

1993



LOG of
RAN T S

Rant #1 Adam's trip here

or - why do I get psychopath criminals on long hitch hikes in foreign countries.

Left Dubai 8am 24/6 & had many time hitching to Dover via a turkey processing factory, getting there in 12 hours. 10pm ferry to Ostend as better place to hitch out of, same price as Calais, & only 4 hrs. Thumb out in the port area and "ee-gads" in 5 minutes someone stopped & they were going to Bulgaria via Salzburg - my lucky number had come up. Except - he was a complete psychopath, whose convoluted story unfolded for the next 13 hours of living, waking nightmare. First he wanted money for petrol - or I thought a good tip - so what. Apparently he had been radiation sick for 10 days after Chernobyl & I think it must have done him in. Things seemed just a bit odd until 9.30 am, the only things of note being the story of how he spotted the copier at a Casino cheating & 1) got £1000 off the Casino to keep it quiet 2) got £2000 of the victim to say how he was being cheated - this lead to a private eye & some sugar in a petrol tank - sounded rather undergroundish. It seems this was not unconnected with my driver's flat being cleared out & £2000 being stolen - he claimed he ~~has~~ knew who & would kill him. Now I believe the threat. Anyway 9.30 he stops for a massage & a prostitute, despite claiming to not

NICK WOZ
ERR

(FUCKING MOOSE)

2 money for petrol to Bulgaria 20 minutes after
 again we were drifting towards the
 near at 85 mph (in a 1-2 Lada!) & it
 appropriate to shake his arm to wake
 we pulled over for a rest. Next we ran
 in the middle of sodding nowhere so off
 for 1 hour along the hard shoulder until
 reappeared, having obtained some petrol
 doctor who had stopped. Now he had
 had been a champion rallye driver for
 & as time went on it became clear he
 & a ~~Vauxhall~~ ~~Co4J~~. 4 wheel slid
 off road. Overtaking on the hard shoulder &
 was about to run out, doing the same
 inches of space either side - at 80 mph.
 gaps 1.01 car length in size. He would
 have given Chris Sharma (in his driving
 heyday) white knuckles. All this pissed the
 off a lot & they gestured & honned a bit.
 he was to pull out the craft knife,
 had earlier sabotaged in case he used it to
 and to pick a stone off the floor.
 mination of much high speed knobbing
 get in front of one driver who had
 displeasure was the propulsion of said
 at the other car. The result was a
 front screen & he went into a tree. Clearly
 guy wanted to "do me in" he would.
 (the other car)

Eventually we stopped in & on the way ~~part~~ of Munich
 as he wanted to sleep & I escaped gibbering,
 never been so scared for so long. Had to walk
 through Munich, & dossed for the night in a park. Saturday
 was shit - it rained all day, all lifts were short & it
 took 11 hours to get to Hildes. It is well worth
 walking from Bad ~~Reichenhall~~ Reichenhall to the border for
 a lift & not hitching on Sat as all cars full.
 All in all he demanded £40 & I lost a few weeks
 from my life so a) hitching can be dangerous to
 your health b) " " " not as cheap
 as staying at home c) I hope I get a lift from
 a carrier going home - hint!

Adam

Wed. 30 June 1993 (!)

K.M. Nick dive
 So Adam was being organised to said we ought to go
 caving. We committed to Kross us in Imp can't we. At top
 camp this goes down to the bottom of 5 not. Get underground
 at 4pm! set a precedent, wedo! Adam rigged harness like
 Peter Man last year. Then Dave rigs g-trog, rebelay, goes down
 looking for deviation. Then goes up & jind's rebelay. Then slouch
 down again "I could do with an deviation here". Mashed of marvels
 there is one (off a shit bolt). eventually down (1 hr long! It was
 my first one & I bet hundreds of people mean I went it eke k rant rant)
 2nd pit. 11mm rope harned to steel hawser. Trying to put it in a
 down - eventually hit it with a rock to make the bend smaller enough.

possible, and push (went with the rope, capped stop off. push (went
had another deviation, wheel (well, almost). Then off
decide we can't find SNOT & exit T/U 3hrs
above back from T.C. (it was so nice) ooh twice epr.

1st JULY Adam, Nick, Andy W, MTS

time spent wandering about the plateau looking for caves
as were found. At the first Adam decided to
traditional technique of chucking a rock down
lobbed his rucksack into it instead. Since this
rope, a ladder descent was deemed necessary.
down, retrieved the rucksack, and found another pitch
to be too long for either the ladders or the rope.
we went & planned with more rope (>25m) to which
marked the route with a cairn (!) The second
arrow and sharp and didn't go anywhere.

Adam 3/4 hr

JULY Nick Chive Spencer
-189 Giltner's stamp.

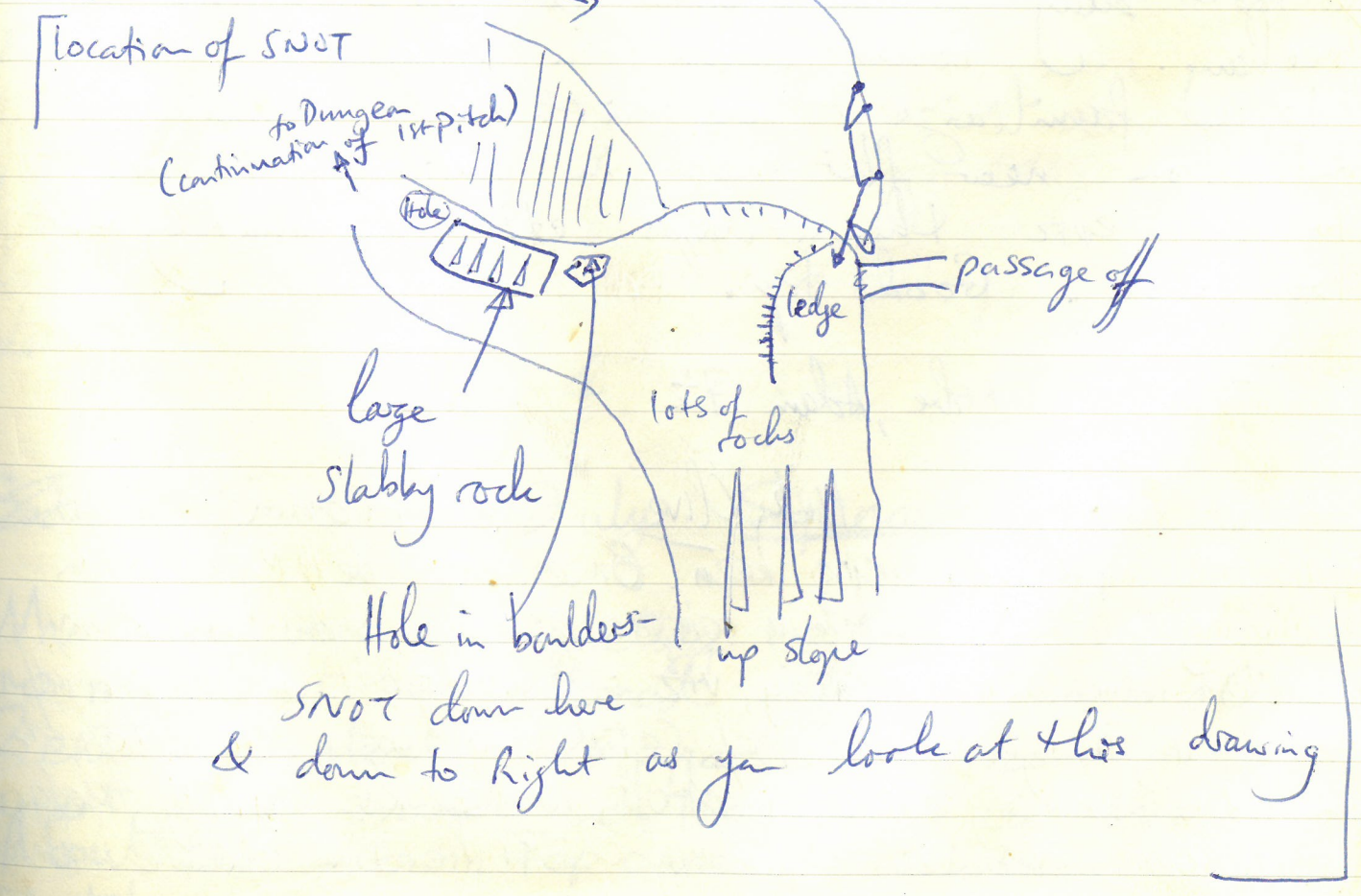
needed to explore 'Rucksack' Cave (see above), but
do a 'tourist' down Ice Cave next to 164. Very
cold - some superb ice formations. Some dodgy
occurred, under the excellent leadership of Chive

- Mr Sydeby himself. In short - we all got cold, Spencer's
stop got bent and no one died (ooh it wasn't epic!)
Came out of the cave and it started to rain, so we
went home. The end.

T/U Nick 3/4 hr Chive, Spencer 1/2 hr

FRI 2nd JULY Andy Waddington, Mike TS, Adam
Rigging Kaninchenhöhle into Knossos

Started sig from SNOT, which Chive had failed to
locate from entrance



a new bolt in at ~6m (from the lead at the top) as suspect previous I used a dodgy thread, which fell down with 2 hammer blows. Zoomed to & hence to Chunnel pitch, which (as the rigging guide sez) so we a bungalo poxy pitch rope & cut off the new Himm rope for poxy. cold & running thin or light (striky Zoom was of unknown duration) so bungalo. Early rigging down into crosses, the new Chilti bolt on the R from belay is much better & gives a fine Poked about in Lapater etc familiarize Moke with the system near flat battery in just over 1 1/2 hrs epic thunderclaps etc. Fortunately not Good trip.

Mike, Adam 7 1/2 Andy 5

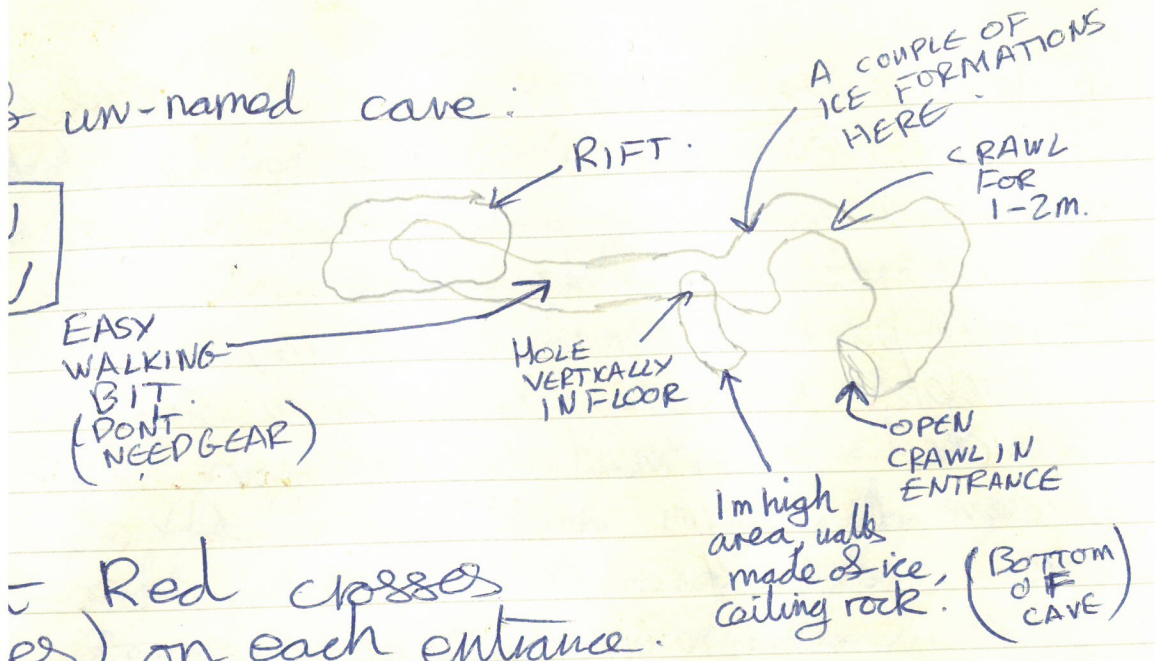
Salz Nick, Clive France
 nick was being keen. Once more the in hept beam ability (prob take a compass bearing. Men walk in line hon anyway, viz: Sumper gulf in Juniper Gulf. The right way out of Salzburg, Snd, Rucksack car (seemingly endless) set off, rucksacks lightly laden coz we're feeling clear this time when the intention

of rigging to fast BOM of rope down frame. At first we thought wed taken the jinx. Wandered out for KM down and to right and lo and behold: 161c or 'guess what I've found'. Change. Nick wanders off with bolts I'm left to pack 137m rope into my tackle sack. (sigh forgot to tell people this morning) Oops - horribly bungled as predicted. Nevermind - some later (3:20 pm) off down cave. Nick begins rigging, really finds dev eventually. Then he bored so I have a go - Nick mysteriously hid his dangly bag round the rope - how silly! and had to go up re rigging as he went to untangle himself. Clive meanwhile on falling carbide goes stark down & runs into rock - I want a deviation! drives it nick post? Anyway, much fall and looking later, Clive pushing off out for a piss & carbide change, we get pissed off with wed had bolting kit - so much easier! and I leave to find greedy bastards had eaten all the food and the rest of the world all appearing very drunk!

T/a Clive 4 Nick 4 1/2?

~~Saturday~~ Sunday 4th July. Spencer & Nick

While we were prospecting we found a small cave, no name. It was bottomed with a zoom in 10 mins. 2 entrances, about 10m apart underground or 30m apart above ground 'cos the terrain is ridges & valleys. About 5 mins from Top camp 90° anticlockwise from Khole. Sketch over ->



Red crosses (es) on each entrance.

Spencer 10 mins! Nick - 2 mins. !!!

We room for more accurate cave location & ever finds it again:

cave remains to be found again, so if you fancy wandering around read how talk to Adam or Nick for misdirections

07-04 Andy W. Photographic trip. T/U. nil.

FRANCE (Julian) Hugh, Fatty, ~~Ally~~, Petet T/U 7 hrs

on expo, walked up to top camp with radio lies and general carrying shit gear. Assembled radio etc then headed for entrance to Gornik. Followed

pre-riase rigging. Started rigging from "Roll of the dice" (inc) for another 140 metres of rope adding in a few missing spits on the way down. Rigging stopped at the top of the pitch above Algeria due to no more rope. Got out of Cave with lots of ranting and headed back to Top camp. Top camp watched interesting bolts of lightning more towards us. Decided to head for Car! From car park down watched heap big storm, got caught in storm, visibility nil, rains lots, lightning scary, we were all scared! Arrived safely at base camp, ate slop, and decided being alive was great.

Sunday 4.7.93 Tess Wux T/U 5 hrs

Tamra trip, intended to visit Knossos but as hard work this coming work. Bottom of 2nd pitch doesn't look at all like survey. Hadning ~~at~~ at end of passage work. Looked at Big Sumbury, down shot, Over t'rainbow, bungalow. Taked off? above channel pitch.

Now the comment: It were gone. Fin 2nd + last time I do SRT, especially on "rovel" Wadders gear. Stanley died. Crashed head Stanley died re ancient. again. Mutter, Grumble, Caring, ... set up.

Sully SulamT, Woods, Clive T/U Norm
CRACK OFF BIG ABSBIC OFF THE CLIFF 2 15min
GRUNDLE SE

- a 200m free hang, the austrians said... Slog
up hill, debate about rmb, rebalays (subsequently
by tying a tackle sack to the ~~end of the~~ rope).
woods goes down with spare rope cos it
20m too short. bottoms goes later jumps onto
h free does not work!) Sulam, rest - job of gibbering
probably fairly typical reaction "Fuck me I'm a loco
& scared". Then tackle sack tucks falls down
hit land 200m later, oops. carry on. Absail
up getting very hot. Now to uncrab a stop mid
chest jammer to hold rope (from "stop" to "stop") and hand
to out of stop. more descent. more heat. more become.
I still look like im only half way down. More.
Think about rope melting, still absailing slowly
up rmb. absail non boundly (or try to) "ware"
SWEAR loudly God im scared, absail some more. "how
Norm - still feels like half way up. hands knuckered from
stop hot. Ledge - take some weight off rope - mistak-
all makes a rope though stop without moving. her feet.
same mis mach. scared. absail and this is the last bit is it.
GROUND! im safe. legs numb, forgot how to walk on scree
hello to ground party. walk around a while. Tell tourist
will soon fall on their heads. have a random conversation
her enghs his about as good as my gear. Rope
noisy - very impressive fall. kangle pack. home
say they were scared too. The end love Clive.

Sunday 4/7/93 Kaminchenhöhle push final cut
MTS & Adam

Rigged from Yapate as far as final cut & it
looked smaller than I recalled. Traversed
over hole into continuation of drading rift (which
goes nowhere). Struggled to put 2 bolts
in - drill just fitted in narrow rift. MTS
went down first, demonstrating that there
wasnt much space in the slot for gear
or load. Only 2m down traversed off into dry
bit away from wet pitch. 20m (ish) along in direction
of Bubble found another slightly wider slot, which
turned out to be a superb 45m freehang dry
pitch. Continuing along rift above pitch is an
unclimbed 2m up pitch, which might lead to
an alternative descent. At bottom of 45m pitch,
the passage turns back to break into the ^{avoided} wet
pitch again via another not overly large slot.
~~which winds 120m + into what turned
out to be the bottom of dehydration - endless. On
the way out found some previously placed bolts
near the bottom, but not sure
where endless breaks in.~~
We had no rope left so made an honorable
exit to meet Wook & Tess on the entrance
pitch. Just made top camp before a
huge storm. T/U 9 hrs

27/93 KH Nick, Adam, Mike, T.S.
 to Bob on you and then some pushing
 the entrance and Adam and I found our
 wetter than when we had left them to
 see Hugh's account of epic Thunderstorm.
 After a rather grim - Yorkshire style - change
 we went on down to Zapate, Bob on you
 see big pitch which is so far nameless.
 this time Nick had given up on his carbide
~~was~~ hummed but produced no flame.
 I started bolting from the narrow slot
 the bottom of nameless pitch and continued
 so for the next 2 hrs (yawn, shiver).
 route down rejoined the water from
 and was mainly on lovely 9mm rope
 We found the bottom 120m down
 pitch and at a total depth of 480m.
 prints were found at the bottom and
 side of spits were found on the way out
 turned out that we had joined the bottom
 'dehydration'. We had planned to survey on
 way out but compass and dino had misted
 this will have to be done later - any takers?
 thought I could find my way out so
 Adam zoom off out. By the time
 I had returned to Zapate he was
 what tried and my electric backup was
 up - my carbide having already run out.

By the time we got to the top of Krossos
 I had no light at all so we had a
 serious carbide fettle. I was left with
 a carbide that just worked and Nick with
 a dodgy FX5 due to the top of the old
 box being ripped off in the slot at the bottom of
 Bob on you. We slowly pushed out.
 T/U Adam 10 hrs Mike 12 1/2 hrs Nick 13 hrs
 It was fucking ~~epic~~ I nearly died.
 CENSORED.

FRI 9th July

Fuck all happened. No one went away.
 Somebody went shopping. Ali's birthday so one
 threw him in the river. Seemed they were
 thing to do. I am pissed in case you haven't
 noticed Lots of beer. No caring. A good
 day. Adam was a hard bastard and went
 making for miles and miles. My writing is
 almost as crap as Chines and I am pissed.
 We had a treat tonight. Celebration. No beer
 stop. sausages and chicken. A good day,
 too much meat & beer.

This is probably all illegible
 Basically we ~~got~~ got pissed. Ali ~~and~~
 MTS ~~sharked~~ and jailed. So what
 Your loyal pissed bastard
 Nick the
 a leg.

8th July, 1993.

161c - France

Julian H, Pete, Ali.

R - R

RAMAROM

General plan was for me to continue rigging to the pushing front from Frog legs onwards whilst Pete and Ali looked down side hole with apparently water at the bottom. Much faffing at entrance then Pete re-rigged some of entrance pitches so that boulder slope below Roll of the Dice was less epic. Re-rigged top of Frog legs as big 'Y-hang' to make get-off easier then Ali lobbed a rock down their pitch. It took about 4 seconds to reach the bottom! We decided this must go into Algeria and therefore continued there via original route. This hypothesis needs checking sometime. I rigged the big pitch into Algeria initially with 39m rope - more than a little big too short. Then tried new 200m rope - re-belay at the top of the chamber is absolutely stunning! Eventually rigged down to the pushing front, then Pete and Ali went down scabby hole with water to find more pitch (~50m or so). I looked at hole in the corner of chamber below "Orient Express"; rigged and found crap small hole and tight rift. Crap small hole was below very unstable sandy roof and unlikely to go anywhere - not pushed. Tight rift was tried without dangles but was definitely too tight. Throwing rocks suggested either ^{is} deep pool (or sump?) beyond - definitely much larger than the few metres of rift. Eventually gave up and went to find Pete and Ali. Pete placed crap spit then everyone too cold/tired/pissed off and started heading out. On the way out Ali knocked fucking enormous rock of "Orient Express", which crashed down towards Pete and I on pitch below, fortunately rock stopped before pitch otherwise 2 very dead cavers! Many rocks knocked off on the way out in various places. To quote

W's log book entry - KH is "Fucking cold, fucking loose very brown." Rope below Orient Express definitely needs before descending because of rock-fall! Whole of France is of care to avoid killing people!

T/A 11 1/2 hours

1999.02.01.00ish Höhlenrettungsbesoffene. End gobbers commenced after jing rigging CB into Wadd's cross up hill road at a road dash. Stumped on jing wire and other top camp called rescue off, but had sent four heroic men on path before reestablishing communication - Clive selflessly at the radio shouting "Alle klar at Top Camp" until we finally did and replied from a suitable place - Come home Whathears!

national mobile radio is crap from usual parking place, but marks Kehre B (for straight hard hairpin) on way down - probably OK from edge of road. Couldn't raise top camp - but heard them from 1/2 way road.

bit of France (below Orient Express)

Tithill Thundaball

Boulder Hop

Horrible byt wet rift

Attempted Penetration

Danger - don't interpret. See entry.

Pit

8/8/93 The bitter end. (KH, far too far) (which it is). Wook, Lumnat, Julian Todd.

Very slow. So much faffing we did not enter till 1:30pm. Plunder down to Yapate (trying to explain the route to Lumnat so he can explore the cave without us from now on because he's keen). Lumnat picks up ammo box drill battery and its hinges ~~for~~ came off and everything apart from the lid thumped down Staircase 39 after he prussicked up it. Box was a bit mangled and I couldn't get the batteries to work on the drill, so we abandoned it. We froze on Chicken Fried wire while Wook rigged next pitch and 4 ring bolts and lots of knitting at rope rebelay for the tyrolean. Abbed down, prussicked up fixed rope at other side, then constructed the tyrolean with 1 set rope and 2 climbing rope backups. Lumnat and I were slightly concerned by the fact that this was now our only way back. On to the nonsense in Satan's Sitting room with Wook painting out all these undescended pitches on either side of the route. The place looks utzious. We put in a few more traverse lines. We fuffed a lot in the walking passage beyond until it was suddenly 11:15pm and I was dog tired and sick of sucking on fudge having missed about 4 meals now. Wook explored some horizontal passage at the farthest far end. Was too tired to get scared on tyrolean back. Not entirely convinced of its effectiveness in shortening the trip. Can we rename boulder alley as slit alley now? It was down when we got out. T/U 16 hours!

^{KH}
Pushing beyond Arrow ~~Chamber~~ Chamber.

Lummot, David G.

a six hour trip to look at a gusher mark beyond
iber. Some chance. Neither of us knew the cave, but
to find the chamber fairly easily. We rigged a lonic
with no handholds across the two high holes in the chamber,
the undecorated pitch via a five meter pitch at the back
into a comfortable passage that forks. We took the right
and rigged a twenty meter pitch into an Alpine pitch -
which quite excited Lummot! ~~Biggest~~ bolted
meter pitch at the top of the ramp, and decided that it
return. We reached the entrance pitch at 10 pm, top
Camp at 2 am. Hmm...

was like this: I began to feel ill at the top of 5' not,
time I was prossing up the entrance pitch, I had
weight. I got strung up on the last rebelay, hung around
hour and spent about twenty minutes of that hour
down the pitch. Eventually Lummot managed to drag me
hours of aimless wandering along the plateau (certainly
the 251° compass bearing) followed, accompanied by
chundering, falling into inconveniently placed holes and
ng through colonies of bundle bushes, and top camp was
ally about six hours later than we had planned. Top
hooly found by following ~~the~~ ^{through the heavy mist} Julian S's,
Anthony's zooms, as they hurried around top camp
a rescue trip down whole. Base camp were also
into action: By the time we had reached top camp,

Wooley and ~~Wodders~~ Wodders had almost reached the top of the full
road. They were saved a fresh top camp thanks to a hastily
cobbled together CB in the wood mobile, three zoom batteries attached
together in series, and alot of quick thinking on Hughes part (which
I hope someone will get around to ranting about soon, in some more
detail)

Saturday
That was ~~early~~ in top camp. ^{Sunday} ~~Saturday~~ was spent in Pete's tent, all
five of us in our pits (me, Lummot, Julian S, Anthony, Hugh) watching
the weather doing its act - Rain, sleet, mist, drizzle, hail, and
of course, over on inch of snow! Add to this a) No car at the Berg
Restaurant and b) No radio contact with base camp, and you have the
makings of a productive and fun filled day!

Go Caving. They said. It's fun, they said. Expo is over, they said.
THEY WERE WRONG!!!

TU - 10 hours.

10/7/93 ~~Pushing~~ surveying hole at bottom of 2nd pitch
Anthony) Hugh A Julian S

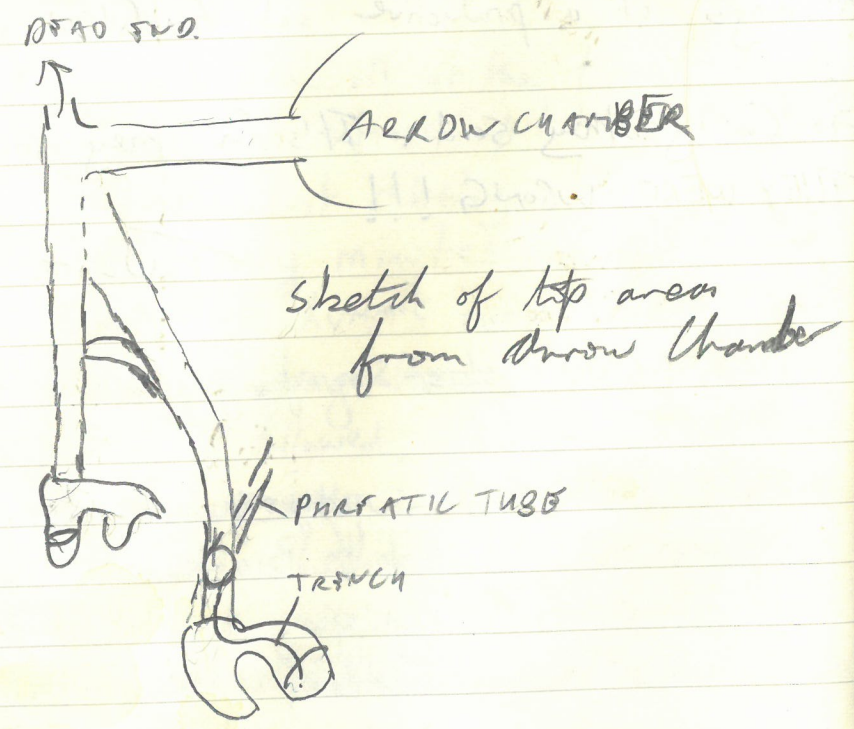
Wandered down. Some surveying was done. Got bored and found a
passageway which led back to Big Sainsburgs. Re "found" skull pitch: oh well.
Pushed horrible - upward sloping rift but it dead-ended. ~~Stu~~ Threw rocks
down pitch at end and they went down for miles

T/U 4 1/2 hrs.

Beyond Arrow Chamber Lummats, Mike

ded 161 to Arrow Chamber and to top of
in Pitch-Ramp Series. Descended pitch to
up. Single bolted rebelay, deviated by rocking
till required a protector to descend to
Ascending ramps led to too tight
and expiry of phreatic tube.

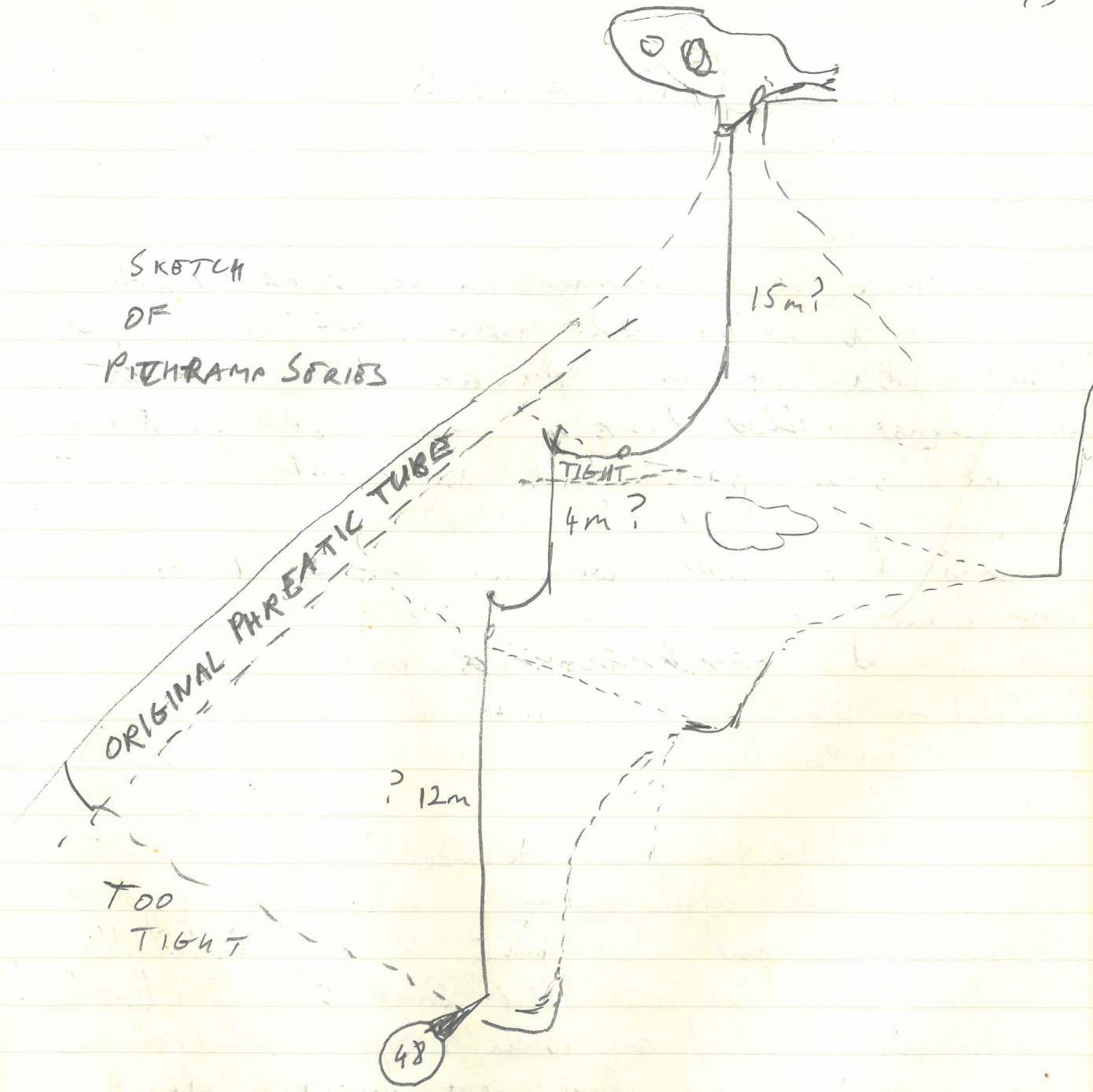
d to left-hand fork from Arrow Chamber.
Pitch-ramp system without pitches. Phreatic
able for a short distance



Sketch of top area
from Arrow Chamber

ed to top of Pitch-Ramp Series. Traversed
top of pitch to possible continuation of phreatic
anywhere - dropped back into vertical.

SKETCH
OF
PITCHRAMP SERIES



T/U 5 1/2 hrs.

Caninchenhöhle - Gob survey & derig

Wooks & Adam.

we surveyed & we derigged. Nothing happened, the worst being ^(measuring) breaking a ~~pitch~~ ^{pitch} while trying to plumb a pitch. ~~The 52m~~
The 48m rope was found to be 52m pitch, which suggests ^(previously thought to be 45m) ~~!~~.
Cold & wet & dark & took ages, but we had time until we came out & it was

~~ing.~~
the survey loop with the bottom of Half Shaft

m pitch is called 'Alexander Technique'. The ^{was} reached after traversing over the top of ^{the} Technique was done & a few metres along the rift the small passage broke the side of an aven (drippy). From the this is no-where near anything already & should be done.

2h 11 hrs

14/7/93 Survey and derig beyond Arrow Chamber ("Chunder Pitch Series")
Lummot, Mich, David G

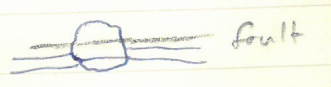
Two trips were planned on 14/7, one by Julian S., Anthony and Hugh to look at lead off Big Sainsburys, and one by L, N and DG down to Arrow Chamber. Ours Almost didn't happen, because there was not a single working clino in Top Camp. We took a cloudy one up to the cave in the hope that it might clear up; It didn't. So after much faffing and discussion, J, A, H and N went down to push while L and DG went Bunde bashing. Having found a promising hole we went back to the cave mouth to get zooms etc and found the clino clear. Yes we are going caving, we said! We finally set off 2 hours late, Mich joined at the bottom of Big Sainsburys and we went and surveyed, regularly stopping to shout at the blasted cloudy clino. DG managed to get stuck climbing up through a nice tight squeeze. Hum... Got out and it was wet and horrible (Rained all next day at top Camp. What a surprise. Lummot is the Rain God)

TJ - Nick 8 1/2 hrs
David G + Lummot 7 1/2 hrs

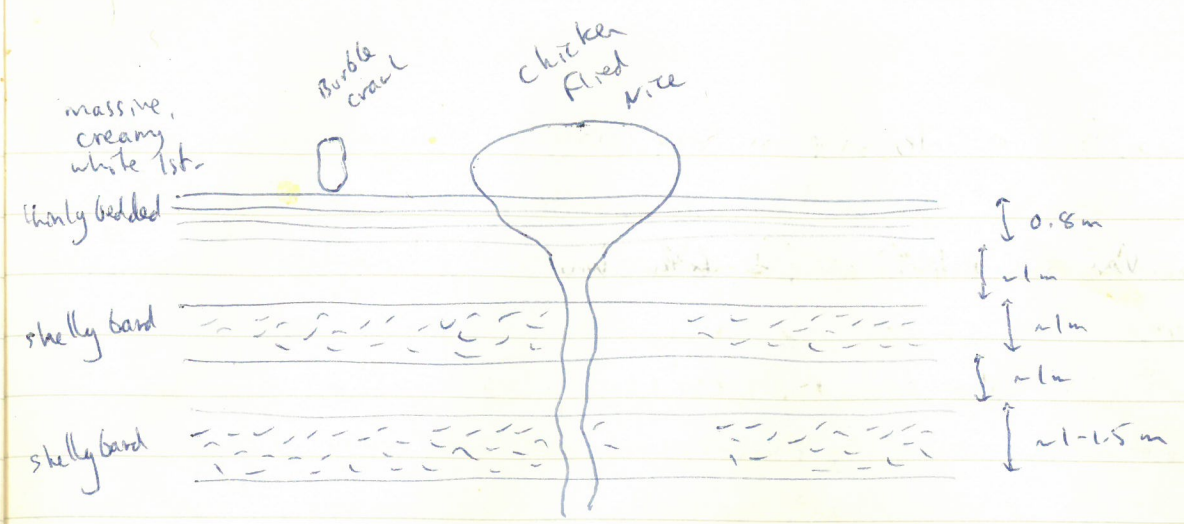
3 KH - "ignore this bit"

Anthony Hugh Schams
wing T/U 6 hrs

Kaninchenhöhle Andy Photo tourist / geology trip -
 walk to the cave before the inevitable thunders born struck, which it did
 putting on Solid Rubber Trussing gear - First - try out photo gear in Big
 Difficult solo, [hit it?] Slave flash seems to have disappointing range -
 in S not looking for subjects. Another couple at Channel pitch,
 that a tripod and ammo can tied together really were too
 carry, so dumped the kit and headed on down - Crap taken off to
 ch, chops, even if it is improved - Almost failed to find Boulder Alley....
 I had. Knossos is a fine pitch - would be excellent on ladders
 and for photography). Some random wandering in Tower Hamlets
 waterfall chamber and Carrefour. Then YAPATE. Wow! nice
 Ashria - almost unheard of... Staircase 36 nice pitch - looks an
 And so to Chicken Fried Nice - now this really is nice passage -
 Strange Downfall then the area in Burble. Start geologising -
 Burble area is an a small fault/joint (looks a little shattered so probably



of the cowl is wholly on the south side of this fault and is
 the same horizon as CFN which is a massive, creamy
 limestone just above a layer of more thinly bedded stuff. The
 the area, and the canyon in the floor of Burble and CFN, cut
 two shelly bands.



Chicken Fried Nice has roof scallops indicating fairly slow flow to the north.
 There are much smaller, ie higher energy, scallops in the canyon walls - the direction
 of these near Strange Downfall isn't very clear. The roof scallops in Burble
 are also smaller, suggesting a faster-flowing tributary to the main paleo trunk of CFN.
 The Burble area fault has just about fizzled out before reaching CFN, showing, if
 at all, as just a tiny parting in the wall. There are pretty much no significant
 joints in CFN, and this remains true at the 100° bend - so this is apparently
 not joint-determined. This all changes at Staircase 36 ...

Staircase 36 is developed in an approx east-west fault with a downthrow
 of c. 1.5m to the south. This is clearly visible in the wall to your right
 as you face the rock on the climb ascent. The wall of S36 cuts through
 both the shelly bands noted above which show up very nicely as the rock is so
 clean. The same cannot be said of the YAPATE side of Gob on You, which
 is much muddier. There may well be one or more en echelon faults here, but it's
 not very clear. Adam's write up puts the main Gob joint/fault on 260°.
 YAPATE appears to be formed on exactly the same horizon as CFN, but
 the shelly bands aren't visible because of the mud. I couldn't see them by
 peering down Flapjack, but this is hardly surprising. All the geology on the
 way back is harder, due to either collapse of mud or both!

climb. Bad ascender slip on Percy, Bungalow, Chunnel and same on S'not.
OK. There are some shell bands in entrance pitch too, but I didn't
ates. Very slow out - \approx 6 3/4 hours. All dry on surface!



the nicest and most interesting place I've ever seen underground on expo.

3 Arrow Chamber Nick
 Nym
 David G

d to descend one of the holes in Arrow Chamber (either
ndleshickmaker, whichever proved ^{more} ~~most~~ convenient.) The
s done via an epic traverse, a spaghetti junction-like
ropes at the pitch head, and a wonderfully tight hanging
all of which were rigged on the way out by Nick
Pitch ^{more} Caver friendly. The holes in the chamber turned
be holes at all, but part of a ~~deep~~ deep elliptical
, thirty-ish meters across and about fifteen meters wide,
much of Arrow Chamber ~~is a~~ seems to be a rather
lse floor. We went down thirty meters to what we
~~was~~ was the floor of the chamber, a large flat debris
rea with two large holes at either end. A little bit

of poking around soon showed up the "floor" to be a lot of rocks
kept in place by a lot more rocks - a meter deep false floor
precisely ~~is~~ suspended ~~is~~ thirty meters above ~~the floor~~
what might be the real floor of the chamber. We had neither
time nor rope to descend ^{any} further, so we headed out,
connecting the survey of Chunder trip pitch with Arrow Chamber on
the way
It was dry when we got out of the cave! Something is
going horribly right with the weather!

TJ 8 1/2 hrs

16/7/99 France Julian H, Ali, Pebel

THE END!

Too much caring led to the pushing front from last
year - Titfield Thunderbolt. We soon found that my
impressions from last time were right, and that the new
bit of cave I'd found was too wet, too tight, & too awful.
Julian descended, ignored my shit spit, and found pitch
- Attempted Penetration - about 25m down to v. loose
boulder slope - Drinkgerban. Character of cave now changed
from huge chambers, big pitches etc. to classic (ie. awful)
with water development. After boulder slope another short
pitch - Fat Knot Fruity due to epic (ish) barge knot led to

itch to what we thought was a sump-rigged off
 needs, hence "Natural Deception". Unfortunately
 onto a short boulder slope into an absolutely
 outside streamway (in/61?) - cascades, pools, the
 This terminated in a ~20m pitch craggy
 4 traverse bolts with much rubbing, into a
 chamber which appeared to go underneath a
 boulder. Thankfully the streamway
 led to an awful light sump at a ~450m.
 asking remained to exit; everyone was too fed
 had no gear to commence the survey.

TU 8 1/2 hrs.

The Same

Litkenbe (Petel, Ali, Julian)

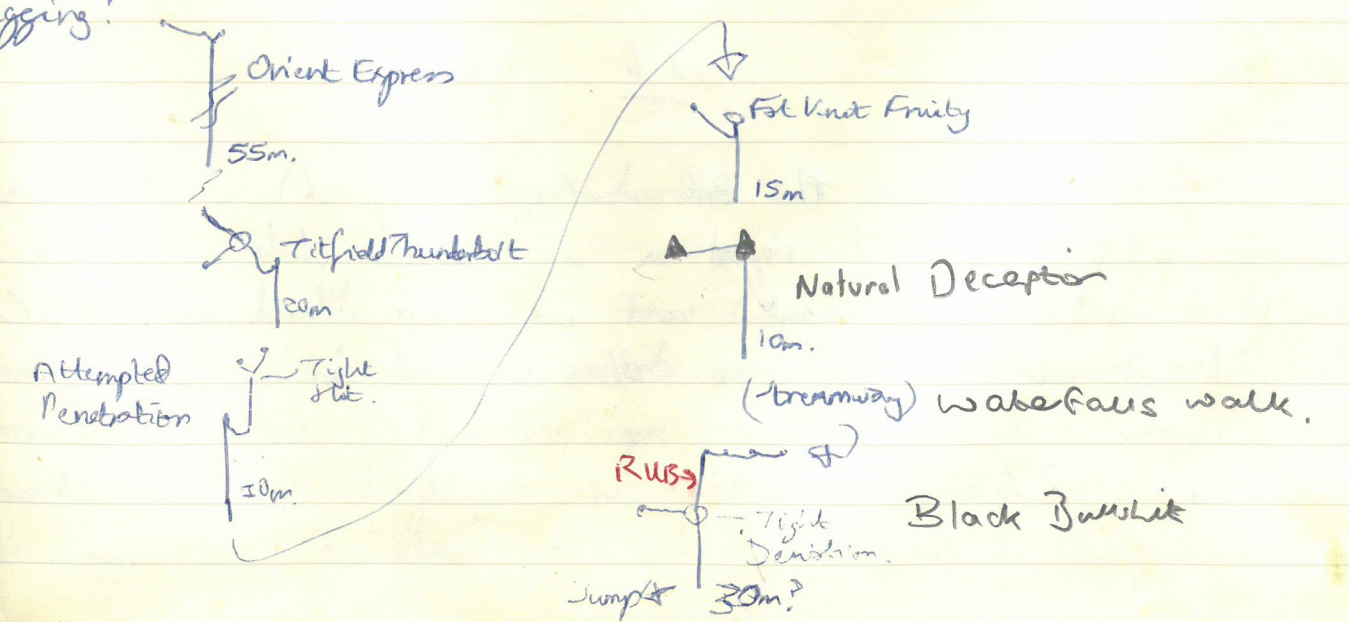
a burst of sumping, we were all too keen &
 ing again to survey & de-rig up to Algeria.
 wet gear was followed by a quick descent to Agria,
 W & Petel started to survey & Julian started taking
 the other leads, promising to follow the surveyors
 After 3 1/2 hrs we'd surveyed to the streamway,
 Julian joined us. Surveying eventually took 4+ hrs,
 which I (Petel) pinched off to Tiltfield Thunderbolt
 Ali & Julian derigged all the pseudo-Yorkshire
 low. When they turned up I took a tack back
 it up Orient Express, now measured as ~~200~~

a freehanging (well almost) 52-1 meters. I dumped this at
 Algeria & carried on to the entrance, pushing the last
 200 m. one footed (-; slowly) due to blisters, & leaving
 Ali & Julian to derig T.T. & O.E.

After waiting 45 mins at entrance I was a little
 worried, and decided to start for rescue - fortunately I
 heard a shout from below so started about. At 7hr
 Julian emerged & I found that derigging O.E. had
 taken 1 1/2 hrs due to the epic boulder that Ali
 had dislodged 2 trips ago having landed over the
 rope; it was too big for 2 cores to lift, so 50m.
 of rope had to be pulled underneath it - then remained
 the task of hauling 150m of rope up O.E. Rope was
 left at Algeria to be de-rigged and used in further
 pushing of leads.

T/U. 7 1/2 hrs. Petel
 8 1/2 hrs. Julian, Ali.

Rigging:



Prospecting above KH. J. Todd, Spencer

Intention was to sort out the - signs made by Wookey & Co area above the KH system. The first needed 2 ladders using rigging to get to a rocky pit going nowhere. The entrance from that day (the day before) required an t (essential gear for proper prospecting). A rather snug slot lead into a chamber full of rock and gravel lies. All the ways on seemed to connect together th. I double checked. Then tried to get out and send spencer (who hadn't entered this chamber) up to bolting hammer to remove a bit of rock so that I could One final lead was a hole on the ridge near the Proper rigging this time with even a lifeline for 40' hole. Nearly fell through a snowplug at the bottom. y else was down there. T/U. 1 hr J.T. 1/2 hr Spencer

KH Nick Hugh MTS

ed off Ignore this bit (off 2nd pitch) There was itch before it stopped in a boulder choke So we and prospected out and we were dead efficient (See T/U) is called Ignorance is Bliss, and so it is. 3 1/2 hrs

19/7/93. Julian H, Julian S, Ali M KH rescue
T.U. = 3 1/2. Clive = 27 hours Possé
(Counted elsewhere)

Wookey woke up at 10am, we asked "Where's Clive?" - "Um, err durno" was the reply. Last saw him at Knossus. He was one the came at 4:30am and went back to top camp at 5:20am assuming clive was just prussiking slowly. But no sign. So Julia S disappeared all to me entrance. Me + Julia H followed once it was found that Clive wasn't at ~~top~~^{base} camp. ~~The~~ Clive's gear was at the entrance so we headed down, the eventually found clive prussiking up Proxy. He was generally alright during sleep for 1 1/2 hours, got horrendously lost at Boulder Alley. He may write his own bit later, well I wanted to see KH, but not really this way love hugs Ali xx.

18/7/93 KH Arrow Chamber Nick Hugh

The return to the holes in Arrow Chamber - this time with more rope, fortitude in our hearts, and the hastily acquired knowledge of how to tie two ropes together. With Hugh looking forward with great delight to his first knot pass, we went down the hole to the 'ledge' we had reached previously, pausing only

to rerig the deviation and dropped it down the pitch
 chaffing then ensued. One we were both safely
 the ledge we did some bolting to create a
 any over the yawning nothingness ('Gibber', to
 - and I was going first!) Down I
 just before the knot pass became inevitable there
 - very convenient. The bottom of this pitch
 was reached 8m below the ledge. Then we
 crochulus little crawl leading to another chamber.
 some boulders' said Hugh so he did, opening
 by, ooh, all of half a foot. "We can get
 " Faff, juff, take off SRT gear, grant rant juff,
 wear, curse, apple strudel and we're through.
 other pitch to rig. Tap tap, tap for 25 minutes
 the bored, rig another bastard rebelay, go down
 , which indeed it was. Hoorah. So we
 and derigged our way out, taking oodles of
 Pussing with two tackle sacks is awful
 crap as carrying itself (sahisfred, Anthony?)
 y whilst I derigged the traverse - Hugh
 patiently whilst I swore at every piece of carrying
 sight. Eventually finished, dumped the
 sacks at Dew Drop (?) and came slowly out.
 trip. The two pitches have been finished,
 ie and it wasn't epic. It was also my
 my trip. Hooray! Oh Joy! Oh rapture!
 I can go home and do something else other

than carrying. Unfortunately Hugh still has 1 1/2 weeks
 to go. Haha Right, ranting over, please
 take the book away from me, before I get too pissed
 (See back)
 TV 12 hrs

Hugh,
 what houlder, I only kicked it a bit, honestly,
 as for the tackle sacks mine, throw me off the
 pitch, rant. Nick was very brave he only ranted
 most of the way down, and any way I gave
 him lots of immoral support and carried two tackle
 sacks out. As for the Squeeze I may never be the
 same again, something of me was left for preserenty.
 It was awful sp.

End of Rant.

* All relevant ranting ends here.

Or is it! Let's hope so!

spelling 5/10

Look I'm an Engineer, OR!
 what's grammar why may?

So am I ignorant git!

P.S please note the ~~can~~ cunning attempt to fill the
 log book with complete bullshit! (Sorry
 this is what we should be doing anyway)

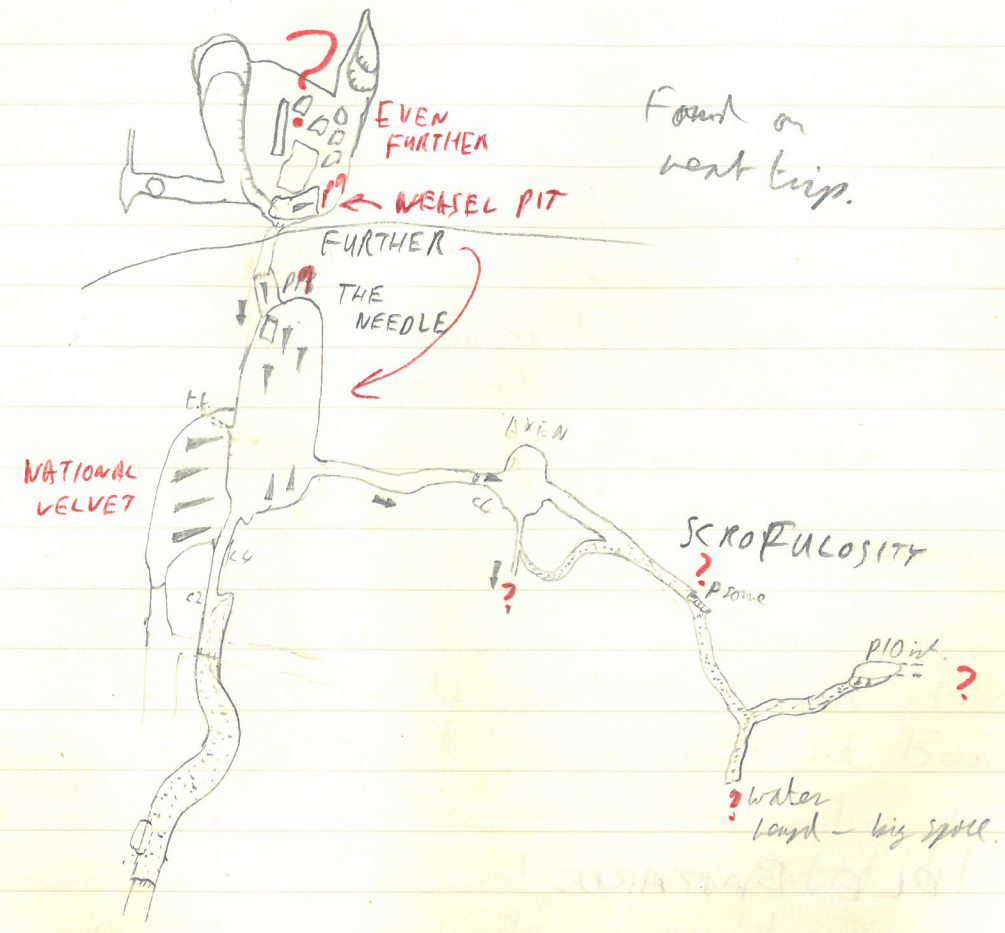
where's my W.P. it can't spell either, nah! I
 got to the end of page, I win, I win, and
 NO you are not going to write here
 Oh no you don't cos I can write smaller

(H) far too fucking far. Wax, MTS, Lemmel, Clue,
 the end - ~~some~~ the ladder seems to have got it
 (add too ie strange acrossfall diary BSR is
 hooray for leggy). After leaving W. MTS at behind to
 ping we went and crawled up muddy hole, which
 earlier (prev. trip) crawled out, wet hen, set off surveying
 bored, exit for walk, pod, pins. Canyon scene, Oh found local
 a bit to black velvet were riding. More survey. Others find us wear ad.
 sent. - together as far as Knossos. MGS still airy -
 ferred (sp?) to go up/down (he also didn't like ^{the} boat/climb step)
 id soon riding down a pitch too. it went down to stoppin
 ere may again continuation of passage & by side.
 (H) later, descended said 'Why did you leave it?' on
 b. } Hurray way here we were watching people go up
 oke it up eventually - q. knackered, lot of resting (then shirt
 is right!) (Climb followed obvious path get to top but I can't
 d path due to lack of eyesight (glasses fogged). Up, any
 but did it with rope!) on sandy cliff. Must be wrong
 bottom of mud path. Where am I? (completely
 d now & a bit psyched - cliff) Go down, ^{prenter} see 2 obvious
 east be a pitch go up again wander abit more where am I.
 an hours sitting down, hallucinating, (heart beat be our
 water fall shifting rocks id plane becomes people
 nding loose shit down). Don't go to sleep or I will die.
 y talk, occasionally moving (Wart & furious) Eventually recover
 kiently to sort myself out. So damn obvious pile of shit
 our bolts are in fact carabide marks). until see Knossos
 myself! Climb out (sigh its hard work). go past overnight

bits. follow dandon, go in now part cairn & see where I went
 wrong. Get to pony. "hooray I'm out on my way again". Start
 pushing to bear caverns "hooray the rescue". lovely to see them.
 Talkabit at top of pony, hen set on out. Oh - overnight the lid
 came off my fix, so I was caving with the broken & the dangly bag.
 Ate some fudge, ali held bungalow rope so prusik faster than
 normal. Going out, phd hewere (work's climb) to slit up - any way the
 one on my fix eventually broke, so in dark "Sulim can you light me".
 Thank them - they brought a club oldham Quick lamp swap. Out some more.
 Caverns everywhere in snit. (like MGS - once on havers, 2 on down/up are d
 waiting. - ~~was~~ doked randomly round cave) Replays are good gear.
 Slowly up 2nd (probably ~~climb~~ tap rocks wrong way coz a bit airy
 again). Stop at bottom of cave to rest, eat fudge so I can get out.
 Out in water fall. (slow again) Meet Hugh "Tea or coffee" to which kapsuler is milk -
 sh well they med jolly hard. Wax & Nick also here being helpful. Wat nice
 people lens surface be too. Rain. Rain Rain Rain Rain Rain Rain Rain
 it went. soaked gear - at least my gear will change from "short
 glob of mud, long glob of mud, a glob of mud with loop of ghd on the end,
 a glob of mud with red muddy handle etc" Change. Walk down. (Rain
 above can be experienced randomly from here on) Slowing down - oojs hred
 then, but bit in bin bag, - scar park. Vomited then - had to stop on the easy bit
 of the path! On red down down behind bus - still ⁱⁿ awake - in shreds. There
 alert any bus overlooking place on the way down. Campsite. Sump in river -> does
 Eat ice lolly. go odd. have supper here (Sulim, Dwe & sorted that out)
 Still P. (@ 730 or so) Wake up for rain. exit kept at 10 on when can stand it no more
 the exp carries on. My feet hurt. Jack out.
 The Wax Lemmel, MTS 16 1/2 hrs Clue 27 hrs
 Camping works with 2 funny's but have toshiter to keep warm. To do rescue
 (Sulim, Sulim, Ali) surface (Hugh, Nick, Wax).

I SHALL NOT RANT Work

H - further - continuation of previous vent.
 work put in some hammock bolts - HTJ
 to get into hammock at all - laugh - well ready.
 a bollard dam tiny hole - too.
 to the end. Found Lammak's pitish rigged -
 on it to dead end - gpr. Measured &
 got (9m). Didn't give expected ramp up to
 station on far side - it was a pitch. so went to
 end. HTJ & the work power-drilled down
 ramp to big choker. Passage back led to
 2 QMS. Passage to R draped in & led to
 hole. Huge passage forward into dead
 end - gpr. Tiny rift on the L is f.t.
 & all come out of hole in roof - buggin.
 still pitch / st - easier - instead of death /
 try so better it - proved pointless - asked about
 more windy passages at bottom →
 draught. lot with too bright, lots of sandy
 beyond - goes to a little bright, lot of sandy bit to try
 & a 10m pitch.
 to climb: fairly hard, but had threads
 difficult points. only went 10m to a big
 & more pitch.



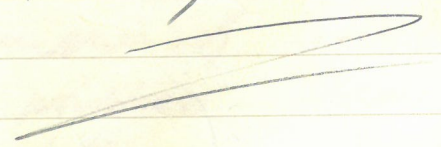
7-93

David G
Julian S
DCG
Hugh

enthusiastic. Went to cave mouth. Lost Enthusiasm
one.

~~David G~~ David G 10 min. (SRT practice at 'khole'
entrance. I was under
ground, honest)

Julian S }
DCG } 2 min (looking into a nice (i.e.,
Hugh } doesn't go anywhere) hole
at first snow plug on way
to cave)



IDLE BASTARDS.

161 KH - The Far End Woods, Peter, MTS

Took camping gear down to Beehive and then went
caving to utterly the far end. The SRT (Silly Rope Tech) was
fairly exciting, with mental rigging leading to some free
climbs that shouldn't have been. The "Three Wise Men"
rigging in particular was very special. We found that we'd
managed to lose the Milli driver, and so decided to
rely on the bolting bit that had been left just between
TWM. However, on getting there we decided that the bolt
driver was missing, so we were completely without any
means of putting spits in. Wux & Peter surveyed some strotty
passage & found a pitch (v. bright) with 3rd drop, whilst MTS
rigged another pitch off naturals. By this time we were
all chugged, so returned to campsite at Beehive.
Having consumed our Vests, we retired - Wux to his
Thermarest on the ground, MTS & Peter to their
hammocks strung off spits across the passage. Seven
hours later we awoke, with Wux having had 6 hrs of
sleep & MTS & Peter having no sleep after being strapped into
hammocks. Veggie ~~steps~~ meals led to another days caving, with
MTS & Wux surveying whilst Peter descended new strotty
pitch sends, left going due to lack of things to rig off. After that
days caving we gave up as it was too awful - mud everywhere
and no bolting gear (that's why we jacked, honest). So after
a thoroughly awful trip out with too many back-sacks
we emerged into the rain.

7/11 37 hrs (incl MTS)
38 hrs (Wux)

France
Julian H, Spencer, Ali, Anthony, Julian T.

the four departed on from top camp an hour before
and were still fuffing at the entrance. The one hour
Spencer was still not underground. I poked around on
marked hole, then thought about going down. Met Spencer
2nd pitch (there are only 2 pitches) and waited a bit.
Apparently Anthony fucked up on the Algeria rebelay by
going around the loop of the rebelay (thus wedging crab over
instead of through the loop. He didn't die. Or even fall,
ish was to explore the hole in the wall opposite the pitch
free climbed, but now had a prussicking rope.) On the other
is "Twin Tubs". Two pitches one next to the
The closer one (which you have to traverse over) is
isher". The other one is the Drier. Julian H rigged
on Wool's BCRA prize rope while Anthony and Ali
st on the drier (more bolts required cause of ledges)
asked Spencer if he wanted to go down it, or survey
me). Spencer opted to go down. Julian H surveyed with
we were fairly efficient. And got around to ~~the~~ washer
rier) Shouted down to Spencer. "It doesn't go", he said,
ent down. One boulder out after a poke wound. Very silently
the water. Then we waited for Spencer to come up.
ety sounded like a monkey hearse down there. Graust and
Julian H. identified problem as boulders. This was confirmed.
have attached to the tackle sack to his scrotum instead

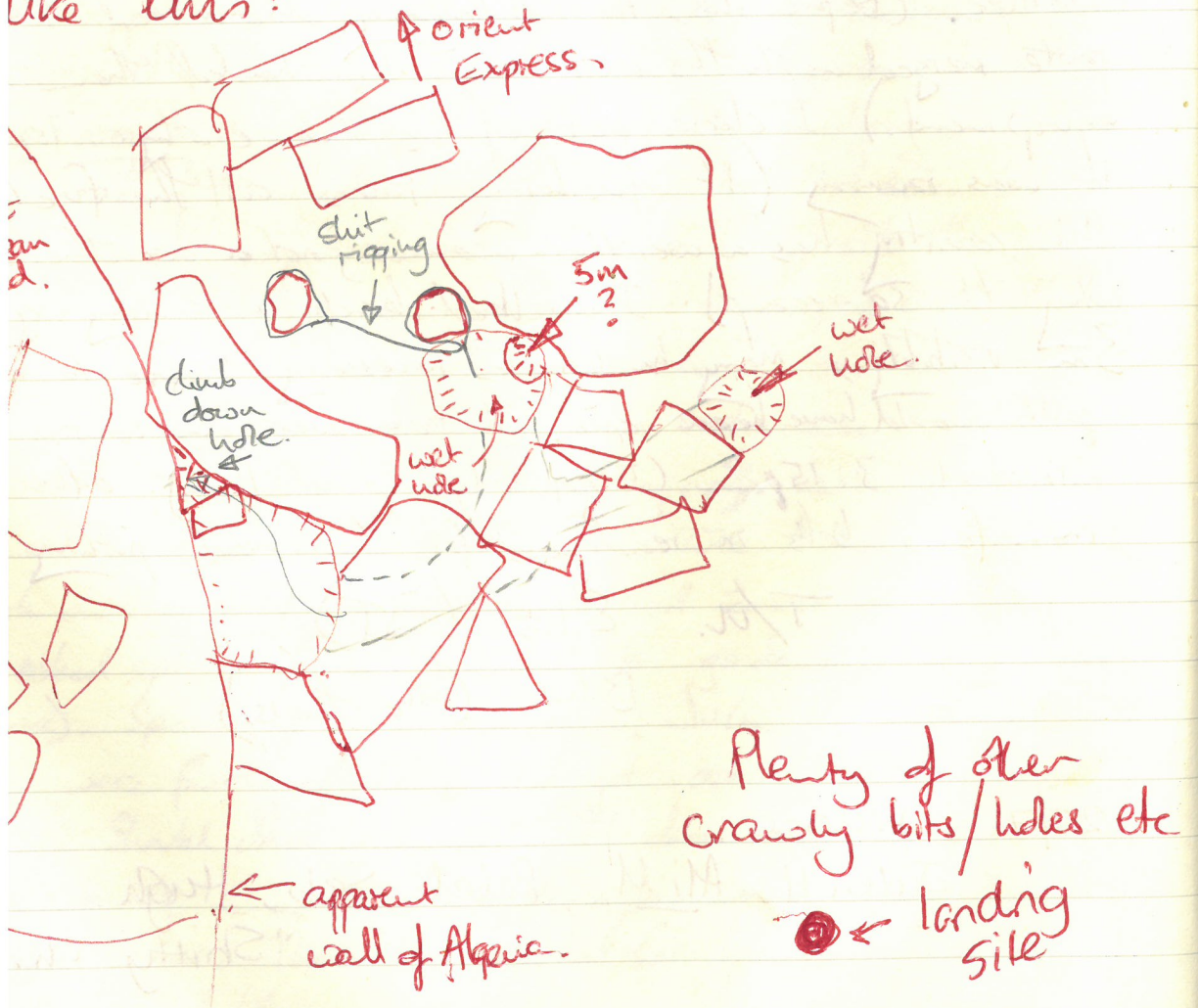
of central MR. Ali & A were "congring" behind a boulder with
each wait of pain. J.H. and me survedged down.
An appallingly rigged 5m pitch bolted to a boulder was
below this 20m pitch. I went down. It was a standard
boulder jam that makes you feel intimidated and unwilling
to poke around too much. We got out. Horrible drippy pitch
which makes water pool in your overcoat bum and fill your
wellies. (Before this, Ali and Anthony discovered that their
route merged with this route, so J.H. handed them the survey
equipment.) I cleared out. Of the cave early. Too cold.
It was raining (It fucking rains all the fucking time.
This country has a weather-woman, not a weather-man, that's
why it's so crap). I walked back in carrying gear with
3m visibility, many backtracks necessary 'cause to loose the
path would have been epic. It took over an hour. The others
arrived at 3:15pm (I got to top camp at 1am) after slinging
in a few bolts in readiness for their next pushing feat.

T/U. 8 hrs (JT),
13 hrs (the others.)

25/7. France.
Julian H, Ali M, Petel, Seb, Hugh.
"Shitty when wet"

A bright sunny day dawned over base camp.
So the intrepid explorers raced up to top camp

...festered, ate a vesper, took some
 and eventually bogged over to the
 conish people began to drift into
 once. Soon Julian and I were in
 I placed a spit at the top of
 mark at east side of Algeria
 went down one of the holes in the
 Fortunately found more QMs - looking
 like this:



Drawn by Julian H. Aged 3³/₄.

This is a highly accurate grade 6C survey of course - He was it drunk though. As I came around the corner to find Julian with the spits there was a sudden change in the noise and water level. Algeria went wet. [There was 2 1/2 inches in 15 min at base camp] Once Seb, Hugh and Pete had got to Algeria it was too wet and windy to push so we went back out. Seb was slowish on the way out. I got out ~~1/2~~ hour before Julian H. I was cold so ~~was~~ Hugh and I headed back. Julian H waited for ~~1/2~~ hour made voice contact with Pete - everything was ok. ~~was~~ also headed back - the weather was shite. Pete and Seb got lost slightly on the way back and eventually got back to top camp 3 hours after Hugh and I

Fuelling loads.

- TU Ali - 4 hours
- Hugh + Julian H - 4 1/2 hours.
- Pete + Seb - 6 hours.

- Julian H, Petel, Hugh, David G

Time.

I had to get an early lift to Bod Ischl to catch his decided to be ultra efficient and had left base camp by underground by 10, and headed straight down to Algeria. was fun - but as not as much fun as hauling the rope. I volunteered to bring a full goldfish out from Algeria - first few pussies he rapidly regreted it! Meanwhile, a slight error on the tackle sock front, and so Julian H ended up taking out overflowing tackle sock, Julian hauling hundred meters of rope out the last pitch hand over hand. much ranting from all four of us at the cave mouth, were oppressed by a brilliant blue sky and the arrival of Anthony to cart away gear.

IS	Petel + Hugh	5 1/2 hrs.
	David G	6 hrs.
	Julian H	6 1/2 hrs.

27/7 ~~Clive, Seb, Julian~~

Hang-gliding in a West Wind (Crap direction).

I tried 2 flights. First was rubbish - no lift at all. Passing Germans laughed @ "ten minutes". Fuck off. Tired again after buying Clive and Seb an ice-cream. This time managed to soar below take-off on the west face close enough ~~to~~ to the rock to see my shadow. Most of the time I shared airspace with a helicopter which flapped ~~there~~ here and there and ~~to~~ once passed by dangling a dead cow by its neck. I reckon this is a good symbol for this expo. T/U above ground 40 mins.

27/7 Woolley, MTS, Julian S

Went to Fartafar to pick up two tackle sacks + drill. God it was awful Woolley + MTS looked at nasty hole in T blocks. Didn't go. That drill battery is a Little Fat Bastard! The two hard bastards each pulled dozens of tackle sacks out through S net (6 bags between 2 for Gods sake). Woolley drops large rock (it was fuckin huge) about 20ft onto Julian S (who is a complete wimp and was making fucking heavy going with Geraldine and LFB) Hurt. A lot. (shouted. A lot. Bastard. Next MTS prove superhero status by taking the baggies all the way out. I was knackered.

T/U 8 1/2 hrs.

1913-07-28

2 Sapling

The Last De-rigging trip!

All horizontal rain turned to sensible rain (11^{am})
! broke poles on my camp expensive wood only tent
up to camp, went early - down to house in 25 min.
from top camp!
at de-rigging - out after 4 hrs - still bloody

TU 4 hrs.