

'EL JOON'  
'82 EXPEDITION  
LOG.

## Oxford University Cave Club Expedition — Joon '82

Personelle:Post

Graham Naylor	(President) & Leader
Richard Gregson	Secretary
Tom Houghton	(pron: Hawthorn) Treasurer
Andrew Riley	Tackle master
Jan Huning	Massenur
Helen Kay	Cook.
Paul Cooper	Medical officer & pediatrician.
Dave Rose	Hack
Mark Golden	Expedition Nuclear Power Station Designer & Cave Fielder
Martin Lavery	Head Hunter
Martin Miles	Photographer
George Hostford	Photographer and model for life class.
Penny <del>Hostford</del> Williams	other model for life class
William Stead	Ganet.
Tom Singleton	squeeze enlarger + stunkie pisser-in

plus Danikaitik killer (to make sure the Picos are Argentinian-free)

Friday 9th July 1982

In the beginning was the word, and the word was Naylor and the word was "with" (containing 'g')

On the morning of Friday 9th July 1982, our leader arrived early to begin the monumental task of filling the mini bus. Later aids were Jan and Richard ("massure" and "sec"). By the time I arrived they were as busy as bees, rolling ladders and bagging rope. Our leader gave me the yukky task of cleaning the cooker, (the look expedition must have comprised of a bunch of animals), I thus spent all after-noon up to my arms in soap suds. Andy Riley arrived just after "tea", and we began packing the bus. This was finished by about 6.30pm and we dashed to the Rose and Crown, for a well earned pint or two or three. By x million pints people began to worry about Richard, who was the first driver.

Later Tom and Penny arrived, and we went to Greasy <sup>Jose</sup> Hoza's for chips and things. Richard, Penny, Jan and I returned to Bar Road to wait for Graham and Andy, who were making an compliment for bearing the exhaust pipe on. By ten o'clock every one was getting worried about the where-a-abouts of one Paul Cooper, but with a flash of car he arrived and was bundled in to the mini bus. Not being fond of Good Byes, Jan, Addy and I rapidly returned to the Pub for a few more!!!

I spent an uncomfortable night on Andy Rileys floor (as well as know he's no Gentleman), together with Mr. Hunka. The storm went at 3.30pm we had breakfast and got off about from H.R.H., about the hour and the misdeedious disappearance of his pillow (which I didn't take). Jan and I left for Gloucester Green coach station, we got a bus early for London, or London, Victoria and we boarded another coach for the coast. We arrived at the port and boarded the boat at 10.00am English time, and arrived in France at 2.00pm French time. Then caught a train for Paris. We arrived at Paris, St Lazare at 6.00pm, and got to the metro to the other side of Paris. We had some bread and chesse for supper and got the train at 10.00pm. After a few arguments with some errors we got our seats. At 1.00am we got off the train, had coffee, and walked across the boarder. The bus to Arandas left at 9.30am, and we arrived at 6.30pm. We then got a taxi to Los Argos, and finally arrived at 7.30pm on Sunday evening. — had a meal at A... Helen —

② Monday 12th July

Tuesday

work is not allowed in log or on ex

Went to cangas get pissed ferret shop shut got more pissed, did a carry up to Ario again.

~~the~~ Tuesday 13th July

went to Oviedo to get permission to camp  
a walk, ~~work~~ etc from The big wheels of I.C.O.N.A.  
~~the~~ I did a carry to Ario

Wednesday 14 July

Alvaro


Did carry to Ario. ~~Alvaro~~ (Mut warden) guided us to El Joon and back, laying a trail of cairns <sup>on bearing 210°</sup>  
Stayed at Ario. Helen guarded camp at Lagos.


Thursday 15th July


Spent ages preparing to go to el Joon taking lightweight rope and ladders, stoves, tent, caving gear. Put tent just to right of the eyehole just below the boca del Joon and cooked meal and drank tea from melted snow out of the eyehole (big feature).

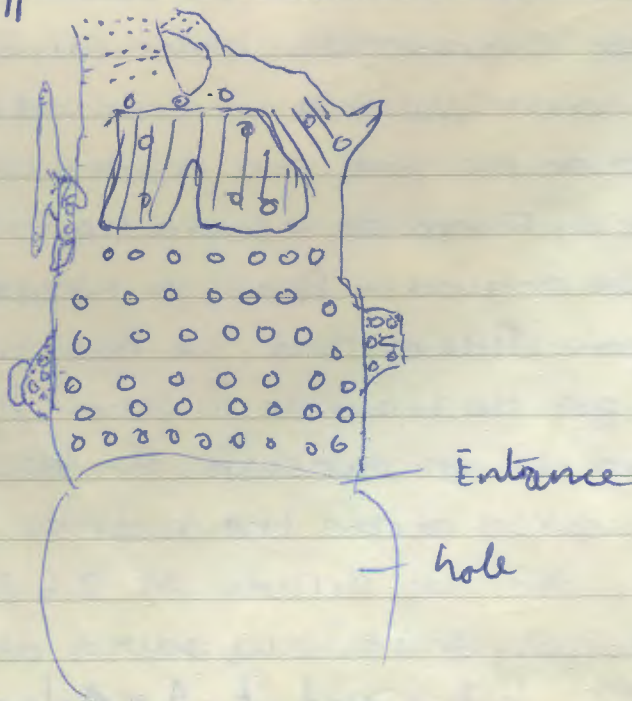
Found a cave with large entrance nearby ~~to~~ with flat entrance chamber covered in sheep shit. several bedding ~~place!~~ crawls lead off but choke. We called it Paen Para Shigri

Key:-

 slope

 crawl

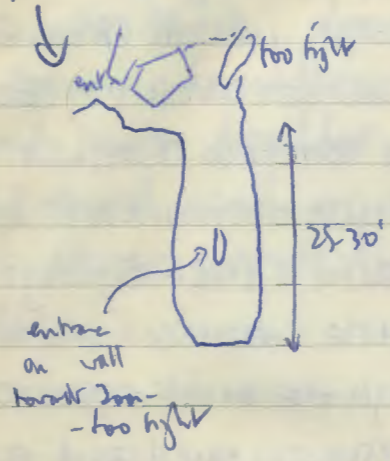
 sheep shit



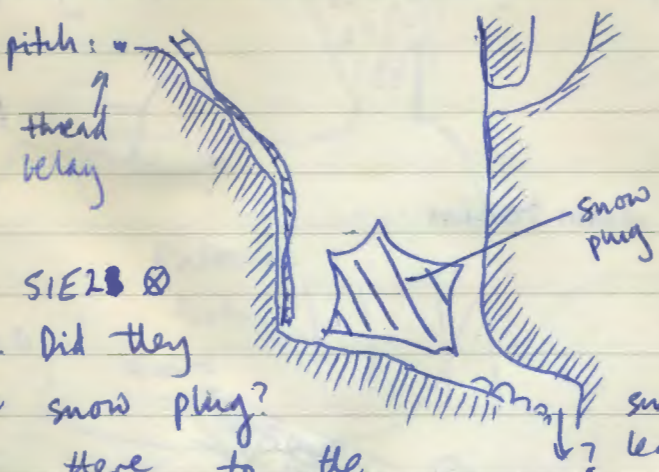
Redition, female members present!!!

Walked back losing cairns now and again. A hole was found about 200 yds from tent, which went to 30' pitch and chokes. (Cresides in bottom of boulder filled valley)

B2.



Penny & Richard set off for the cave we thought yesterday to be Optimista but wasn't. It lies behind Cabeza Formu & is a 20m entrance pitch:



We found the SIE 28 & mark afterwards. Did they get past the snow plug? Walking from here to the

small hole c. 25cm diameter leading to low chamber.

Lagos path we found a very inviting entrance which was marked SIE 30. The altitude is a little less than Xitu. It would be fun to push. "Walk in" entrance!

Richard.



⑨

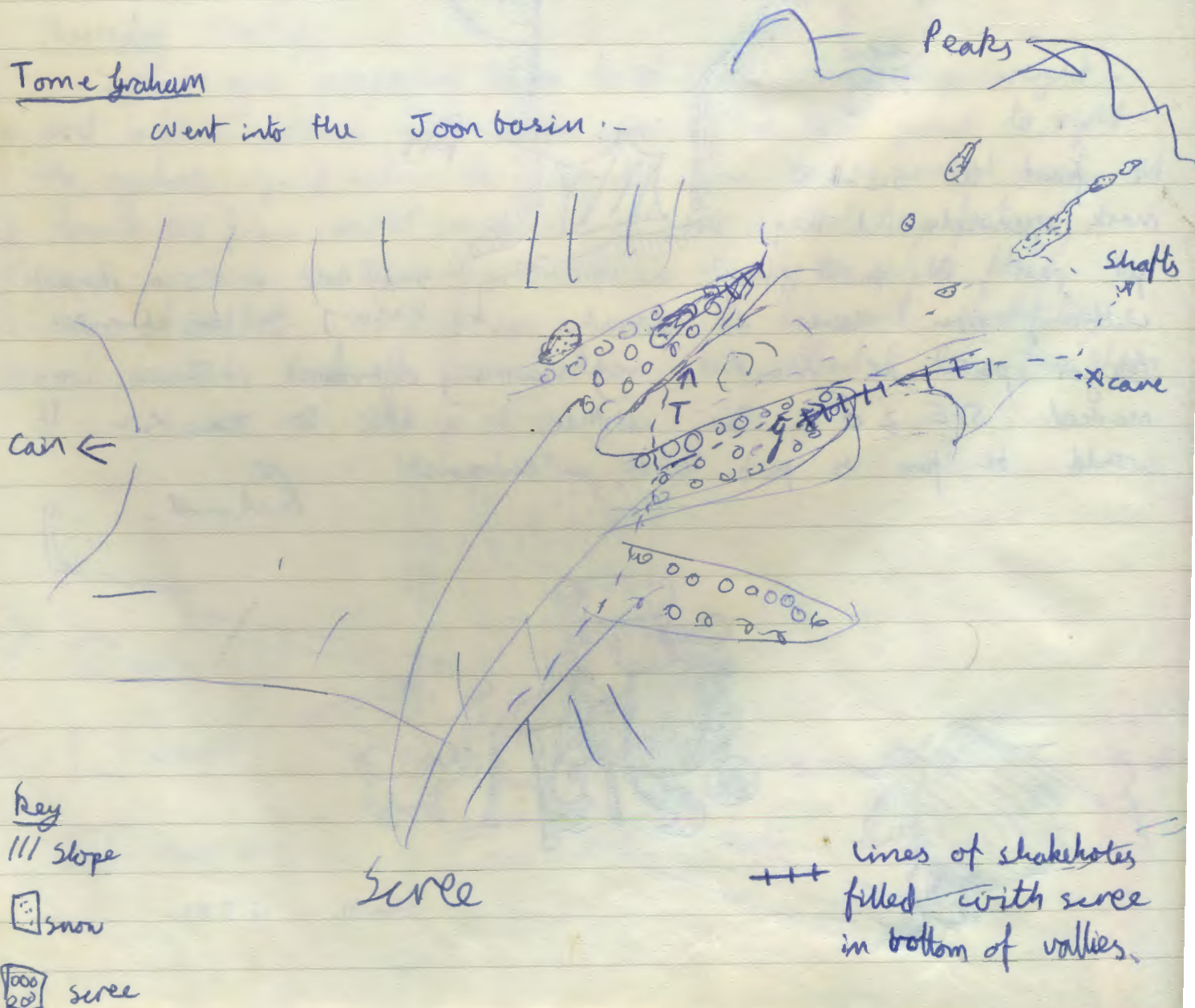
?? God, we'd have been down t'hole seven hours by then!"

Friday 16th July 1988.

Got up early - 9.30am - and had breakfast - morn flakes, harvest crunch, mick, followed by scrambled eggs, and tea. Richard, Tom and Paul went to Joon, Penny and I walk over to the edge of the valley, whilst Graham did the washing up. When we returned to the hut, Graham set off for Joon to catch the others up. Penny returned to hos hargas to relieve Jan, with a minor stomach explosion. I stayed at the hut, which was open until Alvaro returned from the lakes. The weather at Arlo is beautiful this morning. The sky is very clear, quite a different story from the weather which has been experienced at hos hargas recently. Although the mist appears to be rising from out of the valley. The hut is surprisingly civilized as compared with the yorkshire huts. Richard and co, hope to have recie around the Joon area fore any suitable laves to begin pushing.

Tom & Graham

went into the Joon basin.



Key  
||| slope

☐ snow

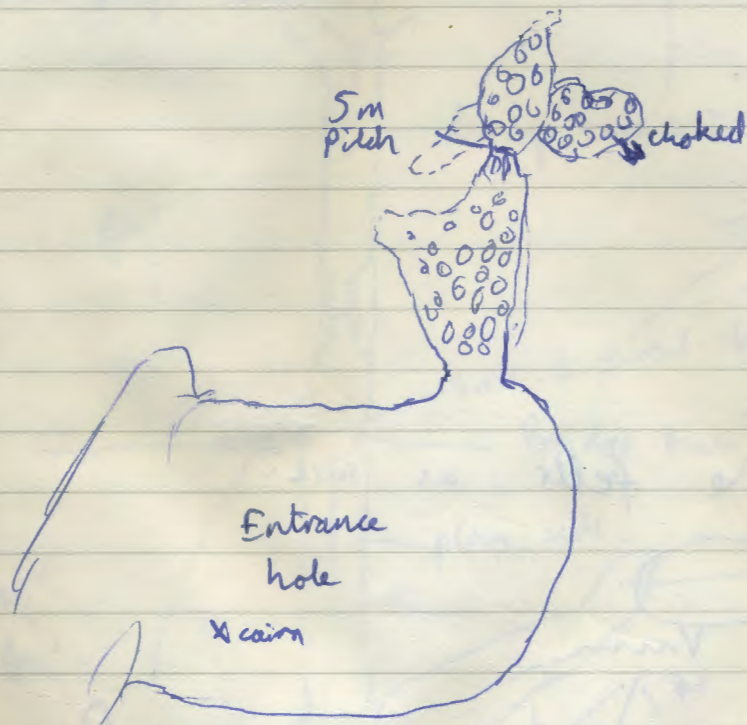
☐oooo☐ scree

scree

+++ lines of shakeholes filled with scree in bottom of valleys.

### The Graham story

Found a cave just over half way up the middle of the back ridge of mountains of el Joon. Large depression going down to black 'doorway'; entrance ~~to~~ passage slopes down over loose boulders. A pitch (5m) follows shortly - belay to least loose boulder. Small chamber at bottom, boulders from right hand wall once pushed out of the way exposed crawl into a lower chamber with apparent way on filled with boulders.



I marked ~~the~~ it with a cairn in the depression

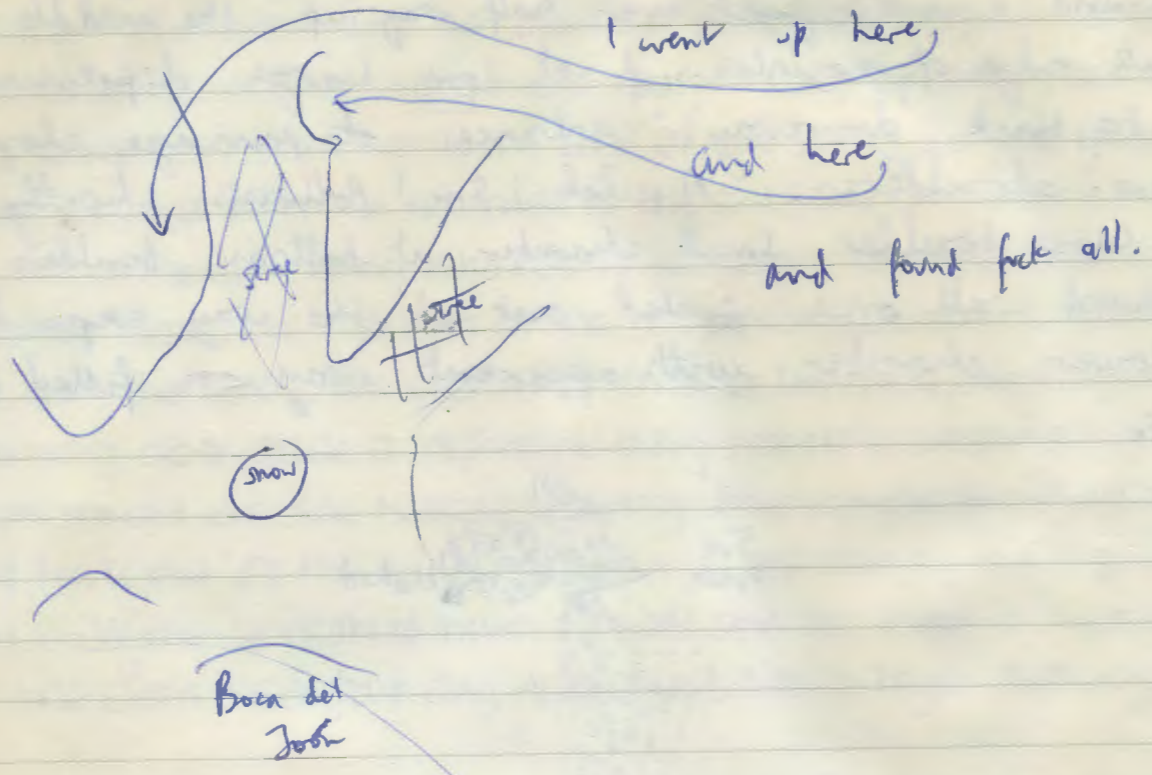
Further up to the left well above the scree were some small shafts 30' or more one with a snow plug (suggest lobbing some ladders down) higher up and to the right also looked promising

P.D.

in  
pines

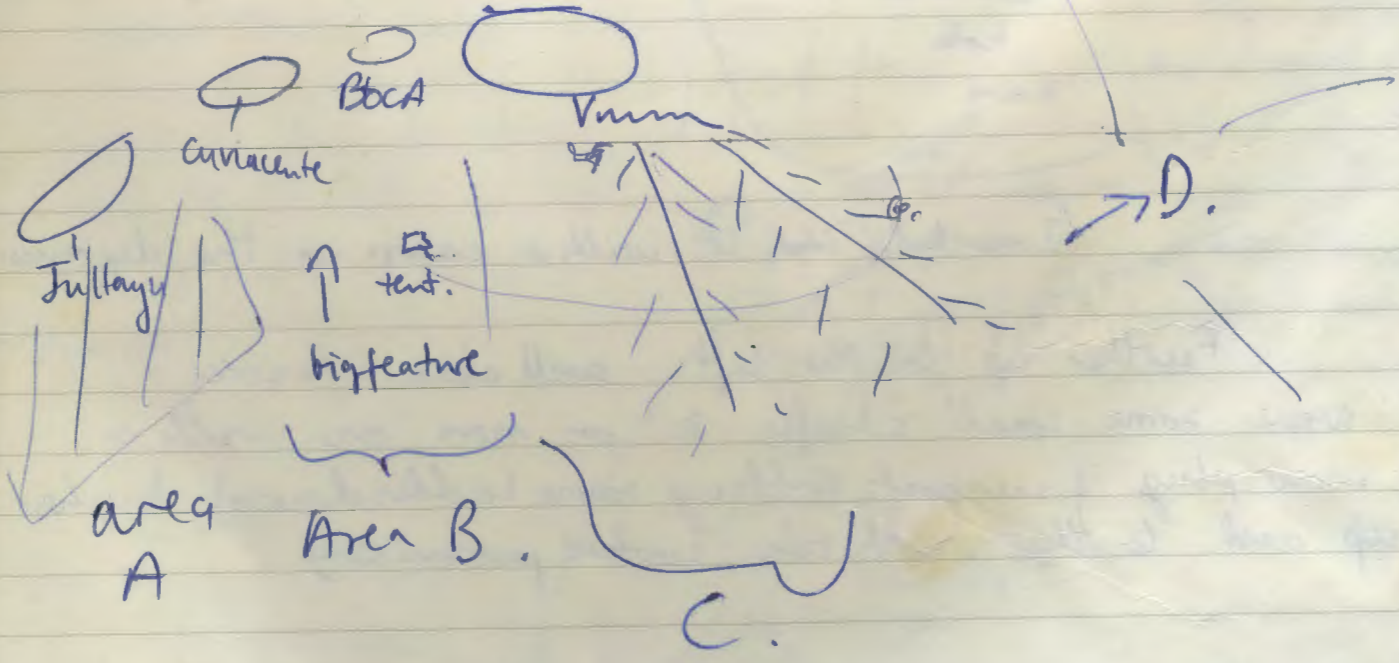
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# The Tom Story



# The Richard Story:

Having divided the fells as such:

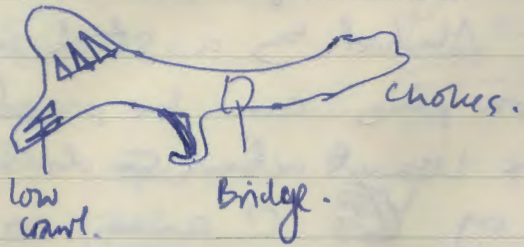


I went to area D, having lost Paul. There I found  
 a ~~1/10~~ - a cape down which stones fall for a long  
 while. It is situated over the second ridge, on the far  
 side, beneath a hilltop marked with a snaggy cairn.  
 A good track on back bearing  $\approx 130$  leads from

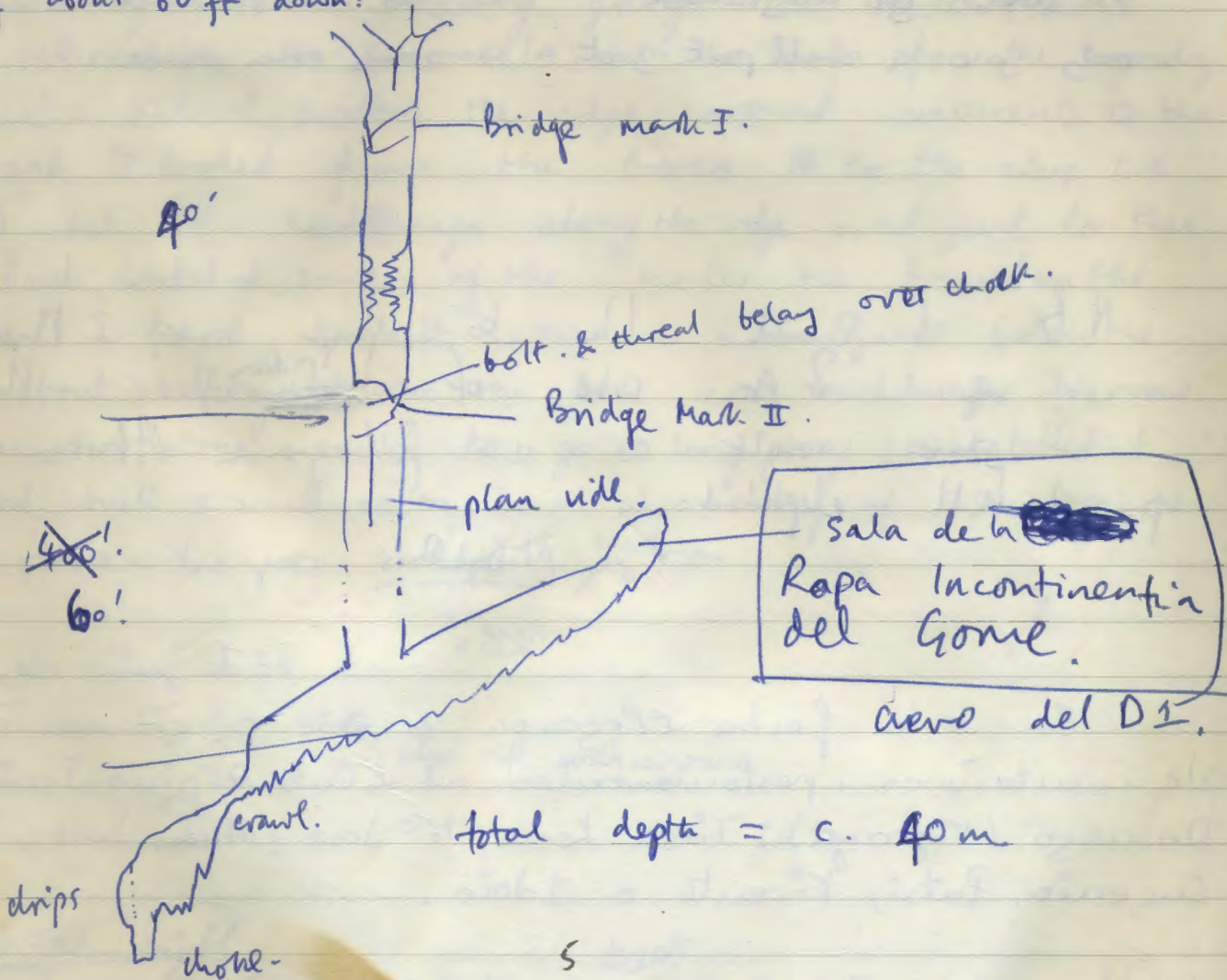


the tent. Grade I survey.

Plan.



3x natural belays with a bolt & a thread (my rucksack belt) belay about 60 ft down:



### The Paul Slony

soon managed to shake off Richard, & headed up into area C. Behind Pozo Benaluzuri is a large prominent wall. This forms the boundary between B & C, Carea lies up and behind it. Almost immediately is of. - A large shaft filled with snow, with on one wall a small chossy entrance - rather like

①

Quaternary Gull. Didn't go down due to lack of agreement but will return. Marked by a cairn high about above it. Further up into C is C2. Marked by a stick in a prominent cairn. The snow plug can be passed on the down hill side - again must return to do so. On the far limit to (2) of (1) C area is an amazing Y shaped bridge over a vast cavern. It doesn't go anywhere! C has vast potential - I only gave a small part of it a cursory once over.

N.B. I should like to point out that a 2 ft. cube of ~~ice~~ <sup>ice</sup> is the same weight as a full-grown African male pregnant bull elephant.

N.B. This may not actually be true.

17 de julio de 1988

En esta fecha llegaron a este refugio un grupo de montañeros, pertenecientes al Club Alpino Vasco de Deuzugo (Bizcaya): Tirso Losa, M<sup>a</sup> Jose, Ana, Jose, Ixamien, Eugenio, Patxi, Vicente e Idoia.

*Idoia*

Hace un día embudo, y enseguida salimos dirección a Gora.



!! GORA MENDIZALEAK !!

Me gusta mucho el refugio y espero volver pronto. Hemos comido muy bien y esto nos ha animado mucho para seguir la marcha.

¡ Hasla pronto! des vascos

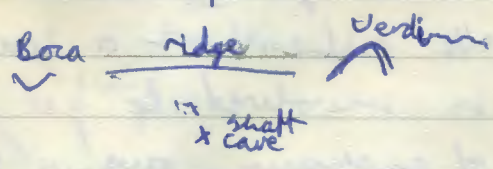
TIRSO LUSA

Lucy Jose y Aug

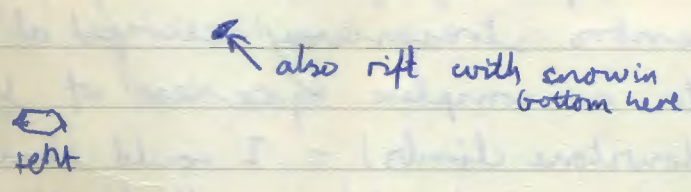
↑ The spanish thought this was the hut book!

Saturday 17th

We had to return to Lagos, since the bedrooms were being used by Alvaro's <sup>climbing</sup> ~~climbing~~ <sup>mountain</sup> gang. Paul Richard and Graham returned via the Boca del Joon to look for the legendary 'ridge' cave. Richard walked the ridge around <sup>curviente</sup> to the Boca and I looked from the Boca to the steep (ie vertical) bit of Verdilluenga along the ridge and just to this side. Paul looked at some of the holes he found in the C area. I found a shaft in the C area just below the ridge about halfway between the boca and verdilluenga. Narrow entrance, but stones seem to go a long way. we labelled it C3 and built a small cairn; It is at a bearing of 260 from the tent.



Plan:-



Sat

Tom & Jan

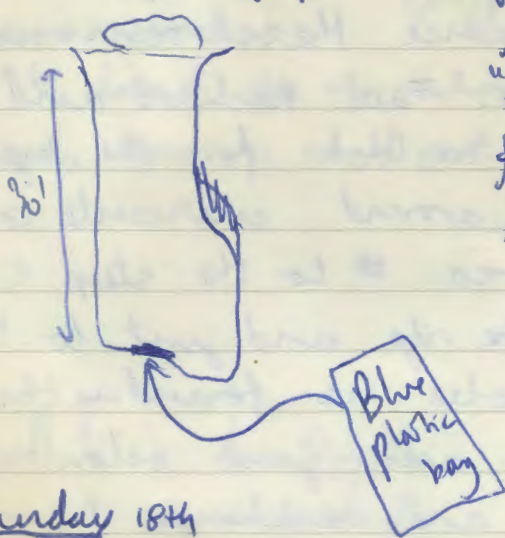
Went searching for Optimists to put a <sup>decent</sup> rig on the entrance. This would have been difficult even if we had found it as some \* \* \* had taken the bolting hammers. But we couldn't find it anyway, just ended up circling round in the mist getting further & further from the refugio, occasionally ~~was~~ being able to see ~~the~~ as far as 20m (wow!).

We did find two other caves though. The first gets cosy with more than three people in it (plus salamander & many flies & choss). The second is a shaft of ~ 30ft (sorry, 10m), which chokes at the bottom. It is just off a path which

(10)

leads, according to a shepherd we met, to Arico. But Jude knows where the path is. Tom will now describe the exciting descent of this amazing shaft complete with blue plastic bag at the bottom.

belap - nice round big outcrop at top of hole, backed up to boulder behind it. Inward takeoff! Avoid rock outcrop for hanging of rope.



30' deep shaft. Most prominent feature at bottom "is blue plastic bag". "Way in" choked. Small hole at top of 10' climb turns out to be blind. Pretty boring really.

Cueva del "Blue Plastic Bag".

Sunday 18th

All went round to the gorge via cargo to put detectors in the possible resurgence. Tom and me took wet suits to have a look at grotte culiembros - a truly beautiful cave. Wading and swimming is involved to get to a chamber from which a maze of passages run, some down to one a short length of culiembros streamway sumped at each end. Other passages lead to a complex series of high levels (phreatic tubes & flowstone climbs) - I could almost smell the burst plastic bags! Definitely worth further exploration, photographing & possibly surveying if there's time - probably requires a camping at Cain. Or Carmemend?

P.S. Had to dine back in thick mist having consumed a full bottle of the local cider - Gibber Gibber!! P.W.C.

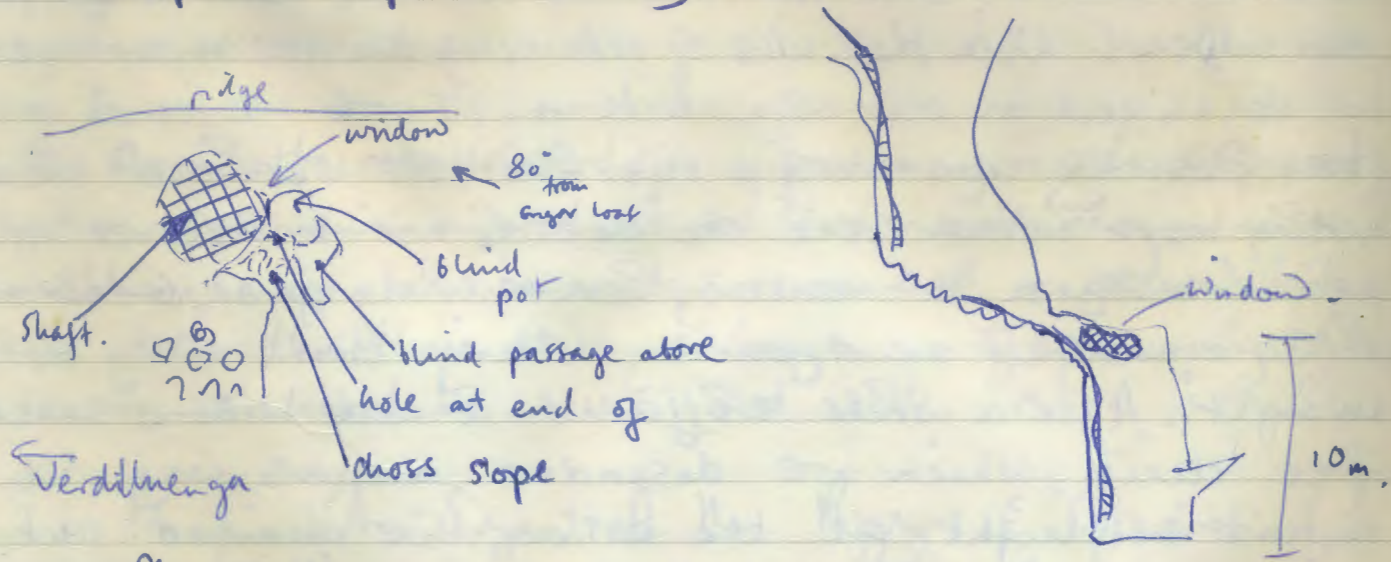
PPS. Everyone else crashed out except those who could see the way we were going.

or rather were trying but couldn't see

Mon 19<sup>th</sup>

Paul & Richard's story.

Spent the morning in camp @ Los Cerezos. Walked to Aric in the late afternoon & then up to area C to return to C4, discovered & marked on Saturday. Entrance pitch of 10m, pre-chimbed with aid of 5m ladder. Leads to a chossy slope, far side of which is a low crawl leading to a 10m pitch down to a blind pot. 3-5m down this pitch on it's (R) wall was a window leading through to a large shaft,  $\approx 7 \times 10m$  across and a 3sec above the drop - Our 5m remaining ladder was not quite up to it! We named the pitch Thunderstorm pot - due to prevailing weather and the pot came provisionally as Pozo del Rebeca.



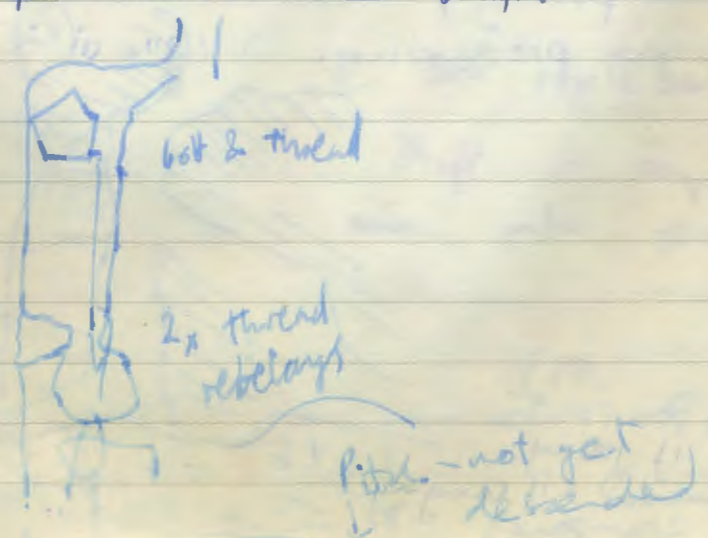
Plan

2 x 5 m ladders & 2 long belays.  
 Cave depth = 25m + 3sec shaft.

Tues Paul, Richard & Jan

Through the window:  
crawl.

diagram courtesy of RG

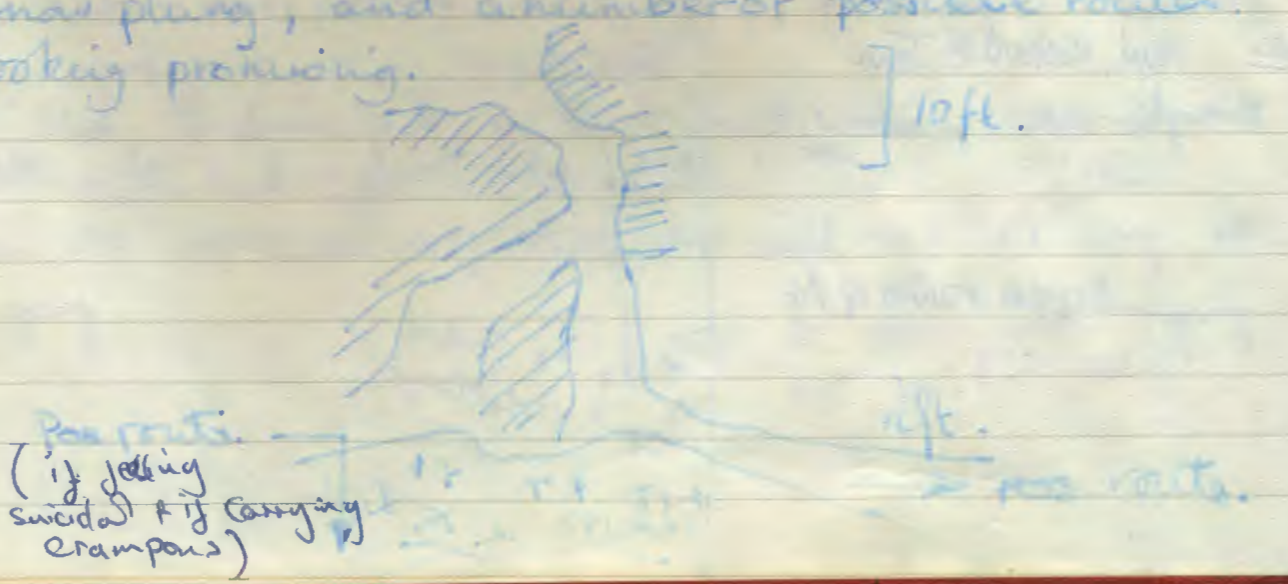


Tuesday 20th.

# The Penny and Holly expedition into the unknown!!!

After feeding Richard, Paul and Ian to venture into their "cave". With strict instructions to go high. We ventured up into the "mountains" of somewhere to look for a "mega" cave — the deepest in the world — ha, ha!! After climbing hours and hours we reached a good! area. No really interested in the idea of finding caves and feeling decidedly hungry we found a cave, "it looks a goodly," I said unknowingly. There were a few natural belays, here, we decided not to rig it owing to the fact that it was too high, and it was a bit narrow, we didn't want to damage ourselves! With the idea of returning tomorrow on our minds we continued on our way. Like in 10 yds we found another possible cave along a rift. Also there were good belays. Getting more <sup>(un)</sup> enthusiastic we decide not to descend and again return to-morrow, with eating gear. (and enthusiasm)

We continued our journey looking down every hole in sight. After a while we found a cave with a small free climb, which we descended a short way, only to find sunlight at the bottom. We climbed out, and went in a the bottom entrance. <sup>(S)</sup> There was a large snow plug, and a number of possible routes. One looking promising.



Now feeling very good having done some thing constructive  
we went back for late dinner.

P.S. we got a lovely sun tan (burn)

Stand by for Part of this thrilling adventure with  
the intrepid explorers.

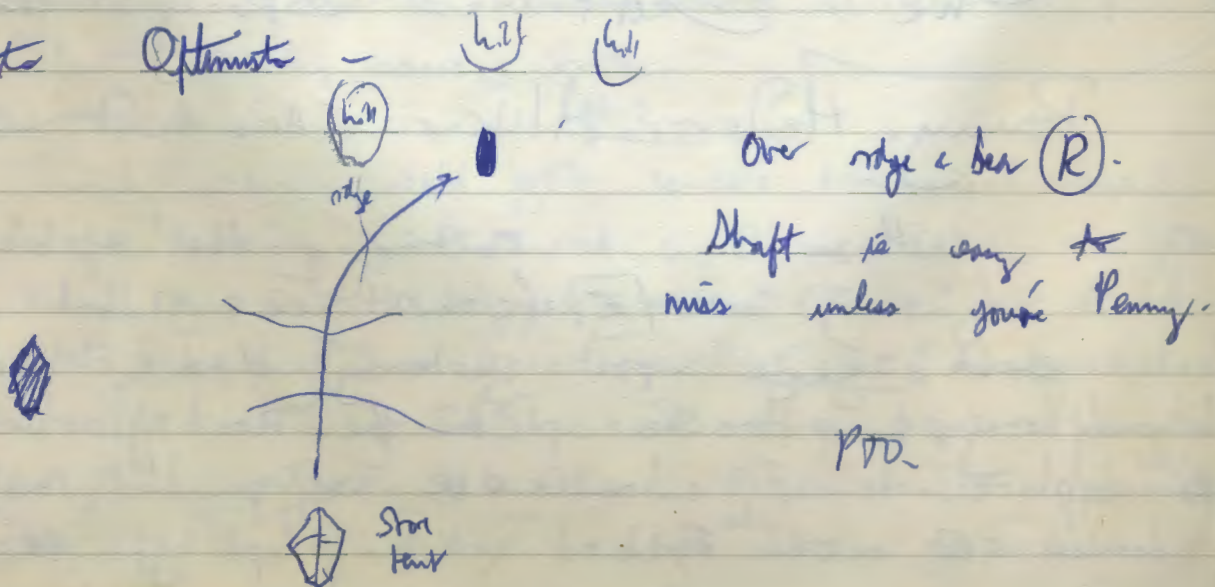
Kelly, 20/7/92.

and (incidentally) because we had no waxes + my boots had laces  
in, no trousers or padded suit, and only one helmet with  
a light. ~~am~~ (P.S.)

P.S. Overall the area looked very promising, - the collapsed  
system which we entered at a lower level may indicate  
something even better beneath - we had a general look  
around but tho' there were a large no. of promising sights.  
all those we looked at were filled with chos. Per

## Tom & Penny The Saga of the Riggings of Optimists

To get to Optimists - (hill) (hill)



Rig is by bolts - on rock on side of shaft towards Refugio (i.e. RHS as look uphill).  
 2 bolts = terry strand delay which sets as traverse line - snow trail to its before shifting on to main rope. c. 70' free hang & no cut points.  
 N.B. "This rig is the first two bolts I have ever put in. daagh!!"

Wednesday 21st

Graham & Jan went to rig Graham's shaft (C3) with 100m of lightweight rope. But the rope wasn't where it should have been when we arrived there (ie the tent by the big feature). So we cursed and ate some savoury rice & beef stroganof with Richard & Tom who arrived just after us. Then we took our carrying gear to shaft, lobbed some rocks down and went after Helen, Penny & Alvaro to get rope from them. But they didn't have it either. Bollocks! Continued wandering around in mist till we found Richard and Tom about to descend C4. They had no bright ideas, so went up to C3 to bang a bolt in and decide how to rig first pitch.

Looked in big hole with snowplug on way back but it didn't go anywhere. Wandered back to Refugio collecting herbal tea on way.

The Bedtime Story! (not very heroic or epic at all)

Penny, Helen, Alvaro (Ario last warden)

With a view to continuing the 'epic' (epic?) saga of area [E] (which we almost managed to ~~start~~ engage upon yesterday) H, A & P took the tortuously long & hard route up to the two rifts we intended to explore. At entrance of 1st we paused, rigged up & looked at each other. Helen kept for the SRT rope



Alvaro exclaimed "you go?", "Of course" said Helen in a butch voice, ~~the~~ <sup>2 octaves</sup> lower than normal) with a dismissive wave of the hand. 3 seconds (about) later she'd wisked up + down the shaft + proclaimed it 'no go' (her words). So on to the next. Alvaro + I studied the very exciting bedding planes at the top of the pitch while Helen left down the 15m, bounded back up (securing the ladder) and exposed a lower entrance. - Again - "No Go";

The mist came down. - "We go to the top of the 'Hill' (Verdilluenga). (typical Spanish logic). Helen + I sat down. "we go up" - Alvaro (more persuasive) - "but you can't see anything!"  
"only 10 minutes".

- All the Spanish lie

Having gone all the way to the top we ~~event~~ came all the way down again

[After this fucking mega epic to the top of Verdilluenga a very pissed off Helen was speeded on by the thought of coffee and cigys at Arto. Apart from the fact that I hate heights and can stand exposed ~~heights~~ <sup>climbs</sup> I had climbed to the top amidst much "I am not going any fucking further", "Ten minutes at 50 mph!?", "Bloody fucking Dagos" and "I am hungry".

We then walked further to wards Arto until I found a cave !!!?! - shitty nasty hole. -  
Helen.

--- and when we'd got lower than it was possibly worth looking for caves Alvaro's eye caught site of a small gap in the grass - "Cave" he lined He's got to be joking" I muttered --- "Cave" he insisted and started kicking shit out the poor thing to + Bernold after an hour of constant application of various parts of the body the gap had

become a 'hole' of about 12" diameter

"You go" - the finger pointed at intrepid Helen  
"What Me?" Said intrepid Helen (not very intrepidly)

"No Go" Said Helen 15 minutes + a lot of dirt  
later.

"No, No, No" Said Alvaro + disappeared head first.

"Is very good - is very very good" - is just  
one more big rock" - Alvaro was pulled  
out by his feet. um "Helen go --"

Helen went - - - and kicked the rock  
irreparably into the passage, blocking it  
completely - "is good, No!" - - very good.  
[It wouldn't have been the deepest hole  
in the world anyway]

In side the hole, for that is all one could call it; it  
was dirty, mucky to a point. It was merely a through  
a through to end of throughes. It was a about 10ft long  
at most and a pretty name the scroff hole. Alvaro was  
not impressed by or lack of enthusiasm. Holly.

→ So once again we set off home for lunch

- "we look for Spring. no" said Alvaro

"is here, - or here" - here - was not  
a Spring - ~~it was~~ it was another cave

- this time rather more possibly epic with a large  
gaping entrance under ~~an~~ overhanging rock 10m  
above the S1E path

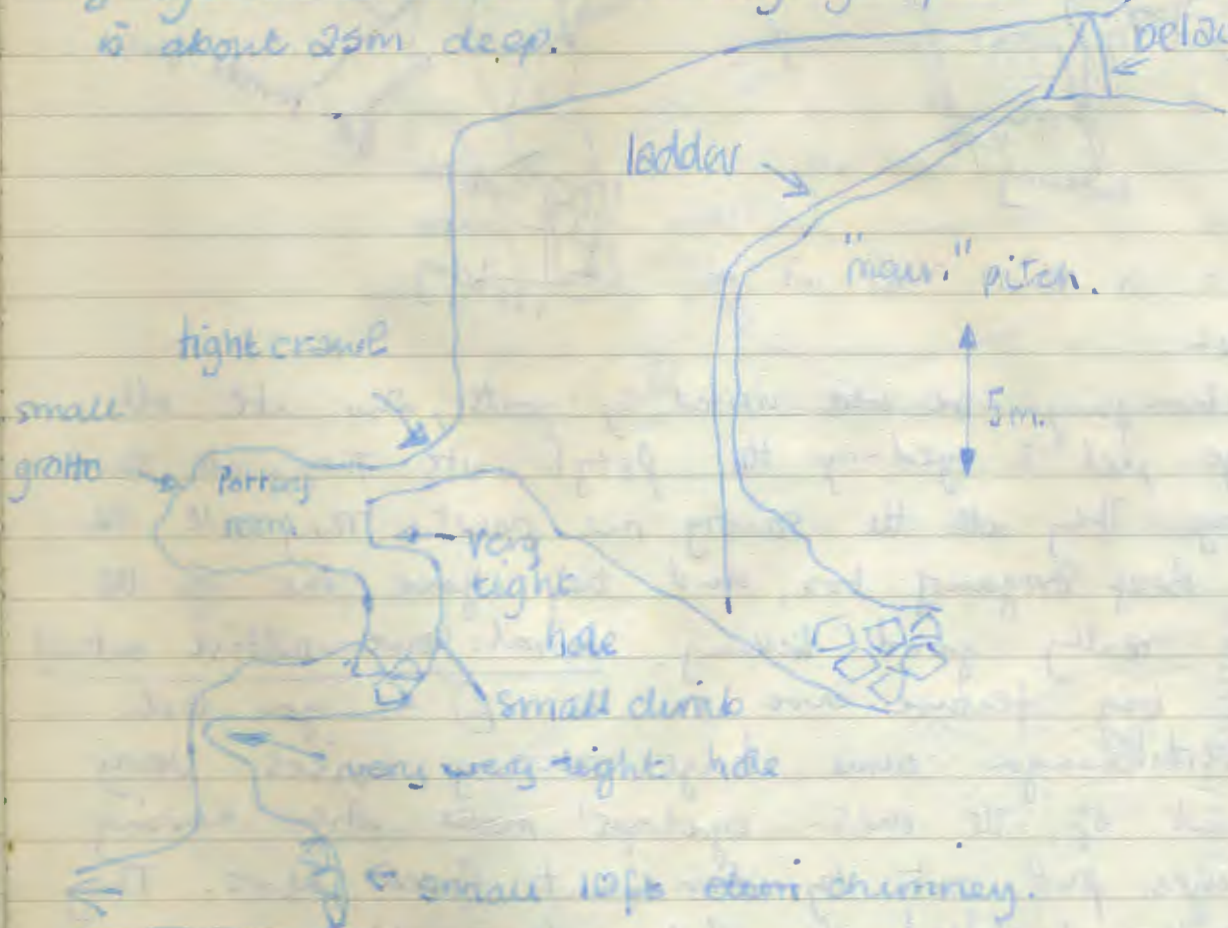
"is good, no"

Oh Shit - - -

- but it would be the deepest cave in  
the world I muttered - in vein - Helen  
was already down the bottom of a 12m pitch  
into a large chossy cave. This large roomy

Kenny.

He leads via short tight crawl into the a small grotto - the pottery room + the use. We continued down a small climb, and removing a few boulders were able to continued down through an extremely small hole down to a ten foot ~~chimney~~ chimney, Alvaro continued on slightly further with the now only operating light. He said that the passage choked again but he could feel a draft of air coming up wards. We assume that by removing a few more boulders it may go further. At the moment it is about 25m deep.



Possible continuation

This cave was the most promising of the day, and after descending so far as we dare (owing to having only one functioning light between the three of us). We returned to the surface and I derigged the watercourse pitch. We then return to area and arrived at about 7:30 pm after an amazing day.

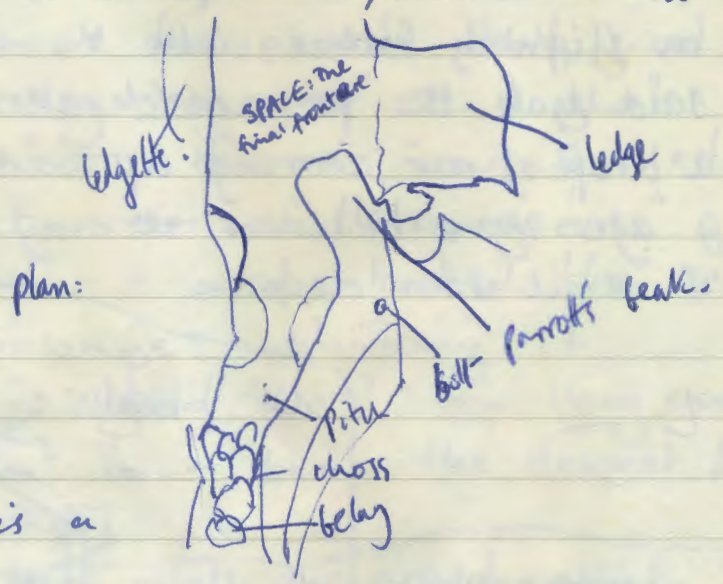
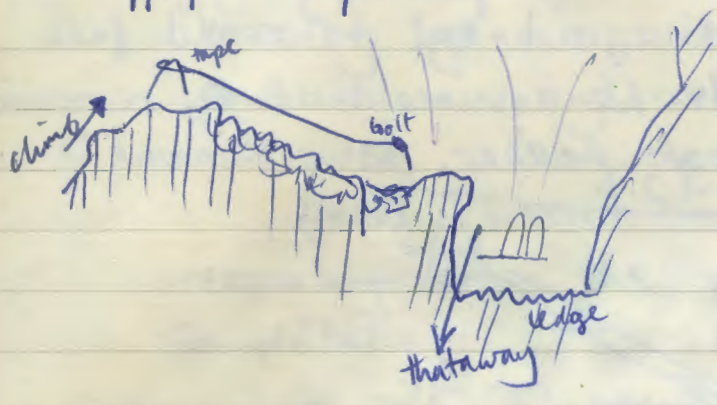
Kenny

Tom Richard down the real cave. C4 Play School Mt.

Went down, replacing 9m Edlerid with Bluewater III. Tom put in a bolt @ head of 3rd pitch but we didn't use it!

The boulder in the roof seems to be attached on one side?

We didn't manage to rig pitch 5 however: we gaudered the slope but found it impossible to put in but one bolt, & that in an inappropriate place:

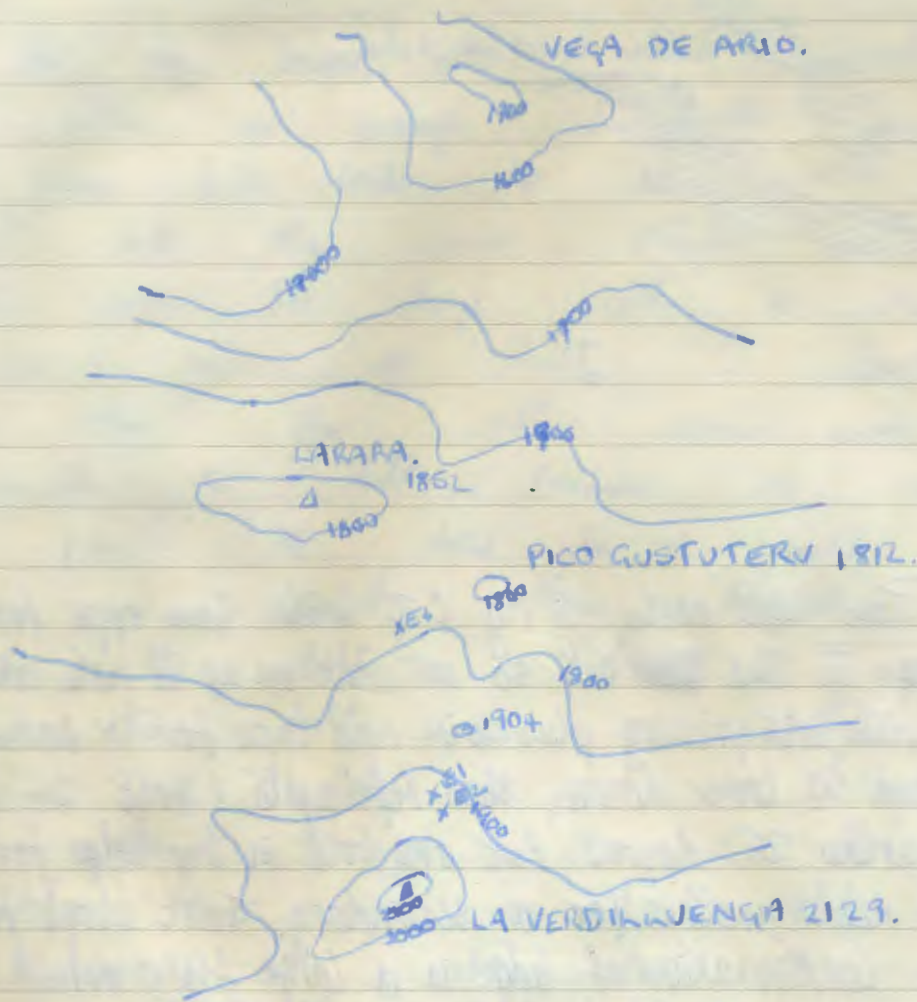


The good news is that this is a 50-60m pitch.

p.s. While changing we were visited by goats, who ate all the orange peel & eyed-up the petzl suits. They ate the used tentage. They ate the savory rice packet. They ate the cardboard Beef Stroganof box, and they gave one of the ladders a really good licking. Moral: leave rubbish outside

p.p.s. From the big feature cave on the @ as you look up to Verdilluenga came huge roaring noises very reminiscent of the ones cyclops' make when having their eyes put out by itinerant Greek leos. They got louder, & filled the whole valley. We ran on past. Moral: Let sleeping dragons lie.

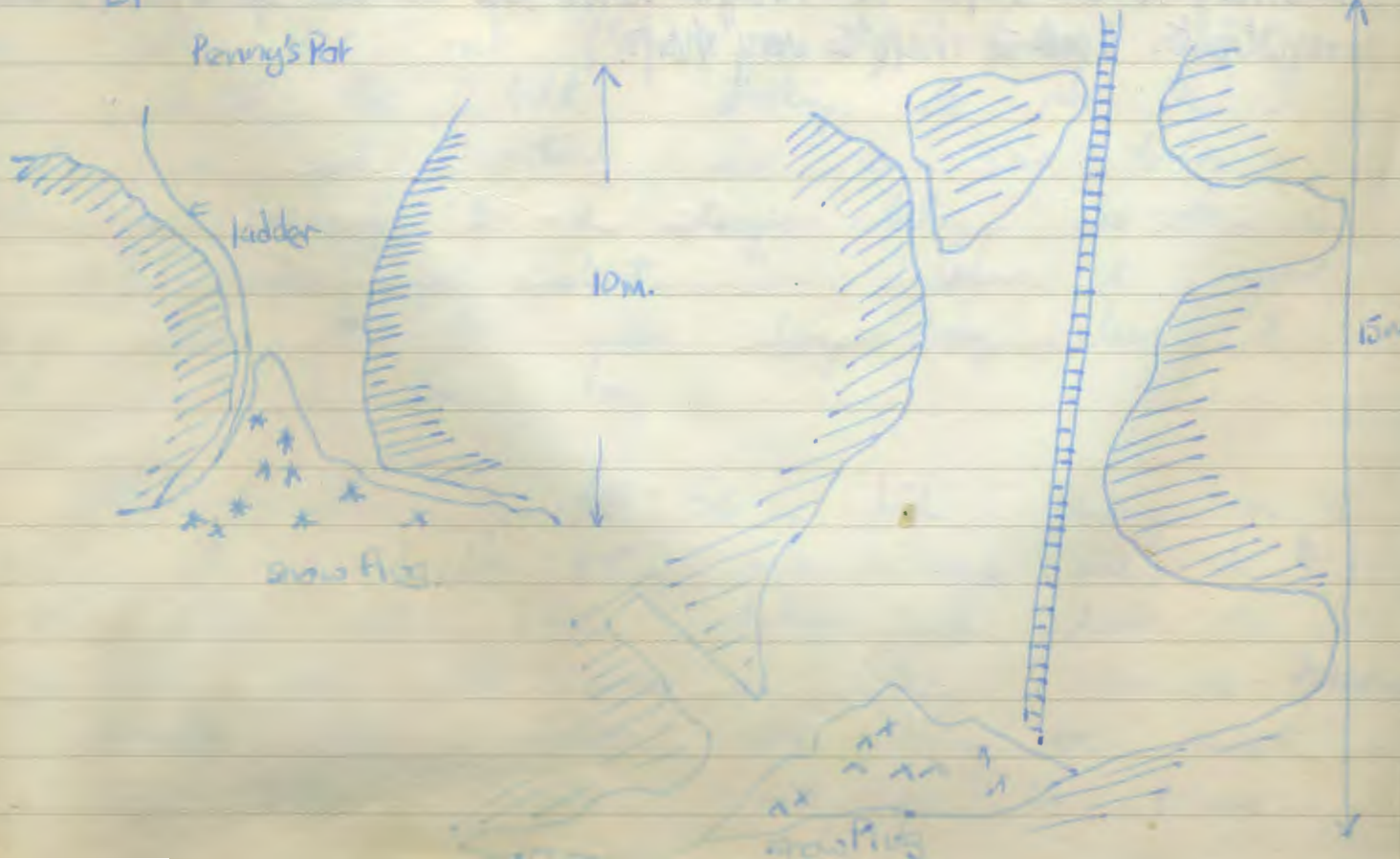
continued — "The penny, Helly, alvaro mega epic."



E2. Helly's Hole.

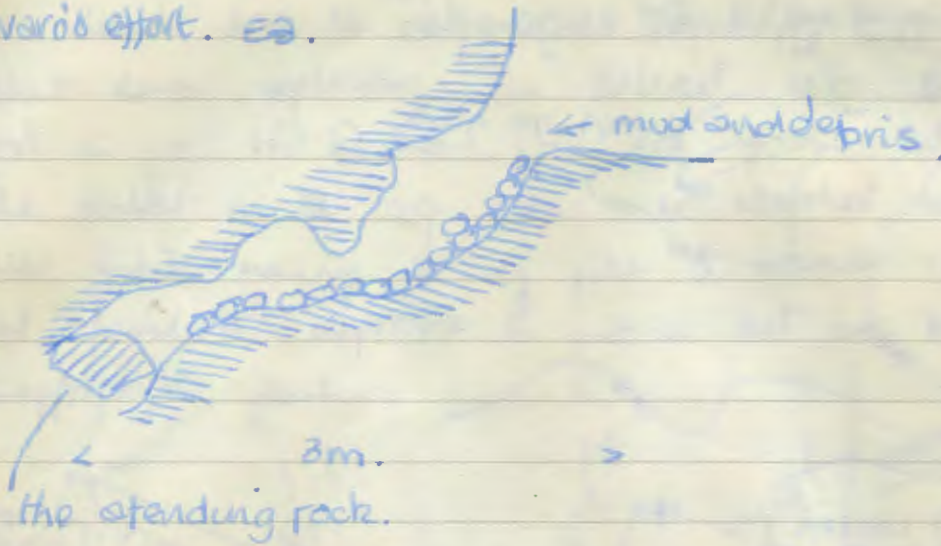
E1

Penny's Pot



(20)

Alvario's effort. E3.



Thursday 22nd

Graham & Jan left early to rig C3 with 9mm rope from C4. This time the rope was in the ~~middle~~ tent so we went on up to hole with rope. Rigged ~~from~~ first pitch with bolt primary plus wire and tape for X backup. Rebelayed to two bolts about 50' lower down, then rebelayed to 1 bolt 25' lower, then land on ledge further 25' down. Put one bolt in by ledge for fourth pitch but still needs another for a secondary. Just about room for 2 people on ledge. Continuation of ledge is a large flake which splits rift in two. Still ~~about~~ at least 60' to bottom of shaft. All these rebelays are necessary as the shaft is not straight down and the 9mm rope is not abrasion resistant. Rock in shaft is very sharp.

Nov. 22<sup>nd</sup>.

Playschool Pot (cont'd) (14)

Paul & Tom.

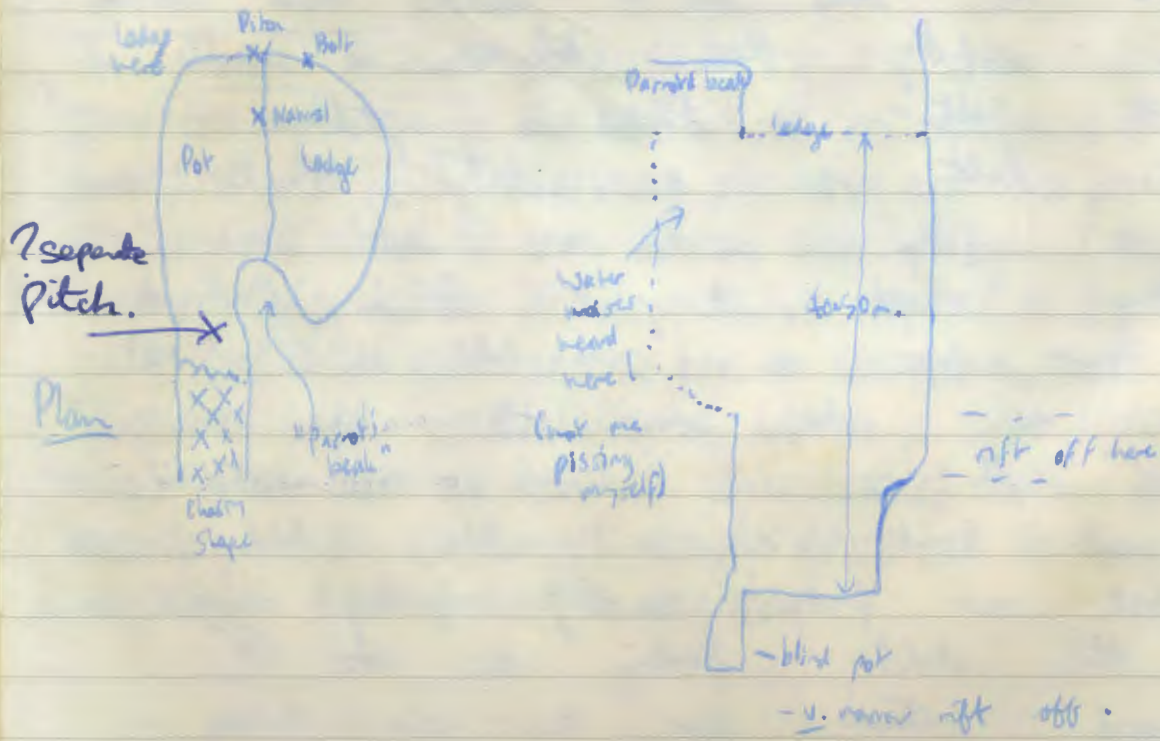
(2)

Returned to rig large pitch. Rock around side of head of pitch up passage inappropriate for bolting - v. hard & flaky, hole tends to turn into funnel if you don't hit the driver straight on. Start from top to ledge with a view to rigging from far side of shaft. I bought a bolt in on the far wall - same sort of rock but possible to bolt because of easy position it was possible to start in - could hold driver straight & go carefully. Rock blunted a couple of teeth of the bolt - v. hard & crystalline. Nasty! Using this bolt as a safety, Paul then put in a pitch in a rock over the pit. I then rigged it E 85 m. Malou (in tenting) - pitch as 1°, bolt as 2°, tied end of rope to rope down to ledge as 3° because 1° & 2° bolts a bit dubious. I abailed off the pitch - rub point c. 3 m. down which I tried to bolt but rock flaked something fucking awful and also blunted the bolt. Looking to the (R) I found a good natural for a nice belay - had to re-rig E a large belay, as there is a rock ridge for about 3 m. below it against which rope can rub unless long belay class it. This gave a low hang.

Pitch probably c. 40-50 m. high, landing on heavy floor. Small pit under ledge side is c. 4 m. deep and blind. Behind up leads to an narrow rift with choss in which I removed - 7. f. choss. No to wide down the rift a few drops - water seems to be present

in slot on up - passage wall of pit  
which doesn't seem to go all the way  
to the bottom. - needs looking at with  
rig from up - passage, near to cross.

N.B. advisable on future visits to replace  
hanging from piton, or at least protect it,  
as it rubs like buggly. Also Paul went  
guy when I abailed off the piton.

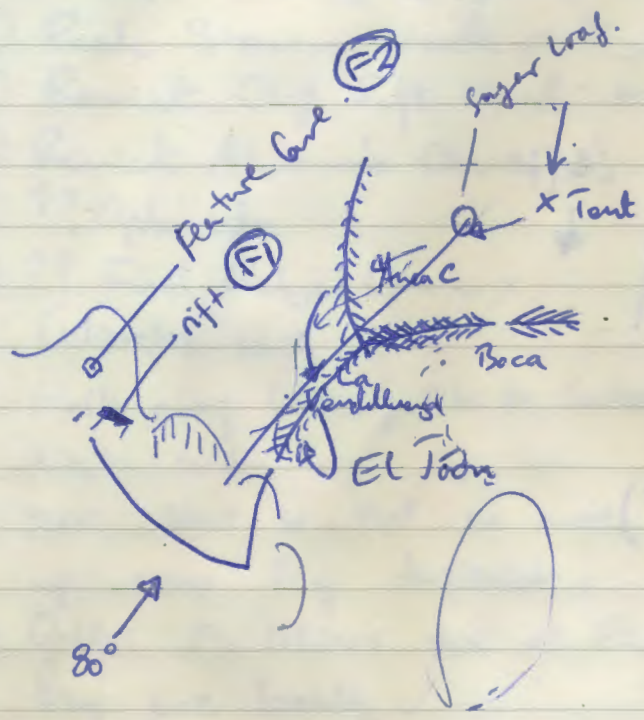


Technical Note: Piton referred to is a 1 1/2" knifeblade in a forced  
crack - probably just about capable of holding the  
weight of the rope!



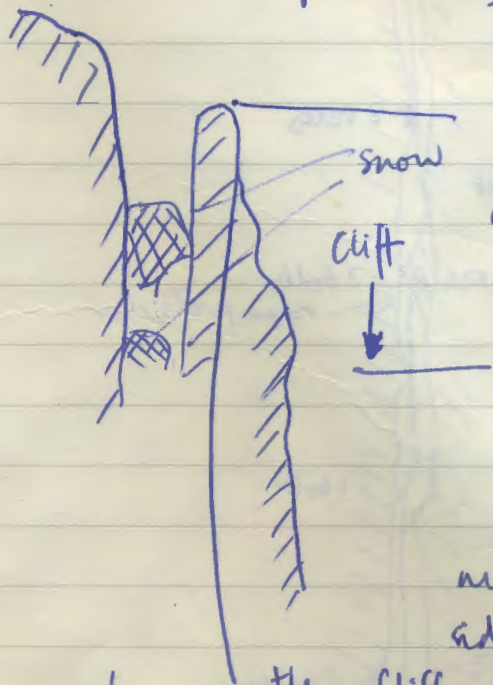
23/7/82.

Today is my birthday! To celebrate the occasion we went on a hike over most of the local scenery:-



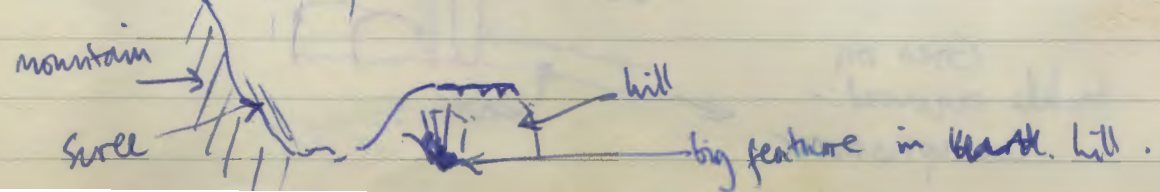
Passed Helen's & Penny's cave.  
Found two promising ones:

Cliff - Rift - Hard.  
① ~~Cliff - Rift - Hard.~~



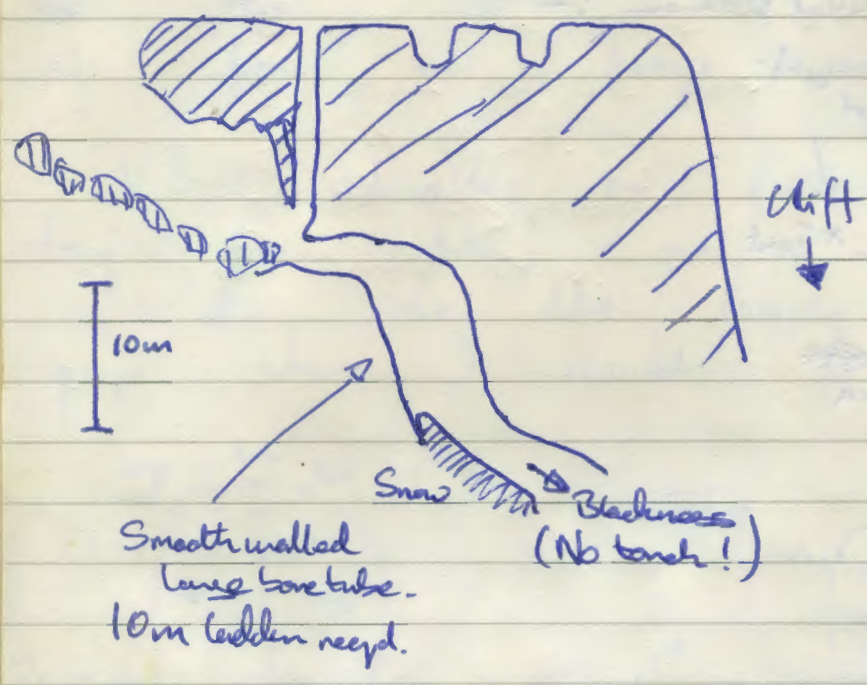
couldn't get down to the 2nd snow plug. Must return with more ladder.

The other cave is much more exciting but isn't in the side of a cliff. You can see it from the Cliff Rift Hard:



24

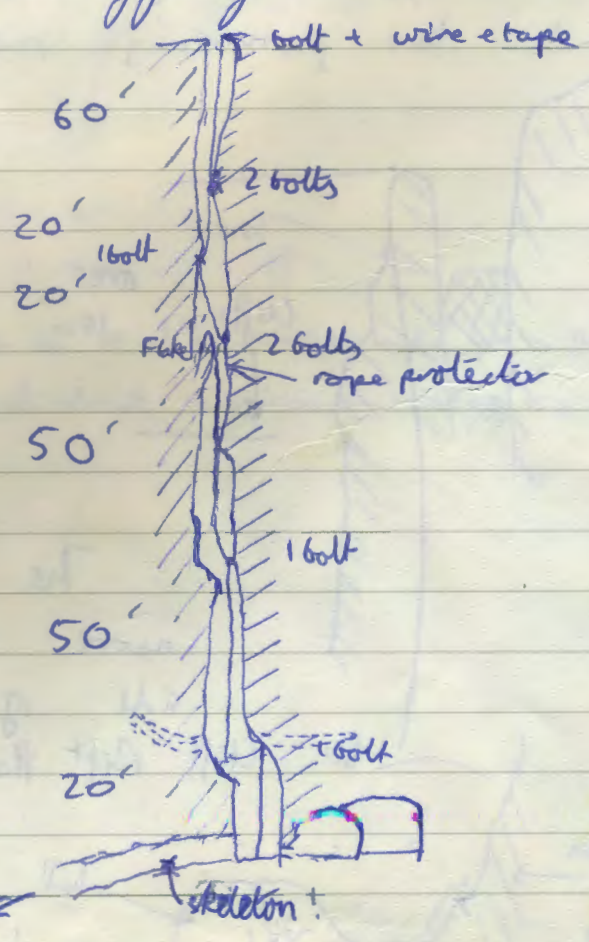
The big feature cave, called FU-56 is in fact cave F2 (Cliff Rift Hard = F1)



Fri 23

Jan + Graham to continue rigging shaven crack pot (C3) complete rig now looks:-

80m



Goes on tackle required:-  
w/hammer.

Things to be done next week:

- ① Push or runny Playschool Pat.
- ② Push Shaven creek pat. ✓
- ③ Revisit Cliff Rft Hand & FU-56. ✓
- ④ Revisit Alvarado's Cave ✓
- ⑤ ?? Optimisto. ✓
- ⑥ ?? Find Ridge Cave. x
- ⑦ Culiembro cave
- ⑧ Walk along line of Xitu to Culiembro & look into holes along Xitu's line.
- ⑨ Move tent so that no more 100m lengths get nicked, ? set up camp. Rig tarpaulin x
- ⑩ Cheer on Helen's race at Eñol on Sunday — no race.
- ⑪ Buy more brandy. ✓
- ⑫ Mark path.

- 24/7/82
- ① Walked down from Ario → Cangas
  - ② Ate enormous meal
  - ③ Met Dave, George, Bill & Mark
  - ④ Return to Las Lajas
  - ⑤ Got Pissed.
  - ⑥ Got very pissed.
  - ⑦ Wrote this.

24/7/82 2X Martin left Cardiff 9.30

Met John & Andy in Ox 12 & got to Dover 4 minutes after the ferry left thanks to navigator extraordinaire Singleton - 'I've only forgotten one thing' - Singleton who, on this occasion, had lost his compass, sense of direction, sense of ~~time~~ & A219(?) sometime before somewhere near Hammersmith. Had something approximating to a meal while John tried washing the floors with our tea & then ensconced ourselves in the bar on the 6pm ferry until about 8pm.

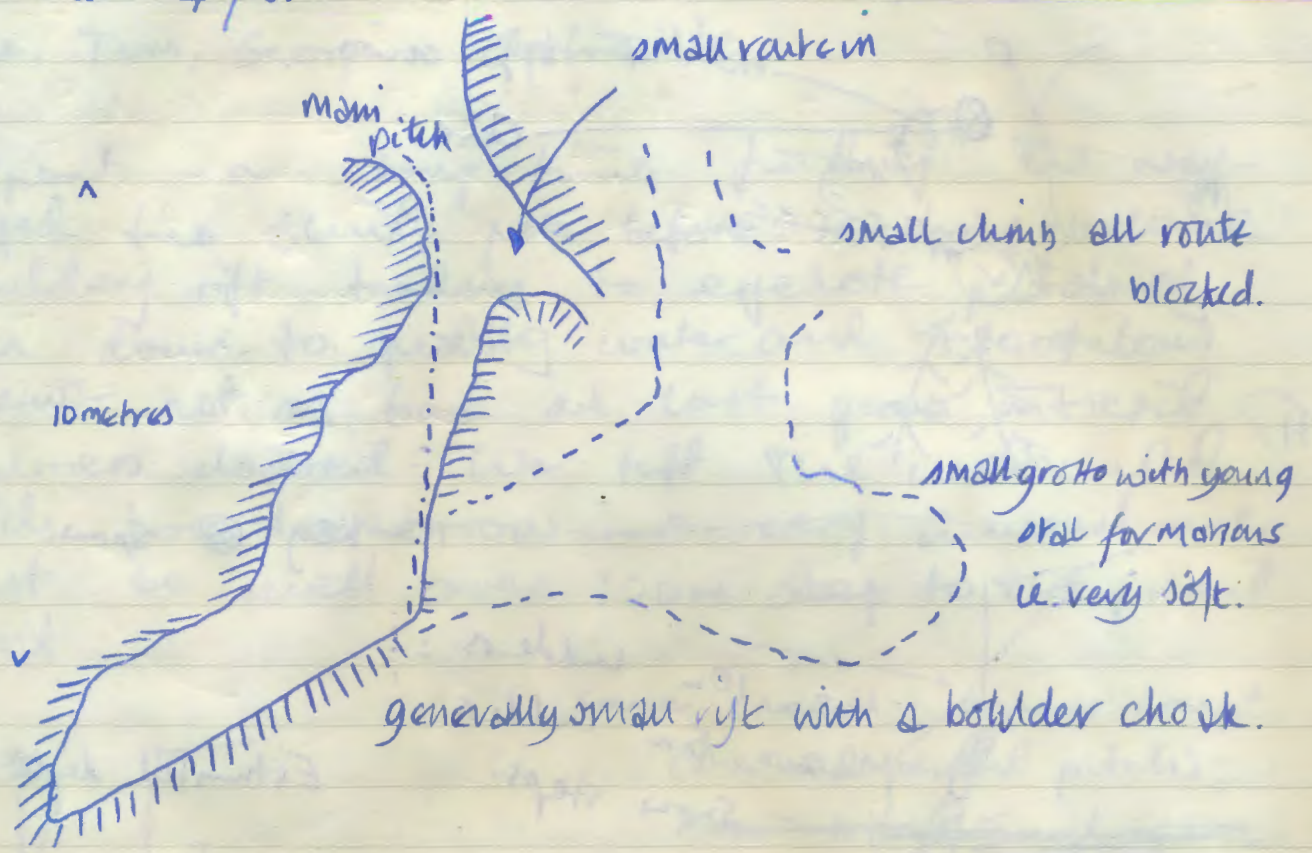
25/7 Escaped from France in about 15 hrs and arrived at Cangas as most of the crowds from the Shepherd's Fiesta had joined the queue to Amiandos & beyond. Ate at Rio Grande & met Jan @ 9 pm.

26/7 Picking 4/8 Helios William

Walked up from Ario in  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr & rigged unexplored hole with 10m ladder & wire belay. At bottom of pit, <sup>wide</sup> rift opens out which is full of choss & chokes at once. Walked back via a hole bottomed by the S.T.E. (alas) & the summit of Pico Gustafson. entrance shabete of 4/8 Bearings: - Jultayca 134°  
Peña Santa 198°

26/7/82 Jan placed two dye detectors in Trea resurgence. See little blue book for where they are.

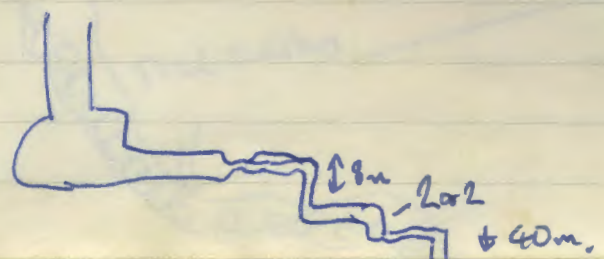
Cave 4/8.



Graham — went to rig the 40m pitch in C3.  
 Took a 35 m rope. Wasn't long enough.  
 Came back.

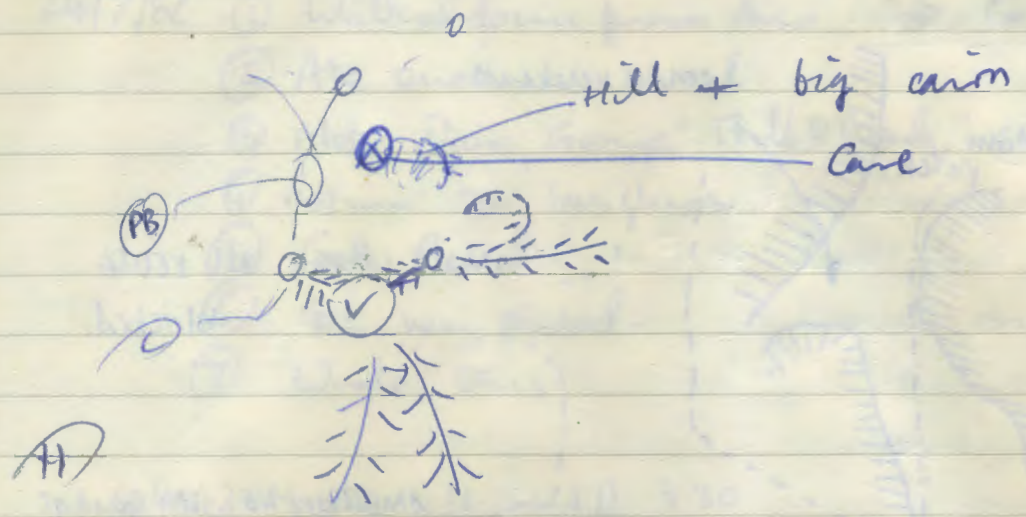
25/1/82 - Bopone alone!

Paul & Richard: Watch Helen not waving at festival! Walked up to Arie, then to C3. Attached rift to harness 25m of rift to squeeze. Named Marx Manoeuvre. Beyond squeeze 8m ladder pitch, 2m free climb, followed by another 2m climb then a 40m pitch. Richard had great trouble with squeeze, hence late back

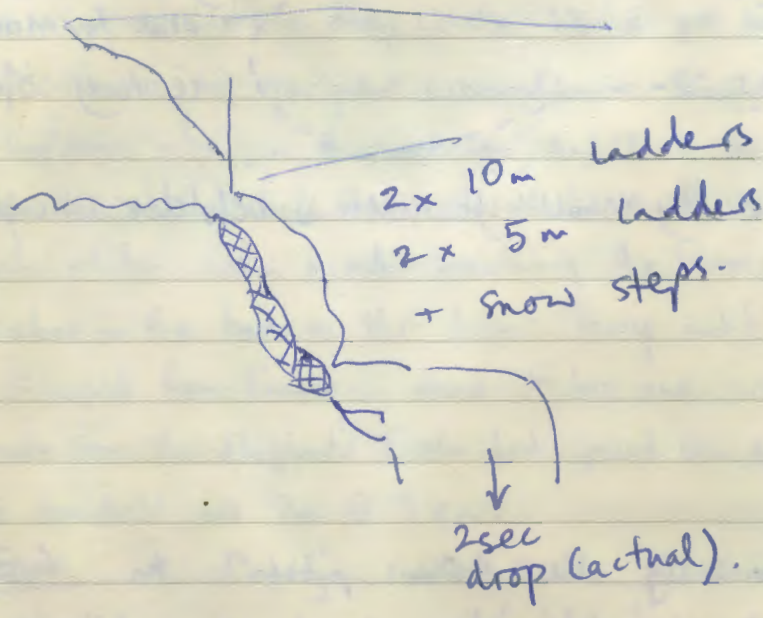


28

Cave FU-56



Key  Snow.



Estimated depth = 70m

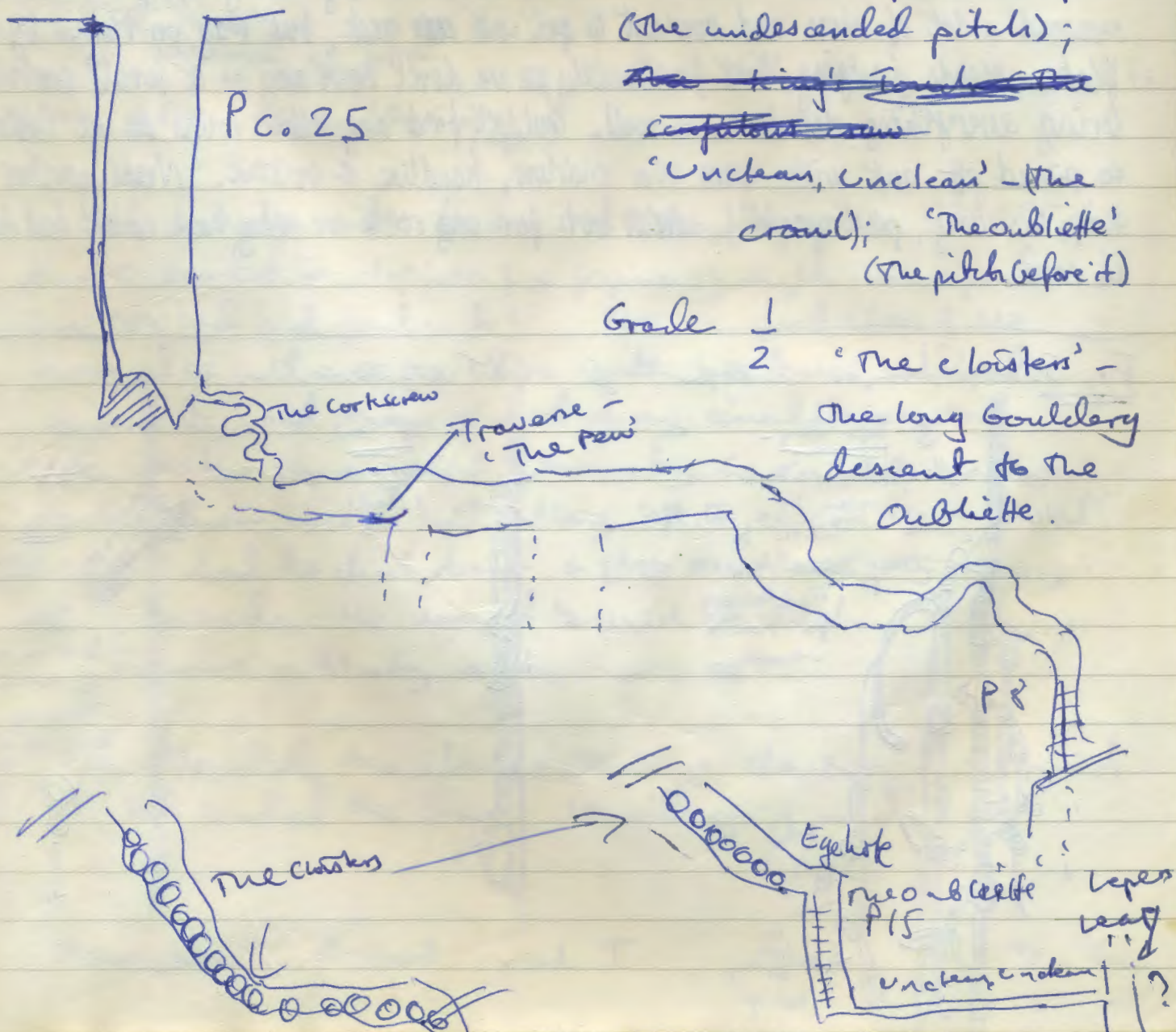
26/7/82

Dave, Tom, George - Optunisto.

Spent a long time finding the way -  
stopped two blind pots before reaching a loose  
bouldery rift leading to eyehole pitch of  
15m down to piddly water and scrupulous  
crawl - not as bad as last year's intrepid  
explorer dived. We left the undesended  
pitch for tomorrow. A very unusual cave  
must be well over 100m deep to the present  
limit.

Some names - 'Leper's Leap'  
(The undesended pitch);  
~~The King's Tomb~~  
~~Scrupulous cave~~  
'Unclean, Unclean' - (The  
crawl); 'The oubliette'  
(The pitch before it)

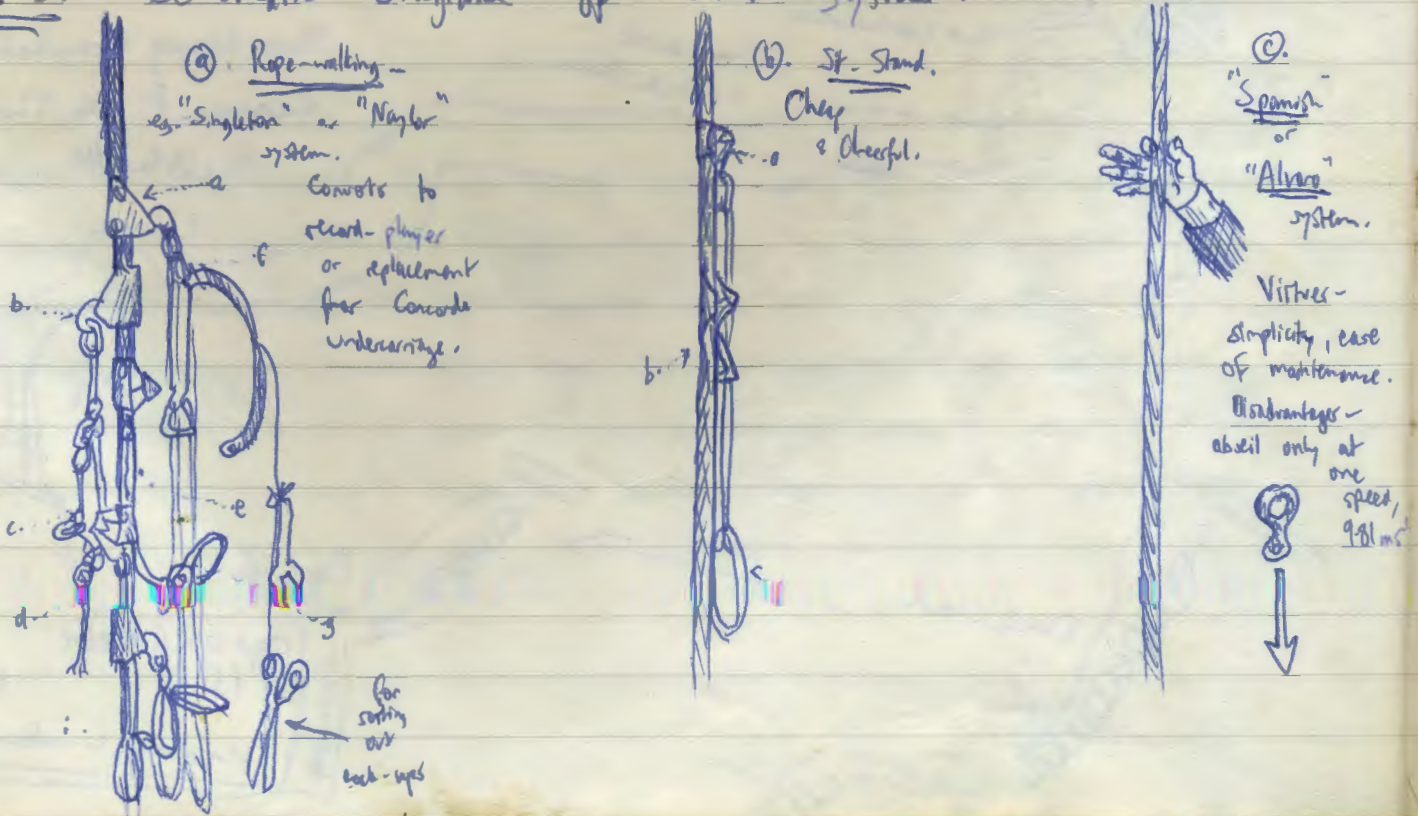
Grade 1  
2 'The cloisters' -  
The long bouldery  
descent to the  
oubliette.



27/7/82 Graham, William & Jan Pushing (Finishing?!) Sharnon Crack Pot (CS)

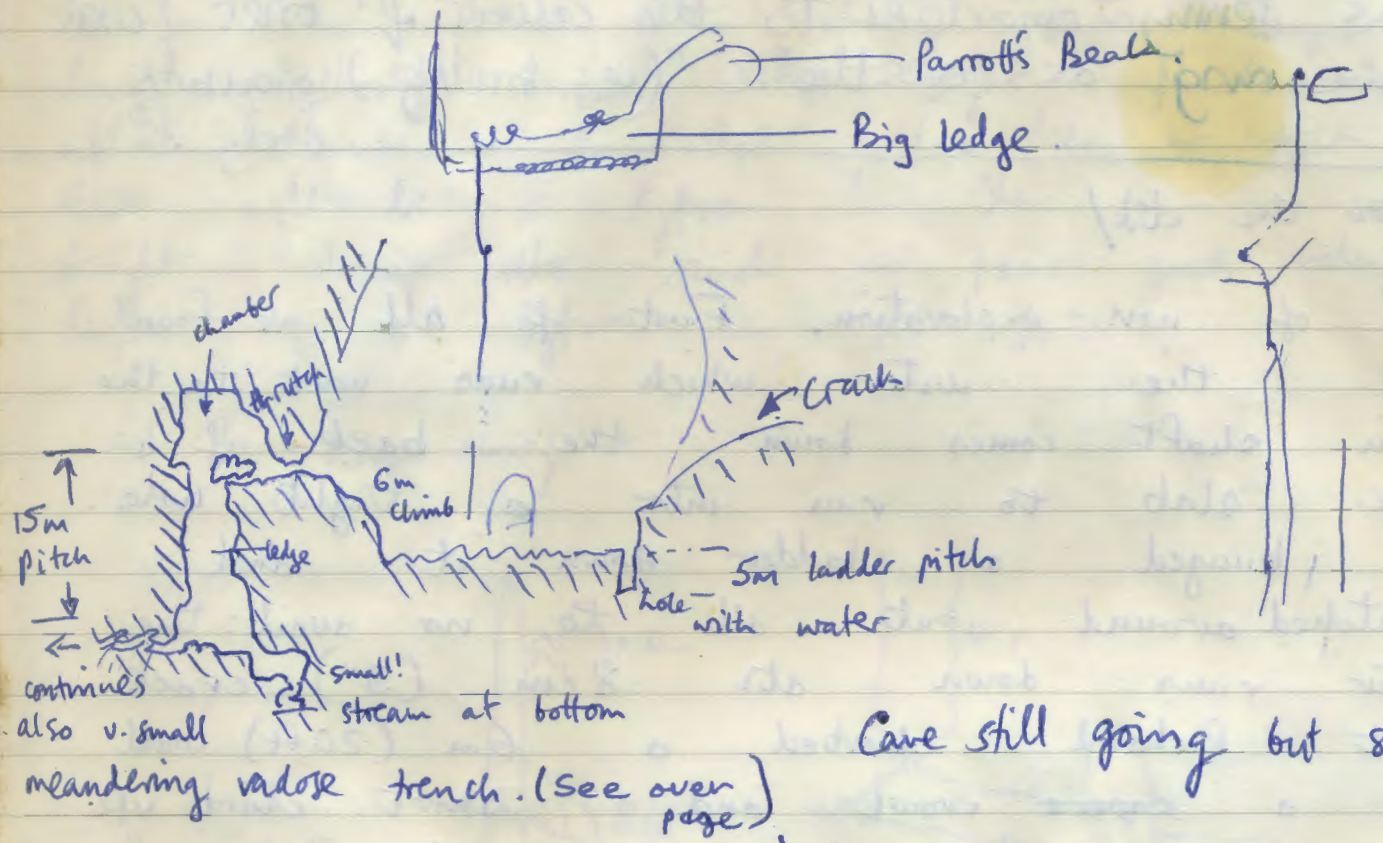
Got to where Graham and Mark had put a bolt in to rig next pitch on their previous trip, and looked at the flake ~~in~~ in the roof that was meant to be the primary. Continued to look at this flake, with long (too long) wire belay wrapped around it, and with a too short wire belay wrapped around it. Still looked at flake. Then decided it wasn't very safe anyway as it was only held by one side which had a crack in it, so we put a ladder further back to get down to the big ledge ~15' below. This provided a decent rig - the rope was tied directly to a large knob of rock for primary with a bolt backup to provide a ~35m free hand down an impressive pitch. Quite interesting starting abseil from a foot below the ledge. Looked as though there was another pitch just around the corner but a 15' climb down leads to a fucking big boulder choke. Some possible leads through holes between large unstable looking boulders but Graham says they don't go anywhere. Only other exit is a narrow crack with choss in it and a very strong draught. Graham removed a lot of choss and oversuit to get into ~~over~~ crack, but way on blocked by large flake. Needs banging, but fortunately ~~we~~ we don't have any as it would probably bring everything else down as well. Couldn't find any other routes on at bottom so pissed off out with spare 35m marlow, handline & boltkit. Needs another 3 man trip to survey, photograph(?), ~~check~~ look for any routes we may have missed and doing it none.

Fig. 5. Schematic Diagram of SRT system.





Richard, John, Paul & Alvaro down C4: Playschool.  
Pushed on at bottom of 40m pitch



Cave still going but small++.

Whilst descending with Alvaro at chengover on 2nd SRT pitch Alvaro omitted to dip into his figure of eight, unclipped his cowtail and bent sub! Not a good idea! He managed to hold onto the rope with his arm wrapped around it, and then clipped every available cowtail etc into his figure of eight. Subsequently he couldn't manage the chengover since he had nothing left to clip in as a cowtail! Hence I had to climb down a pass on ~~by~~ over my cow tails. He managed to finish the pitch. Beware! Ascenting is dangerous !!

We attempted the climb into the large chamber. Didn't finish it but crushed the crux. It will go if required.  
MC

Meanwhile Richard and I pushed on to the

27/contd

Mark + I gapped off to the Lakes for provisions. Actually I was only going ~~to~~ for a change of undies as Penny objected to the colour of ones I was wearing as "aesthetic" (ie: smelly) grounds.

Andy R

on to the dtd/

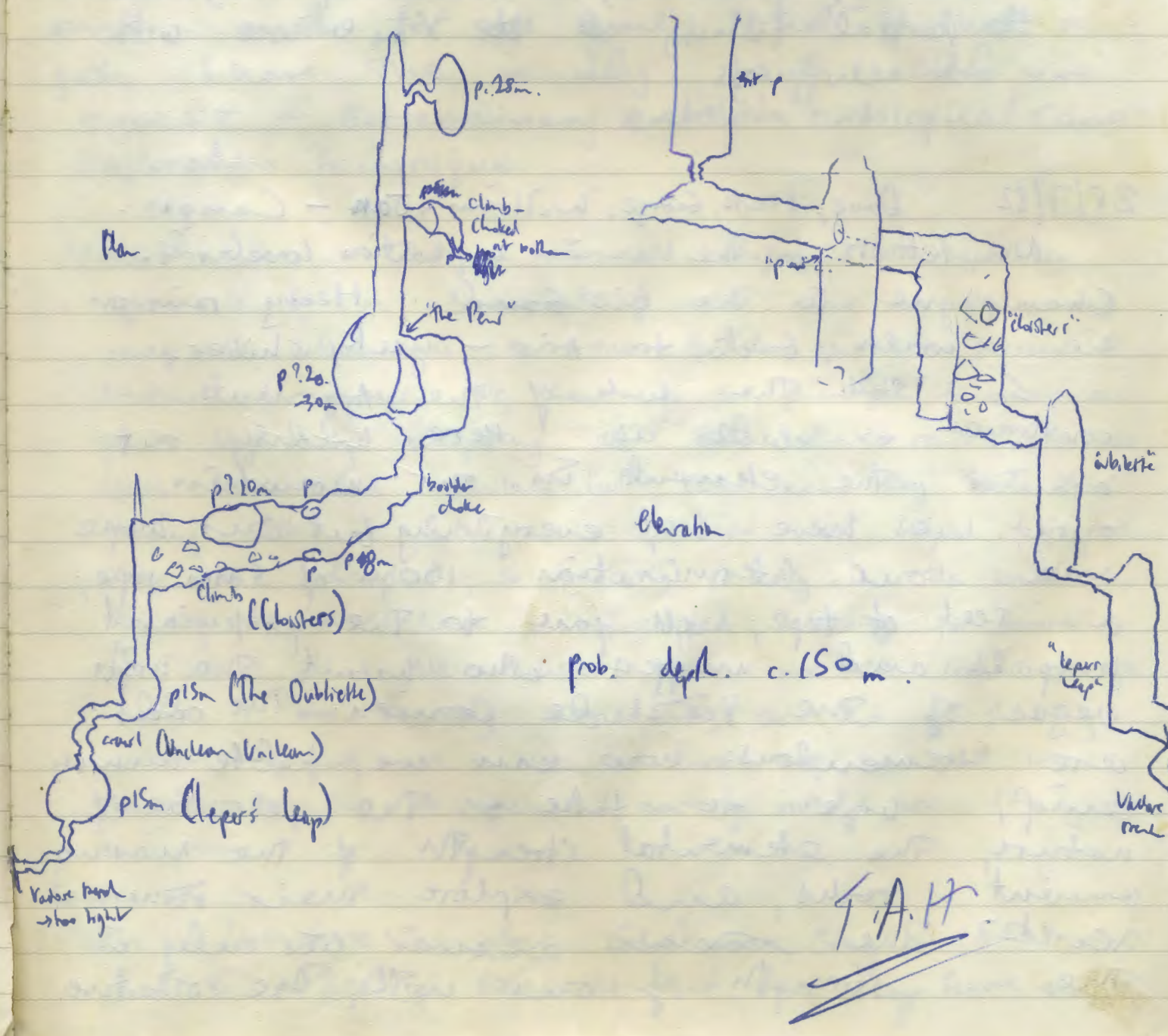
limit of non-exploration. First of all we found that the water which runs next to the main shaft comes down the back of a huge slab to run into a tight hole. I bunged a ladder down it and thrutched around but all to no avail: the water runs down a 8cm (3") crack. Next Richard climbed a 6m (20ft) wall to a ~~space~~ crawl and a short climb up into a chamber. A 15m (50ft) pitch drops into tight vadose trench: as we didn't have enough ladders, Richard went down to a ledge and I lowered the ladder down to him on the mega belay. (the first attempt left Richard hanging from the bottom rung about 2m (6'6") from the ground grunting and groaning) the vadose trench now needs a little man with a large hammer to hit it several times. Many thanks to Paul for putting a bolt in next to the nasty peg!

U.S.

25/7/82. Dave, George, Tom down Optimists

Descended unexplored pit - c. 15m. - static pool at bottom & entrance to winding vadose canyon. Canyon ultimately becomes too tight: phreatic zones explored also seen to lead nowhere (bc too tight but there might be a bypass? There is a substantial draught down the trend - poss. greater things beyond if a bypass can be found?

Ad. I ~~pass~~ survey -



28/7/82

otherwise known in medical circles as "Michelangelo's thumb"

The reason I'm not writing very legibly is that my thumb is  $\approx 2 \times$  normal size! Graham, Tom + I spent many 'happy' hours today powdering limestone preparing a site for Keith's plaque. If we were all stonemasons around 1000 AD, Westminster Abbey probably wouldn't have been finished till the year 3000. To cut a short story, shorter, we haven't finished it yet, despite vast quantities of information (?) from ~~at~~ Big G. and loads of muscular effort from the 'Butcher'.

P.S. The only good thing to come out of today's work is the partial filling of the Xite entrance with our rock chippings.

28/7/82 Dave, Mark, George, William + Jan - Cangas.

No letters for the various expedition lovebirds.

Champagne in the Rio Grande. Heavy rain on the walk back to Ario - yuk, shivers.

So. Still, the link of the Argonauts continues to elude us. Here, holding out against the elements in our mountain cycle, we have lost everything but our hope and our determination. 100m of 9mm rope; a reel of tape; all gone to the professional footpads and muggers who haunt the high vegas of the Picos de Coruion. The odds are tremendous: how can we, feeble human beings, hope to take on the colossal strength of the massive, ancient rocks, and explore their internal secrets? The answer lies only in the strength of our wills, the collective

expression of our delication and overwhelming unity which even the snowpigs, icy monsters guarding the depths we long to plumb, cannot but yield. Around the corner, lie detourments and paths which even we can only imagine. But so long as our lamp of hope continues to burn, ~~they~~ Their natural sentinels of rock and snow ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> living on borrowed time. William, boldest of us all, has bought some fertiliser. All we need now is a detonator, with which to blow asunder the secrets of these mountains one and for all time. And if that fails, I have the remedy. It is called EXOCET - Extraordinary ~~ontological~~ <sup>ontological</sup> Cave Exploration Technique.

29/7/82. Here we sit in our cold refugio. The expedition appears to be in a moment of crisis. Have we the moral courage, the determination the true British spirit to succeed? Sometimes I wonder. We have, so far, managed to keep our spirits high by relegating the ~~other~~ other ranks to the tents below this mountain hut. Until now they had been sleeping with us, but this separation has helped to restore order and discipline; so obviously lacking in the locals. Some of the men have even stopped dressing for dinner - we cannot allow the enlisted men nor the locals to see this. I am seriously worried by the lack of shaving cream - if we are to let standards drop, how shall we succeed? Long live the Queen. I must go outside now I may be some time.

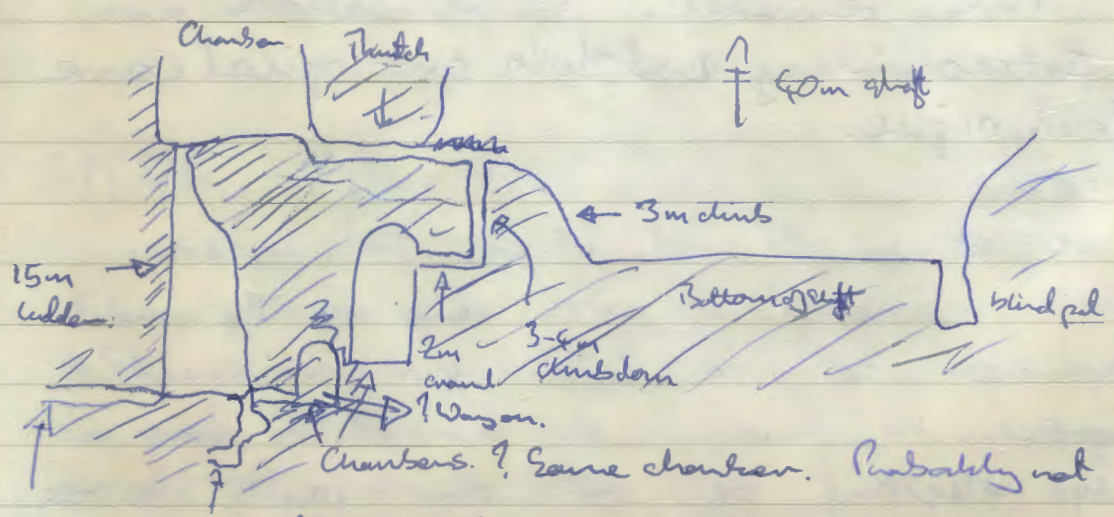
29/7/82 I endorse the above. Good man, Gregson. What we need is a bit of Falklands spirit. We may have to

make an example of one of the enlisted men to encourage the others - a playing alive or something. The lower officers need something to take <sup>out</sup> their frustrations - if Bradford has to be sacrificed, it will be in a good cause, and as ~~an~~ owner of a large medici supply he can expect no better.

28/7/82

Pushing / Photography C4  
 Surveying C4  
 Bottom of cave now looks like

Pink & Martin  
 John + Richard.



Vadose  
 trenches.  
 Narrows

Too small to progress down  
 streaming

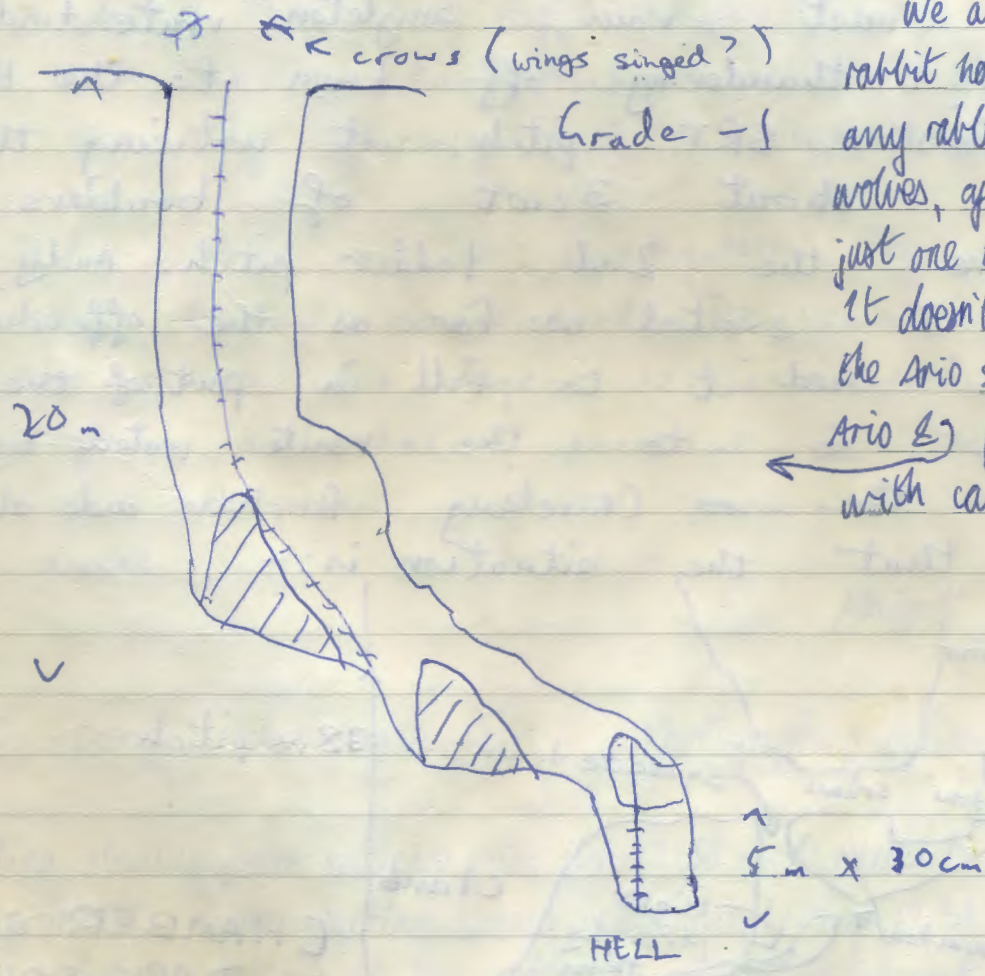
PNC.

Survey completed in spite of loss of pencil!

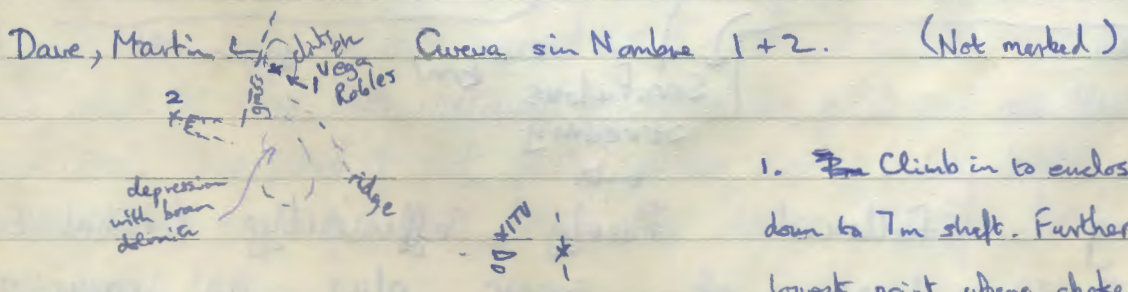
JS.

29.7.82 Mark, Jan, Paul (Spectator)

'Alvaro's Cave' - a reasonable-looking shaft with samples on path to Culicentro, 150 m past west of ridge joining 'Cabeza Jalagra' and 'Cabeza del Coco'. 20 m ladder, obvious natural belay. Slimey, snelly smooth-walled shaft to small snowplug. skirt round plug, climb down past second plug to top of narrow rift. Natural belay for 5 m ladder down rift. Chokes. Total depth  $\approx$  30 m



We also found a large rabbit hole. It didn't have any rabbits, foxes, badgers, sheep, wolves, gophers or djinns in it, just one human for about 5 mins. It doesn't go anywhere (where). It is on the Arico side of the ridge between Arico (S) on the path marked with cairns by Alvaro.



1. ~~From~~ Climb in to enclosed entrance sloping down to 7m shaft. Further 3m drops to lowest point where choke draughts & might

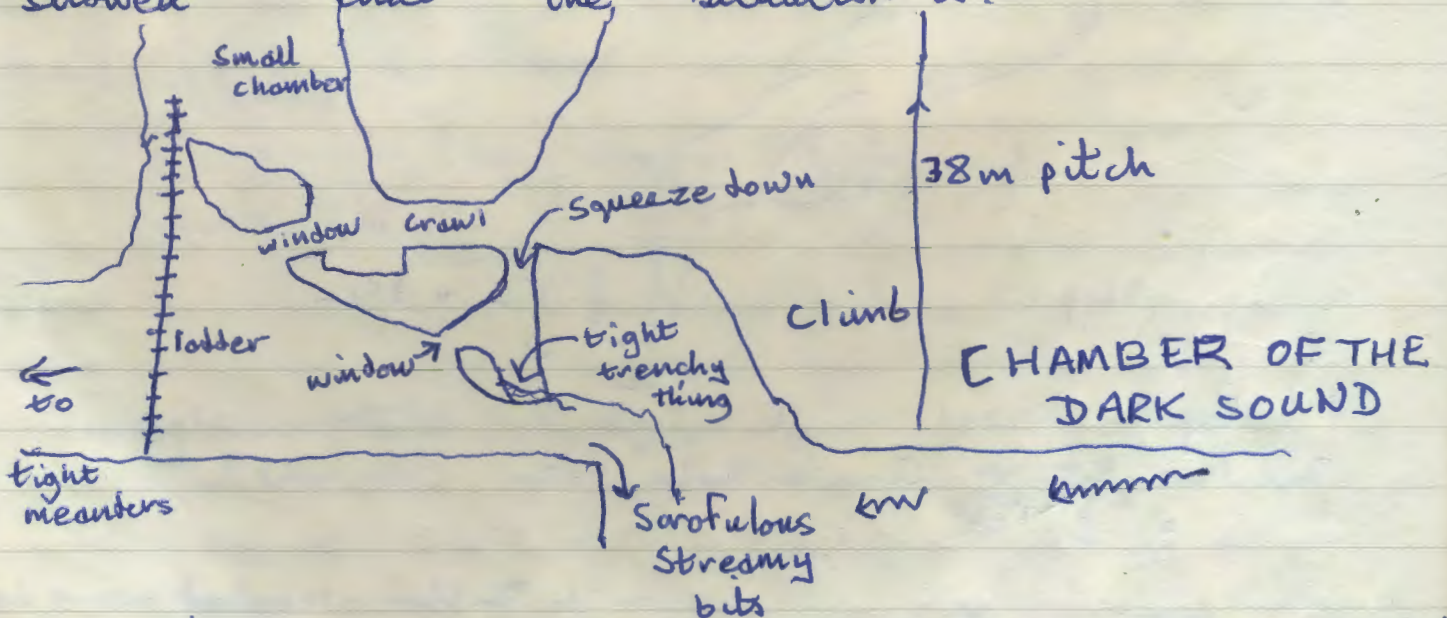
be diggable - we lowered the floor about a foot & increased the draught. A shovel would be useful.

2. Crawl at foot of vertical backwall to depression with prominent vertical fault leads into pleasant chamber with bouldery floor & rising rifts above. Nice place for a bivouac.

29/7/82 Quote of the day (By Jan Hussing):  
'Where do the Alps end and the Pyrenees begin?' 'There's France in the middle' (Martin L.)

29/7/82 Graham Andy John:- Derigging C4.

Usual 11 ish start meant that we were all at the cave by about 12-30ish, notwithstanding Graham making a detour to C3 and the mist, rain, singleton route finding etc. I went thundering off down to the bottom of the first SRT pitch, not noticing that there was about 3cwt of boulders balanced loosely above the 2nd ladder pitch. Andy informed me of this and I excited as far as the offending choss and used it to fill in part of the blind pot. And so to the route noted by Paul yesterday. ~~The~~ Chucking Rocks and shouting showed that the situation is:-



Detackling followed fairly efficiently (what English) and three bags of gear plus us came out at about 6pm. P.S. Graham had to have a slash eight times during the day (P)



PPS. The cave must be radioactive as we've smelt ozone on coming out for the past few days.

U.S.

And Now!

The Beer fest!

One or two other gems from William!
"Hunghyey! Can the doctor do anything for me"
"Somebody help me!"
"Why is the room spinning!"



30/7/82 (1am)

Quote of The day by William:

'As this the window Andy or am I being sick over the edge of my bed?' (After some drinks)

31. 7. 82. After intensive investigation by your fearless detective, I can now reveal the name of the phantom snorer of the Ario refuge: he is interested in cycling, half-german, and has a penchant for rucksac packing. Yes, the half-german, jackbooted Huming it was that kept us awake.

Maigret.

31/7/82 George, Helen, Mark, Jan Photographing Optimista

Starting abseiling down entrance pitch by 12:30 with rucksacks and heaps of ammo bins, tripods etc. George starting taking photographs by 12:31 and carried on until we reached the bottom of the last pitch. Slight problem just after moonmilk crawl with Helens light but only required two of us to sort it out. Helen waited at the oubliete while the other three continued on down the pitch and ~~one~~ through "unleanunlean" to "Lepers Leap". Then pissed off out fairly rapidly, cursing failing lights and avoiding large ~~un~~ boulders trying to slide down steep slopes. George took 40 (forty) pictures during trip.

120

30<sup>th</sup> July :- John, Tom + Paul :- Surveying C3

by the time <sup>we got down to hole.</sup> <sup>Hangovers etc.</sup> meant that it was 2pm since this was Tom and Paul's

First surveying trip and we had to measure the entrance shaft ("rigging like a spastic's shoe laces"?) it was quite late by the time we got to the head of the last pitch. Confronted by the spectre of the Haining/Naylor rig, we decided to retire, not having any bolt hammer etc. Everyone emerged to the usual clog at 9pm.

31<sup>st</sup> July ~~Last~~ Plays :- Eat your hearts out Penny et al!

1<sup>st</sup> August :- John Tom Andy. Finishing the job.

Awoke to thick clog and crashing of thunder in the peaks. As we departed for C3 the clouds descended and the banging got worse - by the time we got to the entrance there were some exciting pyrotechnics going on around us. Riley's helpful comments like "lightening strikes round caves a lot" and Tom's revelation that someone got vaporised on Whitby beach by lightening made me quite glad to get underground.

At the Haining/Naylor aboution <sup>Huh! A bit less rig, a good freehang, very safe, and we couldn't use any rope as some</sup> Tom banged in an extra bolt and the loop of rope was replaced by a tape.

Andy declined to descend and Tom and I completed the survey fairly quickly. Derigging followed: At first Andy tried to derig the entrance series rope before the rest of us got out by getting it tangled round his tackle bag. Tom and I had time for a quick discussion on the futility of prussiking gear without a rope before he noticed. Emerged <sup>to</sup> <sup>more</sup> <sup>high</sup> <sup>Pin</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>ground</sup>

and hailstones. However, it did stop by the time we got to the tent. Was this a result of Andy's offering of a piece of chocolate to the gods?

What are these things called means? O's? ...

30th July

FV-56

# BULLSHIT

(41)

Before we went down Dave & I thought to ourselves that the whole expedition depended on this cave - we'd no other going caves. With no going cave at all no-one would be keen enough to look for another. No cave - no BS expedition. We were desperate. Fortunately the cave responds to desperate measures.

The 35m rope wasn't long enough to bottom the 3rd pitch so we came back with a 56m rope. At the bottom of this ~~3rd~~ pitch we rigged the rope as a traverse line over a blind pit to the 4th pitch, requiring 2 belts.

After the 4th pitch we rigged the next, the 5th, which is up a climb. This leads to a large chamber which has a meandro exit - about 4cm wide at most.

Dave lay in the meandro and hammered at a flake. It had to go. I took the loan Edlerid back up the 5th pitch and was interested in a hole in the wall half way up the 4th pitch. I climbed up about 12 ft before it became <sup>too</sup> desperate. So instead I propped up about 8m (leaving 8m of pitch above) and penduled into the passage. Quite a desperate pendule. This leads to a passage - sort of Ming type, which is abandoned but leads above the meandro to a pitch down which I could shout to Dave! He came up & penduled too & we rigged the pitch - the Chair - which has an excessively tight take off. Desperate almost. Dave & I hit it with hammers and just about doubted its size!

The Chair is so named because of the gamble of courage I took to reach it and because before you force yourself through the slot you ~~hit~~ <sup>find</sup> the clay in a rock

chair.

The pitch cells out onto a big ledge with another drop of c. 17m below. At the bottom... desperation returned. There seemed to be no way on. The wall ahead was blank; a bouldery climb to a minute slit blocked by a flake. Otherwise, only a short passage leading to an aven.

Once more, leontology took over. While I banged at the flake, Richard dug away at the rocks below it to expose a man sized hole! The Meander of

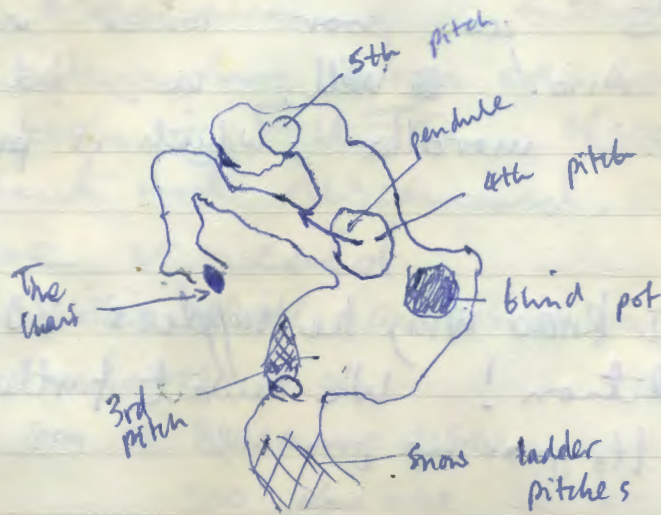
The Argonauts lay open and waiting. A few squeezes round the bends to get to a wider, lower level and I was once again looking at a booming black space with considerable water at the bottom. Richard cheered and I Gokked and 'naturalled' a Y bley to descend on the 9m Eddard.

Finally, Orgasm chasm. 23m below the takeoff, a ~~bit~~ wide vadose climb. And another pitch. And another, and another, beyond it, all in clean, hard, beautiful rock, soaring straight upwards and plunging down to depths where a big rock tumbled off the edge rumbled down for many terrifying seconds.

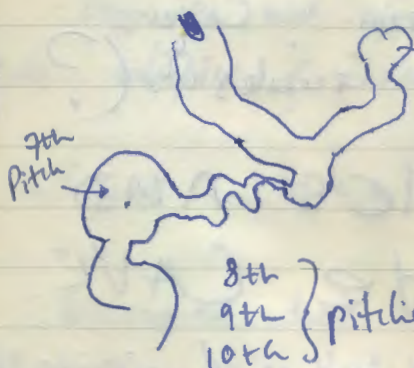
We were excited!

# Imaginary Cave Mk3 (?)

Plan. FBU



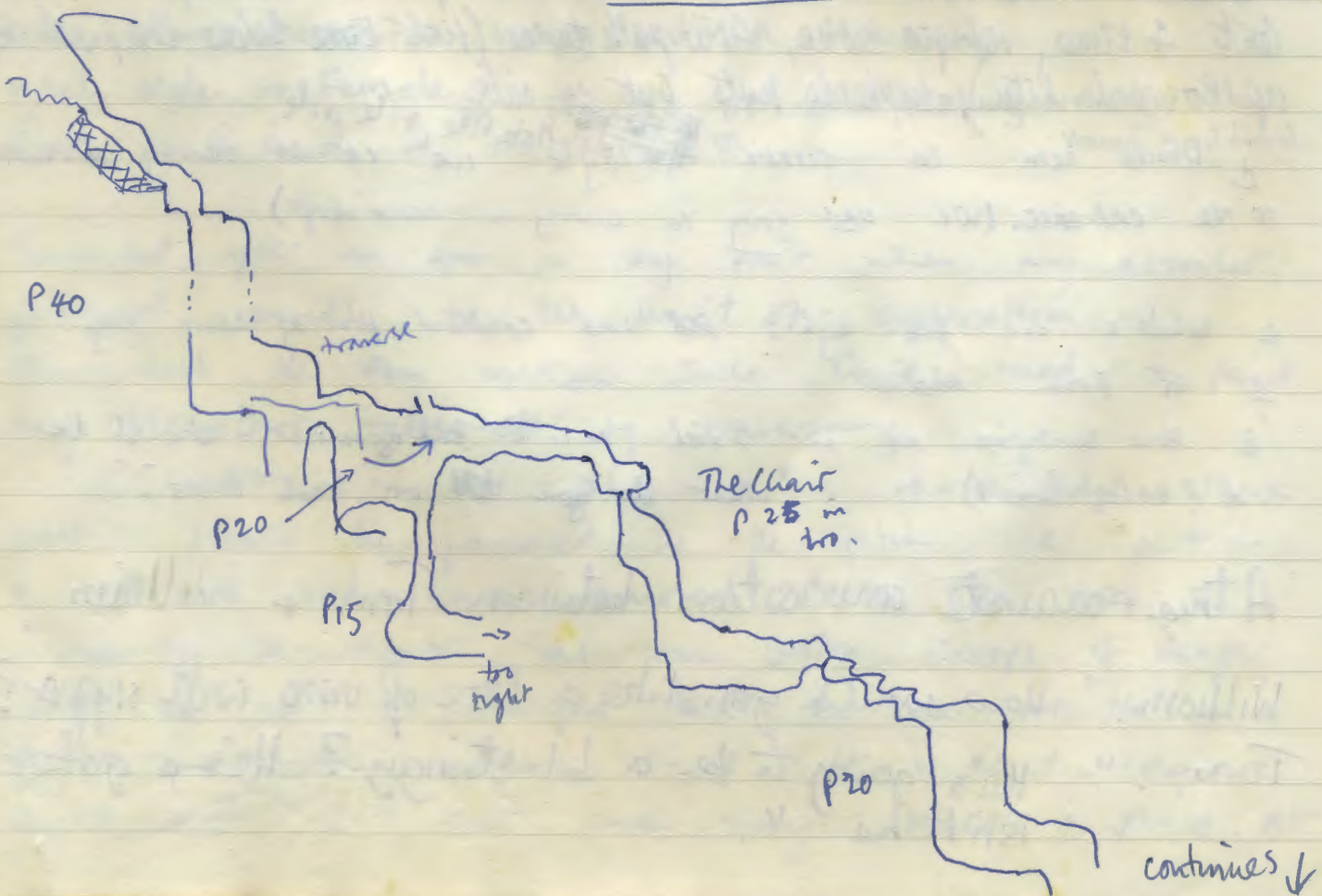
The Chair



Aren  
? connection  
to foot of 5th pitch.

This cave pushed entirely because Penny, Martin & Martin carried a large amount of gear to FV 56. Quel Hombre y Mujer

## Elevation



2<sup>nd</sup> July Arrrrrrghhhk! . . . . No breakfast.  
 Whilst the committee dined in splendour  
 up at FUSG the poor lower ranks  
 starved at Ario. Well, we did eat some  
 fabada and fried morcilla, which is possibly  
 worse!

William wants to know why he supplies 30% of the quotes  
 on each expedition! We await further comment on  
 these pages! Its gone up from 20%

2<sup>nd</sup> July John Jan William Covers  
 Penny Tom Guides (?) (?)

WE ARE PARAPLEGICS AND  
 COULDN'T FIND THE CAVE

We spent many a happy <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> hour in the mist, rain, fog, wind, circling the  
 mountains behind Ario in search of the elusive Optimista. We passed the store  
 tent 4 times, refugio twice, Ario path twice (first time below the final slope  
 up towards kitu), shepherds huts but no cave  
 ¿Dónde esta la cueva? ~~Maybe~~ <sup>Make rite, rite, rite.</sup> we should survey a route  
 to the entrance. (We were going to survey the cave itself)

Q What's one foot high, red and splattered over a show plug?

A An Irish absconder

Q How can you tell an Irish man? Bad grammar - should be

A (Replies invited) "what do you tell an Irish cover?"

A true + accurate conversation between Tom + William

William: "How would you like a litre of vino with suppa?"

Tom: "He's going to be a bit stringy? He's a gaffer  
 isn't he"

2nd August

Paul & Graham. 2 tuble bags containing assorted belays plus 86m Marlow to limit of exploration of FU-56. Next pitch rigged but not descended, came out because v. cold.

Later Tom & William decided to fix Opticisto for once & for all, since the mist had cleared.  
walked from rocks up slope 280 to col  
from col 330 to edge of slope  
300 along ridge

Then the mist closed in again. Maybe we should offer the weather gods sacrifices of Zumix (Now! Erwe'ema Lee Trevino)

3 August. Mark & Martin

Discovered what could be the (will be when Danny has dug it) 7th deepest cave in the world. Ex Cueva del Hielo (Cueva del Queso) actually seems with one dodgy borch - to go

A) "Hear young Hostford's living with A Salamander"

B) "What, Male or Female?"

Dave & Richard in FU 56 3.8. A) "Female, of course. Nothing wrong with Young Hostford."

Descended, after an epic on my part when my abseiler jammed, rapidly to the limit of exploration. I descended the 86m marlow while Dave tried to find an alternative take-off by traversing high.

The bottom of this pitch is a choss ledge, where massive flakes he jammed in the pitch. We put in a bolt each and Dave vanished down the drop; the silence of the chamber was soon broken. Whoops of delight came up as he realized that he was at the edge of an enormous, circular shaft. It is about 10m across and well over 40m long. What a place. At

the bottom - no choss! This cave is choss-free, and carries a large stream. We were delighted. Another pitch of 16m follows, then the stream disappears down two small holes. These were easily by-passed by climbing up to the (R) and then down, where a massive stone erection makes a useful and friendly hand-hold. The next pitch is a ladder pitch. 10m to a ledge, then 5m in true pushing style we rigged the 15m ladder pitch with our 10m ladder - putting a tape at the top to climb onto it, and a tape at the bottom. It's not that bad actually, but the next 5m pitch posed a problem. The only rope we had left was the 100m Edelrid, which struck us as rather excessive, for a 5m pitch. Furthermore, we wouldn't have anything to rig any other pitch: answer - absent on the 10m polypropylene. This we now did. Dave went down and gave the gloomy news: the cave ended. The stream vanished down a tiny gap, which, if we weren't Englishmen, we would call a meandro.

However, being an Englishman, before I had even climbed back up on the polyprop Richard was off traversing airily across the drop to what looked the way on. It was, although we did not establish this until several awkward manoeuvres with the polyprop and Richard trembling had been completed. I then followed and trembled too.

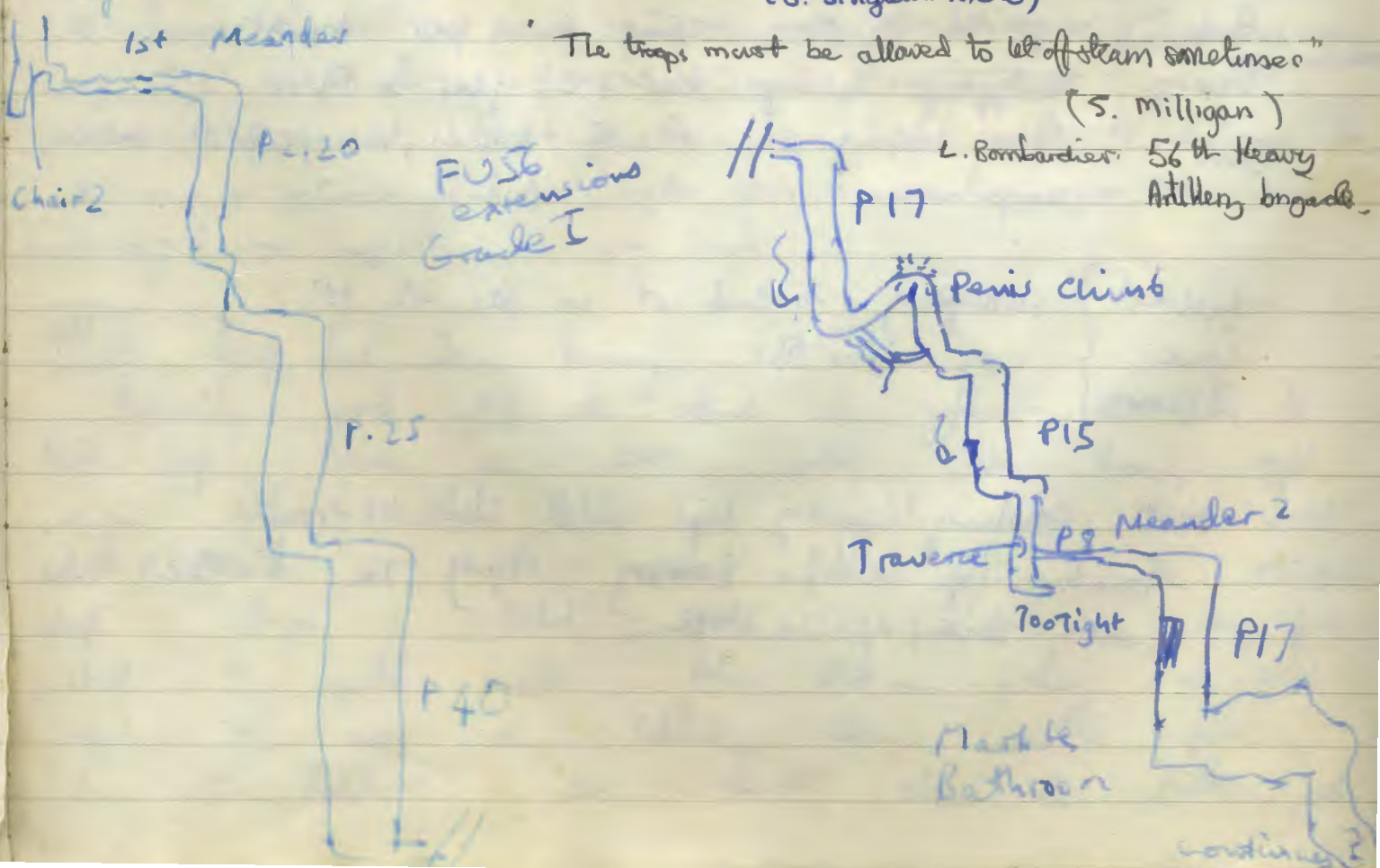
Thus into the second meandro<sup>er</sup>, or rather Second Rift - not as bad as the first, though the route through is quite complicated. At the end, more whoops of delight - a pitch! 2 naturals down about 3m ~~into~~ to a ~~solid~~ rubble. Then 15m... to a 4m square marble splash platform - The Marble Bathroom, The start of a



8th wide, lovely vadose streamway. After  
a pitch bypassed by a traverse and  
climb, we reached the present limit  
at the head of a 25' ladder pitch  
with the water flowing away  
under a broad arch below, at an  
estimated depth of -280m.

Our exit was knackerising, and we emerged  
about midnight after a trip of almost  
13 hours. FUSE is going and going  
and going!!

Next day, we walked down to Ard  
before breakfast to find quite decoratively  
the side of the hut and the bedroom -  
oliveros wine and Dani had arrived  
together to produce an orgy of decadence  
the Maj Gen. and I were scandalised -  
we cannot have breakdowns of discipline  
of the nature. Hear, Hear  
(J. Singleton N.C.O)



3/VIII/82

Everyone got very pissed

'cept John, Jan & William who surveyed & deripped ~~some fucking skulls~~  
Optimists! & Paul, George, Tom, Martin, Richard & Dave at FU56

Numerous tigers were parked in the environs of the  
refugio. Graham died but got better (very slowly)  
Martin discovered that it is preferable to open a window  
before calling for Ralph through it.

4. 8. 82. Tom, Paul & George } pushing FU56.  
Best recovering. Plan for tomorrow.

John } Pushing FU56.  
Martin H.S }

Graham } going to Oriedo to get more tape (+ food.)  
Mark }

Andy } - guided by penny taking personal gear tonight  
Danny } ~~deripping~~ taking that + C3 gear → FU56.  
Jan } Also looking at Enene Aliseda, re prospects moving  
camp

Richard } surveying to end or as far as pos.  
Dave } of FU56.  
William }

Next pushing / survey trips will then be from  
Graham (if well) Danny Andy Jan & others who  
have their gear there.

3/4/82 John, Jan + William Surveying + Derigging Optimisto at 12:30

Weather Sunny at last, so we managed to locate the entrance, William having taken the precaution of locating here on compass bearing with Flock earlier that morning. Took the John + William took bearings of entrance while Jan absconded down. A laborious survey down to the bottom via moonmilk, squeeze and mud. John's large backside nearly stopped him getting through the oublicette. Unleash, Vulcan lived up to its name and covered the engineer's log and the compass + inclinometer in mud, John licking the wax latter so he could read it, Eventually reached the bottom + pixed off out derigging as we went, John (superhero!) forcing the tacklebag through the squeezes. Much light trouble with Jan having an whimsical electric + carbide + John's ~~Alaca~~ lighter and carbide being for ex non-operational. ~~Other things~~ In spite of this, the superheroes exited at 10:45pm, derigged to entrance. Stars, made ~~the~~ goodness. Received Driv + more by Andy Riley who ran up to us, staggered around + described how much more sober he was than anyone else. <sup>Also Penny greeted us by shouting "Ralph" several times from the window. Who's Ralph?</sup> ~~No-one~~ else <sup>For Procell</sup> ever go down that hole again!!!! ~~THEY~~ ANDY "Everyone's Absolutely Shit-faced" RILEY

(it seems to be the only thing he says after 9pm) <sup>Also</sup> MARTIN "Jolly Good, Jolly Good" LITTLE

5.4.82 Mark, Graham, Jan, Penny

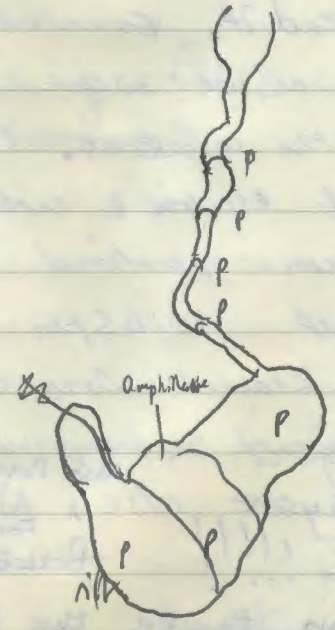
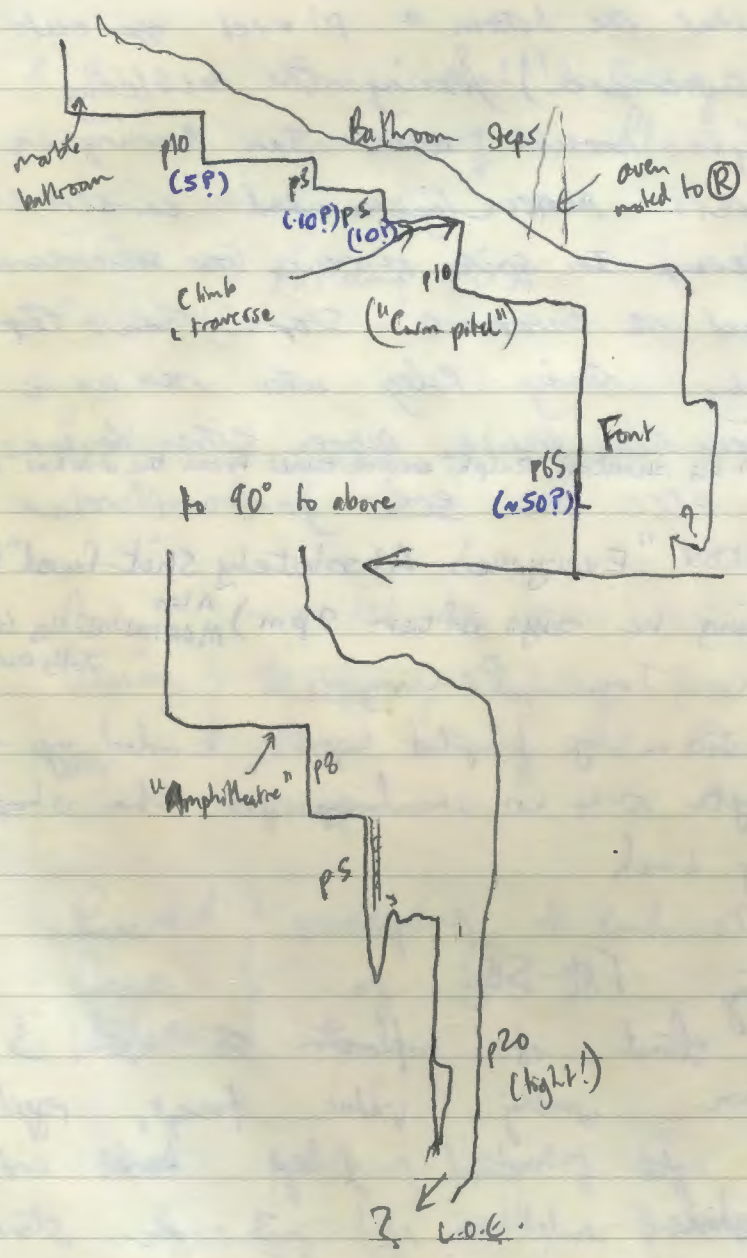
Went to Oviedo to buy 50m of 1" flat tape. Ended up with 30m of 25mm Tubular, after 4 hrs searching for the shop Shopped in Infiesto on way back

4/4/82 George, Paul, Jan pushing FU-56.

Reasonably quick trip to summit of exploration ~~to~~ with 3 tackle-bags. Pushed on down winding vague passage, rigged several pitons with ladders to natural belays. Series ended with traverse in rift which ended in 3-sec. stonefall shaft. Ripped ~~to~~ belaid, descended - prob. 65m, very fine shaft ~~to~~ mabled walls. Belas that - further short pitel rigged ~~to~~ end of belaid, then another pitel done ~~to~~ ladder - too short, step off bottom of

NE. Are we not planning on going to Oviedo where the other

ladder on to flake. Then you're in a chossy  
 rift - widest point is about of 20 m or so  
 rigged E & W on 18m Bluewater tied together -  
 Below this is a tight rift which is current limit  
 of exploration. 13-hour trip in total. Emerged at  
 then 5/8/82 to push back the known frontiers of  
 human sleep.



BCRA grade 0 (good trip)

Dave & Richard

Sam Bill & Martin went pushing. Dave & I eventually got rigged and went to survey with M. He, however, had bad ices, and, rightly, was concerned about the entrance ladder pitch not being lined. He eventually decided to jack at the head of the pitch, which turned out to be 38.9 m. We got v. cold but started to joke +. This is coming with a difference - die of hypothermia with a smile!

first ~~that~~ we surveyed to the out of the bolt of the pitch after the rift. 30 stations.

The next day, no-one appeared to push. It was v. wet. We got into the cave to find a lot of water. My firma kept going out because of the drips: the water container filled to the brim in the time it took me to ~~fall~~ put on my sit harness. Faced with bad light, being wet & cold and having had no real food for four days we jacked after getting the 86m mackaw through to the Mistral shaft.

We walked from FV56 to Lagos direct, in the mist. Got lost. Cursed. Fell over. Wiped off mud. Fell over again. Heard cow bells. Made for them. Found ourselves at Bobias! Went to Amadores & had:

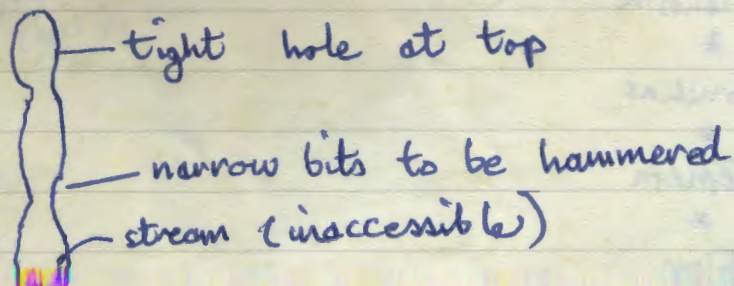
- soup
- \* menestra
- \* Truchas
- \* Temera
- \* Flan
- \* Flan
- \* Caffe x2
- \* Cognac.

SV

5/08/82

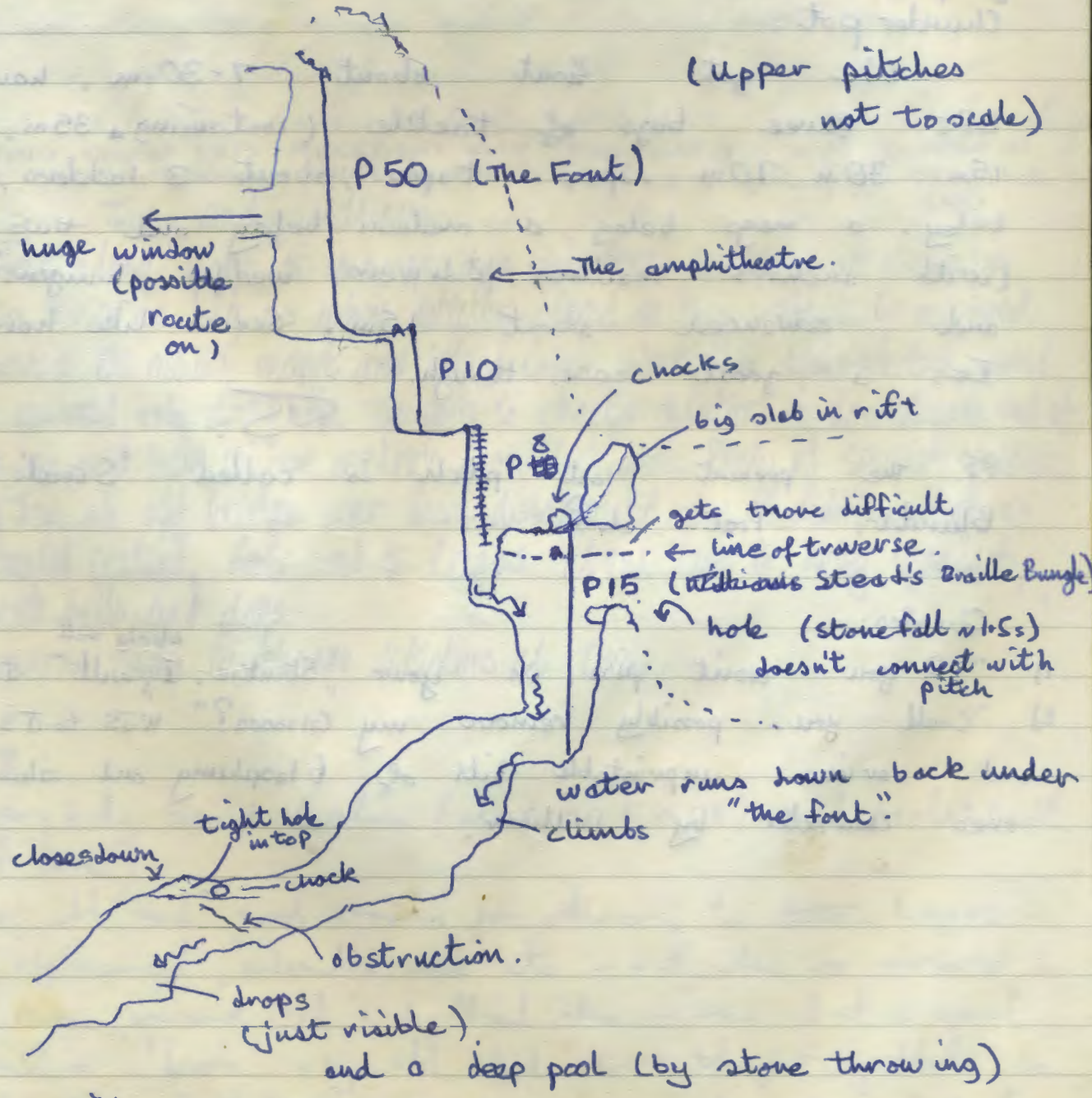
FU 56 (Sima de la Jorcala Blanca) John, Martin H, William,

Will and I walked up to FU 56 and met Martin there and we all got down the hole at about 12-10pm, each with a Mule Bag of tackle. A fairly rapid descent followed to the ladder pitch before the traverse, where we added a 5m ladder, shortened the belay and removed the tapes. The traverse was found to be easier than it looks and we reached the font fairly quickly. The pitch below the font (c. 10m) was rigged with a tape back up over the same huge knob as the wire primary (if the knob falls, it'll probably fill in the rest of the cave) and the belay shortened and the ladder lengthened on the following pitch. After some cock ups as to who was carrying what, the final rope pitch was rigged using two tapes round chocks and two rope protectors. At the bottom a short series of chimbs leads down to a tight rift where young truly inserted himself and had trouble getting out again. When Martin got down he also went in and announced that it needed some adjustment with a hammer, ~~tether~~. About five hours of hammering and moving chocks followed. The rift in section is like this:-



The idea was that Martin knocked the ledges off to get down to the stream using

a ladder belayed to a chock wedged into the tight hole at the top. The problem was manipulating the chock into a suitable position: i.e. so that it was directly above the widest part where Martin was hammering. In the end we couldn't get the chock far enough into the tight hole and a rather more unsuitable bit had to be hammered. It probably requires about 3 hours more work. On the way out we had a look at possible alternative ways on: the situation is:-



So the possible routes on are:-

- 1) continue hammering the obstructions
- 2) Pendulum into large window on the Font to find parallel shaft which <sup>maybe</sup> hits (?) stream lower on. Martin went into <sup>the base of</sup> a similar parallel shaft next to one of the "Bathroom Steps".
- 3) Continue traverse above last pitch away from stream to find an equivalent of the Teness Series.

One ominous note: the final squeeze emits glooping noises like a sump. However, so did chunder pot.

We got out about 7-30am, having left three bags of tackle (containing 35m, 20m 15m 30m 70m ropes, tapes, about 3 ladders, a short belay, a mess belay, a medium belay and two bolt kits (with anchors maillous, 2 drivers, wedges, hangers) and advanced about 15m. Seems like hard work. It's a great cave, though.

J.S.

P.S. the present last pitch is called "Stead's Braille Blunder." Poetic, eh?

Quotes:

- 1) "If you woult piss in your stinkie, I, will" JS to WJS <sup>bloody well</sup>
  - 2) "Could you possibly remove my Glasses?" WJS to JS in Meander of Argonaut
- and various unprintable bits of blasphemy and shurs on one's character by William.



On Friday 06/08/82

Tom, Perry, Martin H - left the refuge amidst much tears mainly from me. They are life for England, home and Queen - lucky sods - will all see them soon back in the old country, where life is civilized and you can get a good pint of best bitter. Not this vino stuff which makes so many people puke - or was it my food - Ahrrrrgh - G's got to get rid of them some how, only those with strange stomachs will survive this expedition!!! Kelly

Sory chaps dissecting you, you'll have to feed for your selfs. Going for a dirty mid-week to Ovada with Alvaro - Bye Bye much love Kelly - back Wednesday

DISGUSTING, NONE OF THIS MISCEGENY WITH THE NATIVES WAS ALLOWED IN MY DAY. GRUMPH, GRUMPH, MINES A BRANDY, WHAT? A Disgusting<sup>ed</sup> OLD OUEC Hack (RW)

7-8-82 Jan, Andy, William.

Went along gorge to change dye detectors. Resurgence at Culienbro more than twice as big as when detectors placed, so they couldn't be retrieved. Found most of the others, except ones behind Cain. Detector in hydro-electric canal had been removed, only string left. Too dark to change detectors in downstream end of Rio Lores, so will have to use controls from last year. Plenty of Spanish spectators watching Jan ab. off bridge near Cain, disappointed when he didn't fall off so they applauded instead. Got back to Lagos about 1am to noisy Spaniards, cows with bells, and dogs.

Someone needs to change detectors at Trea.

6. 8. 82

Every body except Graham (alone at F456) and Helen (not close at Aris)

We all had good reasons for returning to Aris Lagos - detector replacement, culienbro cave etc - but when we arrived in pouring rain, someone had a brilliant idea - how about a meal at A madori - 'Losh' say all 'I'd never thought of that' so we did. A round low-key 4-course meal, to celebrate

the impending departure of Martin, Martin, Tom & Penny, No  
drumming, but John fell over, spill wine etc. William fell  
asleep in his Menestra several times

7.8.82

before meal, just after  
I'd changed into clean clothes  
and into a cow turf.

Martin, Martin, Tom & Penny left today. Tears all  
round, mainly from everybody who couldn't get in the car with  
them. Filthy sucking dogs weather. I want to go home.

Mark, Paul, George - Grotte de Culambro, photographing

Jan, Andy, William - Replace dog detector

Dani, Marika - Protect bus from Argentinians, test

suspension at 1 pm

Typical early start - left Rio Grande after saying goodbye  
to Martin, Martin, Tom & Penny again, and consuming  
2200 pts worth of Tortilla etc. Entered cave at 4:20,

and to amusement ~~to~~ of tourists in Gorge. Pretties  
start almost immediately inside entrance, so photos start straight  
away. Unfortunately (?) George is ill, so we spend only

3 hrs plotting, then Paul and I visit streamway,  
and by pass upstream sump via complex upper levels,  
only to find a further sump. Sumps are very deep, clear  
and fast-flowing. Very nice cave - clean, clear free,

formations, impressive stream. It may be possible to  
move upstream via upper levels - but would be hard work.  
Back to ~~the~~ lakes at 1 am. Mark

8-9/8/82

Richard + Dave

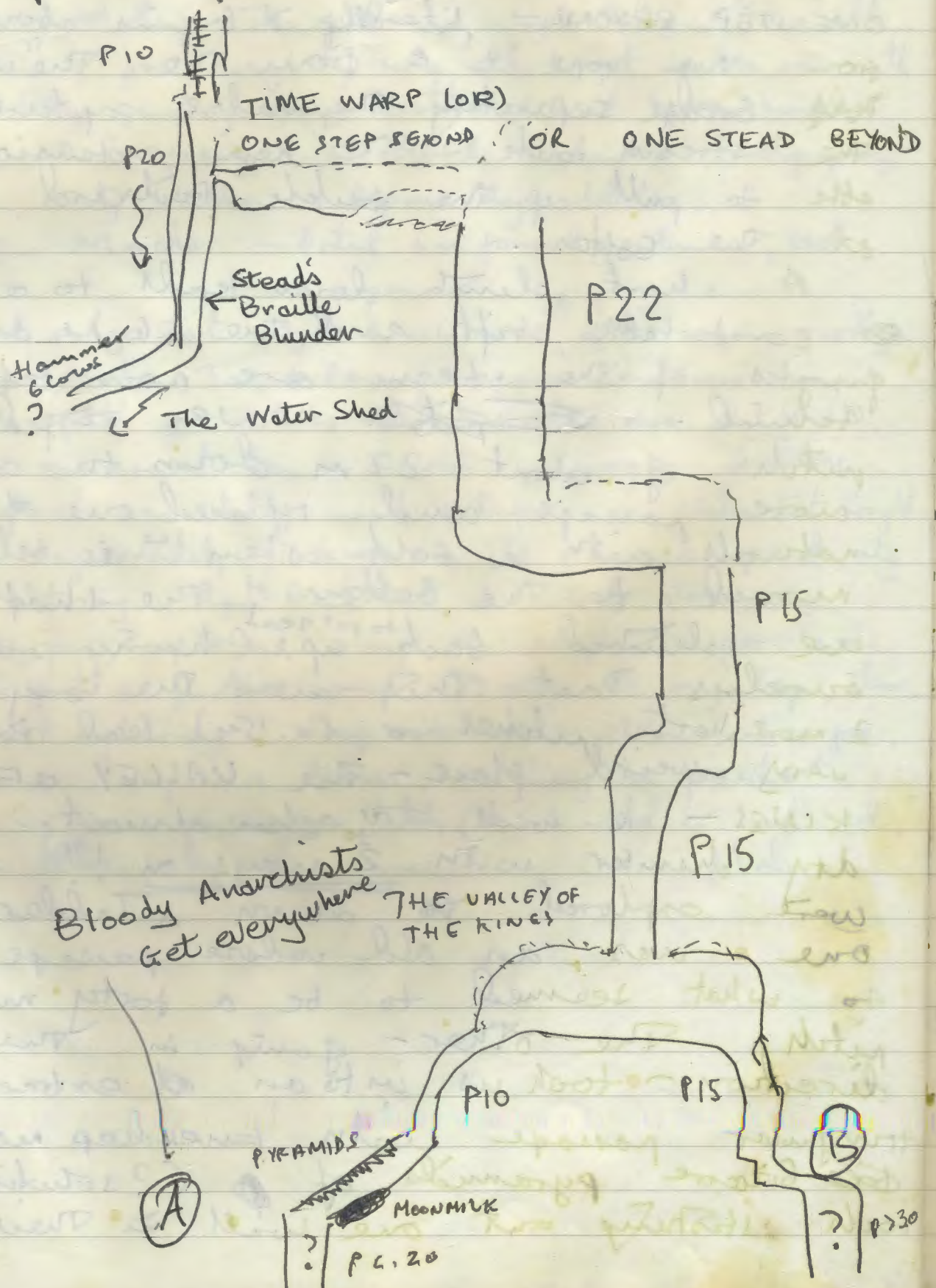
FUS6

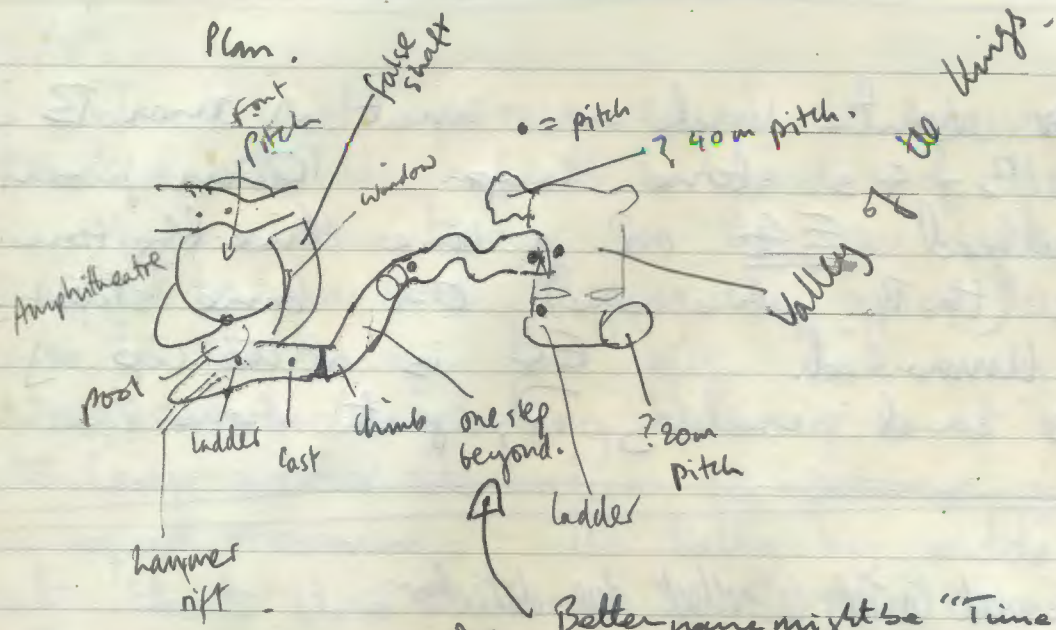
57

Descended rapidly to limit of exploration & decided not to bother with the hammering so Richard went down the last rope pitch while I found another way on in the rift above - ONE STEP BEYOND - literally, it begins about 2 feet from the rope + from the "watershed" ridge bridge separating the vadose capture of the stream route + the new extension I was able to pull up the tackle Richard found at the bottom.

A short climb down leads to a 65p, comfortable rift and the 3 loops and gorges of the stream are now left behind. ~~A pitch~~ we rigged a pitch of about 22m down to a bit more passage, and replaced one of the naturals with a bolt when this belay moved to the bottom of the shaft as we climbed back <sup>to get gear</sup> up (having satisfied ourselves that this was the way out). 2 more short pitches (c. 15m) lead to a very weird place - THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS - a wide, dry chamber almost totally dry chamber with 2 ways on!! Both were explored ~~to~~ down a ladder length. One was an old vadose passage leading to what seemed to be a forty metre pitch. The other - going in the opposite direction - took us into an extraordinary triangular passage with kneedeep moon milk, ~~6~~ bizarre pyramids of (? solutional) rock sticking out one wall in their

Thousands and a 20m notch at the end  
 one again the cave goes!! From an  
 estimated depth of over -400m we exited,  
 reaching the surface at about 4am. A  
 lot of prussiking.





Plan  
 Better name might be "Time Warp!" - escape  
 (Jump to left then a step to the right)  
 And it goes back in time!

9-8-82 Andy, Mark, ~~John~~, Jan.

Supposedly surveying FUS6 from where John & Graham left off, following Paul & John (who were pushing) on way in. But they were somewhat quicker, the 3 of us not having been down the system before. So we also had to route find. Andy got pissed off by the time we were squeezing our way through the first Meander and decided to go out. Mark & Jan continued, & took rather a long time getting through the second rift (Meander?). At this point they decided that it was rather silly going down to survey without someone who knew the cave, and weren't sure how to continue ie whether it was safe to abseil down the rope at 45° (we didn't know how securely it was attached at the next belay point) or to free climb down the side, which neither of us was keen on. So we left, albeit rather slowly. Mark had problems with his SRT gear, like foot ascenders not working. Got out after 7 1/2 hours down the cave, & went back to Arid. Met William who was on his way up with Gar & food.

Paul & John

To limit of exploration FUS6

2 ways along Valley of the Kings One didn't look too promising? Blind path. However other way  
 5m free climb 10m ladder to large muddy ledge. Then 5m plus stone drop ? 75m pitch or more  
 Ripped but not descended. Went, seeing place. Very very quiet. Called the pitch THE SPHINX. -  
 Old, mysterious & covered in sand! The cave is going!

## NOTE.

On ~~return~~ route back - limit of area B is a shaft. B-4's stone drop. 100m from cave marked E4 on a line directly towards Jayada (the Big yellow cave). On some slabby rocks. Unmarked. E4 is at the lip of valley B and valley D, just above Pin Catalina.

10-8-82 Jan - went to Trea to collect dye detectors

11-8-82 Dave George & I woke up today with heavy hearts, knowing that we had to leave the sun behind and go deep underground to descend on 60m shaft on Edlerid. What horrors lay waiting beneath the Sphinx? What secrets lay hidden below the limit of exploration? What lay in store for us in our strange journey deep in the bowels of the mountain? No-one of course could say.

Only one thing was for certain,  
it was to be... no picnic!

(N. Casteret.)

10/8/82 Graham & William

Very late start after unsuccessfully trying to persuade anyone at Ario to do some more surveying with me. Went to Top camp where William was waiting fit & able after a few more hours of preparation. Lifted rope on 1st S.R. + pitch rigged Marble bathroom surveyed the last three ladders of the "Marble steps" and down the 55m pitch. Put a line on the last ladder pitch. William fell down a climb and badly sprained his ankle, but didn't <sup>seem</sup> to make him any slower. Got out of the cave ~ 11-30pm into a beautifully starlit night with bright shooting stars.

15  
thor3  
possible!

11/8/82.

John + I got up mega early to deliver Paul, Danny + Manka into the safe (?) hands of the Spanish train + bus authorities. On the way back John + I attempted to do some shopping in Lagos. However I was forced to shelter in the bus as every five minutes my asshole starting blinking at me. and I had to cusp under the bridge to ~~deliver~~ give birth to some liquid manure. The tally by midday was 15. Beat that then anyone! By this time John was also feeling grim and we ~~ended~~ laboured our way back to Lagos. The tale ends here as it is a long monotonous saga about my 'end'.

PS John and I reckon our bowel ailments have something to do with some food we ate



Andy.



12

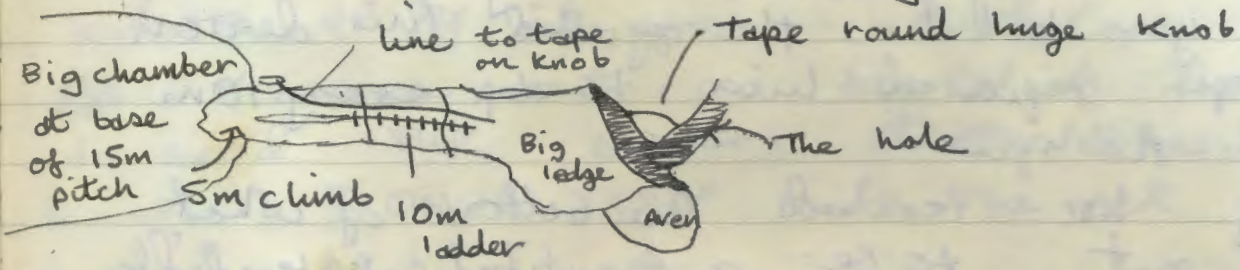
08/08/82. John + Graham. Surveying FU 56.  
Not a good day for me: - Helen's carbide generator detached itself from me halfway down Chair II and broke in half. The rest of the trip was performed on Mallory power (luckily I had a spare one on me) and banging my head against the wall every time the bulb went out. Did 28 stations, surveying from end of Rift 1 (Meander of the Argonauts) to just above Bathroom step 2. Emerged at 9 pm.

09/08/82 John + Paul Pushing FU 56.  
Got down about mid day and made a fairly rapid descent with one Mule Bag to head of 55m pitch. There Paul replaced the tape belay, which was frayed by another hump of tape. Spent quite a bit of time rerigging the three pitches in the "Hammered Hole" Bypass (Should be called "Time Warp" as 1) It's astounding 2) It's just a jump to the left and a step to the right) and then arrived at the big chamber. Looked down valley of Kings, didn't like the belays and pulled up the ladder. Put a line down the other side and freeclimbed down 5m to a ledge. The same line was then used as a self line for a 10m ladder down to a huge ledge with a huge wodge of moonmilk on it (It's OK, if you keep out from the wall.) I spent a bit of time sorting out tackle and arrived on the ledge to find Paul making funny whining noises

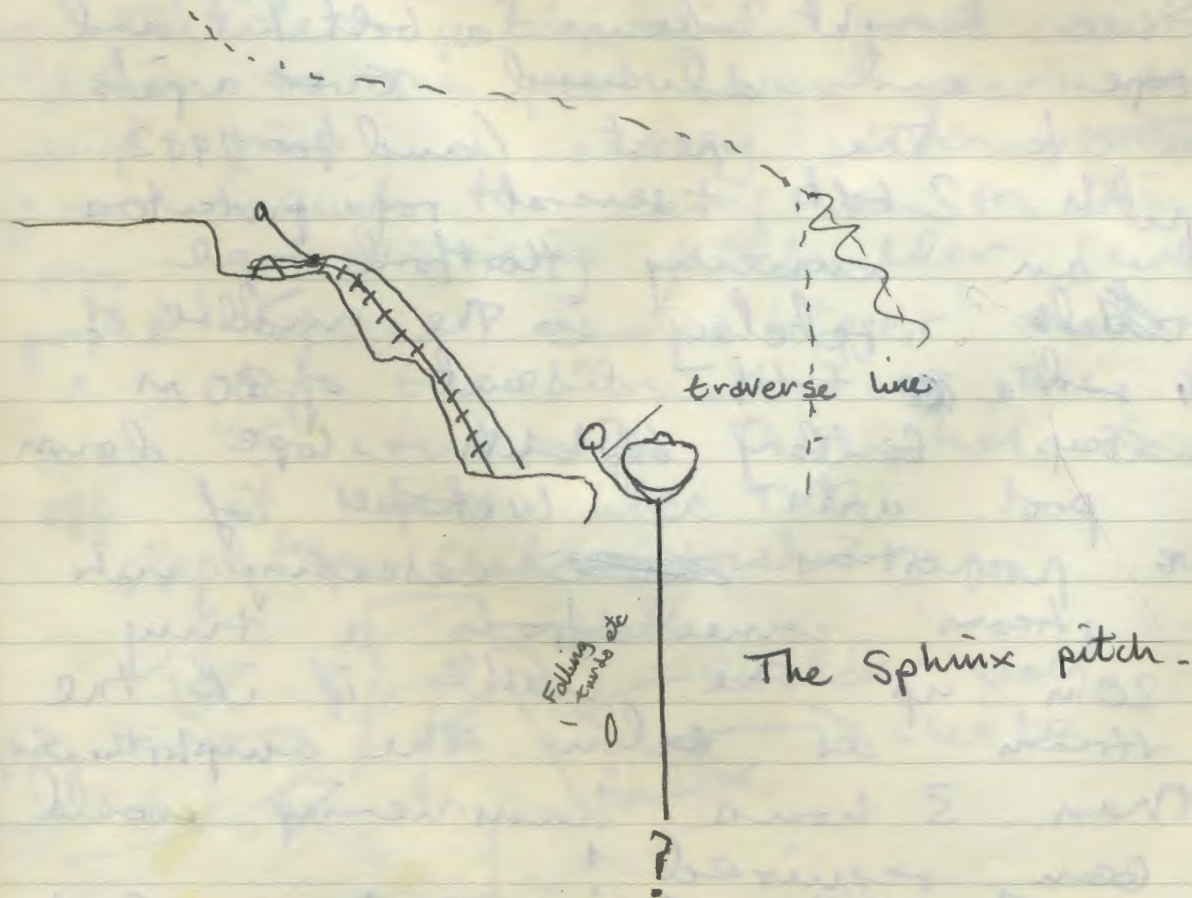


and saying things like "Mummy". The reason was —  
 a FIVE SECOND STONEFALL. If I were Dave I'd  
 no doubt philosophise or pontificate in the style  
 of certain French cavers but <sup>what a pain in the dong</sup> all I thought was  
 "Fuck, another long bastard". We rigged it  
 from a massive knob on a wall opposite  
 the ledge <sup>with the 100m Edelrid</sup> but neither of us felt inspired  
 enough to go down. A fairly efficient exit  
 followed and we both got out at ~ 2-30am.

Plan



Elevation



P.S Just noticed this trip's already been written up. Apologies for wasting space.

UK

11-12<sup>th</sup> August (21 hours)

George, Dave, Richard - pushing, surveying, photographing and partly derigging FUS6.

George and his tip box made the descent noisier than usual - bang being bang. We had shives and squid with us so a long trip would be humanised - thankfully the cave was still dry so with balaclavas we never got too cold.

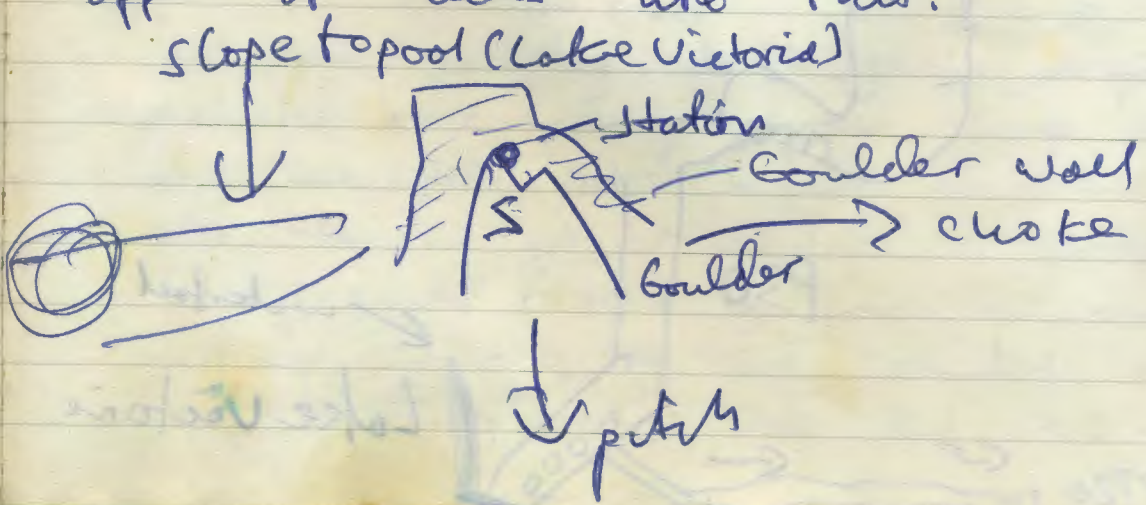
Reaching the Valley of the Knip, Richard volunteered to go down the Sphinx pit on the edeloid - which becomes noticeably thinner as soon as you load it. He regretted this decision as George required him to stop every 10m to fire a flashlight.

Finally he reached the bottom of what turned out to be a beautiful, splendidly isolated in space tubular shaft of almost exactly 60m, and shouted that he could hear water. We brought down a bolt kit and 40m rope and advanced over a pile of choss to the next (and for 1982, final) pit, 2 bolts + several rope protectors led to an amazing flatford tape ~~rebel~~ rebelay in the middle of nowhere, and a total descent of 30m to a steep gully ~~with~~ slope down to a pool with a waterfall of impressive proportions ~~and~~ cascading into it. The stream comes from a tiny crack 20m up the wall - if it were the same stream as below the amphitheatre, more than 5 hours hammering would have been required +  
At first sight this is the end of



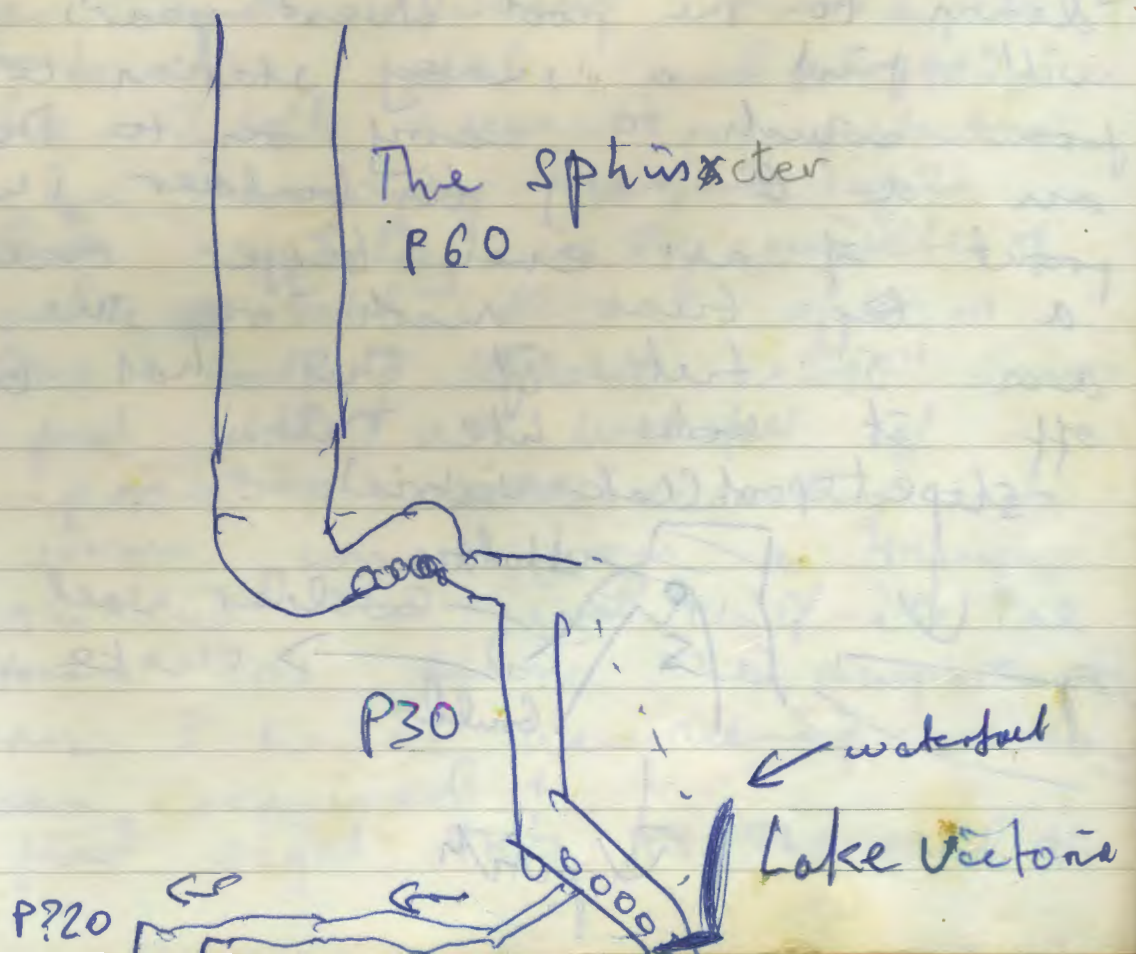
The cave - the water sinks under a pile of impenetrable boulders. Pat George found the way on - through a short but horrible (v. loose sharp flakes wedged in the roof by ~~the~~ little more than hope) choke. A short climb and ... a superb, clean washed, 1m wide streamway, probably the longest horizontal passage in the cave so far. Found a few bends of very fast-flowing water was a 20m pitch, very reminiscent of Xitu - to rig it you would (we will) ~~traverse~~ traverse out on big calcite flakes to avoid the water. ~~Pausing to~~ Pausing to burn "OUCC 1982" onto the rock we turned back.

We had already surveyed from the valley of the Kings to the ~~the~~ bottom of the last pitch, and we carried on down to the pool. Next year's team will find a survey station ~~with a~~ from which to carry on to the choke on a ~~the~~ very big boulder just in front of an even bigger one - I left a big burn mark on the top and an "S" but if this has been washed off it looks like this:



As we began the slow ascent, we decided to bring as far as one step beyond. Pausing for dinner in the Valley of the Kings we ~~did~~ achieved the ~~pitch~~ except for the ~~to~~ ~~pitch~~ beyond the beginning of the bypass. We also completed the survey, joining Graham + William's effort at the bottom of the Font, which we also photographed.

Exit - totally ~~the~~ knackered - was made about 10 am. The smell of wild herbs coming down the ~~entrance~~ ~~was~~ entrance shaft was lovely. A very successful trip - the way on was open. (Oh yes - George found some big boulder chambers above the pit & streamways. a possible camp?)



13.8.82. 9 Naylor on syringes of grease:  
'I was coming back eager to ejaculate in all these holes, but there were hardly any'.

14.8.82 Went to Cangas yesterday to find Northern Irish hitch-hiker. Also picked up 3 spaniards, one of whom had been down P.S.M. They had to listen to Dr Feelgood at 90 dB as we came up the hill.

Jan did a quick & dirty calculation on Mark's calculator:  
: Depth = -520 m!! (not including undescended pitch).

Wait until it's worked out on the computer: Xite in 80  
Checked again, and it's still -520.05m!!!  
910m → 859m!

6-12 August.

When to Oviedo to the University, where I did some work on the geology of the Picos. Have managed to get papers on the central and this massif. Complete with a geological section which goes through FUS6. Also a geological map of this massif. All in all could prove very useful. Have started the translation of this massif from Spanish to English, not too difficult.

P.S. it looks like FUS6 is fault controlled and if the section is anything to go by has a possible depth of 1500m+ and is in mountain limestone, Helly.

Pozo de las Perdices - FUS6

(14.8.82)

Demerged yesterday double quick, despite the science graduates' tackle handling system. George & Dave & I (RG) took some v. posed photos in the rift, inlet, chair, pendule etc. When we got out - a bottle of Cordonium Spanish bubbly! kindly provided by Dave, but alas the Spanish corkage was of the same standard as their sex-mags i.e. rotten to the core. Why did we come back to Arrol

instead of staying at Las Perdices? We raced through  
the night to get here & ... no wine.

Wags start at Calais, if you want my opinion.

—Dichie

↑ (After being told to wipe  
the table!)

13/8/82

John, Andy, Mark + George got an early start ~10.00  
(earliest start of the expedition?) This was mainly  
due to John + I still having the shits + gut ache.  
George was intending to photograph us as we denigged  
but as it turned out he played a major role in  
denigging (possibly due to the lack of enthusiasm for photography  
in the west). Started from where Jan, Graham + William  
stopped the previous day on 2nd ladder pitch below  
Marble Bathroom. De-rigged 2 ladder pitches, as well as  
bathroom, 2nd rgt, traverse, 40' ladder, Mistral 4, 3 & 2.  
I bagged at this point and John jacking had completed  
12 hr trip - George was glad of an easy trip!!

12/8/82 Jan, Graham, William

de-rigged FUS6 from 2nd pitch on "one step beyond" (20m) - bottom  
of 2nd Marble Bathroom ladder. Only problem <sup>(difficulty?)</sup> was on pitch above 'one step beyond' -  
it was difficult enough with 3 people, with it would have been a real workout.

Emerged at ~12:30 am after 12 hours. Bill had light problems so was held up somewhat  
on way out.

15.8.82 Everybody

Cleared camp + gear at FUS6 back to Ario in 1 trip

Carry to Las Lagos. Meal at Andors. No meat, so menu

↳ <sup>sep9</sup> or <sup>sep9</sup> + wine + Panche

\*  
Tortilla

\*  
Fabada

\*  
Fabada

\*  
Tortilla

\*

\*

Queso

Queso

\*

\*

Cafe

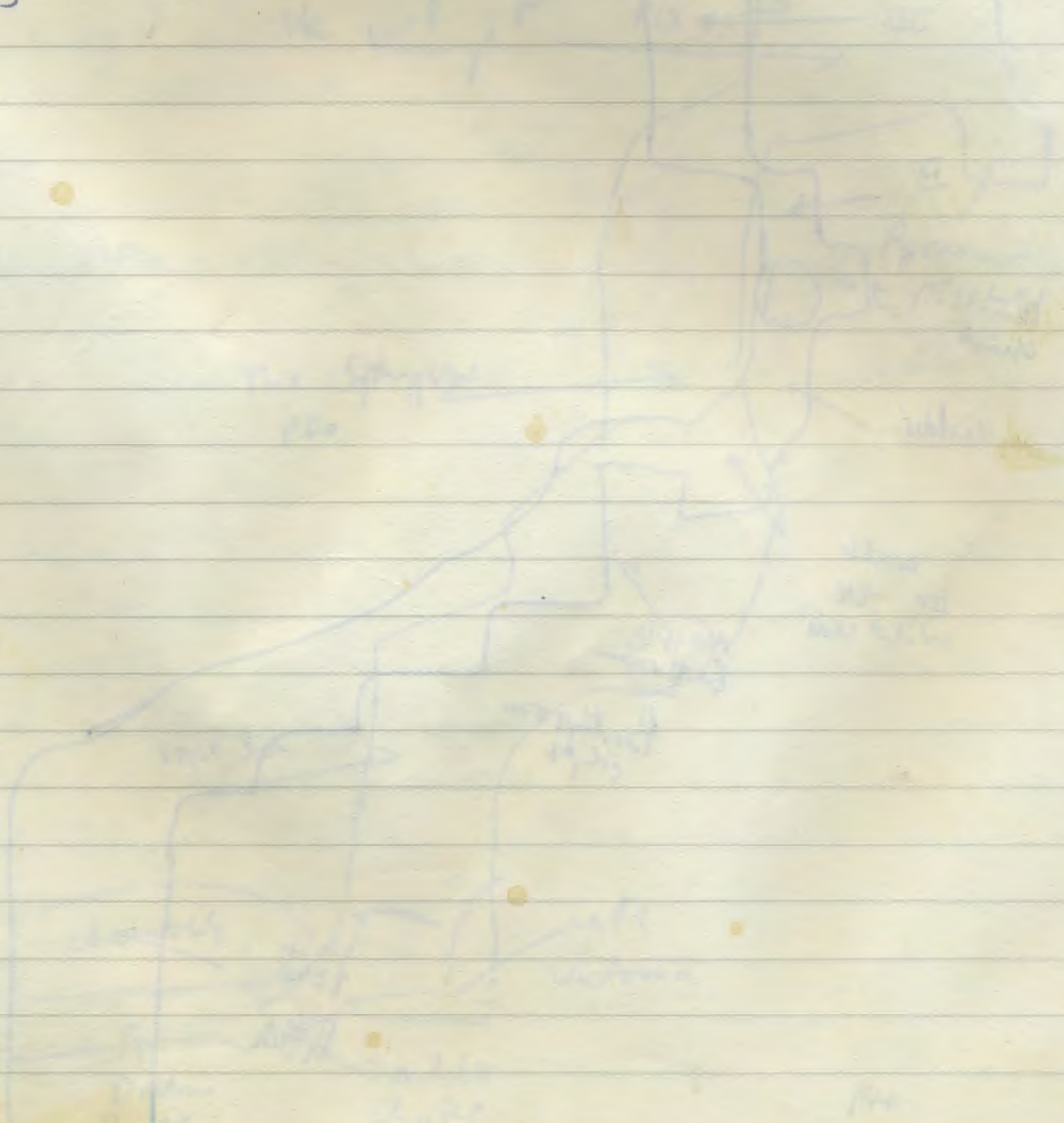
Cafe

15-8-82 Evening

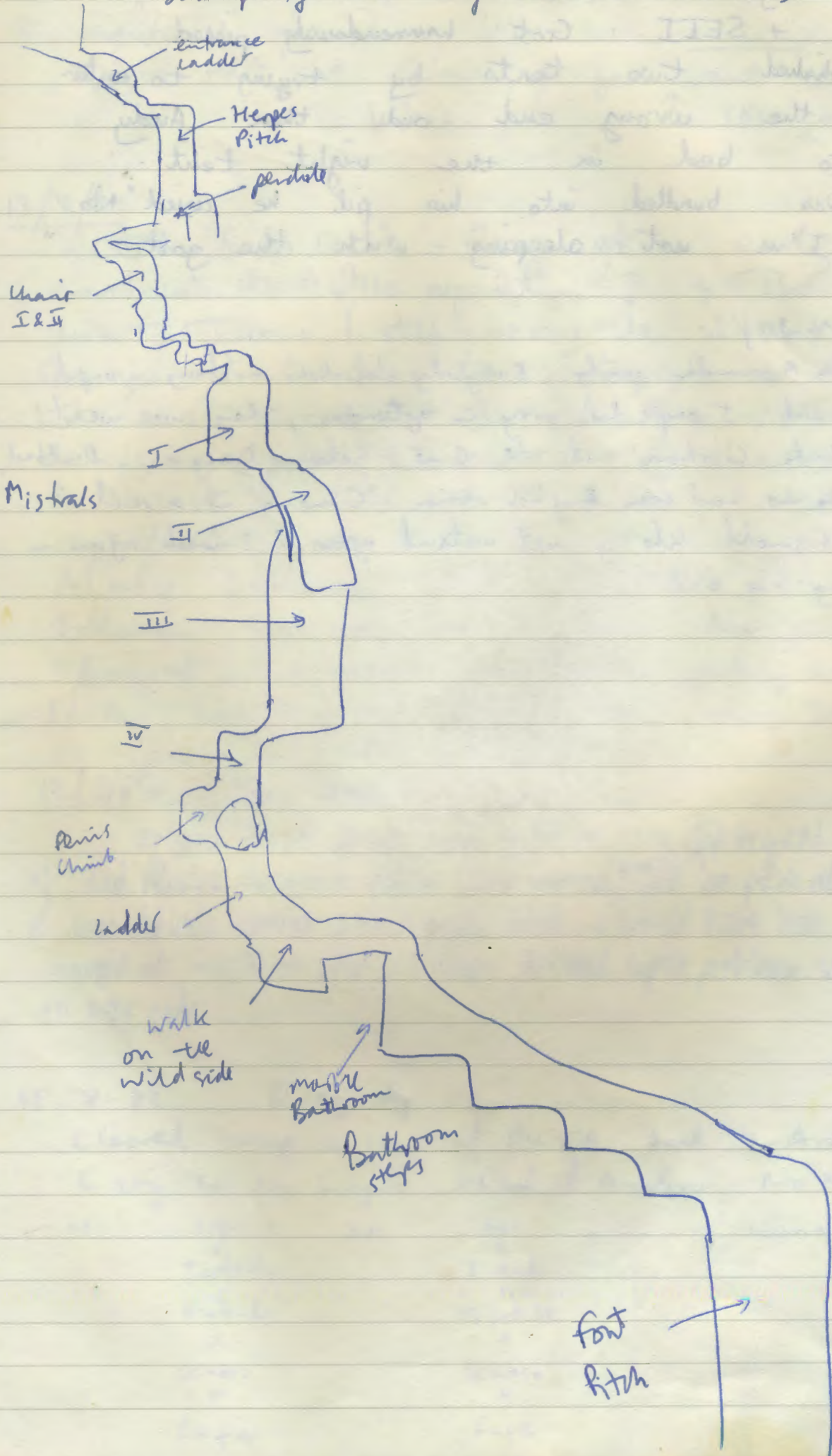
Met LUSS + SEII. Got horrendously pissed. George demolished two tents by trying to enter them at the wrong end and then Andy put him to bed in the right tent. As he was bundled into his pit he cried "No, No, No, I'm not sleeping with the goat..."

16.8 82 Monday

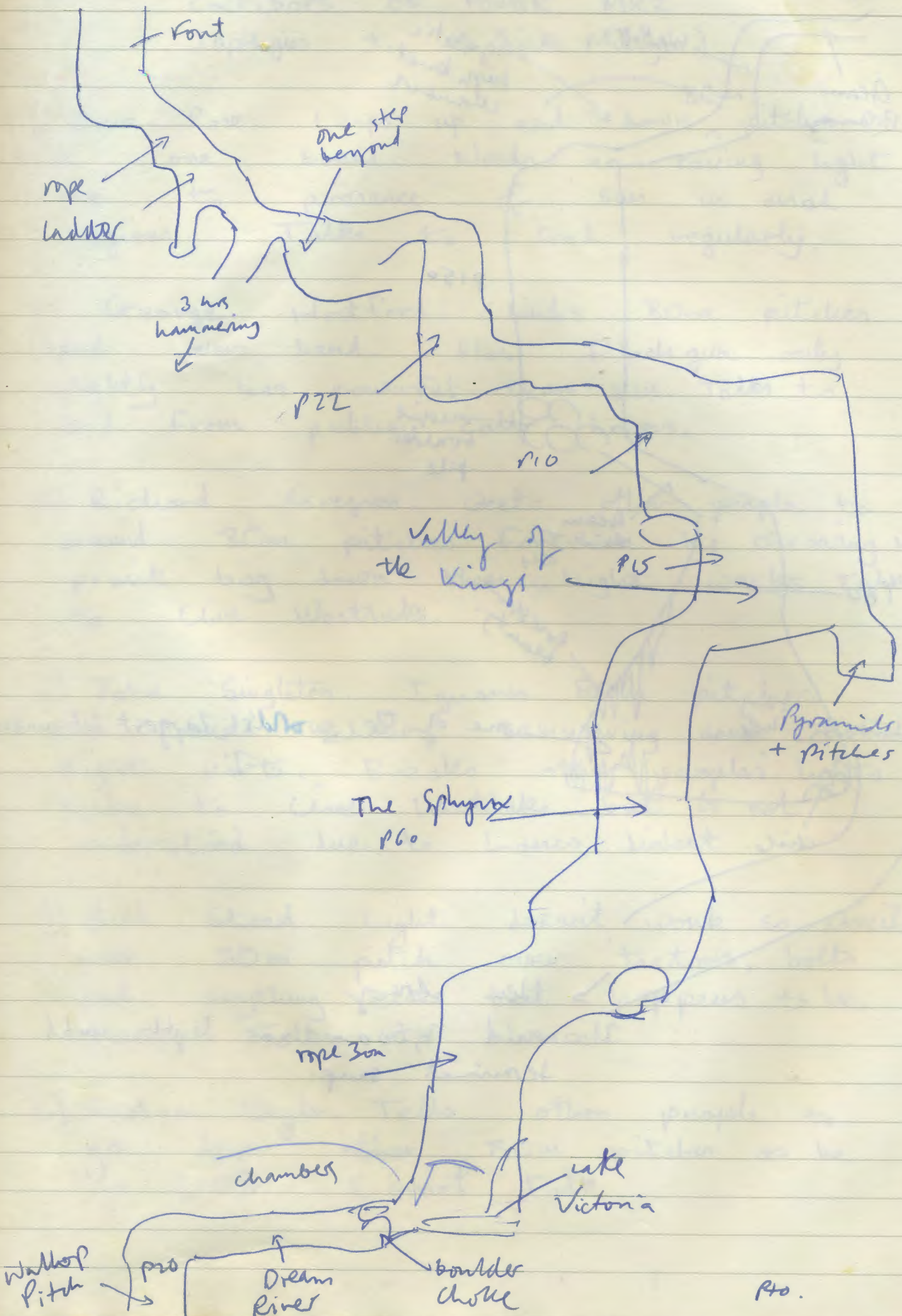
Dave taken to Arrianda early. Everybody else does nothing - awful weather as usual. 5 people did carry in afternoon, then we went to see 'Flash Gordon' at the Cine - Colon, Cangas. Dubbed, but most of us had seen English version. Cinema is a real flea-pit. It smelt like a wet wetsuit after a 2-week sojourn in a plastic bag - is bad.

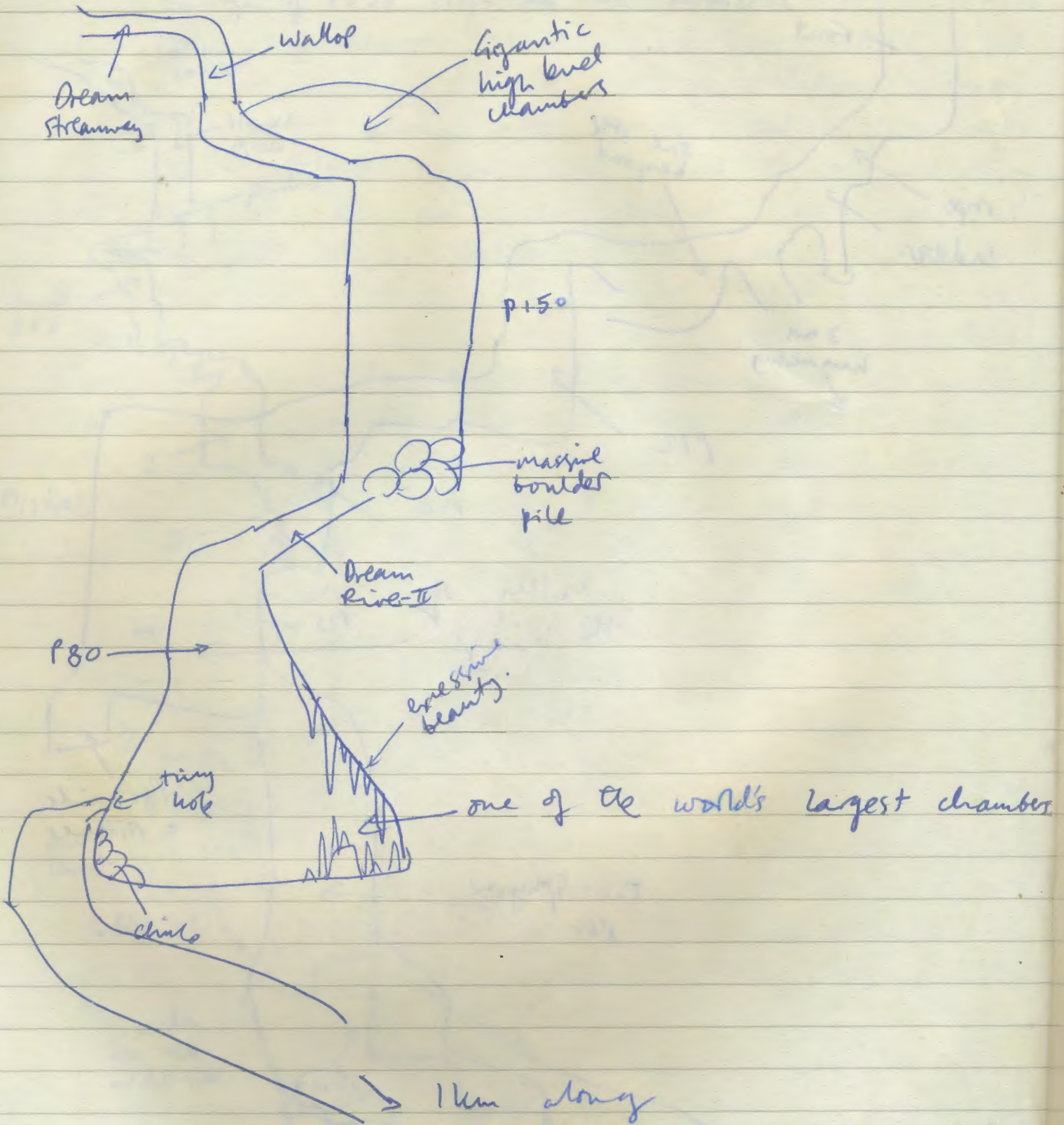


Survey of FU 56 (Poyn ~~de~~ las Perdices)









→ 1km along  
and 1,000m more depth until  
terminal sump.

CORRIDORS OF POWER MK2  
(Apologies to ~~R~~ Spike Milligan)

- 1) Dave Rose. Leaps up and down <sup>80m</sup> pitches in one bound. Needs no caving light due to presence of sun in arid regions. Talks to God regularly.
- 2) George Hostford. Climbs 80m pitches hand over hand. Has flashgun only slightly less powerful than sun. Talks to God from public call boxes.
- 3) Richard Gregson. Gets other people to descend 80m pitches for him by throwing his prusik bag down them. <sup>His</sup> Light works. Talks to Clive Westlake.
- 4) John Singleton. Ignores 80m pitches and spends 3 hours hammering down scrotulous tight rifts. Breaks other people's lights. Talks to Clive Westlake but is not understood due to Lancs dialect.
- 5) Bill Stead. Light doesn't work so abseils down 80m pitch over 'tectons, bolts and anything else that happens to be there. Talks to himself.
- 6) Graham Naylor. Tells other people to go down ~~other~~ 80m pitches as he is GOD. Cannot talk.

C-in-C  
Los Lagos

29.7.82

Major Rose  
Refugio, Arica

Dear Dave,

I have been mulling over your idea of setting an example to the chaps by flaying alive Young Hostford. While I agree that we need an example to set the men I rather think that this is not such a good plan. The fellow has deerskin tough skin and would probably blunt the only sharp knife, and how would we then cut up the pemmikan?

I rather think it would be better to use the method of the Froggie Legionaries which is to bury the chap up to his neck in sand and then ride a cavalry charge over him. Or was it the arabs? The only problems that I can envisage are that the ground is too hard and we have no horses. True British ingenuity should win through though. We could tie the fellow down to

the rocks and drive a herd of goats  
over the damned fellow. In order to make  
the goats more interested in the scrubby private,  
we had this beaver bring you a tub of  
jam, <sup>with</sup> which I suggest you liberally smear  
him.

On the other hand, if you feel that food  
shortages require that we might have to  
eat Hostford, feed him the jam beforehand.

I leave this to your discretion.

Trust Margaret and the children are well

Yours ever

Rickie.

Maj Gen. R. A. C. GREGSON D.S.O. V.C.

	N	-	D	-	850
	-	D	D	N	800
	N	-	N	N	1000
<del>Mark</del>	-	-	N	N	450
<del>George</del>	D	-	-	D	400
<del>Dave</del>	-	D	D	N	650
<del>William</del>	-	-	N	N	600
<del>Andy</del>	-	-	-	D	450
<del>Lara</del>	-	-	-	D	275
<del>Amelia</del>	2	0	4	6	158 x 100
Amelia	1	2	3	5	75 x 75
N					= 15800
D					= 1875

17675

- Helen

= 16,000

Paid  
10,000 from Kully  
6,000 from Exp

145

64

4857

145  
64  
181

	Sat	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	Sat	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10												
Graham						N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N									
Richard						N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N								
Tom						N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N							
Jan						N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N							
Paul						N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N						
Helen						N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N						
Penny						N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N					
Mark						N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N					
George						N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N				
Dave						N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N				
William						N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N			
Martin L.						N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N			
Martin H.						N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N		
Andy						N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	
John						N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N
Dani						N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N
Marika						N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N

" 24  
 9.25 + 50  
 512  
 245  
 275

143  
 2 2 3  
 1 4 5  
 5 5 4  
 5 5 4  
 8 4 6  
 9 9 4  
 9 9 5  
 9 9 5  
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 5 5 3  
 6 5 3  
 7 0 0  
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10/25

