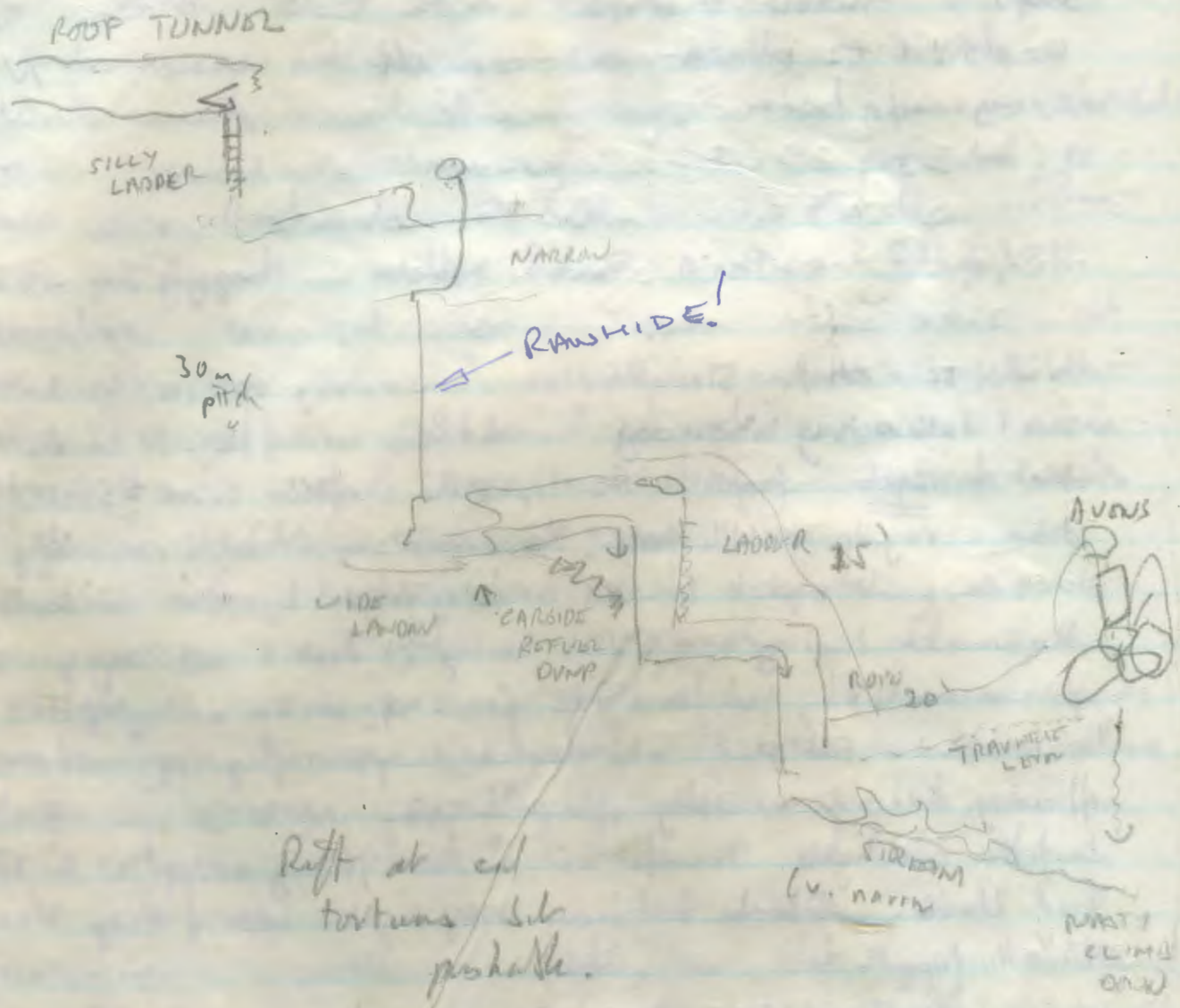


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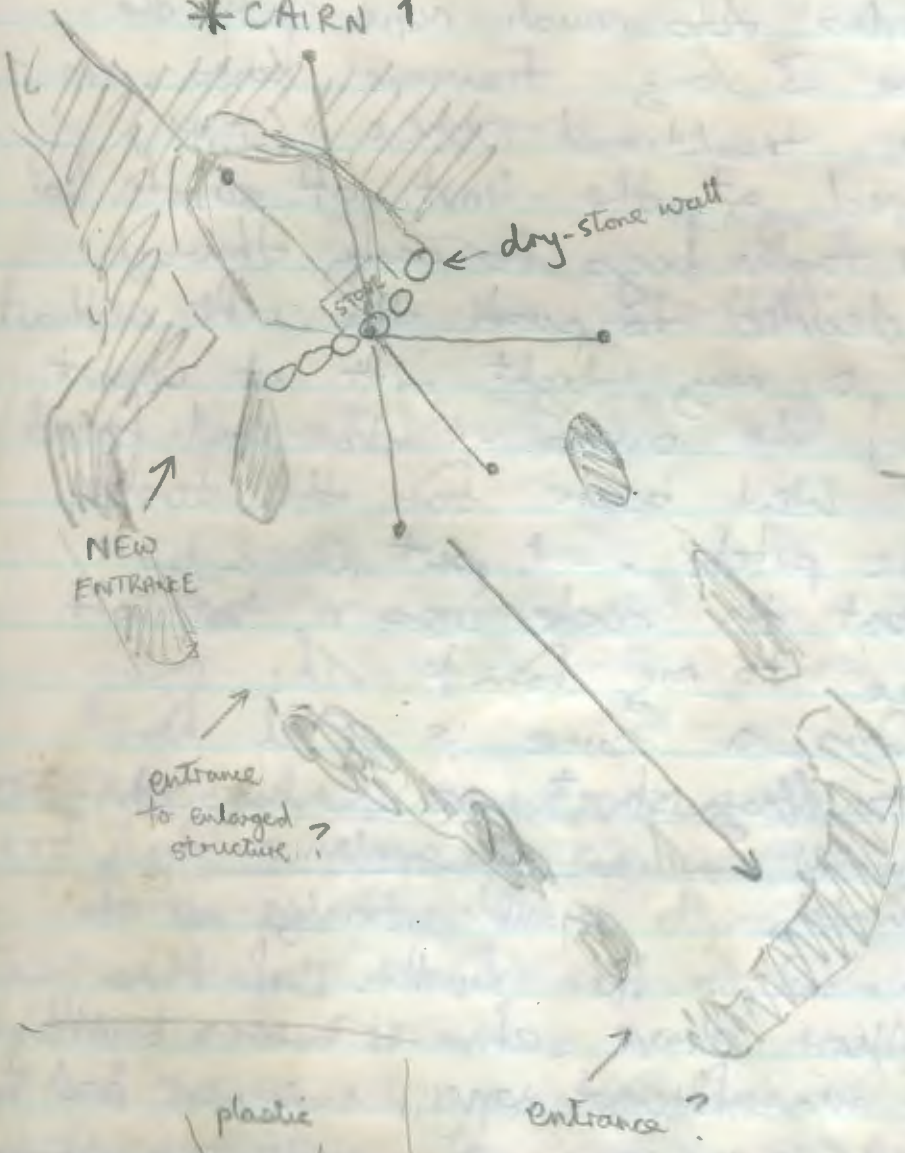
F20 Sketch



29/7 Reconstructed the cooking shelter which had been destroyed by wind on the night of 28/7. This involved a 3-hour "egg race" exercise directed by John with several labourers, using sundry knackered tent poles, caving ropes and substantial dry-stone walling. The structure named "Fort Knox" by Nicola is now reasonably substantial and is quite cosy when you get six bodies under it (10-12 might get in). For future expeditions a much larger shelter could utilise a rectangular depression if a large sheet of plastic can be brought up. Much more advantage could be taken

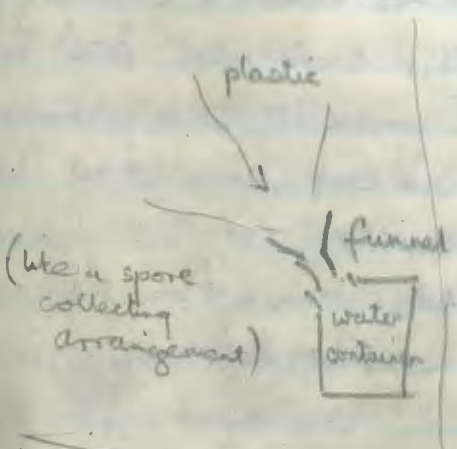
of rainfall for water collecting - basically a chute with a funnel & water container. See sketch. Alternatively the roof of a larger shelter could also be a water collecting chute.

*CAIRN 1



This rectangular area could be dry-stone walled and roofed with plastic. If the centre of the roof is ridged down rather than up it can collect water

Arrow shows direction of fall for water collection



later after a day of moaning about the weather, plans for going home early etc there was one party to F20, remainder did some shaft location & water collection in the mist.

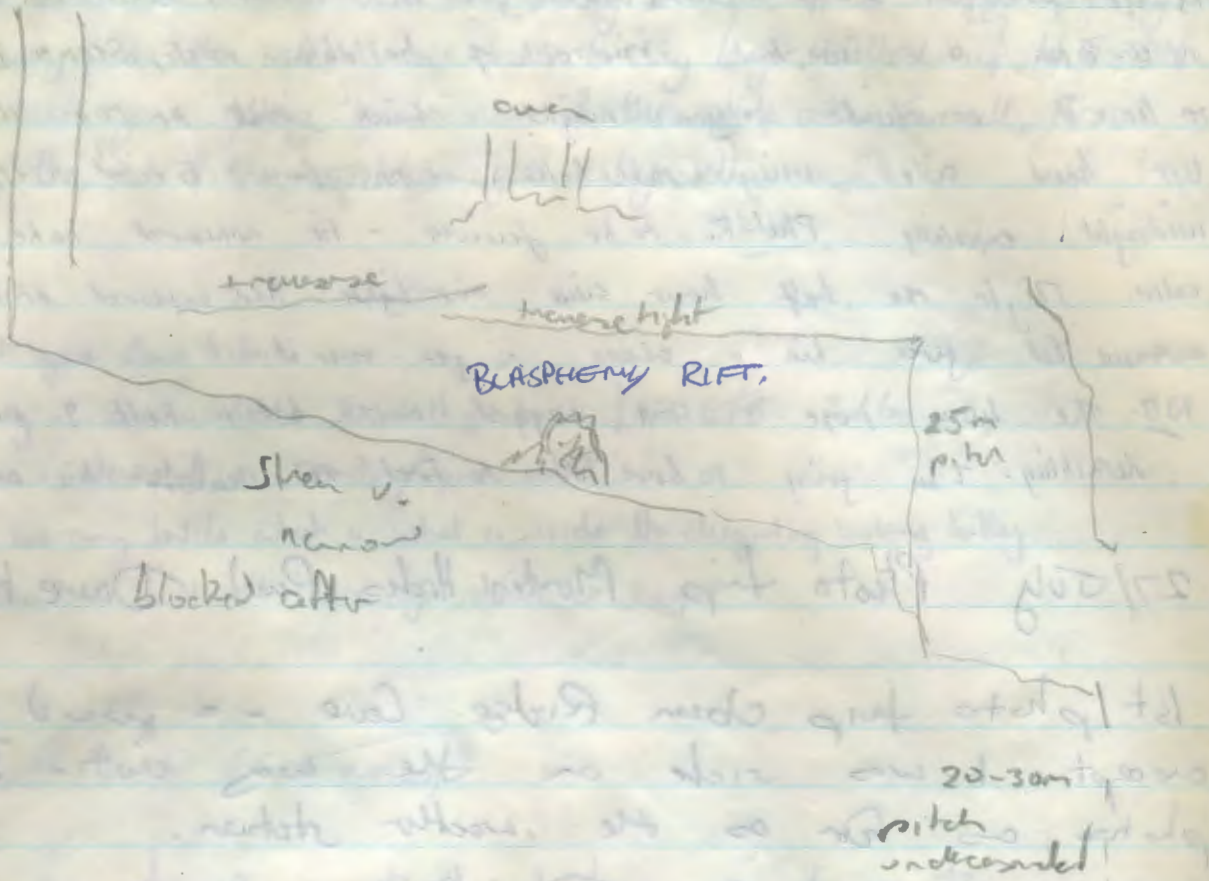
Water divining entertainment later. Basically it was proved that petrol and wine were unreliably detected. It seems the body is over the feature which is detected - don't ask me how it works but I believe it. John

(63)

29/7 F20 Pushing Dave H. Phil D., Martin May

Bombed off down F20 after having a quite
crisp. Beautiful big pitches, unfortunately several
(2) pitches had miles too much rope at the
top. Would you believe 3 long traverse lines. The
pitch after was the traditional OUCC (I.H.)
spider belay. Arrived at the limit of ~~the~~ the last
push, packed up 3 tackle bags to carry through
the rift. Then decided to push the rift without
tackle. Got through a very tight rift at about
the level (just below) the avars - ~~came~~ and found
a 20-25m pitch went back for the tackle
and Phil rigged the pitch. I put in a bolt
near the top, but the rock was a bit soft
(there was no 'che' to rig here). The main
hug was rigged from a wire & Phil had
the rope was too long short so a knot change
over was necessary. This I could & truly
coaxed up. Unfortunately I could bridge across
the pitch (just!) At the bottom of this
pitch was another drop of 1-2 sec + rattle
here which we had insufficient rope, & as we hadn't
found the combide we came out, picking up the
combide on the way.

The last pitch on the way out was
pass wet as it had been raining on the surface
& there was a stream going down the abutment.



27th July Bolting climb in Ridge Cave William & Sean

27th July Bolting climb in Ridge Cave William & Sean

The keen team set out to Ridge Cave in the looking hot sun [Sun? what's that?] determined to go anywhere & do anything. Caught up by Martin kicks & camera at entrance where Maryland Cookie Sponsorship photos were taken. (Good excuse eh?) Efficient descent to the big crumb where we admired Fred's climbing. I was prussiked up the rope first festooned with SRT kit, bolt kit, slings, bolts up to Fred's sling in the roof behind the boulders. How exactly did he get up there to rig it? After I'd worked out the cat's cradle we got back to the face, I remembered that we had no ladder to stand on. Prussiked up to the bolt & dubious natural or wedged myself in with the bolt at waist height while I drove one in opposite my forehead. NIS. This is much easier with an extra short cow's tail consisting of two Krabs.

⊙ The bolt driver is a lousy troll one & has no loop on it. I dropped it once. After this, a reig, then it was Sean's turn. We carried on bolting, putting in bolts alternately until at bolt no 5, I had a choice of bolting on the right or left. I tried on the right into a boulder which flaked, so I put one in on the left into a

(65)

main piece of flat boulder in choss. this cracked, when I put the wedge in & was left unrigged. DO NOT USE (unless you're a climber) At this point it was after 8 pm & as we had run out of boltable rock, Sean & I decided to leave it to climbers - you might climb ~~out~~ up the choss on the left hand side using the bolts as protection. Exited efficiently at midnight expecting Phil R. to be furious - he appeared to be amazingly calm. Maybe the half hour since our lights had appeared at the cave entrance had given him a chance to get over it.

NB. The 40m rope is still rigged on the bottom bolt & needs detaching. I'm going to have it to Fred to remove his own sling.

27/July Photo trip Martin Hides Paul Dave H.

1st photo trip down Ridge Cave - a good trip except I was sick on the way out - took photos as far as the weather station.

Dave H.

28th July F20 Survey from Entrance William, Iestyn, Steve Davies.

Being a mung, I was talked into doing notes never having been down a cave before. If I had, I wouldn't have been. Started from surface in wretched conditions just behind pushing party. I had decided to take precautions of not only Dometest but also a sweatshirt & ordinary long Johns as well as woolly gloves. These proved inadequate for a godawful surveying trip which took 1/2 hour per station, especially when being dripped on while sitting on a snowplug which ^{might} be just about to vanish down the shaft. Then at this point I felt so cold that I nearly called the trip off but I thought it would be too wimpy to go out at 11:30 pm or 7 stations so we pressed on to 8 pm or 15 stations while I froze, drew sketches suspended from a rope, spinning gently & tried to communicate with Steve at the far end of the pitch. "Can you see my light?" "Pardon?" etc ad nauseam. We caught up by the pushers on the way out & exited at 11 pm. Y do I do this? Nice prussik out though.

William

30/7/85

Well, this is it folks, I'm off home again, ^{what a primitive joke!} Having been absolutely appalling for the last day & night. ^{the weather} is now much clearer and sunny on and off so instead of being glad to get away from the wet, I now want to stay longer. Walked up to Torcada Blanca and down again, getting great views of the whole area. Farewell, Picos, and I hope the rest of the expedition goes really well.

Sue

30/7/85.

Bill & Paul gone down hill

Nicola going as soon as Phil & Dave H get back } from 6/2. 2/6.

Food on stove - stew stuff & tomato / pasta salad

I did far too many lentils which is what is inside the disgusting looking billey.

Hope all the trips wet well - see you down at Lagos.

2/6. R.I.P (for now).

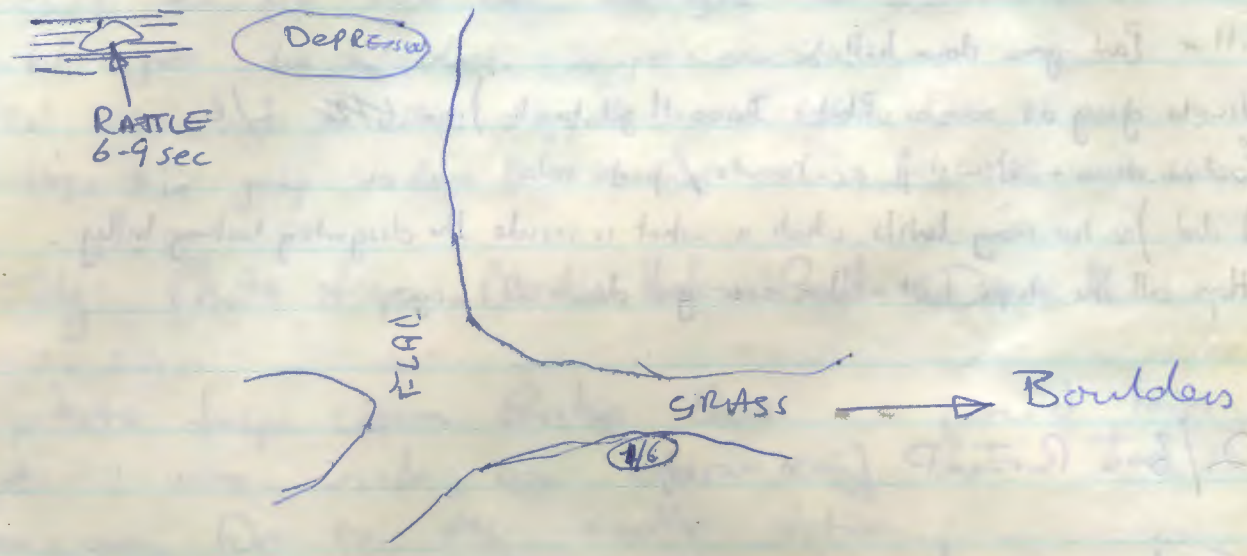
Set off during the later part of the afternoon to de-rig the above hole. A leisurely trip up to the ridge. Then a short search and Dave found it. Expecting the usual picos nasty shaft I soon found Dave, by this magnificent hole, rather like a small Alum pot. Well rigged from naturals, with large birds nesting in the shaft, giving the place the atmosphere of being in a Hitchcock film. Superb shafts in a parallel system like F20 but dry light-warm and airy. It was painful to de-rig, but we did so, no problems. That ^{exploration of} such a fine cave has to be prematurely stopped is a reflection on the high standard of carving on this expedition. P.D.

By the way, there's a good ratter Just

(67)

(A30)

up on the plateau above 1/6, to the right and directly up from the large depression with the "cement" like far wall. Its easy to find.
Rough sketch



A short alzhur trip (cont'd in the next issue!) Phil "We cave people, Gerhard, like squator!" Rose

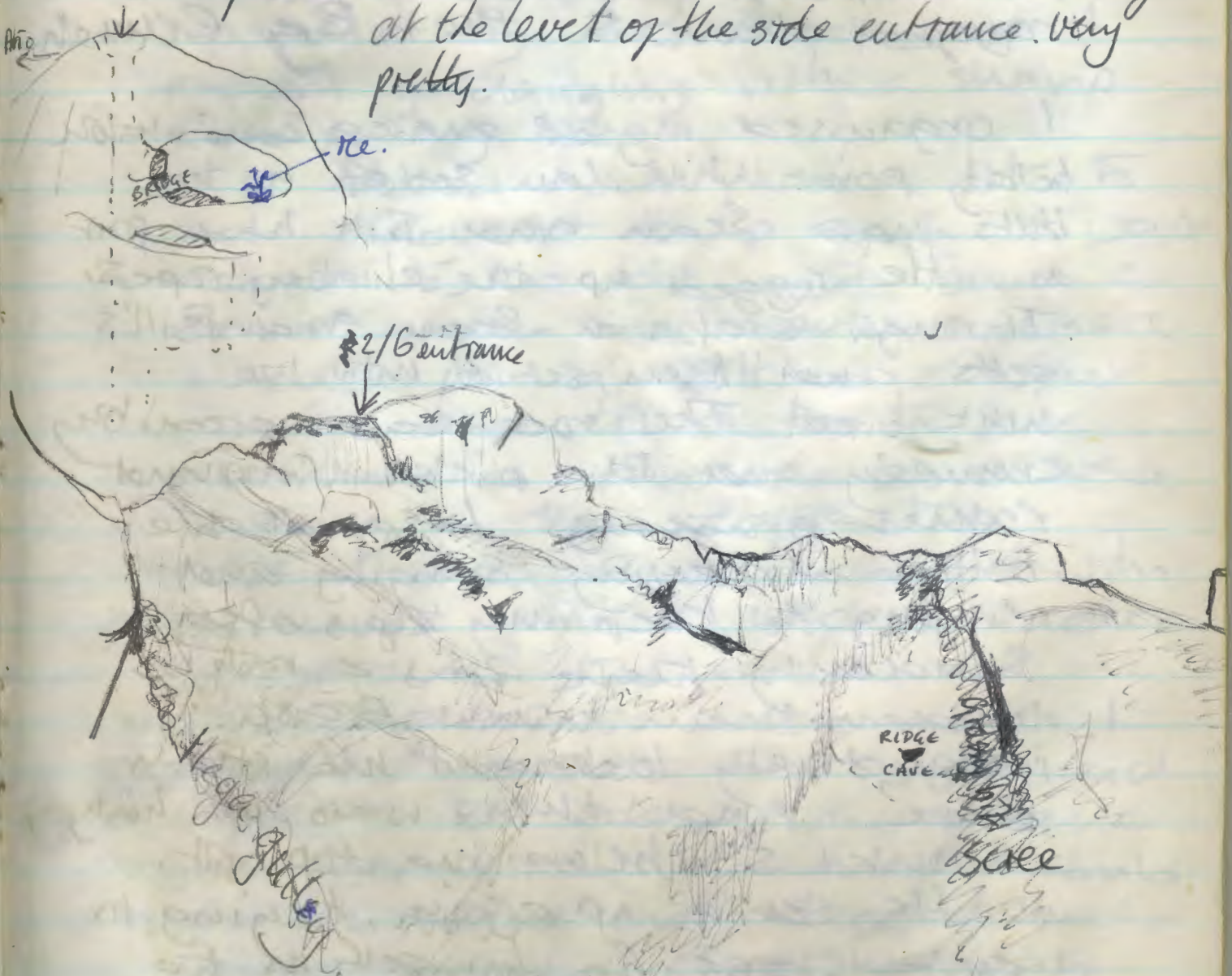
Thu 1/8/85 Picked up by Sean from Arid and dragged up with amazing (well for my standards) speed and directness through dense fog. Joined by Ian H. just below the camp and soon after by Phil² (R.G.D.), Martin² (H.E.M.) followed a couple of hours later. Ian & Sean back down to Lapsy. U.W.

P.S. Well Arid has been run down - and is now small & beautiful & by far the nicest place of the three! You can sleep late (interrupted only by reading the rain gauge), chase the cows & sheep, watch either the Picos or the mist or the rain, dream up exotic ^{fantasies!} meals, go to bed early... just my idea of holidays in Spain. Oh you who've pitied me & don't know how happy I've been.

Fri 2nd. 6,000 hero points to Fred, after I cut all his hair off to sap his strength, he walked all the way to top camp with me, via an overnight stop at Arvo; and he carried my caving gear up for me. What a man! Never got.

Margot "I'm an Englishman" Morris
("I'm a female Englishman")

Sat 3rd. Yesterday was a beautiful day, hot sun, cooling breeze, breathtaking views, so Martin H, Gerhardt & I wandered off to do a photo trip of Dave R's lost cave, 2/6. It didn't take us too long to find it & WOWEE is it impressive. We all abseiled down to the bridge at the level of the side entrance. Very pretty.



View of Ridge looking West from Top Camp Cairn

(69)

Wednesday 31st

Fred + Ian Ridgeave Push

An Appointment With Fear

I staggered up from Arto under a huge peak full of climbing gear, to find everyone wrapped in water proof huddles under the awning eating pasta.

We dodged up to the cave and trooped down to the Big Crunch.

I organised myself a nice comfortable belay point while Ian set off up the bolts near Sean and Bill had put in. He rigged up the climbing ropes through crabs in Sean and Bill's bolts, and then set off into the unknown. The rock was incredibly crumbly and Ian picked around rather gingerly. I sat at the bottom freezing, shivering and trying to keep my eyes open. Suddenly there was a rather louder than usual crash. I instinctively looked at the strike plate, and there was Ian hanging about 5' below the top bolt.

He set off up again, trying to cut steps for himself in the snow, but didn't get very far.

He came down and I went up. Above the last bolt the wall was made of loose earth with boulders sticking out in it.

I managed to climb up about 12' then a large handhold went.

Suddenly I was flying past the bolt, wondering how far I had to go before the rope caught me.

Then I hit a knob of rock, landing on my back. My glasses were ripped off by the shock, and I ended up dangling with a sharp pain in my back.

I abseiled down, had a bite to eat and set it up again. I went across to the left and found a point under an overhang where I could put a bolt in. I put one in and tried ~~to~~ to put another in. However as I was busting in the wedge the rock broke, and I was left with a driver with a useless anchor screwed on the end.

I decided to come down. I tied blue onto the bolt and started to ab down. After a few feet I realised that I could pendulum round the edge of the overhang, and claw my way up to a gully. I got to the top under another overhang, and