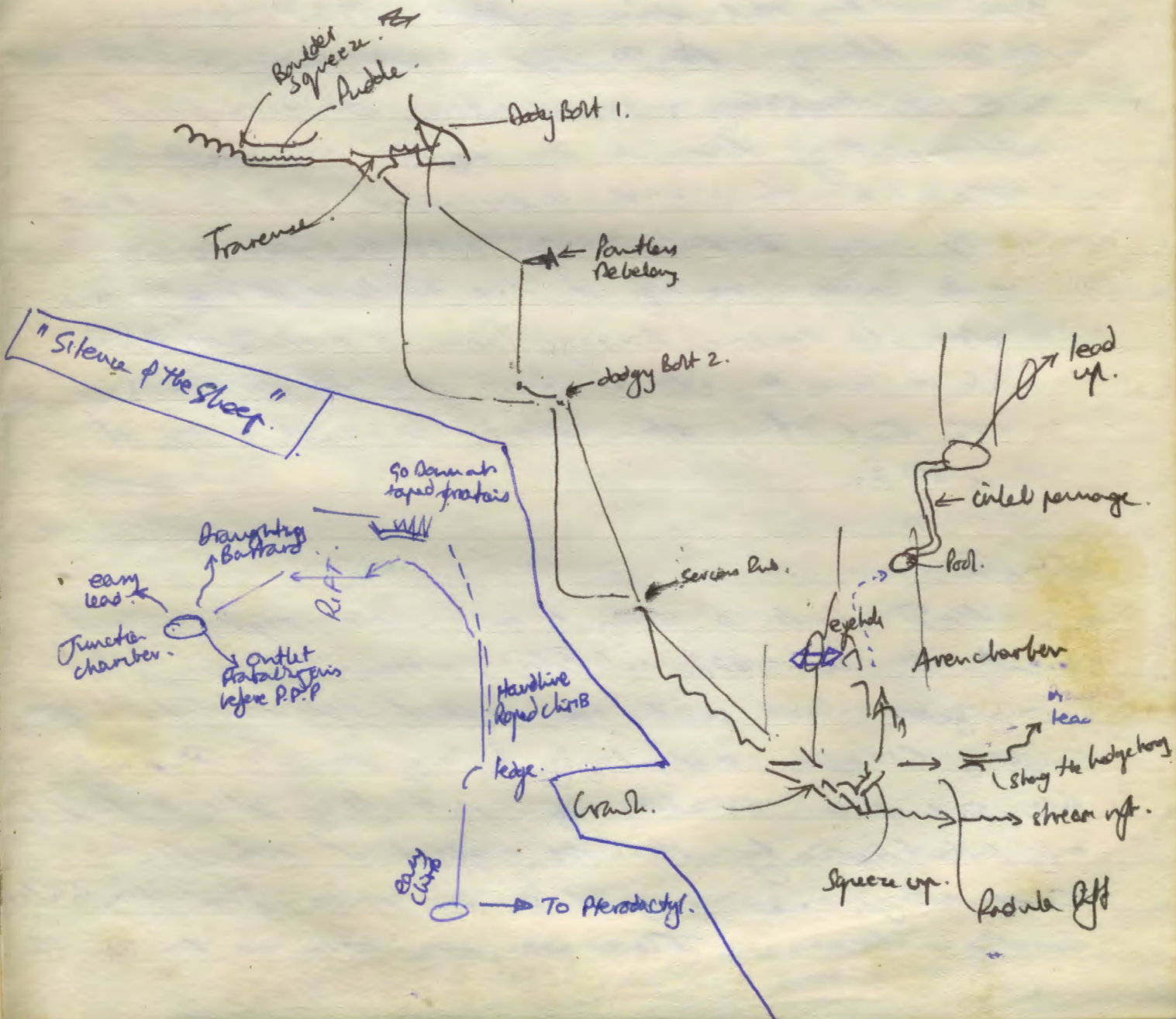


The chris at the far end (Tim get wobbly knees), rigged a handline, and found a very well decorated rift, ~~with~~ which can be continued down under the tape. to a junction chamber. The ~~rest~~ 1st route doubles back down the rift, ~~pass~~ through a tight squeeze, and probably ends up pinning at the choked inlet before Potholes. The 2nd is tight and draughting, and the third is not so tight, and not so draughting (both the latter are inlets, but might be worth pushing in case they lead to parallel rifters. Rerigged for Pterodactyl with a 15m, and came out 9 hours later. 3 ~~do~~ pitches, 3 draughting leads, and 3 snagged areas - a good day in the pias. Oh, and I forgot about the lead of the ledge - needs checking, as does the continuation of the rift.



18th July 1991.

reply 4 pages on---

Message for Jenny when she arrives: ~~the~~ someone has dropped the
 B&R paper tin lid down 15/5 - needs fetching.... LTRW/CL.

Underground Camp 2 - 14-17/7/91

Paul Ma
 Dave Bell*
 Pauline Rigby
 Chris Deakin

Day 1

Risky Start - I didn't get into the cave till
 3pm. We went down in pairs, B&R leading,
 Mr D following. Mr D had an epic time with
 with a tackle bag, consequently B&R got very
 cold waiting for us to regroup at Heathrow.

The line along London Underground is a pain, it gets
 in the way. The sad way it is as outward as ever
 - we couldn't remove it due to lack of rigging gear
 due to someone having thrown it over Just Anyone
 (& us being too wet to hunt for it at the bottom)
 To cut a long story short - we went to bed at
 1.30 am.

Day 2 -

Mr D took a wrong turn on the ropes, and
 went to Drucilla, not BOD, discovering we were
 using gear we used the rest of the day i.e. 300,
 rigging Clangers, and trying to rig down to Fine sh.
 We gave up on the old rig - not being able to find
 any bolts (Apparently it was rigged of rocks!)
 Consequently we rigged a new route thro' the boulders
 to the stream. The gear was retrieved from Drucilla,

(i) I put in the back up on rangers which has not been re-rigged! (ii) It was my fault Chris got lost got hypoxemia while Corastomy was altered, and the lower sets of lines derigged. (iii) I nearly (saw grapes by my) so I must have bin there
 (Mr D, brave soul, stripped off to retrieve something important looking from Drucilla. On closer examination, it turned out to be only a torn survival bag.)

* Was I there? I am not mentioned at all on I remember some things that happened

Day 3

Mr B re-rigged lines from Camp to BOB, (certainly a great improvement). Meanwhile, the rest of us headed off down towards Egbert. But at the bottom of Corastomy Cliff the water was ~ 60cm deeper - so was impassable. So we ended up spending the rest of the day re-rigging the base of C.C. to make a rope swing across the river, a wonderful piece of engineering, all of naturals, using 2 additional tapes & 8m of rope. Time moving on, and peoples being cold, a rebase was made from here to Camp, Mr D proving to put a belt in. A few spots could still do with Devices added, and the rope swing needs a lead line so the rope doesn't drift out of reach, but otherwise rigging seems sound; except of course C.C. - the bottom of which has just as many nub points as before, just in different places.

Day 4

Outwards bound - Again in pairs, Messrs Mr D leading. Long lead, setting off at 9.30 am, I spent a hour of Anagnorite ledge waiting for Mr D to catch up, so I can't relate him of the Darren drum he was carrying. By now, I was so sodding cold, I opted for anti-hypothermia plan of action - get moving. I carried on out, surfacing at 8pm, the remainder appearing by 10.30.

- Maybe we didn't achieve what had been hoped, we didn't reach Egbert, nor did we re-rig Zasadets way (due to lack of ladders); but certainly some useful work done I leave it to others to add a little more spice to the story if they so wish. *Rob*

18 July 1991

Tony and David go down Skull Cave. Got to the Eft with no problems save me getting stuck in the previous squeeze by my Prusik bag. I undressed of all my superfluous gear [helmet, light, SRT kit?!]. I lowered myself into the Eft and spent a long time trying to slim psychologically sufficiently to fit through. I did, eventually. I met Tony on the other side; he was hanging nonchalantly on a rope dropping down a big pitch. I went back out and spent a long time trying to slim psychologically. I picked up my gear and 90m rope and started back down. I didn't make it - my psychology failed and I decided that it would be more prudent to go up than down. This took $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, $\frac{1}{2}$ hour per 3 feet of vertical height gained. Tony was very patient, and patiently ate a lot of food while I hammered at the spikier bits of the Eft.

We looked at another inlet then we came out. It was very cold in the cave, very hot outside.

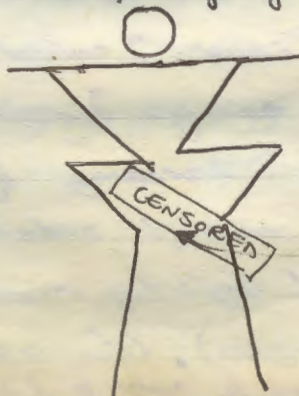
Tony "I hope you're not going to put people off skull cave" Seddon.

O.K. I won't. The Eft is passable, I have passed it.

However I have psychological problems with constricted passage, and it was this rather than the passage itself which ~~pr~~ hindered me. Try it, it's really fun [Happy Tony?]



my psychological view of myself:



David

I'm not sure what to put here. People might get the wrong idea.

18th July 1991

Dr. D. & Q go surveying.
Surface survey 12/5 → 53/5 is now
complete.

Dave

19 July 1991

A word or two of advice. If you have a knackered knee that you think is better, don't walk down to S3/S carrying all your carrying gear. By the time you reach S3/S your knee will not be better, it will be worse. If you wonder why I offer this advice the reason may lie in the fact that I am sitting at Anio with my knee wrapped in bandage...

David

Later. (16:58) Drink & David

Thunder is rolling around us, and the odd flash of lightning. The storm is about 3km away, but it is getting closer and the first spots of rain are falling.

We have battered down the hatches and closed all watertight doors that we could find (some aren't that watertight).

We have also put all the odds and ends of clothing lying in the tent into one bag. Try looking in here if you have lost something. The result will be that your clothes will come out smelly but dry. If you want one of these but not the other then don't leave your stuff lying around...

David

53/5 9L, MC, DV

18 July

Forgot a pencil so couldn't do any surveying. Pushed the end of Shagging the Hedgehog down to the top of a 10m pitch.

53/5 9L, MC

19 July

Surveyed to bottom of the pitches. Rigged the pitch we discovered yesterday. It drops into a 8m diameter chamber with a too tight rift leading off. It seems to open out a metre further than you can get, but will need a lot of work. It may be possible to pendule into a higher level in the rift.

19th July

Dawett & Q

53/5

Surveying.

Surveyed from stal boss at bottom of pterodactyl pitch up into "Silence of the Lambs" - From the four ways chamber surveyed down the rift as far as the 2ft straw. Hammered one of the other two ways out (the one that doesn't draught) tight squeeze led to left of passage to a junction.

Left was a 3m high 75° heading rift, 10cm wide with a slight draught, but a good edro beyond. Right was a 20cm diameter tube containing a small stream - both way too tight.

Dawett.

Joan says "Gavin's food was inedible - completely inedible"

Dear Gavin, This ↑ does not mean that I was ungrateful for some calories though, as I got up after 6 hrs disturbed sleep to pack + come up the hill with no breakfast. What I got at ^{and} was a lot of questions about why we didn't come up last night. Well I spent yesterday a.m. tidying downstairs and mending bits on tents + furry suits + washing gear and general household things while things happened to the van + people went down the hill. So I carried on fixing bits out in the humid sun and often having to chase away Vacoas because that stupid bunch of toss-pot Scouts kept herding the poor, confused infant into Big Jane almost. Then the weather went downhill to deep clay (could only just see Big J. from Force 10 which I had to clear cowshit off), plus even more cow probs. So I battened down the hatches and checked that the chick peas were soaking well, but didn't stop to have a cuppa or anything as I could still fix bits on Big J as the rain started. Then the shoppers came back as the thunderstorm started in earnest and rain siled into camp. We thought that it was heading up to El Xito which rather put us off, also there were very heavy skies to the South with the breeze coming up from there. So we started cooking (It took me too long to realize that the gas was slow) and had dinner just ready as Mr. Monaghan arrived @ Base. Unfortunately it was 7.30 p.m. and late to get dinner + walk up, although the heavy skies gave up + the weather stayed dry. So we stayed up late. I did because I didn't feel out of things + wanted some company. But I got up early to walk up only to be met with not one 'Hello' (until I asked for one + Dirk kindly obliged) but with stern questions on

why we didn't come up last night by Mr. Crossley ^{→ on his way down} who claimed there was nothing to eat @ Anio (well no veg. anyway) and with whom I did not want to debate, and by Dr. D and Dirk (who also kindly made me a coppa) which meant that I had a quiet cry to myself because of lots of things. Dr. D. tried cheering me up in the end by washing my face in Brandy (joke attempt to pour some down my gob from some distance - nice try but needs practise). And I suppose I shouldn't feel miserable now.

The moral of the story is that even people who are in the wrong might even so deserve a little sympathy and understanding. I shall try to bear this in mind myself. We all have reasons for the things we do.

Jan

12.45

- ① Dave & Dirk have gone & the water has been fetched - I'm preparing to batter hatches as there are some rather impressively bulky cloud formations building up over the back of the central massif. If the odd few splots now are a partent of that lot, we're in for a big one this afternoon. No thunder sounds yet, well they are so distant that its difficult to decide exactly what the ruffling is. The lower clag is staying put.

13.00

Deep deep grey over the southern Central M. Lower clag slowly rising. Wind getting up.

13.05

It's definitely thunder.

13.10

Oh shit here it comes.

- 13:15 Air temperature rises dramatically with ^{apparent} no change in Ario cloud depth. Humid. Wind dead, light rain. Lower clag still rising.
- 13:30 Situation stable
- 13:45 Lower clag descends, temperature ~~falls~~ drops. Slight breeze. ? Bad weather receding back to central C. Marif. Wind now up from the SE.
- 14:10 Lower clag gone, upper clag brightening though well spread Panic over.
- 14:11 The sheep move in. Panic.
- 15:00 Rain @ Ario.

53/5

SL, JGV

20/7/91

Couldn't survey 'cos the instruments were misted up. Tried to enter the rift part way down. Unpleasantly exposed and so gave up due to lack of nerve. Tried higher up. Success. There's now a rope through the squeeze. (don't unclip). Ahead is another squeeze (probably needs ~20 mins hammering), and then the rift seems to open out.

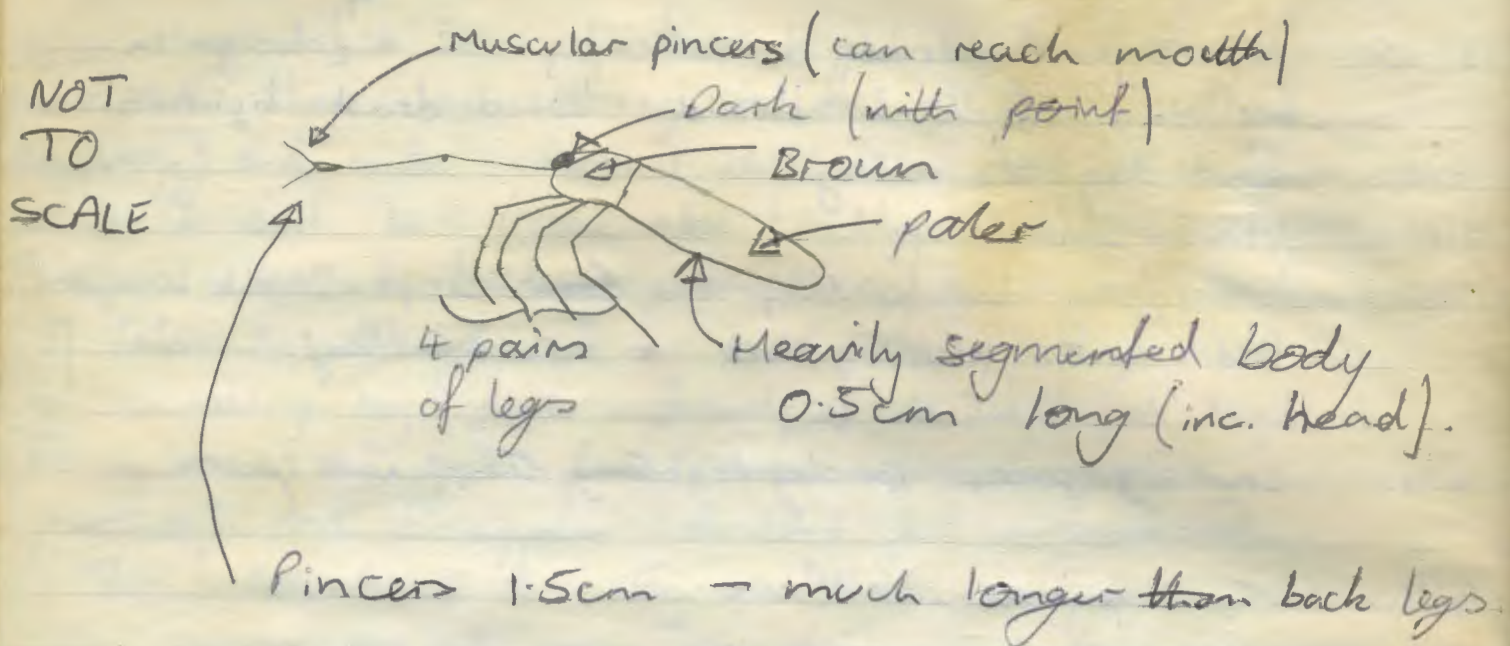
MARK / TIM / DAVE M.

53/5

17/7/91

O.K. so this bit is a bit out of chronological order but Tim forgot to mention it so I thought I'd better put it in.

In the rift between 'pterodactyl' and the climb down to 'pointless pithana' Mark found some orange crawly creature and called Dave who got very excited and called Tim to have a look. Tim made a quick sketch and took a few notes, which occur overleaf.



Original drawing can be found in survey notes 'D' for 53/5. No one knows exactly what it is (it's not an insect) but some type of termite or pseudo-scorpion has been suggested. Suggestions on a postcard please!
Mark

Cavin, Mark, Dirk.

18/7/91

Still out of order, but worth mentioning anyway.

While Cavin banged around in 'Charging the Medgehog' to try and make it easier, I followed the inlet on the other side of the chamber to the small chamber discovered by Tim on 17/7. An easy climb up (very loose boulders^{on top}!!) lead into a rift. An easier route at the same level just lead back into the original chamber at a higher level. A less obvious route leads straight up and disappears into darkness - well worth looking at but quite exposed and may require a rope.
Mark