OUCC

Las Brujas

☺ '88

Ario

Log

3rd July 1988 and
OUCC are go!
i.e Start coding tomorrow

1

The First Trip

Dan, Jonathan + Dave v1. 2.7 → The Way down 7th Heaven

Trogged up the hill with enough gear for 1st 4 pitches. Took 1½ over extreme pitch, to rising a short traverse + 1 free hang (No more knee-jerking). Having jacked rigging the 1st pitch due to chossy rock, I bit the bullet & rig my first rebelay, which by sheer chance appeared to be the right length. Did not pack enough mallows for 7th Heaven so turned back nine ok + Dave was a bit chilly.

DO NOT use the new club 6 mill mallows for rigging very complicated pitches because they will not open wide enough for 10 + 11 mm rope. If you have to use them thread all the mallows you will need on the rope + it is even more imperative to tie a knot in the end.

Jonathan.

5/7/88
Whats happening today?

Caving wave 1 Dan Ditta Sherry, my Seven Heaven ~~onwards~~. Dan + Ditta to go down the hill

Caving wave 2
Dave Dave + Jon rig to the first big pitch - hopefully

Dan, Ditta, Sherry

Mega-team slogged up the hill to 2/7. A huge snow plug where there was nothing last was a bit of a surprise! We soon abbed down to the top of 7th heaven whereupon things got a little slower. Me & ditta walked Dans light just below the squeeze for a long time. Then it moved further away accompanied by muffled grunts + clunks. Me + Ditta started to get COLD...

OVER TO DAN
Rigged top of pitch as a Y-hang abbed down & found there wasn't enough cloth to get my bobbin off so loosened next hang. Rigged rest of cave, zooned down last pitch, almost into knot 15m above floor. Bloody ~~scary~~ scary. Prusiked up retrieved rope from Sherry & finished 7th Heaven on 2nd rope. Oh well. Out to rain - bob of it.

Tuesday the Fifth Part II

The lake team: Dave H, Dave M + Jonathan, set off before the early team were back, leaving Aria dangerously open to attack from marauding sheep, cows and grockles, but met up with them in the Jou de la Cistra so everything was OK. Bit pissed off to hear the lack of progress.

The cave is now very drippy, due to incessant rain and receding snow plug, so be prepared to be wet and COLD. The two ropes on 7th Heaven seem OK but it would be better to release the ropes for further climbs. Rigged Flying Rebellions with two new bolts + Pablo Pot on ladder + line. Left rope for Pessimists Pot at the bottom of the ladder. Left due to tiredness + hoping to get out in daylight but failed miserably. Can we rename Popcorn rift "Bastard Thieving Rift" because it expertly removed the top of my battery pack and swipped the Duracell.

Dave fell over a lot on the way back due to a knackered ankle & no light. Can people please remember to put nots in the ends of ropes when they pack tackle bags.

6/7/88

Rog + J.C Rigging to PP. (?)

6/7/88

Things needed at Ario.

cooking oil.

Spices in particular curry powder, cayenne pepper, chilli powder

If no curry powder buy the following:

cumin
turmeric } all ground
coriander
chilli powder

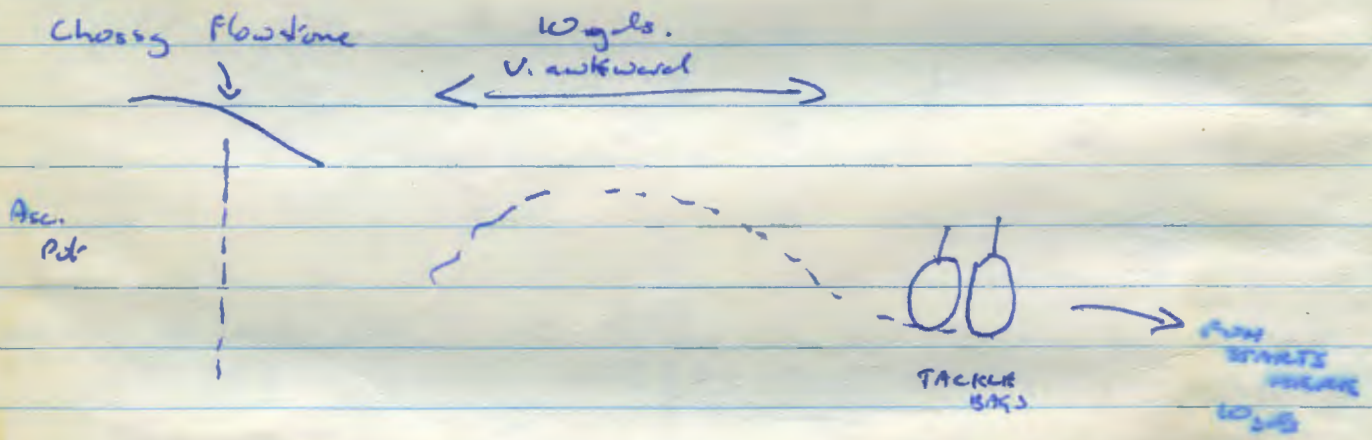
(fresh) tomatoes (or fresh)
peppers
green & red lime
peanut butter
teabags
eggs
ladle

KRABS
INNER TUBES
BDH CONTAINERS (SMALL) & BIG

5.

6/7/88 Roy + Jonathan

Went down 2/7 with bag of food intending on mega rigging trip to bottom of Pessimist's Pot. Very efficient down (1 hr to limit of rigging) but pitches took some time to rig. ~~that~~ Took bread down for cheese spread that was absolutely scrumptious. The rifts are still lots of fun, stealing all the rope protectors from one tackle bag. Richard's Todger on some "dodgy" hang with 3 back ups. Left tackle (Rope for Pessimist, Fun — + Ascension) between Fun — + Ascension (+~6+ wires ~15 nailons ~10 hangers + bolting kit + 3-4 ropes). Turned back due to my non-functional electric and being a long way from carbide dump. ~~Way~~ Quick out being at the ~~surface~~ still in light ~10.20 after and 8 hour trip.



7/7/88

Dave, Dave, Kate & Stewart

Rig a rope down one of the holes near camp for Kate & Stewart to set up there SRT gear then over to the cave. Kate & Stewart went as far as the squeeze, Dave & rigged seventh heaven leaving two traverses at bottom of pitch. Plus Dave brought a bag containing two kgs of carbide to the bottom of the cave

7.7.88 Dan, Roy & Lynn

Team mega rig crew ~~set~~ (Dan Mace) set of after posing around for photographs on the snow plug. Around 150m rope, a tackle bag & lots of fudge was ~~dragged down the cave~~ drifted with ease through the rifts. Found lots more tackle not quite where we were expecting it so Lynn decided to throw her tackle bag down the rift & in the process destroyed yet another club tackle bag (cord broke). Dan went to rescue it because he's a hero, ~~Ann~~ but left the carbide behind & almost screwed up the entire trip. Lynn put a bolt in for the Ascension pot bypass traverse & Roy yawned alot & made his usual abusive coments. While Dan rigged Pessimists Pot Lynn decided to entertain Roy by removing all her clothes. Roy not to be outdone blessed the cave also. Roy wants it to be remember for all time that he was a hero taking 2 tackle bags down the pitch. Dan tried to teach Roy some caving songs but the mental stress was too great for him to cope whilst Lynn rigged sing to the devil, slowly nervously & didn't leave quite enough slack at the rebolay. Dan rigged The Bells whilst Roy & Lynn froze & even fudge couldn't keep them warm so they solved

the problem by sharing body warmth.....!! Pigged out at the bottom on Primula cheese and horrible stale bread, good only as a plate (Roy has strange taste buds and actually likes it) - Dan was tactful about it & Lynn was unimpressed). Came out slowly, completely shagged & stopping off at ~~our~~ a couple of foul dumps, taking 6 hrs. Various sorts of light failure from everybody and lean mean Lynn wimp struggled through the vertical rift but was brilliantly guided through the top squeeze by Dan & for the first time ever found it easy. Dan was amazing taking a tacklebag all the way out of the cave despite been knackered but had a few brainstorms - tried to do a bolt but forgot a hanger and was then utterly convinced he'd lost the rigging kit & nearly trogged back off down the cave to find it.

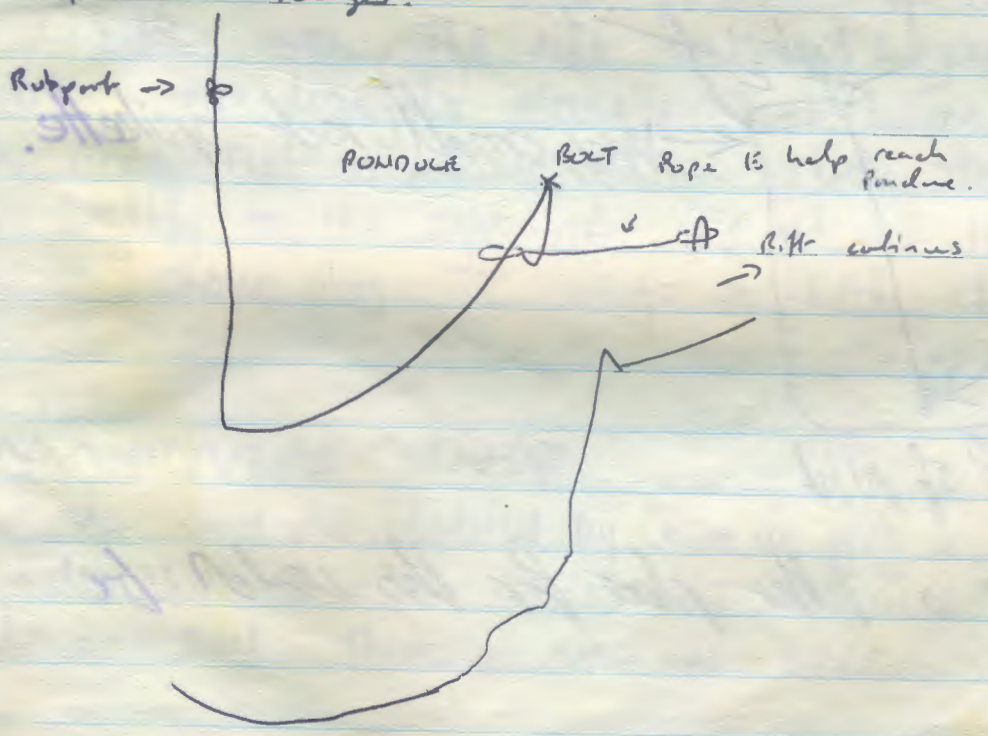
Ate fudge & peanuts on the surface in the SUN! 19 hour very enjoyable trip. SEE NEXT PAGE.

8.7.88 217 Again

Yet another "mega" rigging team, Sherry, Stuart and Jonathan set off with high hopes one fine sunny afternoon, to carry tackle sufficient for the remaining pitches and PUSH. As it happened we were not quite so fast as we intended, with Sherry "Mansory little sieve" Mayo repeatedly losing her way in the pitts. Also rigged an ingenious pendulum and Todger which should remove the suit-shredding scrambling climb. (I hope) Eventually reached the bottom after some hair raising traverses and spent off with rigging in situ. The pitches are still pretty nasty especially for relative novices, so had loads of time to suss out the rigging for ~~Armageddon~~ Armageddon. Despite this I got severely gripped whilst hanging below the main hang, due to

too many rub-points for the gear tackle bags. We had failed to heed Dave's advice to take some rope protectors, so was I was very pissed off and had every form of protection known clipped in. The pitch continued to frighten me by cutting the rope so I had to do a change over to un-catch it. The next pitch is impossible without some rope protectors so we dumped our tackle (Ropes 45m, 25m, 15m, 35m + 30m(?), all the wires & two ropes (~12), loads of ~~hanger~~ hexes/hexes + nuts + bolts etc) Put a bolt in (Sharing) to give some protection to whoever rigs the pitch, whilst Steve set off out. Left Crevasse at Paradise squeeze. Supper time + Ledge below Armageddon. No major hassles on way out, but very slow due to being very shagged. Knotted out the rub point on Graham's Fodger + got out to thick mist at 4.15 approx. Took until 6 to get back due to getting excessively lost. 15 hrs knackered but loving every minute.

Grahams Fodger.

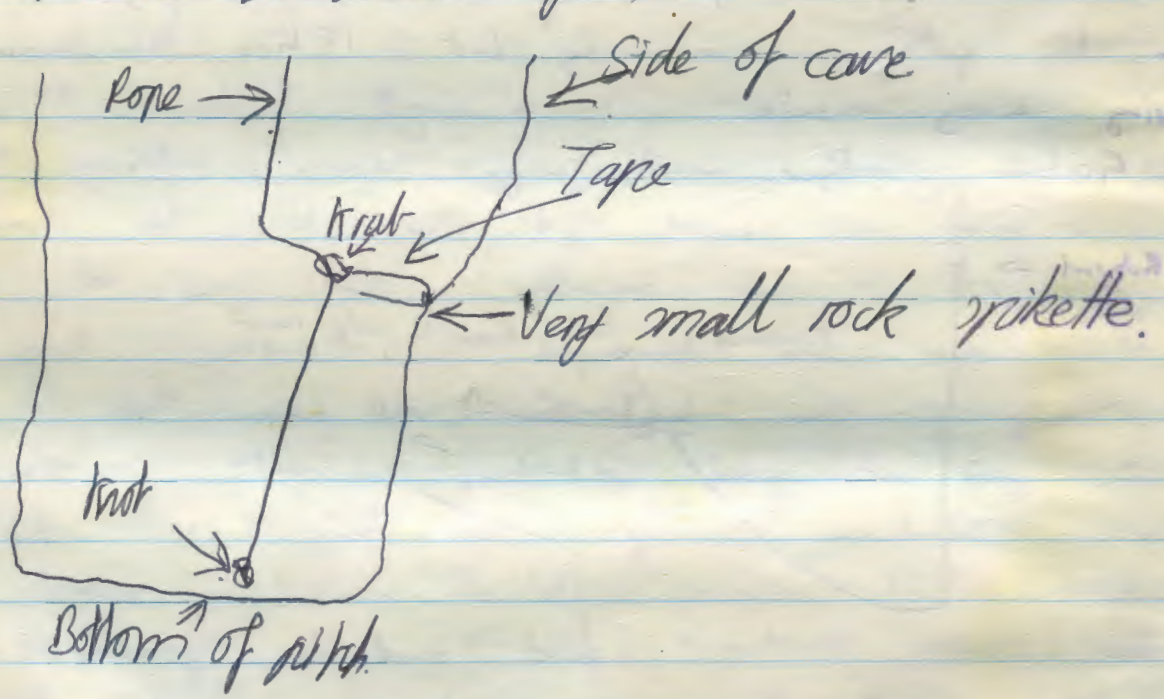


9/7/88

Dave M, Kate, Gavin

Down to bottom of Seventh Heaven - Gavin did first part of Paradise Rift. Then ate our Fudge (yum, yum!) and back out. A nice short trip to introduce me to the cave

Back to 7th July, 1988. Well, Lynn's write up is pretty accurate altho' I would never have nearly forgotten the carbide had it not been for Lynn dropping the bag. Did Lynn mention the excellent bolt she put in?? Yes she did. She forgot to mention how the stream at the top of Rosmish kept stopping & starting just as Lynn & Kay took their turnies off. There is also a truly wonderful deviation at the bottom of the bells:-



Maybe a better place for this could be found.

Shaft Bashing in area 5 Sunday 10th July
Gavin & Ditta with advice from Dave.

Dave found lots of holes and then sat around reading his book while we explored them. He also lost his camera and book (which he later found) and his headtorch (which he didit find). All the caves are in the valley behind the pastors' huts.

41/5 See shaft-bashing booklet - soon chokes, full of sheep shit.

42/5 Wide cracks in rock, 12 ft high, 6 ft up rock face about 10 yds up valley from 41/5. Very tight, shift ripping, rift which soon stops.

43/5 269° to peak at end of ridge on left of valley. Towards the right hand side of valley. A fine 20m free-climbable shaft with squeeze near top. Ends in small chamber 3m x 1m with far too tight rift continuing in general direction of 44/5

44/5 About 10m down valley from 43/5; bearing 180°. 16m entrance pitch, rigged with long wire to spikes above, goes down past snow plug, to a passage sloping at about 30°. Upslope soon reaches a squeeze, and chokes 6ft further on. Downslope passes a dead sheep, and continues up to a 3m free climbable aven with v. strong drafting rift next to it needs hammer. The rift continues beyond, but needs hammering - draughts strongly. Just before the sheep, a 4 inch wide rift is passed, down which stones merrily rattle

45/5 Slightly to the right of 43 and 44. 10m entrance pitch down to snow plug. 2 ways on: both choke after about 6ft.

PS ~~[illegible]~~

Note: the cave identified by Dave as 41/5 is, I think 40/5. The cave described above as 42/5 is, I think, the real 41/5. They have been marked as such. There is now no 42/5.

Monday 11th June. Sitting in the sun at Aro. Manolo & his friend Bandi arrive. We drink tea and they jabber on in Spanish. Communication is as impossible by spoken word and conversation is like a very strict game of charades, frustrating when you have to give up. Still, we've taken to sun-bathing now – Manolo on his tracksuit & Bandi on my pit. He doesn't seem to have objected too much to the smell.

Sunday 10th June Dave M, Dan, Kate

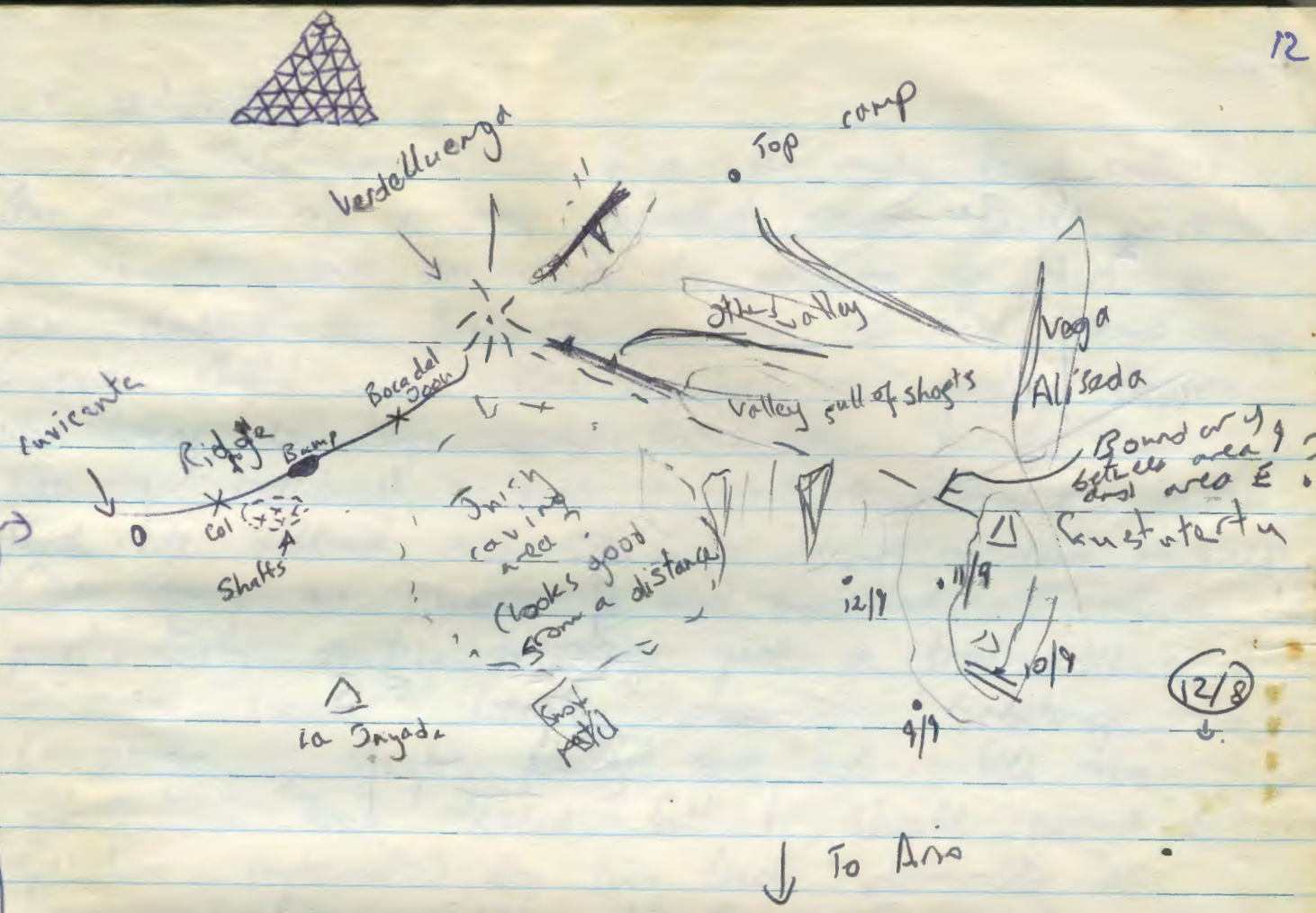
Trip to Nerige Seventh Heaven and Grahams Todger Pitch. Dan did all the work although Dave carried a tackle bag. Kate got stuck.

Tue 12th June : Dave M, Kate, Jon, Paul

Shaft bashing in areas 9/E. Initially on the left hand side of Gustuterta. Marked 12/8 10/9, 11/9 and 12/9. 10/9 needs hammering to descend a 15m pitch. 11/9 draughts like a good un' but the crawl closes down. 12/9 is just snowy. We then walked up to a small valley below Verdelluenga where there are lots and lots of shafts and yet more boulders to choke them. We (Kate) descended one for about 15m but this was choked and not marked. Here is a completely useless map of where we went

Tues 12 July Martin L

Went for a walk up towards & above La Jayada, where the snow level seemed similar to last year (ie low). Had a superb view of El Jou from the col above & left (E) of La Jayada & found an area with several shafts - some interconnecting - no snow. May be worth another look with a rope.



12/7/88

Rigging in in 2/7

Dave H, Stuart & Roy

Managed to drag Dave away from his book for long enough to go caving. Fairly uneventful trip down except for Roy's free fall descent of a rift. Dave and Stu spent 2½ hrs freezing while Roy rigged the series of pitches below Armageddon. We knew he was having problems when we heard Roy putting in a bolt! Dave and Stu abseiled down past some mega rub points; in some places could feel the rope protectors sawing back and forth. Decided to turn back. So much for pushing this trip. Oh well at least we've given someone a chance to do some rerigging.

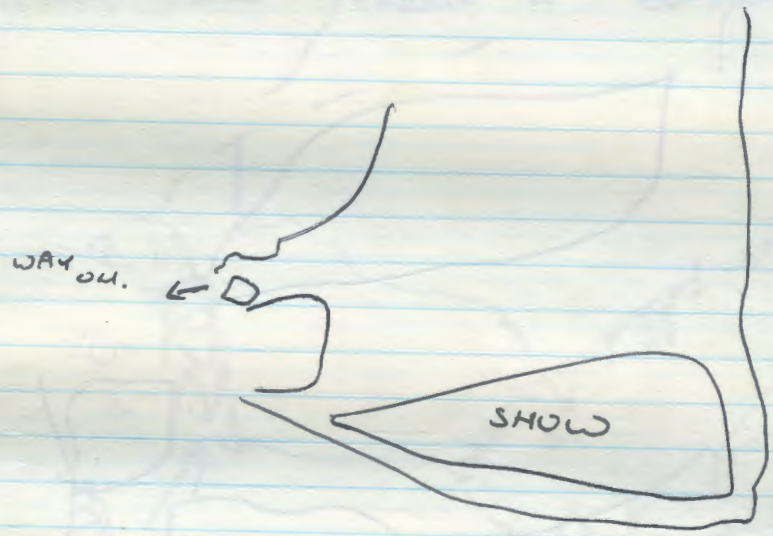
AREA 8 Shaft Bashing 12/7/88

① ? ~~60° Apto~~ Cabeza

40° on Xitu 90° LLambria

Obvious Entrance 10m deep to snow on boulder choke

12/8 3m climb at high end of boulder choke leads to crawl blocked by single 2ft x 1ft boulder

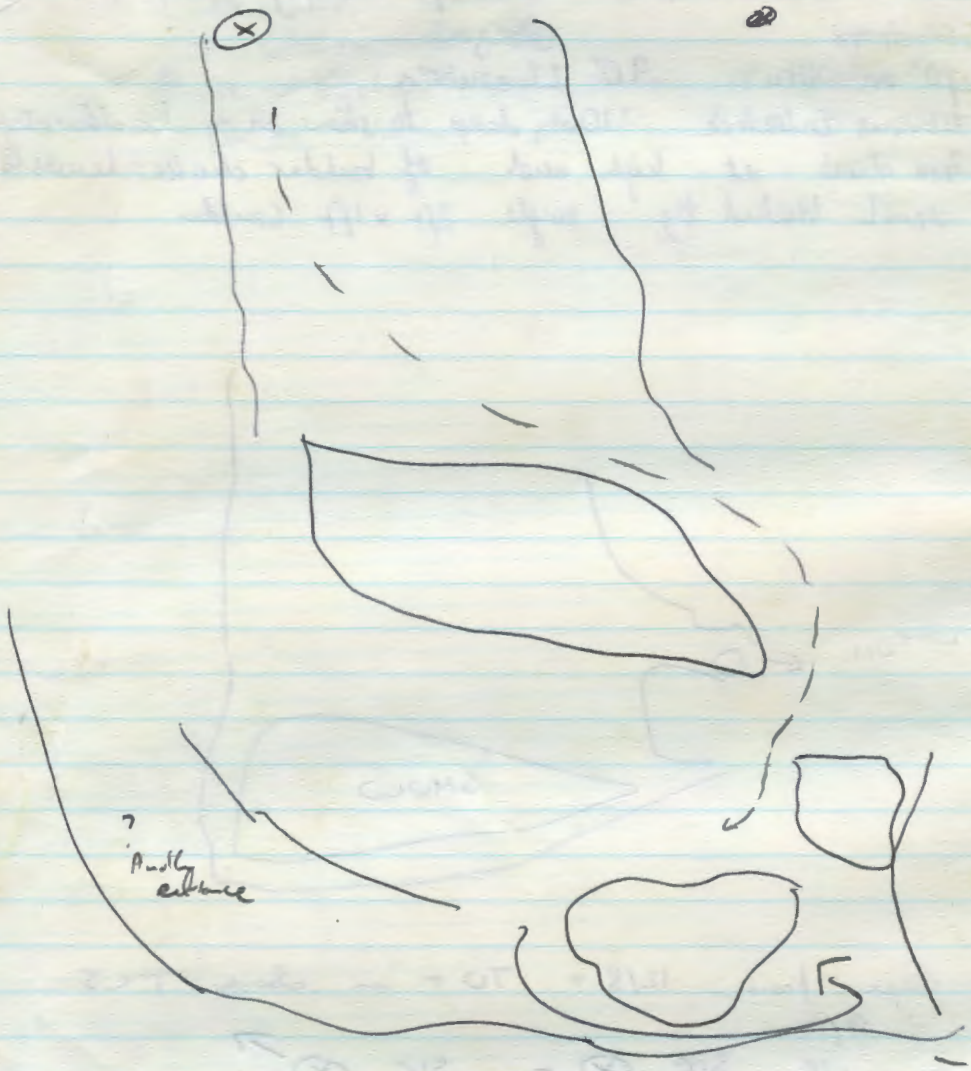


② - Up slope from 12/8 + 70+ m above TCJ.
? 9/9.

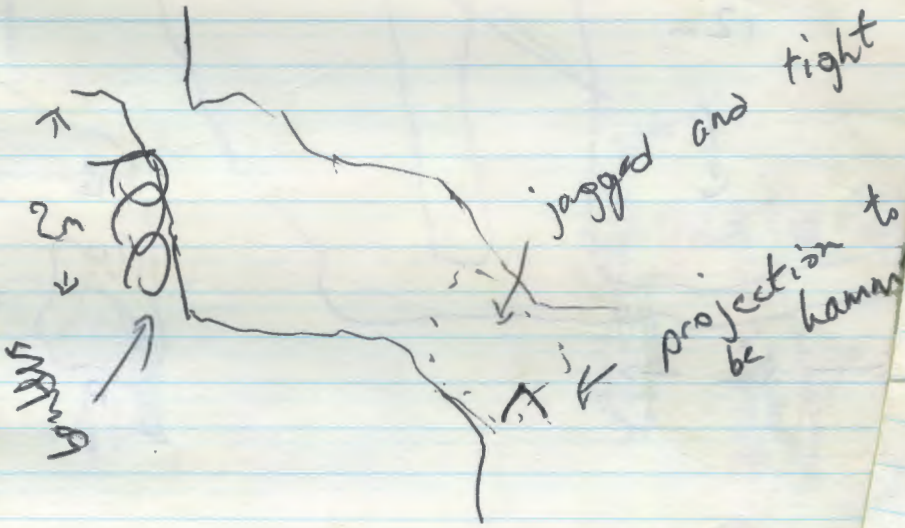
Marked with SIE ⊗ + SIE ⊗ ↗
+ One Red bolt.

PTO for Survey.

30m pitch to snow ledge
→ 5m to next snow ledge
→ 5m to choked chamber.


?
Prob
entrance

10/9. Small entrance in to side of large rift (running N-S) just below summit of Gustuterke. Bearing to Pultayn 126° Cuvicente 172°
A 2m climb leads to small chamber outlet is very jagged awkward rift ~6 feet to head of a pitch of about 5m. Couldn't get down the pitch cos it's too tight but hammering should easily remove projections and enable a descent



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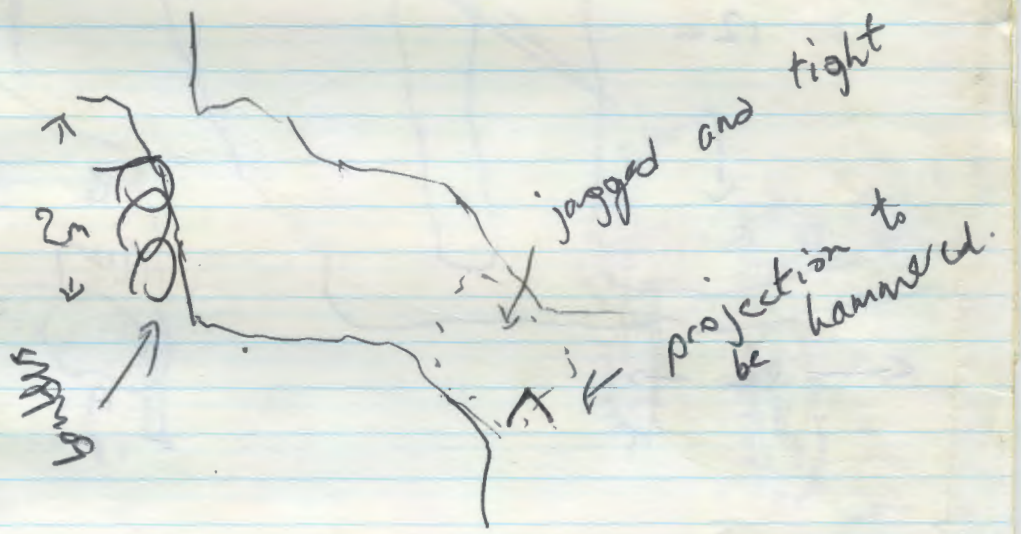
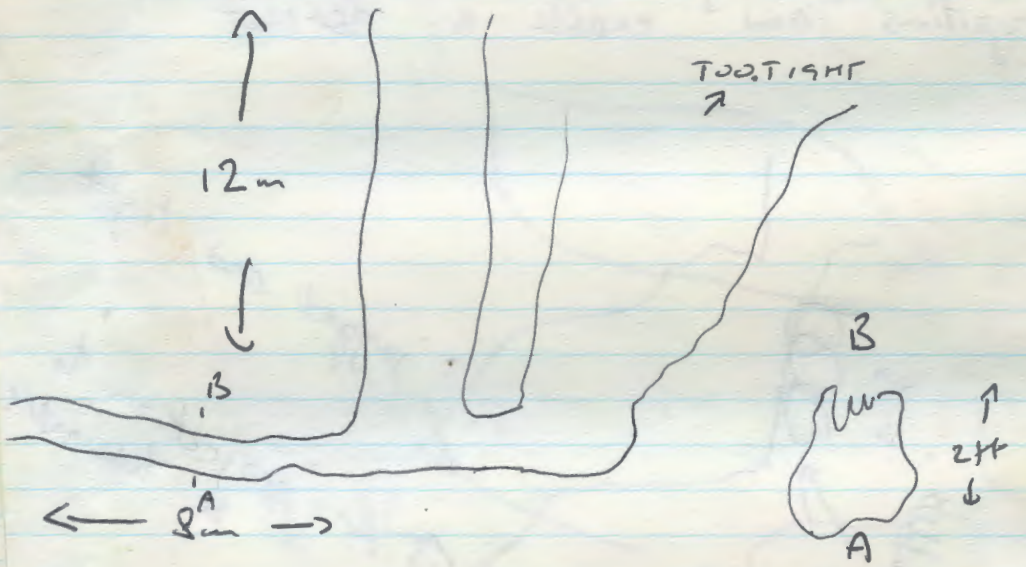
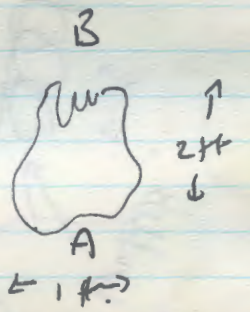


11/9: Cueva de Thrope Lane.

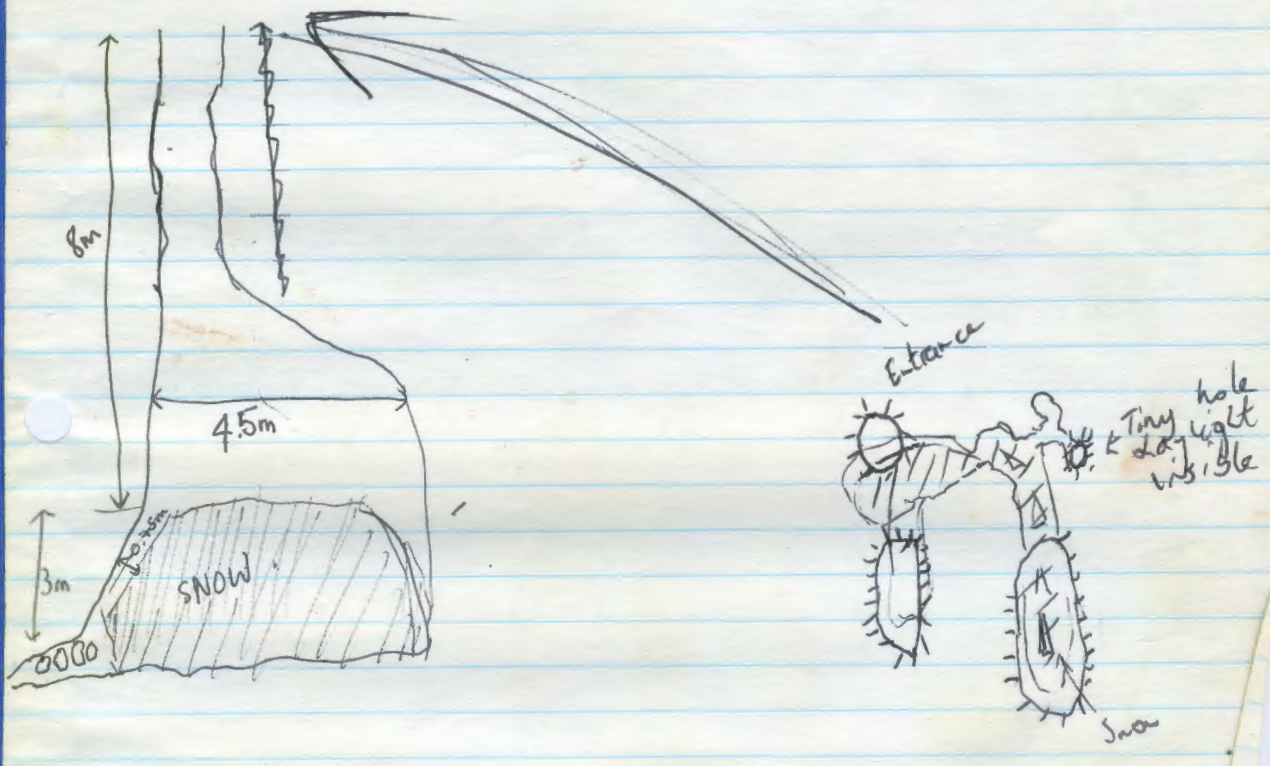
Above Eyehole on side of Gustavito.

12 m Vertical phreatic tube to squeeze into // shaft leading upwards. On opposite side of "chamber" low crawl over boulders. Decorated + drafting but closes down after 8 m.





12/9.



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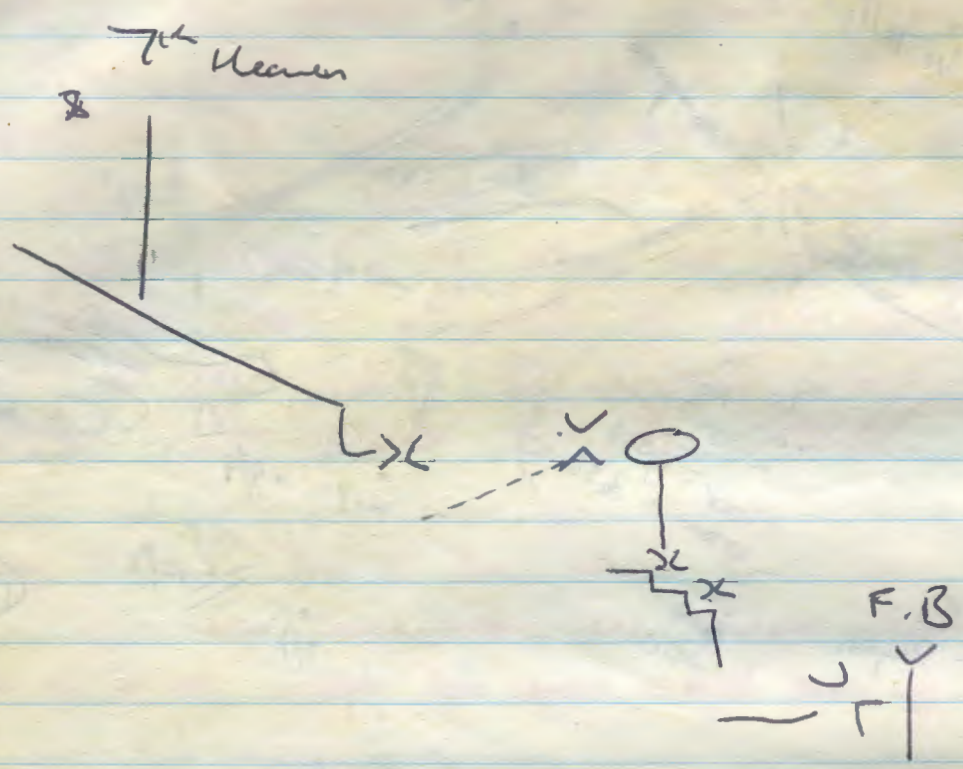


12.7.88 Dan, Sherry, Lynn, & Gavin

Went down the cave & heroically rerigged the mess we found it in - useless rigging as well as spent carbide, & food containers. Couldn't go pushing due to some people being cold so came out. Got back to Ario to find no molece, horrible salty stew, devestation & wine cartons in the bin. Gott aren't we mega heros. 17 hr trip

Renaming of the cave.

The rigging of the last trip was appalling but acceptable as was the only possible rig given the route taken - (that was wrong). However the situation was made worse by the fact that we had to descend the disgusting rig to retrieve the rigging gear so that we could start rerigging. Terrible.

Cinderhorseley.

Once upon a time in a far away land called Ario, there was a poor overworked caver called Cinderhorsley. His hands were forever in the washing up bowl or else dusting the tents & scrubbing the rocks around camp. Cinders plight was due to the two muddy stepsisters who every 4 days would force him to go down 2/7 with a toothbrush & scrub it until it gleamed. Cinders hard life allowed him no time to relax, read or sleep. One day, as Cinders ~~a~~ ~~for~~ scrubbed hard at a particularly sticky porridge pot a troll with a massive black beard appeared. "Greetings, I'm Lavatory, your ~~furry~~ furry god-troll, tell me what is thy desire & I shall grant it!" Cinders astonished by his luck described his long held ambition to ~~&~~ go to a Ball & be whisked off his feet by a charming princes. "It shall be done" & with that the troll disappeared.

3 nights later cinders was whisked off mysteriously in a beatiful coach with the troll at the reins having just kitted ~~a~~ Cinders out in some cool threads. "Remember, be back by midnight or the coach will turn into an old yellow Bedford Van!" said the troll.

The Ball was called ~~&~~ La fiesta del pastours for some reason that Cinders couldnt fathom but as the troll promised there was the charming princes Royston who sure enough swept him off his feet, but at that fatal moment the clock

Well – what have you been doing to the log books?!!

struck 12 & Cinderhorsley fairly legged it back to the coach which had by then unfortunatly turned into a yellow Bedford Van & was a real bugger to drive home in.

Back at Ario The muddy stepsisters were soon questioning Cinders about his night out & soon had him hard to work again. If only princess Royston would come + take me away from all this Cinders sighed, but how can she, she doesn't know my name...

Little did cinders know that his left hiking boot, the one which gave him blisters, had been found by princess Royston who searched the land for feet corresponding with the smell + blister scars on the inside of the boot. Eventually the princess arrived at the house of Cinderhorsley. The muddy sisters feet could never match the smell of that amazing boot, but cinders feet did of course, & cinderhorsley was taken from his life of grime by the princess Royston + they lived happily ever after.

fins

Wed 13th. Phil R., Jo and Paul To push 2/7
I forgot my generator and arrived at the cave without any lighting apparatus and hence I returned to Ario to obtain some light. Phil R and JC went down at 12 and I was back at the entrance at 2:30. Two pitches down I jacked 'cos I was (to use Fred speak) scared shitless. The idea of solo'ing a 600m deep cave didn't appeal / Paul. P.S. There is no P.S.

Where shall you turned back,

F50 296 TC
138 spike
F51 141° spike
227° right of pass

F14? 299 TC

13/7/88

Shaft bashing in area F/E Ditta Dave H, Martin H.

We walked up to top camp via area 8 passing 12/8 & 6/8 on the way. 6/8 looks interesting says its unbottomed by is but bottomed by SIE. Stopped for lunch at top camp, looking very green. Walked to FU56 passing F10 which we descended as there looked be a way on. There wasn't. One with a shaft very close to F10 (unlabelled). Continued around behind FU56. To the left & above the ice cave was a large entrance filled with snow, indistinctly labelled, F14 we think, bearing 299° to top camp cairn. Descended snow plug, to the left tight rift to look at and to the right a steeply descending rift which needs ~~detail~~ tackling. Looks interesting.

F50 bearing 296 to Top Camp
138 to spike

8m free climb quickly choked

swap the descriptions around

F51 141° spike
227 to right of Pass

climber down slope past snow plug all ways on choked hole near F51 choked

Three unlabelled shafts one marked by a cairn, above F50 all choked.

Many choked shaft explored on way to the right hand side of the sandy dolomity valley. High up left as you walk up this valley is F52 2 second drop with 4-6secs of rattle following. Bears 144° to Vandelwanga and is marked by a cairn visible from the sandy valley. Lower down the left hand slope of the valley is F53 which consists of a short climb 2m followed by a 30° descending rift which becomes too tight. On the way back

17

passed DI (challed) 12/8 ... so there are two 12/8's

Phil Rose Jon Cooper 13-14/7/88 18 hours

And so it came to pass that as the intrepid two was reduced to a duo that the cave (K17) finally received a good push up the backside. After sacrificing Paul to the cave demons the our heros (no surely they were fools) sauntered down into hell hole - paying homage to the velvet demons in each section of the cave in order to descend without serious mishap. However, the (the gremlins) power of the gremlins was too great and they kept throwing J.C.'s tackle bags down pitches before they (the bags) were attached to him. Their judgment was clearly addled by drink as they failed to notice that I was safely out of the path of flying missiles.

After these supernatural events the duo were overflowing with fear and intrepidation when they finally reached the limit of rigging. Before considering any pushing we ~~to~~ practised the important ritual of the sacrifice of fudge, tuna and tinned fruit to our stomachs while invoking all the good cave demons we could muster. The consumption of food down a cave is always a difficult ceremony, fraught with danger but so important if the ~~e~~ gods of hypothermia and complete loss of all intelligence are to be held at bay.

When we finally scaled the ~~the~~ vast barrier which separated us from Great Expectations I gradually began to sense that the gods of complete lack of intelligence had not been

correctly appeased – if only we had partaken of the ritual consumption of a primator cheese spread on bread. As fools we had left the cheese spread at the bottom top of Armageddon and had completely omitted to take bread with us on the coming trip. Still one learns by one's mistakes.

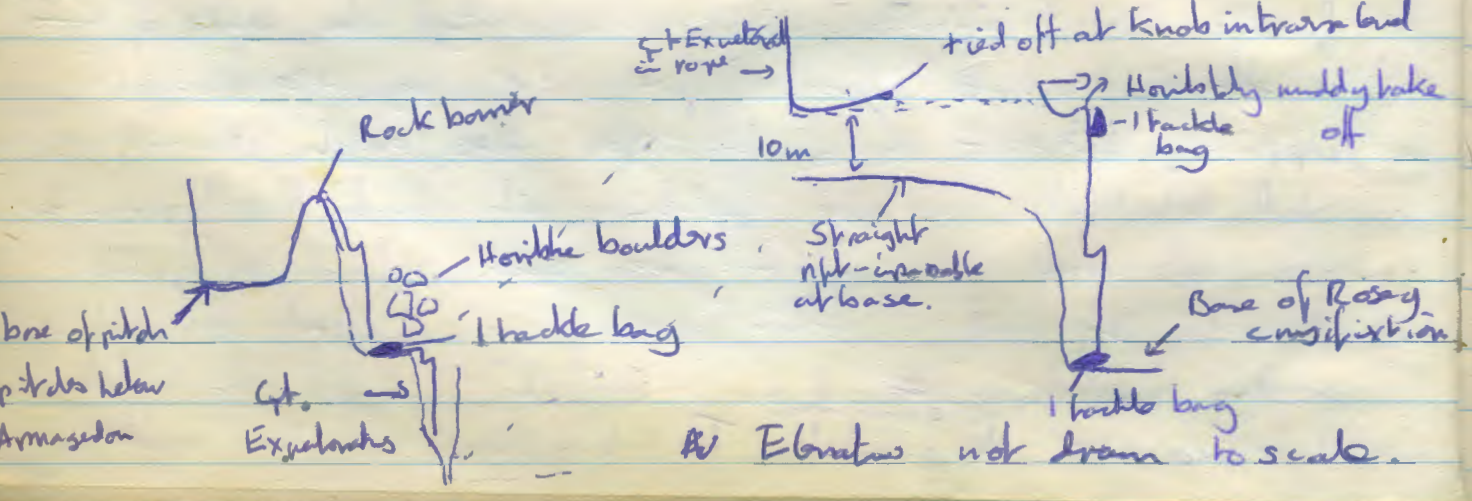
Serious loss of intelligence first manifested itself when I rigged down the first small drop – finding the boulder across the dreaded Great Expectorations shaft and then contrary to the impatient pleadings of "Shall I come down now?" from J.C. proceeded to doing the drop and traverse into the main passage again. J.C. then demonstrated that he had mastered the cave grunting art by successfully transporting three incredibly heavy tackle bags down the traverse to the main passage

Encouraged by J.C.'s feat of tackle bag transportation we realised that perhaps we were at last getting the upper hand over the cave gods and grunting and after a short shock-take we rigged down to the entrance to the awe inspiring Great Expectorations shaft. We felt we were winning now as we quickly rigged the pitch off naturals and I descended into the roaring water besprinkled fissure. I should have noted the gods of ~~trade~~ loss of intelligence had forced me to rig the most appalling take-off imaginable for this pitch. However, we were still befuddled by our elation at finally getting down to the explored limit, ~~and~~ we soon found a good traverse ~~to~~ land which, oh glory, lead to a roaring soaring pitch. ~~We~~ J.C. feverishly rigged this while I measured the Great Expectorations pitch. To bring down another tackle bag

was the apparently logical reason but little dreamed I knew the circumstances which had led to this and were again the responsibility of the gremlins we thought we had appeased!

When J.C. finally descended the pitch, which has the muddiest take-off imaginable, we realised that the cave powers had had the last laugh. Infact they were rolling about in incontinent hilarity as the J.C. gradually realised that instead being in virgin passage, poking back the frontiers of human exploration, he had arrived at the base of Rosey Crucifixion – a name perhaps given to the passage in anticipate of our humiliation by the cave powers.

However, the cave seemed to subside after this, the cave power were satisfied with their amusement and we had a smooth ~~exit~~ though knackering exit from the cave. Our final consolation was to arrive at the entrance just as dawn was breaking so enabling us to walk down the hill enjoying the most spectacular sunrise over the sea of cloud below us. If only we had had the bread and pumicular before we started poking things many have been very different but such is the capricious nature of exploration!



Elevations not drawn to scale.

More shaft-bashing in Valle-Extremera, Ditta + Gavin, 14/7/88

44/S (see 10/7/88). At the top of the over, 3 ft above the hole which I thought needed hammering, is a larger hole which is passable. Beyond, the rift continues upslope. A too-tight bit can be bypassed by a low crawl on the left. The rift soon closes down and chokes. The rift by the sheep looks good, but is impassable without bang.

46/S Impressive 1·5 x 6m entrance shaft above 44/S. 13m entrance pitch with no way on.

Lower down & to right (S) is another SIE 86 hole – a 10m long 1-2m wide rift with lots of bushes at top – quite deep 50m+?

Shafting in a bit of the Picos which does not belong to us (Caka Area 4).

Dave H, Kate, Jonathan.

Went no-where near 1/4 but instead to the valley immediately west of the ridge from Cabeza el Verde to Cabeza Llambria. Kate and I found bugger all along the side of the ridge, whilst Dave found a great many unimpressive, boulder choked holes on the valley floor. Began to think I was wasting my time until I was summoned to the end of the valley by Kate. Dave had found several caves worth a look. Whilst Dave went for his rucksack I tried some gripping climb and got attached by roots.

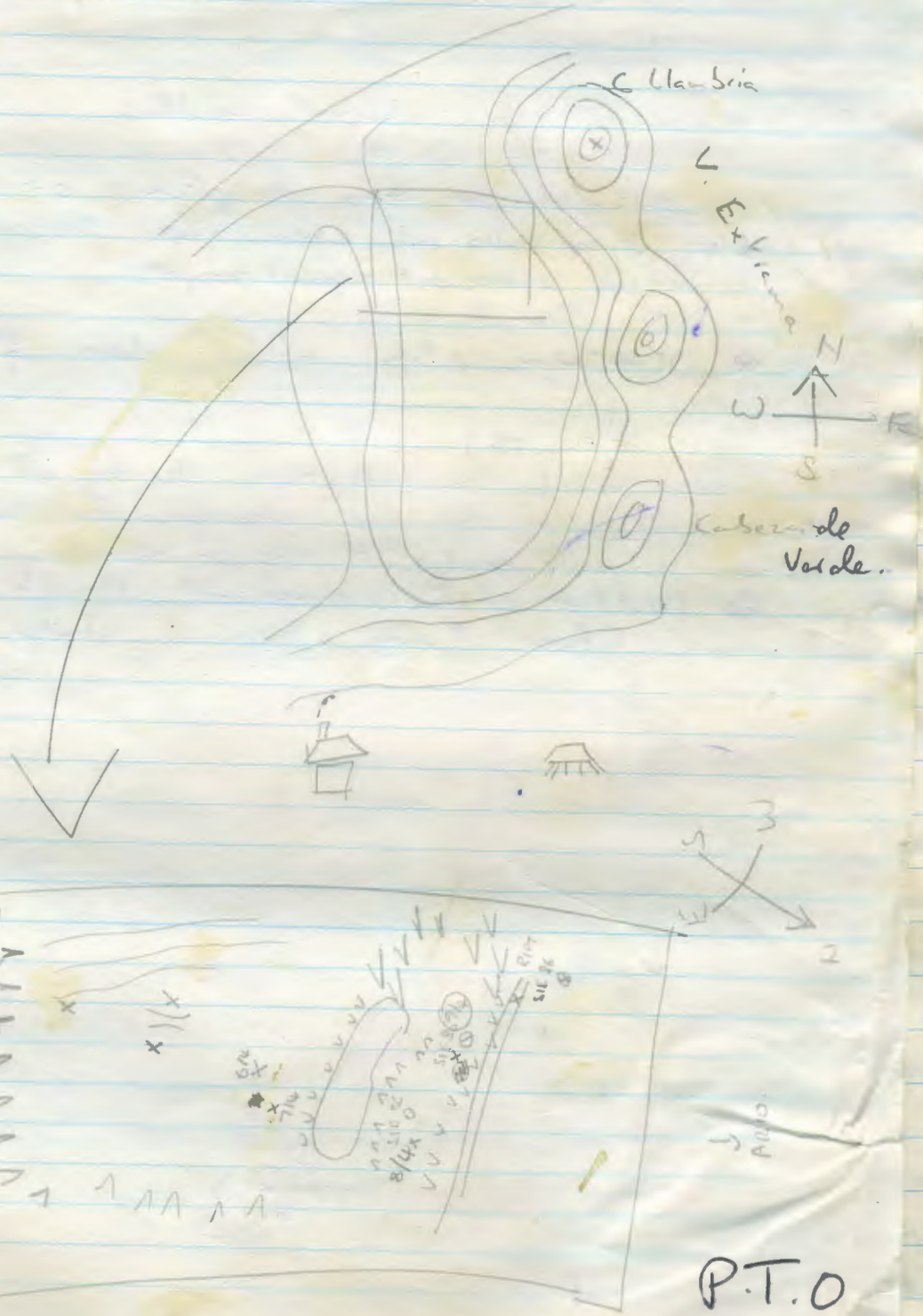
~~The caves id~~

Most of the caves were marked by the SIE, however since they do not get permission we decided to have a look. 9/4 and 8/4 seem to be in the same rift as a shaft marked SIE 80 ⊗. There is two pitches before it chokes, whilst 9/4 was only descended for the first pitch WORTH ANOTHER LOOK. Further along the valley 7/4 + 6/4 choke, whilst 5/4 have another undescended pitch below a snow ledge ∴ ALSO HAVE A LOOK. Two caves further along the valley 10/4 & 11/4 were also marked, these are SIE caves

which have not been looked at for years.

The caves are all at the far end of the valley about 20 → 30 min walk from Ario.

LARGE SCALE



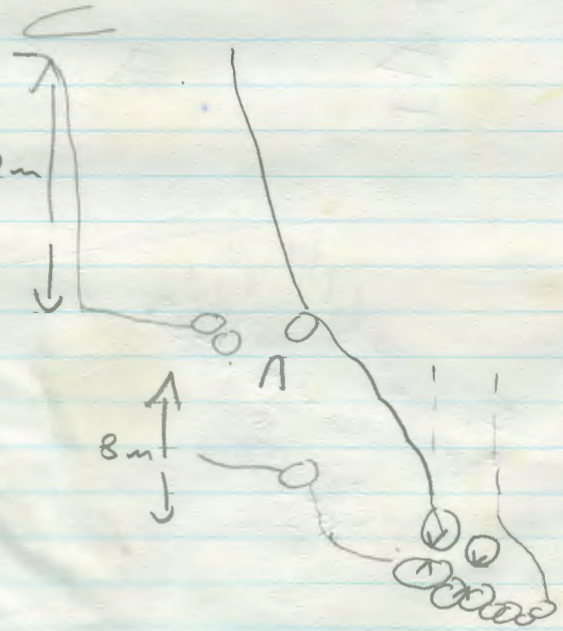
P.T.O

Towards end of Valley running along side up to C. Llanbrin. Several Caves along ridges running across.

9/4 Entrance amongst choked boulders
Marked SIE 86 Q
Horizontal for 4m to pitch 10 → 15 m
pitch 2 × 11 m at top, bells out ≈ 18m deep 2nd pitch
beneath the entrance undescended - good prospect

SIE 86 Q 15 → 20 m pitch in R. Mt- above 9/4

8/4 (marked SIE O 86)
Squeeze through low rock arch to top of
10m pitch landing in small chamber. Free climb
3m down to rock bridge at top of second pitch ≈ 9m
deep. Boulder choke, squeezed through two
constrictions before very terminal choke.



7/4 Down valley from 8/4 - 7/4

30° boulder slope to 2m free climb. 20° boulder slope
for 20m to chamber no way on.

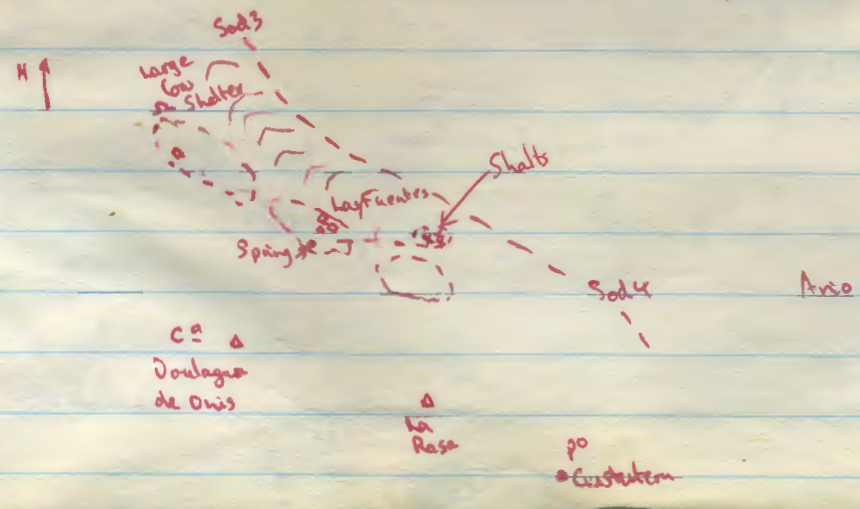
6/4 20m from 7/4
free climbable and rift 0.75m wide 2.3m long
chocked at a 10.15m below surface.

5/4
16m pitch to floor containing snow plug of chamber
chamber 3m x 7m climb over boulder to short
pitch leading on has possibilities

10/4 + 11/4.
Over Rigle in Valley from 5/4 etc
In Green ~~valley~~ depression just before end of which
valley
10/4 = Small hole between boulders in
valley floor. (= SIE 0) can see floor but rocks rattle for
11/4 = Up slope obvious entrance
Marked SIE 1 ⊗ ? Bottomed.

Saturday 17th July. Martins ~~walked~~, ~~separately~~, down to S. of Arco path vaguely exploring. MH didn't find anything. ML found a grassy closed depression with 3 shafts in it. One was half in limestone, half in cemented scree (as at the Bobias Spring) & only a few metres deep. Another looked about 10m to bottom & the third, vaguely T-shaped, a bit deeper with a vague possibility of a passage leading off. Needs a look with some ladders & long wires as there ~~are~~ are very few possible belays around & the edges of the shaft are grassy slopes.

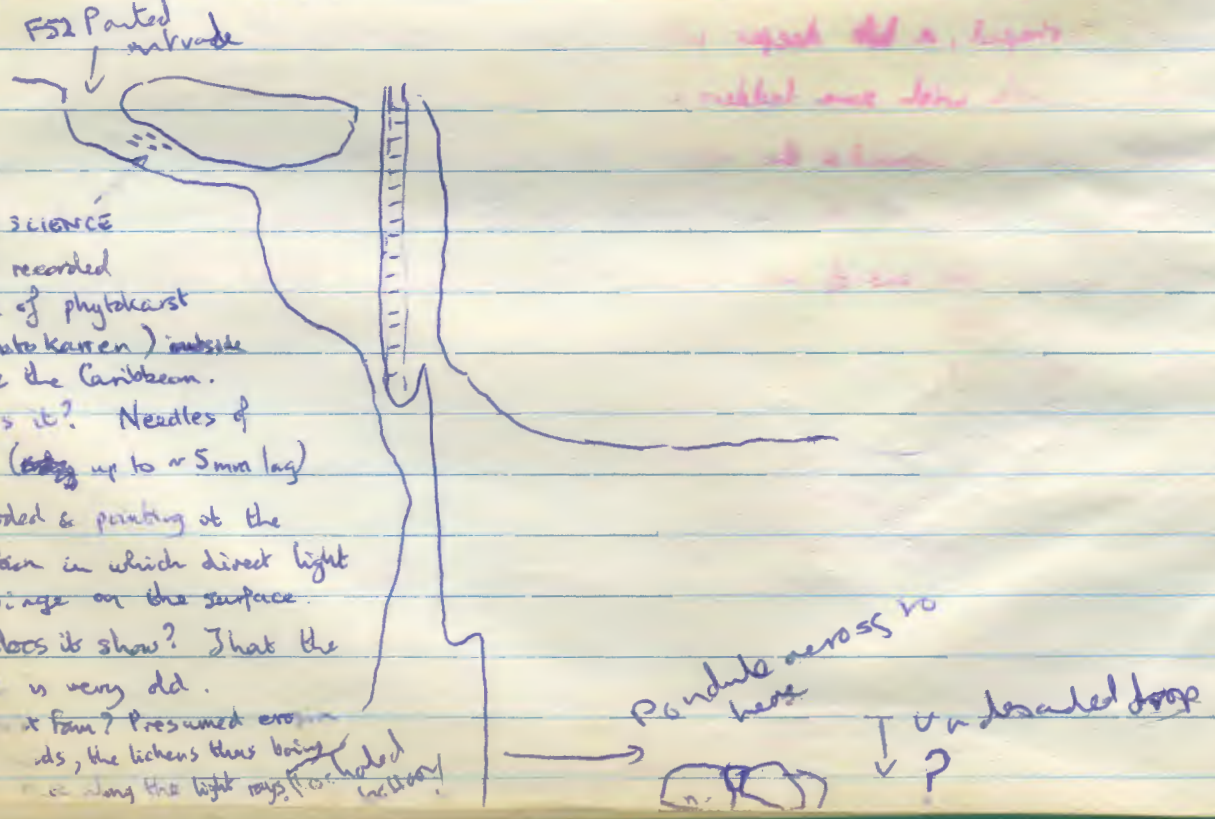
There is a spring at the Las Fuentes hut (3 resident shepherds) & a large cow shelter cave at the end of Los Llanos del Sordo, which I didn't inspect.



15 / 7 / 88 Shaft Bashing Extravaganza.
Phil R, Ditta N, Martin H, Martin L

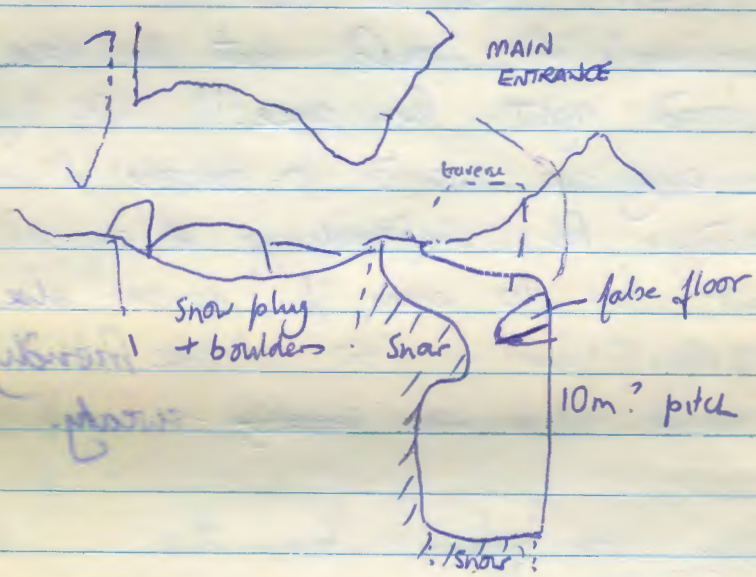
Wonderful cool walk up to F52 which is above dolomite ridge valley on the way to Top Cap. Large cairn by entrance with black plastic bag on top. Ditta proved that it is easier to get there from the top of the Dolomite ridge pass that from down in the valley!!

F52 has two entrances, ~~one which~~ the unpainted one, after extensive gardening, was rigged. Ladder down to first ~~rebolting~~ as we didn't have a bolt kit to rig rope for SRT. Then Rebolting on flake drops 3 5m slopes shaft to further ledge. Second rebolting drops one to reach bottom – another 60-70'. Bottom of shaft is roomy, ~~[illegible]~~ flow pondule away to boundary ledge ~~and~~ drop of ≃ 50'!!!



E9, about 50m further up the hill towards Verdelluenga. Large snow plug crossed to reveal a large chamber 7-8m high and 10-12m dia. Two further entrances were visible from within the chamber. No ways on found in the chamber but at the marked entrance a 10m shaft descends down the side of the snow field, revealing water-worn walls. Unable to descend because of overhanging snow ledge and no natural rebelay points. The bottom of the pitch looks choked but may warrant further investigation.

E9



continued...

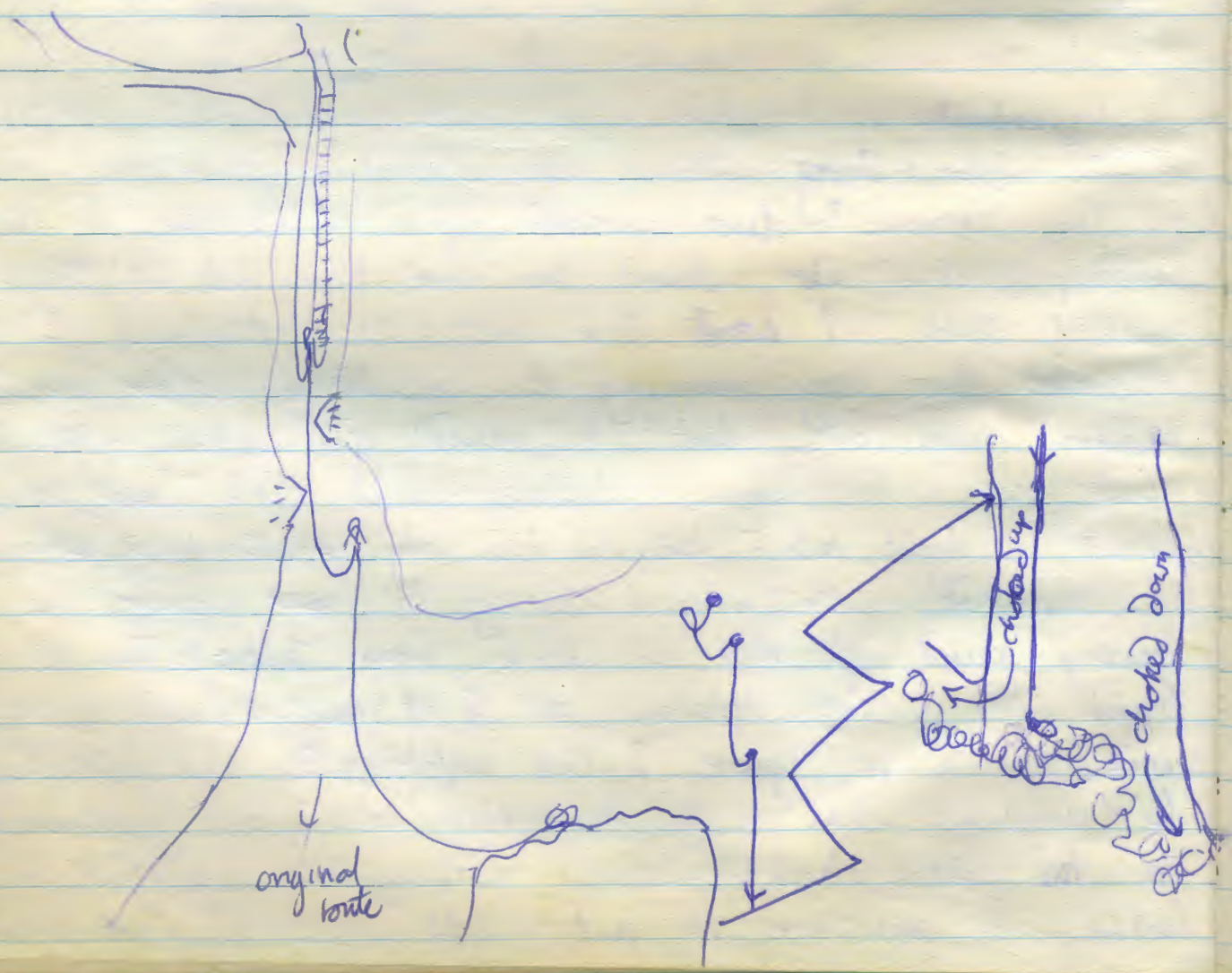
F 52 Dave + Sherry

The dynamic duo sweated up to the cave in the midday heat. We found the cave easily due to Dilters excellent sketch. I went down first (Sherry that is) & descended the very annoying & seemingly never ending ladder until at last I found the rebelay - RELIEF! but not for long... Beaming mind Phil's warning about a slight rub "but the rocks very smooth" he'd said I descended with caution, trying to ignore the sawing sound of rope on rock from above. Then I found the next rebelay, or I at least found a wire tied to a figure 8 but unfortunately not attached to anything else. With the rebelay rebelayed I pendulled to the chocked stones as suggested by Phil & looked for somewhere to put a bolt in. I'd just about

decided on a spot high in the rift which I thought would give a free hang. Dan arrived with encouragement & advice & I put in the bolt. Dan put in another to back it up. I rigged it to discover a wonderful rub 1 m below my wonderful bolt! Dan put in another further down, we rigged a free hang... I went down 1st & found it choked. Shame, shame, well, Phil R said it wouldn't go so we were convinced it would but the Rose nose for caves was proved right for once!!! We left the cave rigged in case anyone wants to survey it + the ropes will be handy for shaftbashing around top camp (which I want to do even if no-one else does!)

It was fun! F52 is a nice friendly cave!

The walk back was ~~sweaty~~ sweaty.



10/7/88

Dave H + Ditta

Shaft bashing in area 5.

- Ditta's dig - down the valle extremero - removed boulders to - about 3ft depth following an entering draught. Very promising but very unstable as Paul found out later.

47/5. 1x6m wide.

8m rift free climbable with one to floor upstream choked down - rift 3m drop to snow plug + dead steep ends in a choke.

location ends hill of valle extremero 027°

Jultaya @ 193°

Phil R. + Ditta N 17.7.88

Shaft bashing from Ario.

First of all stomped over to 4815, the very attractive looking SIE marked shaft noted earlier by Ditta. It is located to the north east of the Trueca path, perched above the Valley Extremal continue round for 200m, at same level from 10/51.

Shaft is about 30m deep and leads ~~and~~ pitch leads on snow plug. Unfortunately no way on could be found.

Walking back to the SW of the Trueca path passed small SIE marked rabbit hole now labelled 4915. This is located on a straight line from Cabeza Forma to Cuvicorte and is on the South side of a large double doline wall - near the ridge that separates the dolines.

Rabbit hole descends down 45° and slope to 30-40' handline climb. This gives access to right which appears to be still going. Right is horrible and sharp - highly reminiscent of the nasty parts of F20 but who knows where it might lead?! Well worth going back for another lookaround with proper cave gear! - shorts and fibre pile jacket are definitely not appropriate gear.

A Short Write-Up.

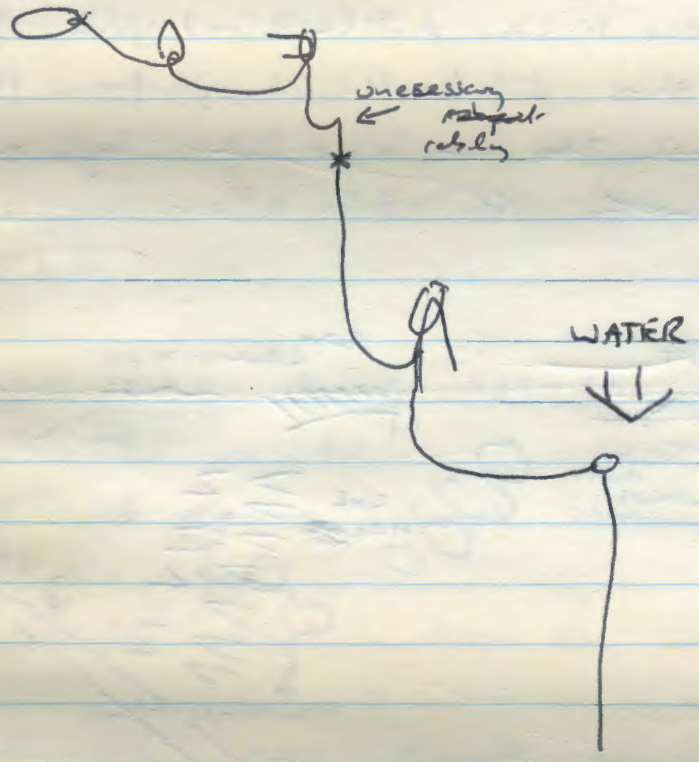
Dave M., Kate, Gavin + Jonathan spent a long time in 217.

Due to popular demand from an ever-loyal audience I am forced to deliver a full and frank version of the events in our trip.

Gavin the keen had us all tripping over ourselves for an early start, whilst those of a more leisurely tack took their time knowing the arduousness of the trash before them, getting 3 "novices" and a completely shagged "oldie" down to the bottom of 217.

Confident that there would be tons of rigging gear we only took food + some decent mailloons. Efficiency was not our main priority, but we split into vanguard (Dave + Gavin) and rearguard (Me + Kate) so as not to slow each other up. Kate did some pretty neat tricks on Armageddon, demonstrating how to lock a bobbin off with the loop of the rope you are getting off, but we met again at the level of the false floor. Rerigged "Alive and Kicking" (because I thought we had a new way

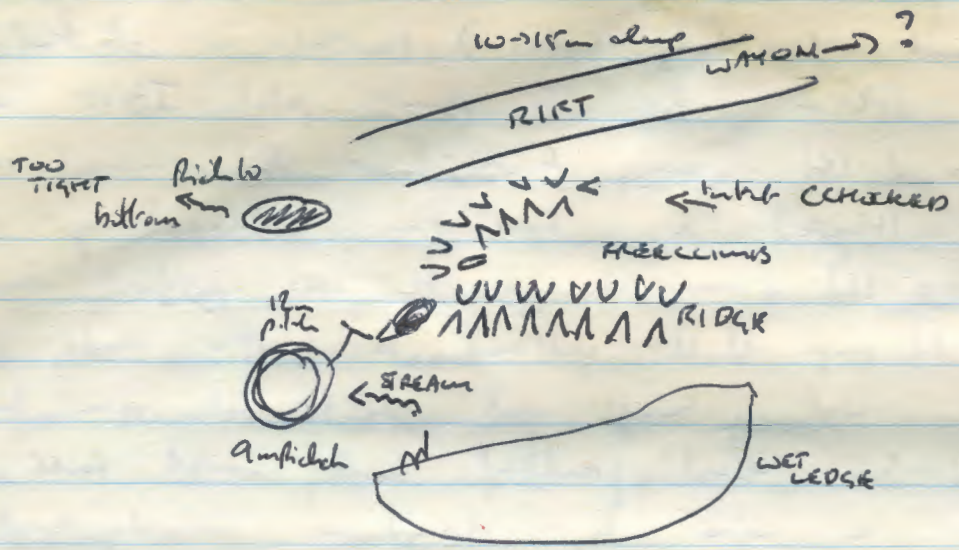
on, but which ironically (Ha! Ha!) landed between Rosy Crucifixion and Lemaitre Gates.) with a shorter rope, to release GSM for the next pitch. This was rerigged on the way back up to remove rebounds such that there is now an unnecessary rebelay just below the main-hang. I was gripped when re-rigging this since I spotted a better hang just below the wet hang and put the wire on this better anchor. Then realised I would fall about 3 ft on a wire by doing so. So I had to climb up and clip myself tight up on the rope.



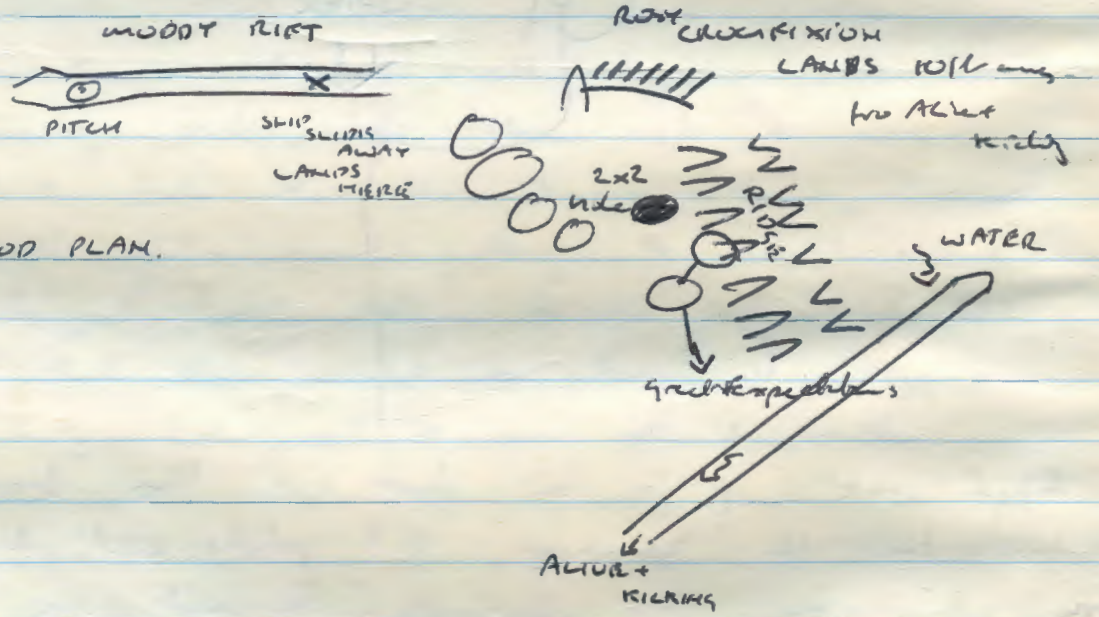
Lemaitre gates as now rigged.

Rigged next pitch on short rope, then found no more traverse for the remaining short pitches and climb. Threw rope down on two inappropriate and very long wires but did not fancy the climb down. Also the cliff we intended to push. Had a look down cliff which seems to go. Gavin and Kate set off an hour before me and Dave (11 o'clockish). On way out had a look at the Dry cliff to the far

Plan (CHEAT BOTTOM)



end of first false floor. This was very muddy and slippy, so I only went about 50 — to where it opens out to a small (4->5m) pitch. May want go somewhere where it heads away from the rest of the cave. You can get to this by scrambling amongst boulders beneath the false floor.



NOT U GOOD PLAN.

The other end of Great Expectations either closes down and is the inlet for all the water down the shaft series.

Fetched our equipment on the ledge and followed to Great a Kaber on their way up. Dave prussiked

steadily, but had problems at rebelays due to new chest jammer which sticks to ropes too well. Managed whole trip on just carbide, including rigging an last rebelay of cavering gets with no light, except when wearing Kate's headlamp on that rebely, which is sporting to say the least. No problems up potholes, Dave route found through the cliff and we met Kate + Gavin having a fettle at Flying Rebellion. Kate got stuck ~~but~~ persevered in Paradise Pitch then after a long rest at the bottom of the heaven decided to relinquish her chest harness below the squeeze, which conveniently wrapped itself around Dave's head. This gave Gavin the chance to get out of the cave and sunbathe, while we took a further hour getting out at 11 o'clock, 23 hours after going down. Charged in the sun which was gorgeous and met the work pushers on way down hill.

<u>The Lemming Award</u>: 1988-89.

Nominees so far

Stewart ~~Stewartthelee~~ Leapt from the way down the ladder in Pablo pot

Roy Taylor leapt down the widening in Black crystal Pitch.

Both very poor attempts only included due to the general poor standard of this years expedition. The cliffs are awkward and ~~standard~~ care should be taken where they widen out since much of the chass is untraversable, and ~~longest~~ short falls can be as bad as long falls. However a successful nominee for the Lemming will have to move up to the big time, how about a leap from anywhere down the shaft series or attempting 7th

heaven squeeze without ~~so~~ being dipped on. Guaranteed success every time.

Happy Leaping

She Lemming.

The Invisible Force – A cautionary tale for budding Cave Surveyors

THIS IS IMPORTANT

Today (Monday 18/7/'88) I tried holding up my Surveying torch (beloved of Steve Gale in times past) to a survey compass. Holding it close to the card in the position to take a reading caused a shift in ~~a~~ of upto 10°. The effect is more pronounced if on NS rdgs than EW rdgs. A caving light had a much smaller effect

MORALS 1 If you use ~~a~~ a torch to illuminate the compass, hold it a foot or so away

2 ~~Use~~ Make sure leapfrogging is used so that these types of errors cancel out.

William

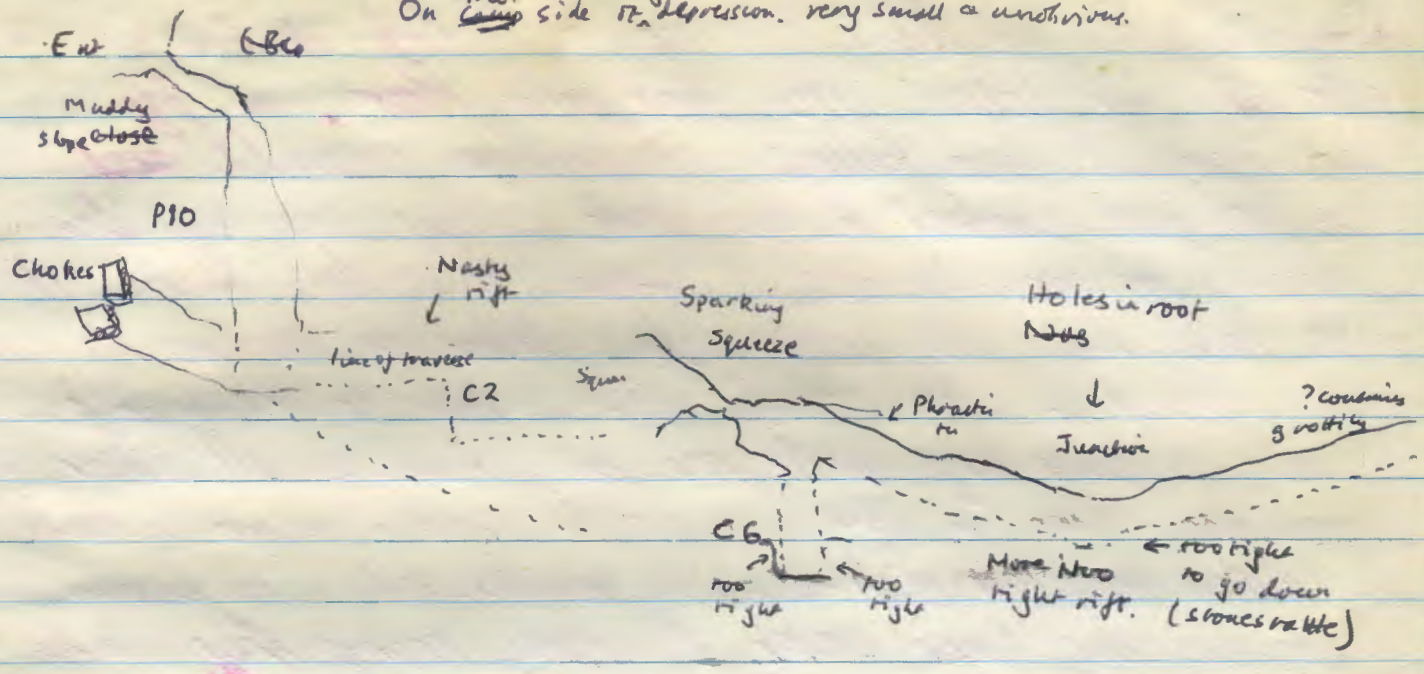
49/5 "My little Rabbit Hole" William & Delta 18 July

Entrance: Bearings Jultagua 169° S La Vertelluenga 225° SEW

Julagua 066° (NE) ~~yr~~

Rigged SRT rope on entrance climb & proceeded along said rift to a squeeze which was hammered open. Beyond is a phreatic tube ca 3' in diameter above a 4" wide vadose rift. Shortly beyond the squeeze, one can climb down 20' to the base of the rift, which looks too tight. Proceeding along the ~~top~~ phreatic tube, however one soon reaches a junction area with a couple ha of holes upwards. Rift still too tight to descend, however. Can follow the phreatic tube some distance to where it gets smaller, but OK, we didn't absolutely push to the bitter end. Exited at this point leaving a rope & hammer in the cave. Worth another look with proper (carbide) lights & more thermal insulation than a shared set of Damart.

Entrance is ≈ 400m from camp on a bearing ca 210°.
On trip side is large depression. very small & unthrivious.



Sunday 17 July 1988.

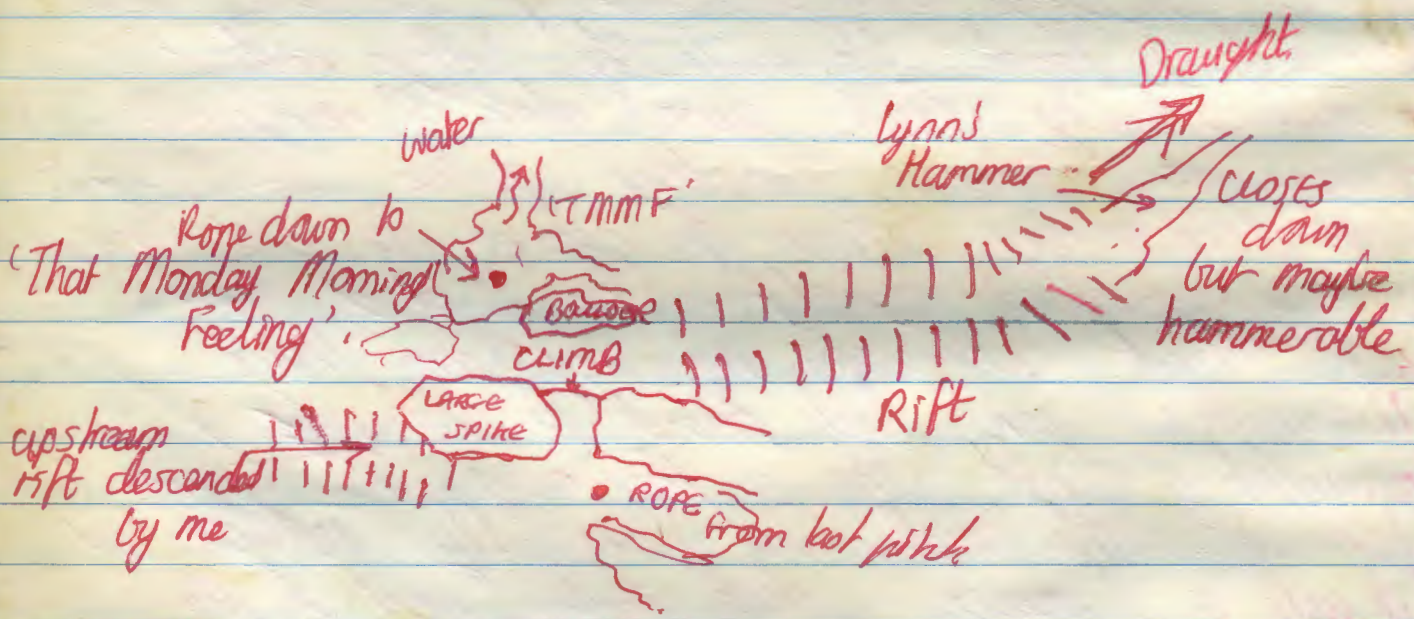
2/7. Lynn, Dan, Paul.

Went down the cave really just to look for ways on at the bottom, so only took 35m of rope & a large BDH container of carbide plus rather a lot of food. We made the bottom without too much difficulty. Paul cursed a lot & negotiated a very wet rebelay on cemetery gates. I (Dan) went down to very bottom of cave for old times sake & convinced myself (as I did last year) that there was no way on there. Meanwhile Lynn had found a strongly draughting rift, tho is the way on guys but its a little small. She heroically battered at it with a hammer while Paul went to the very bottom & I popped down a rift that was, as suspected, merely the inlet for the water. I then had a quick bash at hammering but was beginning to feel weak & was having ear problems so we

went out. We didn't bother to look at F.C.'s rift at just below the last false floor, as by this time I was feeling definitely unwell and just wanted to get out. Very slow up the pitches for some reason. A useless fact – it only took me 160 prussick strokes up the pitch, instead of the usual 190, however I didn't have a tackle bag with me as I have on all other occasions. Even so 160 prussick strokes seems a hell of a lot for that pitch – I'd be interested to know if anyone else keeps count & how many they take!! We were abit more efficient thro' the rifts and were all "lean and mean speleos" thro' paradise. I enjoyed the trip apart from the bit I was feeling ill in.

The bottom of 217:–

Dan.



Thank you to Lynn and Dan for getting me down and out of the cave in one piece.

Paul.

Monday 18/7/88 Phil R, Martin H, Martin L. 2/7 Photographic Trip

Things didn't start too well with a very hot walk up to the entrance, where Phil found he'd forgotten to pack his Petzl generator. Then Martin H found he'd packed two right-footed wellies. Thus resigned to a shortish trip progress ended (for ML at least) when he couldn't force himself down into the final bit of rope climb near start of Paradise Rift. This was probably because he was facing right hand wall (looking in) but it just didn't occur to him to try any other way.

Anyway, a few photos were taken of squeeze into P.R. (the rift that is) & a totally filled phreatic tube which has been bisected by Seventh Heaven rift, and of 7th Heaven itself. And we got out to hear the first rumblings of the thunder that was to continue - on and off - throughout the night; but got back in time for dinner & just before the rain.

Tuesday 19/7/88 Dave Monaghan, Ditta Neumann
The dynamic dustman team

After long and strenuous walk up to the top, munching hawaiian crunch we first visited the eyehole. Very impressive hole with blank light grey on the other side. Being OUCC rebellions we had 2 petzl-stops! Slight problem as on the top of the first pitch Ditta's stop stopped. No it just wasn't to be persuaded to go down. Trying to force feed it and bounding up and down the rope showed little effect. Dave M had no problem since he had a nice and heavy tackelebag. (and nice and heavy person aswell) Ditta got stopped virtually all the way down the first 3 pitches and was completely worn out by the end. Maybe a Stop is too safe after all. At the bottom of 7th heaven Ditta started off putting the first bolt in "of which Dave Elliot would not have been proud of" quickly followed by Daves bolt. At one stage we thought of putting a 7-hang in instead of a belay but that would have meant another bolt. Ditta even went to the extreme of putting a bolt in at the bottom of the slope while Dave getting utterly bored put in loads of butterfly knots. We sat down to relax after such an extraordinary hard job when suddenly a rumbling was heard from above. Suddenly next to Dittas last bolt a massive waterfall sprang into existance. Wow! What

a shock. Once established it didnt seem to get any smaller or bigger and Dave reassured that Paradise squeeze would be dry. It was - well the top was. Gliding through the rift with total ease and abseiling down Flying Rebelais. Changing fresh against spend carbide and Ditta decided that she had quite enough so Popcorn rift was abandoned. Dumped some food then Ditta started going out and found a very serious nibpoint down to the core just 1m below the top of the Pitch - knotted it out. Definately need rope protector on it. It proved not an enormous problem - not as big as imagined - except Dave got his welly well and truely jamed, struggled for 10 min and in the end had to take it off. Ditta managed to climb out of the top squeeze without extra help by Dave which Dave didnt think fair at all. More food and then slow pussik out. Especially the top two pitches were quite drippy. 7¼ hours was the verdict plus wet cloths and rucksacks But, it was still light outside and even the fog disappeared so we could find our way back without having to walk round in circles too much except Ditta keeled over twice since she started to get quite tired. And then ... food and a dry tent.

Ditta

Phil R Bill S Gavin 19-20/7/88

Does 217 go or not.

This was to be it, the final venture into 217 to crack the wayon. Despite the gloomy prospect of the cave prematurely bottling out our team was full of optimism and dreams of high level rift bypasses and massive streamways. Oh psychospeleogenesis (Singleton 1980) is such a powerful tool! Infact our optimism was so great that we nearly forgot to pack the drill + lump hammer to continue Lynn's desperate hammering.

The journey down was generally smooth although punctuated by uneasy colourful and hitherto unthought of curses at the ability of rucksack bags to stick to rift passages! We were really dead chuffed with ourselves, optimism running on higher when we finally loaded at the base of the pitch below cemetery gates ~~where the prevno~~ by 5pm. Looking across the passage a dark hole beckoned which seemed for all the world to be above the rift previously hammered and accessable by a moderate climb.

The prospects of this upper passage were confirmed by a quick visit to the hammered rift and we then prepared to push ourselves into the unknown munching the traditional pre-pushing supper.

Woosssh - growll - mhle. Our supper was interrupted by strange noises from above followed by the sudden increase in the water volume by at least 100xs. We thought

that were were trapped as the splashing pitch was transformed into a foaming cataract (well there was a lot of water anyway!!). Still we were not to be discouraged - a few hours pacing would see the water level drop and the pitches become passable again.

The climb (thanks to Gavin) proved even easier than expected and we soon found ourselves in a maze of muddy passages with wind phreatic pendants in the roof. The passages drafted superbly and we were soon ropping down to a junction - a phreatic level going off to the ~~left~~ the left and a small drafting pitch going down to the right. Intrigued by the prospect of following having ahead passage we followed the left branch. As we progressed along the sizeable passage we began to make out a deep booming roar of quite terrifying proportions. Some where there was one hell of a lot of water. Eventually we came to a 45° slope down that traded in a small chamber. The boom was now deafening and to our left we could make out a black hole out of which the rumbling boom came. Small ish rocks ~~we~~ thrown through this hole made no impression - the sound of their falling being drowned out by the roaring water. However when we ~~though~~ threw down a truly enormous boulder we were invited to the spot when the first bang after about two seconds

was followed by another at least 4 seconds later. This is one hell of pitch and our longest rope was only 35m!

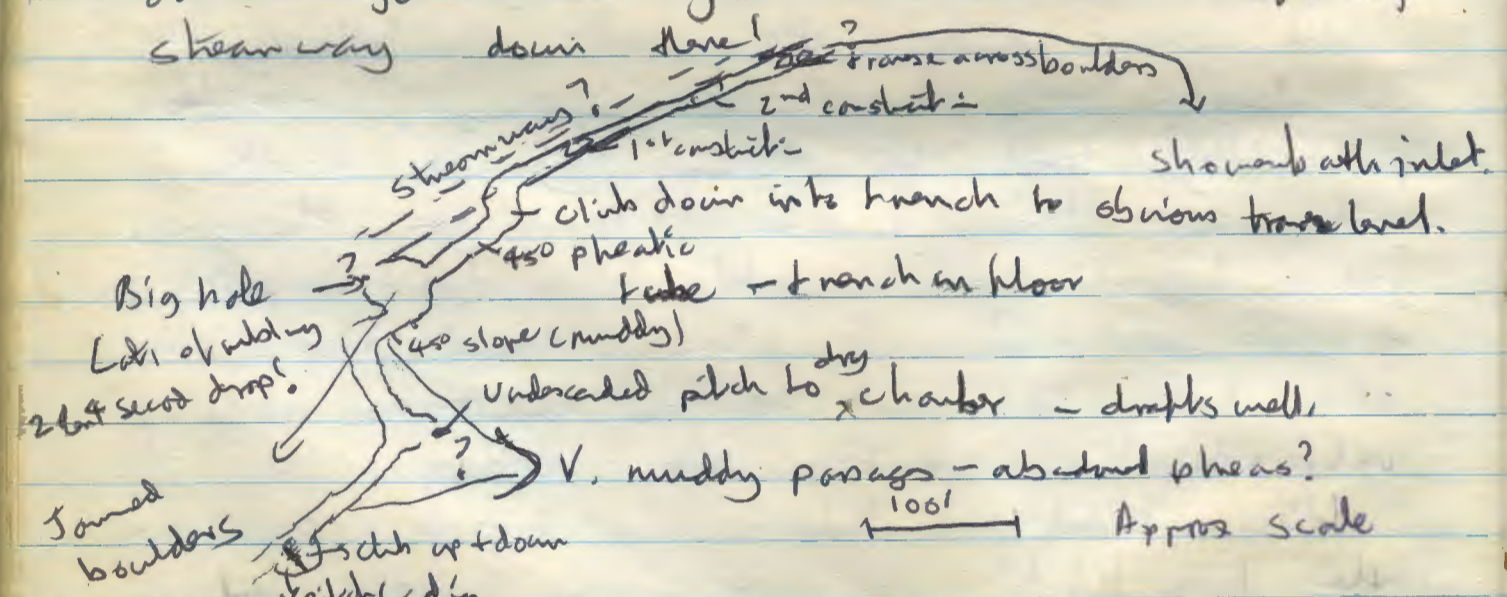
In the face of lack of tackle and the flood in progress we decided to leave this pitch for another day and explored and a beautiful round phreatic tube on our ~~left~~ right. This descended at 45° for about 150' and then gave ~~access~~ access to an easy free climb - we rigged a hand line to an obvious traverse level, ~~This level~~ about 10-15 m below.

The traverse level continues for several hundred feet, the booming roar of the streamway getting louder all the time. Several grey traverses and a couple of constrictions later we arrived at an exposed climb down of ≈ 35m. This was rigged with a hand ~~hd~~ line but further exploration curtailed by a showerbath and blocking the passage with a boat as much water as the 2/7 shafts which filled the passage. The boom of the streamway below - it would seem that the rift we followed ~~was~~ in the high levels of the stream canyon, was here particularly loud ~~so~~ there may be another good spot to rig down to the streamway just beyond the inlet. We didn't investigate as we thought the flood might trap us for some time so we decided to remain dry and retreated back up the rift - derigging the climbs. We intended to have a bit of a look down the big pitch we had found earlier but discovered we had left the bolting kit back at camp, quite in the excitement caused by

the flood pulse. We were feeling pretty euphoric at our discoveries but when we returned to the Cemetery Gates found that the water level had not subsided.

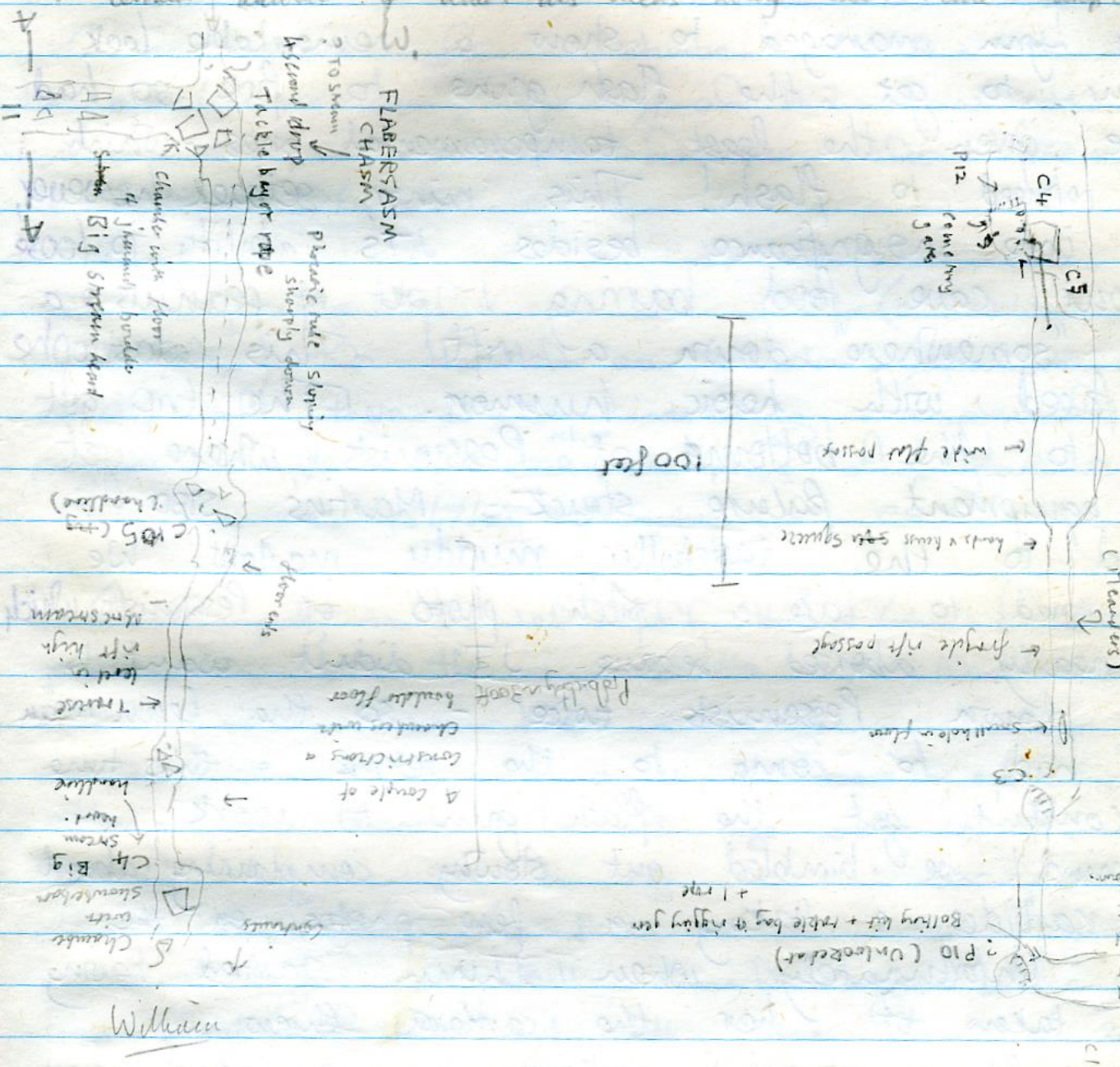
It being 11 pm, we being pretty knackered and faced by the prospect of 500m of prusicking in the equivalent of heavy rain we decided to beat a tactical retreat, taking the carbide drop with us in case we became trapped by the water. In the event the exit wasn't not nearly as bad as we had anticipated despite its aqueous nature. It is interesting to note that even in flood the pitches above Armageddon are pretty dry. The cabinet of water, the fact that it was Bill's first trip and is malfunctioning carbide all resulted in him getting completely knacked — he even threw up at flaging Rebelays!

The result is the cave goes and boy does it go in style! There is one hell of a big streamway down there!



Wednesday 20th July pm

Went back to old camp site & picked up peanut bottle & a certain amount of litter. This needs doing each time camp is shifted.


FLABERSASM CHASM
TO SMOOTH
Tackle layer rate
Plastic tube sloping sharply down
Chamber with floor of unknown bounds
Big Stream head
Big Stream head
Stream heard
Clambe with Stonebloom
Wilkinson
A
A
C5
C4
C3
C6 (try it handline)
A couple of constrictions & chambers with boulder floor
Rabbiting about
Small hole in floor
Tunnel left in high stream
Handline
Handline
Handline

Photographic trip 20.7.88
Martin H, Lynn, J.T.

Lynn managed to show a remarkable lack of flair to get the flash guns to fire so had to be given the least temperamental ones - which still refused to flash! This minor setback however, paled into insignificance besides J.T's ability to loose all our cave food barring 1 pkt of peanuts & a Fudge "somewhere" down a rift! This catastrophe was faced with heroic humour. The trip got down to the bottom of Pessimists where yet more equipment failure struck - Martin's step objected to the tastefully muddy marlow. We then tried to take a pitch photo of Pessimists which was nearly aborted because JT didn't want to abseil down Pessimists twice - so the lean mean wimp had to come to the rescue & this time J.T couldn't get the flash gun to work. Nevermind! we bimbled out slowly complaining about our carbides & taking a few photos on the way. Unfortunately when Lynn started having shots taken of her, the camera threw an epileptic fit & stoped working so we gave up & just tried coming out. & the Paradise rift struck again & JT got incredibly stuck & knackered causing the lean mean wimp to go all the way back down that horrible rift. Aargh! Eventually, we all got out at ~3.30. We walked back with one working light set between the 3 of us. There ends a highly successful trip?

21/7/88

Dave H, Martin L & for a while Martin H.

Caving in area G between sod's 4 & 3 to the left (on the way down) of the main path. Take the path to Las Fuentes after 150m on the right G1

2m high entrance 3m long to rift which doses down. Entrance passage full of cow shit (avoidable ish on stones) On the left as you climb up into the choked rift there is an interesting example of phytokarst. Here follows a ref. to description of phytokarst by M.L. - see 15/7/88 description of F52.

Take the path to the left off the Las Fuentes path, 15m below the top of the hill North East side is an obvious hole in a grassy bank = G2

3m climb down to small chamber with rotten guano boards. To left large ~~obv~~ obvious eye-hole for long wire to rig 12m ladder pitch off to the right. This kicks in a rift: upriff chokes at large cow skull downrift goes through large quantities of fallen old stall, ~~then~~ down a 2m climb & finally chokes at a stall blockage.

Below the pitch is a chamber/alcove containing a bat skeleton (including teeth).

In grassy depression to NE are the three shafts noted on 16/7/88. The best looking of these was partially rigged using two long wires around a large boulder which has been marked as G3. Two 8m ladders reached the lip of a further 10-15m pitch, where rocks rattled down a little further. So, this needs a return visit with 4 or 5 ladders and a rope....

Going roughly up & S, a low entrance (G4) entered a couple of small chambers amongst boulders.

Continued S to slopes ~~of ridge~~ up to the La Rasa ridge. Slightly

higher than the level of the cols into a large closed depression was the ~ 1½ m diameter entrance to GS. To right, moving a couple of boulders allowed a 2½ m climb down in rift to choked floor. However, descending rift to left draughted quite well although a hammer might be useful to ease descent.

Continuing NE-wards G6 was a similar entrance above the next closed depression. A phreatic tube about 1m wide with a trench carried strong draught. Awkward for progression in shots, but looks like perseverance might lead to a pitch down rift

A few hundred metres further on at same sort of level a body sized descending hole emitted a very strong draught. Not marked, but well worth a return visit.

Finished up at Cheese Cave (First looked at in 1979 when it contained impressive ice formations; extended in 1982 although still not marked or really written up in procs). Dave was impressed by the door & extensive shelving put up by some pastor of yore, although there was no cheese.

Worth surveying if only for practise by the first timers.

A QUOTE

Dave "I don't have a Liscence to kiss pals" Horsely

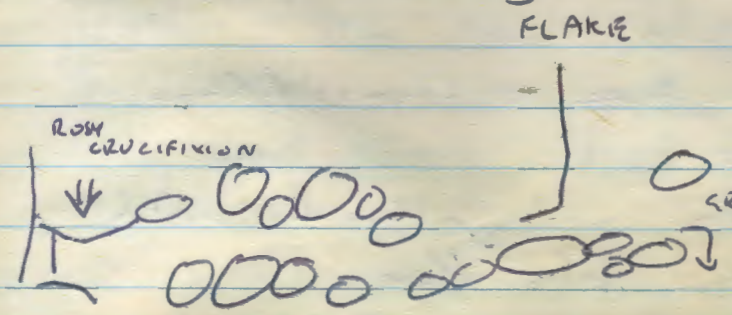
23/7/'87 We are drowning in a sea of baked beans & mornflakes.
Keep up the good work! W.

An Extremely Altruistic Trip by 1.4 22 23 + Alice, Jonathan and Kate

We could have gone on the camping trip and got 3 of Dani's men on a horrible trip to carry all our gear. We could have taken 100 m of rope and rigged into the "Mastercave". But no, the other things needed doing, things which required men (and women) of character and fortitude who would go down to nearly the limits of exploration and selflessly do good deeds to benefit their fellow cavers. Firstly Flying Rebellion needed the rub point getting rid of, but the trend was too tight so this was done on the way out. Secondly the easier Rosy Crucifixion route was preferred to the more arduous Great Expectations / Alice and Kirby. So we took more tackle than would fit in one tackle bag, plus all pockets full of rope and rigging gear.

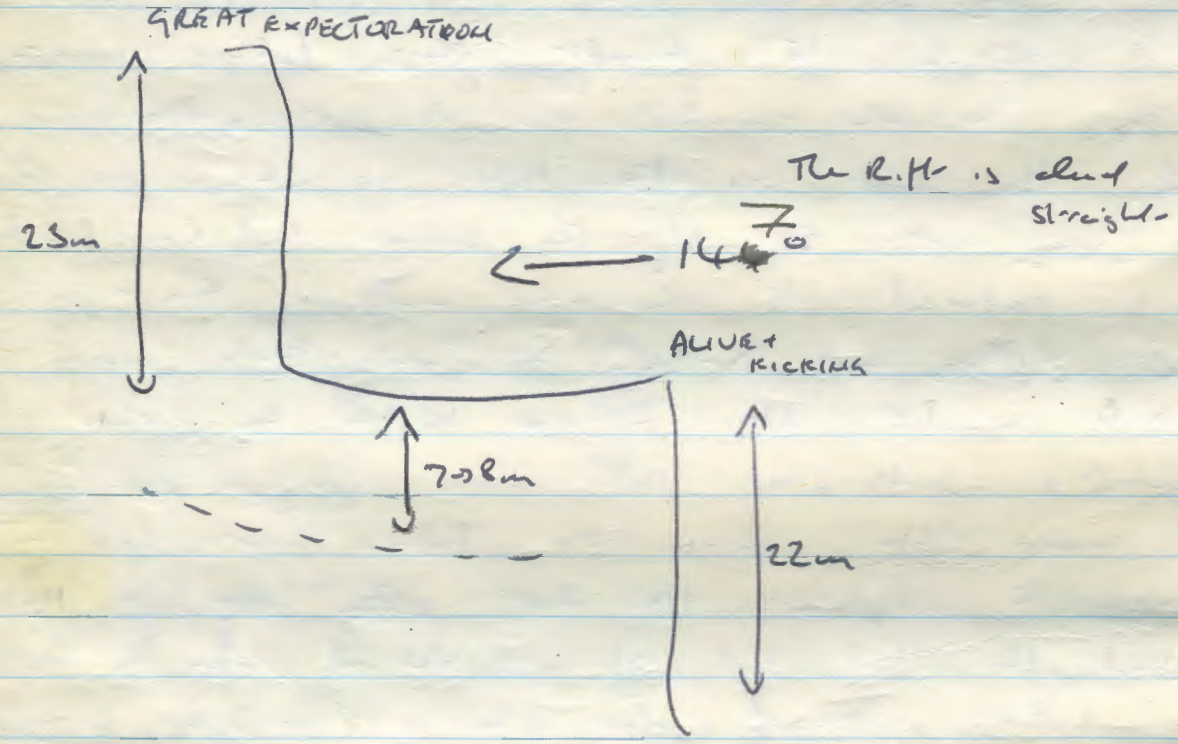
The traverse line across the false floor was not long enough to replace the short pitch after the flake, which had the trail end of a 50 m rope on it. So I confidently tossed down a 15 m rope and let Kate do her first bit of rigging. After some self conscious fumbling she had copied the previous rigging except the 15 m was too short. This was rectified by so juggling the two ropes available.

The way to Rosy Crucifixion is down the boulders at the bottom of the pitch. In the opposite direction to Great Expectations for those that know it. Then a stoop / walk among boulders to the pitch head.



The rigging of Rosy Crucifixion was surprisingly easy considering the odd angle of the wall and the multitude of projections which took the potential sows. Chatted with the tourists on their way out who seemed overawed by the cave, and were likely to get out some time early morning.

Whilst derigging Alive and Kicking we surveyed the two pitches light + direction to give a loop.



To be even more heroic we thought of taking the gear we had derigged to the camp, wherever that was, but it was getting late and we would be slow out.

Left Tackle at bottom of Rosy Crucifixion

= 1 bag of 45m + 50m rope

+ 1 bag of 4 rope protectors, 2 long + 2 short tapes, 2 short + 1 long wire. 2 hangers + 6 karabiners.

+ 1 small BDH of chicks + Compass / Clino

+ 1 tape

Also 4 rope protectors are washing themselves slowly in a dripping pool of the false floor.

Kate set off ½ and hour before us as I was sorting out trouble. It took us 3 hours from the bottom of R.C to the top. Left Pessimistic, which I thought was bloody quick, but I did not catch Kate up, which means she like virtually all the novices proceeds (relative to me) like lightning.

Proceeded up Pessimistic at 3° in the morning again, ~~for~~ in a complete daze, the meanders along the rift in a zodiac-like stroll, such that I got lost. Kate once again had fun through Paradise rift and we were out by 10.15 to eat the strawberries which we could not eat down the cave because my tin opener had disappeared. Tin openers are no good for cutting tubes of plastic. Kate lost hers after it had ~~spat~~ shot flames out of a big leak, somewhere in Paradise R.H.

Extra hero points for me for carry out 2 BDHs + a plastic bags worth of catch from the bottom, which was fucking heavy.

Kate got her own back on me for taking her down 2/7 by losing one of my wellies on the path. 21 hours all heavenly.

23/7/88. Roy + Dave down 49/5. My wretched rabbit hole.

Short trip down this tight little cave to find a way on. Tried V. hard to get down rifts at end of cave and failed. Found no new passages but heard alot of water further down the cave. Came out and got very muddy. Only good thing about this hole is it is close to Aico

PS. Dave would like to add that he experienced his 2nd flood pulse of the expedition, down the cave.

[illegible]/7/58

35hrs

Dave H. Phil R. Gavin

Camping in 2/7, with help from 3 cavers from Doris expedition. Richard Chris & Harry are got 3 bags of camping gear one of food & two of tackle to the camp site. This is in the abandoned phreatic passages above the big pitch. Room for about four max but cosy. The camping gear is brilliant, really warm & the bivy bags are really good.

Before sleeping Phil attempted to rig the big pitch & failed. Dave & Gavin rigged the pitch to a small chamber just before the camp. 18m pitch / free climb to a mud filled chamber only very on a light rift. We left it rigged so it can be surveyed. Phil attempted to rig big pitch put in one bolt failed on the second so gave up. We then packed in, had a good rest & a bite, up at 8.00am breakfast & then back to rigging. Phil to the big pitch Dave & Gavin to derigging the old route to the bottom.

Oh! Forgot to mention there were no bolt holes in the bolt kit so we had to go and fetch the other from Lyns dig a real pain.

After derigging the old route we joined Phil rigging the pitch. He called us down with whistle blasts.

NOTE A WHISTLE IS ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL

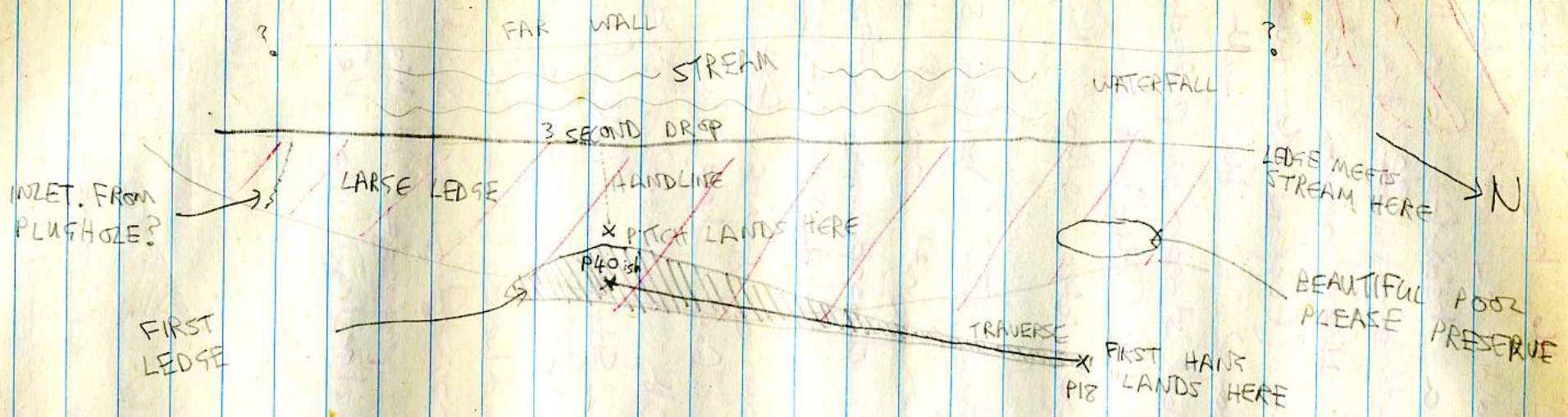
The big pitch, Flaberggan Chasm was rigged with the 80m rope from notices. Part way down you pendule across to a traverse level which takes you to a big ledge. The main bag is then for

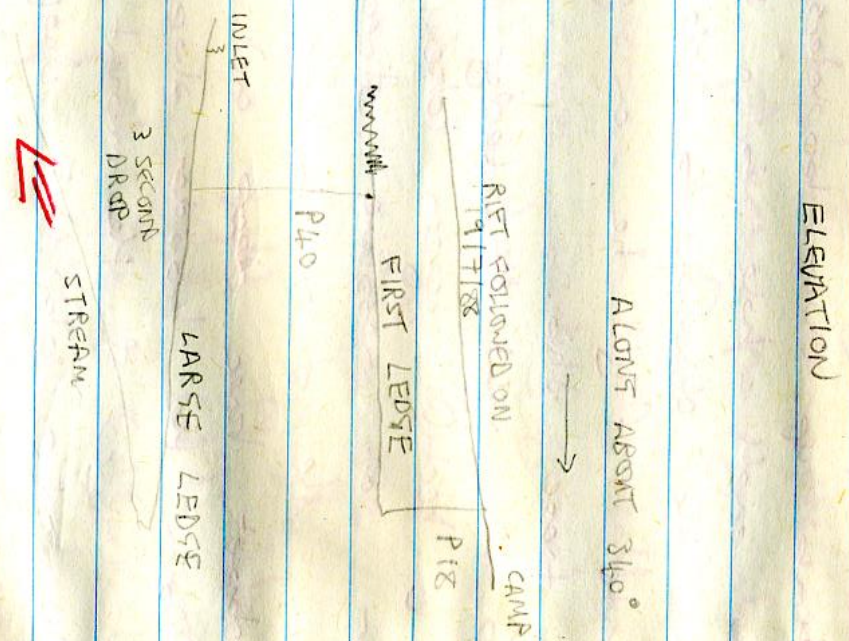
two rounds backed up to a bolt rigged of a superdube 45m rope the top of the hang is against the rock but Phil put a bolt in the only good bit of rock which gives a beautiful free hang as the walls disappear from sight below the bolt. The massive ledge on which this pitch lands on is very impressive to the left (facing the river canyon) a climb up over boulders and in the wall, emerging from a small hole is a little stream, probably the stream the disappears down the plughole in the old mole. Might be a good idea to try and dye trace this.

To the right the ledge goes for between 50-100m to a beautiful green lake with just around the corner a massive stream disappearing down a pitch. The stream is massive, at this point 8 ft wide & about knee deep and flowing quite fast.

Down the boulder slope from where the pitch lands (rigged at the moment with a hand line) leads to the lip of a drop. Stones fall for this point for 3-4 seconds landing with a resounding crash which is difficult to hear above the roar of the river. The river is running in a Southerly direction and the prehistoric passage at the top of Fidhergaun chasm is leading up the main river

PLAN


FAR WALL
?
?
STREAM
WATERFALL
3 SECOND DROP
LEDGE MEETS STREAM HERE
N
INLET. FROM PLUGHOLE?
LARGE LEDGE
HANDLINE
PITCH LANDS HERE
P40 ish
BEAUTIFUL POOL PLEASE PRESERVE
FIRST LEDGE
TRAVERSE
FIRST HANG LANDS HERE
P18


ELEVATION
ALONG ABOUT 340°
RIFT FOLLOWED ON 19/7/18
FIRST LEDGE
P40
INLET
3 SECOND DROP
STREAM
LARGE LEDGE
P18
CAMP

[redacted]

Postcard from a Passer at Base.

Dear Ow and all.

Got bored with waiting for cars from base so going die detesting down Tree + Cave with Paul + Kate. If anyone fancies going down take wires + tapes + 120 m rope. If not I will be available tomorrow

J.C.

(William arrives ½ hr after this fit a tea to go caving accompanied by Martin L.)

Dear Everyone at ~~Tap~~ Ario,

I visited this Basilica today and also went 'down' Santa Cueva. We were going to look at Cueva del Buen to see the cave paintings but they were closed. Still we discovered a brilliant cheese shop that sold very ripe Cabrales at Cangas. Push the cave as far as you can but don't ~~you dare bottom it~~ until I feel fit enough to cave!! I am psychospeleogenesizing as hard as I can, could you all psychocaverecover is for me in return. I'm sure if I don't go underground soon I shall shrivel up and turn to dust.

Lots of Love, Dan. xxx

S. ASTURIAS
Covadonga
Ediciones: M. ROYUELA AREVALO
Prohibida la reproducción
Dep. Legal B. 49.485-XIII

Postcard from a Dossar at Base.

Dear Ow and all.

Got bored with waiting for cavers from here so going die detesting down Trea + Cacu with Paul + Kate. If anyone fancies going down take wires + tiges + 120 m rope. If not I will be available tomorrow

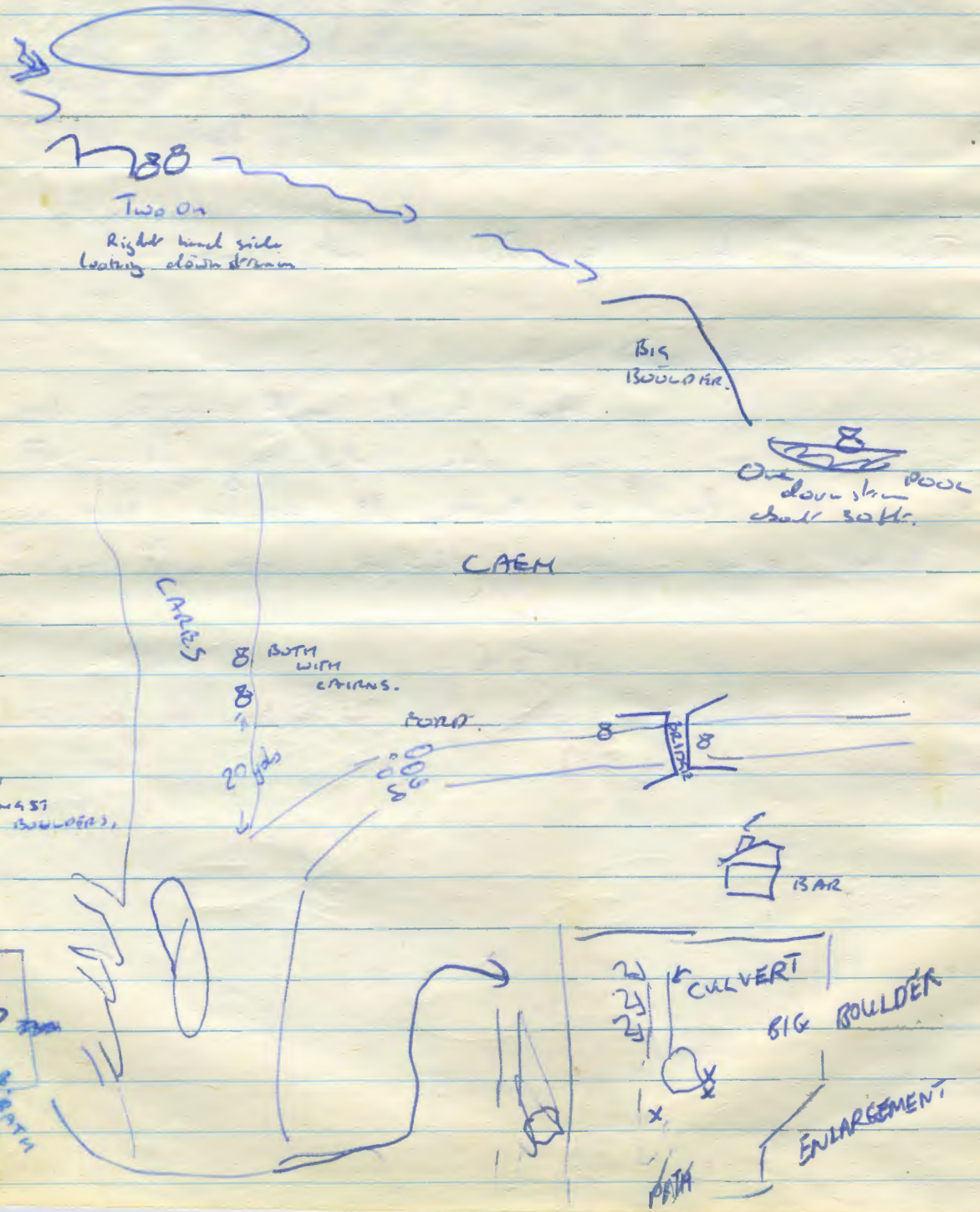
J.C.

(William arrives ½ hr after this fit a kea to go caving accompanied by Martin L.)

Trip to Caem + Dye Retreating.

Paul, Roy, Kate & Jonathan

Got board at Arid so went down the Tree path, which was quite exciting. Put Dye's detectors in Tree and in resurgence on the side of Caves at Caem, in stream through Caem and upstream Caves. Paul will probably pick them up but if he drops down he becomes otherwise incapacitated. There are 3 in the Tree resurgence. On the way back found the right path so it was a lot easier. Beer + biscuits in bar.



William" Is it seriously bacon" Stead.

24/7/88

Seriously knackered Steve (the comic dustman to-be) arrives after 2 and a half 3/4 hours. Over hill? and not far away

Steve

You're fucking lucky that you ever got to the top of the hill

Steve" I'm a garlic man but not when I'm expecting cabbage" Roberts.

A Message to Future Campers:-

We (Paul, Roy, William + J.C) are going camping today (Monday 25th) We intend to rig the Big pitch to enhance the 85m rope then go to bed. Tomorrow two will push the stream and two will push and survey the high level series. We hope to have run them either 1) Come straight out
2) Have another sleep
3) Carry on pushing etc
until the next crew check us out.

Either way the next team is welcome to come down any time and can even lift us out of the pits if we're still asleep. We are taking 120m of rope to add to the 50, 45, 30 and shorties already down there + some wires and tapes hangers, nuts etc. We have more food (dehydrated) than we could possibly consume, so next team should be OK.

Next cavers will need rope(?), Cowbiscuits, munchies, rigging gear. If you intend to survey (a good idea because there lots off high level

stuff) you will need permission only. We are taking digs and will trace (1) The main stream (2) the Playhole on the way out.

We may well also bring out some BDMs / tackle bags if we're lucky and well.

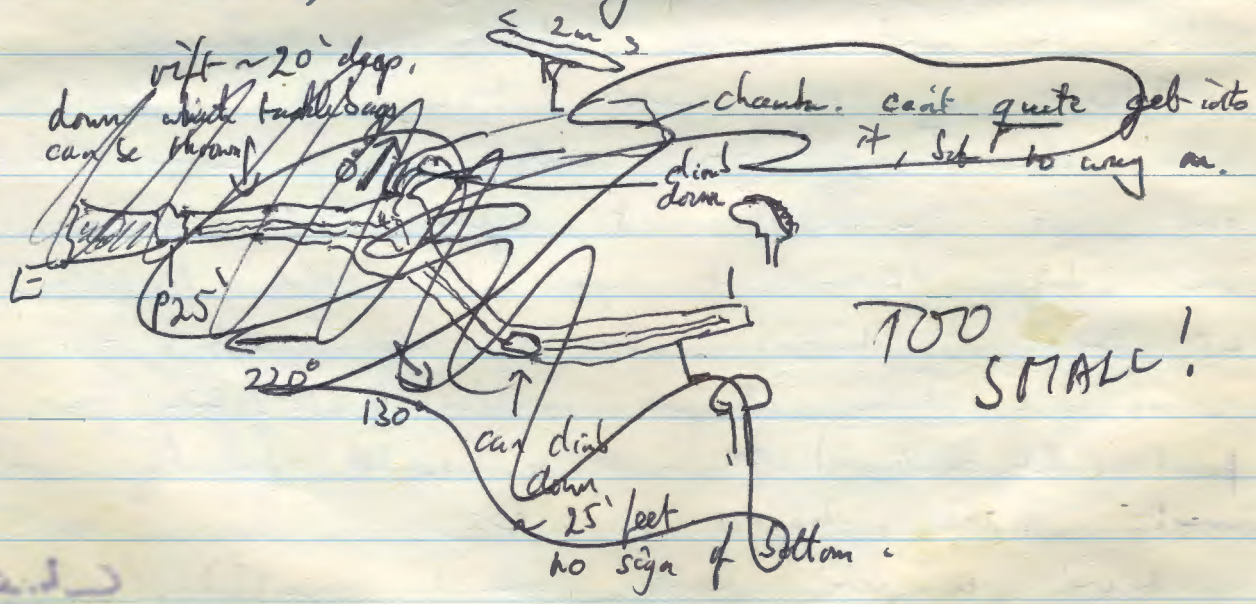
C.U. Down There.

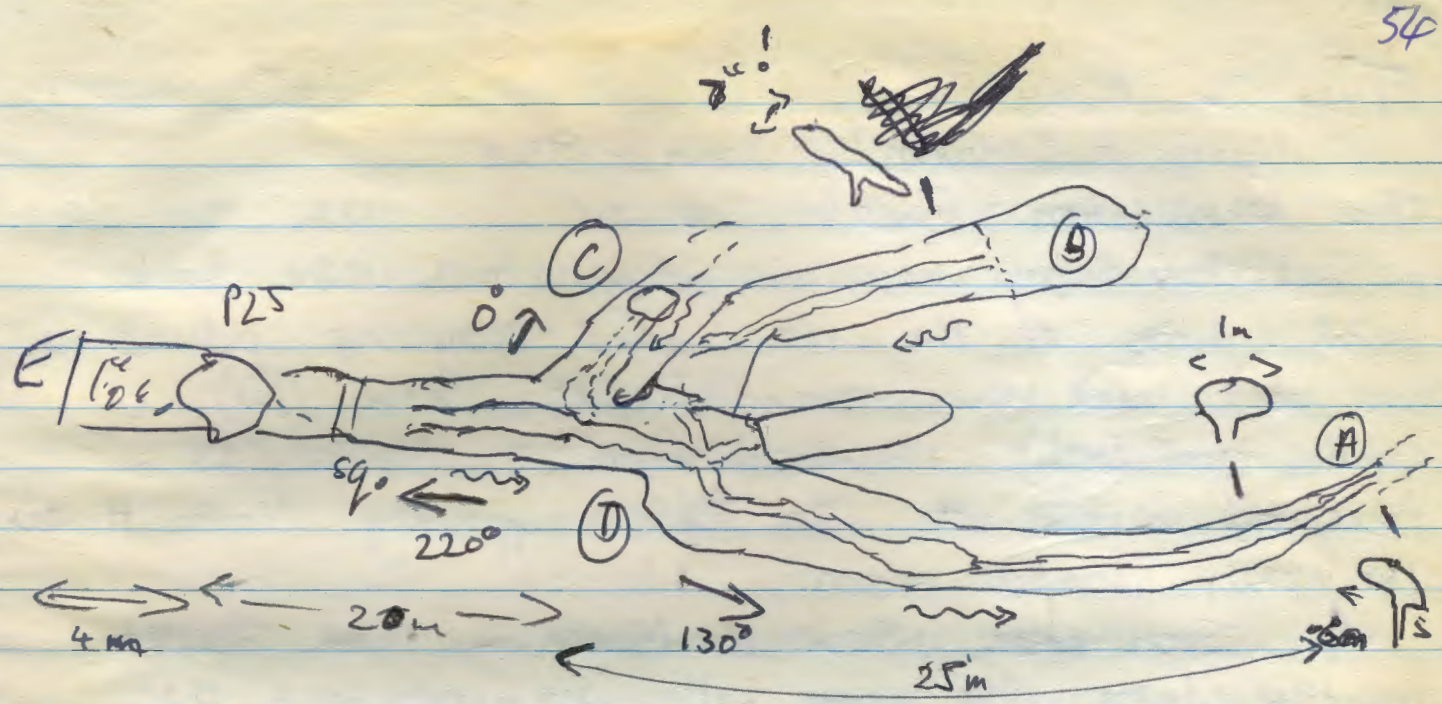
49/5 (Dotta's Rabbit Hole) 25/7/88

Dave M, Steve R.

Well I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the cavernous magnificent entrance, nor its clean-washed splashy entrance series to the first big pitch.

Oh OK, its a shit pit, a cave of great interest only to those really into shredding their clothes & covering the remaining rags with filth. We found a way on, down to the MAIN STREAM, but it gets too narrow.





(A) narrowing phreatic level – too tight. It is just possible that a way on may be found in the rift at a level just below the phreatic, but it's too tight for me!

(B) Couldn't quite squeeze all of me into this chamber, but no way on from it.

(C) NEW WAY ON – just before the 3-way chamber (D). A few yards up this passage, one can descend to the stream (~20°). Downstream is back towards (D) & on towards (A) – but too tight at all levels v. quickly. At the end is a ~25' high aven – possibly below (D).

At (A), the phreatic level is an 'inlet', but the downstream flow in the vadose canyon is from (D) to (A).

Steve

Well, who wants another grotty entrance to Xita anyway?

Tues 26th July

Martin H, Martin L, Lynn & Steve

The Rehabilitation (Photo) Trip

This trip was intending to take some useful photos of the rifts, and sponsorship pictures as well as mark the rehabilitation of Steve (leg), Lynn (wisdom tooth), Martin's (H) camera & Martin L's freak out in the rift. In fact, supposedly Martin H was the only 'complete' person.

Soon after Steve & Martin L had started trundling down the cave it was apparent that Mr. Photo man was far too ill with a tummy upset (induced by Steve's stew?) to go caving. Martin L & Steve then continued down to dump some carbide at the top of Flying Rebelays whilst Lynn replaced the bolt at the top of the 2nd pitch. The 3 duely rehabilitated returned to the surface to find a slightly better Martin & lots of fog. What is it about photo trips?!

Dan 'I'll get it out in the morning and have a play with it' Mace

TUESDAY 26th JULY

NEWSLINE ... ARIO ..... YELLOW VAN IN FRENCH SMASH SHOCK. BUCKLED DOOR - EXAMINED IN INSURANCE PROBE QUIZ

.... GERMAN WOMAN IN MIST VIGIL MORON 'WE BLEW OUR WHISTLES BUT THERE WAS NO REPLY' OUCL SPOKESWOMAN SAID

.... TOP CAVE PHOTOGRAPHER IN FOOD POISONING SCARE - MYSTERY VIRUS SWEEPS ARIO CAMPSITE. 'NO CAUSE FOR ALARM' PORTON DOWN SPOKESMAN SAID 'WE DO NOT BELIEVE COWS CARRY AIDS.'

.... WILL CAVE PITCH BE NAMED AFTER FERGIES' BABY? PALACE SPOKESMAN DENIES ASTROLOGER'S PREDICTIONS

.... MACHINED-DRILLED BOLTS FALL OUT IN CABERA MUXA VERTICAL HORROR. EXTRA TOOL NEEDED SHOCK.

.... RICE PUDDING EXPANDING TERROR IN ARIO TENT. RED ADAIR ON ALERT.

'MORE NEWS - THE LATEST NEWS - AS IT HAPPENS ONLY BY TOP CAMP LOG NEWS INC.

TO PUT THINGS INTO PERSPECTIVE THIS PAGE HAS ACTUALLY BEEN PRODUCED BY MEDWAY CAMP LOG NEWS INC

27. July 1[30] pm:— Sigrid reaches Ario (escorted by two divers) after a 22 hour 'expedition' all across nowhere (probably far into area 9 actually).

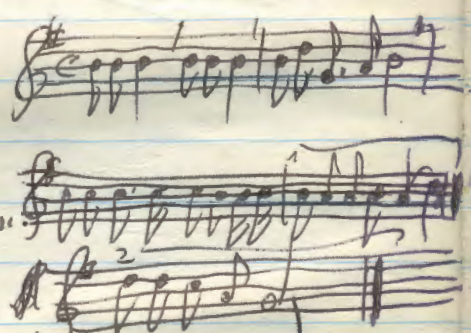
— Divers have borrowed 15 bolts & wedges to be returned tonight. (Bolts placed with the cordless drill have got into a habit of falling out of the wall again when loaded.)

— Alba has inspected the campsite & found everything extremely interesting. She has taken to (dry) Rice Krispies...

— Sheep invade us now in battle formation, leaders at the rear end.

— And what about our public inconvenience, 15/5?

(2x) "Tumble shits, tumble shits,
tumble as you pop,
Oh what fun it is to crap
on a 2 sec's open drop."



(Yet another song mutilated by a cave's mind...)

If you really badly desperately want to have a shit NOW, the climb following the cairns (or the smell) in trainers is an interesting pastime...

Gerhard

CAMP II

25th July (Mon) JC Paul Brennan, Roy, William

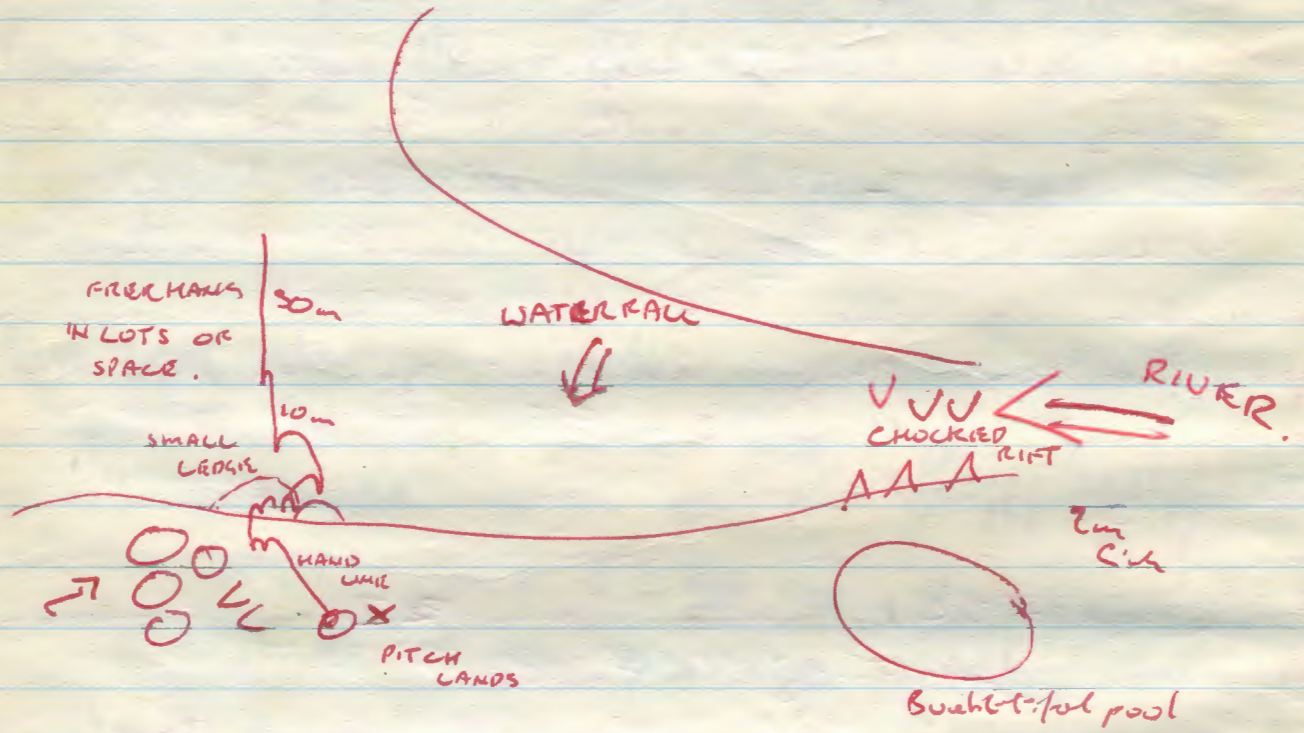
Note on dye: Paul & William put a small amount of Rhodamine into stream at cemetery gates 1410 hrs 26/7/'87. Appeared at inlet on big ledge at 1530 hrs. The rest of the Rhodamine put into main stream on big ledge 1420 hrs, below where trail was observed later.

NB Rhodamine found out at campsite. For A v. small amount spilt + 2 BDH containers with Rhodamine on in cave.

Phil's tales of huge ledges and roaring rivers had us leaping over one another to be on the next trip. The lucky 4 after much dithering (not just by William) set off up at around 1 o'clock to get down to camp with time for a brew and a spot of work. Thing's did not go to plan. No sooner had Paul and I got into the Jolly a howl when Roy appeared grinning all over his face saying he had no idea where his oversuits. Thus Team 2 (Paul + J.C) became team 1 and William sat and fretted by the entrance.

Scoted down the pitches with a freakish easy grace, taking 2 hours to get down to the end of the rifts and a further 2 to the false floor. Slowed down a bit as we collected 2 further bags. Paul commented on the riggers and I took no notice until it was pointed out that the main hang rope for Cemetery Gates had seven 3/4 (an exaggeration) through. Got to camp 1½ after going under (2.30) knackered but happy. Refreshed our spirits with a well-earned scoff with real hot tea. We then set off to find out just how "big" this ledge was. It was fucking enormous. Not only was it possible to walk along the stream (river) but also the

stream had cut down to form a cliff which had then become filled in so it was possible to walk across to a ledge on the opposite side which was about 2/3 as big. Climbed down slope to have a look at where the water was gushing down then decided to rig hand pitch over where the previously (Dreadfully named "Fabagesan Cusm") pitch landed.



I started to rig the hand pitch whilst Paul removed ropes on the hand line with balls. 3 balls later I abseiled down and Paul set off back to camp to see how the others were doing. The pitch was free hanging along a fairly vertical rock face when suddenly the wall disappeared. The noise was deafening so I had no idea how deep the pitch was. I became concerned (i.e. Scared) that there might be no knot in the end of the rope so locked off and checked it was OK, which thankfully it was. Relieved I abseiled down to the floor 30 m below the character was more more

impressive than the ledges. It is like a mini G.G with a smaller waterfall and proportionately smaller chamber but for the Brian it was huge. Ambled around to look for where the river recommenced having it may have disappeared for ever. And found it at the opposite end to the waterfall a stream of Ecrevisses or Perch proportions, which will be bigger in flood. (Surprise, surprise).

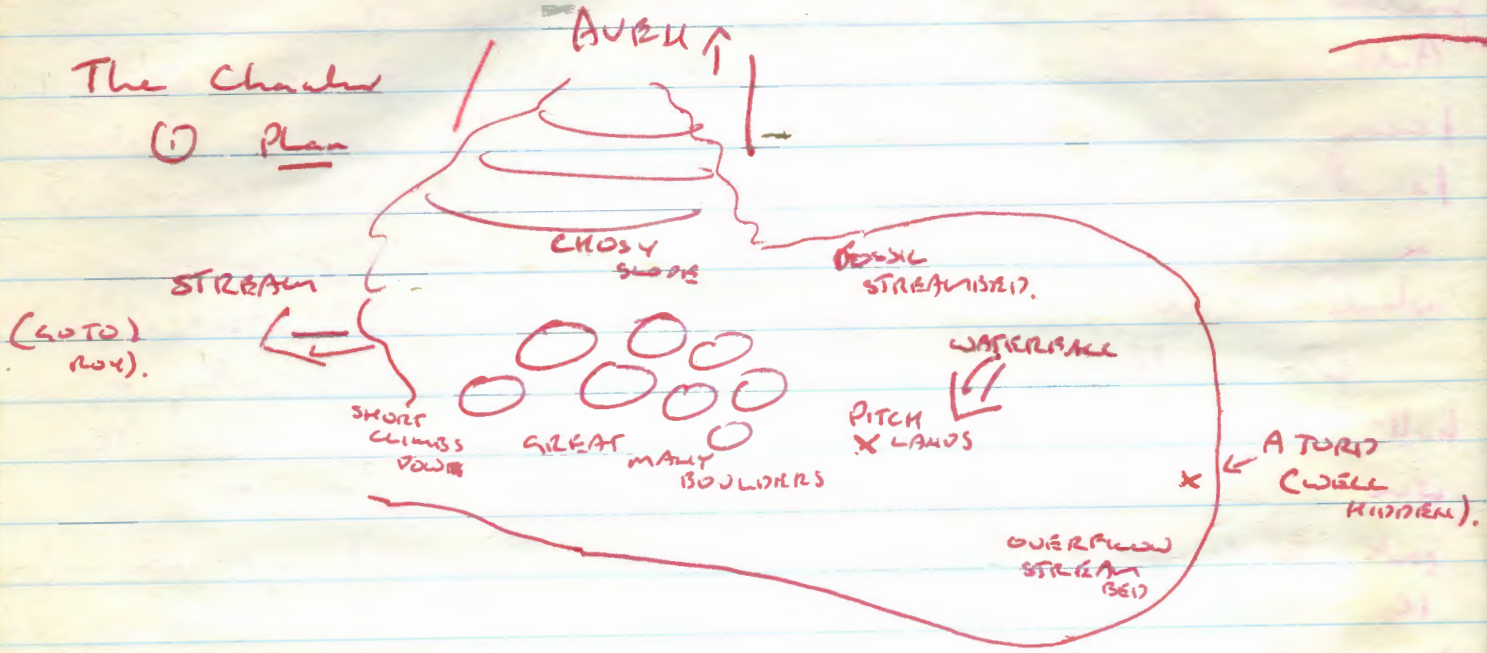
On the way back up thought about putting a bolt over the lip of the overhang just in case there were any rebounds caused by swinging under the rock. However I was too late, as I got down on the top I was fell the unwelcome pull of a rebound. I gingerly prussicked up the remaining 10m to see the most horrendous rebound which had worked its way through the sheath, revealing the ½ dozen strands of the core. I was quite frightened so ever so gingerly proceeded up the remaining few metres. Hence the pitch is now called "The Broken Sheath". On the rest of the way back concluded between how Phil had got away with the number of rebounds on the pitches he had rigged especially the "Traverse"/Pitch.".

Back at camp at 12.30 to find Bill and Roy had taken ages and not done anything down at the sharp end. But there was another cup of tea and enough water for a Spring low "Space Age Food" which are excellent. I was advised to try Turkey in Red Wine Sauce and never one to miss a piss up plumped for that one. 4 P.M in the campsite in some comfort unless your Bill and under a drip. Paul not I slept soundly, Bill and Roy less so, and we woke later (10 o'clock) and dived out more from

Cap Hill 12. The Bags are a sound investment and we were knocking.

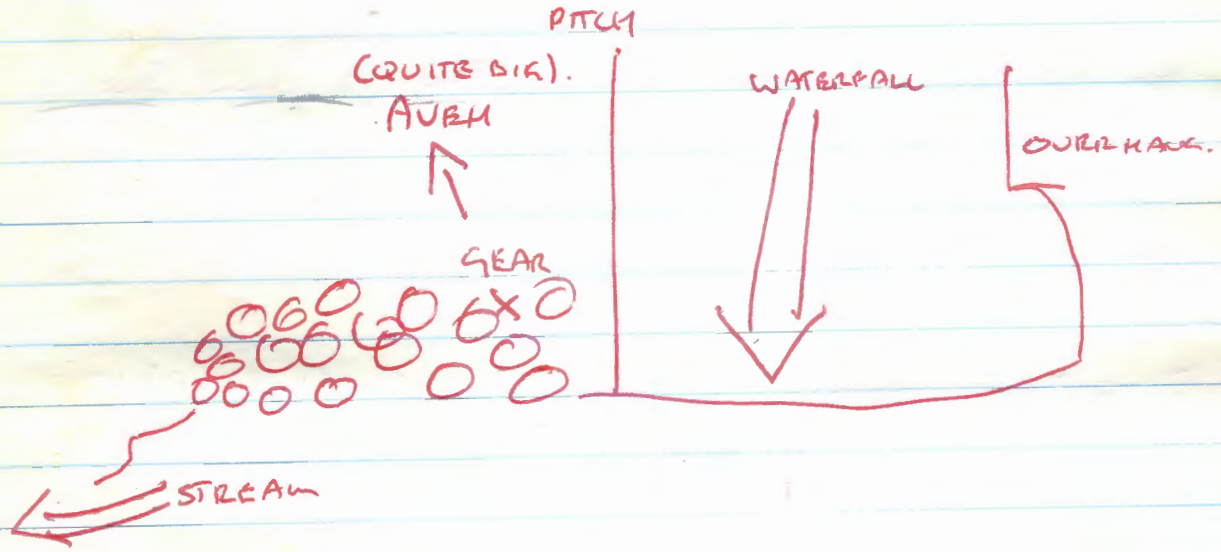
The Chamber

(i) Plan



Over to Roy "Best trip ever" Taylor.
(much later)

SIDE VIEW

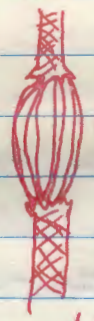


Paul. - I went down with JC and got completely freaked. On the two pitches above the river I jibbered a lot and made lots of cock-ups. The cave is fucking huge and the river is also fucking huge and it is a fucking brilliant bit 'o' cave. The rest of the cave is poxy by comparison and not really worth the effort. (Camping is OK but is getting mildly squalid now.

27/7/88.

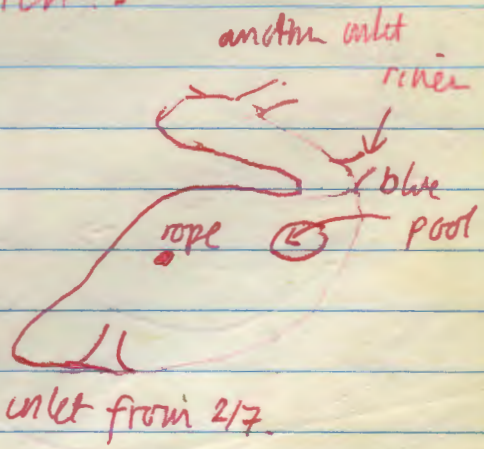
Roy. - I met JC on the big ledge, and after showing me the river, he set about re-rigging the pitch with the rub point.

- he showed me the rope with a small smile. - "Wanna see a rub point?"



While he was banging bolts, I grabbed the Rhodamine and sent it down stream. I got red crabs, red wellies, red troll suit, everything was red. I spent the next forty minutes "cleaning up", and checking another inlet to look for the rhodamine Paul was dumping. The inlet turned red just as I was about to go down the next pitch.

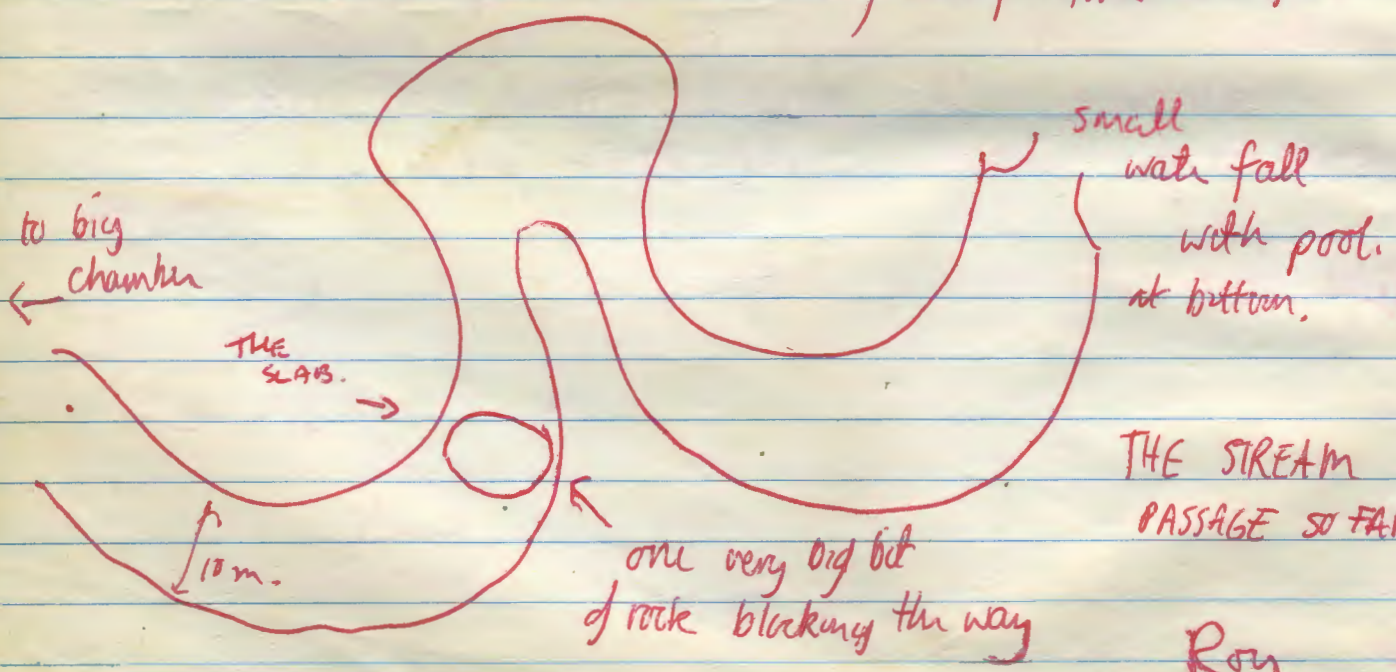
Brief diagram of ledge



I got down to the change over where the rope point had been - got completely stuck and fucking scared - this chamber suddenly looked big and the rope looked very thin. The water fall was about 30 ft from me.

At the bottom JC had already found the way on - a huge stream passage - I was happy to get out of the chamber as it was quite cold, the water fall was throwing up alot of spray, it was very windy.

We followed the stream passage for about 25 - 30 minutes, most of the time we were out of the water, but we had to wade for some sections. The passage was about 10 m wide and we had to find our way through several boulder piles. We were prevented from going any further by another water fall - of about 10 m so we ate some planets and came out. - a very impressive bit of cave.



Roy

The Passage with the stream in is about 10m wide with, sand / gravel banks, or high land traverses over boulder cobbles to keep out of the water. It is possibly heading south but meanders a lot, and more than in Rog's diagram. It was quite plentiful under the low water conditions that we encountered, hence there is no need to Rog traverse lines out of the water. After wading, we quickly moved up again by froggy-ing the passage. The way on never gets so ~~constricted~~ dangerous as to result in any one being swept away by a sudden flood, but should prove hard impossible, (eg around the side of The Slab) there are frequent high level ledges to sit out the worst.

The passage from the big chamber to the next pitch is called STEAMROLLER PASSAGE, because it is big enough for a large steam powered vehicle and traverses are boring (unless like Dave Maughan they have gone out) The big chamber with the waterfall is the Thunderdome, because it is quite round, but very loud. It whoever drew up the survey wants to get rid of Flubberson Chasm (which is crap) there is an alternative to The BIG TIME for the Black with the big ledge. We have found the main Drain for the area. William Stead has at long last hit his masterpiece. Man of XXIV which out! here come the Witches.

Meanwhile... Survey in slow motion William & Paul (26/7/'87)

Having taken ages to get up, Paul & I finally started surveying at 1:30pm. Initial station is marked S on rh belay rock for pitch behind cemetery gates (will need looking up to 1987 st'n). Did more sketches of chamber, put Rhodamine in stream & then surveyed slowly towards camp. Surveying with two is slow work & it's ages since I had to choose my own stations. Left junctions marked S at (no 7) an undetected passage to left, at the small pitch down (no 9) & finally at the head of the 4 second drop. As

We still had a little time left over, we surveyed down the phreatic tube towards the upper series. (Final stn above rift, Coulthe's work S at N. knobbly & our arbitres weren't up to it). A limited amount achieved.

W.

P.S. Survey gear down cave now comprises: 1 tape (? 30 m), 1 good compass-clino, Engineer's log with attached pencil, 2 spare pencils, big survey torch + old penknife (on loan) + some permatrace (carry need more). Could do with small resealable plastic bags to take completed survey notes out of cave. ⇒ We need a SURVEY BOOK at Arid ⇐

P.P.S. I've now been to the camp twice & still haven't seen the streamway. Next time?

"FLABERGASM CHASM" IS CRAP P.T.

Sherry "Can someone grab my bottom!" Maye.

"Flabbergasm chasm is crap" P.B.

Ditto J.C. It is not suitable.

For "crap" read "rubbish" WJS It is somewhere else.

The Way Out. or Finale.

Roy left me to carry the pitch so he and Cutler pushers would not be short scared. As he prospected up a primeval virgin struck. I needed a crap and I needed it then and then. Having looked around the chamber I knew the ideal spot so spritzed across, shedding gear left, right and centre. Roy got it the rebelay and blew 4 lines for cope free. Then again, again and repeatedly for 5 minutes. I could not reply because I was undressed, miles away in the chamber. Finally - he moved on. Placed a bolt gun on the lip

and the abseil down from a wire/rope to give a T hang for the final belay. Nothing suitable, so followed Ray up.

Meanwhile back at the camp, Gavin and Sherry had arrived. William and Ray had set off. Paul was in solar egging up the bivvy bags and Katie was ½ way up leading Gavin retrieving her prussic hang which she had somehow managed to leave at the top. Good Grief. Novices!

Paul pretended that he wanted to catch the others up so I could stay around with Sherry Katie and Gavin at the stream and. But the bivvy bags winked at him so he had no option to continue the relationship. Went after Katie to fill up the big bottles and show her an unfriendly face, but took no SIZT gear so had to dossie abseil down the climb.

Meanwhile back at the camp there was another brew ready. After a cuppa tea (Better at night than in the morning) went too bed with Paul. (Separate bags) whilst the others surveyed down to the big ledge for 4 hours trip till 3½ o'clock, then were rudely awoken by some extremely offensive curses, demanding the pits which were rightfully theirs. Took 2 and 5 to get ready, having soup and rice pudd. for breakfast then set off finally at 5.30. Re-rigged Rosy Crucifixion off a rope backup, Noted how muddy jammers feel to work on muddy ropes, an interesting exercise.

No problems up the shafts except there was an overhand knot on the complicated pitch below Armageddon and a sub pendulum. Heads swinging i.e. Cole and subpoints. Replace lower bolt at lower

rope + single hung from last ledge.

Got tackle bag off BDH + climb up through cliff. The Lowdah was not having it claimed offhand on Paul who rushed on ahead, seeking sanctuary and bag roll and the entrance. Fortunately the shit subsided at Paradise, so he helped me get the bedraggled tackle bag through.

Met Graham, Harry and Sarah on 7½ hours boulder slope, just after we had finished blaspheming in Paradise. Paul was again caught in the grips of a terrible lurch, so he propped up the pitch like the bee's knees. Postponed now had cuppa soup while the extra where fudge and pineapple went down a treat.

Paul collected his scattered clothing and informed me that we had been underground 47 and 47½ hours respectively. The longest trip for ages and ages.

P.S. Should people decide to piss off to Cangis for the day would they make sure that Arno is well stocked for food. There was bugger all.

P.P.S. - Belated Happy Birthday to Lynn

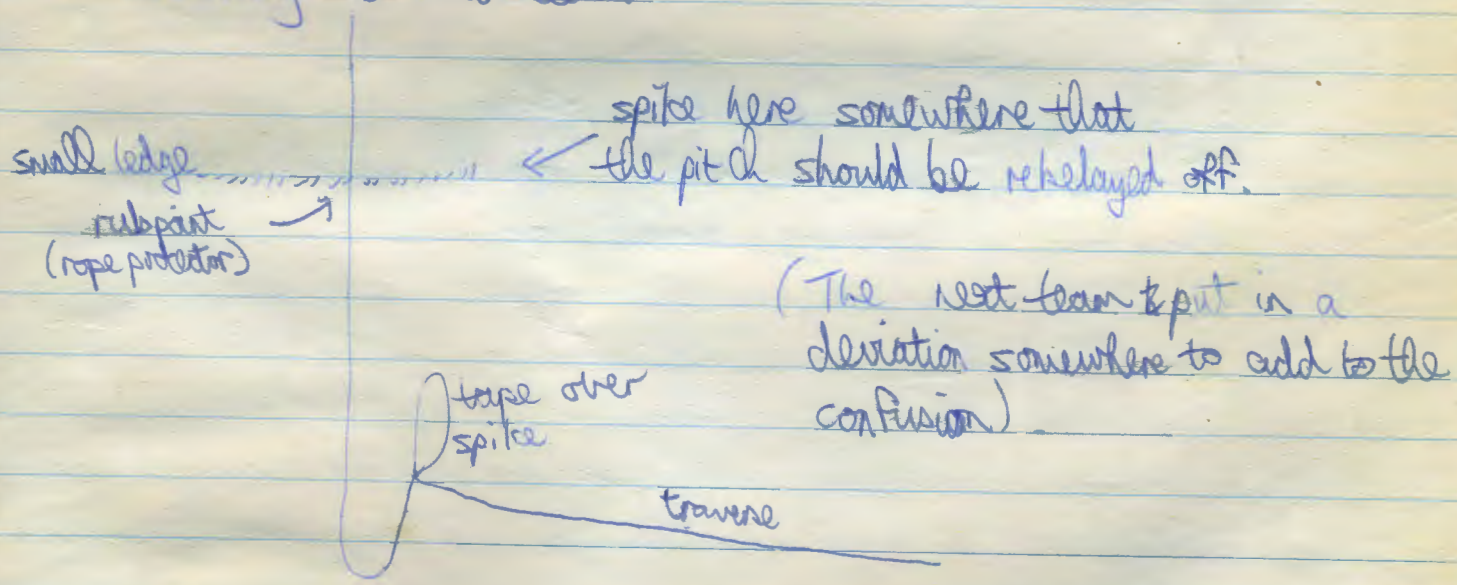
from

~~Sandham~~ Paul. William

Roy.

26,27,28/7/88 Sherry, Kate, Gavin. 43 hours.

Started off early. Had a fairly uneventful trip down, apart from when Kate tried to hang herself from her helmet in Paradise Rift. Got down to the camp site to find total squalor. Had some tea and then Paul and William turned up. Sat around for hours while the others arrived and everyone ate and drank. Eventually Roy and William left, JC and Paul went to bed and we started off surveying down the first pitch ("The Abortion") to the first small ledge ("Crash Pad") and down the next pitch ("Fine ~~Night~~ Night for Flying") onto the large ledge ("Landing Pad"). Got totally freaked ~~out~~ out on the traverse onto Crash Pad and vowed to rerig it the next day. Went in search of the streamway but got totally confused and couldn't find it. Went back to the campsite ~~to~~ find Jon and Paul still in the pits. They then sat around for hours, keeping us up. Eventually got to bed and kipped till midday ~~[illegible]~~. Tried to rerig The Abortion. The traverse is now ~~[illegible]~~ fairly tensioned but a rebelay is still needed



Surveyed round the landing pad, again failing to find the stream. Had a last look round and eventually found it. There is also another inlet on the landing which I guess may be the water from the shower bath - probably worth looking at.

Started out, meeting Graham, Harry and Sarah at the campsite. Got out 6am, totally shattered,

Gavin.

Classic caving mistakes: sucking at the drip of your generator, after having pissed in it : PB.

24/7/88 Harry / Sarah / Graham. 39 hours

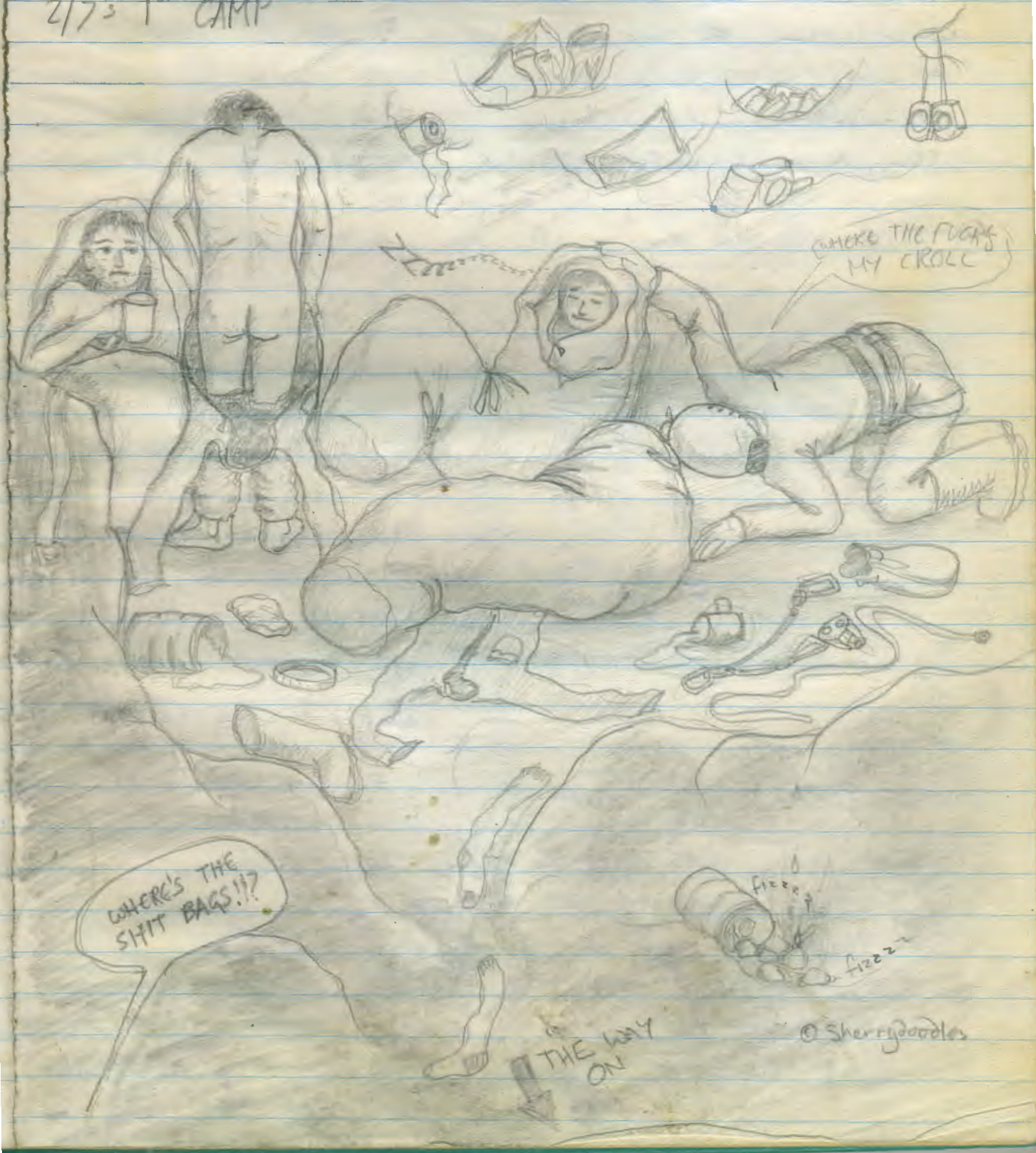
Slim man thin country
Push on, way on, put down.
Stay in the smooth groove
Gravity sucks at ones feet.
Rifty Riffity Rift small mouse
Ratty Ripping Rip yarn.
Slip sliding and away
Slide Slid Slip Slip Lip
Service Were Woo Woosh.
Ooze Ouze Slip
Slime Grime Grot shit
Distant thunder in hell
Roar, up roar, soar on
A sensory depriving fast nine.
Crunch
Splash splash Stoop
Gloop gloom my dear moon scape
Sloth Sleep Stop
Stop
Time to tango, a step in time
Pugh Puff. PughPuff
Pant, Pant, Pant
Grope, Hope Squeeze, Squee, Ea, Easy

Drunk random walk in
A verdant lunar half shadow
Smiles all round to
Some run fun fatigue fucked!

Allan

THE JOYS OF CAMPING.....

2/7's 1st CAMP

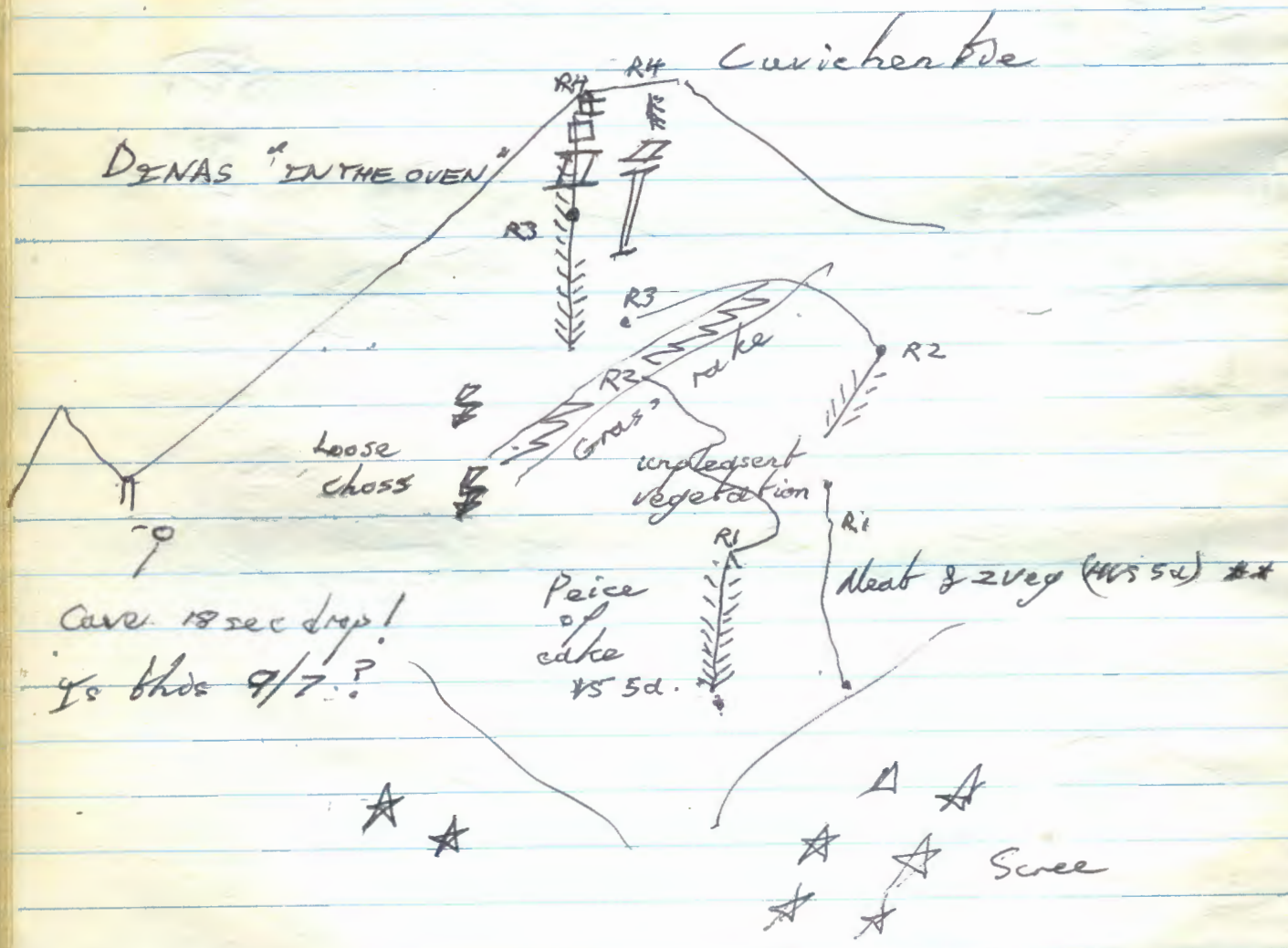


A Poem from the Path.

A Slug, Once alive, now dead.
Crushed between careless hoof
and unyielding earth.
For what is a slug to a cow
More earth, different but too subtle.
What then to me,
A worm, a pest, a weed
Unpalatable and useless.
Sluggish and sad.

J.C (29.

29/7/80 Harry & Roy. Route on Cuvichenbe.



Richard & Martin Lavety came out of [2/7] 29/7/88 having gone down 48 hrs before & slept @ camp the once

- very slow trip to old camp (what a shithole – the worst imaginable camping spot!)
- moved camp by ramming pits etc into tackle bags & having 2-3 bags each.
- amazed at the incredible pitch into the big wet chamber need a decent name for whole shaft

- set up camp in delicious streamway on a sandbank on a ledge. The only problem with it is you have to wade knee deep to get to the camp & thigh deep to go for a dump.

- pleasant night then
  - Martin L, H & Jefa → photos
  - Richard, Dan & Dave → survey

SURVEY TEAM

didn't measure pitch height (sheath pitch) but surveyed the big wet chamber – much bigger & wetter than Eton Palais in Xitu – in 5 radial legs.
Then surveyed to slightly beyond the limit of exploration.
Then pushed:

From the camp –
- downstream wade, climb up to shifting ledge
- across roped traverse & back down to the stream.
- we actually followed the stream all the way to the cascade & so didn't do Graham & Harry's first pitch. We climbed down next to the cascade, across the slot that takes the water, up the other side of the chamber & down their second pitch into the huge boulder chamber.

4m Pitch

stream

boulder chamber - choice - Avoid keep close to (R) hand wall when going down through it

marmita with deep water

promontory.
way is to traverse to the promontory @ stream level then climb up using the rope and traverse around & then down to the lake side.
climb onto the big rock in the middle of the stream & jump across to the ledge

mesopotamia

tensioned rope traverse
don't clip onto the rope once you're over - it only runs along the traverse ledge because it does as a hand line at the other edge

← more delicious streamway. Probably the most delicious bit of all

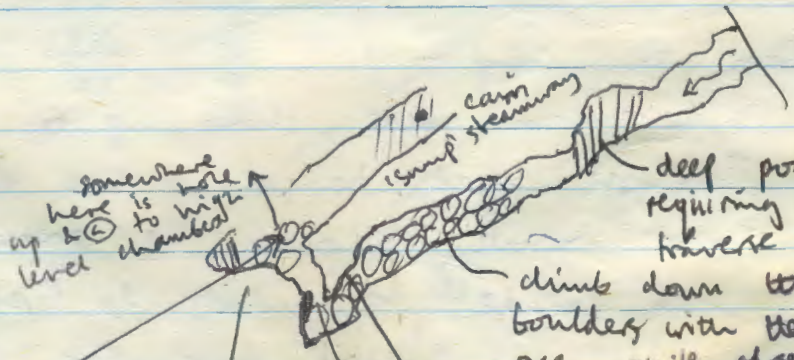
climb up on (R) as stream gushes down a slot

climb through a body sized tube into the high level

hole

huge sandy high level

← roped descent - you have to step over the rift to get to the rope



Day 3

Dave H., Martin H., Dan M., Lynn S.

Awoke & discovered the joy of melted 'Ebellás for a drink. Spanish cooking chocolate is actually edible when molten. Pity that was about all there was for breakfast – still we filled up with bread & cheese & a fudge bar.

Then off downstream taking pictures of anything that caught our eye. Attempted a combined photo surveying trip but it didn't really work so abandoned that & concentrated on the photos.

Morning traverse caused a few problems & Lynn almost fell off the traverse as one of the last remaining handholds fell off under her.

This was not the last of the falls. I was a lemming & fell down a 10' climb as Lynn was passing up an Ammo can. My first thought was that I'd fallen in an almost identical manner to Ukey 2 years ago & thought of rescues etc. Fortunately (for me) I was unhurt, altho' I think that was partly due to the soft landing that Lynn provided for me. She came off rather worse than I did with a bruised bum but nothing worse.

So we flashed on down to the 'sump' ~~streamway~~. Lynn & I did a mini-push & went ~30m further than the cairn. ~~The water continues~~ The passage does not sump, but becomes deep cold, and ever more ominously silent. If I were really pushing I'd go over the drainhing high levels.

We returned to camp & after a very short debate decided that if we were to survey & ~~take~~ finish photos we ought to sleep.

Bedded down perfectly willingly ~~to~~ (and expecting) to be tootled out by a fresh party but they never turned up, despite of the fact that Lynn & I distinctly heard JC coming down the passage – what made you turn back Jonathan?

Apparently I spent the whole night maliciously trying to push Lynn over the ledge into the river. Admittedly at one point in the night we did roll over 3 times to get back to camp ~~which was probably~~ so I probably wasn't too far short.

Also if you are cold when camping follow Lynn's example & wear 2 sets of damart plus balaclava in an eskimo bag in a Frifalo over bag in a Gorretex bivvy bag on a 4-season Karrimat. You won't be cold.

Dave

Day 4. Woke at 8 but didn't leave camp 'til eleven after general tidying up. Photoed big chamber and then began ascent. V. slow due to lack of food. Met cavers at F.F.F. & Graham & Sharon at Bottom of Armageddon. Photoed pitch & went out slowly. Gave up photo of Flying Rebellas as (fortunately) we'd run out of bulbs and electronic didn't work out at 2am. This took up a shot &

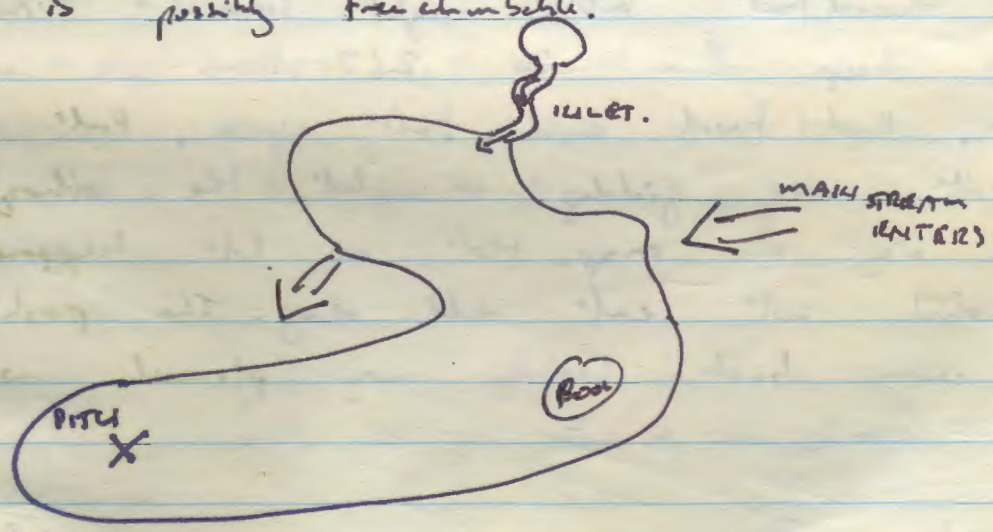
An 84 hr trip.
Messy 'cos it's piss down for 23 hours & everything is wet.

Misery Guts Viewpoint.

Tight Follow up party. William, Kate, J.C, Graham, Sherry.

Weather brilliant as we went down early (12). The first party (Bill, Kate + I) met the photo-team at the talus floor. They looked mean, lean and hungry, their sunken eyes scanning our pussie bags and pockets for readily obtainable food. We decided not to hang around, but before we could get away Dave confused us with i) the route, ii) the limit of survey and iii) a missed out survey leg.

Set off confident of these directions and in good spirits for we had been fairly efficient so far. Took Bill on a tourist trip around the big ledge and had a look up Roy's inlet. Then we went beyond his footmarks, through a twisty sandy rift for about 15m to a small chamber with a 10m pitch dropping into it. This is possibly free climbable.



~~The future problems~~

The first sign of my future misery showed when I bored my finger down the last big pitch. Splashed along the streamway to camp by 8 and had our tea and cake (Yum!). Had some time to kill so decided to suss out the survey so far. Walked for miles and miles via several "tension" traverses looking for a loop of stations round a big S. Finally found a loop around a cairn on an island near the sumpy streamway. Got cold, wet and very pissed off surveying about to a dozen legs then went back to silence from Graham and Sherry.

They had no watch so thought it was a short late later than 11.30. Glared at us for ages, until tea and soup was offered then got quite chatty. Went to bed, tired but very pleased that we'd done some difficult bits. Little did we know, we had started at the limit of pushing, not surveying which was several hundred yards upstream.

The Next day.

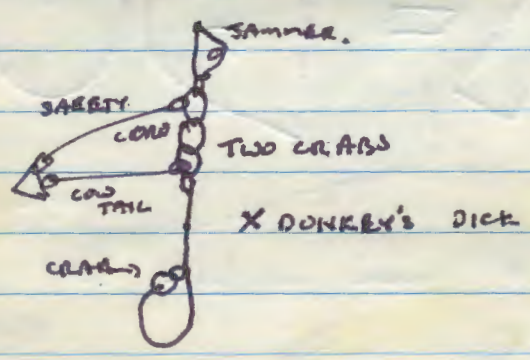
Felt dreadful all night. Tossed + turned and got no sleep due to 2/7 tom a new medical disorder. Had food and felt worse. Put on gear and felt very giddy so let the others persuade me to stay at camp. Not a lot happened, sleptin, read, did not eat all day. The posh survey team came back looking very pleased with themselves. (see Camp log book for the reason why W.)

Day III

Still felt like shit. Pretended to be fine and went

hook a flexible bag at spare cubicle. Scrounged the wrong leg at the big ledge. William's cubicle was playing up so I offered the BOH & fittings for him to get rid of his spare cubicle. Opened BOH, noted tummy sweat, thought "Oh Fuck", BOOM! The classic mistake had once again occurred so not only did I leave with a clicking tummy but also with first degree burns.

Shaft series OK until my foot loops spontaneously exploded, part way up "The Bells". Fell on the Croll, so it was jammed on the rope. After several attempts with numerous hooks in the broken footloops I untangled myself. No spare tape so borrowed Bill's donkey's dick which was too short so got the right length using both my cowtail ends.



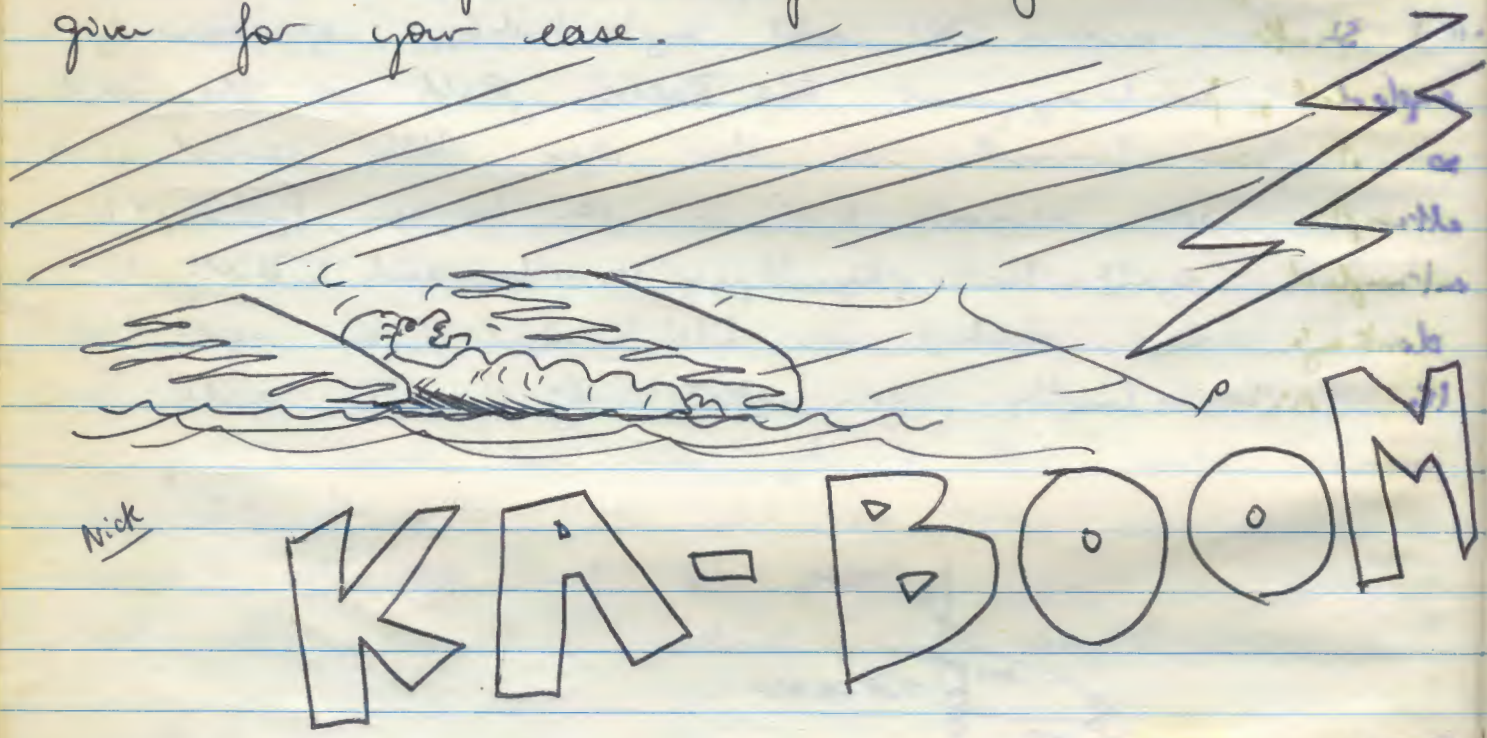
Out by 9.00 (257 hours) to thunder which sounded like the entrance collapsing. I hated this trip, though everyone else had a great time.

9.00pm. Weds evening.

The sun is slowly sinking from blue limpid skies, blinking lazily at the Massivo Centrale. The Gods of the Picos caves are finally assuaged by the start of the great 2/7 detackle.

Now, Gentle Reader drift back with me to the hot sunny morn of Yesterday, and the horror that ensued.

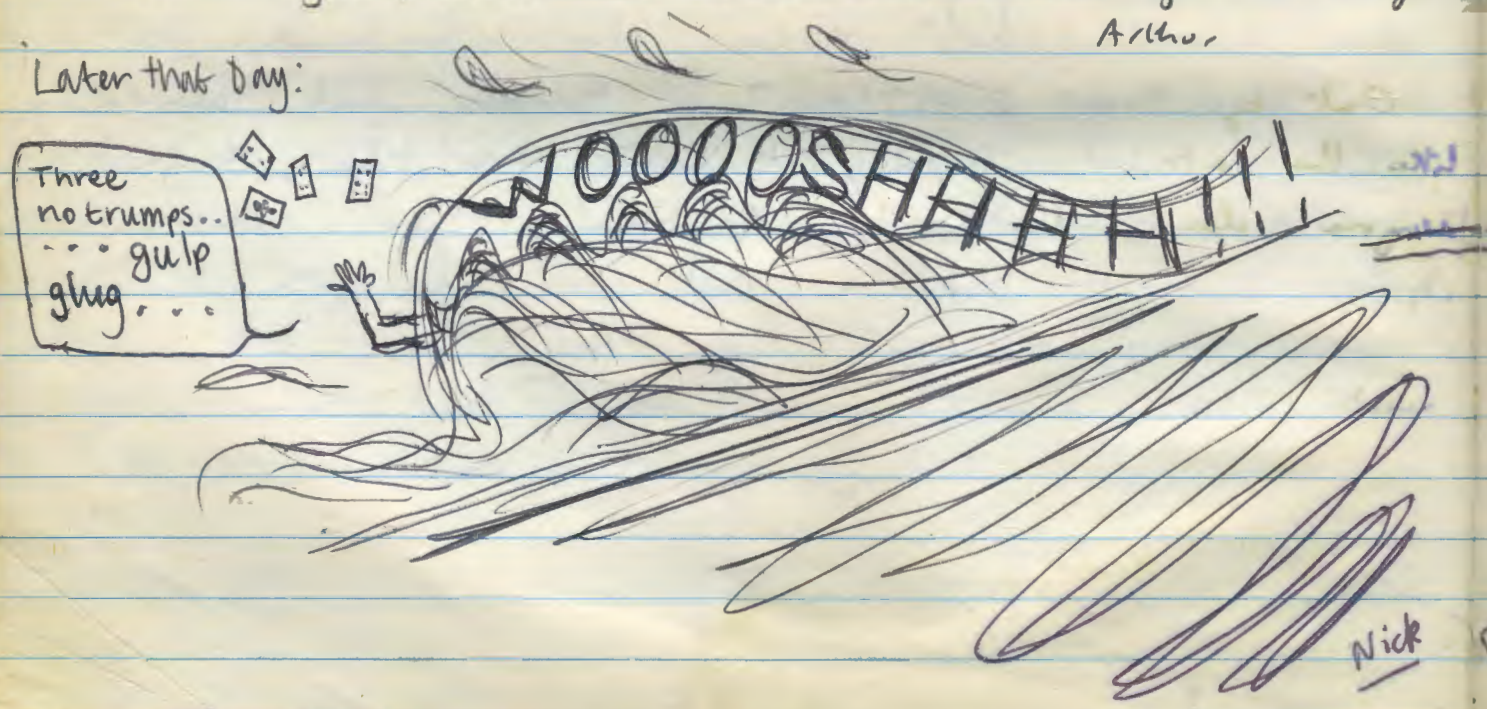
A little inspiration to your imagination is here given for your ease.



Nick

Joan "Lynn, could I have a look at your bum yet"
Arthur

Later that Day:



Nick

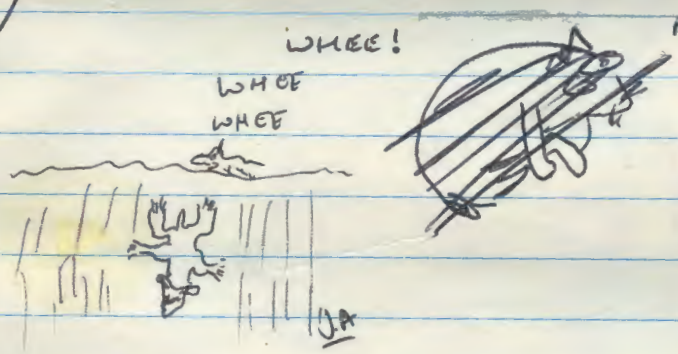
"Lynn! I tell you Joan, next time you come up, you've got to stop for a crap on cod 3!" 80

Lemming Report.

More encouraging signs from potential lemmings, but nothing yet to compare with the current holder. On the same trip abbing down the first hang at "Lemming Gates" on a 3/4 sawn thro' rope, then producing the "Prochem Sheath" by rubbing all the way round a 9 mill. rope sheath.

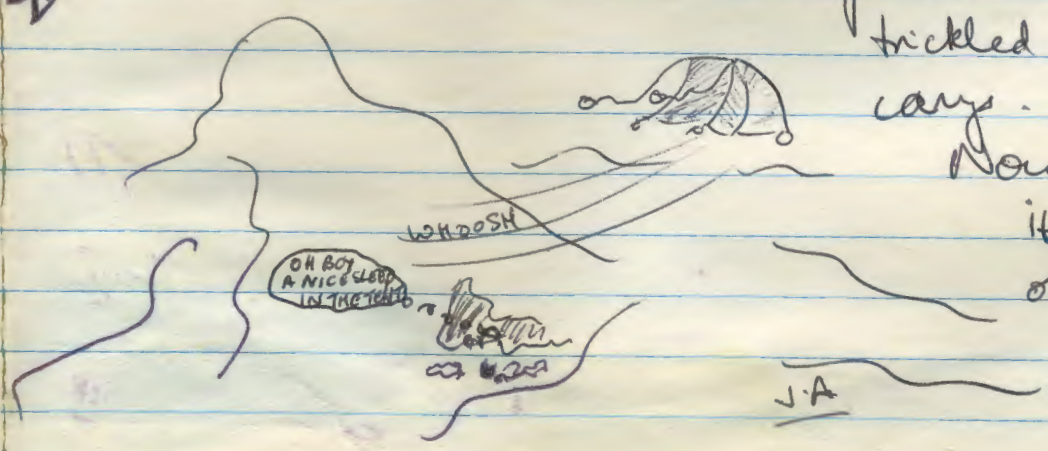
To Lynn Smith leaping off a short drop over water whilst still attached to the traverse line has shown little imagination.

However Dan's attempt indicates some future potential. Not only leaping a goodly 10 ft but also taking out a 2nd member of the party is a new twist to the art. I have it on good authority that the marks are well worth a look.



FAILED DRAWING OF A DIVE BOMBING LEMMING.

And later that day: The weather got worse. The lightning cardown from the Massiv Central, leapt to the lot above us and trickled its way into cars.



Now, Gentle Reader, it is known amongst old lags that scourges of the pics include vache-attacks

pto

* Martin H' Is that to the ~~the~~ right of sod 3, or the left?

81

nasty weather, sheep attacks, windy weather, and now 'The Wrath of the Picos Gods'.

We have disturbed their abode, and they are out to let us know about it. Gales, rains, storms. Base camp flattened x2. Base camp obliterated, all the big tents written-off, the ~~f~~ van jiggling (and written off aswell anyway) in the wind. Every tent in Ario letting in water, Dave's Polish Red Wonder floating in 6" of aqua.

Gentle Reader, it is just possible that some of ~~us~~ atheists may be rethinking our philosophy of life!

JA

This place is beyond words

* Thus 13 oohs

Tried walking up to 2/7. 1st lot of limestone showed how unfit I was + how lacking in balance. Didn't make it 1/4 of the way befor troublesome (R) knee asked me to think twice v. carefully. Returned to Ario. When the fook will I ever be fit?

*Lynn 'Well I use the right' Martha 'O.K. I'll use the left when I get there' Lynn 'And B2

4/8/88

Cliff walk from Ohio

you should have ~~the~~ seen the sunset just then it was fabulous, all red & pink'

[redacted] 83

[redacted] 4 August 1988

Final Pushing trip into 2/7? NC & JC

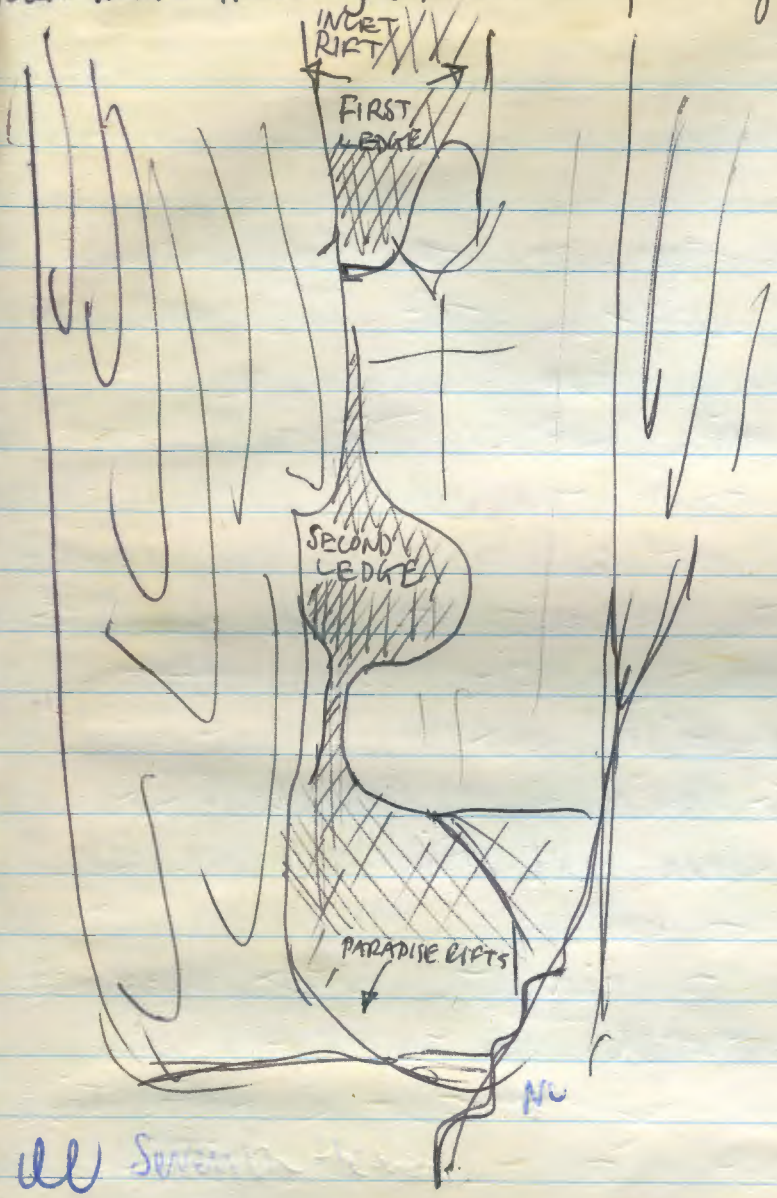
To help NC's knocking knees from bashing themselves to pieces - a trip was "organised" to find a by pass to the rifts. JC went 'à la mode' in a dashing pair of shorts where as NC took the more traditional funny suit, over suit fashion. A quickish descent took us into 'Seventh Heaven'. NC, bravely although unknowing at this stage, went to the floor of the chamber. JC under the pretext of finding a belay point on a crossy ledge, proceeded to fling rocks down the shaft at NC.

In fact, JC first landed on a ledge 15m from the floor. Any lead here is in a narrow rift - one way an inlet for much of the water falling lower in the chamber, and in the other direction, simply a continuation of this.

A new belay on a sling was rigged over a dodgy rose of rock enhanced a drop and a swing onto the lower ledge. This observed from the rope looks like a possible phreatic lead. In fact turned out to be a higher section of the chamber. No leads here!

Consequently 100m was quickly prusiked out ~~again~~ with hardly a hair out of place.

Joan Thinks 'Probably like the scrape on Lyn's bottom'



Sherry "I'm not going to do anything outrageous because I've had ~~too~~ much to drink" Mayo.
Sherry "I've never had a dick" Mayo.

?

The Epic Detackling Trip

JT, Rob, Gavin

The plan for this trip was to go down to the camp, sleep the night, and then start detackling out the next day. Quite slow going down, as we had light problems, one of which forced JT to resort to soldering his electric back together using his stinky flame. Met the others on their way, Graham reading his book. Got down to the campsite to find lots of food, and, surprise, surprise the site was actually tidy! (Why can't the same thing ever happen at Ain?) Somebody had left their kitchen behind, however! Had supper of soup, beans and fish followed by rice pudding, and went to bed.

Next day, woke up to find the water level had risen by 3 foot overnight. Packed up the site, during which time, the water rose by another 2 foot. Tried to set off: lowered myself onto the ledge just below the site to find the (which is normally well above water) to find the water coming up to my chest. Decided progress would be impossible and so gave up. As the water was still rising, we started trying to find an escape route, in case it didn't stop. Started climbing up the wall - very slow and hairy because the holds were so slow: throw long tape over inch long projection; attach rope to tape; prusik up rope; attach short tape to long tape; stand up in short tape; throw rope over projection; prusik up a bit more etc. Every time I looked down there was less and less dry land until the sleeping area was flooded and Rob and JT were perched on rocks above the water. Thankfully, at this point, the water started to fall so I gave up on the climb.

?

There then followed a period of several hours where we sat around watching the water fall, regularly inspecting the level. However, as it was only falling at a rate of about 6 inches per hour, this was very boring. We even resorted to playing I Spy ("I spy with my little eye, something beginning with W"; "Water"; "Yes. Your go") and twenty questions. We then crawled back into our pits for a few hours.

Later, we had another go at getting out. The other kindly gave me the honour of leading. However, I soon found myself in water which was waist deep and getting deeper all the way, and so I jacked. After a supper of soup, fish and MornFlakes (Oh my God! Not MornFlakes. I only go caving to get away from MornFlakes!) and a tin of what we thought was rice pudding, but which was actually spaghetti, we went to bed.

Through the night, JT got up every couple of hours to inspect the water level, until at 6 he decided it was just about passable. After a quick breakfast, we started out, wading through deep, but not too deep water. Had a brew at the old camp site, and another one at supper time before eventually getting out after a 55 hour trip.

The Bad Tempered Detackling Trip 21 hrs.
Lynn, Simon, Dave, Paul.

We went down the cave meeting the 1st detacklers emerging after their 36 hour epic in the sleeping bags. Quickly down to camp with high water in the river. Detackled to top of Gavin's climb with 14 tackle bags. Sat at old camp for ages eating gish and things. Everyone did their best to get in a bad mood shouting at each other on the pitches 'cos we could hear each other very well. Carried a bag out each and I took water samples on the way out. Simon's Nalgene container did a very impressive impression of a falling rock ie it went boom as he lifted it over the rope.

6/8/88.

Another (Somewhat bad Tempered) Detackling Trip.

J.C.*, Sean*, Katie*, Dave Hetherington** (from the Rivers).
* (Soft as shite caves)
** (Quite hard)

Sean wanted a look-see at 217; so we took him detackling. Pretty slow to the false floor where Dave was demonstrating the shape of things to come; prussicking with 3 bags. I abseiled down to talk to Katie, happily wait down the last pitch when Bang! "Fuck! Fuck! Fucking Fucking Fuck!" etc for about 5 minutes. The ~~tape~~ tape had broken when I was about 2ft of the floor. Wasn't hurt but had a good think about short cuts in rigging. The kit change-over was

interesting, so rerigged the pitch and hauled shit Dave prusiked more bags out. Detached to bottom of Armageddon, before got pissed off and set off out with 2 tackle bags (hero) which was more less than I took up the pitch I detached (mega hero). 3 bags left on Armageddon ledge, rest stream through the cave. Gave up on two tackle bags, so just took one out all the way. Caught up with Kate in Travellers Scrabble and went out very slowly cos we were all buggered. Got out 8.00, only 2 hours after Dave with 2 tackle bags.

... and yet another bad-tempered detackling trip

Wilkain, Roy, Wlodeck, Paul Eastwood (diver) 18hrs 5/8/'88

This was supposed to be a mega trip, but somehow a whole lot of people juked leaving only two indigenous cavers & two guests. Met the previous trip at the entrance, where Paul took photos of Lynn emerging. Showed Paul & Wlodeck the eyehole, then set off shortly after 1pm. Reached the tackle at Gavin's chimney by 4:40pm (!) & decided to show Wlodeck & Paul the 4 second drop. This proved to be a mistake, because at Camp 1, we found some more tackle. Yes, dear Reader, we removed all the tackle which Lynn had decided to leave down there till next year (Lynn hadn't bothered to tell us as she knew we wouldn't go there) ≈ we did, however, leave the shit at the old camping spot, on the grounds that ≈ the tackle bags at 600m presented problems enough.

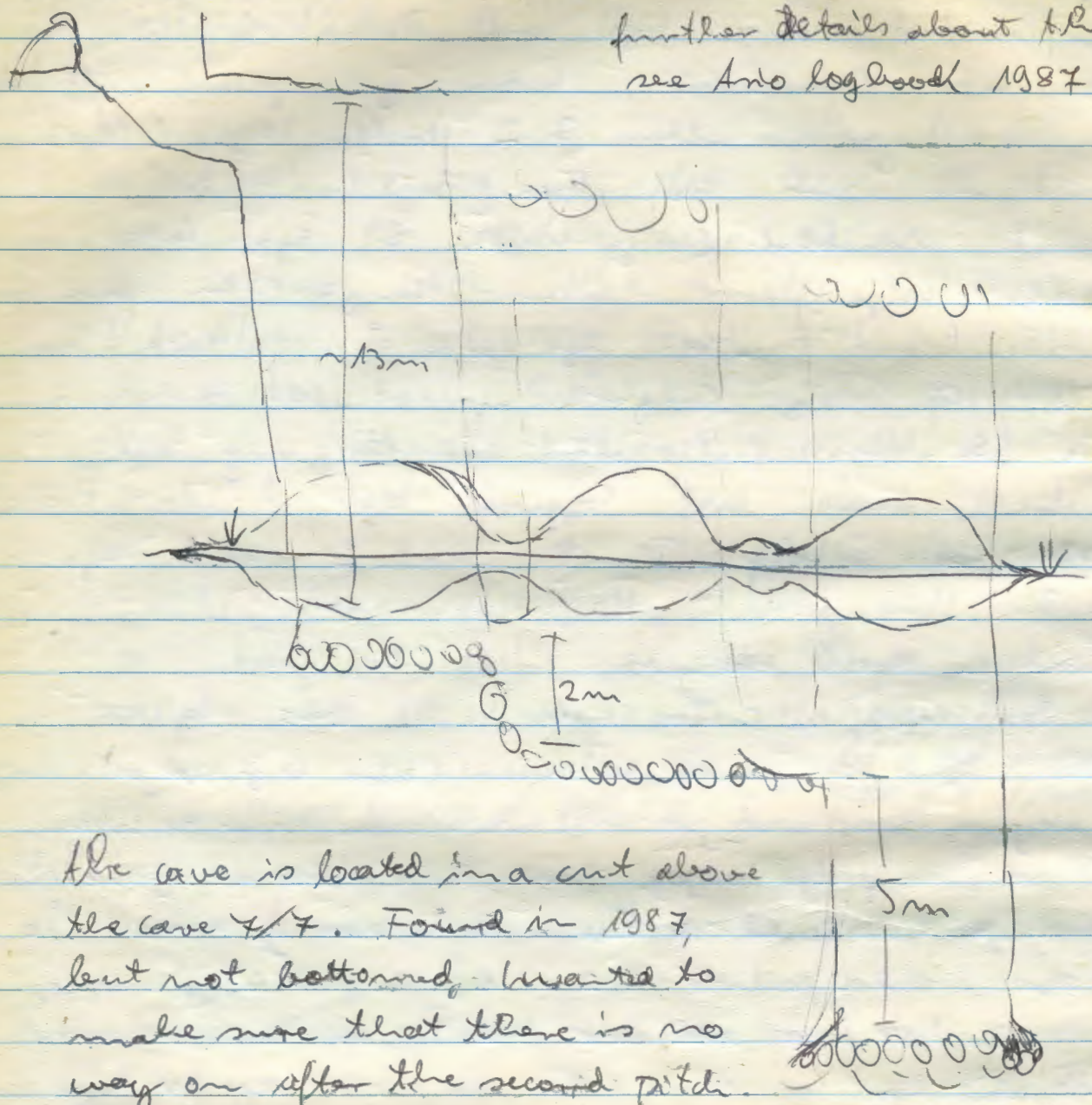
The first pitch hit up to the ledge on Cemetery gates went OK. Thereafter things went downhill. I had the job of hauling said the tackle bags on said ledge in a thunderstorm. This took hours as every bag caught & Paul had to go up & down the rope to free them. The performance (minus water) was repeated on the Rosy Crucifixion, this time with Roy going up & down. To add insult to injury, we failed to find the grotto, so a couple of bolts were left unprotected.

By 11:20pm, our guests had had enough, particularly as Paul was hoping to do Cabeza Mura the following day. Set off out + a tacklebag each to emerge at dawn in not too bad shape. (Except Paul who took two bags up the shaft). A big thankyou to Paul & Wlodeck. Wilkain P.S. Found badly worn tape on 1st pitch in Rosy Crucifixion

89

7.8.88 Ewald B. 40/7.

further details about the cave see Arto logbook 1987



The cave is located in a cut above the cave 7/7. Found in 1987, but not bottomed. I wanted to make sure that there is no way on after the second pitch.
If you want to rig it on natural belays, take 30 m rope and at minimum four rope-pads, better six! No rope pad means no safety. The stones in this cave cut like a knife. The cave consists of a rift that is widened by three parallel shafts. When I came to the end, I felt that a cold air comes through the boulders on the floor. No chance to dig, although you can see through the boulders, on the sides of the rift.

"EL Turismo" Cabeza Muxa 6/8/88.

Dan & Simon.

A fine cave that was the deepest for both of us. 3½ hours down to the bottom - ridiculous for a 906m deep cave.

Conversation down the cave is strictly limited.

eg. Down the shafts:-

Dan : Rope Free
Simon : Ok.
Dan : Rope Free
Simon : Cheers
Dan : Wow this is a fantastic cave
Simon : Bloody amazing isn't it.
Dan : Rope Free
Simon : Ok.

..... and so on for 600m.

In the streamway.....

Dan : Shit is this the streamway already?
Simon : Looks like it.
Stream : Roar, splash, roar.
Simon : What a brilliant cave. etc etc.

..... and so on for 1½ km of streamway.

Reached the sump ½ hour after Ric had finished dining. Ate Springlow & baby food before dragging a couple of backlebags out. Stopped for another Springlow before pitches. Fish & Mash is supposed to be excellent - next years leader take note.

Shafts looked fantastic with S people prussiking out of them.

One excellent cave.

(91) More Detackling Lynn, Roy, Gavin.

As I was ready before the others were out of bed, I decided in a fit of keenness/madness to set off on a solo trip. Got down to the bottom of Armageddon and then prusiked back up with 3 heavy tackle bags, detackling as I went (hero points). Continued up The Bells, doing two trips, before meeting the others. Detackled up Sing to the Devil and Pessimists (doing 2 trips each, not with 2 tackle bags - more hero points). Hauled up the Fin Starts there, Lynn then started out leaving us to finish clearing up, before following her. I had an absolute epic through the rifts, getting everything caught. Coming through the squeeze just before Graham's, the thing my Donkey's Dick was attached to broke, so I had to go back down through the squeeze to retrieve my tackle bags. Coming up the second time, in too much of a hurry, I slipped, banged my face against a rock and chipped a tooth. Light problems didn't help things. Roy had an epic in Paradise, having problems with his tackle bag. Half way up Seventh Heaven Heaven, I had a near total light failure. Almost as soon as I had fixed that, the thing my Donkey's Dick was attached to broke again, with the falling tackle bag narrowly missing Roy. He heroically prusiked up with both bags, and we continued out, before walking back in the dark. My chest and sit harnesses have started to rub so I am now raw all over. How many things can go wrong in one trip?

Ioan's Trip. Monday 8/8

So anyway, after going across the sea of limestone the other day in the raging heat with a bad knee &

coming back from a point well before the grassy-slope, I suppose it was inevitable that I'd give in + take my stuff down to base. But, just when I thought I was saved from 2/7 Simon, (dear Simon) gave me the encouragement needed to slog it up that damned hill this morning. I set off with a heavy heart, rucksack, boots, body and made it to the boulder valley before everyone else caught me up. Then Simon, (dear Simon) egged me on, sweating (I'm no lady - I don't just glow, I give it all I've got and have a good sweat) to the top. I put on my gear, pristine, not a scratch on the wellies, not a hint of mud on the clothes, no dimmed of the jovial colours dazzling my eyes from cow's-tail and shock rope and orange-tape foot loops. You can bet your bottom dollar that when Simon (dear Simon) took a picture of me in my cave clobber, it was just as well it was colour, (the rest are O.K with B+W). After a breather mi amigos sailed down the 1st pitch, and Ewald kindly followed up to make sure I had my bobbin sorted out. I'm glad he did... Got down, panting heavily, nerves burnt out by the whole thing, knew I was too slow to cope with the rest + after all there's busy work to be done here, so came out after others arived at bottom of 2nd pitch. [By the way, it was Kate (dear Kate) who encouraged me down the pitch in the 1st place.] I grovelled in the mud to dirty up my gear a little bit, it was STIL gleaming, and slowly prosticked up to meet Paul B who arived with good music.

Now it might be that the trip up there will have been one of the most adventurous things that I'll ever do in my rather unfit life. 2/7's 1st Pitch might be the top of the hill. Well I'm grateful, more than anyone could ever know for the immense encouragement from everybody, but, of course especially Simon (dear Simon) and Kate (dear Kate) for making a little dream come true. Saw the 'eyehole', walked very carefully to a point near it. Why is it that every carry I've done has been rubbish bags?? I even got to bring crap down from 2/7!

ADVERTISMENT

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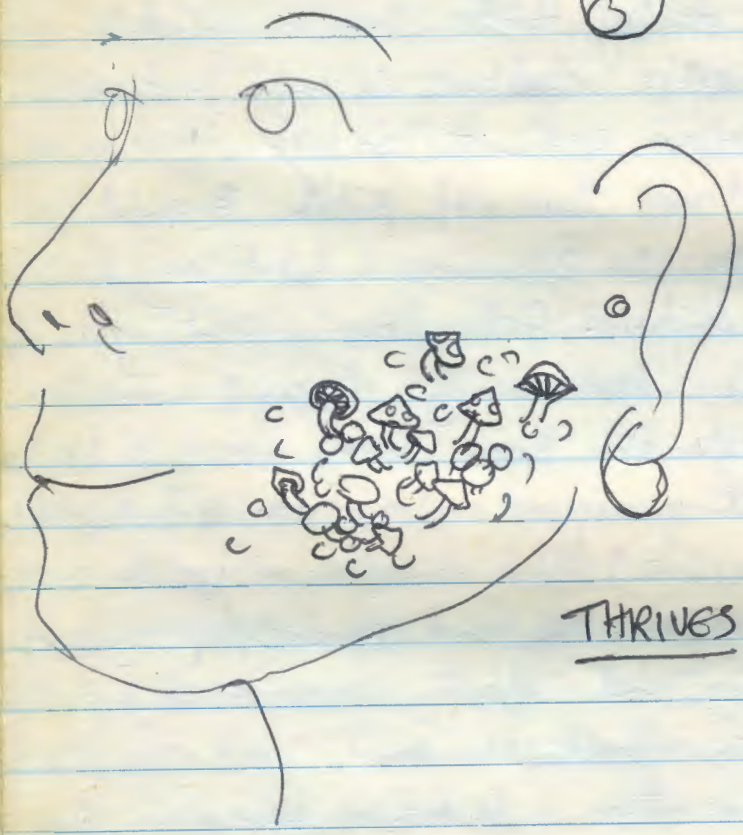

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8th Aug. ~~SAK~~ Return of the son of detackling II
Kate, JT, Simon, Paul, Ewald. ~ 17 hrs.

Detackled from top of Pessimists' to bottom of Seventh Heaven. Started with 14 bags ended with 21 !? Paradise was a bastard and we was slow.

What a pathetic attempt at a write-up. Where is all the Bullshit? (- overlay's rucksack)

Trip into Cave was none too eventful except for a lovely Sleep at the Bottom of Flying relayers waiting for the train to assemble!!!!

Kate had one of OUCC's famous exploding tacklebags and JT's route finding was dubious, but it does get boring going the same way more than once.

Soon after arriving at the top of Pessimists', the Smooth(?) efficient (?), Slick(?) detackling machine was started up. It coughed and spluttered at first but slowly it warmed up - and then it was totally knackered. Unfortunately at this time the perdure had it been reached!!! Repairs were made, and the machine carried on.

Certain components of the machine weren't working properly - Kates Recognition circuits were obviously wet ~~because~~ with comments like "Is there a tackle bag there for me" whilst looking at 16 Bags ~~with~~ One particular bag with 100m(?) of Black 15mm(+) Marlow was particularly troublesome, and even provoked an unsolicited comment from one member of the group "Big !!??"

Eventually the machine ran out of petrol, fudge, fish, carbide at the bottom of 7th Heaven and began a quick(?) retreat to Aro. What a Brilliant trip!!!!

The Adventure in the Land of Moxon.

Once upon a time there were a small tribe of mental retardents popularly known as the Oxford Trolls. They were short of stature, fierce in appearance and low on intellect. (speak for yourself, Jonathan) They spent all there[sp?] days in the land of the Withes, or in their own koongee, 217, words were too complicated.

Their leader was a certain Hgln who it was said had once been a princess, and could have taken the pick of the handsomest young princess, not from the surrounding kingdoms. But she chose to horribly disfigure herself in all manner of filth to hide her fair appearance.

She was unhappy with the Trolls, their love of small, dark, damp and smelly places, and their foul habits, such as urinating and defecating whenever it took their fancy and plastic bags and even gloves instead of using modern sanitary devices such as (again in Troll language) the 15/5. She would look with envy across the thin stretch of grass which separated the Trolls and the Moxoids.

The Moxoids were tall and fair, strong and handsome, their eyes always seemed to be focused on some distant unobtainable goal (or where they pissed). The Moxoids were happy, but proud. They treated leadership somewhat as a joke, so had chosen some clown the unclean upon in their great dining hall of Bernie's where he was the court jester. He was simple but would keep spirits up should they flag by getting drunk and having lectures.

The land of Mora was fine and vast. A highway ran down the middle to a great river. This highway was thin but safe from the evils which lurked along the broad by-ways of 217, such as hairy ropes, frayed tapes and shifty rope protuberances (the worst of some beasties). One would swiftly travel along this highway to the magic river beyond where, man and woman would become upright, strong, and generally hard users.

Nylon wanted to know the secrets of the magic river, and hoped to use this to turn the Trolls into a vigourous tribe, capable of rigging any Yorkshire pot. Yea even to have no shame in using the red balls of the contaminous goal of SIRT. So she choose two faithless followers, J.C, the thief and filthy and Rog of the thuggish hercules and insatiable appetite. J.C had heard that the magic river was partially cold, deep and unpleasant, whilst Rog believed that the Muvinds feasted everyday on the richest fare, Springlow Spaunceals, baby food, Club biscuits and even some coffee.

So heavily disguised as Muvinds, they attempted to mingle with a group of Muvinds. Of course the Muvinds saw through these disguises, and by clever questioning found the purpose of the seemingly pointless trip. "We want to see the river!" shouted Nylon with glee. "We want to get wet" said J.C. "Have you any food?" asked Rog. "And to find out the river secret," added J.C. "Oh shit" thought Nylon.

The Muvinds "Steve" "The Bull" Forster and Dave "Tubbs" Biggs, each bought drinks, beginning with H. Kiwi Kan was about secrets behind the river. They swell their exceptional

fitness to wear in their child. They whispered to each other and Steve said "I know a good trick. Let's pretend their Mowgli, take them down to the river. Get them thoroughly soaked (Ha, Ha) then make them carry out very heavy bags of useless objects. That will certainly rub their bums off."

So off they set. The highway locally was long, but straight. "Ooh" said Hylin with glee: "Where's the child" said J.C. "This cobble is nice and horrible and slippy but I can't rub my face in it." "Haven't seen much ~~[illegible]~~ grub yet", groaned Rog.

They reached the river "Ooh, this is splashy" gulped Hylin with glee. "Not half deep enough", grumbled J.C, and decided to have a double light fortune just so he could be annoyed, for J.C was only happy when he was very pissed off. "Bloody hell I'm hungry", complained Rog.

Hylin gleefully scampered down the river soaking in the "magic", whilst J.C and Rog tried to be miserable and undergo the Petal Challenge II, putting the front on a brave lower hundred when your hands are very cold.

Hylin's glee was, however short-lived, for no sooner had she reached Steve, when he handed over a tackle bag and winked. "Oh my God" she thought "What on earth do I do with this". "Take it out then", said Dave. Hylin, now gleeless, struggled up the river. She met J.C and Rog, who were equally entwined with the large, seemingly useless plastic objects. They all turned tail and fought their way up the River! Rog "pointed to the [illegible] he had noticed [illegible]

stave, just before the start of the highway.

Already tired by their exertions, the trolls had to rest on a rocky shore by the river. Nylin and Roy decided to try to pollute the magic river, using it as a toilet, relieving themselves, as in 27 wherever it took their fancy. Nylin had just shed her skin when a 3rd Muxwid "Imperial" Heavy appeared in the dreamway and caught her red-handed. Disgusted by this obscene habit he picked up two tackle bags and returned from whence he came. "Could you put a brew on for us?" asked Roy hopefully.

Trolls are nothing if not copycats, so all 3 copied the Muxwid and dragged a bag each up the stream, wondering why the originally light travelling gear was getting heavier all the time.

At the palatial wind brewing stop, the Muxwids, now joined by Kev "Rocky" Senior and Kath "Free" Force. They took pity on the now bedraggled Trolls, who had lost all resemblance to even the most scrofulous Muxwid, and offered them coffee and food. Nylin and J.C were wary of this ploy, whilst Roy joyfully rushed in. Their suspicions were confirmed when Steve and Dave appeared with many more tackle bags.

"Shit! Let's get out of here," whispered J.C to the others, and shot off up the first path. However he was too late for a 2nd bag had been clipped to his donkey's ditch. He prosecuted as fast as he but seemed to be making no progress. Slowly (ever so slowly) he realised that there was no secret to the Muxa river, he was more knackered than he had ever been before.

After hours of pointless motion, he crawled out of the canoe to the last dying rays of sunlight vowing never again to visit the land of Muxa.

98 Wednesday 10th August. (99)

Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! After splendido, almost beyond words evening on mi comprades beneath the star-lit sky counting satellites, enjoying the gentle scent of the pasture, guess what? Yeah! I'm carrying rubbish down oh joy oh bliss, the fulfilment of a life's ambition.

There is ≈20kg of carbide in the diver's drum 10m South of the ~~the~~ choosing tent position, covered by lose boulders (it is disguised as rubbish, in a bin liner.)

7th August... Another Cueva Muxa Trip William, Angus, Paul Eastwood. 14 hrs

~~Following the~~ Danny had decreed that we were to be the first deluxe trip, going down the cave at 10am. Still felt tired after the last 2/7 trip, from which I had emerged 27 hours previously & maybe this was the reason I forgot to bring my jumpy. Nothing for it to go back to collect it, together with some carbide & an extra headtorch for what was now to be a solo descent. Finally got underground at 12:10 pm, & going down somewhat gingerly. Great fun, thoroughly. Surprised to catch up Angus at the bottom of the shaft & he showed me through the boulder chokes. Went on ahead, leaving Angus to make geological notes & reached the sump shortly before 4:30, ~~had~~ in the meantime passing Paul who, also having emerged from 2/7 27 hours before, was carrying four tackle bags up the streamway. Paul instructed me to start derigging, but before I could do so, Angus caught me up & told me to take two of the tackle bags off Paul. Reached the second boulder choke before I caught Paul up, ~~since~~ He'd been sitting still for an hour or so, as ~~he~~ even he felt unable to manhandle diving bottles through boulder chokes on his own.

After this, my problems began. Tension traverses with two tackle bags, even light ones, are not easy, particularly when your short low's tail is obstructing your crotch & you are failing to make use of the pulley wheel in your prussik bag. Wasted loads of time & energy in this manner, so Paul, meanwhile found an extra tackle bag, necessitating him going up every pitch twice.

After an age, we reached the first boulder choke & the bags were passed through, so as to be accessible in all weather conditions. Reached the foot of

the Shaft at c. 11:30pm., where we stopped for a Thichtin-cooked brew with Springbok meats, nuts, fudge, club biscuits etc. (** - a restaurant worth a detour) Paul set off out + tackle bag. I'd not taken one, as I'd been utterly knackered, but feeling much revived by the gourmet cuisine stormed up the pitch, almost keeping up with Paul to the top of the 247m. All this effort was in vain, however, as we had to wait an hour for Angus to emerge, before going back for more food & some well-earned kip. To bed at 5am, waking up Paul & Kate in the process.

William

P.S. I enjoyed the trip really. Great love upset from the mountain.

THE END

NO This is.

Sherry "I feel like an old man" Mary

BUT THERE'S MORE.

P.T.O.

The LAST TRIP

Dan, Gaw, Roy, J.C.

It is really pleasant ~~the~~ for a debauching trip to go well, so this trip leaves me with fond memories of 217. We had a staggered start, which means we weren't pissed but went down in two hour intervals. So when I reached the bottom of 7th Heaven, Dan had carried most of the bags to the pitch bottom. Hauling up the pitch was no problem, except for one bag which landed no-where near me, and being hit in the eye.

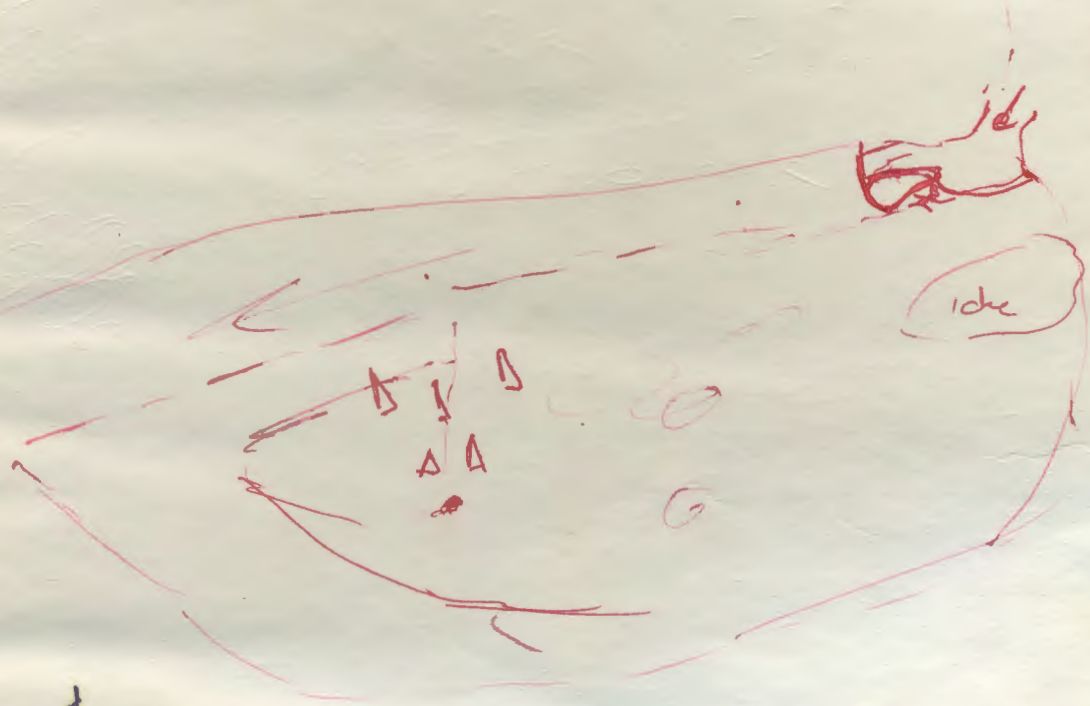
Derigged haul-line, and 7th Heaven, taking back 2 bags up. By then most bags were up the next pitch so I prussiched a fixed 2 up and hauled the ropes.

Last free pitch was most impressive, having knotted all the ropes together and clipping bags on every 15m or so. Down at 11.00, each bag £30 = Real Aficiat and such fun.

love J.C (aka The Scribbler).

BACK PAGES (B1)

The Great Log book ~~[illegible]~~ thief strikes again.



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Buffalo sleeping bags at the camp are great also the gor-tex bivvy bags are a great innovation

The experimental Marlow 9mm is really nice rope handles nicely and has very little bounce. It was rigged on cemetery gates and seemed to wear well as well. The only warning point is how well it will take a fall as it has so little bounce.

Sampat peanut butter : really like the wholenut - much better with no sugar

Fudge - absolutely marvellous a life saver

1st pitch — The Abotion
small ledge — Crash pad
~~Bsd~~ pitch — Fine night for flying
Big ledge — Landing pad.
pitch ledge = chamber to the Genesis
chamber — Just awsome
river.

B3

Steve's kit

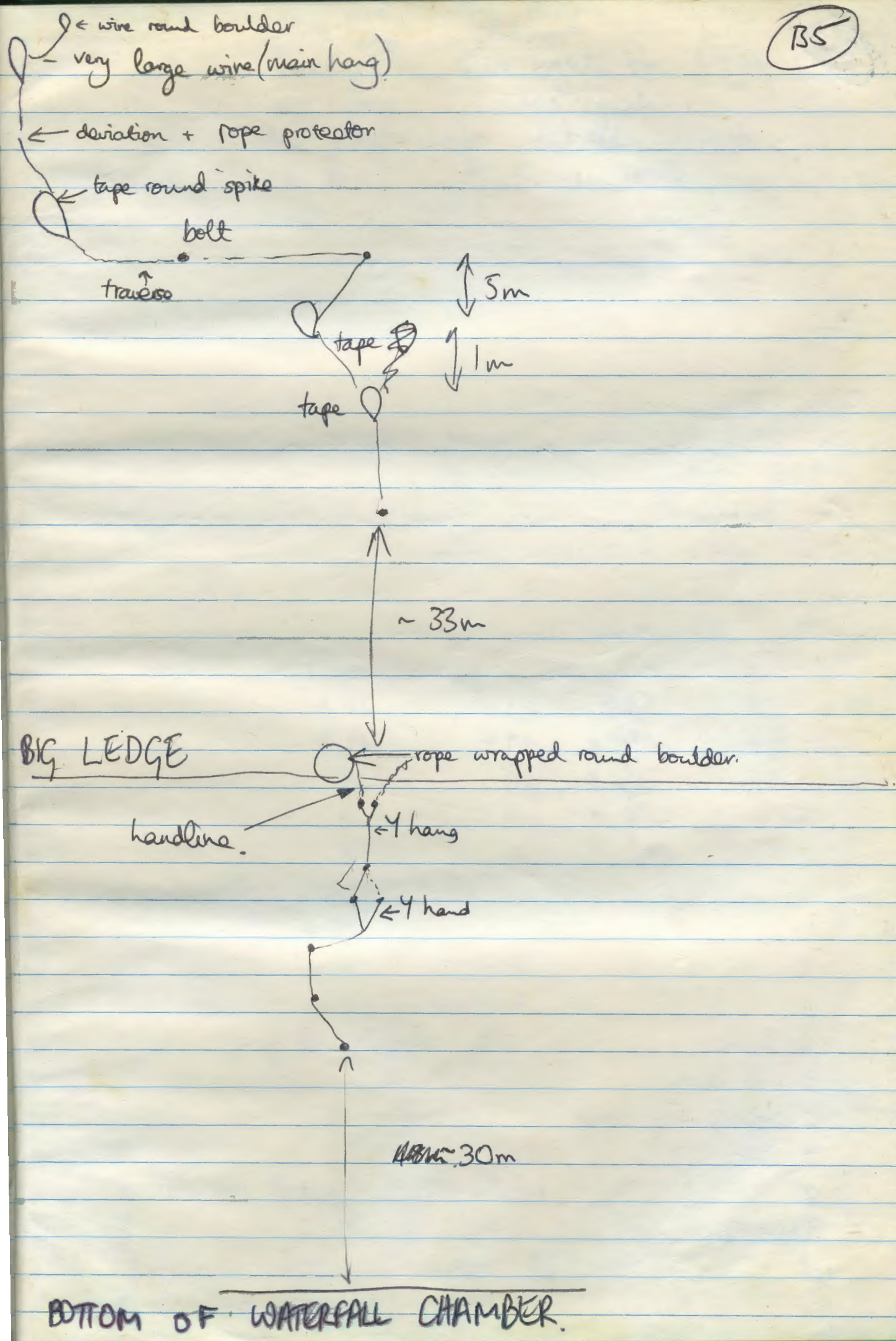
At Ario - should GE a Grison shirt
maybe a Y.V. T-shirt
if found take to Base

comp 3/1

* SL	* LS	GN	RG	* JA
* PB	* DM	* SM	SG	
ML	DH	* JC	HM	
N	MH	* KL		
R		* WS		
(SR)				
* JT				
* RT				

B4

M	1		
T	2		Down
W	3		Push/survey
T	4	Down	Out (taking unneeded gear)
F	5	Push/survey	
S	6	Detackle → 1st camp	
S	7	Out	Down
M	8	~~~	Detackle → Arm(?) Detackle rest shaft
T	9 det → Gripper		~~~
W.	10		det rest
Th	11		


← wire round boulder
very large wire (main hang)
← deviation + rope protector
tape round spike
bolt
traverse
5m
tape
1m
tape
~ 33m
BIG LEDGE
rope wrapped round boulder.
handline.
← Y hang
← Y hand
~30m
BOTTOM OF WATERFALL CHAMBER.

Starting from bottom of waterfall chamber going upwards.

(86) 3 single bolts

1 triple bolt

1 4 hang (double bolt) + rope wrapped round boulder on big ledge

~~110 m rope needed~~ ~90 m rope

hand line

1 bolt

2 tapes (medium)

bolt (back up to tapes)
bolt on traverse (middle of)
tape over spike

deviation on spike + rope protector ukk!

long wire (very) 25 ft. (rebelay)/(top hang)

wire round boulder + rope round boulder

1 handline up to old camp

tape backed up by rope round boulder
wire over spike. (backed up to bottom of cemetery gates

Gavin climbs.

Pitches downstream from the camp.

(B7)

Traverse 10m rope around naturals

Waterfall pitch ? Comes from ceiling

Pitch with rebelay (medium wire) backed off round boulder – main hang on wire?

High level traverse – tape – short wire through eye hole on corner.
Should go up to large boulder & tied off.
Back down to spike. Needs rerigging
High level traverse on way down – come back lowbed

Chossy traverse
Rope through eye hole, tape round boss & hand line climb at end.

Rope tied off round huge boulder – no back up.
Climb (abseil down & climb back up).