

ARIO LOG BOOK

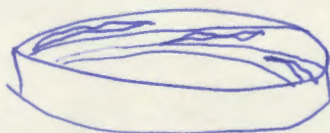
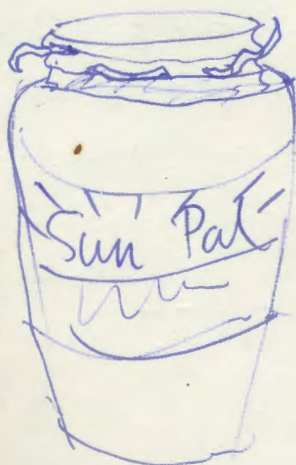
1990

①

NB

when you open a tin
of peanut butter or marmite
remember to wipe the
the jar & lid screw top,
(Worms crept inside them)

OXFORD UNIVERSITY
CAVE CLUB
LIBRARY



30/6/90

(2)

Ano Camp - Loy

Ano Camp is here again. tonka-tonka-tonk
so are the vacas & the stupid sheep.
Said hi to Julia yesterday + collected Big
Eric which was a bit mouldy but mostly
O.K. Its claggy so I'm missing the nice views
but at least its cooler for doing carries.
Dave M. has just arrived & insists on calling
me 'our glorious leader'. I don't know why,
all I insist on is absolute obedience &
singing the party song in the mornings (after
our exercises.) Ah well - time to burn
another dissident...

Sherry

(2)
30/6/90

I can't understand why I'm so stupid. This morning I walked up to Arzo in the day. It took $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours to get to Xitu but there were no problems with navigation. The five minutes from Xitu to Arzo, however, took 45 minutes and involved two trips to the Refugio and a near miss with a huge shaft.

About an hour later, at camp alone, I decided to fetch some water. Determined not to get lost again I walked directly along the edge of the knelt to the path, and thence to the spring. "The only place to go wrong", thought I cleverly to myself, "is not knowing when to leave the path on the way back." So when I reached the path I picked out an obvious landmark; two large rocks with big orange splodges on them. "I won't miss those." On the way back, I walked along, nervily whispering to myself, "oh look that's a pretty orange rock," I thought, and happily continued following the path all the way back to sod 4!!

~

1/7/90

This has been a good/bad day depending upon how you look at it. Sherry, Clare and Dave L. met, carrying ("see later"), I sat around, fetched water, patched my overalls and consequently cut my finger by using my penknife upside down and had to wait for Graham to come back to bandage it up for me. We ate, when we finished we went to drink some wine at the Refugio. We decided that if we had finished 1 litre of Viro before the cars returned, we would walk up the mountain and rescue them. Luckily, as we finished, our last glass of Viro Sherry and Clare appeared out of camp, so

we ordered more vino.
 Result: Gawn and Dave B moderately merry
 Paul Mann totally pissed out of his head
 All over Clare, saying delicious things and
 being weird.
 So much for a hard drinking session, ...

Dave B.

I thought I wasn't pissed, but I can't
 even see the lines on that in writing.
 I can focus now, that's better. Betteridge
 with better & that'll give you a laugh
 in the morning (with a capital I.)
 A cargo day so far (that's 3)
 & going to Passim's tomorrow.
 (Probably with Langouren). Not to
 worry. At least I'm now fit enough to
 get down - we have to go up in two, even
 if everyone recovers in a piss heat
 that started as everything.

Tave "Paul will look it all out for you later" Bell

The icons have put a sign at the top of the
 Valle Extremere. From a distance, it looks like a
 danger from falling rocks sign. It's only when you
 get closer that you realise it's not a rock falling
 down the mountainside: it's a person.

(5)

✓ auspicious date! *

2/7/90

The first rigging trip ^{11/7/90} starting...

Sherry as Rigging person (not a hard caver)
Clare as slightly stuck person (not a hard caver)
Dave L as "a hard caver" ^{*} ~~(who moans a lot)~~
(who moans a lot)

I went down & started rigging, the others followed when I'd done the top of the 2nd pitch & sat at the pitch head getting cold while I rigged the rest of it. The others followed me down ^{not it then} & I tumbled off down 7th heaven with the same thoughts as I always have ~~about~~ (surely those wires will fall off! oh... they don't.) The others sat at the top getting cold again & eventually followed me down. We went through paradise ^{squeeze} & Dave + Clare passed stuff through as I rigged it - a bit like an operation... 'TAPES'... 'tape'... 'MAILLON'... maillon etc.

Me + Dave went to the ledge of Flying Rebell's & I bunged a ~~per~~ rope down it, Clare didn't bother coming down to the bottom of paradise but I struggled in the squeeze a little which gave Dave L some strange sense of glee! He got some hero points helping Clare thru' & asked if I was alright coming up the Paradise ^{ladder} ~~strange~~ fortunately despite not being at all hard I managed to get my "weak & feeble body of a woman" back thru' paradise without any assistance at all! ~~up~~ Up we went, a slowish pousik. (Clare had fun and games in 7th heaven squeeze ~~with~~ gear getting stuck. Dave's light went out at the top of the 2nd pitch. I offered to send someone up to ~~in~~ ^{to} bandage but he preferred to moan in the dark. It was sunny when we got out & Gav + co were worried about us so much that they had hit the bottle.

* his own words

So I am a bringable & help a kindred spirit along life's lonely path.

Sherry

Possible Future trips.

⑥
DV

	Sh	CL	DL	DM	DB	GL	PM	TS	
Flying K ₁	✓	✓	✓						
End of K ₁ 2					✓	✓	✓		
Pass? 1 or 2 3	✓			✓				✓	
Parker 4		✓?	✓?				✓? or 4?		✓
If to let false Pass 5			✓	✓	✓?	✓			
if not 5			✓	✓	✓?			✓	

Absolutely not True
→ done wrong
I was really

Ideally 3 per trip.

Sherry "I've got a sore bum from sitting on my arse all day"
Mayo.

I wandered gently up to 2/1 with my Kit, amidst the clouds and mist. Mist is good for spotting animals - I came upon a small herd of rebeccas, and was buzzed by a vulture while I was having a breather. I got a bit lost as I left Ario, since I followed a line of very new yellow splodges that brought me to the metal sign via a preceptions and round-about route. At the cave I was surprised by the total absence of a snow plug.

I will now have a nag. Misinterpret my previous sentence.

(7)

and ignore my next paragraph at your peril.

All Petzl gear carries a large warning in its instructions that the gear should be kept away from UV light and preferably in the dark. At the cave entrance a lot of Petzl gear was lying out in the sun, being attacked by UV light (which is strong in the mountains {ever noticed how quickly you get sunburnt up here?})

MORAL: DO NOT LEAVE YOUR CAVING KIT OUT IN THE SUN. KEEP IT IN A BAG. IF YOU DO NOT, IT WILL GET INVISIBLY TRASHED.

I love paradise. Paul

(That's my contribution to the write up)

Paul "I just put in 18 inches" Mann (fnarr fnarr)

(Who's a big boy then?)
More to the point = who's the big girl?

The Second rigging trip 2/7/90

Gavin: Why are there no bolts on this pitch 'Lowe

Paul: I hate Paradise Mann

Dave: No, you carry the tackle bag 'Bell.

Very efficient start (10.15), got to entrance (11.03), got changed, went in (11.25), went down, rigged some pitches as far as ^{today} Graham's Taper Pitch — losing the position of 4 bolts on Gripper in the process — ate fudge and fruit, came out (18.00), got changed, came back (18.40), ate stew, went to Refugio, drank Vino, came back, went to sleep.

Also found an undescended 5-10m pitch at the top of Seventh Heaven Heaven

The Third Rigger Trip 3/7/90

Sherry [Our Glorious Leader & Rigger], Tony, David

Well, what can I say, it was an extremely efficient trip, even though Tony hurt his ankle on the way up to the cave. The only interruption to our efficiency was some fool who had removed all the hangers from Pessimists. The choice words that Sherry uttered indicated that there was quite been on taking a bolt kit hammer to the perpetrator.

I tried rope walking - I rope walked the ^{Sing to the Devil} ~~Bells~~ and Pessimists and then frogged the rest of the way. 'Nuff Said.

ps we got to the traverse below the ~~Bells~~ ^{David} Sing to the Devil.

Dave "I'll ~~quad~~ keep quiet" Lacey.

Rope down cave

30m to be cut off Pessimists

25m bottom StD, Sing to Devil

30m bottom Sing to Devil + tapes + wires

Going down today

~ 90m, 55m

+ tapes + wires

Going down tomorrow 65m, drill, hangers, mailons, bolt kit.

Use 30 + ~~90~~ ²⁵ to rig The Bells

+ 90 to rig The Bells + Armageddon

+ ⁶⁵ ~~90~~ to rig the Hundred

(9)

Shast Bashing

Tavin + Dave L

53/5 I Attacked the terminal squeeze with the drill. After 5 minutes, realised I had the bit going round the wrong way. Managed to hammer a bit off. Gave up when the batteries ran down, just before we died of hypothermia.

2/10 Went down to the previously undescended pitch. Rigged it off a loose boulder + a dodgy chockstone. At the bottom, a crawl down a loose boulder slope split into three. All choked. Also earlier in the cave I discovered a one inch diameter hole, which I enlarged to discover a 5m blind pitch. One bit of passage is absolutely covered with white snail shells. Not a pleasant cave.

GAVIN "Oh God, I hate Picos caves" LOVE

4.7.90

A message from our glorious leader, who returned in a shell shocked and ragged state from Onedo after a talking at from ICONA. The gist of what they said, as far as I can understand it from our gibbering and pale leader, is as follows:

1) They are not happy about litter, which they think is ours. This is partly because they obviously found the gear we stashed over the winter in the cheese cave. This means that IF YOU FIND ANY LITTER ROUND THE CAMPSITE [EVEN IF IT IS NOT OURS] PUT IT IN THE RUBBISH BAG AND CARRY IT TO LAGOS.

2) They say that we should not move rocks around. Obviously if they are needed to hold a tent down that's fair enough, but make sure that when you leave you don't

leave an outline of your tent marked in rocks, and put the rocks back where you found them.

3) They are also not pleased about a wooden beam they found up here, but I don't think this is our fault.

~~Sherry~~ ^{no} The Mathienzo team (YUCPC?) had ~~their~~ their canning permission refused this year. Our glorious leader asked if we would be allowed back next year. She was told "BE CAREFUL"

You Have Been Warned

David

P.S. We are only allowed six (6) small tents up here, so don't go pitching any more...

I have cleaned the carbide area & started a new fettle bag - Keep the carbide area clean ICONA may send a guard to check out ~~so~~ how clean we are being so this is very ~~important~~ important!

Sherry

6-7-90 03:17.

Hello, it's me again. We (Gavin, Dave L & Me) have just returned from a rigging trip, where we got to the ledge above the first false floor. I have nothing further to add of note about the trip, save that Dave L seems to have changed his opinion of 2/7.

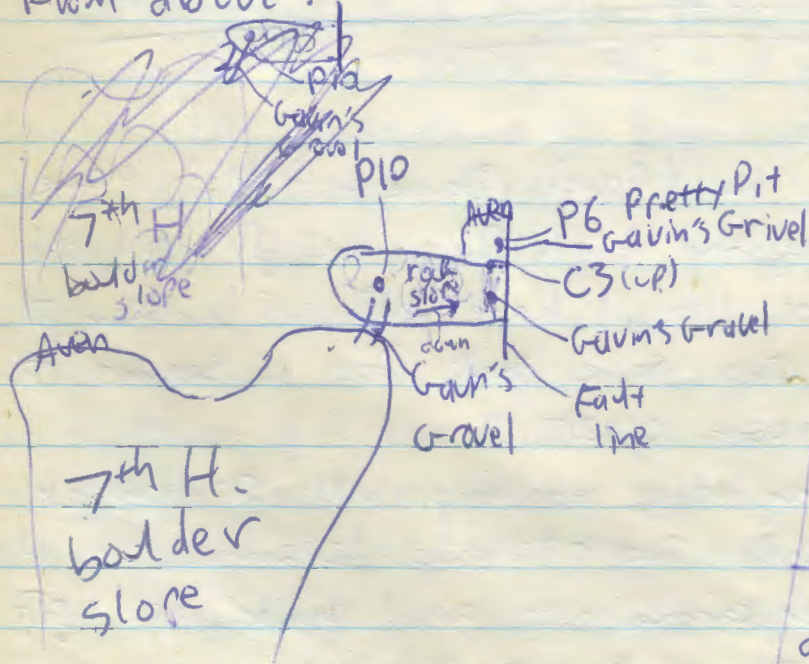
On the way out I was idly fiddling with a hanger at the bottom of Reimists. The fiddling became less idle as I saw that the hanger came out as I pulled it. I got the whole thing out with no trouble at all.

11

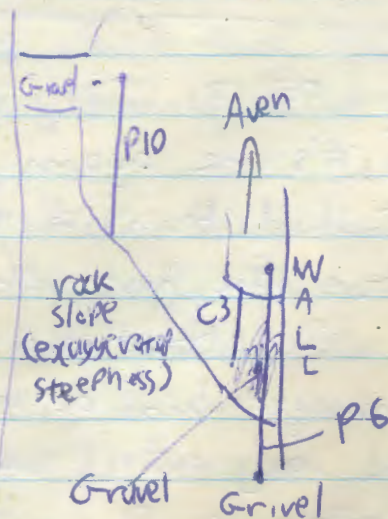
Dave "I don't like Paradise" Lacey !!!!!

4-7 Dirk & Paul went with two tackle bags to take to end of rfts and another tackle bag to explore seventh ^{boulder slope.} ~~heavenly~~ ^{up} ~~up~~. Exploring took longer than expected, so the two tackle bags only got to end of paradise. (They have since gone down the cave.) Looked at hole at top right (looking up) or boulder slope in 7th H. After hammering, a 2m gravel (Gavin's Gravel) lead to a 10m pitch to boulder slope, sloping down 10m horizontal & 10m vertically (very rough estimates) At the bottom was piles of gravel (Gavin's Gravel) against a vertical wall along an obvious fault line. In one direction ^{to the right} there was a 1 inch wide rift narrowing to zero. To the left a 3m climb lead to another small hole. After hammering this lead to a 6m deep pot x 2m x 1/2m, with entirely white walls covered in pretties, stalactites, popcorn, crystals, I could say anything couldn't I. (Actually it was very pretty) At the bottom of this pit (Pretty Pit) there was a small gravel (heading back under the gravel) big enough for an anorexic rabbit. Not so much a gravel as a grivel (Gavin's Grivel). No way on and no potential

From above:



From ~~the~~ direction on other picture



Also a rope was put up wall at bottom of 7th H. b.s. (beginning of paradise). Tackle bags with some gear left on b.slope is needed for further exploration in area:

I wasn't pissed off enough at the time to write something in the logbook at the lack of food and pile of washing when I got to a rd after 11pm and a heavy carry. If I knew I was going to get showered in shit about it, I would have written a winge just to cover myself. Anyone who blames me for not washing the dishes and cooking the dinner in these circumstances can get f---ed.

The Aggro page

Sorry Folks -

(12)

not when there's hundreds of metres of solid rock in the way.

Lacks like Mr & Mrs Together (Dirk & Dave) can't even read instructions on packeted food. - They haven't even got bread.

me & Clare went hungry at 1:30pm

- lacks like you might too -

Dirk was unless I can wake up early enough.

not really responsible

Paul Skew

it was all Dave's fault.

I'm going for sure kip ^(Exactly what I did D.)

Thank you.

DIRK + DAVE
WET COMPLETE WANKERS!!!

18 hours underground &
no food (not for Paul
+ (I are either.) ^{or Dirk either.}

I WILL KICK SOME ASS
WHEN THEY DEIGN TO
GET UP!!!

How pissed off do you think

I was, not only not getting food, but getting blamed for it as well. My

sentiments also

I don't care about the food or my way. You should have eaten of Bass

✂

Henry

(13)

7/7/90

5^m rigging trip - Tony, Dave B, Sherry
Tony says "perfectly satisfactory" Dave says "apart
from a few cork ups with rope lengths". Not
a bad trip - finished rigging to 1st false floor
& carried on to do rocky crumbly, cemetery gates, Mum
Guano gravel & down to the crash pad.

Stuff left at crash pad:-

Short rope - 10m, 10-15m

Remainder of 100m edited (25-30m)

Short types & wires, eyes (lots) hangers -
quite a lot but ~~few~~ mailleons, not
many krabs.

Bolt kit

All the useful things in the green backpack are
at the bottom says DB.

Sherry 
said we
no food!

7/7/90

"Carrying" Trip - Paul & Clare,

A very tedious start, entering the
cave well after 2 pm, we took our time
down the cave, carrying 150 m rope & 25 m rope
in bag, & a bolt kit. The bolt kit was left
with the tackle bag just before paradise, where
I intended to combine my climb.

I used the 25 m line to re-rig flying
rebell's, starting at the top of Paradise, having
asked Dave (at the bottom, on the ledge) if there
were 1 or 2 lines or at present. Getting the
wrong answer, Paradise was re-rope only
for me to find there were 2 lines, and I'd just
replaced the wrong one. - Not to worry, it looked

pretty tackled anyway. I then replaced the correct rope with about 15 m from the 150 of Polish I was carrying. We pattered through the rifts, with much cursing, as far as top of Grahams Toder Pitch, before making a turn round. More cursing, and then we reached flying rebels. I ~~also~~ chained the rope I'd removed from the pitches, detached, and sent Clare through Paradise - Only 1 swear word was uttered as she went through, I managed to restrain myself to 4 as I followed. Clare has yet to hear me in normal form, my ~~unrestrained~~ version makes giving birth sound comfortable.

Anyway, we carried on up, surfacing in mid-air, and enjoyed a slow serene slide down the mountain.

— All you need to know — re Tackle —
~ 130m Polish rope in tackle bag at top of Grahams Toder Pitch.

Clare — "I love my ^{children} ~~babies~~ sit Larness — I'll never be able to have ~~babies~~ again" — Is there something I should know? Yes, in a few pages time she will reveal that you can't put ~~children~~ ^{babies} in tackle bags

(15)

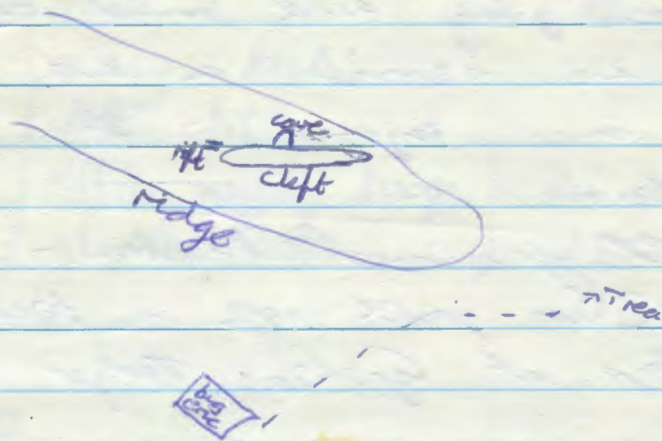
7/7/90

Shiftbashing Trip

Dave L. & Paul

At the top of the ridge (98° ^{from} ~~the~~ camp) there is a large cleft (20m x 20m x 2m). At the top end of this cleft I discovered a large rift (3m x 60cm x 12m deep).

Yesterday it appeared to be unmarked, so we went back. Today we found SIE ⊗ about 5m away from the entrance, but I went down anyway; all the way down to a boulder floor with no apparent way on. Ten minutes of digging revealed an extra 50cm of depth and still no way on.



Further along the cleft there is a strongly draughting entrance. Exploration revealed a connection with the surface above but no way through the boulders.

Dave L

oo
u

(17)

To be packed :-

BDH's

Carbide

Bog-roll

Rigging Gear

Survey Gear

Food for in-trip.

~~Salt~~

First Aid Kit

w/g. book

8.7.90

Awoke at 8.30am. Wandered blearily over to Big Eric. The tent was fastened securely; the doors were all done up and weighted with stones. Obviously I was first up. I started to undo the tent. Sounds of movement came from within, perhaps I was not first up after all.

I opened the door of the tent. My God, I was first up, and I was faced with a scene of utter destruction. I was also faced by the perpetrator, who affected not to notice as she munched at some pasta. No, it was not our glorious leader as a bungee, it was a cow.

The perpetrator was removed from the tent with a gap on the rump. The damage she had caused took six people all morning, and Paul the rest of the day to tidy away.

Later,...

Partnering trip to top of Rismusts.

Team 1, Tim & David.

In about 1pm, out at 6.30. What more is there to say?

David.

Version from Tim :-

Not much more really. Tediums rifts which are a
trifle dull after a while. Paradise more exciting with sublimeness
& all your SRT kit but I guess everyone knows that!
(by the way didn't make it all the way up with that
lot on). Met team 2 for a short while on way
out. All in all a pleasant (as Picos caves can be)
^{afternoon}
~~evening~~ evening trip.

Tim N.

Team 2 Dave L & Dirk

We set off with Tim & David, but when I got to the
cave entrance Dirk was nowhere in sight. Team 1 disappeared
underground while I waited, and waited, and waited. At
about 1.45 I decided even Dirk couldn't be that slow, so I
started back down. I finally found him at the top of the scree
filled valley. He'd ^{FELL OFF} tripped on the way up and had to go back
to bandage his knees.

We finally got underground at 2.40. I carried on to
the bottom of seventh heaven where I waited for Dirk... and
waited... and waited. Half an hour later he arrived com-
plaining bitterly about his tackle bag, which contained 200m of
rope, not fitting through the squeeze. "Tackle bag sub-
stantially bigger than hole."

And so we continued, slowly but surely, picking up a
third tackle bag at Graham's Todger Pitch, courtesy of
Paul & Clare, to compound our problems.

On the way down through the rifts I was somewhat concerned
to hear "Ohhh, Ohhhhh, AAAhhhh," from Dirk. "Are you
alright," I asked, thinking he must be injured. "Yes," came
the reply. "I just got my balls stuck."

The return journey was relatively free of incident and we got
out at 00.15 to walk down in the dark. Dave L. :j

10/7

19

Got up at 7.45 when Gavin came in. Gavin, Paul & Tony went caving (again) at about 10.00. Sherry, Tim & David followed at about 11.30. I went back to bed. Got up again at 12.30. I thought to myself "I'll do the washing up, and by then someone should have arrived from base." I was wrong. So I fetched some water. Still no one. "Oh well, might as well sew the rip in 'Big Eric' while I'm waiting." 5.00pm - still no one. "They must have decided to eat at base and come up later, I thought." So I had some bread and peanut butter. Then I put on a tape and lay down to read a book. 10.00pm - book finished, still alone. Sudden monumental flash of inspiration. "I'm alone at Arco Team photography will probably be out of the cave before I get up. They won't be happy if there's no food again. I'd better cook something." So I did... and it's tasteless and uninspired. Well I used up a week's supply of inspiration earlier on. Now I'm going to bed. at Arco again. Maybe I'll get down to base tomorrow!!

Dave L. ☺

PS Someone had better come up tomorrow. We've only got a quarter of a loo roll left!!!

Meanwhile, somewhere in a cave in the Picos... 10-7-90 → 11-7-90 Sherry, Tim and David went on a mega-epic-last-time-I-did-one-of-these-overnight-trips-I-swore-I-would-never-do-another photographic trip to Just Awesome & London Underground. We're using Tim's ginormous flash bulbs, which were packed into bag BOB's, and, much against our better judgement, a moko tin.

Zoomed efficiently down to J.A., redistributing food and Carbidie within the cave as we went. Here we met the

camping team, who were rigging J.A. with new Edelrid.
 [Editor's note: If you are abseiling on New Edelrid wrap the rope around yourself lots and lots of times, and bring a friend along to hang onto the rope for with you as you descend.] New Edelrid is fast to abseil on, and makes J.A. completely mind bogglingly "entertaining".

We followed the campers into L.U.C., and watched as they staggered off into the darkness laden like pack animals with bags of kit. Mr. Seddon had arranged his bags to hang at his side like a pair of mammoth diving bottles, and with a third strapped to his back he looked as if he were off to push a giant snup. [n.b. If this is giving any diver ideas, they had better forget them - I do not intend to carry kit for any diver anywhere near 2/1]

Then, under Tim's direction we flooded the L.U.C. with light, by letting off gigantic bulbs. I did this without his direction as well, forming a breakaway photographic team who let off bulbs without a camera being ready (or present.)

Swiftly on into J.A., where we repeated the process, slightly hampered by the chd din from the waterfall. Then to Cemetery Gates, where a final shot was taken before the trip was called off because people kept chopping bits of kit down the pitch.

Then we zoomed out, pausing for Tea at Armageddon [Good Thing!]. Surfaced at 6:00am, to a spectacular dawn. Total time ~18 hours, which seems quite good, considering.

David,

Dave it
 was here
 11/7/90

→ at least he made it that far.

some of us have obviously not graduated from laboratory walls.

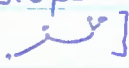
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NOTE:

On the way out I noticed the following:

ENTRANCE PITCH - marlowe(?) very furry, rub point at bottom with noticeable flexibility in rope. Needs replacing.

7th HEAVEN - rope looks knackered, very soft, furry and shiny. Needs replacing. ** People are abseiling down here too fast and damaging the sheath of this rope.

- handline at bottom could do with another bolt, because the boulder slope is becoming a free hang.. [i.e. rrig to 

FLYING REBELLES - the polish rope on this pitch was meant for rigging traverses. It is too flexible, too bouncy and is worn out. There are several places that, although not rub points, are getting close to some. This must be replaced urgently.

THE BELLS - the top of this bit (from the spiky traverse down to the second rebelay) is rigged with polish rope. This stretch is a good place for the formation of rubs (hence numerous previous re-rigs). It is stupid to use a rope that cuts like butter on this pitch.

F.F. FLOOR - white marlowe down here? Dreadful stuff. Destroy it. (Replace it too)

David

12-7 (noon) An ICONA employee came. (He spoke Spanish but there was a Spanish ~~acamping~~ who spoke English and translated, so I hope everything was understood. I think it was.) The ICONA person said we had 1 big & 7 small tents and we only had permission for 1 big & 0 small tents. I explained that our leader had believed there were 1+6 but in fact there had really been 1+7, and that we hadn't put one up since then,

and that we would take one down now if we had to. He said he would go back and check if I+7 was okay and tell us later. (I also said Sherry was in Canyon today which he seemed to know.) He left in a friendly mood, so there should hopefully not be haste about having the extra tent now, but we still may have to take it down later. Dirk

He came back. I think we have to take a tent down ^{when Jim gets a bag} I can take mine down. He also said something about the green bags but I didn't understand. Dirk. (I'm not sure if he object to green bags being used for things other than rubbish)

13-7 A cow got in and ate the stew.

13/7/90

Dave & Tristan walked up Base in the 48 mins after a very early start. Found Dirk complaining that a cow had eaten all the food he'd cooked - I'm sure it was just play 'cos he hadn't cooked anything. Poor old Dirk in it again.

Dave & Tristan, in a fit of energy cleaned out the cheese cans of all the rubbish - entirely SPANISH and then cleared out 54? and the cans we got snow in last year - this still had some snow & lots of rubbish. About 30% of this was O.U.C.C.'s responsibility (from 1986 I think.).

There are now 12 bags of rubbish waiting

(23)

to go to base.

Dave

14/7/90

Dave H. Dink & Tristan

Down to Gripper Pitch & out. 5hrs total.

- 1st pitch black marlow replaced.
- 3rd pitch (7th Weaver) rebelay lengthened with 3 marlows

At the top of Paradise Tristan's cable side stopped working. After 5 minutes conversation the fault was located. It transpired that, though Tristan had been told to get cable from the blue drum nobody had told him that the grey powder was spent whilst what he was supposed to put in his generator was the big lumps hidden in the powder!!!

- Replaced rope on Flying rebelay - removed eyebrows, beard & hair in explosion at cable drum at base of Flying rebelay.

- Removed ^{spent} ~~spoke~~ cable from bottom of Gripper Pitch. However there is a bag of shit under a pile of stones that needs removing as well.

- Left a bag & spent outside at base of
 flying rebekings as it was leaking gas and
 exploding regularly - should be brought out
 as soon as possible.

Dave

PS on the exit at the top of
 Paradise /water asked him for the
 entrance, and was extremely surprised
 to be told he had just done Paradise
 as he hadn't noticed anything particularly
 tight - well not anything to match
 the descriptions he'd been receiving from
 Dave Long back at base.

Several more attacks by Las Vacas during
 the night - someone definitely* has to
 sleep in Big Eric every night. It could have
 been much worse if no one had been there.

15/7/90

Dave L. and Tony have gone short backing,
 Dink is moving gear & writing letters.

The tabs need moving as the grass is starting
 to look very dead under some of them - especially
 Big Eric.

*Someone definitely must learn to spell

(25)

Dave H. Dave L. and Tony went to the 3sec drop - O.V.C.C.'s old shit pit. I rigged it and Dave L descended. He checked for any ways on and did a bit of digging in the bottom where he thought there was a possibility of a way on. We then removed four bags of rubbish - most of which was O.V.C.C.

Dave

If a way on does exist it would involve a large amount of digging - either a handstand position or flat out. Almost certainly not worthwhile.

Dave L ii

Shift Booring -

Dave Lacey & Tony

15 7 90

We went down 6/7, don't get excited, it doesn't go. Dave found it quite easy, we descended to the snow plug - no longer massive - in a chamber with little air movement and no obvious way on. At one part of the snow plug's base ice had formed, indicating some draught, and mining a few tonnes revealed an easy squeeze slightly threatened by pointed moraine. Through this was a small 6x5x7 foot chamber with no obvious way on. Dave dug at the base of the chamber while I fiddled about, finding nothing. Rogue Cave carried on for a while until I encouraged him to give in - it really doesn't go, albeit in a less spectacular way than 1/7. All the cave now needs is for someone to return with paint and cross the circle. Ah well!

16/7/90

Dave H Dink & Paul
go camping.

We need it aris

Cave Food - and lots of it
Veg.

Large gas for cooker.

small gas for lights

Bis bags - lots

Bread

Bog roll

maillards

rope

Molico

Marmalade

Chase spread

none

FOOD

We do not need more gas for the
cave !!!

P.S. we ought to move the tents to allow
the grass to recuperate. I moved Tony's
yesterday & Dirk has taken his down whilst
underground. If there is time can some of the
others be moved as well.

that they are
"The trouble with children is, too big to put in tackle bags" Sheri
"When I close my eyes all I see is rocks!" Sheri
"All that's on that cleaned washing up is snot." David M.

Monday. Jan is knackered but has brought an enormous no. of veges up to Anjo.
The straps on the rucksack were creaking badly. And due to starting out @
3.30, she didn't get up to Anjo until 3 1/2 (!!) hours later, + in very bad shape!

(27)

"The thoughts of Chairman Mayo" N° 23 in an occasional series - the trouble with washing-up dirty pans is that no one notices how much you get off. All they do is complain about what you have left on.

Well get it ~~all~~ off then ~~over~~

17-7-90

Today we moved Big Eric (we being Joan, Tony, Dave L and David). It took about an hour in the evening. Moving the tent was simple, we just unhooked it from the ground and carried it bodily to the new site. It took much longer to move all the junk that had collected inside it, since it was made up of numerous disparate items, rather than convenient boxes.

It was also the day of the double entendre. Les said the better, nudge-nudge, wink-wink, say no more, say no more.

He also rigged a big ^{snar snar} shaft near the old camp site. This was done in the Dave Elliot style, with traverses, Y hangs and rebays. D. Lacey will explain his rigging techniques below

Otherwise we ate and slept and festored in the once fashion

I hand over to Mr. Lacey...

David

"You can't ^{get a} ~~the~~ birds' insides out just by showing your hand up inside it + pulling!" David

Joan is still shagged + suffering from altitude, jet, lack of exercise etc. But can still make good flapjack.

- Oh woe, Oh woe + three woe. Aay me I aar broken hearted. I am sooooo ~~up~~happy. I aar sooooo loonely. I howl @ thee moon!
OK?

Sheri says "Please feed Graham when he gets here".

17-7-90

Once upon a time there was a man name Dave Horse (name changed to preserve anonymity). This man told me "El Tefe has instructed me to teach you how to rig." So off we went while I was getting hitted up Dave put a bolt in to show you how it's done. The hole was drilled, the anchor removed, the wedge fitted. Bang, bang, bang, crrackkkk. The bolt fell out. Dave had put it too close to a crack.

And so it was, two days later that a new team of instructors (David, Tony & Joan) escorted me to the shift (from from) again. "That's no good," they informed me about the place where Dave would have had me rig it. "That's classic OCCC rigging; perfectly safe, but a real bugger to get on and off the rope." So I rigged a traverse line. Natural back up - tape over a rock, followed by a bolt "slightly critical but it will do." Then a 1/2" lany - bolt on right hand wall, long wire over large rocky spike on left hand wall. This done I began my descent. "I haven't got a free lany yet," I thought. "But I should be able to rig a deviation off naturally." The hell I could, as John Wayne might have said. So I put in another bolt and rigged a reelay about 20 feet down and off to the left.

One 40' abseil, and a hell of a lot of worrying. "The bolts going to fall out. I've probably tied a ship knot. The mailon's undone etc." Later and I landed on a bloody cold snow plug. "That's not so bad, you might think." Well it is when it's covered in decaying sheep and chough shit.

After a brief look around, I decided that the area towards

the Refugio was probably most promising. But as I was clad in only a oversuit, and was therefore getting numb with cold (I was sitting on a snow plug after all) and seeing as the snow plug was about 20' high and safe exploration would probably have involved another bolt rebelay, and seeing as I was hungry and wanted some food (what a lot of ants), I changed to prussik and (tho's another one) came out with even more fear and worry, this before. On the way out I derigged the rope, leaving a hanger on the rebelay to facilitate further exploration, and came back to one of the best sites I have trusted for a long time - thanks to Joan and David (and Tony who cut up a couquette).

Dave L. ii

P.S. if anyone does go back there, the parallel shift next to mine joins up at the bottom.

18/7/90 Shaftbashing

Starring

Tony "chief missile thrower" Seddon
Dave "hunchback of Skull Cave" Harey

We set off at about Midday with the intention of finding 3/10 supposedly unexplored. On the way to the green ridge we found a promising looking valley with no marked caves. Gratefully dumping rucksacks we wandered off to explore. Half an hour later we had two really grotty looking entrances. Neither of us being particularly keen we tossed a coin to decide who would have the privilege of first entry. I lost. First one: a 20' shift. One dodgily rigged ladder

later we had a blind 20' shaft which we numbered 61/5
Second - a small slit in a cliff face. One crawl later we
had a small blind slit in a cliff face, not worth numbering.
We carried on. By this time I was undergoing the worst
my fever attack I've had for about five years and I'd
forgotten to bring a hanky. (I ended up using my shirt - yuk!)
Most of the way up the green ridge, with no sight of
3/10, I decided to have a rest. This involved dropping
rucksacks and eating lots of cave food. This done Tony
carried on up without his rucksack while I rested a bit longer.
I promptly fell asleep perched precariously 15' up a cliff
sitting on an uncomfortable rock. An hour later Tony came
back and woke me up with a story of a really storge en-
trance at the top of the green ridge on the edge of the
Jullayau bowl. We went to look.

The entrance turned out to be a hole on a dusty grassy
slope. The rock was disgusting loose shattered stuff - abso-
lutely useless for rigging. Fortunately there was a limestone
outcrop 10' above road which we put a long wire and hung a
ladder. Tony descended, coming back 10 minutes later
with a story of a really big pitch. Typically saying
bullshit, thought I, but I went down to look carrying a
80 metre rope.

"Throw a stone down," said Tony. Rattle. . . . BANG
"Wow, it's deep," I said. So Tony rigged a rope and we
went down. At the bottom was a large chamber full of
Rebecco skulls with no apparent way on.

"We might as well go out," said Tony. But as we
were going out I spotted a squeeze. Tony hammered while I
removed my gear. I got through easily. Much hammering later
Tony followed. Below was a small area barely big enough for
two. In one direction a squeeze to a very small chamber with no
way on. In the other direction was another squeeze leading to

(31)

a two inch gap between boulders. Through the gap a larger chamber could be glimpsed. We decided to go out and return another day with the drill.

Going back through the squeeze was no problem. Tony sent up the rope, checking a parallel shaft on the way up (it dropped back into the skull chamber). At the top Tony shunted rope free, so I bent over to tighten my chest harness. "Below," came the shout from 60 metres above. The stone fell straight down the shaft and landed on my back knocking me flat on my stomach. I was really lucky to avoid injury, and as it was I thought I was in trouble. Had the rock been any bigger I probably wouldn't have got up.

Sixty metres above Tony, having heard my shouts of pain, shouted down "Are you alright or do you need me to come down?" He was having visions of a major epic rescue. "I really wasn't sure myself whether I was alright, having visions of paralysis. So I lay there for a while wiggling every part that I could find to make sure I was OK." "I'm OK, but I'll be quite a while," I replied eventually. Getting out was slow work but was mercifully free of further incident, and we carried a back to camp leaving the rope rigged but taking the ladder up.

To sum up

80 metres deep and still going

Dave L ☺

This is

47	7
----	---

16/7/90 → 19/7/90

32

Dave H., Dirk & Paul go camping.
- slow trip to camp Zoratska way is
a real beauty when your knocked out
11pm and all you want to be is at camp.
- 17/7/ headed for the new find 'Soup
Dragon' passage. Paul rigged a traverse
along the left hand wall of Bod starting
from just before the first down pitch
in Bod - to provide easy access to Soup
Dragon. Proceeded to the short undersized
pitch found by Gavin & Co & missed it.
Paul descended & landed on a CAIRN.
Soup Dragon had landed straight in back in
Bod. Went back to camp very pissed off.
heal "another ... med that couldn't be beat"
and went to bed. Next day survey Bod,
Soup Dragon and down to the streamway at
both ends of Bod. Came out in 8 1/2 hrs
ish next day.

- Rope on pessimists is rotted through and
the core - has been knotted out

- PS if any one finds a jammer on the
big ledge or in Just Awesome it's mine
but ~~there~~ welcome to keep it.

One.
Z

19/7/90 Tristan + Joan go shaft bashing.

Not wholeheartedly for Joan as middle of day is v. hot despite merciful breeze. Scouting lower slopes of Jotayo between Tra + Jotayo path in desperate hopes. Joan found a hopeful entrance leading into a $\approx$ 30' rift that was blowing nice + cold. So they had lunch + then Tristan prepared to have a look + found that there was quite a lot of light in the cave. So Joan went up around the top of it only to find the strange device "OUCC 85 8/7 ~~8~~" in green on a large piece of rock. Yes, she had the ans of 8/7. Woopie. They skirted around to return + found the ans of another cave, sh well better look next ans (Spanish pun).

~~Ms J. Arthur Hutton Officer Gold (woopie) Joan, camp slob~~

14-7-90 → 16-7-90 Camp II.

There was a short camp at this time. On it were Sherry, Dave B & David. We went down in fine style, although we were a bit tired by the time we reached Zasadka way. Our glorious leader injured herself in a tight squeeze she needn't have done. I then injured our glorious leader by dropping a rock on her finger and cutting it quite badly. I then repeated the action, and caused further injury by dropping another rock on the same injured finger. We did, however, eventually reach camp.

A very nice camp it is too, we ate like pigs and retired for the night. For some reason [presumably because she is our glorious leader] our glorious leader got a 4 season inner, a four season outer, a Goretex bivvi bag, an alpinex AND to sleep in the middle of the pile. Presumably she was warm enough!

Next day we Surveyed Bod. We were very efficient. Sherry dithered, Dave held the tape and I did instruments. We were 50m from Pimpernel when it was observed that I was reading a 30° incline as 10°.

We went back to camp.

Next day we left the cave, find on the way a small rub point above the first false floor and a big one on Perminists (caused by rock fall?). Out in about 10 hours, completely knackered and demoralized (I was heard to swear in Paradise [I would justify this by saying that just prior to swearing I had bashed ~~my~~ my face against a rock, ~~and~~ ~~cut~~ cutting my lip and chipping a tooth])

In the words of our glorious leader the trip was
"A COMPLETE F***ING ABORTION"

Quite true, and I'm sorry guys.

Dave

P.S. I don't think anyone wrote this —
up earlier - if they did and I missed it you have the benefit of a second account.

21-7-90

Graham & Tristan have gone caving. They have taken some stuff for camping - all dried food and some munchies

Later - Dick arrives.

We spend a pleasant and productive day, moved a tent, tidied another, read, ate, drank.

The weather was stifling - very humid, although overcast and consequently not very hot. A girl (who informed us that she was from Madrid) came and scrounged a tea bag. Later she returned to inform us that there would be a storm.

(35)

The humidity, and the ~~dark~~ clouds piling up on the central massif, convinced us of her argument, so we spent a short time battering down available hatches.

It is now 23.42, and we await the return of the cavers (their lights have been spotted on the hill). The storm did not happen [or, rather, it has only 18 minutes left before the Spanish girl was wrong])

David

"THEY ALSO CAVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT"

It's what I'm best at!

love joan

↓ capital 'I's have no dot

Sunday

Fees what a night down @ Lagos. Saturday night mega disco dance in went on til just short of dawn. Camp O V C C played music + swapped remembrances of times past to keep up with the rest. ? lightening seen @ distance towards coast. Relief to leave Lagos even if a little late today. Smothering weather, yet another lot of mackerel sky + now @ teatime Sunday there are large cumulus clouds backing up very quickly over the Massivo Centrale + sounds of thunder are heard. Shu doubt that rain will fall yet. So its off to the Refugio to collect more water. Yipee.

NOTE PLEASE TRY TO ENSURE THAT THERE IS ALWAYS A BOWL OF HAND CLEANING STUFF BY THE PATH TO THE SHIT PIT, AS YOU SIMPLY CANNOT FORGET TO USE IT THERE. ONLY HAVE A BOWL IN CAMP IF ITS A 2nd LOT.

Yesterday a chap asked us if the water @ Lagos was o.k.,

So we chorused "Yes", "Ah" Quoth he "I have been told that those who have drunk of its magic waters have been turned into frogs who squat often behind rocks and emit foul smells and unctions". "Yeah" Did we reply as a man (or rather ~~as~~ two men + one woman) "Verily they have not rinsed their belaboured hands and sent the foul unctions into the depths of hell to reside with the very worms" "Aah" Quoth he, and with such curious smile as we did know that he knew our careful intent. And so did they go on their way to the fuente to rejoice in the cool waters and to give thanks for the same to quench the thirst and mop the heated brow.

TOUCH WOOD... NO SHITS YET!

WELL DONE EVERYBODY, KEEP THE GOOD WORK UP.

2/7/90 Trip down 2/7 to take a large BPH of carbide to top of Armageddon & bring out the spent carbide and also leave a load of goodies there ready for the camping trip. Unfortunately the only two tacklebags that were to hold were somewhat shagged and the BPH container full of spent carbide threatened to jettison itself into the bottoms of the rifts. A slow trip out and we ~~had~~ experienced a little difficulty negotiating ~~over~~ tacklebags off the top of Paradise rift.

We eventually got out at 10:45 pm wot no sun! - and so had to make it down with Graham's helmet laser and my Petzl searchlight. Made it back at midnight - dot on call-out time - very hungry and thirsty. However, our stomachs seemed to suddenly fill at the sight of Dave M's delicious curry!

22-7-90 Graham & Dirk Shaftbashing.

Went in search of 3/10 but didn't find it. Decided to look at bottom of the Click ~~and~~ ^{at} the head of the Trea valley. Found nothing of significance on the right of the Trea valley looking down - cliff face faces the gorge.

(37)

Joan: "do you know where Dave Horsky keeps his worms?"

Pawl "Don't think I hold being brain dead against Tony."

Joan "I just wish I could get him down there, strip him down ~~and~~ & ~~wash~~ him off"
(Watch out Tony!)

Mark "It's like a dick, only smaller" Bowen

Tristan "I have to put mine in actually" Kean.

Night of 22/7/90 Scene - The Policeman's 4th ball.

1st "Will this wind?" 2nd "Yes?" 1st "Will this wind be so mighty?"
2nd "Yes?" 1st "Will this wind be so mighty as to lay low
the mountains of the Earth?" 1st "No it was just
your average Picos breeze."

20/7-23/7 Camping trip Wtodek, Gavin, Tony, Dave L

We have rigged a traverse in Pimperell so it's
now possible to get to Egbert with dry feet. Also
looked at the climb up to a "Black Hole" above
the boulder platform above the streamway. It just
drops straight back down again. Noticed various
possible leads

Going Leads

1) Egbert

- At stream level. Unpleasant
- The water seems to cut right into Egbert, and
the main ~~stay~~ ^{net} carries straight on. A handline is
rigged up a muddy slope to the start of
a rift, which looks choked at the bottom, but

roof which is maybe ~~pos~~ possible higher up

2) On the platform of boulders (reached by a ~30m pitch, the bottom of which needs re rigging) a lined traverse leads to a choice of 2 routes.

a) climb up to the "Black hole": doesn't go

b) To the (R) leads to a draughting choice: the roof is solid, the floor is mud+boulders so this is worth digging

3) It may be possible to climb up somewhere between 1 and 2.

4) In Bod, between Changer and the pitch to Pimperell, an 'inlet' enters. Climb up to higher level?

5) In S.D. ^{above} by the "White Inlets" is a ledge.

6) In S.D., just after the traverse is a hole on the (D) with a window above

7) In Bod, on the (L), there is a ledge between PP + S.D.

8) In Bod, on the (L) after 30m is a 3 sec drop. Whodok thinks it's part of "the ~~pos~~ second rift".

9) In P.P., maybe possible to climb higher

10) In P.P., various undersanded holes in the floor

11) In P.P., in top (L), is a rift. Part of "the second rift"

12) Lost Paul's rift.

13) Climb over Paddington

14) End of Picadilly line

15) Large phreatic tube just after '89 camp site

Of these, I think the best are 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 11, 12

(date) **24-7** Paul M. Dave H. Dirk Shaftbashing Green Ridge/Trea Valley
 Went to large depression (30m deep ^{several 10m across} obvious) Nothing
 cave like except a rift/crack ^{25m high} in SW corner. This is
 called **6/10**. Consists of about four separate ^{connected to} passages. Does
 not go. Unmarked. No potential in this depression.

On the way, found another cave called **5/10**
 which is 50m N of the Trea track at the point
 where it starts to descend steeply into the Trea valley (at
 the first point you see the Trea Valley.) After moving
 surface boulders - $\frac{1}{2}$ m x 1m opening - 7m pitch into
 rift. Goes? Look at it. - Several possible leads for
 the perverse - I turned back as light was fading
 and the squeeze uncomfortable in shorts & t-shirt.
5/10 is marked. 6/10 isn't but don't bother.

23-7 Graham Paul M. Dirk. Shaftbashing in
 Valle Extremero. Walked down V.E. in search of caves.
 Got to woods. (About $\frac{1}{2}$ way ^{there}, a ~~small~~ ^{small} ~~one~~ ^{one} hundred metres
 below S3/5, saw a round hole near top of cliff, which is
 accessible from below or above. If you see a round hole in a
 cliff, look at it.) Looked at holes on right hand cliff
 facing down. One, called **4/10**, ^{leaving in entrance} ~~unmarked~~ ^{marked} 1m x 1m
 entrance, 5m horizontal rift to 7m pitch, lands in
 30cm deep pool 1.5m x 3m, lots of moss/milk/plowstone
 blocks rift. Now way on. Does not go. But it is possible
 that a climbable climb ^{15m} up cliff (protection advised) would
 reveal another opening into same rift with way on. May
 be in line with 2/7. Sorry that the description does not
 make it easy to find, but someone I will go back, or someone
 else does. May be other entrances in area.

Walk back along top of ridge but found nothing.

While we walked along ridge - found 29/5, and
 then returned on path to camp.

Jonathan + Sue Gave Down to CAIN.

Do NOT WORRY ABOUT US UNTIL
26.7 LATE AFTERNOON.

See You.

SL.

They is back!!

Dave H
about 15/5
you are correct
David Marshall brother
of Jonathan

~~FUCK OFF~~

25/7/90

Dave H and Soon re-rig 2nd pitch - seventh heaven pitch on one bight of Polish Rope.

Sometime early in the morning Soon disappeared for 2/7 without telling anyone. This meant that Dave sat around at base waiting for Soon to get up.

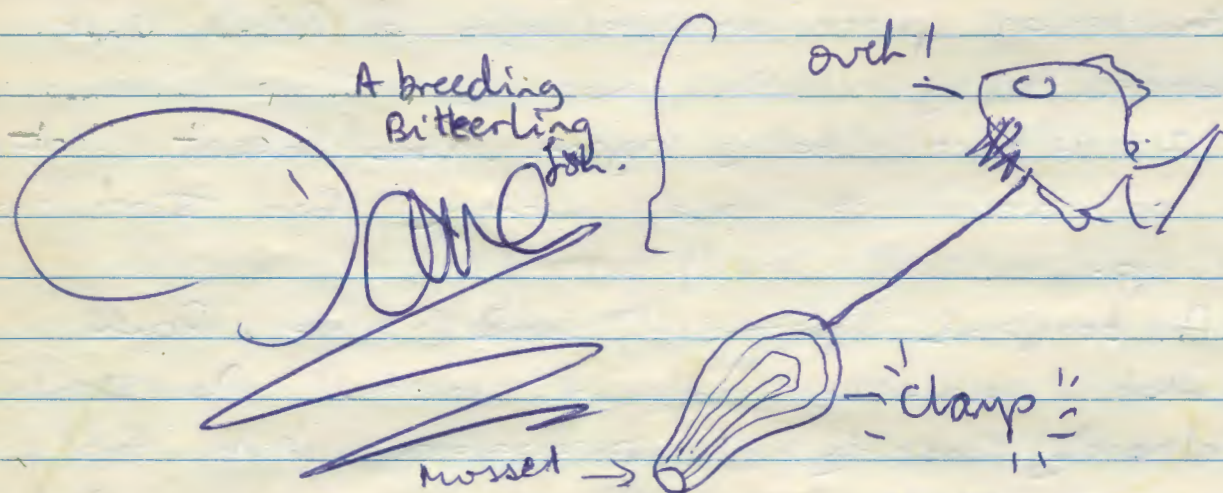
A camping party, David, Dirk & Paul were also planning to set out. As David was already ready I persuaded him to walk up with me. The others claimed to be about ready. Got up to 2/7 - got changed - 2 hrs later - still no sign of the others. Dave then proceeded to start perigging. The others arrived. After sorting out a cat's cradle of Polish rope proceeded over the second pitch - David pulled the old Harkon back up. Rerigged Seventh Heaven - was worried it would not reach - it did not. Left dangling 3ft above the river and had to cut and proceeded. Tried pulling to bottom of old rope & let go. Now 4ft - 6ft out of reach but can be pulled down with a janner.

you have to go down

if you want to go down

(41)

took a hammer to old rope to chop at
the 50m going up pitch, finished with
others still had not got down - soon
we headed out at at rebelay on 2nd pitch
At top of 7th however not David followed
by Dick complaining vociferously about
how I'd rigged the pitch. Exited in
double quick time. The rope of the 2nd pitch
& of Siebe creeks have been brought
back down the hill. Still needs rigging
110m of Edelrid would be best.



Sorry I didn't leave a message Dave, that was
pretty daft, still @ 7 o'clock what do you
expect?

Knackered entirely, & very reluctant I went up to 2/7
& had a 2 hour kip in a nice little nest made of
rock & carving clothing. This was blissful. Mr. Monghe
finally disturbed my slumbers after a couple of hours.
Very very reluctantly I got changed & stated to
go down. I used my petzl stop, but my hands aren't
strong enough to ~~unlock~~ unlock it @ the handle,
and so I may swap back to my bobbin. The
old rheumatism you know. Got down with strains to
the rebelay with David's old stop & some nice fast Polish

stuff. Then I got too low + with the freeness over the
campers I decided to go up + out to save hassle.
David M very helpful @ 1/2 of pitch. I was feeling
very mind blown out @ the time! Watched David M
go down + got the idea of what to do - so next time
perhaps I'll make it to 7th Heaven. Who knows.
David M also worked out that
given that I did 8M of 2/7
in 1988 + 38M in 1990, (unclear scribbles)
I would be 41 when I finally
got to the bottom. Oh well Hasta la Vista. Slow
walk down getting lost on the way. Back to splendid
soup by hot deck, + rice with fruit - yum yum.
The day has wizzed past + I feel pleasantly tired
+ stretched. Looking forward to another early start
+ ~~perhaps~~ more caving next time.
All you young ft people are very lucky + ft - stay that way!
Wimp Joan.

r s r k k 2 1 k 2 K K K
and 2 2 rns

~~[Large section of text has been heavily scribbled out]~~

obscene comment bye Joan removed by
Cilletate) censor

Joan of Dave H "One day he will marry a book + raise
a number of small pamphlets"

Did you know ← Th

(43)
Thursday the something or another late in July.

Oh dear - I got a bit pissed last night. It was pretty obvious because Dave H. wrote "I am pissed" across my forehead, so I knew I was a bit one over the eight. But I got him back later by sticking marvite on his back. Oh well, 31 yrs old + more childish than ever.

Ario is enshrouded in mist today. Now + then a very claggy cloud comes past + the sheep seem to become a forest of moving twiggy legs that tinkle tinkle along.

The ground sheet has been taken out of the big tent to give the grass a chance. If there were 2 of us we should clear everything out + pin up the edges of the tent, especially on a bright day.

Dave H + Tristan saw a Stoat carrying one of its young around just by the pasture huts on the path into the Valley Extremo. Tristan spotted the poor little thing being buzzed by birds firstly. It shot into the rocks + jumped the baby until we'd gone away + then it went about its business. Tristan tried taking a photo of the wee one.

Gavin → the 'I am pissed' got wiped off when I tried to imprint it on this book

26/7/90 Digging in 5315 Tristan, Jerry, Gavin, Wlodek, Dave W. (Graham later & (having given up waiting for Sherry))
Half way along known cave, floor of passage was excavated (lowered ~ 2ft) by removing boulders + building a wall outside. Digging got down to mud with light rift ahead & flake in wall must be removed to gain access (imp hammer + chisel required) to excavate down further the digging took e.g. pickbag will be required. Passage is draughting like

mad - it must go! Meanwhile back at

camp our gorgeous leader arrives back

A team from Maymarket cave club have arrived.

At the refugio we hear the sad news of Ynyarkij's death
- a great loss to I.C.O.N.A.

27/7/90

A bit of a jack going on at present, some more shafts have been tidied and Gav has gone to bash the top of Trea. The weather is very claggy - a third lot of flapjack is going on (I call Flap-jack a very appropriate name)

Dave ^(whoever) is being a real nag!

↑ if this is crossed out it says:-

"Dave Whoever is being a real nag"

I gave up shaft bashing 'cos it was so claggy I couldn't see more than 10 ft.

Later it rained

(45)

53/5 Gaurin + Jenny

28/7

Dug out a lot of mud + loosened an enormous boulder. This wants to be broken up + pulled out (it's too heavy to lift at the moment). Then more mud can be removed to pull out the next boulder, etc. Also looked at the climb up near the end. Squeeze leads to 2m of horizontal passage + choke. Maybe diggable but no drought.

53/5 (b) This is the entrance ~.8m to the right of the main entrance (53/5 (a)). Entrance squeeze (must be taken Seat First) leads to 2m drop. RISE leads of. Maybe passable at bottom, but easiest ~1.2m higher. Another squeeze (take on left hand side) leads to tube, which gets smaller in size + may get too tight, but worth another look.

On the way back, we found ~~61/5~~ 62/5 at top of 45° sloping limestone overlooking 53/5 valley.
Bearings 140° to 53/5 (out of sight)

22° to Cabeza Verde

74° to "boss" on ridge

96° to Cabeza Llanoria

Near small shakehole with choked rise at back. About 200 - 300m down valley from 40/5, to right of path. Cairn at entrance. O scratched on rock.

Description: 8m free climb reaches rise. May go in either ~~descriptive~~ direction. Beware! Loose boulders at top. Take a helmet.

Dave + I washed a cup that wasn't needed in the North

Camping in 27 28/7/90 - 28/7/90.

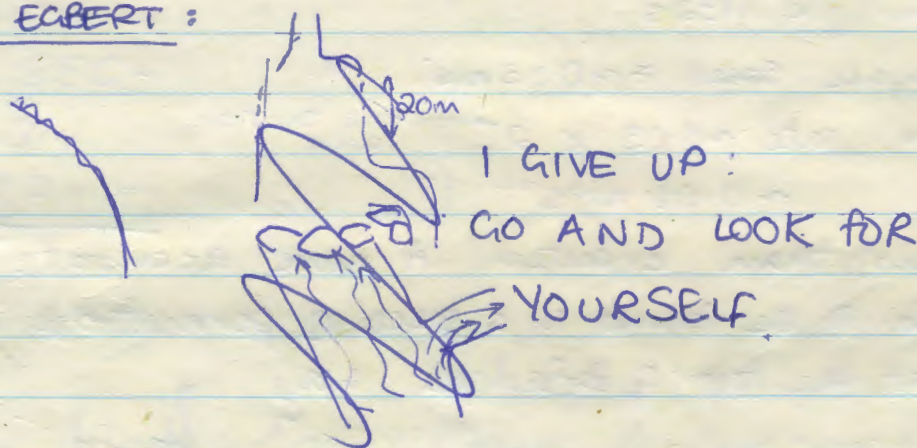
Paul, Dirk & David.

Arrived at camp in dribs and drabs, the average time being about 22:00, which wasn't bad, because we were quite late setting off. (about 2.)

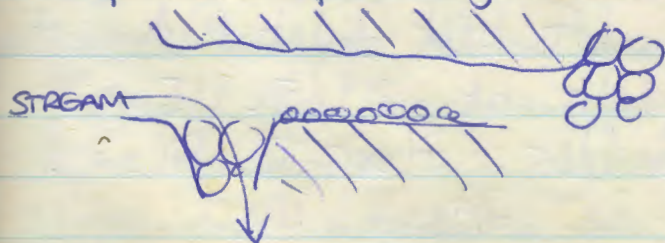
Next day we explored 'colostomy climb'. Paul & Dirk examined the gchoke, while I scared myself by first following the rigged line to the 'black hole', and then by botting up a chippy inlet. This was hard work, because there was a lot of mud covering the walls. It was probably also a waste of time, because it is likely that the body sized tube that makes up the inlet will not expand. However we will not know until we try.

The second day's pushing was done as a pair, since Dirk had decided to spend the day in bed*. We went to 'colostomy climb', but decided that more success was likely near Egbert. Paul inserted himself into Egbert, and soon found a way in.

AT END OF EGBERT:



It's 20m long, and degenerates from hands and knees to flat-out crawling. Initially the roof is completely solid, and I suspect the floor might be (under the shingle) too.



A POSTULATED
CROSS SECTION

At the end the way on in down & left, but is blocked by a few large - but movable - rocks. It is possible to get past them. Having spent 6 days camping & 3 days short-bushing in the last 11 days

(47)

them now, but there is a risk that the rocks would move and prevent an egress. This is where we came to a halt, and here only the left wall is solid.

On the final day we left. Don forget to take any food for the trip out (idiot!). This meant that we came out with 2/3 rations, left camp at 08:40, out by 19:00. Claggy, and I got lost on the way down from the cave.

A feeding frenzy was then indulged in.

David,

PS The reason for this write up was to mention the dye:

I put all the fluorescein in the stream at Primula point. It was put in at an average time of 23:00 on 25/7/90.

The width of the stream at that point was 4.6m, and the depth averaged to ~0.5m.

The ~~surface~~ ^{speed} flow rate was 5m in an average of 2 min 12 seconds. $\Rightarrow$

5m in 132s

Surface Speed $\approx \sim 0.03 \text{ ms}^{-1}$

$\therefore$ flow rate $\sim 0.03 \times 2 \xrightarrow{\text{cross section area}}$
 $\sim 0.06 \text{ m}^3 \text{ s}^{-1}$ (?)

0.038 ms^{-1}

$\times 2.3 \text{ m}^2$

$\sim 0.09 \text{ m}^3 \text{ s}^{-1}$

This is less than expected! A more accurate summary of results is to be found on a piece of permatrace now residing in a BDH at the top of Żóładska way.

David

Shaft Boring

29/7

am: wandered around a lot but didn't find anything.
pm: decided to have a look at 29/5. 15m
entrance pitch lands on boulder floor. I followed the 1980 route which is classic once rigging: tie rope to 2 large boulders + throw it over the edge; then put a bolt in. Better would be to

Scramble down the gully + have a Y hang off a bolt + natural. At bottom there are 3 obvious routes to • middle route (most obvious) chokes but possible climb above

- right hand route leads to top of rift, 2m deep, 1820cm wide. Not descended but looks to choke
- left hand route leads to top of pitch (37m) Y hang off 2 spikes. Y hang reelay at -5m, off bolt + spike. Lands on in wall rift which ends at muddy pool. at ~20m down the shaft, swinging right reaches ~~another~~ a parallel shaft. (v. long tape round boulder for reelay) (5m descent). At the bottom 2 small rifts lead off. Both hammerable, both draught slightly. One ~2m deep, the other 5 second rattle to pool. I'll go back tomorrow.

Gavin

29 July 90.

Jenny + Dave L SHAFT BASHING 53/5.

Very frustrating. Dave looked into the ~~left~~ right hand entrance (53/5 (b)) and found it continued to get narrower and narrower. It's still full of flies, there's no draught and the air might be bad (says Dave) Very unpromising! I hammered and hammered away relentlessly at the BIG boulder blocking the "way on" in 53/5 (a). Gavin loosened it slightly yesterday but it's far too big to remove in one piece. A few

(49)

minute fragments flew off - most of which hit me in the eye! Dave had a go and hacked off a large-ish lump. In total about 1/10th of the total was taken out. Oh - what to do about the damn shoulder - - - ?

Jenny

Monday 20/11/90

The Miss/Hymenhub. crowd have returned from the beach - they saw the divers yesterday (Sunday) who say that the lures turned green - don't know how seriously yet, but we may be in DEEP SHIT with ICONA - the problems could probably have been lessened if Dave L. had told icona (or got someone ^{else} to tell icona) that we were putting dye in - or if Dave H. had sent the message more reliably

Dave. (can be optimistic)

Jenny "I know how to use it, I just don't know what it's called"

↳ quote of 'back up delay'
JGV

Sponsorship Photos outside tent

Schwarz sauce mix ✓
Colmans sauce mix ✓
L&P chilli & garlic ✓
marmflakes. ✓
sugar ✓
curry sauce.
HP Sauce.
schwarz spices ✓
Twining's.

jif
Jinglens?
symp
peanut butter
marmalade -

9 sponsors so far.

?Holland & Barrett
Maryland cookies
Premier ICONA Biscuits
Club Biscuits chocolate chip shortbread
Jinglets / peanuts
Peanut Crunch bars.

August

	SCM	JV	TK	TG	DV	PM	DB	FW	GL	DL	AS	CL	DM
1													
2									X	X	X		
3		X		X	X				X	X	X		X
4		X		X	X				(X)	(X)	(X)		X
5	X	X		X	X								X
6	(X)	(X)		(X)	(X)								(X)
7													
8													
9													

X definitely unavailable
 (X) probably unavailable

3 DM BTG JV DV
 5 SM

Pinula.
 Marmite
 Mitons
 Thornton
 Alpinex
 Lyoro
 Inglaport
 Bats
 Gtswold.

Daleswear

Tuesday 31/7/80.

Oh my God, Edwards.
 The trip to the ICOMA office
 The terrible dilemma of the Green Cares
 Gorge

Oh Whata day.

NEVER MIND I FOUND
 OUR GLORIOUS CHAIRMAN
 in the Bar Rio Grande.

The pigtail was the giveaway.

Sorry I'm all a-dither. I've got
 the raging 'Edwards'
 Quick - pass the Browide.

JA

(51)

Tim "I pissed into Gavin's shinky, and he pissed all down my leg"

THE LEAN, MEAN WATER MACHINE ^{ooo}

ooo

1 Aug 90

What a scorcher of a day! There seem to be lots of people up here at Aris and water is extremely scarce. At the fuente --- "drip --- (10 second silence) --- drip --- (10 second silence) --- drip --- etc. --- moo-squelch-bang (cow comes and knocks over water canister)" Anyway, Haymarket / NUSS group went down to push 29/5. They chipped off a few flakes of rife wall, but the hole still isn't big enough to accommodate a body - not yet. Meanwhile, OVCC lot with away the time taking sponsorship photos. Graham and 'on glorious leader' go down for a fester at bare. David in plaster a camera around and Jenny sits posing outside Paul's tent, looking domesticated and in the process of consuming the yummy products of Colmans, Tate + Lyle, Mornflake etc. Later on Tim and Kate are subjected to similar treatment - posing in overcoat and helmet at the entrance

of the cheese cave, happily pretending to devour all sorts of carving munnies.

But --- as the day goes on, ~~the~~ water supply dwindles and the queue at the fuente lengthens and the drips slow down even more.

Toni + Jerry go down the "chuff shit pit" (shaft near refugio) and batter away at a lump of ice on the snow plug down there. Progress is slow - why? Instead of having ice picks and ~~shovels~~ ^{hammers}, they have to make do ^{with} a tent peg (as a chisel) and the 'digging tool' (as a hammer). 3 tacklebags of ice lumps are hoisted up. The system appears to be working - ice on black plastic bags in the sun such that the melt water trickles into the washing up bowl. Then, through a filter that is certifiably polluted with donkey sperm - so what!

DO NOT USE THIS FILTER AT
REFUGIO PUENTE (it has been used @ the
foul ones) {also had donkey sperm through it!}

Joan is water monitor. With a fastening toe like hers, there's not much else she can do! Some people have even resorted to trekking all the way to Bobien for water.

In summary, the whole day has been

(52)

devoted to collecting ice, melting it, filtering water, transferring water from one container to another, boiling water, sterilizing water and doing everything possible to save EXCEPT DRINKING IT!!

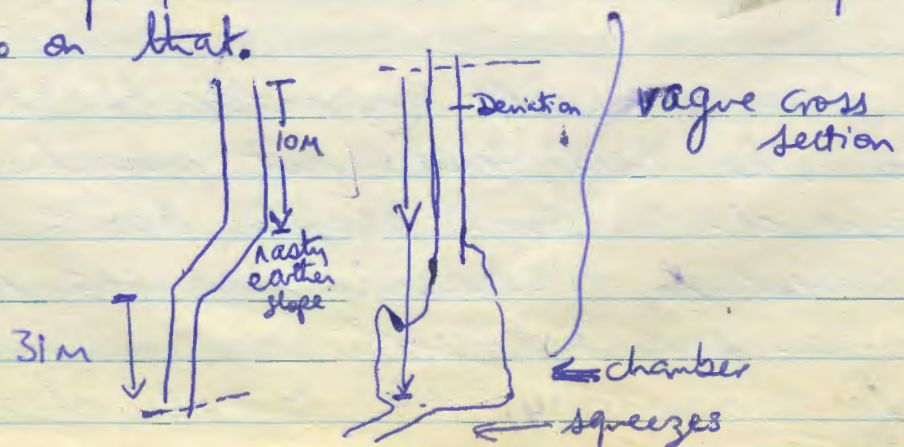
Tenny

Back to Monday

Tony Dave L + Jon take a civilized stroll up the hill. Tony descends 2/7 to fetch the bolting kit which seems to have been dispersed throughout 2/7.

Meanwhile Dave L went to the top of Joltays + saw a very stunning Swallow Tail butterfly. I slept in the sun. We got our gear together + headed down the slope $\approx 40'$ then on the level across to the right. At the junction of 'our path' from 2/7 and the Joltays path there is an obvious hole of about 3' diameter. There has been a cairn erected at the stone that overlooks this hole. BE CAREFUL $\rightarrow$ fall down the entrance + you won't stop falling until you hit the chamber 40m below. This has happened to lots of goats etc + a couple of ? foxes ? dogs.

Needs decent rigging. We used a natural around the boulder @ the top of the entrance but our back up belay was also on that.



So we used 2 ladders for entrance pitch (careful of trying to free climb bits so rather loose. Great care on earthen slope @ bottom - very loose + needs gardening. Earthen slope is only 6' long then 31m shaft rigged off natural overhanging pitch. @ about 14m down deviation (long tape req'd) on small notch. At bottom = large chamber with nice stal? climbable? upper small passages only 20' up from floor. One small blind notch, one small blind crawl, but one obvious crawl down + around boulders to too tight squeeze (but only just) ? 20m rift / pitch beyond now.

Tony + Dave L have a jolly nice little cave going. very interestingly enough, in the squeeze, the draught is going INTO the cave. Does this link with 2/7 + is the movement of air down there sucking air down via # Skull Cave? Couldn't link in the weather outside to explain why warm breath was going downwards.

I'm sorry that this is high on Tottay, and that we want a lower entrance, but if there are enough people this part of the '2/7 system' should be sorted out.

Thank-you Tony + Dave for a really entertaining day.
Thanks ever so much.

Joan

"Timi accused me of having neurons. Is that a good thing or a bad thing?"

DIRK

- and if they're bad, are they contagious?

(55)

30-7 to 2-8-90

Shaft Bashing

Shaft Bashing on the spur between
Tria + Extremes Entered 7-8 shafts between
10ft + 60 ft deep all going nowhere
Root.

shaft bashing left side of Valle Extr
Rish day found, S/E entrance high up
not fully posted (left alone no draught)
found entrance 15ft above path, just
below camp site (100 yds) started hammering
Wed got in Thursday, 25 ft deep
with draught in slopping rift possible
dig at bottom.

Entered various rock shelters and
small alcoves nothing big found or
seen.

P. Egan HCC
Peter T Egan

Party consisted of P. Egan, J. Robinson, D. West
S. Hall, S. Napier (HCC),
S. Openshaw, G. Whitehead
MUSS. Andy

2/8/90

My last day in Ario. Oh sigh. I've had 3 weeks of relaxing happiness,
joyously good company, 90% perfect weather and a multitude of
experiences both relived + new that belong to expedition alone.
And to everyone who's left Good Luck for the denig, hope all goes
well. See in Oxford in a couple of weeks.

John P. H.

P.S. If you could possibly bring me back one EDUARDO (ICONA type) I'd be eternally
grateful.

~~3/8/90~~ 2/8/90

for the information of those new to the water has shortages at Anio.

- ① The big black container is full of snow melt
- ② The small black container is full of B&B water
- ③ Chough Shit Pit is rigged, and there is much ice at the bottom suitable for melting. (Chough Shit Pit is near the old campsite, in the bottom of the bowl in front of the refugio)

2/8/90 Caving - Tim, Jenny & David

Joan came some of the way.

We went to flying Rebell's. We rigged the 2nd Pitch & 7th Heaven with lots of new Edelrid. It is a very fast descent. Several interesting points:

- ① The main hang bolt atop the 2nd Pitch was very loose indeed, to the extent of being $\frac{1}{2}$ unscrewed.
- ② The sheath of the polish rope we replaced was very stiff. This turned out to be due to the fact that it had been melted by abseilers going too fast. This rope is CRAP (If you think the sheath is bad, you should see what's inside.)
- ③ No more points

David

3/8/90

We are going camping, ~~ETD 08:45~~

↳ Tim, Jenny, ~~David~~, David.
Fred.

Plan as follows:

3/8/90: Travel to camp from surface

4/8/90: Move all non-essentials from camp to the top of Gusano Crawl.

5/8/90: Store all the items at camp that do not need to be brought out. Leave cave, denegging as we go, expecting to meet relief party in the shafts. Bring
Fred has just arrived and rendered all this

(57)

6/3/80

invalid.

Plan B

⑧ 3/8/90. Go to camp

4/8/90 Move all ~~non-essentials~~ camp to Heathrow, leaving non-essentials staged at present campsite.

5/8/90 Detackle out of cave until we meet our relief team whereupon we leave cave with one bag apiece (possibly 2 to top of Peruvians)

- 3 agosto - 90.

Por favor cuando vds. quieran intro-
ducir colorante en una cueva, es
necesario avisar a la Oficina del
Parque Nacional;

Pearo Fernandez

(The same one that spoke to me
about the 7 tents.)

23:00 25-7

It seems we still have to do something about
the die.

Later: They came back after finding a walker who
spoke english. Again explained that we should advise about
die before putting it in. The water turned green
from Colombo; from Cain it turned red not
green. I got through the message that we are
not responsible for the red (as they knew) but couldn't
explain why we didn't tell them about the green
(because it involved complicated tenses like "should
have told" — but forgot" which weren't understood).

They were friendly about it but we still may
be in the shit with someone else.

It is probably necessary to (i) explain all aspects of this
situation (e.g. why somuch die went in & why we didn't tell them) and
Dirk

(2) make sure it gets to the right person. It seems the talk to Eduardo did not resolve the situation.

I have spoken to Paulo at Les Lages
 E explained that we sent someone
 to tell ICMA about the dye but he
 forgot, E next time we will tell
 them etc. I confirmed dates / times
 etc. of dye putting in / coming out. Everything
 seems to be O.K.

Sherry
 P.S. Trying to meet Eduardo! Put some
 more dye in so I can't tell him about
 it.

Cavin Dave H, Dave L and Tony the last pushing
 camp / derricking trip

We have left above camp before the
 the traverses:

150m x 9m Edelrid

10m, 15m, 15m, 40m. x 10mm Edelrid

1x Dave H goon suit

1x " " sig bottle

1x rope protector

1x long wire

1x bolt kits containing hammer + driver 21 anchors

8 wedges, 10 tapes 2 survival bags.

We left the traverses into safe dragon rigged
 and the traverses in pin perch but derrick
 pitches down to pin perch.

(54)

June (who did some desigging after all)

GUYs - no chance of
Agua potable at Refugio
since 600 scouts are there though
Annabell is trying to get them
to put the can back under
the spring when they have
finished. Worth trying to collect
some overnight. I'm going to
find a Spring near Cueva del
Texas (beyond Muxa behind refuge)
to see if I can fill the black
~~water~~ water container. The non-potable
water that was in the container

(60)

is now in the pan behind
the stove. \$

Sherry.

p.s. I've borrowed some ones walk-
-man - The batteries on Graham's
have run out. (Its in G.A.N.'s tent

now)

4-8 August Shaftbashing Graham, Dirk

29/5: Tried squeeze. Too tight. ^{G.} Started to hammer, but
hammer head came off and is at bottom of rift. Also
tried other rift but couldn't get very far. Digging rocks
from floor is also a possibility. The hammering needs

(new) hammer and chisel Riffs look continuously tight, but
may be pushable. It is not clear which way is downstream,
though one is deeper by rock dropping. Main hope is to
get lower down in hope of finding wider part, in
which case could go either way (they are the same rift).

5/10: (see report 24-July). ~~8th July~~ (There are lots
of chucked, deep, shakeholes in the area and it seems
there should be cave underneath. This may be a way
in.) Go down 7m pitch. Rope is still ~~there~~ ^{needed},
but a ladder ^{instead} would save SRT kit. Down short boulder
slope. ~~Left goes~~ Two ways on. Left goes up and no where
Right is the possible way on - over small hole in
floor and through large squeeze is another. 5m long 10m high.
*The rift definitely widens beyond the squeeze. ** I think it may be better to stay
*** I think the rifts are parallel. Thigh up.

(61)

chamber. Up goes nowhere. Opposite squeeze into chamber is another squeeze. Too small, but floor is easily diggable mud. Take entrenching tool (and possibly crowbar.) ^{Hammer} Cave is visible beyond. Duffs slightly. Should be pushed. Digging would not take long. (Also a protuberance at top of squeeze could be knocked off with hammer if hammer not needed elsewhere.

[hammer as well]

Dick "why don't you untie the knots?" Vertigan

5/8/90

Camping & Densgung trip - Jenny, Tim, Fred & David.

Went down on 3/8/90, reasonably efficient trip to camp, meeting others at Armageddon and first false floor.

Next day densgunged and moved camp to Big Ledge. Zasadzaka way. This was hard work. Camped next to green pool on Big Ledge, which was very nice albeit somewhat draughty.

5/8/90 - We left cave, densgung as we went, with the help of Sherry Graham & Gavin. Lots of densgung done and all party completely knackered. David

6/8/90

Tony & Dave B detackled to the top of Perimints.

(and took out four bags)

The thoughts of Chairman Mayo, N° 73 in an occasional series:

mer
as well

To be or not be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
and by opposing end them.

7 August 1990.

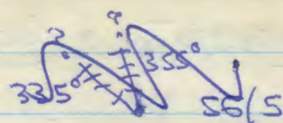
Tim suddenly, and inexplicably, decided to write something in the log book.

Dowsing

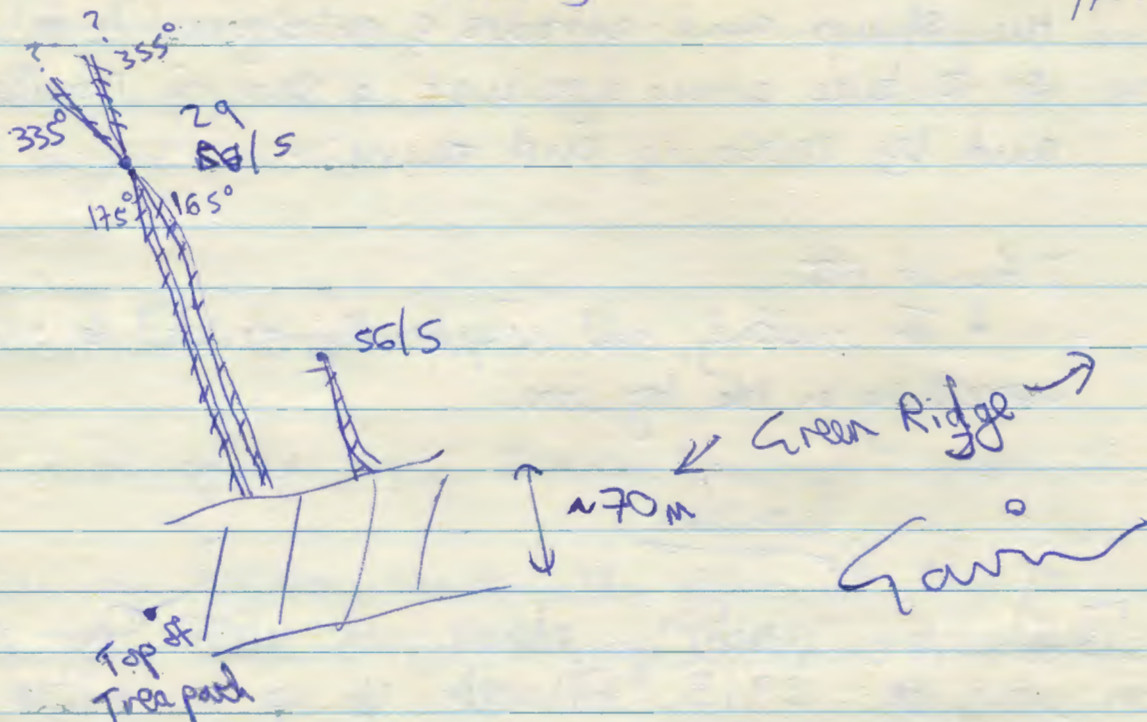
Found a reaction ~~about~~ just after Do las Cruces on way to 29/5. Followed it up to bottom of cliff below Trea / Jultayn path where I found an entrance ~~53/5~~ **53/5**. This is a very tight (possibly too tight) slot, descending $\sim 5m$. This may be near 12/5, but I'm not sure where that is. Following the reaction down the other way led down into the valley coming down from Jultayn. Here it met a large reaction $\sim 30m$ wide, heading $\approx$ on a bearing of $\sim 40^\circ$ (ie following the valley).

Then headed over to 29/5, 56/5 area. Followed parallel ~~paths~~ ^{reactions} from 29/5 and reaction from 56/5, to join reaction $\sim 70m$ wide near top of Trea path. See useless map overlaid. I think this big reaction is probably 2/7. This means that there is another big cave under the valley coming down from Jultayn. I intend to douse both big reactions to see where they go.

(63)



Dowsing reactions marked as

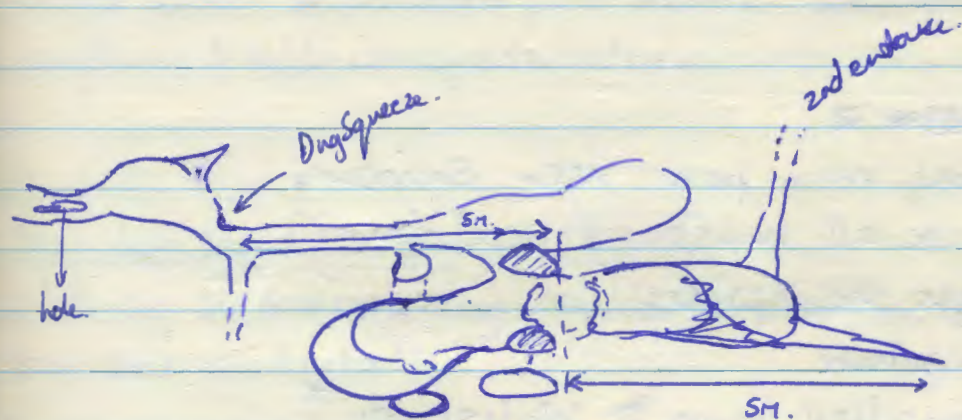


7th August 1990.

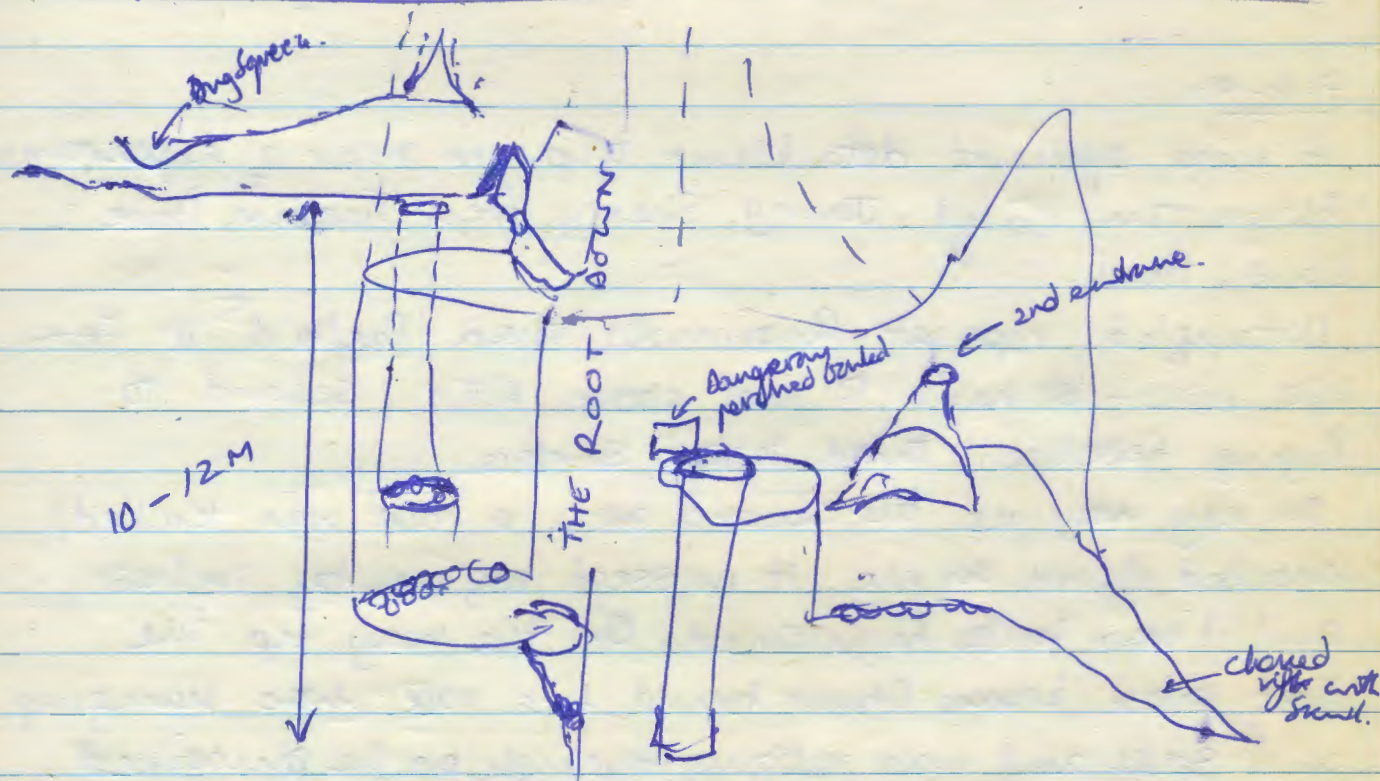
Digging 5/10: Tim G. and Dave L.

Dug squeeze ~~area~~ at end of small chamber (see report 4/8/90), and followed crawl (left) for about 5m - widens, lightens enough to turn. Saw small pot on right, then ends in small chamber with chored roof, but hole through to a 10-12 metre pot with a tree root hanging right down the centre. ("The root down"). Across is large bare boulder perched, and a small tube ~~below~~ beyond (down). All crawl right, even in the roof, close down. Halfway down there's a route over to another chamber, ending in a boulder-slope closing a rift ahead, with another crawl to the left ending in a currently too tight (but easily diggable) 2nd entrance (at 45° from 1st entrance on the surface). & 1st entrance is 50m from the point on the Tree path where it starts to get really steep, and

This is at 190° from the cave. Squeeze, and rest of cave, are at 45° bearing, largely vertical. Bottomed. We reckon Draft, which was intermittent, came through the 2nd entrance only.



Plan.



Tire & Dave L. Pulled "a small, insignificant" somewhere near 56/5" (which is room from 29/5, itself on a bearing 170°). Part of a large area of activity ~~near~~ pulled boulders out of a narrow, choked rift which currently ends in a small hole where the right hand wall

(65)

The thoughts of chairman Mayo - N^o 93 in an occasional series.
"- A damp furry suit will dry in a doline".

Garin is a furry Burglar.

~~There was a young man~~

There was a young man from near Salisbury
Whose manners were all Salisbury Salisbury
He wandered through Hampshire
Without any Pampshire
Until his mother compelled him to Walsbury *

7-8-90

A mega efficient detackling trip - in order of appearance:
Gavin, Tim, David, Jenny, Sherry, Fred, Tristan, Dave L,
Clare, Paul.

Untangled rope at Perimists then 'Paella'd'† it thru
the rifts - 1st haul to just above G.T.P., second to
flying Rebellée's, third to the surface.

On my way up the second pitch a rock was kicked/
knocked down on me. It missed me by inches,
and I was quite frightened. On the way up the
first pitch ~~xxxx~~ Gavin found the rope was hanging
on a spike and was rubbing through as he pumiked
up to the tune of "When this bloody cave is over" in
enthusiastic fashion. Dave Lacey is to buy us both

† Paella - ^{long!} pull an enormous length at once.

* for proper appreciation of this verse, the following points should
be noted:

- 1) The old name for Salisbury was 'Sarum'
- 2) A common abbreviation for Hampshire is Hants.

a Panche in the near future...

It took most people about 10 or 12 hours for this trip. This means that a team of 13 people detackled an 820m cave and camp in three trips [one of which could have ~~be~~ avoided]. I think we deserve some mutual & self-congratulation.

David

Pozo del Ojo de la Bruja 9.8.90

"Ends in draughting boulder choke suitable only for suicidal midgets"!

(67)

corners to form what might be a charlier - Certainly
stones rattled down for a few seconds. would be
worth cleaning if (a) it dropped at all (which it
didn't), (b) you're a nudger.

Surface Survey Summary

All coordinates wrt. cairn at edge of Z/7 doline
in order Eastings, Northings, Ups (to nearest metre)
Pothole of the Skulls: ~~209~~ 209 172 -26

Egbert (approx) : 920 610 - 820
Pothole of Skulls is just south of LUS, about 100m before
Marble Arch.

Friday 10/8/90.

3°C.

I am going down to Lagos in a mo.
Over the weekend I am going on a
little walk. On Saturday I am going
to Vega Redona and the Vegasbaño
1° 19' 30" 43° 10' 0" and sleeping near
there. On Sunday I am going to
Lago Yuerka and then over to Atto.
If the weather is bad I will go back to

Legos on Sunday instead of going over
the top to Arso.

If I am not back at either camp
by Tuesday morning please come
and look for me.

Love Free xxx.

Shaft Raising in Area 9

Jenny + Gavin

Looked at 10/9 - choked, and La Jayada -
old, loose + scary. Then went down 3/9. This
was originally ~50m deep to a snow plug.
It is now ~90m deep, and still ends in a snow
plug. It looks like this is the bottom of the shaft,
but a way on may just be possible if the
snow melts some more. Worth another look in
~1994

Rigging guide
Pitch

C5

P20 "Old ~~Log~~ Logs can't Rig"

P55 "Global Warming"

P5 "Snow way on"

Beltays

The Spike + thread backup

Spike + bolt Y hang

Spike + bolt Y hang

Bolt

Rebelays / Deviations

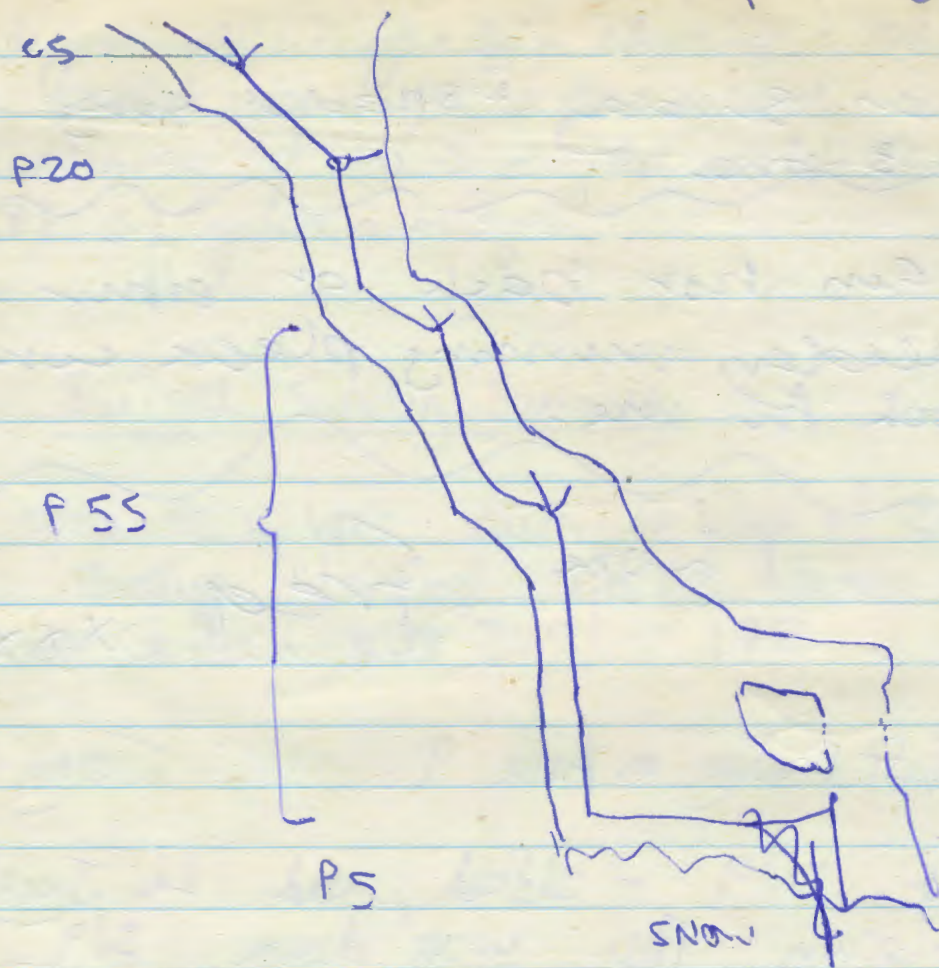
Deviation (medium tape on spike)

Rebelay (spike + bolt Y hang)

(69)

3/9

Grade 1



Sat. 11 Aug 90

Jenny & Gavri
shaft bashing.

Jenny saw a flock/herd/school/pack
(or whatever) of Rebecca, and a mouse
in Gavri's rucksack.

JGV

Late the same day..... a violent
storm - rain, wind, hail, thunder +
lightening. Big Eric almost blew away.
Gavri walked down the hill in
the epicentre of the storm.

~ those like colligates can be

11 August 1990

Base Camp to Ario Camp · 45 min 50 sec
by Stephen Gale — go for it, Fred!

10-8-90

Tony & David explore hammer squeeze in Pothole of the Skulls. Enlarged noticeably the hole, but we both failed to fit thru'. Spent a long time doing photography and were back $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before our call out time.

11-8-90

Sheny and David went to photograph and doing 29/5. A large part of my expensive electronics failed to work, and that which did work was left on the surface. The trip was something of a cock up.

On the way back we were attacked by a Picos Storm. Thunderbolts and lightning — very very frightening. Also hail stones the size of big pears and strong wind. The lightning got as close as
FLASH "one thousand" — Bloody Hell".

KERABOOM

David

"IF I leave now, I'll miss the worst of the storm"
I thought
"Maybe I was wrong" I thought, as I passed Xitu.
"Shit!" I thought at sod 3d
"Oh! It's stopped raining and started hailing now"
I thought at sod 3c.

55/46/41.
mising