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F56 11<sup>th</sup> July  
Gavin + James

Grade 0.5



After working in my first bolt I made the first descent of F56, putting in a wire re-belay on the way down. Gavin had been wanting to do this cave since last year so it was great that he stayed on the surface to let me go down. Snow levels were much higher this year however. When I reached the bottom of the wide entrance shaft I good see a wide through the snow floor.



Kicking it to make it bigger, I slid down on the rope until I could see the knot at the end and away on. Bugger, I prussiked up to get another rope put in a crap relay at the bottom and continued on down. Beneath the rift was a large ice chamber with 8 ft long ice stalagmites. The frozen walls glistened in the car bike light. After much searching for a way on, none was found, the bottom was blocked with snow. It will be worth returning at the end of expedition.

F64 - Bad Habits - Bill (imaginary) + Ben.  
13/7/94.

The slowspot men boldly left for a climb in Hlegless, several hours later we were at the bottom of Hornless, and I was about to have my first encounter with the source lodges at Connock. The first squeeze soon went, but I had slightly more fun in the 2nd lode. Getting my helmet stuck. However once we were through ~~the~~ and down Hlegless, James got his first ~~the~~ look at the climb ahead. After half an hour of sorting out all the ropes & tapes that had been stuck in to bring through the lodges, Bill decided to try the start



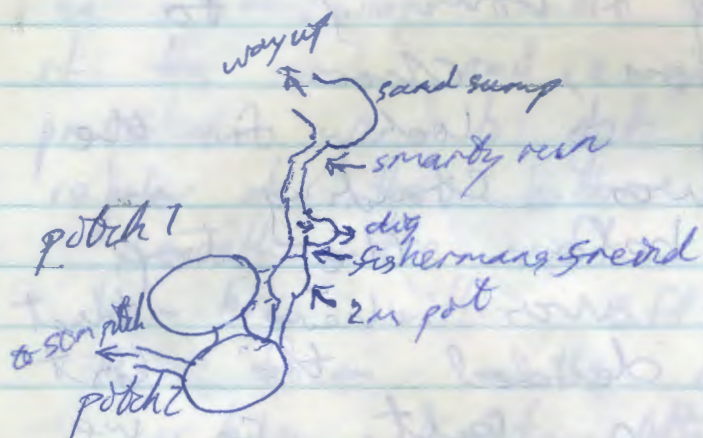
of the climb, it was over 3 hrs later  
 after much Uprig & Downrig, to  
 report his protection, choose  
 Chock-Stones + try to look for the  
 next move, he was standing on  
 the 'f' lobe, just below the top  
 of the pitch. It was here that  
~~we decided~~ the Bill decided the last  
 few feet needed a bolt, so we  
 left it there, having seen the way  
 on - tantalising at the top. On the  
 way out we had a quick look  
 at the rift in the climb above  
~~the~~ the bottom of mostly. Another trip  
 was left to finish "Bad Hobits" this  
 morning.

C-18-25-9-10-11-etc Rob, Bill (Real)

since Rob isn't writing this up, I suppose I better. Set off in the  
 mist after midday, arrived at the wrong place a few times, but  
 eventually found the entrance, waited for Tim, Annette, Wladek & Siddle  
 to descend then went down, masses of hassle with light, but  
 anyway went from little entrance of top of first pitch, into  
 little pot 2m deep, then through squeeze - 'Fishermans Fred' -  
 with lots of ripped overcoats into a passage going 2 ways,  
 one way down following a reasonable draught for about  
 10m to a squeeze with a 3-4 second rattle, up we go  
 through the 'smarty run' ~~trickle~~ (against the draught) to a  
 large chamber with a climb from which the draught comes,  
 hopefully to a higher entrance, & a sand sump (slight draught)  
 so next we checked out the 'wiggly bit' at the bottom of the  
 second pitch, good drop, but squeeze too tight & not easy to



Plan grade 1 survey.



Bill.

4/2/74



13<sup>th</sup> July 1994

25/9

35

A gentle breeze bringing hints of tropical flowers and the smell of blue water ~~teased~~ brushed across my face, cooling, soothing, relaxing. ~~The~~ The sound of ~~the~~ waves breaking at the edge of the Indian Ocean; the murmur of palm leaves, the whispering flight of a tropic bird laced across my peripheral vision.

"Is my Bacardi and ice ready yet?"

"Five minutes, come back the reply."

"Five minutes"

"Five minutes" Suddenly Wzodek's hoarse voice woke me, ~~pull~~ back to the hideous reality. A small sandy tube, a few strong, cold, carbide fumes draught bringing hints of fear and the smell of rock fall washing across my ruddy face.

"Still five minutes?" I shouted, two hours after ~~Wzodek's~~ Wzodek's first announcement.

"Fuck! Oh Fuck!" came the reply.

"What's wrong?"

"No problem."

Meanwhile, Snabbel rested in the ante-chamber, tired from a vicious bout of boulder ~~beats~~ getting and a long session of knot-tying practice, and Annette froze despite her "warm and fuzzy" generator down her front. Snabbel, surprisingly, was still alive, but that's another story, well, or no it isn't really: it's the same one. "Fuck! Oh Fuck!" Wzodek had said whilst wrestling with a restless boulder directly just itching to twiddle Snabbel's neck hanging 25m below on a rope with only his ignorance of the situation to protect him.



"What's wrong?"

"No problem"

~~She~~ I saw the boulder move. "Shall we have snallat?"

"No problem"

Right. I scuttled back to the waiting room, and gave some more.

"So, what did you do today, Tim?" , on arrival back to camp. "Well, Annette and I spent five hours ~~part~~ ~~was~~ ~~looming~~ at a climb beyond the 50 metre pitchhead." "It took 5 hours?" "Well, no, not quite that long. we spent some time sitting getting cold."

"So how long did it take"

"Five minutes". And it didn't go"



# THE VIEWS OF VERDELLUEGA F64 IN EVERYONES CAMERA





- Can this go in expedition report?

A typical morning at Top Camp.

"We need to drop some pits", Gavin suggested.

"Where?"

Gavin pointed towards old top camp, now a shrouded in clay. Bill, the power pot man, always ready to try any new carrying technique, turned his sleeping bag in a different direction. There was a dull thump, and Bill started digging in the spot.

"Nice soft carrying this", Steve blurted ~~about~~ too fast for anyone to understand.

"What?"

"Nice soft carrying this", Steve repeated, almost, ~~too~~ but not quite, too fast for anyone to understand.

"That", Rob interjected pedantically.

"Eh?"

"That. Nice soft carrying that. Not this, Steve. You aren't doing it; Bill is. So it's that, not this!" explained Rob.

"Look at that", squealed Annette, holding a strange ~~or~~ mullipede ~~with~~ in her hand, fascinated as ever.

"This, not that" Rob rumbled.

"It's got a furry tummy", observed Tim.

"No it hasn't", said Annette. "It's got hundreds of legs"

"Oh", said Tim.

"Thousands", said Rob.

"Why, have you counted them?" said Ben?

"Just because I haven't counted them, doesn't mean there aren't thousands", Rob replied with his usual remarkable insight for the vital.



~~starts~~ Meanwhile, Bill had given up digging with his ~~for~~ sleeping bag and had found a ~~clean~~ clean flat bit of rock. Flat, round, safe.

"What is it?"

"A rock, I think", said Bill (real Bill).

"Wow!", said James, and rushed off to melt snow on top of the snow pole.

~~Then~~ It was indeed a rock. That is, until Wzodek got involved. Then, within ~~seconds~~ <sup>and</sup> minutes (well, five minutes), ~~as had~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~the~~ a frenzied getting Gonanza later, a hideous loose and dangerous boulder chove had appeared with Wzodek half way down it.

"Fuck! Oh Fuck!"

"Tea's up", Michelle cheerfully.

"Where?" ~~ex~~ said Rob.

"What?" said Michelle?

"Up where?", said Rob.

"Oh, up yours", retorted Michelle.

"So who's going carrying?", Gavin died again worriedly.

"Everyone", said everyone.

"Even Tim?"

"He hasn't decided yet", said everyone.

Tim

Paul says "standing around naked is not the best way of advertising myself"

Mich says "I'll have a go at Tim's Planner"



(10)

14<sup>th</sup> July 1994

F71

Steve + Tim.

Finally, at 8pm, Steve managed to persuade Tim to go and accompany him on a re-rigging trip in F71 (just 10 minutes from camp). "You can hammer the squeeze at the bottom", enticed Steve.

So, ~~to~~ <sup>5</sup> metres down thru old Poljemo cave, started work on the squeeze - pushing boulders out of the bottom cavity - while Steve placed a bolt. Have a look: ~~have~~ - tight & thought. "How are you doing Steve?" "Fine" "Just putting the wedge ----" Oh, I forgot a to bring any wedges. Luckily I had one ~~that~~ in my pocket that Paul had sprayed into a boulder choke somewhere in F64. Soon Steve was down to join me, and hammer a bolt. The squeeze leaned a bit downwards to push back into jam below, so I took my overcoat off for extra space, and popped through. Both the re-anchoring left continued for a couple of metres to a chocked corner, but a joint tube above, and along the fault line, gave access to a small (3m) pot hole with a bit of work (hands good enough to break this rock). ~~But~~ Below is choked but the tube continues over the top and a smallish passage seems to drop in. The way on, however, and taking a very good draught, is to break down further back up the tube into the now wider re-anchored below. Going down.