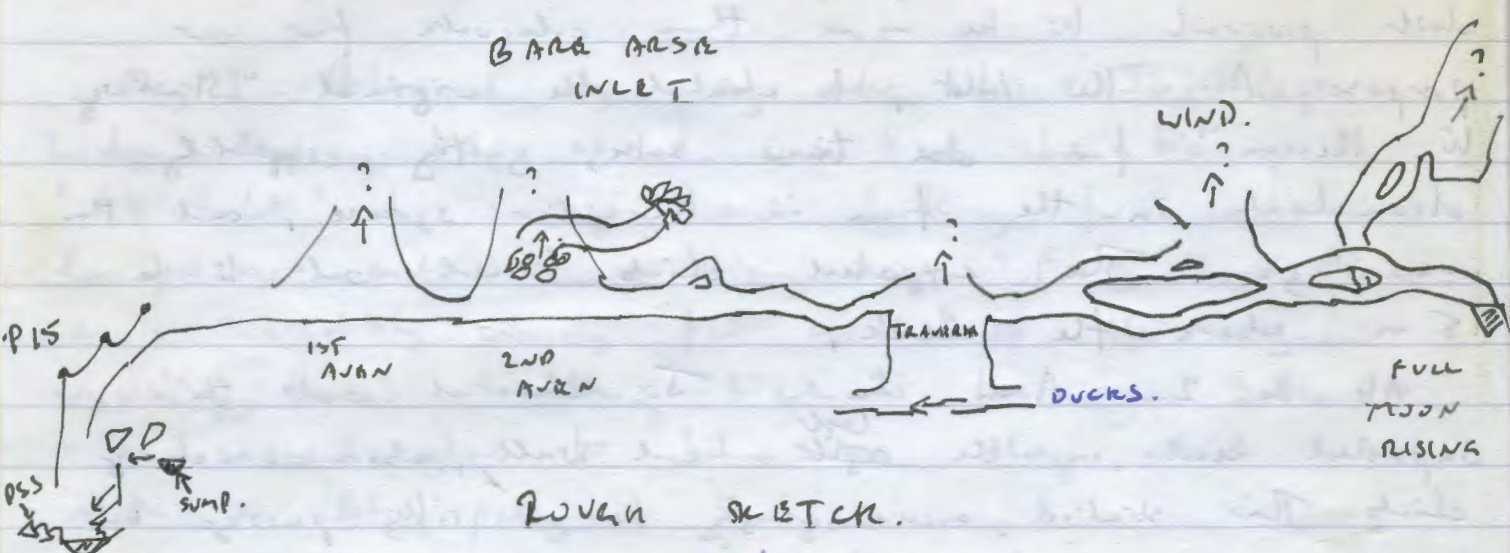
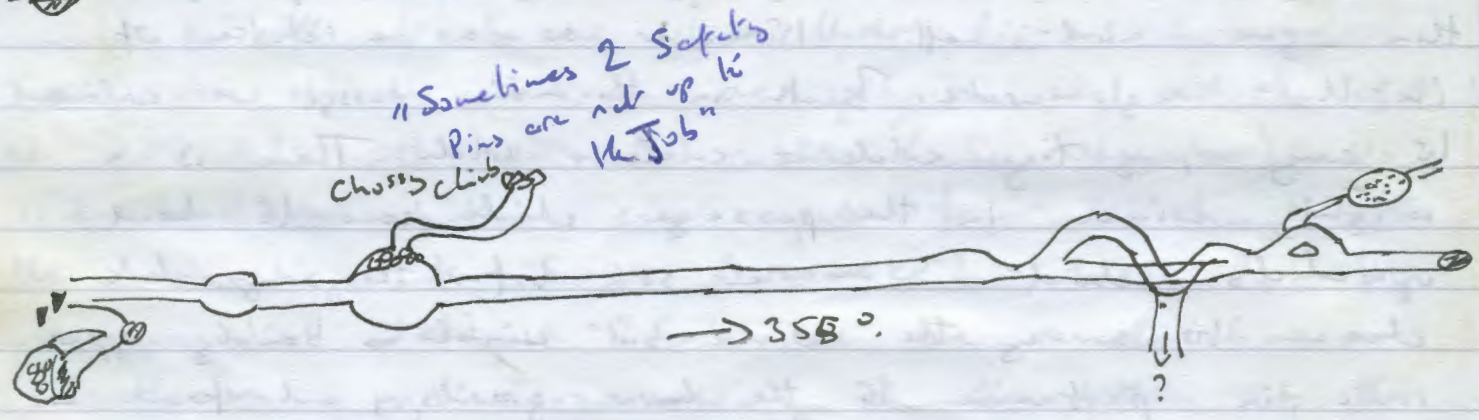


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ROUGH SKETCH.



On the way back to camp, we braved Tim's Bypass to Reef under that vein out to be fairly tricky if you have nice pads to pull you onto dry land. Fortunately Rich + Nily were waiting for us on water to the right still up Virginia to help us out.

Day 3: We hired our ^{water} trip to coincide with the Uigra veins return. Sounded like a promising combination but too long a trip from Big Ledge and a substantial goal for future expeditions. Instead we turned our plans to the "Respectable Chubs" off level down. I should know by now that if Tim fails to push something then it's all probability it's a bit rough, and so it proved to be, possibly even more so with the rising water levels. A couple of

well placed ropes got me about 1/2 way up, but I was heavily gripped, so I got my first chance to bolt climb.

Using the tried and tested ~~new~~ technique of making it up as you go along I soon had a pair of rope chokers, and to the ~~as~~ choral accompaniment of Jo and Pip I merrily started placing bolts. Bolt no. 1 was pretty good, Bolt number 2 had a beautiful surround of cracks, Bolt number 3 was also good. At this point I was about to jack as we could not locate any more hangers, where-upon a brain wave struck me, Use the hanger from the 1st bolt. The added bonus with this was that I also used the rope strikers from this bolt so I what you did not need to tie new ones for each bolt.

By now I was really into the swing of things, but the ringing and the enquiries about my stroke were annoying, so on the placing of the 5th bolt, when I was about 1/2 way up and maybe could place to move over to the climb proper, I decided off to stare off Jo's hypothermia. The trip out was lovely with the others sprinting off to pick up their sleds, and me hilly up the rigging.

Upstream rigging (in addition to last year) in situ include.

Oregano pitch: Bolt back-up, large round spike, beta round spike for 6m main haul: Probably needs wire in main haul.

Card Case - Up pitch ~ 20m, Wire round hauler.

Down pitch ~ 6m, Tape round hauler, large round spike.

Wharfall pitch - 8m, Rope on bolt. &

Strawberry to Meana, P15. - Tape main haul (cubs) 2 large backpacks.

Viagra Falls. 40m rope on pitch + traverse.

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Day 4 = Rigging Camp, Rigging to 1st Edge Floor → To be
continued.

Mode of this is described elsewhere.

Current Status of Rigging.

Upstream & All ropes left in
See Letter for details

Camp. Pile out.

Food, Fuel, Pans, + Kerosene tent.

See Letter for details

Pitons Rerigged + checked up to Cemetery Gates

Rosy Circumference derigged + Ropes at Piton - level.

Details of ropes + rigging Letter.

Tackle Bags.

→ First Edge Floor 2 medium + 1 light
+ Bag needed for Rope.

Armageddon Lady 1 bag + fettle.

Pessimists Top 4 Bags.

Gripper Top 2 Bags.

1 Bag at extreme.

JL

Radio

Just a brief note, since Lev has described in a fair amount of detail what happened. I spent some time (after arriving at around 7:45pm) investigating where would be the best place to (a) sit & (b) put the ~~the~~ wires. In the end (after much faffing) I settled on the pool below (rather ~~than~~ than at) camp, and the other site was the pool above camp (where water is collected). As directed, I weighted the ~~the~~ electric fence tape down with stones, & connected the wires to the radio and talked rubbish into it for a while. It was around 8:25 before I had everything set up, so there was some delay before Lev & Lynn started to pick up my belongings at about 8:45. Lev came through loud & clear and I was very impressed with the sound quality. Lev could hear me best with the switch on setting 2. Lev's voice was clear on settings 1 & 2, with a significant loss of clarity on setting 3. Setting 1 was marginally better than setting 2.

Thanks, Lev, ~~see~~ for sorting out the kit. A successful experiment!

Radon

There is ~~one~~ one last detector left to ~~be~~ collect: the control in the shakshale. If Lev could collect this & seal it & record the times ^{& date} that would be great - otherwise please delegate someone else to do so (letting them know exactly where it is!) Thanks to Lev, Lynn, Tim & Lou for helping with the experiment.

Other bits & pieces

i) Paul's tent is in the gear store, wrapped in blue bin liners &

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sealed with gaffa tape. I think he's willing for it to be used if it's needed, so long as it's taken care of.

2) Drawings! I'd like these for the log book so please keep them safe.

3) Thanks to everyone who has been here during the first half of expedition. The hard work and enthusiasm of everyone has paid off, with hundreds of metres of new passage! Thanks for calming me down when I got too stressed.

4) There are various installments of survey notes in Daven drums still down the cave. Please be aware that these need extracting & keeping in a very safe place!

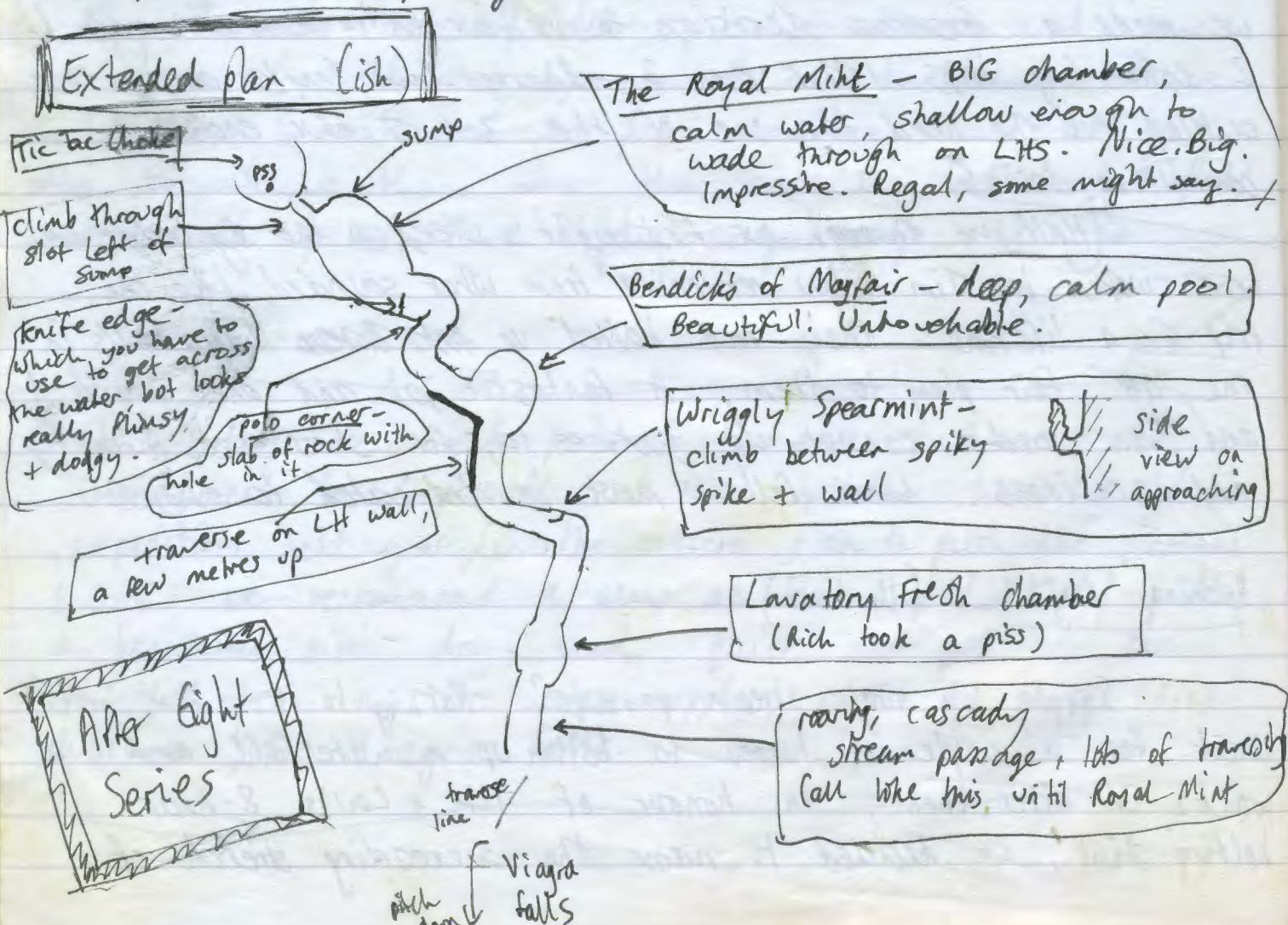
5) Poo. There is a Daven drum still down 2/7 that has been "sacrificed" to be a shit container. When it has been emptied, please disinfect & mark as contaminated so it can be thoroughly dealt with back in Oxford.

6) My thermals (blue top with zip, blue bottoms) and a pair of red socks (all named) are still in a tacklebag. Please could these be extracted & put somewhere where I'll be able to retrieve them when the expedition returns to Oxford?
That's all folks. Cave safely, & go deep. Jo

* This distance is a real pain in the arse and a serious impediment to exploration at the upstream limit. If expeditions next year / in the future plan to push the upstream L.O.E., we recommend a camp at Fear and Loathing - it's a beautiful site, dry, sandy, quiet and yet not far from the streamway for water supply, and a very short distance before Viagra Falls.

passage "After Eight" - and a misty theme was born for naming various features along the way.

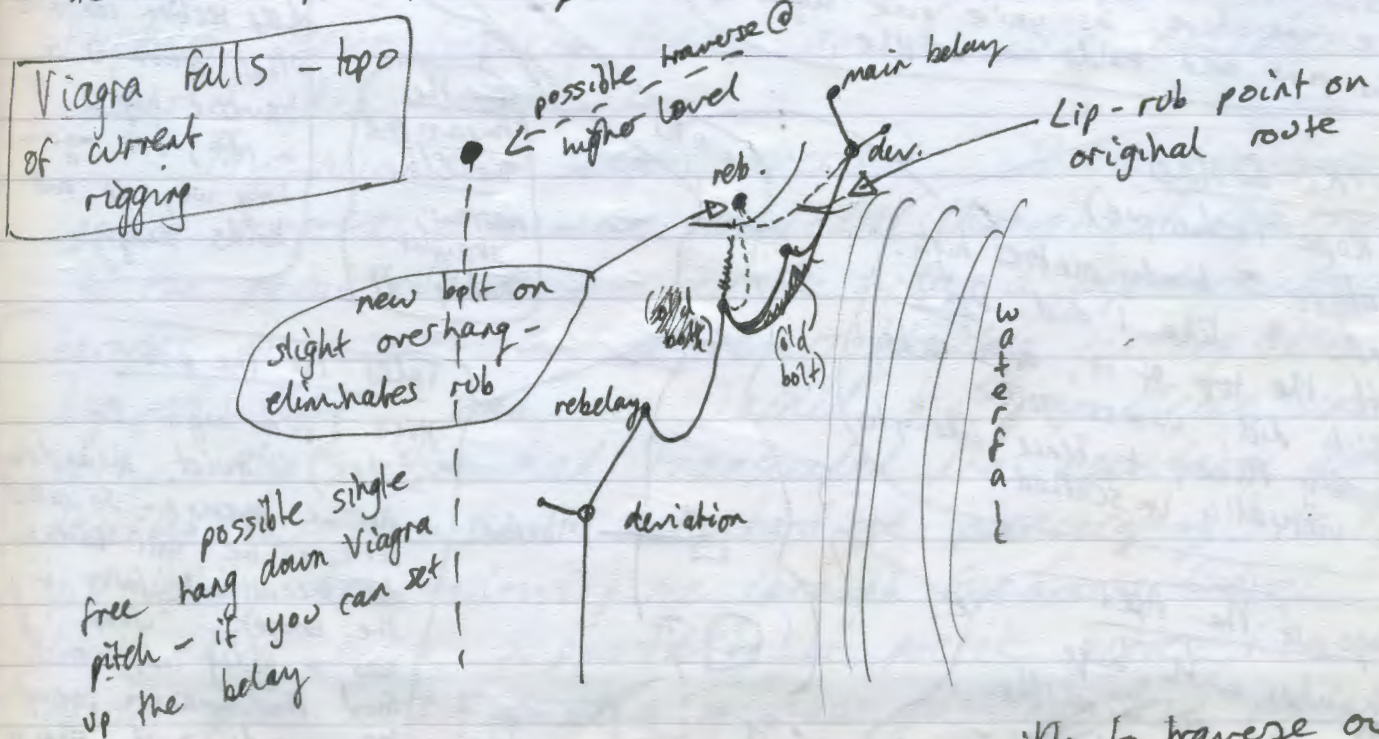
This is a beautiful stretch of passage, "quite possibly" (definitely in Rich's opinion) the nicest of any we have seen in 2/7. This first day we surveyed 220m of passage to a short boulder choke. The first section was roaring streamway, really sporting, with most progress made by traversing and climbing up cascades. This then gives out into a huge tranquil chamber where the waterway is wide enough to be calm + sedate. The Royal Mint. The water emerges from a short sump at the far end of the chamber, but a slot on the left can be climbed into Tic Tac Choke. Here we checked out a route through the choke, left a P.S.S. and proclaimed it an appropriate temporary L.O.E.



Pushing "day" 2 (20 hours)

With a mammoth trip in mind, we were on a mission to stoke ourselves with as much food as it was possible to consume, humanly or otherwise, before leaving. This was helped by the fact that we'd made our 4 night into 3 & hence had an extra dinner - and the soon-to-be-immortalised (as soon as we work out the missing verses) lines "Italian herbs and garlic / Pasta 'n' Sauce for tea (and breakfast)" were born. (it goes to the tune of the lumberjack song) Rich was completely unimpressed by my failure to pack more varied flavours of the "repulsive mshg" that is Pasta 'n' Sauce, but I told him to shut the fuck up and eat, which he did because he's so scared of me.

Arriving at Viagra Falls once more, our first task was to eliminate a bad rub point at the top, choosing a better route for the rope.



NB for a more straightforward pitch, it may be possible to traverse out above the current main belay to a nice-looking free-hang site - however we didn't fancy the climb, so went for the minor-alteration option.

I owe one to Rich for shivering his nads off in an apparently completely ineffective orange survival bag, while he let me rig the traverse + pitch using the 40m rope, hammer in an extra bolt + denig the old rope to tape traverse - knowing how keen I am to get some rigging done + build up my experience. I had a fantastic time indulging my riglust, and dangling off a bolt I had just hammered in myself while hanging off the belay above was something else.

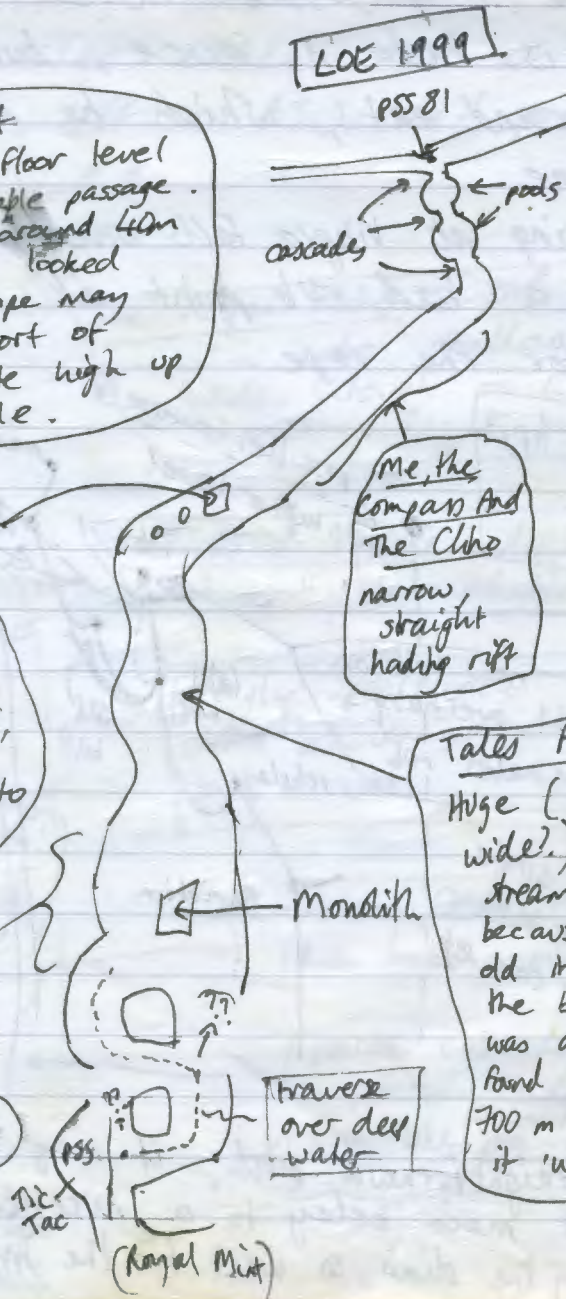
We quickly headed on upstream to our PSS, and found

Extended Plan (ish)

Vanilla Inlet
 Narrow rift. Becomes too tight @ floor level but can be climbed up to more passable passage. I traversed upwards + onwards for around 40m to a tightish section ahead which looked loose + more challenging. A rope may be useful for sorting out some sort of traverse line here, as you're quite high up by this point and holds are brittle.

NRT Boulder
 (No Rope Technique)
 It's about 5 bloody metres high. go under it, like I did. Don't fall off the top of it, onto rocks, like Rich did, unless you're unbelievably Pukey + hence likely to escape virtually unscathed.

Revenge of The Apes
 Big chamber with huge mondith-like rock in middle. (Ref. 2001 A Space Odyssey - come on then, you bloody game playing aliens, you come chasing after THIS one)



Catheter Canal
 traversing at stream level becomes impossible, water at least waist deep. Wade through water if you are hard/imature to hypothermia/have a wet- or drysuit. Don't know how long deep section continues. other option is to traverse higher up in rift, but again, long way up and holds dodgy.

Tales for the pub
 Huge (10m high, 8m wide?), quiet, meandering stream passage. So called because we will be those old incontinent farts in the boozers... "when I was a young lad/lars I found this amazing passage, 700 m underground, amazing it was, THIS big..."

It takes the piss. It really does. Get to the LOE, decide not to push Catheter Canal because it would involve getting wet and hence very fucking cold, so turn around, and a mere 5m down the passage, Fuckwit here goes + falls into the first cascade pool. I expressed my disappointment by saying "fuck", very loudly, lots of times, to safety and beyond. Rich was in hysterics at my plight, so I told him to stop fucking laughing, you fucking bastard, because it wasn't fucking funny. it was fucking cold fuck fuck.

Got back to camp around 2pm, surprisingly fresh, lively + enthusiastic, then promptly slept until 9am the next morning.

The Long Prussik Out. - with tackle...

So I thought I had it bad last time. This time I had the tackle sack from way beyond hell. Satan's own just doesn't adequately describe it. Fucking Jesus fucking fuck, as a wise northern carver I know might say.

My nice new Dragon oversuit, which had been getting progressively more comical throughout the trip, to the point where I had to wear a tape-reinforced harness to prevent the entire right leg turning into a big red flag, was now joined by my fleece undersuit. My attire had transcended the boundary between family entertainment and hardcore pornography. As Pip will testify from following me through Guzano's Grovel. I think this was supposed to be poetic justice for me having spent most of the previous pushing trip proclaiming that I wanted a caring knob so I could have a piss as easily as Rich persisted in doing. I was now fully