Rift, on the through the waterfall. I then had the rather dizzying task of carrying the heavy tackle bags down this sooty wet pitch untied and getting thoroughly wet in the process. At the other end of the rift was another pitch in which the passage reopened. Our hearts were really going now as we straight the cave was going again. However only 50 yds or so down the stream, involving some highish traversing, the passage ~~re~~ reached what we had all hoped for so long; A SUMP! (This lead ~~is~~ to think of the previous pitch as the Coch Teason!

Returning back towards the rift we desperately
 looked for some high level bypass but to
 no avail so leaving the truck bags at the
 bottom of the Cook Teasong we started to make
 our way out. Back in the Mekong River Passage
 Graham climbed up the track to find
 some more large scale high level passage,
 however he could not follow it too far
 as it became rather exposed. When we
 reached Sala Nelson Mandela I tried to find
 the continuation of the high level on this side.
 However after nearly hitting myself on the loose
 boulder slope I decided discretion was the
 better part of valor as we made the
 rest of the way out of the cave at a little past,
 reaching the surface at about 1 a.m.

Alpha.

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Sun 17th Smokey & George - cont'd P94

Monday 18th July.

Photo Trip :- Phil R. Andy Markin H.

Smooth trip without any cock ups
(Bar Markin absiding of a short length of rope
on pitch after 15 Messing, + myself stuck again
in Mander of The Argonauts) Took my photos down to
bottom of Michael 3 trying out many
exciting poses. One out at 7pm now
very varied about George + Smokey.

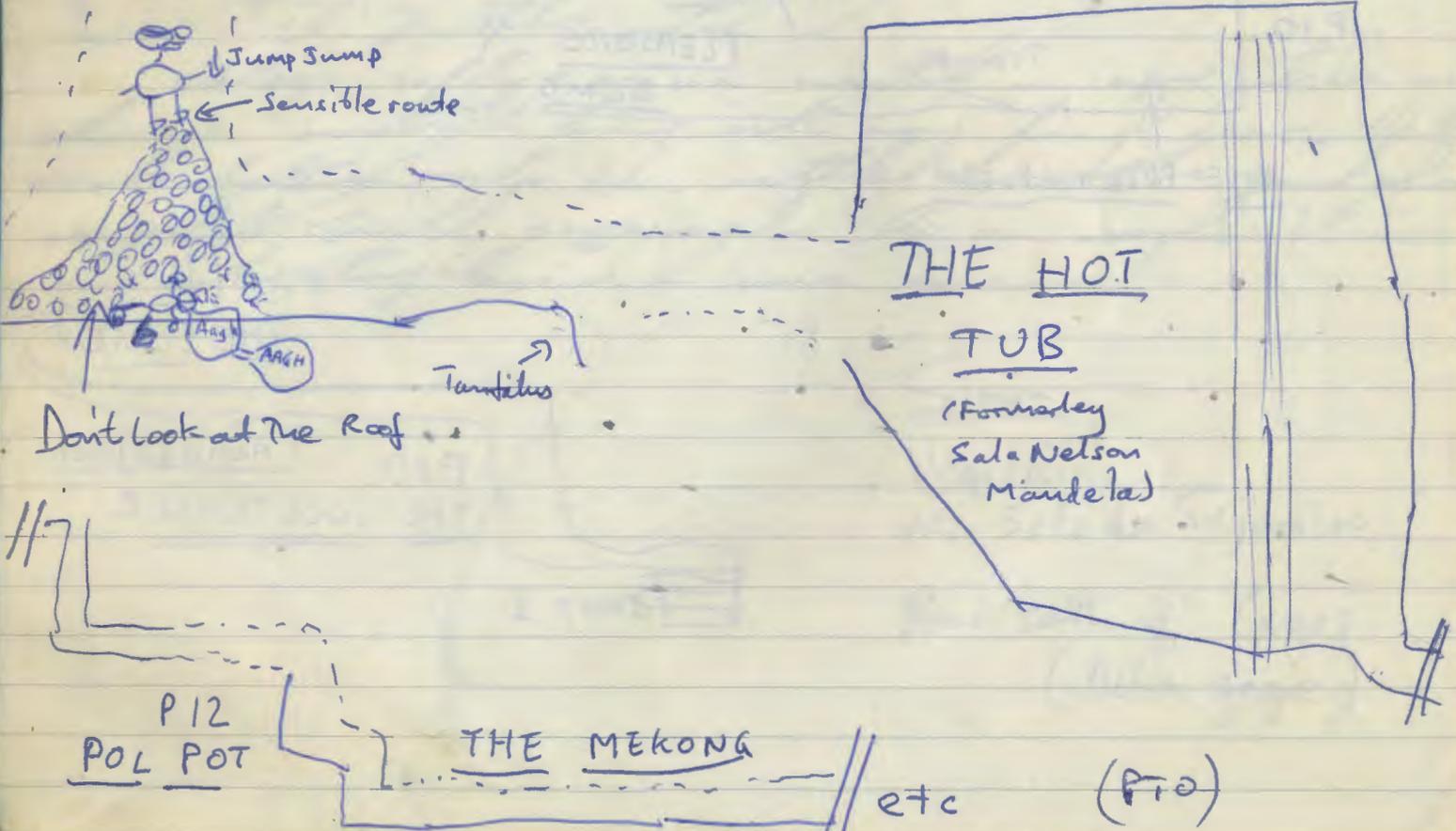
P94 - With the news of the cane ramping, 8-
miles & I decided upon an exploration. Went into
cane on Sunday at about 1400 hrs, took about
3 hrs to reach dream river. From here on it
was all new ground. We found the route without
much trouble. Decided against putting a line on
the last ladder pitch - space was restricted

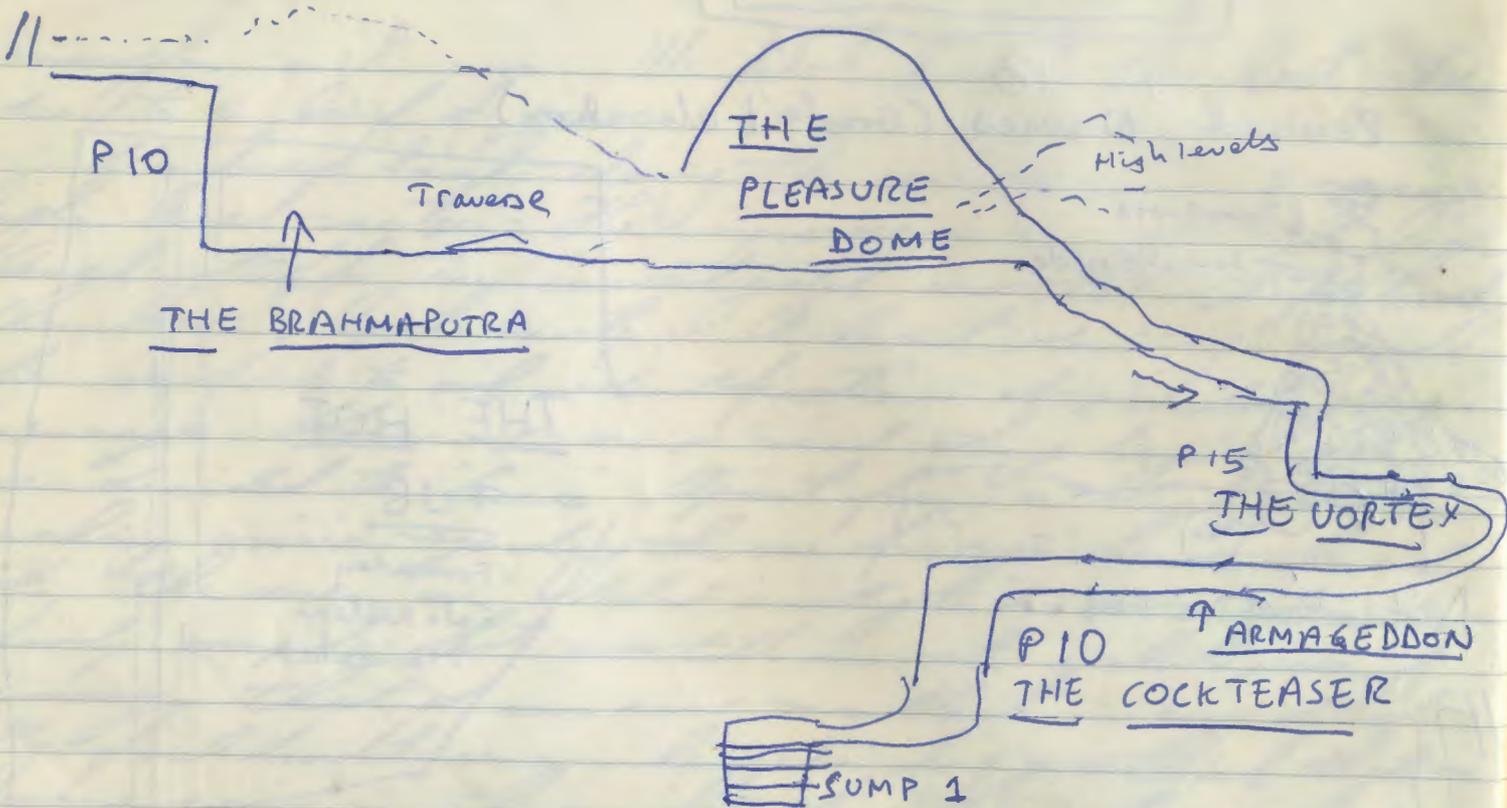
enough as it was. We didn't board the last pitd
due to a lack of gear.

Wandered back along the cave examining various
high level routes. The impression on all the high
level stuff we investigated was that it followed
the low level route. A decent survey would
be useful to aid identification of possible going
 passages. However, our real story begins when
we decided to 'leave'. Apart from a slight decision
making crisis regarding the use of a rope near the end
of the cave, we didn't investigate it; our route out was
fairly simple. That was till we met a short piece of
 passage that I can now recall in any detail.

My first doubt came when Dan had questioned that we
were going in the right direction. I'm honest
doubt set in all rapidly. To cut a long story
short, we couldn't find the way on. I don't
consider that we were lost, but I will admit

Revised Names (Grade / elevation)





that we couldn't find the way on. This was in spite of the fact that we were certain that we were near the Tantalus pitch.

Asleep calling as we waited on airy pitches, we chose a suitable living site very living gear. With rocks between ribs, we settled down to a good sleep complete with goosepiles. As an exercise it was an interesting exercise in cave survival.

Simon

Vegaña

nr. Soto de Sajambre

Road south of Cangas
(Dora gorge)

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CARES.

Sarcada Blanca Δ Robliza.

Travesos? Δ

Pena Santa Δ

Vega Huerta ●

Verde. Δ

El Frade. ●

Vega bano. ●

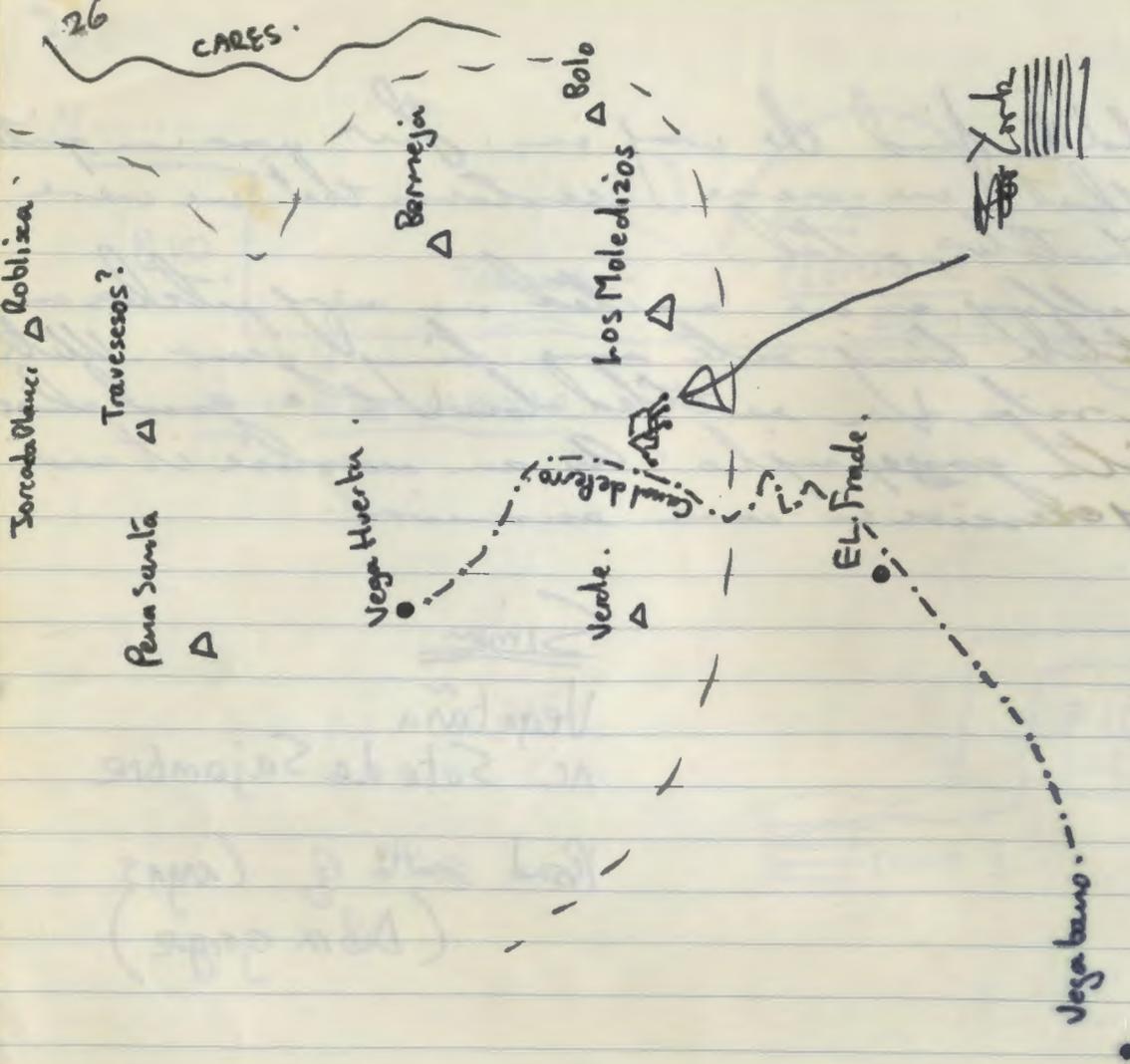
Barneja Δ

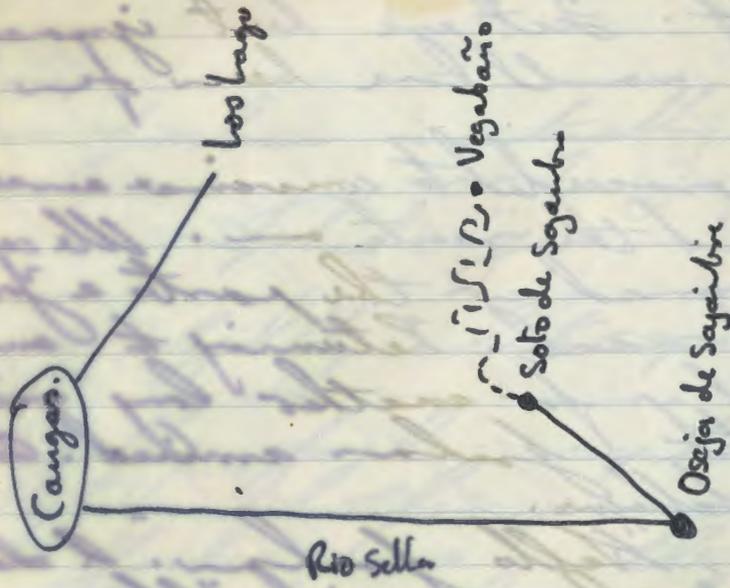
Los Molezizos Δ

Bolo Δ

~~Los~~ Zorba

Cañal de Ferro





Riss - y arranged for next Sunday

Lifting was difficult but possible men slung
 and I being turned off. Feet are best ignored
 totally. Hair mouse would have been fun for
 warming up.

After rested we proceeded to convince ourselves
 that we could find the route on. We couldn't
 still the exercise warmed up the parts a Jodie
 bar square couldn't reach. Returning to our
 being site we worked up for another long wait.

About 12 hours later Graham arrived. Our
 conversation met as follows.

Donker & George, "Hello Graham." A short
 pause followed, & then said "Have you
 my food Graham?"

A
 long
 pause

... followed! ...

The goalie eventually replied "Er...
... are you OK?"
We replied "yes."

a slightly shorter pause followed ---

Finally, goalie replied "Thank fuck for that!" and then proceeded to tip a large pile of Yankee base on the deck.

Not being the sort of person that misses an opportunity to eat, I quickly buttered four Yankee base. Smoke was a little more restrained. The time was 2300 on Monday evening.

We wandered back out of the cage, the rapture obvious but I hadn't noticed it. We waited for

Richard & Paul in down river, they had the
brew kit.

The journey out was fairly uneventful.
I took a fair amount of time to reach a normal
working temperature. Arrived back on the surface
about 8 on Tuesday morning. Felt tired.
Smiley actually claimed to have enjoyed
his trip.

For my part, I must confess that the
under trip was conceived as an elaborate
way to get Dave out of bed early!

George

Tuesday 19th William & Ian down FU56 re-rigged cross patch
with ladders as well as the rope. Decided not to carry off or
frogged out reaching surface in the light!! A gentle introduction for
both of us.

William

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Wednesday 20th

Dave & Steve Mayers down FU56 to finish off looking at high level passages. 2 hours down to Lake Victoria.

Start off climbing ~60' up the Hot Tub, gain access to an extremely chassy, loop passage. Steve M. carried on alone for ~~a~~ several hundred metres & then on returning took wrong ~~turn~~ junction. Got desperately stuck head down in a squeeze.

After much panic & struggling manage to extricate body in one piece & stagger back in state of shock to Dave. Next

check large chambers above The Mekong - get maybe 30 metres beyond next pitch but passage closed in. Finally attempt lots of desperate free-climbs around the pleasure Dome but with no success for finding a high level route. By this time Steve's arm was giving a lot of pain so we decided to have a slow trip out. Catch up with others at is necessary and exit after 14-15 hour trip.

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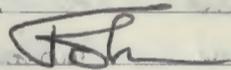
Wed 20th.

Ukey & Bill went to re-rig Mistral 1 with two new bolts, so that the take-off would be higher up. This in fact didn't happen: the first bolt placed projected by 4 or 5 mm (we're not sure why - the hole had seemed to be deep enough) and as this had taken quite a long time and Ukey was beginning to freeze, she persuaded Bill to ~~not~~ abandon the project and they went on down. I'm sick of writing in the third person. We got to the top of One Step Beyond and then went out - we were slowed down by light problems, contact lens problems (William came up the Font with one lens loose somewhere in his eye) and me prussiking very, very slowly on a cobbled system. Team survey caught up with us as we were eating chocolate on the outside side of the Meander, and we tumbled on out. Came out about 2.00 am to a brilliant, starry night and slices of orange. Nothing ever tasted so good!

Wed 25th. Team Survey Report.
 Im Houghlin, John English, Steve Pabst.

Got down t'hole at about 12-15 and made a fairly rapid descent, considering ~~the~~ that we were deeper than the other two had been before and that I hadn't caved since Easter. On reaching the bottom of Wallop!, Steve and I set about surveying whilst Ian looked for the way on, encountering "Don't look at the Roof" and not liking it and then finding the bypass. Due to some dubious traverses and clino readings taken from bits of choss wedged high in the streamway, the legs were long and we soon reached Sala Nelson Mandela. It's alright, I suppose: quite large, a grotty draught, rather like Dampstoration, a nice waterfall and a large boulder slope: but it's bloody cold. Steve ^(the best) made Ian rush under the waterfall to take a reading and he had to spend about 5 minutes warming up. Everyone got cold and depressed just before Popcorn and so we started to go out, Ian, the fit bugger, zooming up the

pitches whilst Steve and I gasped and "fuck"ed. Got entangled
 with Bill and Urie at Meander of the Argonauts
 and Steve slipped out first followed by William, Urie
 me and Ian, who by this time had been caught
 up by Dave and Steve M. A "quick cup of tea"
 before bed at the camp turned into ~~boozing~~
~~room~~ of music, oranges, chocolate etc. accompanied by the
 Ironing of covers talking about caving and we all
~~got~~ to finally hit our pits at 5-30 am.



Friday
 Steve Mayers over to look at F4 a shaft on other side of ridge from FU56. Snow plugged at one end but 30m hole rigged between boulders at the other end. Pleasant 30m ~~down~~ sloping shaft to a pile of snow & a boulder choke. An unpromising crawl led painfully to a chamber & several free-climbable pots of ~10m to choked bottoms. Nice hole!

George, Colin & Ukey went to carry down some of George's photo gear. I abseiled past the deviation on Marble Bathroom, and George rescued me, and then Colin went the wrong way in Rift II, and George rescued him, and then I got lost in the mist on the way back to camp, and George rescued me again. We only got to the top of the Tent, where we left the gear with great thankfulness (especially mine which was full of flash bulbs and had to be handled with extreme CARE), but we blame that on the quantities of revolting corned dog George compelled us to eat.

On the way up the Bathroom Steps we prossicked up pitches sunning with green water - it gave a very surreal effect. Team Dye-Test had been at it with the fluorozine again! Out at 2.00am due to not having got underground until four in the afternoon

Team Photo + Dye . Paul Cooper, Martin Hitchens, Steve Robert.

Object - To descend Mistral III, photo to head of Font. To put Fluorescence in water below Marble Bathroom.

Procedure - First ^(PK) man descends - Second ^(CCR) follows (!) and is seized by water used to catch while going down unnecessary. Mostly ^{up} off you at the bottom and does a 'big' as down 'Gregson's coarctaria'.

Report descent to pitches above WOTWS, lots of photos taken here, in stereo & more. Descent through Rft II delayed due to some

Went back up (lots of shooting & caffeine) on the Middle
 Bathroom pitch. Eventually got down, shot more photos
 in bathroom & a bit below. Then had lots of fun
 having fluoros around. (put it at 8.55 pm, check
 below M.B.) Nacta took lots of pix of the too,
 then we shot off out. Long delays occurred on exit,
 but we were still back by 12-30. Despite my
 excellent guidance, Paul did a complete circuit of the
 composite in the mist before following the strong scent
 of Tuna fish to the exact distance.

Conclusions - Fluoresmia turns your fingers yellow, as well
 as the back of Phil Rose's neck.

Monday 18th The Rescue. Paul C & Richard Got Graham.

After a day shaft bashing — Cliff Riffhard snow plugged and spare parts came on top of Pinta Gregoriana choked after 25m shaft — returned to camp to await George & Emaly & Photo trip. Photo trip came out without any eyes of George & Emaly, who had by now been down well over 24 hrs. Immediately apparent that this was the cue to shift into rescue mode. Large meal rapidly prepared and consumed whilst two bags were packed with stove fuel & food, sleeping bag and medical kit, plus mucko carbure. Descended camp at about 9.00pm. Graham went on ahead with some chocolate and absided in fast. Richard & I followed manhandling table bags. ~~A rescue~~ A sombre trip, the deeper we went the more convinced we became that something serious had befallen George or Emaly.

Excitement was provided when I went off route at the bottom of Time warp / One step beyond, I ended up suspended in a pained wide rift above a 20m drop! I arrived there via a tight squeeze, in which one arm was jammed. Richard gave me a rope, after a shout, but wronging wait, and I abseiled to safety. We arrived on down without further incident and met George Enaley and Graham at dream river. Many brews were made and two old canoes came back to life. We pushed out - slowly! Enaley took a while to extricate himself from Rift one and we finally emerged into the sunlight at about 9.00 am. Graham had gone on ahead to call off the panix - he managed a few hours kip before dawn.

Friday 22nd "Surreying" from Nelson Mandela via Ian, Phil R., William

Feeling very unenthusiastic & still not fully recovered from yesterday's trip, I was persuaded to go on this trip, starting 12:30 pm. Effort & inevitable & reasonably quick descent to Sala Nelson Mandela in ≈ 3 hrs. My ~~thought~~ ^{we'd been assured that} we'd come armed only with the pencil & penknife, since the rest of the gear was down there. Got out gear, took up station, distance 6.87m, bearing a long pause. Ian "This *** compass is knackered, I can't see a thing", so Ian licked it until his mouth was full of grit & still saw nothing. I had a try & saw a uniform whitish fog. Phil had a go & could just about read the compass 'dino but the compass remained indecipherable. He, Phil, then had the idea of warming the compass over the lights to unfog it. This helped a little, but it still successfully resisted all attempts to read it, even when quite warm to handle. Que faire? We could either survey Grade 3, not good enough, or try do a tourist trip. We had no bolting bit to verify pitches & we didn't know where people had been, so that although we looked at side passages, we couldn't really push to any effect. So all that was left was a tourist trip, which we made

enjoyed, ^{but} with considerable qualms of conscience & frustration at not achieving anything constructive. Thus we continued downwoods not looking at the roof or walls where they were unstable, until we came to the Vortex, where Ian & I both weakened, since we didn't. But one of us didn't like the look of the unlined ladder hooked over a small spike by a rung, Phil, however, seemed perfectly happy at this arrangement. Youth!

At this point we exited & got up at reasonable speed up to the Font where the stream was bright green due to the activities of one of the other parties. My face & light went green; Ian took a drink of green water before he realised. Carrying on upwards & forgetting to stop on George's camera gear we caught up the other party at the head of the Mistral pitches. From here, progress was slow due to the number of people all trying to get out at once. YT displayed remarkable lots of patience & finally exited at about 2:30 am after a lot of waiting into a pea-soup fog.

William →

P.S. I don't think I've ever proscribed so much. It's hot work & I went up the Font in a huge cloud of steam!

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Sat 23rd Dave, John & Graham to survey from
the hot tub.

We were down the cave by 10-30 am - probably Dave's
earliest start ever! Started surveying in good time,
and surveyed about 20 legs before I suddenly felt a
deep stirring in my bowels and the need to throw up. Over 500m
down, this was not a good place to get Spanish Humbug.
so I suggested to the others ~~to~~ my rope to get out.
Pursuing isn't much fun when you ~~are~~ feel like throwing
up and having to keep a tight backside to stop crapping
yourself. We got out while it was still light to
meet Richard coming down wanting to do a solo
digging trip at the bottom. I ran as far from the entrance
as I could before ripping off my fanny and doing what
I had wanted to do for the last 600 odd pitches.

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Sun 24th Phil, William and Ian to survey Mekon + Brahma Putra.
 (July) Descended 12:30 pm (18 hours)

(Ian)

After a little encouragement from Dave Rose, I managed to change my body from 'kickover' to 'half ahead slow' and descended with the slight apprehension over the prospect of a very long trip. However, we ^{soon} all started moving really well.

We re-rigged choss pitch (the lower of the 2nd ladder pitches) since the rope had been alarmingly ^{adjacent} sawn through to the core. I spent some time removing spikes with a lump hammer.

Phil re-rigged the Sphinx, since on the previous trip the rope had snagged behind a projection while Dave prussiked up: none of us could work out exactly how the rope had snagged, or where, but the rope was ~~arranged~~ reversed, and arranged to hang 'further' away from the rock.

We then fairly shot down the remaining 'oles', and arrived at the last surveyed station in the Mekon at 4:00 pm. This time there was no problem in reading the instruments, and 1/2 hours and

20 survey stations later we stopped to stuff our faces with food. The abundance and variety of our grub ^{must have} made a huge difference to our energy as we were then able to survey to desperation dig without a break.

En route, we were overhauled by George and Martin, who took a number of real-life surveying shots. This seemed particularly satisfying to the surveyors but of no significance to the photographers. William was delighted to be able to get his mug in a few shots, being under the impression that shots were being cunningly planned to omit him.

We ~~arrived~~ George and Martin shot off ^{down} into the distance and we continued to survey, arriving at disappointment dig (survey station 63) at 11:00 pm. We brought heavily again Canned Dog (or Rat), Yorkie Bars, Salters Peanuts and then dug for 1½ hours, using the entrenching tool we had brought with us.

Whilst the 1st 6" ^{of mud} were soft, the deeper stuff was very well

packed and we only managed to progress about 4 feet in, right at the far end of the passage. We managed to dig through to a small airspace, but this appeared to be created by a sump pendant, ~~and~~ (the passage beyond was 20 cm long and dropped straight into the mud) - Never mind. - gave up

We had an efficient exciting trip, ~~then~~ ~~sent~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~ We had a brew and some more trough at Dream Lake. I started prussiking up last, at 2.30 pm. Being foolish, I said to William to shoot out, as ~~he~~ I thought I could keep up. - He'd found his form, and had to wait for me several times - oh well. We got out at dawn - about 6.30 am.

Ian 

PS A really enjoyable trip, my longest ever.

Mon 1st August

John, Mark, Iestyn, Jan and Danny, to meet up with previous trip and continue detackling.

Sat around at top awaiting return of the Mega-Photo trip team but when they didn't arrive we set off at about 13.00. Things were a bit slow to begin with with Danny playing silly buggers at the top of "Is Necessary". Continued down in reasonable time with John and P speeding on bit after the Mistrals as we had expected to see the other party. Eventually located them tucking into vast amounts of zoran and the bottom of the Bathroom Steps. Danny however had started out after deducing he was 1/5 at Rift 2.

leaving the Mad Matters Tea Party, or was it their Supper, Lunch or Breakfast?, we moved to the top of The Font. Jan had been volunteered to go down and there at the bottom found an immense pile of bags which we slowly hauled up and stowed in the chamber above. Much effort was expended moving all the bags to the base of the Marble Bathroom, where we stopped to feed, not quite so impressively but all the same very much needed.

We left the gear there and set off out. I was feeling slightly worn out, as was Iestyn and the pace wasn't too fast but steady. Mistal 3 proved

too much for Jan's foot loop and such returned to bottom under force of gravity. Jan made valiant efforts and a refit was made en route and little time was lost. Excited to beautiful starry night at approx 0230. Testyn made his trip longer by going shaft bashing before returning to camp and cloison supreme.

My impression - a serious core to instant carving, good fun but knackerery.

Had W

Mega Photo Trip - Le Jocke
Martin, Kevin, Colin, Mike (Ming Nut) & George.
Trip started on a fine sunny afternoon on the 31st of July 1982. Our trip was to photograph from Challop / Lake Victoria up to & including The Fort.
Progress down the same was slowed with the usual ammo boxes. After a quick brew we detatched the day & started to photograph our way out.
Mega session - 4 cones, an Eclipse. Main photo

on E200. Martin's large bulbs worked well, if the exposure is correct we could have a good shot. Between the sphinx & the Tent several hours passed when non-mobile people started to fall asleep.

Somewhere along the line meeting set in & I was attracted about where we leave the gear. It would have to stay at the bottom of the Tent.

Photographing the Tent was not very easy. Fatigue, cold and a layer for the outside world worked against me. My tripod perch above the pit, with camera perched 55" above a solid landing site made me ~~question~~ question the adequacy of my camera insurance. As I waited, I had visions of an RB67 finally falling to a slick 67 tripod sailing down the pitch to a watery grave. My last words were, 'oh

Jack!, don't shine a light on the film, it might be a good shot!

Food session at the top of the fort, photographed a pristine tin of corned dog before eating it. Felt rather tired. John & the next de-teakle group met us as we had a hot soup thing. Grounded back on the surface at 2130 on 1st August 1983. As a photo trip it was not a success, but we did manage a bit of de-rigging -
George

Sunday 31st July Ian, Phil & William Surveying & detackling the bottom

After the abortive attempt two days previously, ^{William,} I now felt recovered from gut rot & we managed a reasonably early start, descending at about a quarter to twelve. The descent was delayed by a rick on the last bathroom step, the rope being cut to the core. A further delay was occasioned by a rope flicking me in the eye & dislodging a contact lens. I thus had to perch on one step beyond & remove all the gear from my picnic bag without dropping any down the pitch while I searched for my glasses. After this, we descended with reasonable speed to the Vortex, where Ian put in his second bolt ever, so as to give a safer hang for the ladder & line. The bolt was good, the hang turned out to be ^{less so,}

Surveying the Vortex is a cold, wet & depressing business. This bit of cave is pretty desperate; & I leave it to others to decide whether this has been reflected in the quality of the survey. After this, things improved & seventeen Survey Stations took us to the Swamp where the only formations in the whole cave were seen, a few knobby straws. By now it was 7 pm, we stopped for food etc & exited, detackling. Getting off the cockpacer is pretty abhorrent, watched only by trying to climb the Vortex. The new hang gives one of the wettest pitches I've done & the rope failed to

you go through my rope-walker. I just ^{climbed up} pushed on to the ledge where then I pushed the rope through ^a tried to put off being frightened, the water pouring down onto my back. At the top, I remembered to be frightened & swore blue murder at the pitch - this one is DANGEROUS. (P.S. the rift at the top is the easy bit!)

We waited for Phil to come up a detachable, then set off with rickshaws & sweat-pelly. I dropped my donkey's dick down Pol Pot, which Phil found at the bottom. At Wallop, we met the photographers, taking pictures of the Sphinx. At this point, c. 1 or 2 am, we all showed a remarkable want of patience, our desire to exit ^{quietly} without trouble being notably at variance with those of the photographers. Maybe it was because we were wet & cooling down rapidly. In the end, the photographers allowed us to exit first at the price of taking a tackle bag each up the Sphinx & then Phil & Ian had the pictures taken twice each on the pitch. After this, we jacked & exited with all possible speed. Phil lost the top of his water container on his skinkie (found in his prusik bag two days later) & I got stuck in the rift. Exited at 8 am feeling pretty tired & speculated on how long the photographers would be - the truth exceeded all speculation. A highly successful trip. I'm glad to have seen the bottom this year.

William

52

Another Detaching Trip:- Marble bathroom → Mistral I
Phil R, Ian H, + John S.

After William had mysteriously cutted into
John we shot down the cave until we
engaged with the tackle bags. I have discovered
that I had left my chest harness behind
(a definitely dozen more) so made do with a loop of
tape. Detaching went v. smoothly (including some
Loire grubs in Rift II at hair raising links above
Walk on the Wild Side) and eventually emerged from
the cave at the civilized hour of 12 pm.
Good trip!

Styph

THE LAST (DEACKLING) TRIP ~ WEDNESDAY 3RD AUGUST

Phil R., William S., Iestyn W., Mike E. (Wingnut), Jan M.

Being keen we were into the cave by 12:00. I abbed down to the bottom of Mistral 1 to attach the 13 tackle bags to the hauling rope. Jan & Wingnut hauled the bags & passed them through the Argonaut rift one at a time. Next came chair 2 & chair 1...

In a horribly efficient (& ∴ knackered) system, Jan hooked the bags on ~~at~~ at the bottom of chair 2, wingnut & I hauled them up whence each was clipped on to the next rope & magically beamed up the heights (depths?) of chair 1.

William lithered & was sent off up Is Necessary.

With C_e (Coefficient of efficiency) ≈ 0.5 , Jan, wingnut & me got the bags past Pendule Alternative to the base of Is Necessary. Meanwhile, Phil had made contact with

Jon Jucker Houghton & John Waster Singleton (i.e. those who had been previously hard, but had now thawed out) on the surface.

Right then Jan & Wagnut hauled from the bottom of Is Necessary & I hauled from the top using a loop of rope around a pulley in the roof. These were then sent packing up 'Snow Joke', urged along by Phil at the bottom & Bill $\frac{1}{2}$ the way up.

The final escape was delayed by a Phil Rose extravaganza where the Is Necessary rope was used to lifeline everybody up 'Snow Joke' i.e. 4 of us were stuck at the snow slope above Is Necessary.

After John had chucked the traditional Stone down the entrance, all that was left was to carry the tackle down to the camp in the dying rays of the Gently setting Sun.

Iestyn Walters

shaft Bashing Day:- Iestyn, Philip, Ian. 28.83.

After a miserable get up in the pouring rain, being eased out of bed by the arrival of Smith + co we set off for the shafts in rapidly improving weather. First stop was F9, an interesting looking crack in the cliff face with a bouldery depression beneath. All Iestyn could find was a small choker just under the boulders.

Next we turned our attention to F7 the ice cave miserably photographed. After squeezing past the snow plug we creamed our pants as we entered the most incredible chamber. Curtains, pillars bosses flow stone all made of ice; absolutely fantastic. In the centre was a small pit filled with snow, but with the aid of a bolt

Excited we made our way out,
 discovering that I had arrived by a
 totally different route. What a place!
 As we emerged from the cave Chris' voice
 came floating down, telling us that today
 had just gone down the ladder pitch. So when
 this was typical of the day! Finally all
 reunited we retired to the camp in
 excellent spirits after a really rewarding
 day.

Philippine.

The Shaft Beddoe Mistake Into Pushers!
 Phil. Leighton, Jan.

7.8.85.

A glorious start to the morning saw us
 down to the entrance of F7 with the start
 intention of a grade 5 survey + pushing trip.
 After great hours preparation we were in the
 snow plug taking the first reading ^{log}, viz. that
 wonder of modern science, the Topoid! However modern
 science being what it is this instrument had a
 secret self destruct button, ^{which was} inadvertently pressed
 as I started to pay out the thread. So after
 deciding that readings of 3cm for distances of
 about 6m was inadequate we ditched this
 precision instrument, resorting to that ^{bits of the} highly
 engineered method of measurement, the Houghton body!
 Proceeding in this way we negotiated the
 squeeze + rift to arrive at the limit of

exploration, she took pitch. (This
 from two decent threads in the ^{was right of the rigged}
 wall of the pitch with a deviator ^{further}
 giving a good free hang below on
 the left.) At the bottom our heat
 turned into our mouths as the passage

became  was of impressive proportions.
 To our right was a large oval
 shaped passage with a very deep trench in
 the floor and at our feet the shaft continued
 down with a freckled, lifelike form de top.

Franchising at the level of some rock
 bridges in the shaft brought us into more
 very deep trench. A little way along this
 we climbed down 15' or so, following a
 lifeline to two lakes. The downstream direction
 here was to our back underneath where

we had heard and soon lead to a tight
 squeeze, vertical with an incredible draft
 coming out of it. Stubs chucked down here
 were really impressive. They several seconds for
 their flight they landed in a place with
 a marvelous echo.

Full of anticipation we rigged this first
 from a huge thread above the squeeze and
 then one through the squeeze from (about
 5m down) from another thread. This gave us
 a pleasant ascent against the wall into an
 increasingly impressive shaft, long landing on a ledge
 above a large inlet came down the other
 side. From here we were able to
 zigzag vertically to a huge plate giving
 us a really beautiful 30m free
 hang down to the next ledge. The ~~etc~~

climbing rocks from this ledge was quite an experience, the last took about six seconds with only two or three bances and a superb deep diskat reading. reevaluation on the last bance. This cave is going deep. Sadly it was now 8pm + we had run out of rope and so had to return to the surface, tying knots in the ropes as we went out to record the depth of the niches. On the surface we estimated that the depth we had reached to was just over 100m with the cave going excellently. This place, (Pozo de las Perdices) will be excellent for next years expedition to investigate.

J.P.K.

ICE CAVE F7

TOPG READING 02.645
@ ENTRANCE
(LOWER)

TOPG @ ENTRANCE 2 06415



TOTAL SURVEYED LENGTH 1-2

$$= \begin{array}{r} 64.5 \\ 21.45 \\ \hline 85.95 \\ + 5m \end{array}$$