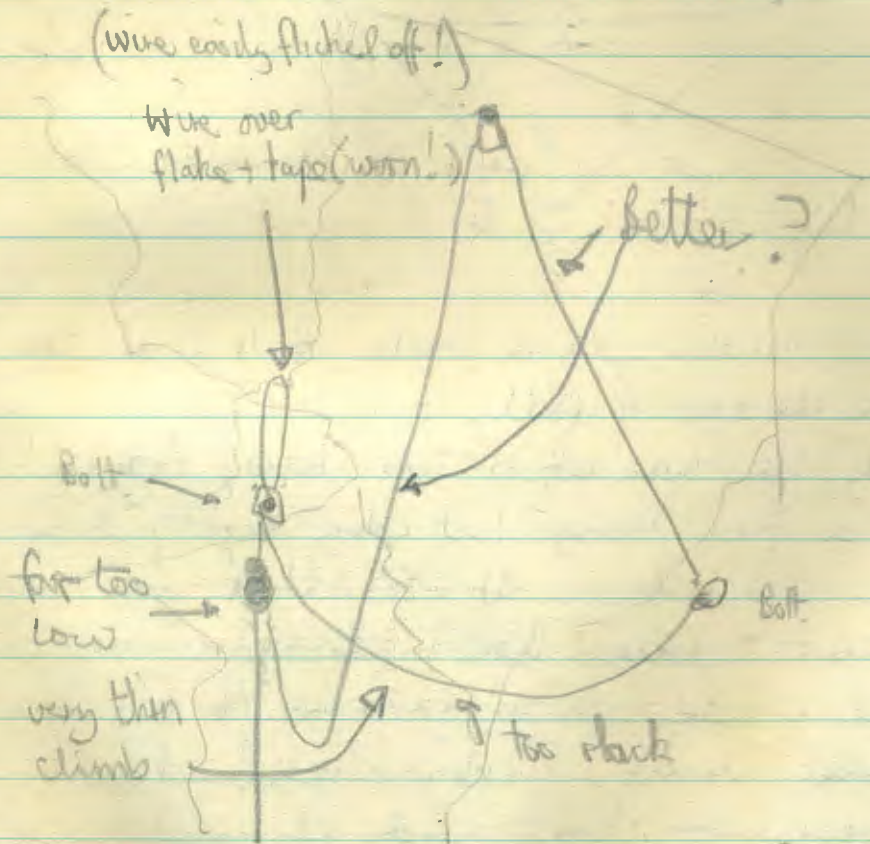


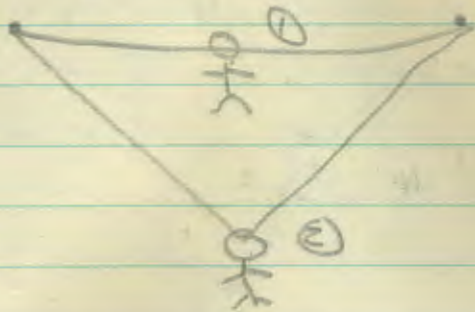
The remaining highlight of the day was a tin of Octopus washed down by a vindaloo and pure apple chunks.
 Now about the Obelisk pitch!
 At present it is roughly like this



At present there is a pretty exposed climb over ≈ 30 m deep through a rift with little or no holds certainly nothing to stand on, all has to be done by bridging, knees etc. The protection is via a

(2)

traverse line which is very slack. If you come off, you've quite a long drop before you come onto the line, → a helluva lot of loading on belays + rope. Admittedly if the traverse line is tighter, the angle puts greater strain on the belays, i.e. but this is always the



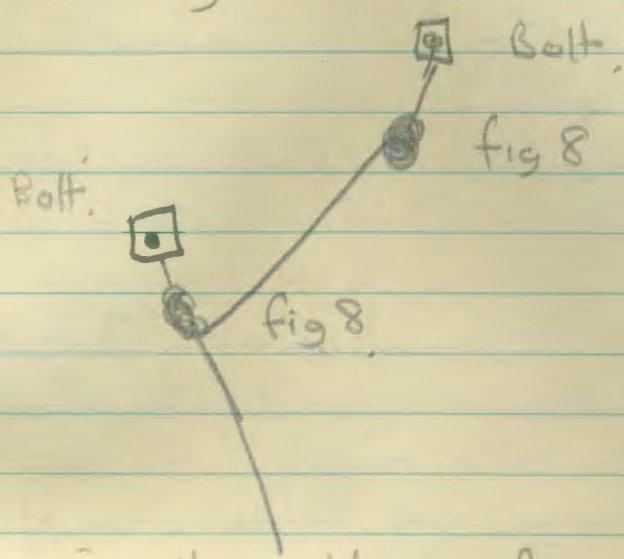
problem with traverses — you trade off load on the belay with the size of fall.

Secondly, the take off is too low (Again!) OK so it's a free hang but why not put a bolt higher up the wall, so that you have a tight traverse line, which is more or less vertical. Use space jumar to self line, a reasonable climb. Then abseil down to just pass the knot and change over. Simple, no thructing, safer, and less effort!

Hope the suggestion is taken in good part. I'm a geriatric 'cos I don't do things

I don't regard as safe enough.

PS Another comment. On one of the Astenx pitches a belay is like this



The problem is that the secondary is exerting a large load on the primary knot (not enough slack) hence the knot is distorted (Naughty).

If you do a 'Y' hang use a Bowline or Fig '8' on the ~~right~~ bolt.

(16)

27/ July.

9.00 am weather (can't find correct book!)

Rainfall — none.

Temp (max 17.0 °C
} Min 8.5 °C

Clouds 0/8

Visibility good. no cloud at And/Bobias.

Sony drops just found it in the back!

27 July Marten + Ian + Me (Andy)

Reading the log, discovered bolt kit is down Mike's
Caves. ∴ Ian, Marten myself will have a bash
down "Mike's hole", with the intention of then
bringing out the bolt kit and rigging the top of
Obelisk.

→ Later.

Managed to put a superb free hang
on the pitch after the ladder climb with
a good take off. Got approx a 40m free hang
to the bottom, one slight nub point. Unfortunately
the shaft choked up with choss from the very
loose upper part of the shaft. On the way up
I noticed that ~~the~~ a rift possibly showed the
way on after a 20 ft scramble from the
base of the shaft. Ian then came down

For a look, but no luck. Finito!
Ian + Martin took some piccys as I cleared off
to get the survey gear. Cave is now surveyed
and denegged + some piccys.
Ian has the survey notes.

PS I discovered that when I was taking the rope
out of the bag to check there was a knot in the
end. Lo and behold there was no knot.
Caution was justified again. Rope must not
be put loose into a bag without a knot in the
end especially if its down a cave wanting to be used!

28 July Phil + Ian.

A survey today up high new passage.....
Late start so met Muri Sam

+ Andy came out from their survey
loop and then stated survey of Achilles
islet. Got to where I stayed and
then things started to get fun. First
the other lie of the campers decided
to go for a walk and then we had
some exciting climbs. First climbed up
32 m to the top of an awn - nearly
killing Ian in the process. Also had

A nice walking passage heading back over the Top of Stragewang (cave with stones?) and more excitingly the wft stated balling out in the opposite direction. Who knows what lies beyond - wait for the next exciting episode for enlightenment!

[Note for Trall:- All the skidding on the outside is no good - After a fortnight my pack has almost totally come off - more seriously the exposed skidding on the bed of velcro has been also gone (You need an extra popper in the lower part). However I like the material - seems quite strong I.

28/July 84

Andy, Martin, Sean

Early start - down the f-----g hole by 10.30. Reingged the top of Obelisk pitch by placing an extra bolt on the opposite wall to the main belay some 2-3 metres above the primary and ≈ 1.5 m to ~~the~~ its left. A nice traverse line leads onto the new bolt, which you clip on, abseil down to just below the

primary and changeover. There wasn't any spare rope to make the loop much longer, which would have been more ideal.

I started to get ~~back~~ French alpinist style calf muscles while bridged in, putting the left in. Then we whizzed down taking as many pics as on the way down as possible while we were dry. Photographed down to the top of the Bogey. Martin chuckled mightily as he thought of the reaction of the audience at the BCRA to his 3D picture of the traverse at the top of the Bogey. Riley stuck out of sight (not photogenic) at the head of the pitch dangling off a jumar with a flash gun while Sean tensioned round the corner with the vast black abyss yawning beneath. "Scare 'em shitless^{in 3D}" he said.

Then muggins here got conned into priskipping up the Nestil with orders to start 40m up. Like being in a Lakeland shower in Borrowdale on a dank day in winter. Waved the flash guns in the air without dropping 'em, and should have some mega shots.

I shied my hand up on the obelisk. Motto - "throw your Petzl stop down the nearest hole"

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29.7.84 Shaun, Ian + Mike Surveying, Dye Placing and Net Tackling.

We set off at 10:15 psyched up for a spending hot trip. We got to the limit of surveillance ~~with~~ (just before the Blind Pot) without any difficulty and surveyed up to the end, linking up with the FUSG ^{survey in the} Hot Tub and including a loop around the Boulder chamber.

At last year's brew up spot we had to face the ~~the~~ problem of a tin of manderines but no tin opener. We weren't hungry enough to be able to rip it apart with our bear hands but with the help of a sharp stone the manderines didn't stand a chance. Before leaving we poured about a pint of disgusting red carcinogenic slime into the streamway at 20:00 hrs.

On the way out we took out the two tackle bags at the bottom of the Hot Tub and the one at the top. Shaun had a minor epic on the Hot Tub (something to do with rope, tackle bags and having to back-pedal). Progress was slow with the tackle bags ~~was~~ until the Doggy re-belay when progress stopped for half an hour when I (Mike) got stuck for half an hour. At this ~~the~~ point Shaun legged it out ahead of Ian and I. At the top of the Hostail I had an hour wait while Ian had an epic at the bottom of the Doggy. (He tied a tackle bag to the bottom, proceeded half way,

Jon hauled an extra bag up the Bogey from the ^{rebelay} top, actually.
No epic, but very slow.

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~~up, realised that no-one could slide down with the
bag there, back propped down, unhooked the bag
and went up~~

3

We dumped the remaining & tackle bags at the bottom
of the Mastail and crawled off at 5.15 am. Supper and
Tea were hot and ready for us when we got out. Many
thanks to Steve Gale who got up to cook for us.

29th Phil R, Ukie + Steve G.

An interesting trip doing some
tidying up of surveying. Found a good
roof traverse all the way from
the F7B to the end of Achiler inlet
which we probed a bit and completed
the survey. Enjoyable trip except
for Ukie's cabinet lines!

31 July 1984 Stephen G, Fred, Phil R. Detackling
and bottoming trip.

(SSG)

An incredibly rainy and stormy night. 1/2 lay
awake in pools of water hoping everyone else would
forget about our projected trip. Unfortunately, this
wasn't the case and by 8:45 we were all
huddled beneath the tarpaulin trying to eat

(50)

breakfast in the mist, wind and rain. Our 9 o'clock inspection of the rain gauge revealed that over $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch of rain had fallen in the previous night. We discussed jacking, but having already changed into and soaked my caving gear, I was keen for at least a token effort. Phil kept up the pessimistic mood through the early part of the cave, even sending Fred down the Obelisk to look at the state of the water. However, once down the rather wet Bogie, we simply continued on for a rather smooth trip to the bottom of the cave. My first view of the chamber above the Hot Tub was rather like coming out of a cave at night with total darkness overhead; hence "The Sky at Night". Finally, the final 115 m pitch - an incredibly long descent in near blackness. Fred and I pootled down to Lago Victoria, a very impressive phreatic inlet waterfall roaring into a bouldery pool beneath.

The derigging went slowly but smoothly, the chained 185 m rope was eased through El Babard. Phil was hit on the back by a boulder at the first pitch above The Sky at Night, and