

not ask, ô curious Reader, what happened to the three intervening hours!! The ridge leading up to Pico Conjustao (1935) was climbed at an easy speed - although nobody could agree precisely where we were at any given time. The general consensus suggests however that we did reach Conjustao. On the way up one of the shafts located by your truly on Sunday Martin obscurely says: "I think I've been here before". But says "yes", it should be worth a second visit as it may just coincide with the lower series of Forcan. Having attained the dizzy heights of Conjustao, (Pete succumbing to the glamour cast by "spiky limestone" on the way up, Martin echoing the spell by composing a shapodic elegy to the rock!!) and spent about $\frac{1}{2}$ hr trying to ascertain that it really was Conjustao, we turned our faces to what would have been the morning glow had it been morning. Descending over very promising and difficult terrain we entered "the earthly paradise" - a green valley set between the desert peaks. In the first major depression of the valley a hole was found by Martin ("hey, I've found a hole quote, unquote"). It lies under a small snowplug and seems to be entered by a small rift - three feet further down a second snowplug can be seen. A cool but strong draught can be felt - suggesting further passages beneath the surface of Eden, beckoning the intrepid eaver into the velvet depths away from the agoraphobic - inducing heat and light. Ario is "just over the next col" (Martin) or the next - or the next. Or the next. Having traversed endless cols Ario was seen in the distance - ~~was~~ and we descended; there to meet the Ario party. "Drs. Livingstones, we presume" H.

Wed 25th

(42)

Liz's piece

What can I say about my holiday, I've never been camping before or mountaineering or canoeing or gone on long walks!

So consequently it's been a mixture of agony & ecstasy, but definitely more ecstasy (!?)

Everybody has been so friendly and I've enjoyed being one of the two only women here, It makes a change from doctors parties where there are 10,000 women to one man! I've also enjoyed cooking and tending to the sick and injured?

It certainly has been an eye opener, covers are great! , wonderful senses of humour, enjoy drinking (very important) enjoy the outdoor life and of course their precious covers

All the appraising walks and drinks have been well worthwhile, the scenery has been unbelievable, as has the weather (say no more).

I can't possibly relate all my days activities here so I'll just relate about one night in Arrio :-

Imagine the scene, the dormitory with its creaking bunk beds and scattered in all corners of the room various semi-conscious covers plus the tank (or "big tits" as she has been known). The covers were Ian, Simon, Graham & John; the reason for us being semi-conscious is of course due to a large intake of alcohol! (or is it the dreaded vino tinto). It was very dark and creepy & various people mentioned ghosts etc. The first noise I heard was like an engine, so I sat up in bed and asked if anyone else heard

I did a through trip!

it too, Simon sat bolt upwards with what I imagine was a startled expression, anyway we decided it was, yes you guessed, the wind! Then the bongs started and Jan's snoring also started. I'm convinced I was the last person to fall asleep, although John says he was. I spent half the night trying in vain to keep Jan on his side so he wouldn't snore because the noise seemed to annoy Simon for some unknown reason!

At one point I managed to drop off to sleep only to be awoken again by a strange figure shuffling in through the door, it was Simon, who had struggled for half an hour (slight exaggeration!) in total darkness to get to water as naturally he was very thirsty, apparently he couldn't get outside to pee because the door was locked so he wee'd out of the window (upstairs I believe!). What a night!

THE END.

Martins great

Pete's great

Skunk & Shippys great every body on the whole
Camps great and I love all of you,

Thanks

P.S Please don't forget to
invite me to your re-union

Liz

X X X X

PPS Special kiss X for Graham.

PPPS Special kiss X for Dave

Colin & Jim arrived, and we went for another meal in the bar.

Wednesday 25th, Everyone, Fiestered

Thursday 26th

Summary of holes near Osa so far
(postponed to following pages)

- Trips; - Hoyo La Madre, Surveying Inlet and Upper Series
Martin, Colin, Dave, John, Jim, Mark, Shippy and Shunk
Also appearances by 3 cave bugs!
- Osa, ~~George~~ George and Piccies
Simon, Kevin, Cavanaugh, Mike
Sam ladder disappeared.

Ian & Liz went home, and Al had his arm plastered up - in Oriedo, accompanied by Pete (the Taxi driver) and Kathy

Friday 27th

Four groups of people today;

Dave and Al, - surface mapping above Osa. In the course of mapping through the wood above the depression we found a 'Exclamation mark' cave, a very impressive set of entrances (all close to Crombar cave, N & D), found by AL. The main entrance is a hole (honey) 20ft high by 1ft wide, definitely worth a visit. By all accounts it should emerge in Osa a little below the T junction with the stream passage. 6 hours surveying, and when we got back, there was no bleeding water to draw survey with!! Dave

Resurgence group: - Simon, Mark, John. Not back yet
(H.C.P.). If they get back, report will be further
down page. (Leave sets off Fergain) at 1 am (Thurs)
(Surveyed remaining passage starting at 4 o'clock) Dave
Osu, 2 groups, first Jim and Skunk
2nd Mike and Colin

Group No 1. Jim and Skunk.

Destination - Terminal sump.

Quick trip in. Skunk derigged climb in inlet and
found that he had previously knocked down the
last pitch in the "Manhole" thus establishing a connection.

The Terminal sump area was thoroughly investigated
all high level passageway near to the sump trended
upstream and a voice connection was established with
another climb further upstream. All other climbs close
to the sump were also investigated. No joy!

Osu would seem to end at its sump.

Skunk. (W.M.C.E.G.)

Group 2 Mike + Colin

- Objective to sketch entrance series.

We decided to try and make it a bit more sporting by trying to attain Grade
3. Having found compass or tape, we needed a climb so we half hitched Martins protector
+ 6" of cotton, a 2 B.A. nut and sticky tape - hence a dno. Walked to Osu
& started surveying - having done the main drag and discovered a side passages
we gave up as it would take forever. The end result is the bird's nest that will
(might?) appear on the survey. After 'surveying' Mike led me on a

tourist trip down the rest of the cave, which I found impressive. We left after a 7hr trip which was enjoyable & hopefully a bit useful - but why do we walk up in the afternoon heat everytime?

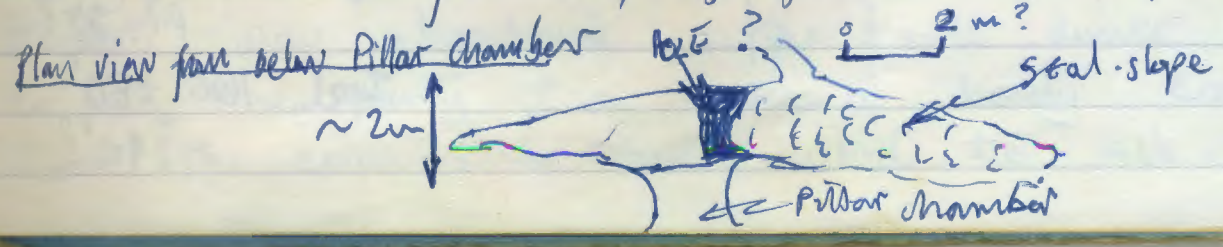
Colin

Skippy & kev - "kev's cave"

After a rather long spell in Cangas flared by about an hour in Cavadonga reporting the chiefs of our ladder from Ocu, Skippy managed to persuade me to look down the hole I had found near the start of the expedition.

The 5" diameter hole I had enlarged to just about man size was further enlarged (to my size?) with the help of a hammer.

Bats got down to the point skippy reached on the 24th. Ladder belayed with rope on the end. 15' pitch down side of chamber to ledge, with narrow meandering trends and hole in the floor. I went back up to get abseil/puissik gear, slung clothes in the process. At bottom of 15' hole there was a view over another 25-30' pit with trickle of water. No more rocks so went along narrow passage (dry) to vertical squeeze. Skippy went down, punching chamber with nice formations and a further drop. He came back; I went down. My carbide was somewhat brighter than hrs I could see further passages ~~at~~ at the bottom of this drop.

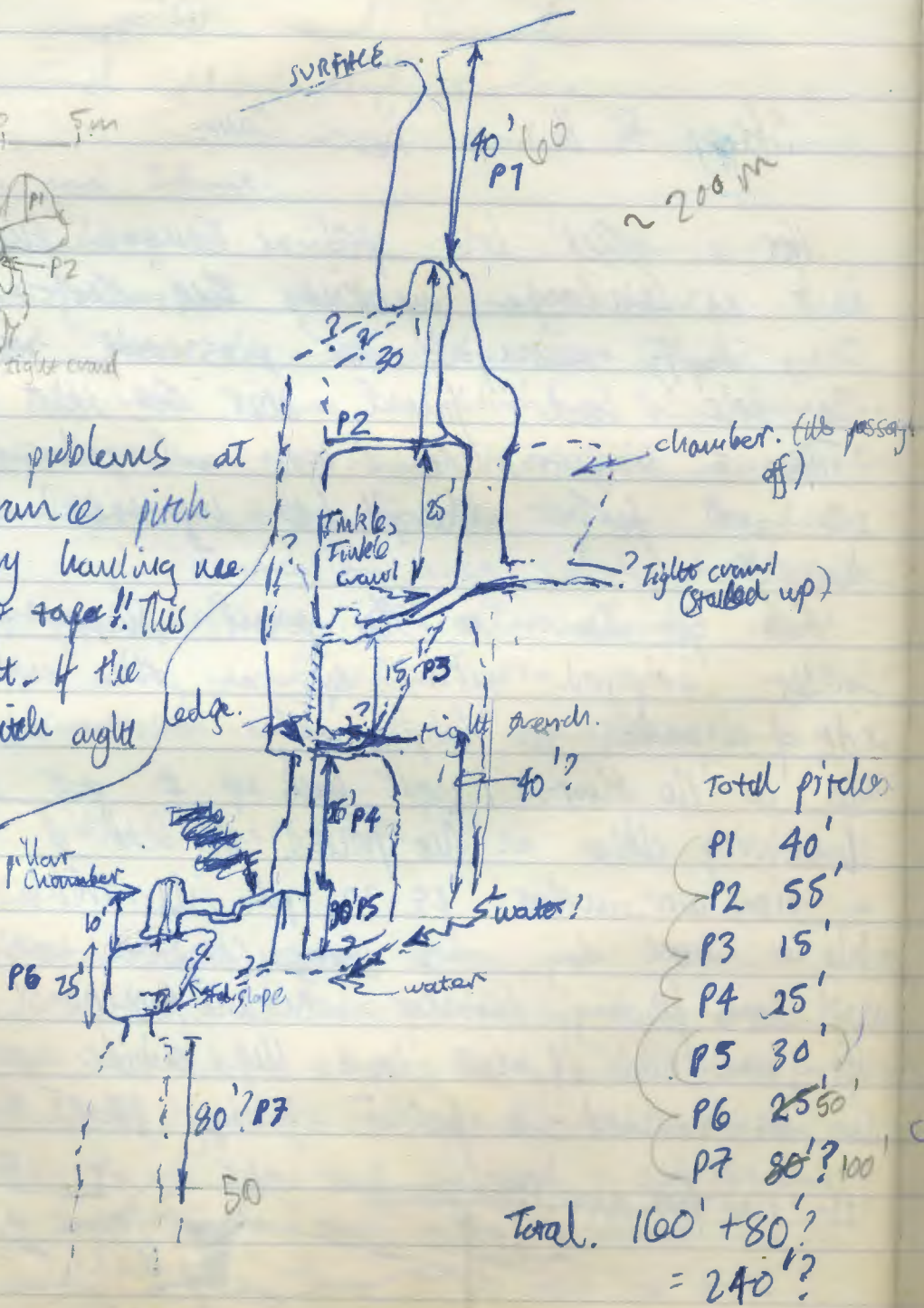


By carefully directing stones down the ledge at the bottom of the pitch the depth was established at about -80' from bottom of pitch. At this point we exited because no more time.



ps. I had some problems at the top of the entrance pitch which necessitated skippy hauling we out with a length of rope!! This was despite the enlargement of the cave 'goes' well the top pitch might be further enlarged to facilitate entry, & especially exit. (at least for me!!)

Ken
(S.V.C.)



- Total pitches
- P1 40'
 - P2 55'
 - P3 15'
 - P4 25'
 - P5 30'
 - P6 25'50'
 - P7 80'100'

Total. 100' + 80' = 240'?

EC Hoya La Madre

Simon, Mark, John

Arrived back at 00.45 - sorry to disappoint the rescuers
The late finish (cut at 10-35) was due to a very late start -
approx 3 pm. This was the last trip to the resurgence, to
finish off surveying a few inlets, and to de-rig. The
inlets were longer than expected - 51 stations. Simon
collected a millipede and some dog-tooth spar. No more
climbing down that ^{cautiful?} gorge.

Saturday 28th July

This is the 6th day running that it has been hot and sunny

Cueva de la "Bad isn't it?"* (Cueva del Dave)

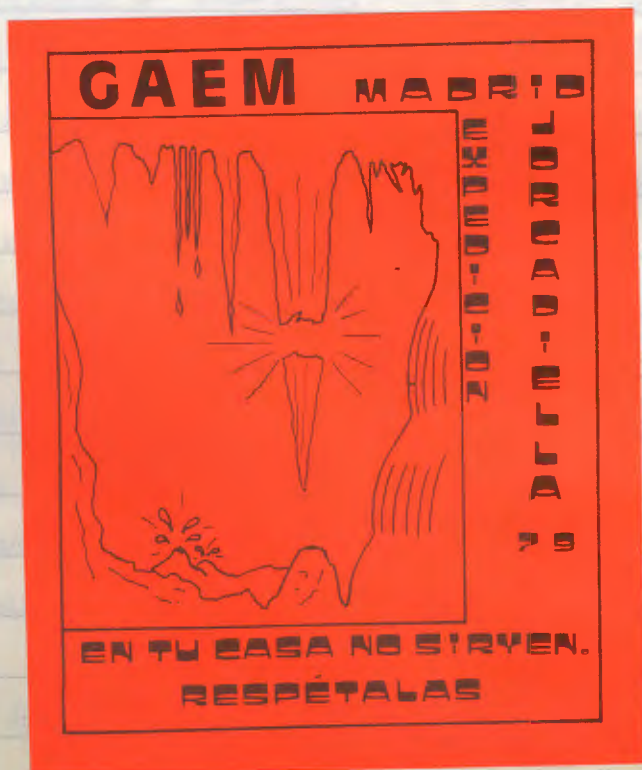
Dave, Colin, John.

The team of super heroes, set to connect
the cave with Osu, got off to a good
start and surveyed as far as the rift very
quickly. Colin then made a "firklly" descent
of the rift followed ^{shortly} by Dave and the bolting
of the pitch commenced. After about an hour's
~~climbing~~ ^{general cursing of Petzl equipment,} the
attempt was abandoned as the bolt driver fell
to bits. The party then made a hasty exit
from the cave and then walked to Al's Cave.

On the way, Nicholls Pot was found, cleared and abandoned in disgust. Suggestions for teams to revisit the cave included ^{or emaciated survivors (come back Graham)} frozen, deformed midgets, and half a ton of dynamite.

Al's cave was duly explored, ~~and~~ surveyed to grade three (Ahem) and renamed "Was it leafy?". The final heroic exploit of the day was Dave's epic descent of Cueva del Thrutch, a shake hole in the Osa depression. Before he was pulled out, an excellent photograph of ~~the~~ ^{his} rolling eyeballs and gnashing teeth was taken.

The party returned to the lake at around 8-30 pm after a meaningful and interesting day which just goes to show

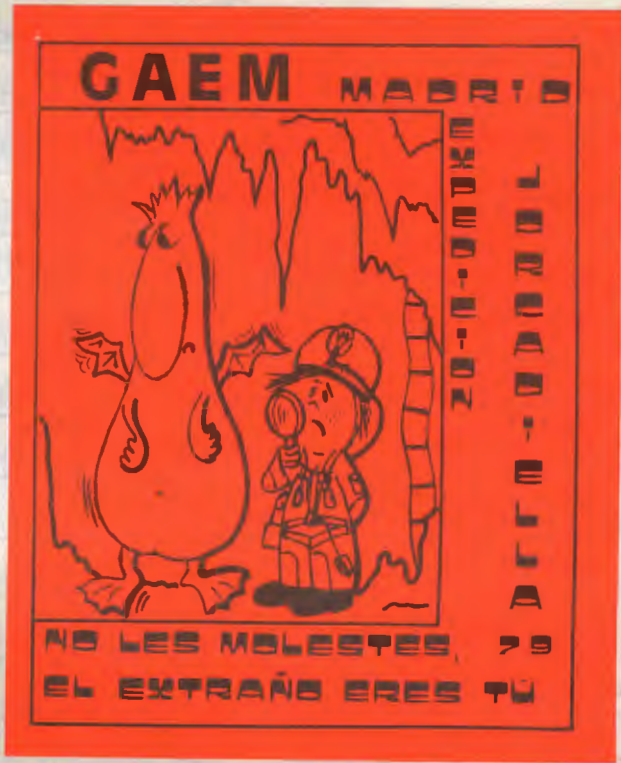
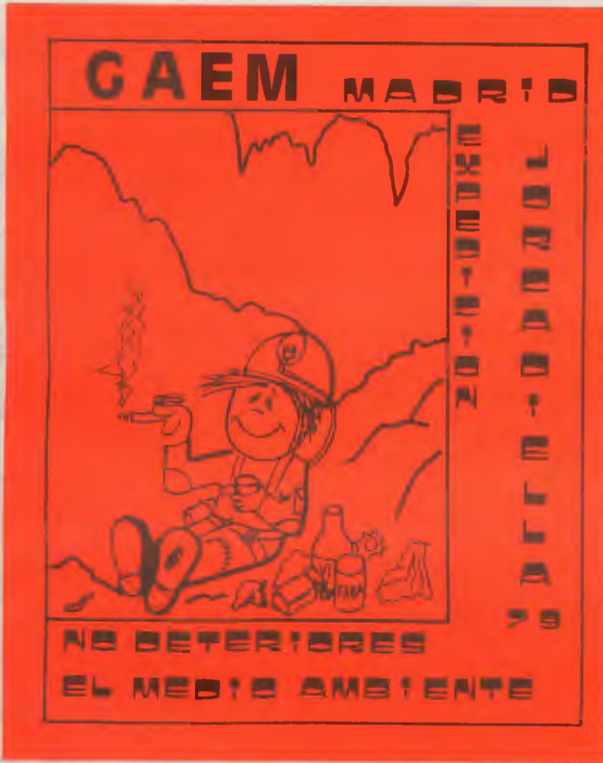


Quick visit this evening (28th, Sat) from a Madrid Caving Group on their way home from Vega Redonda. The stickers were a result of a swap for some of our previous Procs.

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Translations please?

Mark & Simon walked up to Avon and back as an advance party for tomorrow's trip