

you go through my ropewalker. I just <sup>climbed up</sup> pushed on to the ledge where then I pushed the rope through <sup>a</sup> 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 detackle, then set off with rick tacklebags unenthusiastically. 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 <sup>quietly</sup> without tackle 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 strike (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 Retaching Trip:- Marble bathroom → Mistral I  
Phil R, Ian H, + John S.

After William had mysteriously unfastened it,  
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 morning) so made do with a loop of  
tape. Retaching went v. smoothly (including some  
Loose grunks 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 3<sup>RD</sup> 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)  $\approx 0.5$ , 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 came meekly 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, Ian.

7.8.85.

A glorious start to the morning saw us  
down to the entrance of F7 with the start  
iteration of a grade 5 survey + pushing trip.  
After great hours preparation we were in the  
snow plug taking the first reading <sup>log</sup>, viz. that  
wonder of modern science, the Topoid! However modern  
science being what it is this instrument had a  
secret self destruct button, <sup>which was</sup> 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 <sup>bits of the</sup> highly  
engineered method of measurement, the Houghton body!  
Proceeding in this way we negotiated the  
squeezes + nift to arrive at the limit of

exploration, she took pitch. (This  
 from two decent threads in the <sup>was right of the rigging</sup>  
 wall of the pitch with a deviator  
 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, rippled 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  
 ledge to two plates. 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 bounces and a superb deep dishat landing. re-orientation on the last bounce. 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.

ICE CAVE F7

TOPG READING 02.645  
@ ENTRANCE  
(LOWER)

TOPG @ ENTRANCE 2 06415



TOTAL SURVEYED LENGTH 1-2

$$= \begin{array}{r} 64.5 \\ 21.45 \\ \hline 85.95 \\ + 5 \\ \hline \end{array} = 38m + 5m$$