

00 Cave Club

1984 Expedn

Base Camp Log

Oxford
University
Cave Club
La Verdelluenga
1984
Base Camp Log Book

10 July 1984

Graham Naylor, Stephen Gate, John Hutchinson, Ukey Collie, Ian Houghton, Dave Horsley, Silvia Dacre,

L'autostopked "Custard yellow" left Berington Road almost on time, despite having waited for Sean, who, wisely trying to avoid our company, had made his way to Plymouth alone. An almost incident-free journey, although we were pulled in by the police on the A38 just outside Plymouth, where we were accused of white slave trading and released with a warning.

in Plymouth*

Of course the van tied up about 1 1/2 hours after they said they would, but don't it is O.V.C.C.

However, finally united we set off into the countryside to hid a field to doss down in.

11 July. Graham, Phil R, Steve G, John Ukey, Ian, Dawn, Silvia, Mike, Sean, Fred, + Nicola!!
The morning dawned with a shower of rain rather than a burst of beautiful sunshine, the sensible ones - Al + Steve, sheltering in the van! Breakfasted
* To pick up Phil R. Fred, Mike and Sean.

(1)

on high cheese + orange juice we
recalled Plymouth + when silver
had finally finished all her place
calls suddenly necessary at the moment
of departure we made it down into
the ferry. Our departure was well
delayed courtesy of the dodder style
but after protracted negotiations with
the brothers was more ploughing
through the deep blue sea. I
discarded an excellent conchito between
dining larger + feeling decidedly ill.
(No one threw up, the wine dub
sea was not fermenting).

12th July.

We got up gradually (Some more gradually than others,
which rather disturbed the breakfasting passengers) to
a sunny day and hazy views of Spain. Spanish
customs fortunately found the sight of a bright
yellow van, with cavers and rucksacks and helmets
and food barely contained by the strip of Dexion
bolted across the open back, amusing rather than
suspicious. As did the pillion passengers who took
photographs of the chaotic sight.

Disaster struck on the road to Lagos, but after last year's transport epics no one took a leaking radiator and a consequently overheated engine very seriously. Phil and Steve ran up to the lake for water, Fred ran up and down for the fun of it and John ran around with slugs on his hands. A pastor looked on sourly.

And so to Lagos and Amador's and Quarante-y-Tres. There's very little snow, and everyone's planning the next day's eating, except for Sean who talked about his underwear.

On my first day in Spain I joined up with most of the expedition members in doing a carry up to Top Camp. With lighter (reasonable!) packs, Mike and I (Sean) got to the top first. On the way back, since it was a beautiful clear day, Mike and I decided to take a short cut back.

It very quickly turned out to be a mistake due to the huge number of ridges we had to climb ~~of~~ over, but we were making good progress. We had already decided (!) that the Arno path lay just in front of the furthest ridge we could see from Top Camp, so when we found a path

(4)

earlier than this we just assumed it was a minor path, and slogged on.

By the time light began to fail us, we finally realized that we had missed the path - we were running out of mountains to climb!

We started to head back on a converging path to hit the Arno path, and again walked for ages without recognizing anything. Eventually it got dark, but we continued by moonlight. When we emerged from a misty wood (Wood?) and still ^{didn't} recognized the vista dimly lit below us Mike and I decided to spend the night in my survival bag. We put on all of our clothing and dozed down in the mist. We would have been OK but for the fact that at about 12 pm the mist vanished and we were left shivering under a clear sky. When we couldn't stand it any longer we walked for a bit more in what I hoped was the right direction. Depressed we again gave up and slept (Mike) and shivered (Sean) until dawn.

Shortly before dawn we set off again - hoping to get back at a reasonable time to avoid too much worry back at camp.

By this time we had decided to head for high ground, then walk back into the mountains that we recognised, then work from there. To this end we climbed the nearest high ridge. Lo and behold! Below us lay the lake near the campsite - we had been going in the right direction!

We returned to find a very worried Steve who had been to Ario at 4am to look for us! We had a nourishing (?) meal of 12hr old curry and retired to bed.

Since then we ~~had~~ have rigidly followed the paths - talk about stifling adventurous spirit.

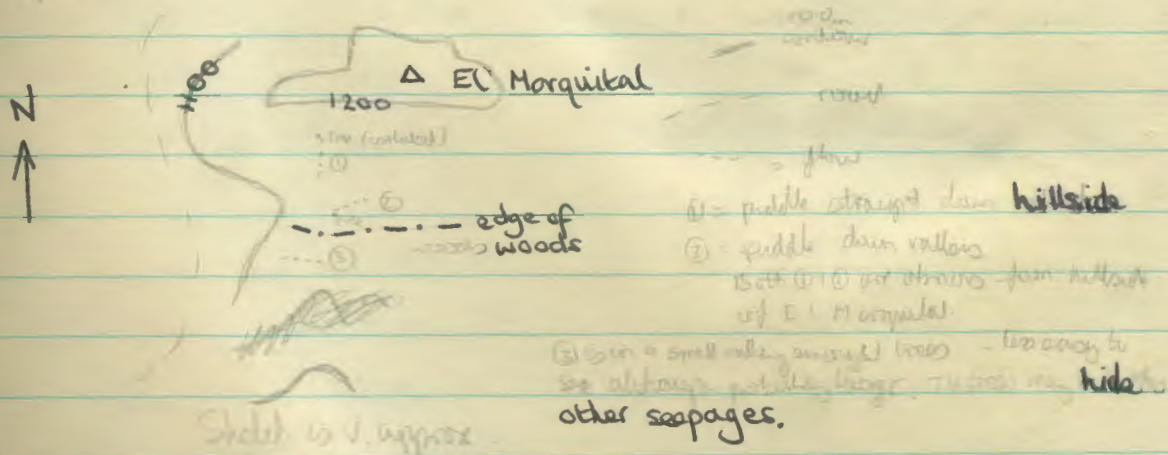
6.

14/7/84

Hutch: Expedition to Soler de Dubou

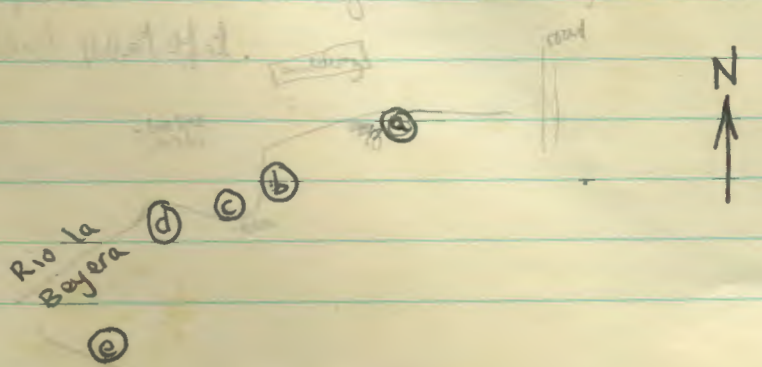
Walked back to camp to pick up parcel that I forgot. Started again. Walked back to camp to pick up rubbish that I forgot. Started again (10.30 am). It was that type of day.

Objet no. 1: to find the entrance shaft ^{of Pozo Palomera} ~~we~~ ^{we} up after 2 hrs searching of S. slope of El Morquital. Looking again at Soles' map I probably ought to have looked further west, ~~and~~ but I suspect that its in the trees anyway and will be a hard to spot. ^{A crude sketch} ~~Some notes~~ on water flow above ground in this valley.



Objet no. 2: make dye detectors in Rio la Beyera

(a) my plan was to make dye detectors in Rio la Beyera but obviously water had flowed recently and I had wasted effort.



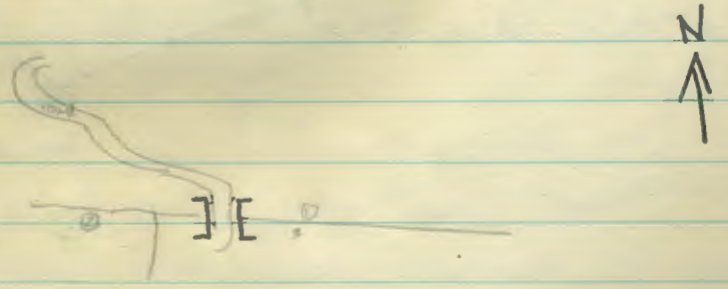
(b) small tangle for ~~forming~~ ^{spring} ~~spring~~ ~~spring~~ guided by a pipe with a couple provided for drinking

(c) larger spring [1 dig detector] Barometer 4145, 4204 (10 min later) ft. v. choppy [1 dig detector] 4185 ft

(d) even larger open spring at base of a 7ft drop. I was ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{the} base that I had the good fortune to find a Cepaea ~~shell~~ which had just laid it. ~~Fortunate~~ ^{Fortunate} because the ~~bird~~ ^{bird} ~~is~~ ^{is} still ~~chasing~~ ^{chasing} into it is ~~disruptive~~ ^{disruptive} and ~~is~~ ^{is} normally ~~obscured~~ ^{obscured} by ~~desertion~~ ^{desertion}

(e) side valley is dry

Objet 3: Rio Redamina dry detectors



N.B. Can get car over the river. But there is low tree round a non-reversible corner ~~is~~ ^{is} with the ~~valley~~ ^{valley} ~~top~~ ^{top} of the first ~~descent~~ ^{descent} ~~improving~~ ^{improving} ~~place~~ ^{place} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~well~~ ^{well} ~~marked~~ ^{marked} long long-binge round the ~~new~~ ^{new} ~~pen~~ ^{pen} ~~land~~ ^{land} after the road splits

N.B. Map is wrong in that tributary ^{actually} comes in below bridge

(1) = [dig detector] 60m² ~~near~~ ^{near} bridge - after a clearing, long stream, trees clear again. ~~Barney~~ ^{Barney} island in stream is what I is anchored to.

(2) Right at a large resurgence 30m ~~is~~ ^{is} below where ~~low~~ ^{low} comes in. ~~This~~ ^{This} is ~~formed~~ ^{formed} in by ~~cliffs~~ ^{cliffs} 7ft ~~cliffs~~ ^{cliffs} on 3 sides

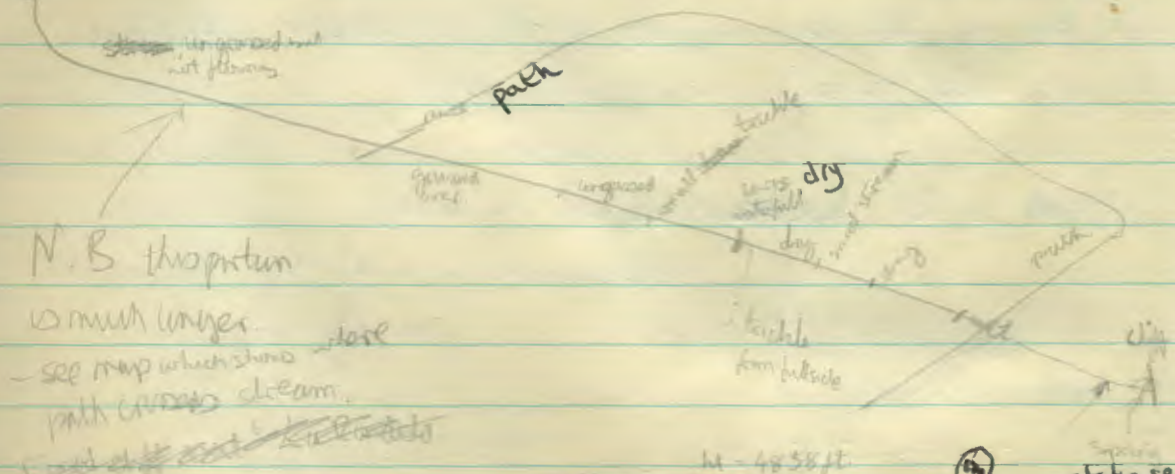
(8)

and you will have to jump places to see [dry detritus]

N.B. river is dry for c. 1000 m under bridge and watercourse is well worn.

The tracking up the P Pedernera. I ~~followed~~ ^{followed} it up (v.v. mty)

deep waterfalls, some deep, some not so deep, that's all without much water.



N.B. this portion

is much longer.

- see map which shows path crosses stream.

~~Foot of cliff with small stream~~

Above the cliff below which the detritus is the valley has

no obvious stream, but it was too misty to follow it up further. By contours

will show the valley is in fact merely a shelf, with only a line of hillocks separating it from

the lower main ^{valley} stream. The shelf continues just where the hillocks ^{join up}

Observed 4: Pico Daza - Onda's quite make it - see 1/5/7/84 & next attempt. 2-man attempt.

N.B. When following ^{via} Easy either ① go by road ② try to

find a way round at water level - the water is ^{quite} shallow ^{at} base of cliff

③ is right to be kept up & computed from the start. I found a cliff ^{at} base

and descent + descent is also clear. ^{along} this. Then do most ^{of} work along

very hilly area just not getting the ^{main} stream going down.

15 July 1984

Stephen G., John Hutch.

Another day of interest and incident. We awoke to find that despite the previous night's effort to establish Fortress Los Lagos in the food tent, our bovine colleagues had effected entry. Not only had they dispatched much of our Alpen, all the fresh vegetables and the pasta and bread, ^{but} they had also left other little trademarks of their presence. Well, not really so little: the place was turned upside down and everything, the tent walls included, coated with plob, piss and shit.

Making a desperately late start after clearing up the mess, John H. and Steve G. set off for Amiera with the intention of putting dye detectors all the way along the Rio Dobra. A couple of detectors were emplaced on the way down to Covadonga, but the van ^{also} clipped a boulder en route and bent out a chunk at the rear of the body. (This made it really match the other side of the vehicle) Wove was to come however. Passing through Amiera, we found that the road which was so confidently marked on our map became very narrow through the village. A first constriction was passed with only inches

(10)

to spare, although we did manage to take a couple of tiles off an overhanging cowshed roof. A second constriction, however, proved more testing. Although the road was wide enough, the van was too high to pass without demolishing yet another overhanging roof, ~~in~~ this time of rather more substantial construction. John therefore faced the daunting task of reversing round the bend through the previous constriction. We were in the middle of a rather delicate series of back and fro movements to get us round the bend when the engine stalled and refused to start and refused to start ... and

Since we were on a steep hill we could not go forward, whilst we had insufficient room for us to do anything but reversing straight into the wall. We were soon surrounded by a group of villagers, all loudly supplying us with gratuitous information, little of which we could understand. Fortunately, they seem amused by our predicament rather than upset. Just then a vehicle appeared on the scene to find us doing our cork-in-a-bottle act. Its occupants were rather less happy about our presence, particularly the one who was trying to get to Santander.

(11)

to catch a 'plane.

The next hour was fruitfully spent trying to start the vehicle ^{strip the engine,} attempting to negotiate for a tow back uphill and considering the limited range of possibilities open to us. ^(would the D.A. send a helicopter to help us out?) Finally, we decided that the only reasonable option was simply to enlarge the constriction with a little persuasion, in other words, to push the wall down. A happy ten minutes was spent throwing the boulders which constituted the wall into the adjoining field. We then began rolling slowly downhill, removing more chunks of wall as necessary. A telegraph pole proved no obstacle: it rearranged the protruding chunk of metal which we had bent earlier in the day (God moves in mysterious ways, his wonders, etc) and when the cab jammed against the pole, the local sheriff and I simply heaved on the bonnet to allow the van to pass with little damage. By this means we managed to reverse into entrance off the road. ^{Since we still could not move forwards} We were no better off, but at least the lady en route to Santander could now drive past.

We made further protracted efforts to start the

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van, all to no avail, until John, forgetting that he was in gear, turned the ignition once again. The van leapt forward, almost reducing the population of Amieva by 50%, but also bumping the engine back into life. With the massed forces of the village behind us, we pushed the van back up the hill and then, to the chorus of a thousand instructions, reversed back and turned the van.

Surveying the ruins of what was once an extremely functional wall, we first tried to offer to repair it and then tried to offer to pay for it. Both offers were firmly refused, so at the risk of offending the villagers further, we thanked them profusely and drove back down to the Rio Sella, John taking every corner very carefully this time.

[Stephen suggested that the other member of the party might like to finish this off.]
From this journey have gathered that I am a bloody awful driver. This especially true but Stephen and I were in total agreement that nothing was our fault. Well, it couldn't have been Stephen's fault driving, you say yourself. Well actually...
You see as a mere traveller I must ^{order} follow the letter without hesitation. With this backing I know it was impossible for me to let the road out of Dorsing maintain a wall and all the rest of

his master plan. Need I fear when only the might of his shoulder
 presents the same finally, or simply that creating telegraph post ~~or~~ ^{what}
 as he only told me ~~that~~ later, supposedly carry means electricity? (Certainly
 his confidence in my driving ability is reassuring ~~at~~, at least until
 I remember that the one simple solution to the expedition financial hitch-up
 would be for the main creditors to ~~be~~ fall off the edge of a cliff with all men records
 of ~~the~~ his credit ~~you~~ up in a ~~ball~~ ball of fire. But surely if Jere would
 go up at the same time, you say, which means me in to his rent ~~with~~
 mini-expedition involving a one way trip for "Jere" and ~~starting~~ ~~and~~ ~~that~~
~~eventually~~ to the 5:30 am start, a very steep ~~and~~ return journey alone for me over
 some scenic but vertical scenery of not 3, not 4, or not 5 but 6 hrs driving.
 I also think about that time in Bilbao when I had taken ~~the~~ (you know who
 suggested) the wrong turning and we were ~~not~~ ~~waiting~~ in the car after you
 to get onto the airport road. Thanks to an earlier ~~error~~ error ("Lumber") a
 suitable sense of urgency had been built up (please note - 50 minutes). But jumps
 Jere rushing over a building site ^{up} to the road we want. An arrow waves; I
 follow. The track was designed for bulldozers so there was no worry of wheels
 too narrow. No, but the ~~road~~ ~~was~~ ~~designed~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~4.5"~~ ~~agreement~~ ~~with~~
~~the~~ ~~surface~~ ~~of~~ ~~loose~~ ~~pebbles~~. Wheel spin is not the word. Then
 you at the airport - "Plenty of room beyond by that time" he said. Pity
 about his wrong minor. Yes, Jere would still like me to pick
 me up on Wednesday. I'd just find out the time ~~and~~ ~~that~~ ~~you~~ ~~could~~ ~~pick~~
 me up at 9.45 pm, please, so that I can be back for morning and you

(14)

can have another = (?) day at Brindas. I write this in the happy knowledge that Steve will never read it for it will remain safe at base camp while I gently ^{simultaneously} rip off that long night time journey back.

N.B. This is most unfair.

17/7/84 Sam + Fred ripped off all our food at the crack of dawn when they returned to top camp. (Actually it was just that I had no eye on that 300g of chergol).

~~Had~~ huge breakfast of Marmite + Alpen + Sports to compensate for yesterday.

I hunt dragonflies while Niola handily guards camp. Another box of Alpen bites the dust (bitten by law).

→ Men camp around clearing up rubbish, dissuading the scouts from feeding the cows their rubbish. We dissuade men from clearing up our water bottles etc.

1 swim.

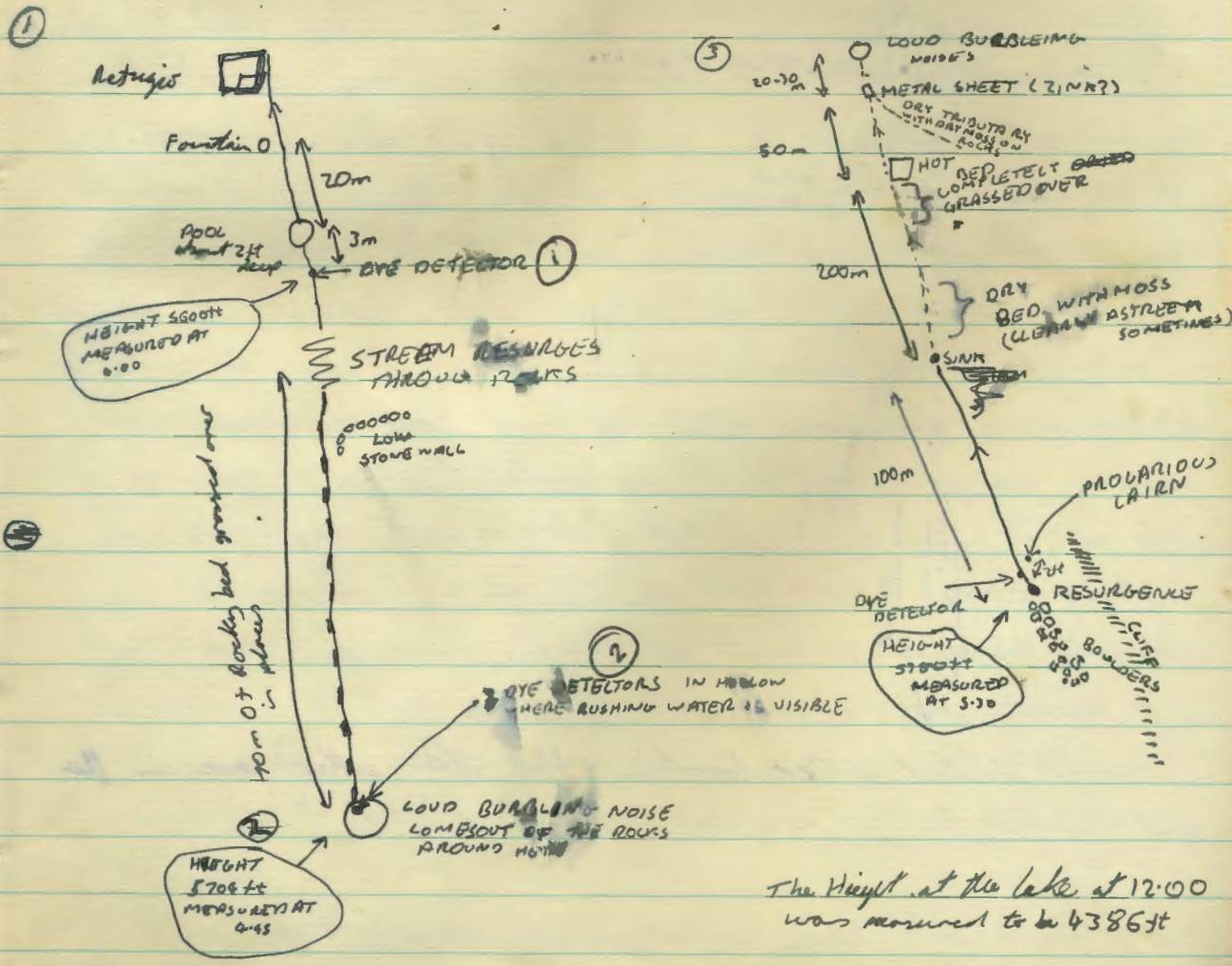
Niola leaves me

11 days worth of the best's
sub-we bread.

19/7/84

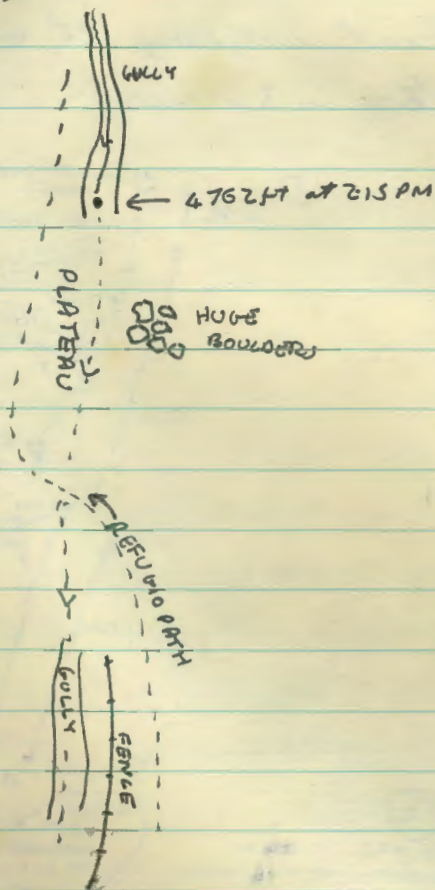
Mike Dye Detecting around the Retegio de Vega Redonda

The plan was to put dye detectors in all the most easterly tributaries of the Surgencia starting around the Retegio and working up stream. ~~The~~ Progress was hampered by mist which was thick enough to enable me to walk within 50 yards of the Retegio without noticing it on the first attempt. In the end I got detectors in 3 places



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I was also supposed to locate two cones and find their height. I roamed about for hours looking for Vents but couldn't find it. I took an Altimeter reading from ~~the~~ a place that I thought must be ~~at~~ ~~the~~ within 50ft of the ~~max~~ height of the cone



I didn't bother looking for the other cone in the mist

Hutch. 19-20/7/84

Small Caves around Osu.

Dumped maximum thermometers etc in Osu, and crawled around in jeans. It's a bit stingy for ordinary clothes really, however. A couple of rodent skeletons located. Dead snail shells only found but I didn't look v.

thoroughly through the dead leaves. I wonder if cost ~~price~~ dissuades them

Priz 9 is incorrect in describing Cueva de la Caña as SE of Osu - look on the survey to see that it's NW. Skipped + snails in entrance but I didn't go any further.

Stone Lid Cave. The recommended 4m ladder on the entrance is unnecessary, one can bridge up + down. I put it instead 1/2 way down the climb below where a handline is recommended. This, at least from the top, looks more tricky although I think it would be possible to climb out. Lots + lots of lovely skeletal skeletons in the 15m pit, mostly sheep + cow but at least one carnivore (paw, fox) and a few rodents. Removing some of the stones ~~would reveal some~~ might well reveal some more of the smaller skeletons. The bones were all rather disarranged. Thankfully nothing very fresh was down there and it was also lucky that few leaves got in to cover everything up. Salamanders + an Anuran seen live, also carrion beetle and a few ~~large~~ snails. Some of these were live and unlike ~~these~~ those up above at this time, active. Most were broken open, I thought by ravenous trapped rodents but the harvestmen might well be responsible. I would like to look at the 20m pit to see if any rodents found their way down there.

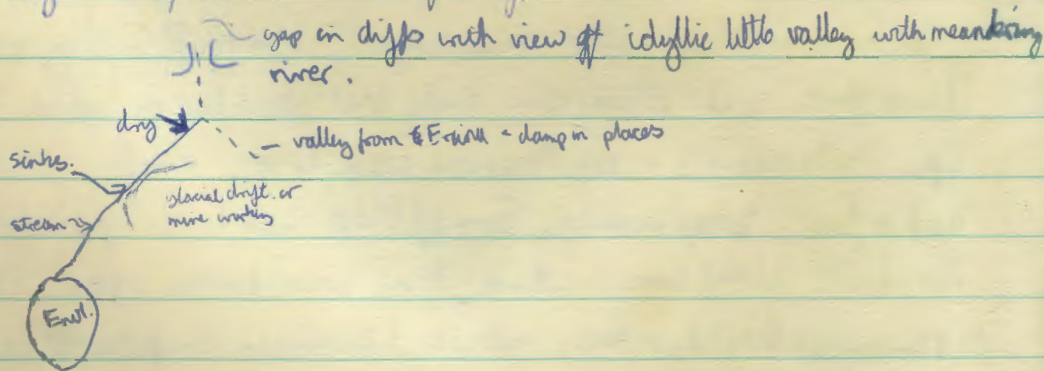
~~Especially~~ I found a couple of small caves. And Another Cave

(18)

was located. 2 other caves were also of a similar insignificant size but definitely caves, were found. one of which may correspond to C. de los Enanos ~~and~~ but seemed rather small and another seemed to be ~~in the area~~ near where Crows Caves ~~were~~ was marked but was obviously too small. ¿Estaba Fradesa? was definitely located and does have an impressive entrance. Absolutely ~~packed~~ full of leaves. Rumaging around underneath them revealed lots of small shells, again mostly broken open. Some skeletons also.

Hutch. 22/7/84.

Today's daring epic was up to my normal heroic proportions. A walk round Escina was followed by a walk over to Enol for a swim. This swim consisted of sticking a dragonfly for 1½ hrs but eventually I did ~~per~~ manage to partake of the water. Another planned session around Osu sounded a bit daunting so I followed the outflow from Enol:



Letter to Ringtons 27/7/84 by Silvia -

On behalf of the ~~ouce~~ ~~expedition~~ I would like to thank Ringtons for ~~providing~~ ~~our~~ ~~expedition~~ with ~~it~~ generously providing ~~teabags~~ your fine teabags for ^{our} expedition. ~~Living in York my family~~ As my family lives in York I have ~~at~~ ~~been~~ ~~at~~ ~~been~~ familiar with Ringtons tea as my family lives in York and purchases ~~and~~ ~~am~~ ~~but~~ ~~have~~ ~~been~~ ~~especially~~ ~~appreciated~~ of it ~~even~~ ~~even~~ ~~more~~ ~~on~~ ~~expedition~~, and I know my appreciation has been shared by the other members of the expedition. The first ~~it~~ thing everyone wants when they have walked up to Top Camp from Base ^{with supplies} ~~with supplies~~ or on returning from a hard casing ~~top~~ has been a 'Crew' of your tea bags, ~~to refresh them~~.

Once again then I would like to thank you for your reviving and refreshing tea.

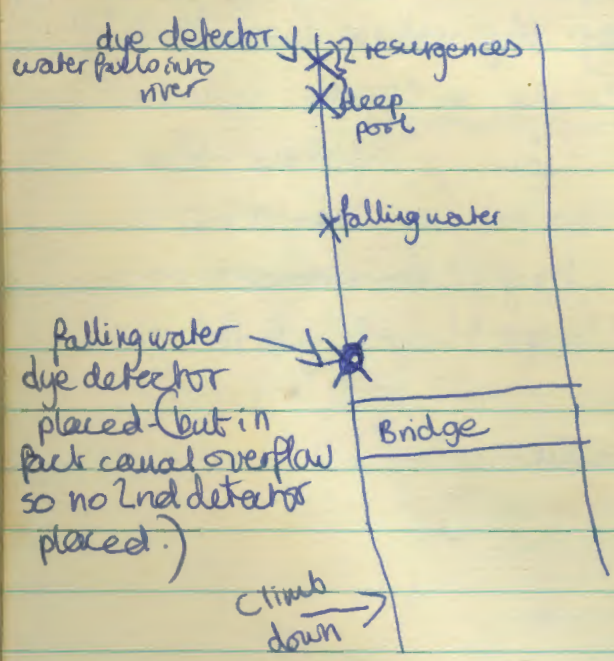
Why it tastes so awful.

(20)

Eye Testing in the Gorge - Silvia + Graham 15/7/84

After the epic trip into the gorge (see Top Camp Log Book) we got down to the actual purpose of the exercise on Sunday afternoon, after reaching Cain in the morning. We did the First Cain, where we had an interested little boy watching - It has in fact disappeared so I don't need to say where it was.

2nd. Puente Bolin - In fact it isn't the one nearer Cain



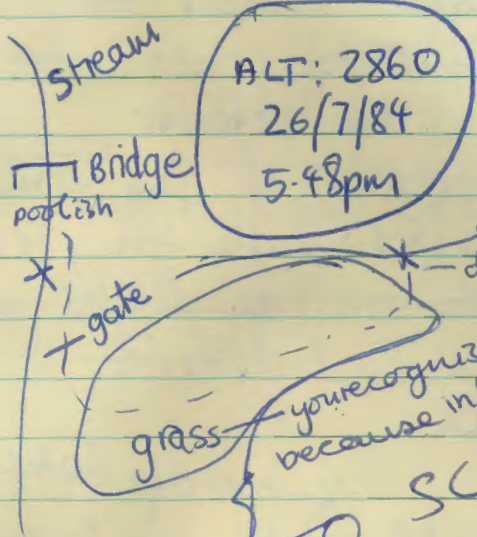
Alt. 2280
 26/7/84
 4.25pm.

Then back to the resurgences above Cain →

LEFT FORK

RIGHT FORK
as on plastic bag

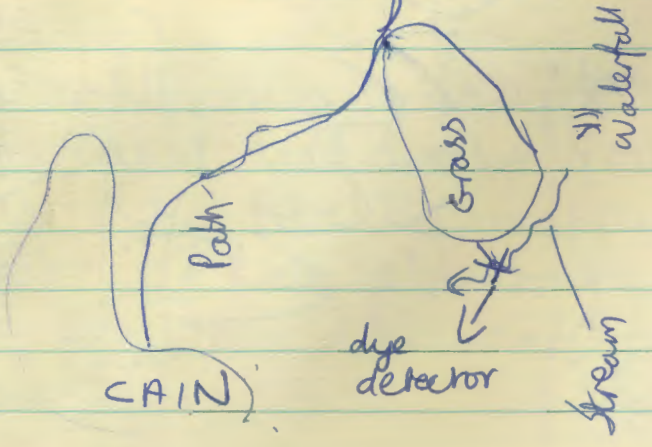
canon plastic bag



NOT

TO SCALE

ie. this path is longer than this and has more bends in



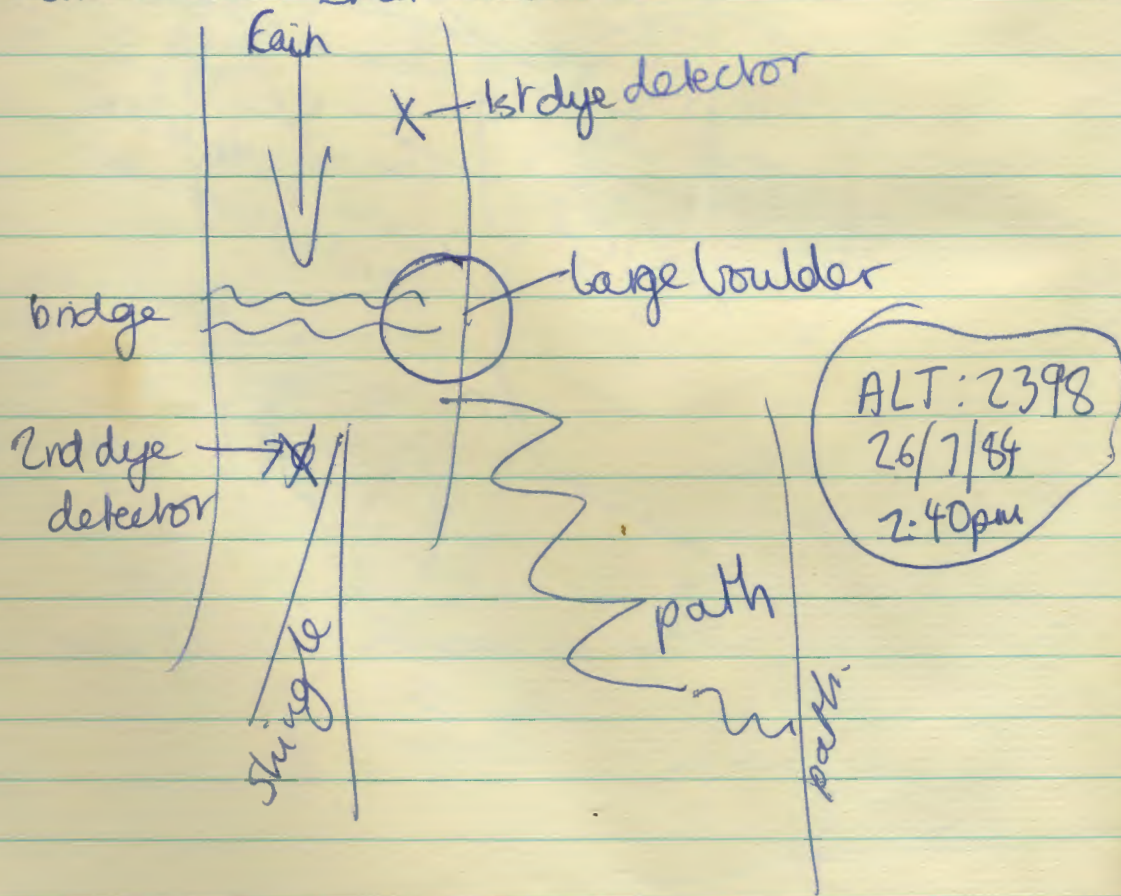
canon

(22)

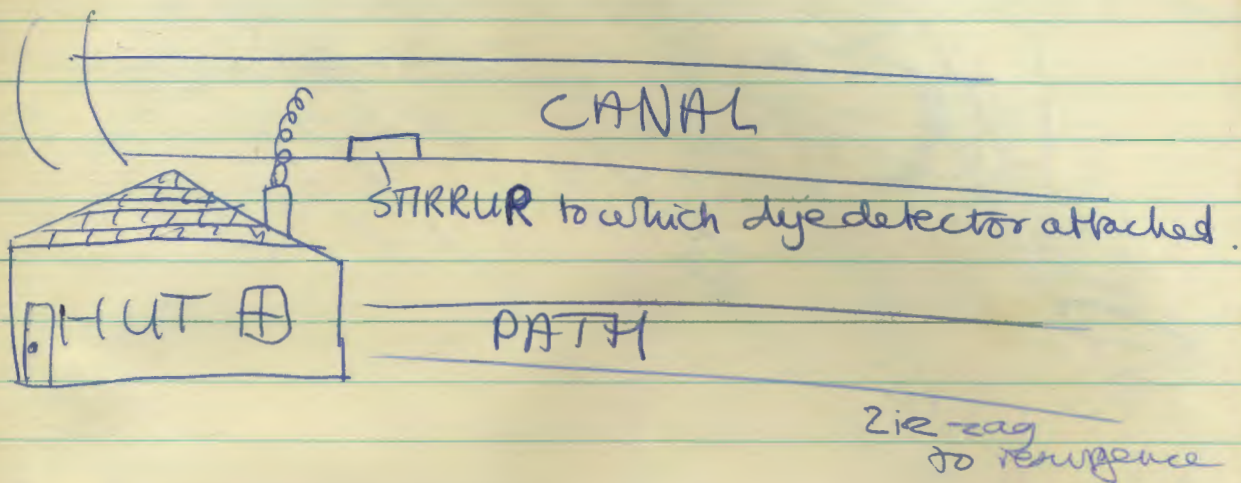
16/7/84 @ Calciembro

Down good ziz-zag path to almost sand beach
Climb over large boulder and wade upstream
8 yards of bridge which goes across from ^{the} boulder
You should find 1 dye detector

Then go downstream of the boulder to where
river divides round shingle ~~at~~, at the point of
the shingle is ~~the~~ on the Right as you face away
from Cain is the 2nd detector



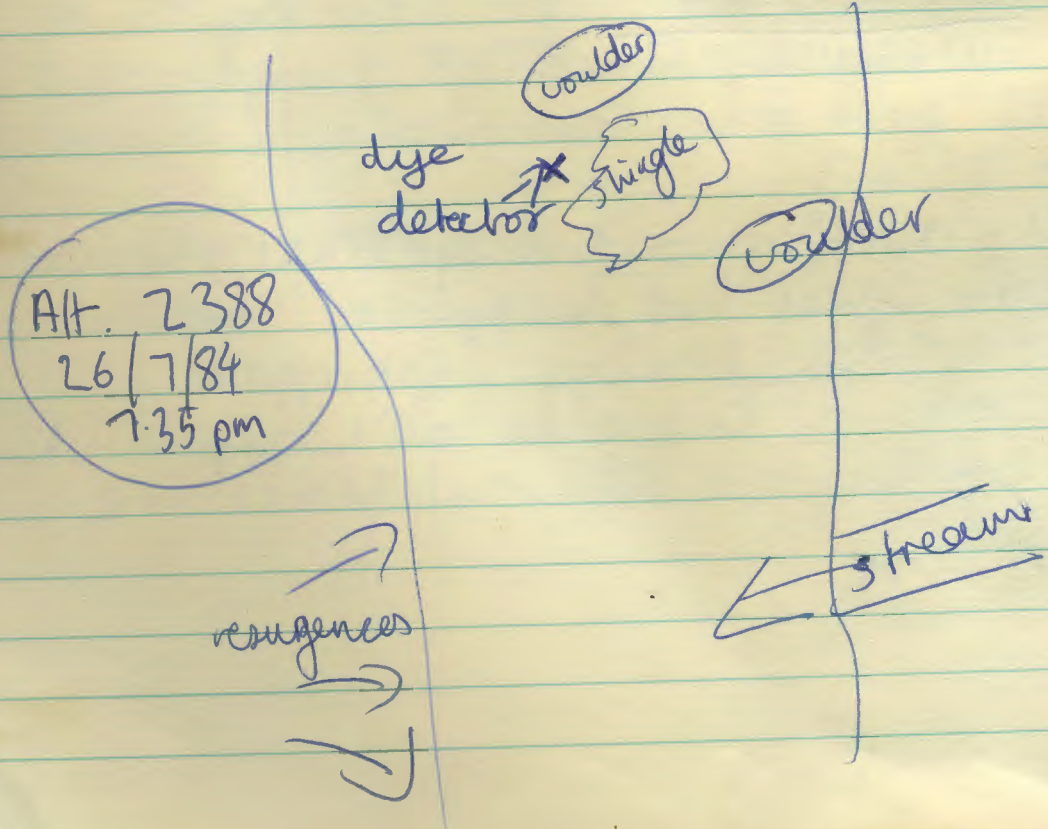
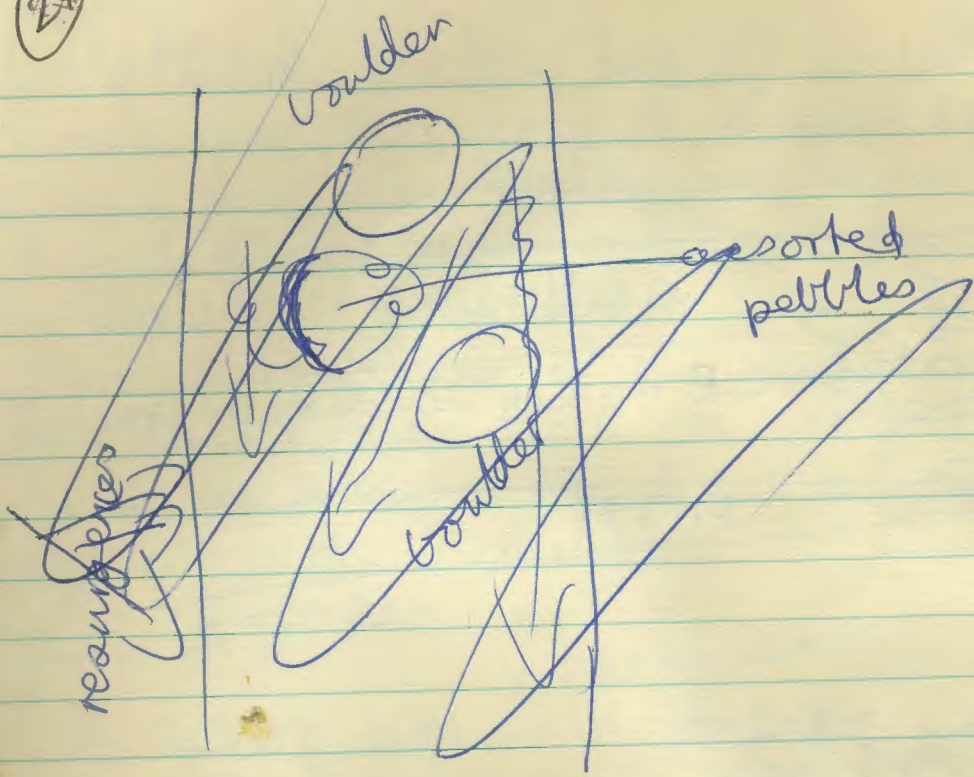
Also at Culieubro we put a control in the canal
(this was taken)



There was grand trip to replace these on
the 26/7/84. This went by the van
ie it was sensible. Thus lots of us marched
along the path from Carmomena (other end of
gorge to Cain)

All straightforward except that the control
in ~~Cain~~ the Canal had disappeared. and one
at the bridge totally inappropriate.
The detector at Cain also had disappeared
+ was replaced in a different place viz.
(over page)

(24)



Altimeter readings were taken on this trip. I shall write these on the appropriate diagrams - with the appropriate DATE - ie 26/7/84

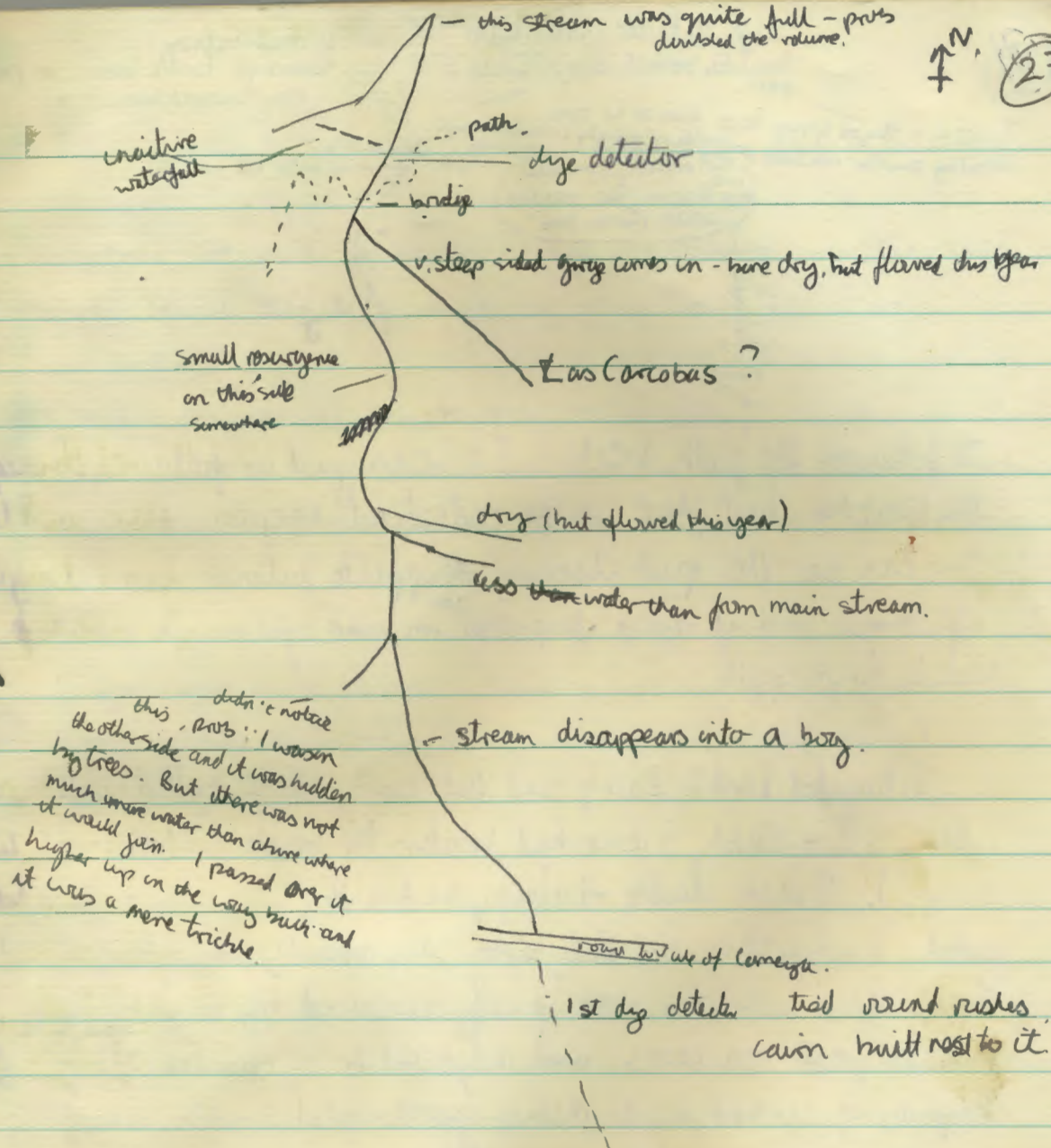
(28)

27/7/84 Stephen Gale & J. Hutch

We walked over to that idyllic little vale of Comeya. Marvellous time chasing dragonflies and I determined to return there later after a token effort at helping Steve with the dye detector. Incriminating photos were taken of me pouring in the dye whereupon I supposed we would have to rise downhill to the detector to beat the water flow. But Steve said there was no need to hurry so we ambled ~~up~~ over a ridge to ~~the~~ look down to the Rio Tabardin. Well actually it was very 'down' but not very 'Rio'.

Silly me felt sorry for poor Steve having to go down to the very bottom of this steep slope so I volunteered to dye detect the Rio Arganau. Of course I was contaminated but we hoped that, if I only touched the end of the string ~~this~~ of a made up dye detector, this would not matter. I left Steve sliding manfully down this slope with at least 4 Griffon Vultures circling overhead and vague mutterings of 'Ouais but to do or die'.

I located the control dye detector beneath the river early, having picked up some nice dragonflies on the way. The piddle that didn't at all match up to the sink however. So on I strode through the welcoming shade of some woods ~~but~~ determined not to stop until I met sufficient water. It was a long way.



didn't notice this pros: I was on the other side and it was hidden by trees. But there was not much more water than above where it would join. I passed over it higher up on the way back and it was a mere trickle.

As you can see ~~that~~ I found that the path crossed below Las Carobas - if this gorge was that. This disagrees with both maps. The dye detector is ~~at~~ about 100m below the bridge where the path crosses.

(27)

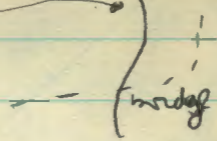
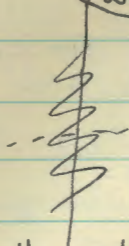
dye detector is attached to
boulders beneath this 1st waterfall -
fall.

v. distinctive:
series of bath tubs - ie pools in
very smooth worn rock.

There is a slight spring here from the w and
possibly another because the volume of water distinctly increases
down the waterfall

not exactly a meadow,
more of a clearing, but you can
walk across this

- drop into 1st bathtub.



I followed the path back. It can just be followed through
the brush but there is an indistinct region. near La Flecha
One can see the path climbing the opposite hillside from a long way
off ~~side~~ and if you keep this ^{goal} in mind you may be able to
stick to the path.

Struggled back to camp and that lovely stuff called water at
9.30. I inevitably have had beaten the back (2 hrs 6 min to top
camp!). But the double-dealing, back-sliding, ... creep had
jerked. However this was ~~only after~~ apparently only after several
climbs down when he was finally unnerved by the sight of
several fresh carcasses ~~and~~ adjacent to a new set of cliffs. ^{hence the vultures}
Anyway he cooked us a damn good meal.

P.S. They were building a new road ~~at the~~ round the
base of the P w T abaslin so this approach might be
better next year.

~~27~~ 7.84 Mike & Ukey, also ~~28~~ 7.84 Hutch & Ukey

To replace Mike's ~~the~~ control dye detectors in the Vega Redonda and Hutch's ones on the way.

1. Rio la Beyera (see Hutch 14.7)

Upper control lost, new one put in ~~the~~ R-hand (looking downstream) of two places water reappears, above main pool.

lower control (beneath bloody great rock) replaced.

If you get to a place where a spring joins from the left (other than the tiny spring with the mug) you've gone too far.

2. Rio Redamuna (see Hutch 14.7)

Both controls lost.

Upstream of bridge detector in new place: go past the clearing & past the stump of dead tree on R-hand bank. Stream goes across a flatish bit, after which the detector is tied to a ~~rock~~ on the stream bottom nearer the R-hand than L-hand side (looking upstream).

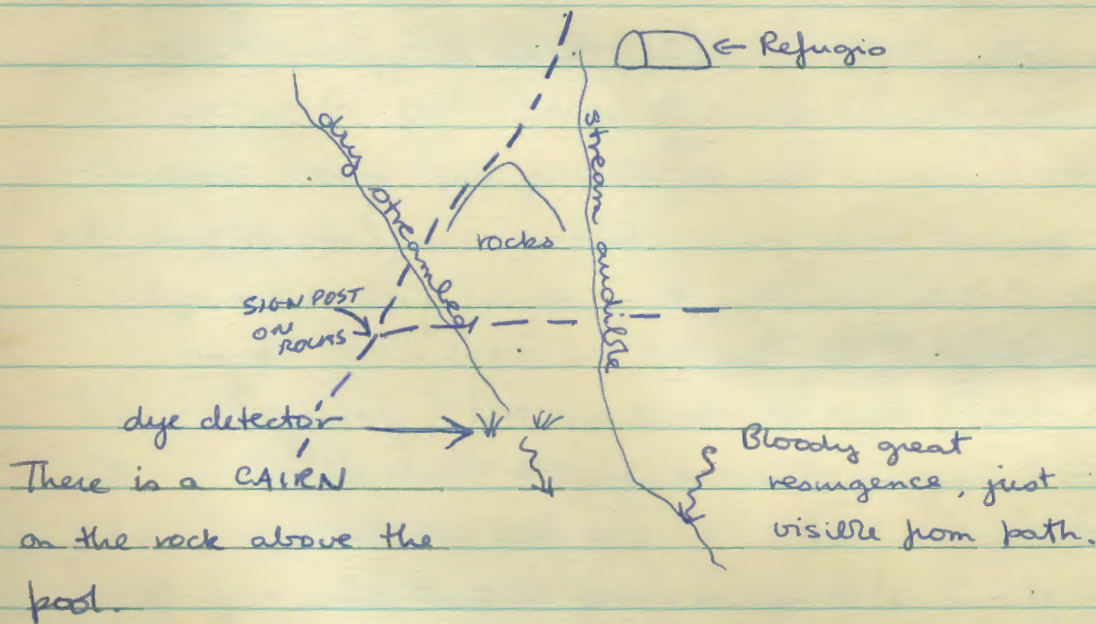
Downstream of bridge detector replaced in same place.

3. Rio Redamuna tributary (half-way up ^{path} ~~side~~ to Vega Redonda refugio: see Hutch 14.7) replaced in same

place.

30

4. New detector in tributary to Vega Redonda stream that cuts in from the left (looking uphill); You get to the col from which you can see the Refugio. From there you cut sharply downhill to your right and it's basically the first water you come across, a marshy little resurgence.



If you look downhill from the Refugio you will see something like this



You want to go down after the 3rd rock band

P.S. An N.B. about this trip is: DONT DRIVE THE VAN AROUND THIS TRACK, or spend $\frac{1}{2}$ hr beforehand filling in the 9 inch potholes on the piece of road that overhangs the lake. At the moment it beats any ride on the fairground. (R)

5. 3 sites above the Refugio (see Mike 19.7)

All replaced where they were before.

After spending the late morning in Anadorn drinking Pouches ~~and~~ it was decided that a late start would be a good idea. In fact it wasn't decided at all, it just worked out that way.

The trip began stunningly unimpressively with only 2 of 30ms 5 dye detectors recovered. Mike's (mine) were easily found which is hardly surprising since 1 (Mike) was in the party.

On the way back we started off discussing littering, critics and posers but ended up ranting on about food until we were drawing at the mouth.

Saturday 28th..

Base Camp a busy place... Care down from Arjo thinking I may be needed to guard camp leaving ^{God knows why I thought that!} Silora + Caraham to go down 12/5 + Phil to show them where the cave actually was. Dave, Mike + Mike used vast quantities of ice cream but still not enough to keep cool, a feeling only left by when a mega washing / swimming trip was undertaken (what was thought to be a ton washed off on receiving its first taste of soap for... well, a long time). Tied in up to Top Camp for fuel... 1 hr 41 mins meeting Ukey + Mike on their way up to Top Camp + Nicola on her way back (again!) to Arjo to collect camping gear. Hope Mike + Ukey got up OK... it was getting darkest when I got to Arjo!

(32)

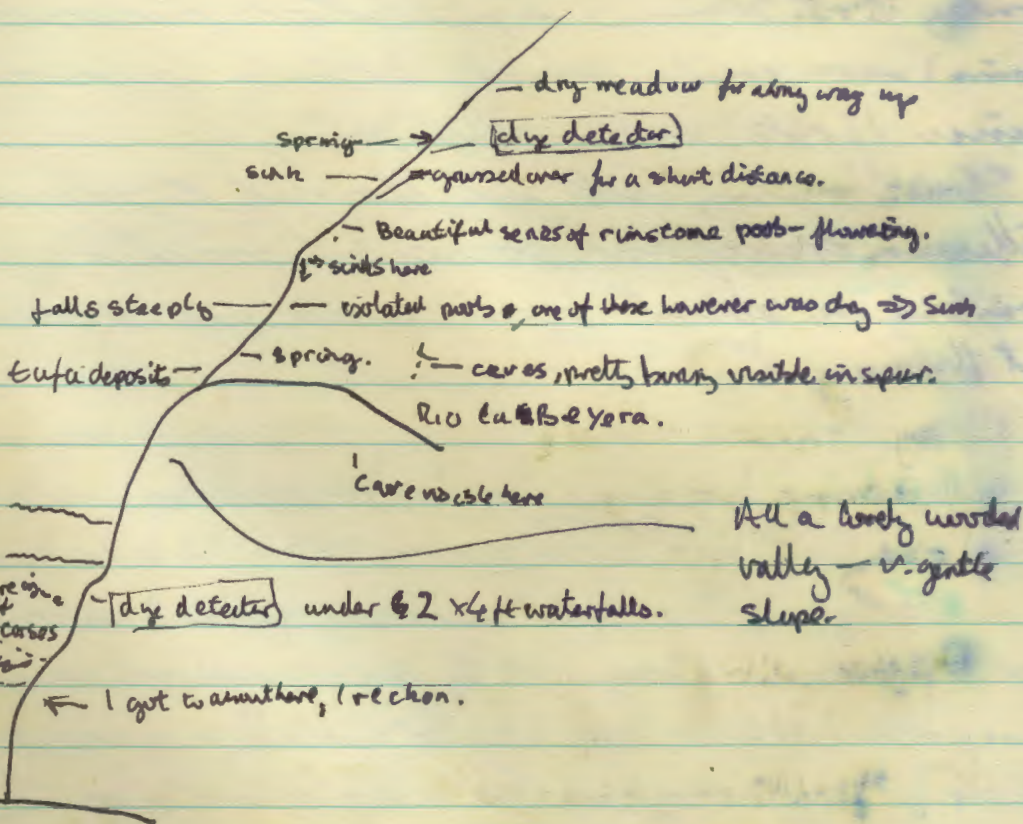
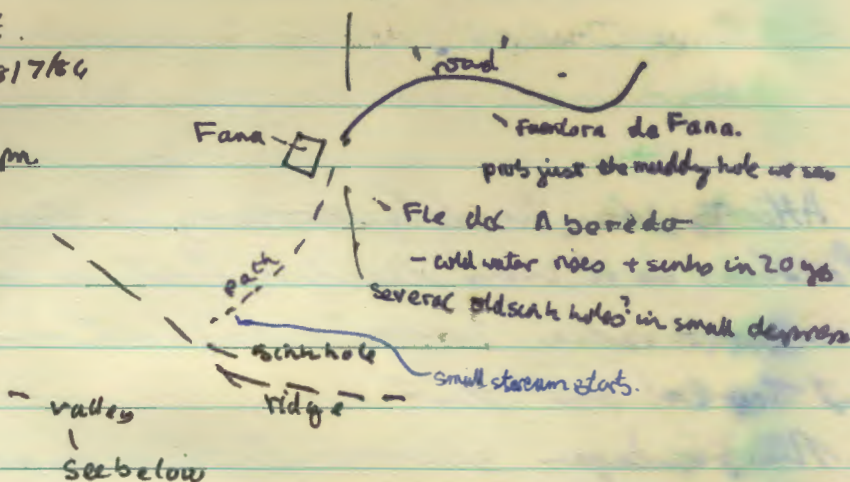
Phil Sargent.

23.1 butch. 28/7/66

Got ~~to~~ last one in by 4 pm

Out by about 8 pm

The fountain marked here
could easily not be near fountain



No resurgence by enough like resurgence from Comeyu
seen although in total flow the 0 sea river is bigger.

July Sunday

38

Top Camp Altimeter Measurement 29/7/84
 Feet.

Position	Altimeter Reading	Time	Minutes After 4:57
Enciema	4476'	4:07	0
Top Camp	7040'	5:52	105 105
Top camp	7040'	6:47	160
Enciema	4464'	9:12.	305

Since the top camp readings are both the same I shall take the mean time. I shall also assume that the pressure is varying uniformly. This would seem to be inconsistent with the two identical top camp readings but the inconsistency is only 2'.

$$2559 \text{ ft} = 780 \text{ m}$$

∴ Top Camp Cairn at

$$\text{Height difference to then } 1108 + 780 = 1888 \text{ m}$$

$$7040 - \left[4476 + \left(12 \times \frac{265}{2/305} \right) \right]$$

$$= 2569' \text{ calculation way} = 2559 \text{ ft}$$

If consistent fall in height (ie 12 ft in 305 min = 0.0393442 ft min⁻¹), then fall of 4.15 ft in 105 min, and fall of 6.30 ft in 160 min. This gives corrected height differences of 2560 ft and 2558 ft.

SUNDAY (cont.)

734 Dave, Fred + Nicola (just!) go off to collect large Hamburg. John goes by the lake and Riley arrives & consumes two hours immediately - he has cut his hand. Perdices, followed 40 minutes later by Martin with a achilles tendon - we all down steak. Andy go off to Congo for tortillas.

John acquires a 'helpful' 7 year old Spanish his not. & to watch him strike bugs.

A lazy, hot day. Not as hot as yesterday, but down hot.

I do the washing up.

John goes off down Ossu expecting to be 22.00 (this is at 17.00) and asks for leave him some food this evening.

I read back proc.s.

I am very hot. It rains (too briefly).

Still too hot. The most interesting thing I was sorting dead matches out of the match tin...

Sunday 29th ...

He Hurlled down the last half of the Arco path on a bugged foot just in time to catch the car before it departed for Congo with Fred and Dave (next time I'll leave myself enough time for a leisurely walk down from Arco!) Congo packed... stopped and then into the Rio Grande for Tortillas and a

drink. Declined Dave's invitation for me to drive the van having seen it
 conk out with sight of the camp last night and so he had the pleasurable
 task of parking in Ariandas on fiesta day. Armed with a bottle of absolutely
 disgusting white vinegar we then rooted ourselves outside a convenient cafe
 and sat and waited for the bus bearing les Membres to roll in. Time \approx 2.20 ish
 Mucho vino later and the carnival procession passed headed by a totally legless
 Asturian band who'd spent the early afternoon traoping in + out of all the bars in
 the High Street. All very Spanish and colourful bongos gang of everywhere and
 Asturian bagpipes. Power-mod policemen had great fun organising traffic and
 people once the carnival had passed. By this stage Ian + Martin had appeared
 and the pile of coffee mugs on the table rose higher still. ~~.....~~ Towards 7
 the travel weary Membres appeared. Jon, Dave R, Testyn + Steve Roberts
 leaving the Spanish to their drinking (one hell of a lot of people in Corgos
 are going to have a hangover tomorrow) we trooped off for some of our own over a
 meal at Almodors before more vino in the back of the van as the first real
 rain for 2 weeks appeared. Mucho enthusiasm for Dave + Steve R for 12/5
 which they're going to home away at tomorrow. Dave H + Phil S had by
 this stage left for the same destination. Andy, Motin + Nicola going to Corgos
 tomorrow morning. Fred doing on the carry. The Keenness.!

(26)

Monday morning - and it felt like we.

Woken up too early after the night before. A Canyon tour and all the new "blood" going up the hill left me all alone - o.

Now there had been a little bit of snow during the night - that's what woke me up - but it really was quite a nice day when they left. I was just about to write some post cards when

WHAM!

The tarpaulin over the equipment flew off, the little bags inside scattering down to the quarry. ~~Because~~ I scrambled after them but could make no attempt to put back the tarpaulin. It was just at this point that it blew me over.

Naturally enough nearly all the tents were open with lots of sodies drying outside and all the guy ropes loose after a $\frac{3}{4}$ 2 week stay. ~~Almost every~~ ^{nearly} ~~every~~ ~~except~~ ~~one~~ ~~tent~~ was facing into the wind. $\frac{3}{4}$

I did what I could ~~but~~ ^{getting} ~~up~~ ~~tents~~, tightening guy ropes, putting new guy ropes in and eventually securing the tarpaulin. ~~At~~ At the end of 10 hectic minutes the

Score was: Big green tent ^{flysheet} ripped at back post

Stephen Gale's tent - flysheet ripped, inside suspender broken

Another gas mantle broken when the lamp crashed off the kitchen tent

Steven Roberts tent - flattened

A few coils of rope kept the latter in place. Meanwhile the big green equipment tent looked in a worse state

than the butcher tent. So each morning the van round in front of the latter seemed sensible. Where were the keys? - inside Steve Roub's tent - starkly near the entrance. Eventually the wind ~~stop~~ died down. A few vultures flew over and the stampede of cows ^{was} diverted. When Martin finally rolled in not a breath of breeze blew and all was sunny. They wondered why the van was parked in an almost unostentatious position and one tent flattened.

Andy revels in situations ~~like~~ like this. The Roberts tent ~~was~~ was packed up and its scrupulous contents transferred to bin-liners. He new group for the big green tent and off with the flysheet when he then proceeded to mend utilizing the nurse's uniform.

Two points about the one fatality: ① It was the one tent facing the right way ② Steve had re-rigged it this morning. The poles were bent at right angles and the flysheet rippled so I guess its approaching a write-off. We ~~avoid~~ avoid with edge anticipation news from top camp and have been keeping an eye skyward for advance notice in the form of plates, water containers and tents floating merrily by. We have also discovered today how the rubbish is removed from the campsite.

(53)

Tuesday 31 July '84

Steve R. Made A Lot Of Fuss because there was no food. Steve fried eggs for people but ate His in His Alpen. Then SGR & D.R. went to shop in Cangas & to take Steve to Arriadas for their bus. But Silvia had forgotten her passport. Jan guarded camp.

Sean + Phil D. went up to top camp.

Coffee, shopping & tortillas later, team Cangas returned to camp. Then THE ACCIDENT :-

¡¿DÓNDE ESTÁN LOS NIÑOS MUERTOS?!

in which SGR hits a car & La Mujer calls in the Traffic Police from Ribasella. The van is chased back to the lagoon by the hit car. SGR + DR get dragged off to Cangas by the juez. Dave freaks them out with his idiomatic grasp of the local insults.

Dave H. & Phil S. came down from Ario to see Steve + Dave consoling themselves (w/ Silvia + Graham) with an enormous loaf, a VAST charico & an immense lump of processed cheese. Suitably rehydrated, Dave R. + Steve R. take one 50lb tackle bag of food and one 40lb ^{inckone} ~~bag~~ of ropes + ladders for a mega-packing trip in 12/5. We laugh.

* grazes.

NO PROBS LAOS (SCR)

see Aris (log book) pushed 3 pitches.

59

We still don't think Steve, let alone Dave, can get through the Naat.

We decide to eat - since Steve has gone to Aris we have a vegetarian meal of chickpea curry. (?) Graham & Silvia go to bed and Dave + Philip wait up for the others to come back. Dave goes to bed. Philip sits drinking coffee & wondering if the others will turn up before he turns 30 or not.

Plan for the morrow: Philip, Graham + Silvia get up at 07-45 & drive to Arandas in Marti's car to catch bus. Philip buys milk powder + more tin liners on way back.
02-05 Philip S. crashes out in Phil. Duncan's Silver Speedster.

Tuesday 31st - Camp aroused early to get Silvia + Graham to Arandas in time for their bus. Miserable morning. Chucked it down all night. Everything dripping wet in the morning. Silvia + Graham disappeared off in the yellow monstrosity with Dave R + Steve eager to get their hands on the luddy money and a mountain of food followed shortly by the Culcembra team in Martin's car (Martin, Leslyn, John, Nicola and Andy) in hot pursuit of John's kit still in the yellow monster. Met up in Cangas, retrieved John's kit and after coffee + tortillas it was off to the Gorge. Mindblowing! Superb gorge - gorgeous sunny weather. John had great fun chasing insects (doomed to be spreadeagled on a curry tray) and Martin sending Leslyn back to precipitous ^{ices} (cliff) or something) to peer ~~over~~ ^{over} the edge and become immortalised on 3-D photos. Cave itself really good. Gorgeous formations.

(40)

Iestyn & John disappeared up a climb into the unknown whilst Martin carried Andy and Nicola into passing for pickies and holding flash guns. A reel of film and Yarkie bar later photographic team Culembro emerged (not via the mega cold way ~~the~~ - one swim each way's enough in that water!) - Andy and Nicola to krog off down to the resurgence to muck around in the water in the comfort of wetsuits and Martin to change and appear at the resurgence to take more pickies. Confident team exploration would be OK. The three returned to the lower Bar, urged along the path by the prospect of beers and bacs and sitting down to rest a culmination of gammy feet / aches / tendons etc... Well worth it once we did get to the bar. John & Iestyn appearing 2 beers later. Stomachs fuller we returned to Base Camp. Arriving sometime around 12. All in all a really enjoyable day.

1st August 1984

With Iestyn and Dave H. waving goodbye, Phil drives off taking Silvia & Grahame to their bus in Arica. This time I actually saw them sitting in the bus - after several coffees & sticky buns and lots of loo visits. Even then it seems that Silvia had forgotten her sleeping bag.

Back in the campsite 6 people are leisurely drying their gear and getting ready to go down Osu in slow motion. Maybe it's the sun. Nice.

Last night a cow got at the rubbish just inside the stockade causing Andy & Phil to rocket out of their tents waving their arms like windmills -

at bloody 02-30 in the morning. To vent his anger and frustration, Phil opened up the van and threw all the rubbish inside - on top of Nicola (Sorry Nicola).

Phil "I'm chunkier than anyone else around" Rose

"I like Richard Gregson's Underwear" : Ukey - Note this was written by Ukey - obviously!

Phil "As you say, I do have disproportionately large thighs" [But I never said anything of the sort, Phil!] Rose. Sorry I got it wrong.

Mike - I like it had a

cauld - Bemmylee.

WE HAVE GONE TO CANGAS TO EAT AT SOME RESTAURANT OR OTHER.

20.13 1.8.84 in the Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Eighty Four.

Ian "I think I'm moderately respectable" Houghton.

Phil "My bowels are versatile" Rose [3'tud]

8.
out

82

PHIL'S 30th BIRTHDAY!

1 / August / 84

Andy, Nicola, Martin, John 'H'

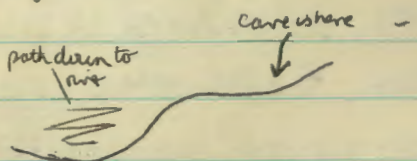
"A late start" for a trip down Asu. Very little rigging gear was left at Lagos. ~~re. tapes/wires~~ so we kludged together some kit and set off. A truly "excellent" cave, the passage ~~old~~ ~~with~~ ~~voids~~, and then active streamway ~~are~~ magnificent. Fantastic false floors and gravel beds. Some quite nice stal.

Anyway we had only 2 SRT kits between the 4 of us well actually only $1\frac{1}{2}$ as John 'H''s consisted partly of a ~~LEWIS~~ ascender so much lowering and raising of gear was necessary. 'H' actually sent up his gear for me to descend the pitch but neglected to send up his rack, (presumably he has a liking for Alvarro style descent)

Martin + 'H' put the dye in at the downstream sump, at 6.30 pm. Dye type was Lissamine Red 4B. and the quantity was "the lot". Good quantitative science this water tracing!

Some more info on the Culienber trap:

Finding the cave can be a problem



The climb down requires care, if we have a rucksack on.

To start with the way in is obvious ~~if~~ (yes you do have to immerse yourself through that lake) as if we ignores the ~~the~~ intriguing side-passages off the main stal-encrusted chamber. Eventually there is a climb up on the left and then down into a large chamber with the roar of the stream beckoning on. ~~But~~ The sound comes from some holes in the floor. The far right hand one could be descended over an overhang, as later I climbed up to it within a few feet of it, but I would strongly recommend at least a handline and the rock looked a bit ~~too~~ uncommitted.

The way in is instead a climb up on the left hand side that is long but possible all the way. Follow the passage ~~but~~ there until 2 holes in the floor appear and descend the first one.

There are three ways in at least from the static portal that is thus reached. One way ~~reaches~~ reaches ~~the stream~~ a streamway which rumps both ways. ~~For~~ The obvious climb up to bypass the rump ~~is~~ is over, more or less ~~with~~ ^{which has} had steps cut in it at the top. This reaches a piece of stony ~~and~~ ~~climbing~~ ~~from~~ the ~~side~~ ceiling (rope pulled through?) but the way in looked v. difficult and in fact ~~was~~ ~~not~~ I wouldn't go

as far as Iestyn went, which was lucky as he needed help getting down.

~~Back to~~ There are lots of other climbs on the way back none of which seemed to go anywhere. Back to where I said there were 3 ways on. Another way goes up - along and then to a slippery way down that we decided would only be possible with rope (see later for possible view of other end). The last way is not so easy to find. It is down through a narrow ^{but wide} gap ~~between~~ between ~~the~~ moon milk and the roof which looks as though it has no chance but in fact ~~and~~ eventually descend to a huge chamber containing the main stream (a lot bigger than the one met with earlier). This ~~is the~~ It rumps up then and ^{downstream} goes down a narrow passage at too great a rate to swim around in ~~the other~~ ~~down~~. There are ~~3~~ 3 ways on. One is ~~in~~ the way a climb to the chamber already mentioned. One is ~~in~~ by the entrance up a moon milk flow that I wouldn't try on my own - ~~perhaps~~ perhaps this is the one we looked down earlier. The last way on is the obvious dry passage down at the base of the chimney to the right. This ~~is the~~ way ~~is~~ eventually a dipping climb appears which looks possible and promising but which I jacked on.

45 such excellent language! put out
Pozu Palomaru - Mega do by
Martin, Phil R., Andy and me you buggers!

(Nicola)

First epic caves in finding the cave, it can take several hours but if you follow these instructions you get there quickly:-

Follow dirt track past Lago Enal to the cow trough with a cross on it. Beyond this there is an obvious path heading up the valley to the left. 5-10 minutes up this path there is a boggy patch with a green square just beyond (there is a tree just before). At this point a path leads off to the right and this will take you to the cave (Recognized by a wall surrounding the shaft which is overhung by two trees).-

The next epic caves in the rigging of this pitch. There is a good block for a chimney which gives a good free hang, however a bit lower down could be useful. The hang is great good and holds on the

(46)

apex at a large boulder pile.
One side leads down a steep
unstable slope supported by dubious
rotting logs + guarded by
rotting corpses leads to the camp. The
other side leads immediately to a
6m pitch (yes 5m ladders do NOT
reach!) where there is a nasty rusty
balt.

Once down, the abstricals have
all been negotiated + the passages
can shut. These are superb
abandoned phrases - to be silky gravel
banks legubrious mud (very thick!) and
amazing pabbales enhancing the passage
architecture. (There were inscript: in the
and date back to '74 + some possibly
to '61!) On the way out we +
Nicola met up the gravelly upper
sect to Cady Caven. Coins out
to a woga pickme series on the
entrance pitch (stones work best
when all hell is broken out of them
against the wall!) This saga was

[Dye was Rhodamine B 500]
= $\frac{1}{2}$ the bag

(47)

completed by Andy bringing the honors of
the dog placing the dye in the sump
below the pitch at \approx 7pm. Nobody
dropped the rope down the entrance
pitch so we all got out in good
spirits.

PS Riley inhaled a 'cloud' of Rhodamine powder
as he was lobbing it into the sump and
spent the next fifteen minutes simulating
the symptoms of Tuberculosis ~~by~~
spitting red mucus over the walls and floor.

(48)

← definitely

¿ DONDE SON (¿ ESTAN?) LOS NIÑOS MUERTOS?

4 AUGUSTO 1984.

John goes up to top camp with butterfly net, meeting Steve R. & Phil S. going down from Aris for tents & food. The mist comes down. STP have coffee with the dutch couple who were camping at Aris. After a bit Andy, Richard + Sarah + Dave turn up from upper bar - work to Ponte Romana as they had planned because Richard's car misbehaved...

Then we all sat in the mess tent & agreed as to who would stay down in Lagos....

to buy on SUNDAY

black pepper	MEAT
guides	* JAM *
garlic press	MATCHES.
bin liners	RICE
fruit for MARKET	PASTA
SUGAR	CHOCOLATE

What Has Been Going On

Dave R, Steve R & Phil S went on a pushing trip down ~~the~~ CISTRA (12/5) & added 5 pitches including the awesome "Thompson's Gullshoof". Yesterday.

Today: Ukey, Sean + ~~the~~ Mike Bines - Lee went on a pushing trip. Dave, Nicola + Phil R. went surveying with a fucked clinometer.

Yesterday: Richard + Sarah + Dave (+ ricktoiled around) 36 stations just for the entrance to the 'Thatcher's Climb' (or more accurately, to the '85 Electrician', which is the way round this bit to which we thought at first that ~~by~~ there was no alternative'.)

VAS! SELF SACRIFICE!

Plans for today - and tomorrow -

Phil S stays in Lagos until midday Sunday when he goes to Cangas to do a shop, to put Richard's car battery in to charge at a garage, and to collect Chris Morris from Arianda at 19:00.

The others will go up to Ais when the rain stops - Andy + Martin have just left for top camp.

5/6 August 1984

John,

Could you do a carry up to ^{Top Camp} ~~Ais~~ (and an unenvied run) on ~~Wednesday~~ ^{TUESDAY}, if possible? If you do it then you could relieve whoever is there (Andy + Hilary) for a few days while they come to Lagos. Chris could take over your anchorman

(50)

role at Base Camp.

Many thanks,

Stephen

6 AUGUST '84 09-30.

John takes Nicola & Mike off to catch their bus - Sean goes along for the ride & to change some money. They ~~are~~ are going to buy sugar, noroko, peppers + tomatoes - as all that was bought yesterday has been carried away and there's none left here. Also bread + blunts.

I (Philip) am leaving now for Rio - hope to get a surveying trip in with Steve Gale this afternoon, but may be too late.

7:30pm Sean has just departed for Rio (an unremarkable detail but as it's wet + miserable + nothing else to do except write in the log you'll just have to put up with it.) Phil Duncan came down this morning, removed his spaceship + zipped off down to Cargas to remind Los dos to buy powdered milk. Then he went back up to Rio ~4pm with some food. Hutch was unconscious for an hour (we only have his word for this) + I've poked around the assorted 1st aid kits (these 2 facts are not related) there is nothing else AT ALL to report.

Oh the excitement! A whining Spanish infant has just tripped over one of my test pegs. Typhoid! dy.

7th August '84. 4:45pm.

Day started badly when we discovered that SOMEONE had sniped the rain gauge - left the glass bottle through (too kind) Blimey, some folk'll sick out. Did a micro carry to Arico out of boredom + saw Richard, Sara, Steve + later Fred, on the way down to Cangas. On way back, met John who with glazed eyes was waving his butterfly net around, slowly on his way to top camp. Returned to find Fred outside Kitcher tent, oblivious to everything (except lemon tea) Tedyn arrived in the infamous cutoff shirt + then Philip S. (me) came down to do a quick carry/return to Arico but the weather closed in on the way and Fred seduced Chris & me to a swim + wash in End. Then Fred & I drank coffee + liquor in the upper bar while Chris went for another swim with Tedyn - this was all incredibly strange because of the thick mist lying close to the lake, the low cloud, and the crowds of incredulous Spaniards clustered around the lake wearing their winter woollies. Sara, Richard + Steve came back and SOB zapped up to Arico immediately - unfortunately not taking the gas contained they had just filled at Cangas. The rest of us consumed a Stupendous Soup prepared by Sara and about half a dozen bottles of wine. I think hard all night.

(50)

8 August '84

Stopped raining about 09-15, sun put in an appearance at 9-45. Encouraged by this, Phil packs a sack and heads off to Ario. Hijacked by v. large breakfast of eggs + rations for a couple of hours.

7. August 84. Sara Richard + Steve whipped down from ~~Cangas~~ ^{Ario} to go to Cangas the aim being bank + Palacio de Justicia. Sitting the Rio Grande eating a seemingly endless supply of the Grande's Al tortillas. Mucho cenizas later we enter the Palacio de Justicia which is a huge building with 100 rooms in it. Somewhere inside the P de J we find one bored policeman who was v. helpful but thought we were mad. There are 3 police forces: the (A) Policia, the (B) Guardia Civil and (C) Policia Trafficos. We explained (C) had been told by (D) who had stopped Roberto to take his passport and Roberto (or D) was to pick it up from (A) in Cangas. You see A come from Cangas B from Covadonga and C from Ribadaneella. The real problem was that AB and C are Spanish whilst D is NOT.

After a brief phone call the policeman in the P de J told us to come back before 14.00 and then another office would be open in which many or many not be his passport. Before we left ^{for Lagos} he told us to check back with him.

There then followed an interlude of drunken shopping washing and swimming in the Sella, and an episode of linguistic brilliance when Richard explained in pigeon* spanish to a garage man that he would very much like to take off his hands a used motorcycle inner tube.

Later we checked back at the P de J. The helpful policeman had gone, replaced by an unhelpful one (also helpless - with laughter). He told us to check with a ~~new~~ completely new set of protagonists - the Guardia civil in Cangas. Or E. If we call the passport F, we can represent what Steve and Richard told E as.

$$(D+F) \times B = (D-F) + (C+F) \quad (1)$$

then $(C+F) \rightarrow A+F$ with C cancelling out. ⁽²⁾

The question now asked was

Given $E = E+F$

What could

$$E + D \rightarrow E \text{ and } (D+F)$$

(54)

The Guardia Civil looked bemused in his brown suit and fringed his automatic pistol longly. Then a rapid burst of Spanish was said which we may represent as

$$\sqrt{c^2 + D - A^2} = \frac{F+D}{A^2} \quad \text{which frankly didn't make}$$

anything clear. We did understand when he said $E+D \rightarrow E-D$ and pretty damn quick.

Roberts was unhappy, but cheered himself up by picking up two hitchhikers just outside Cangas. He locked them in the back and then switched on violently loud heavy music. ~~Roberts~~ Roberts drives up to Lagos at a speed only matched by the speed of ~~the sprinter~~ Carl Lewis. The last section involves massive hitches as we speed across the campsite and then Roberts unlocks the back and a scene of indescribable horror is within. The hitchhikers crawl out of the van and both lie face down on the grass, kissing it. One of them crosses himself. They had been sunbathing by the side of the road and hijacked

in a yellow sarcophagus which swarms them
 to bits to the accompaniment of Euro
 bath and then are deposited inside a
 large ping pong ball which they are told
 is for lagers. They staggered off into the mist
 and were never seen again.

8 August 1984

De trouwe Logos, - which is a
 reasonable feat considering my load & the metro

Am sitting in the lower bar filling in time &

setting out my thoughts about this years

expedition as I'm about to leave tomorrow.

First thought - I favour the lower bar over the top

bar - primarily because I know the people there

better than at the top bar - they seem much more

friendly in general, I've given me a free bottle

of vino & gas when I got here. (I probably don't

take a lot of fun out of my Spanish (Indonesian)

and especially my pronunciation - its sounding is

I think a good measure of it eat here today

that the local posters drink and eat here today

in an way, after the dinner time next and

to kill to listen to the barter between the

posters and the bar-men. (Not the women in afraid

(16)

- This is not a liberated country - far from it. I'm reasonably chuffed at the moment having found a bloody great hole at my first attempt this year. 2 days ago went shaft bashing in a new area. Truly amazing - virtually nobody has been there before; huge holes and rifts proliferate. So many holes! I marked 8 of those I saw which looked ~~then~~ like descent was worthwhile, yet ~~at~~ this was only a cursory glance at a small chunk of a vast area we have access to at top camp. Tom + I took a look down the first one I discovered, F20. A 20m plus free ~~and~~ hang in a big shaft to a gravel bottom with snow 'hump' - 2 ways on. One down a small rift \approx 40 ft into darkness, round the snow hump. - you stand ~~on~~ on an enormous lead and can pitch stones down a 10 second tumble / fall abyss.

My point is as follows, - I was the last down F12/S with Roo + Simon F in 81, when we found it too tight to enter + left it, promising yet impossible without banging / hammering. So this year for some reason we find it necessary to smash entry into a cave

Admittedly premises? While rejecting a vast area of superb case potential (an asset value) ~~or~~ virtually all covering clubs would call these grounds for. Second ~~point~~ - although I prefer vertical cases and rights fight rights etc. - what about the ethics of smacking ones way into cases? Now I could be verbally assailed by a variety of reasons, - ranging from why not? to ~~the~~ its done in 'obscure' and covering, differed anyway. Well - judging by the manic enthusiasm once ~~one~~ covers have for 100m etc. and depth they obviously regard covering as 'competition' ~~in which case~~ there are rules to be deep. Few people here consider it as such - and have even thought seriously and long about it. Mud has been written in the "spots" yet few here have read it. Many aspects of covering can be considered as science - yet when one introduces such things as temp/rain measurement they are ~~artistic~~ in a manner and I quote - "Is this a covering expedition or a weather station". This person better get out his ideas - for a state science funded a large part of his expedition and secondly if he does consider covering a sport ~~as he implied~~ then led

better get a grip on the rules + ethics! - for I have seen none shown yet! I was here because I feel it is a better medium for comment on an expedition than some of the outbursts of juvenile gibberish that is spoke ~~from~~ from those who purport to represent the spoken word back in England and who by their very experience should realize that ~~the~~ their comments are not required on a expedition which needs a team spirit and not ~~per~~ prima-donnas.

This expedition has been the best run and organised that I've been on via OUCE. I was staggered by the achievements + enthusiasm of the initial members of the exped. "Humbresdura's" Applies to the lasses as well as the lads but I find that the attitude of latecomers not ~~been~~ ~~been~~ bueno! → hence early departure.

I hope that OUCE come here many times in the future and continue to have good relations with the upper + lower bar + the ICONA (+ Enjanque. Spelling?). This is a mega place! let us try to do the place justice and come in style also.

~~J.M. Victoria
SIF
Viladomat, 152
08015 Barcelona~~

Enjanyne?
I-DNA warden

Josep M. Victoria

Address
Redacted
- 5 all

(60)

Hutch

ERCIWA

only a small hummock separates from Vega del Brial

falls to lake (dry)

level dry streamway but periodically with deep standing water.

wet streamy ~~not~~ dropping steeply
springs

dry - more houses here. El Togu

sinks, suddenly but not in a lake or anything downstream.

meandering stream in flat valley - water flow < Vega de Comeya but > R. El Brial

cliffs = Carta Ceñal

Los Tomas

houses
another flat area
50m of watercourse
in it only

houses

downy
Bare dry valley
of hummock
of soil with
willows in
+ willows

below
El Togu
El Brial

I walked down from Top Camp this funny way but it was misty and I had lost my compass and then I lost my map... No problems route finding however, because I have this natural inclination to walk downwards

Now I'm fairly sure that although I was heading for the Rio Resaca what I in fact did was walk down ~~past~~ the obvious valley which is marked on "Luzje" ~~as~~ at its head by "~~Campes de Sabal~~" "Jous de Caribanaal" then "Campes de Jues"

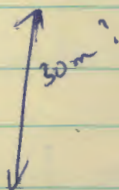
This is a very direct route and, once you find the path ~~is~~ quite easy going, all downhill. Without the path it's a bit of a maze at the top.

On the way up I tried to find Jous del Agua. I think I ~~probably~~ failed, because of the inaccuracies in the ~~route~~ ~~the~~ Editorial Amapura map. That is I knew it was because up that but I'm not sure whether I failed. Actually perhaps I am sure I failed. However, what I did find was 10 m of meandering streamway with water in it, not moving though, somewhere at the foot of the hills below the ~~point~~ marked "Cruaalada". Big deal.

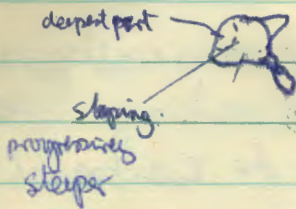
Between here ~~and~~ and the Ariv path going almost due North, at the base of a largeish closed depression was a pit 75 feet deep. ~~The~~ It looks quite impressive especially

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as another part nearly connects up with it.



20ft deep pot - free climbable - at base can look through a narrow slit 45° down to the base of other pot



free climbable for 20ft. - handline might well be v. useful at top.

The rock round the top is the ~~the~~ most friable I've seen here. There is a tree nicely ~~providing~~ providing a free hand but it would have had to have lived another 100 years to be any good. I suggest free climbing down the pot soft and trying again there.

Pot was unmarked, apparently.

Camp guards log star date Fri 10th Aug.

To Mcap - Hilary & Steve G disappeared on a carry to top camp yesterday (in the mist & the darkness the rot - warm) Andy cooked a spotless curry (his words here!) of which Sean also partook. Others went to Cangas for meal, driven by the intrepid Hutch, Martin H. looking distinctly queasy rescuing the board at the back of the van with a broom several times on

route. Good sock (Rose Bros. braised lamb = epic dish) all round marred only by the lack of rice pudding + by the misleadingly optimistic Sp. weather forecast

... & so to today, Phil D. & Phil R. zapped off with supplies up mountainside. ^{Jan + Jan → T.C. Jan to rig £20} Uke, Steve, Dawel went to get money, supplies & paddle their boats at Ribadesella. Sean sat dozing over a book on hyperstasis while Martin & Andy threw various sticks, apple cores + tennis balls at cows + each other. Hutch labouriously planned his "I have lost / had stolen a camera with a 816 lens" maiden speech in Asturias + then let Andy rope his rucksack alongside the other 2 on Martin's car roof. This supreme act of generosity was followed by the awful realisation that he (i.e. Hutch) had inadvertently left his passport in the great yellow wonder, already careering madly to Ribadesella or somewhere..... A cruel twist (and)

of fate. Hence Martin, Sean, Andy + John left for ?? → Fr → UK on the great passport/camera trail (well, after tortillas at Cangas) still trying to work out the connection between helicopter blades + onions....

And finally, the Waldo plan (B.C. → Ario → T.C.)^{??} was put into

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Greenwich Greenwich Time (got on to extra)

action ~ 2:00 pm GGT leaving the ~~camp~~ Gysalis to finish washing up (no the tho' not a shame) & contemplate many happy hrs. at top camp (yet to come) chasing hoverflies down 80 metre shafts (slight exaggeration, well, 75m). Another dome tent has landed overnight, but only one little green man is sitting outside it at this moment in time (got to fill the logbook somehow - there's only TWO WEEKS to go.....) Demigging of 12/5 to start probably tomorrow, + then all being well centre of operations (new surgical theatre - now that would be interesting) will shift to T.C. Here endeth the latest lesson. cm.

Fed returned from his after 17hr trip - surveying of 12/5 should be finished today.

11. Aug. 84

Jandae.

A fine day in Lagos & and at the beach yesterday with Ethic + Steve, culminating with a meal at Fuente Romano.

OK. Mr Riley. I take the above as essentially a sustained personal attack on myself. Therefore I intend to exercise a right of reply, which we practitioners of gibberish + the spoken word (written, actually, Andy) are often too slow to allow to others.

In 12/5. I don't believe what AR has written here can be isolated from his general purpose of criticising myself: the argument is dragged in willy-nilly without the (admittedly drunk) author having properly been able to examine it on its own merits.

12/5 makes Xibe the only deep system in the Picos with 2 entrances. It is a valuable addition to our knowledge of the Ario caves, + demonstrates the importance of the Xibe collector. It is a fine trip. Ethics? In cave exploration? Well, yes, up to a point, Lord Copper. Maybe not 60ft guns or blasting of lengthy sections.

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But one squeeze? With a hammer, by hand?
AR frequently cites climbing ~~with respect to~~
a in this ~~context~~ matter. It seems to
me that climbing ethics, while allowing
artificial aids only as a last resort, do
not object to their use when progress is
otherwise quite impossible. It is not as if
someone, one day, might have got into
125 without hammering — it was out of
the question. Or does AR really mean
that once a few could get through,
it was wrong to enlarge the gap
further so that 1 could get in?
If so, he might have a point. I
can envisage ethical objections here;
personally, I would overcome them on
the grounds that a) actually "sport" is
NOT our primary purpose + b) enlarging
the squeeze further was justified for safety
reasons. But Andy himself, talking to
me, specifically said that once a hammer
had been used, he saw no reason why
it should not continue so to be until
all expedition members could get through.

2. Those fine shafts at top camp will not go away. We are about to explore some more: + as AR says, there should be no season 00cc expeditions here for a long time.

3. Science. Of course, if one makes a violent statement having lost one's temper, one can only expect a violent reaction. Andy, I presume, refers to a simmering argument which broke out here + at Avio several days ago centered on the weather stations + the retention of top camp.

I lost my temper: I'm sorry about that, and I don't intend to defend it. I was annoyed ~~with~~ for a variety of mostly internal reasons, and it is hard now to trace the origin of my outbursts. But:

a) The remarks about expeditions or weather stations made down here were A JOKE. Part of a series of jokes, in fact: There may have been a serious element to it but Richard + I WERE TRYING TO BE FUNNY.

b) I got gradually more angry because

my questions about weather stations were ignored or justified purely because "it was decided at the expedition meeting" - of which I had less than 48 hours notice + could not thus attend.

Later, when tempers - well, mired at least, for others were still accusing me of talking gibberish - ^{had cooked} I was finally told what the purpose of the W.S.s is. OK. Fine.

Only one last point here: even ~~science~~ has subsidized the expedition but I express some - mild - reservations about scientific projects (Hubb's) which have little relevance to speleology.

2. yes. It is the best run OCCC expedition I have seen. Its achievements are almost literally incredible. The new members have done magnificently, + S. Gabe has been an outstanding leader - in fact, the best.

Does that make me a pound down a worthy of 4 pages of public attack by Andy because one night

I was feeling rough + balanced like
 an asshole? Maybe it does, maybe
 it doesn't. ~~Myself + still like~~
~~the~~ well, I'm ~~still~~ almost over the
 shock of having turned 25 now. Things
 can only ~~get~~ get better, at least till
 I'm 30.
 ↑ Things actually get better after 30 too! or even 32

11 August 1984 Fred Wickham

Well now I'm sitting by myself guarding
 base camp, so I might as well write down
 what I think.

1) Bashing 1215.

I think that the first point is that we
 would have had to have bashed a bit even for
 just Sean and Martin to get in. It was not
 a case ~~of~~ ^{that} enlarging it for the larger members
 of the party was the only hammering that
 went on.

1215 is the most enjoyable, sporting and
 spectacular game that I have been down, as

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well as leading to an important second entrance to Xiku, and I really feel that we are justified in hammering a couple of feet of it to gain access. After all, as Dave says, it's not as if there is a chance of anyone ever getting in there if we didn't, ~~and~~ I haven't yet noticed that anyone on this expedition has any qualms about knocking the chas or belays, or testing them with a hammer before trusting their life on them, or even putting bolts in, all of which is just as vandalistic as widening a couple of feet of unspectacular rift. As for making it wider so that larger members of the expedition could get through, as I have said before we had to hammer it a bit for anyone to get through, and I really cannot see that say Sean and Martin could have pushed and surmounted 12/5 on their own.

OK there are some great new areas to be explored at Top Camp. That's wonderful. Lang and Leish were up

looking at them yesterday, and we shall be spending more time up there as soon as we have detached 1215, so that we have something going for next year. I'm really looking forward to going up to Top camp again, but I don't think that anyone who has been down to the 1215-Xiru connection would begrudge the two weeks that we have spent on 1215.

2 Science.

Most of the argument here seems to have been the result of lack of communication ~~on both sides here~~, and I think that both sides are probably at fault. I do think that it is reasonable that people should expect to be told the purpose of taking wet readings etc., when they are asked to take them. On the other hand if you are going to attack the wet stations as being a useless waste of time, maybe you should ask what they are for first.

Pursing from the non scientific side it

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seems to me that it is worthwhile doing proper surface surveys and rainfall readings so that we know where to look for new caves, and don't just wander vaguely round places that we have been before.

The main point where I disagree with Dave is about John Hurren's project. I think that we should look at both sides of his argument, and balance what the rest of the expedition has gained from his project, and what we have been asked to do in return.

Firstly of course having a serious scientific project on the expedition does increase the standing of the expedition in the eyes of important people, sponsors, the University, etc, and has resulted in considerable financial gain for the expedition.

Secondly John has put a hell of a lot into this expedition personally. He has been in charge of all the expedition finances. (Kitty not included)

He has done a lot of driving, gathering base camp and dogbodying which seems to have been done by a relatively small proportion of the expedition.

You may not be particularly interested in the verification of the sexual habits of snails with rainfall, (or whatever it is that he is studying). I certainly am not, but considering everything that John has put in I don't think that it's unreasonable that we should be asked to take a few more readings.

The only part of the argument left seems to be a personality clash. Dave has ~~said~~ admitted that he lost his temper, and said things that were unjustified on the spur of the moment. I feel that his point about people w/ bulging jokers is valid. It seems quite often that you cannot make a ~~casual~~ casual, offhand, funny remark around ~~the~~ here without it being pounced upon.

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and ~~also~~ diseased. The other thing is just a general lack of communication, which I suppose is partly to be expected with three widely spaced camps.

The last point that I want to make is one that I touched on earlier. Base camp does have to be guarded against cows and people.

So far we have had two nights when cows have got into the food tent, and £40 of travelers equipment and a rain gauge have been stolen. ^{+ a camera & accounts book} The cows etc always enrage, and could attack unguarded tents any time, and there are often people poking around in our tents as well. It is making this miserable hanging around by your self at base camp in the wind and the rubbish without being able to even so far as shit. This task seems to have been taken by relatively a few people. It's all

very nice to conveniently forget about
'base camp and go off and be a
nomadic duo at Aino or Top. It would
obviously be very childish and officious
~~to~~ to have a a rick or anything like
that, but I think that there are a lot
of people on this expedition that
need to think about doing their stint
at base.

Well that's all that I've got to say
really except that I think that this
is a bloody good expedition, we have
got a hell of a lot of F leaving done,
and I have had a great time

PPSD

11 August 1984 Philip Sargent 20-30

Re the above - I have nothing to add except
that Riley should know better than to believe anything
Dave says. I do have a modest
my own thought:- when the base camp is
left unattended, could the keys to the van
please be left behind. This is the second time

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this has happened and someone wants something. This time it is MY WETSOX in Phil Rose's rucksac.

Phil: they are light blue/dark blue, double-lined, medium, and I put them on a rock to dry when I came down from Juktayu - after you had gone they were no longer there and a careful search revealed a total absence of Sargen wetsox. Please, Please unhook your gear & leave them behind at base. Yours will be found + forwarded to you but those on the rock were definitely MINE. Either you have them or a goat took a fancy to them. [To help you remember; either side of the sox were a couple of gloves wedged in cracks - these were still there when I looked]. Could you give them to someone going to Anis ^{this} ^{tomorrow} morning?

Have taken 2 birds, 2 pencils + a rubber, some tomatoes, but no petrol because van locked etc. Ow, my feet hurt. Also taken Xokn Proc.

At end of the expedition, please send me a postcard to tell me what has happened to:-

Philip Rose.

Poste Restante

Gavarnie

Haute Pyrenées

France.

12 August 84 Phil Fred Richard and Sara at base camp. Yesterday evening we drove to the Frente Romana in my car which started! Got only moderately drunk and awoke to a truly superb morning - no clouds much so. Today we need to climb the mountain again to de rig Cistra. I suppose this will be fun. Unconvinced.

Yesterday Sara and I climbed Fultayo and came across a large shaft half way between Fultayo and Curicente. A four second free fall is followed by much rattling. It was marked thus:

00cc 81
3/7 0

Back at Ario everyone said 'on its 'Pogu del 30 meters below eyehole' for indeed it is 30 m below the eyehole. Said pogu goes nowhere in two pitches.

Down here at Ario today however, we read Phil's 1981 Proc - now pinched - by Phil S - and find that Pogu del 30 m below eyehole is 2/7. The entry for 3/7 is roughly - 'lying a little lower than 2/7 if it is an obvious open shaft down which stones

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fall for 2 seconds to the snow. The snow is presumably on a ledge for stones skinned pass this rattle on for a further 12 seconds?

This shaft 3/7 is going to be over 100m deep and has never been pushed. We will remedy this asap.

I find Andy's arguments interesting and drunk as he was they can't be dismissed out of hand. Caring 'ethics' are not the same as drinking. The key is that in caring you descend the cave any way you can and in a way designed to give as much fun as possible. Discussions of 'ethics' get too metaphysical for me, and I think the sense of fun and of proportion becomes lost. Does Andy forget that twice in Poyu Sorcada Blanca Dave and I had to artificially enlarge the passage. These constrictions are put there by the cave as an obstacle to be passed, in the same way as a bolt needs to be put in when the obstacle is a pitch with no natural belays. There is no dividing line however - in Bull Pit Kingsdale the 4th pitch can be

rigged from two huge naturals with a Y belay to give an easy take off and a free hang. Below the naturals I counted 15 bolts in various stages of decrepitude. Another example is Craig-a-Ffynnon. NOT just the hammering of a crack into a squeeze this - in C-a-F they blew up the cave kind of twice a day for 6 months. Roughly 1/2 of the entire cave is man made and the rest really isn't worth the effort. I really do despise the attitude of those pushed.

Briefly about the science: this argument is one which is as old as our cave expeditions. The 'experiments' fall into two categories - fun topics like dye testing, surface surveys, cave surveys measuring altitude etc which tell us a little more about the caves we are discovering. I ~~also~~ enjoy these (and think it really v. sad that in all their years of pushing Cabeza Muxa the SIE haven't managed to get a positive dye test). The other sort of 'experiments' are ones designed to get people to give us money to come here and go caving. In the past I know that the Ghar Parau committee has been presented with

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elaborate pieces of fiction, and, they knowing that to be the case, have given us a lot of money. I ~~still~~ can't really believe that the 'science' done on earlier over expeditions has been any value at all (bug collecting in the cave (1981). - no bugs: stal dating (1982) - no stal) and I for one am bold enough to say I don't care. But don't misunderstand my attitude I don't resent 'scientific' projects at all. How can I? I just think really that caring expeditions should do the caring: scientific expeditions should do the science. The climbing world had all this bother in the 50's and 60's and now climbing expeditions do no science at all. Perhaps I'm wrong and it's their loss.

Fascinating arguments bother these: can I only plea that the ensuing Proc or Caves & Caving articles reflect them - the one about ethics particularly. I remember in Bonington's book about Kongur there is a massive argument in which B says 'Look I'm just asking a sherpa to walk up a fucking glacier with a rucksack - what's so fucking unethical about that?'

* **WRONG** several previously unknown varieties found read Proc 10.

So what, more than that in my ~~articles~~.

Quote Phil Rose: 'I think we can do without the Guardian'.

Speleoclub Universidad Politecnica de Valencia.
Camino de Vera S/N
- Valencia -

12.8.84 - This morning two guys from the Valencia group ^{above} came to talk to me. I showed them my Proc 11 + they gave me three ^{numbs} of their journal LAPIAZ, we swapped addresses so that journals may be exchanged. (They want any of proc 11)

I must say sitting on your an i the clag at Lagos is not the best way I can think of spending my last night on the expedition, especially when I discover that someone has gone off with your Korimat! When the amps are detached it is easily recognized as it is a long Korimat in a very poor state of repair (very ripped). Please put it in my brown rucksack (no frame!) when it is found.

Its now 9.20 pm + I shall be really furious if no one turns up tonight. For a start I cooked a superb stew which

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otherwise only I shall love + I really
do need to start travelling to & avoid
tomorrow. I think it is absolutely appalling
that when someone really needs to leave on
a particular day, like myself, that people
cannot make the effort to be here to
provide the necessary transport. Feeling angry
& pined off - Philip. It's now dark
& I think you are collectively the
most thoughtless bunch in the world.

13/8/84 As always things always look
better in the morning - Hilary
one party, it's cup at about
9.10 - not bad from Topcup!
Anyway this has been a really
superb month and what the strange
to do Third System he had in the
next week! - See you all at
the conference (hopefully!) Philip.

13.8.84. David Rose.

Back here for a wash + escape the heat + what happens - MITT! Dave H, Fred + I heated water + photographed by tisbury climbed (one at a time) into the blue plastic bath with "Oxon" written on the side.

THE ARGUMENTS: Well, if nothing else, Riley has certainly raised a fascinating debate. I have read the foregoing ~~contributions~~ contributions, and after ~~some~~ much thought with to propose a solution to both The ethical + the science questions.

Basically, what lies at the root of the dissent is alcohol. I've been here now for 2 1/2 weeks, and in that time I have seldom seen expedition members, at least on the surface, ^{not} either drinking, about to drink or all too clearly bearing the signs of having recently drunk. One member, who shall be nameless (chic: he lives at Eynsham) I have even seen twiggling next Ricard AT BREAKFAST TIME. *

* (Not too bad as it was a late breakfast: at least (Oam))

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Near an evening meal goes down
without booze, booze, booze: and if
we didn't drink enough here,
when people go to camp they
~~will~~ will even more - beer,
wine, cider, spirits after-dinner Malaga.

All this should stop. It means
that every morning most of the
expedition has a hangover -
which it usually promptly attempts
to cure by having another bloody
drink. Look at Riley - clearly
out of his tree on Castillo Arenas
when he wrote his letter
diatribe; and was Phil R. sobri
when he looked off last night?

Drinking makes cooking trips
start late & hence emerge
in the middle of the night,
waking the rest of camp &
starting more arguments when
the (newly-pissed) cover find
someone else (trying to sleep
off) occupying the intended

tent speed. Drinking also costs money + destroys train cells. Our scientific projects might just be a whole lot more impressive if the experimenters weren't half legless when they took the readings.

It has all got too much. I call on the leader to put a stop to it. From now on NO MORE BOOZE. (hic).

Milang wonders whether you can do oboon shapes with people of greatly differing sizes ...

14 AUGUST.

Jan + the remaining Philips have an egg breakfast and muse on the rising habits of people at Arica and wonder how high up the mountain the rain clouds extend. It's raining here - bother. Still, the SIE's kind offer is unrepeatable so we give our loins + set off into the foul wet wilderness.

13th August Milang W.

Arrived from top camp between 9 and 9-30. I only heard that I was

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needed to drive Philip to Arriendas at 10 the previous night, when Stephen G appeared at top camp again, having left less than 2 hours previously. Meanwhile he had been to Ario, established that Sarah was underground, and so strolled back up the hillside. Richard's car worked ok, despite us being unable to find the distributor cap to wipe, and despite the lack of petrol. We thought we would just make it to Cangas, which we did, only to be told "Super's off - come back mañana", so we trundled off to Arriendas and got some there. We found the bus stop just as Phil's bus arrived, and he then had a few minutes to get himself ~~some~~^{some} food for the journey. Arriendas is a dump, or perhaps it was just a combination of the steamy weather and my unkempt appearance which coloured the views of both myself and the local shopkeepers. Bought up more fresh produce, and cleaned two little shops right out of peppers and fruit. It's nothing like enough food, of course, but I was limited both by what I could carry, and the amount of money in my possession. Incidentally, there is very little in the king. Enjoyed coffee in the bar by the bus-stop, which was very good, much better than the Rio Grande.

Came back safely through mist and cows and cooked Spanish omelette for Ian and Chris. Joined later in the day by marauders from Ario and spent an enjoyable evening having baths, drinking and eating. My de workshop-up was left...

Hilary "I bought some killer cheese with you in mind"
Winchester.

14th Aug. Hilary

Phil S and Ian left about 9ish for Ario. Joined later by Stephen G and Jan. In the afternoon ventured off in Richards car again to change camping gas and acquire fresh food. Kitty is now a negative amount. Dinner at Amador's with large gin and tonics and cuine wine.

15th Aug.

Stephen and Jan set off later than anticipated for Ario, keen to do the deep de-tackling trip. Held up here by the promise of eggs for breakfast, and coffee con ut Amador's. Rusty, claggy day with borders of tourists - it is, of course, the feast of the Assumption, almost the most important holiday of the summer. Camp penetrated by three sets of Spaniards. At least two sets of people begging. Squaler enlivened by "cow nicking (other people's) bread from their tables. Perhaps it will meet the same fate as the one yesterday which was dragged off by the bar Monica Rosa's land-rover with a rope around its neck. I should give the bocas terneras a wide berth for a day or two. Nothing much to do here but eat, drink and calculate survey triangles.

A dustbin lorry appeared ^{yesterday} and removed the west of one of the piles of rubbish. It took all day to do so while the driver and his mates stayed in the bar.

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Spaniards play football in visibility $< 10m$. Richard, Sara and Steve & team cut off the mist about 8pm: Amador's is closed so we have bocas, gin & tonic and then repair to the camp for tortillas and mucho vino.

Richard and Sara - I have taken the met readings. The barometer is in the little guest tent. Please could you put these postcards in the boxes for me? If you could leave me the 750 pesetas for the petrol I should be grateful - but we haven't yet sorted out the rest of the finances for the journey down. Have a good journey back Ailany
Will post them - Richard

Useful Phrases for Spanish Expedition

E: I can assure you madam, the damage to your car is entirely minimal.

S: ¿Dónde están los niños muertos?

E: Oh dear, something seems to be caught.

S: Coño. Esta mi tubo de plástico otra vez.

E: Sirs, I wonder if you would be so kind as to help me stuff my car?

S: Empuja este decompuesto cubo de herrin por favor.

E: Oh Barman, my friend and I are hungry and thirsty.

S: Cuatro guineñas y tonicas por favor, y quarente tortillas, quiza mas.

E: Sir! Although I love Spanish guitar music, I feel that your execution of it does not do justice to the piece.

S: Silencia! O henchiro tu guitarra en tu nariz.

E: My friend is lost in the mist.

S: Cafe Grande con leche por favor.

(a)

Vocabulary

Accident - accidente
apples - manzana
peaches - melocoton

In the market

Apples - manzana
oranges - naranja
carrots - zanahoria
onions - cebolla
peppers - pimienta
garlic - ajo
tomatoes - tomates
potatoes - patatas

peaches - melocoton
one of those - un de estos
mushrooms - champiñones

In the supermarket

onions - cebollas
chocolate - chocolate
cheese - queso
Ricard - Ricard
pasta - pasta
eggs - huevos

a box of - una caja de
a bag of - una bolsa de
a tin of - una lata de
a crate of -

Bread

long - pan
round - hogaza

rubbish bags - bolsas de basura
 matches - cerilla
 lighter - encendedor
 chicken - pollo

rice - arroz
 sugar - azucar
 jam - conserva,
 marmalada

la de ferreteria

rubber gloves - ^{guantes} ~~gloves~~ de goma (industriales)
 carbide - carburo
 water bottle - cantimplora
 carbide jet - bocas por carburo
 generator - generador de carburo - fisma
 plastic tube - tubo de plastico
 batteries - pilas
 boot - bota

la de Garage

Jump leads - pinces por la batteria
 battery - batteria, pila

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distributor - distribuidor

Fill her up - llena al encima por favor

Petrol - gasolina - ^{normalo} _{super}

Diesel - gasoleo, gas-oil

Diesel engine - motor diesel

oil - aceite

Spark plug - bujia de encendido

windscreen - para brisa

headlights - linternas

indicators - indicadores

wipers - limpias de parabrisa

Please tow me to Boulogne - Me remolca a Boulogne por favor

dwarf - enano

E: I am very worried about my friend - he has been missing for 12 hours in the mist. He has no compass.

S: Bozadillo de temera y una quarente tres por favor.

General Caving Terms

- tent - tienda (tent pole = mastil de tienda)
- caving - espeleología
- depth - profundidad
- rope - cuerda
- 'rope free' - cuerda libre (not cuba libre)
- bolt - spit
- rucksack - mochila
- carbide - carburo
- streamway - via de corriente
- pitch - poza, verticalidad
- pool - marmita
- mud - barro
- harness - arneses
- karabina - mosqueton
- big pitch - gran ~~abismo~~ ^{abismo}
- light failure - fracaso de iluminación
- trapped - atrapado
- lost - perdido
- mist - neblina
- helmet - casco
- limestone - piedra caliza
- entrance - entrada
- climb - ⁿ subida / ^v escalat
- cloud burst - chaparron
- knot - nudo
- abrasion - abracion
- squeeze - estrujon
- crawl - reptacion
- boulders - cantos
- boulder choke - caos
- ascender - juma
- sump - ~~sump~~ sifon
- fall - caer
- waterfall - salto de agua
- hammer - martillo
- expedition - expedicion
- wet suit - ropa de gome
- diving - gambullidando
- dive - gambullidor
- leg-up - ayuda
- climber - escalador
- leg-over - encima de pierna

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Useful Phrases

E: My friend has been missing for three days. He has no food or spare clothing.

S: Una sopa de pescado, fabada y dos botellas de Rioja por favor.

E: May we fill our small water container, my friends and I are dying of thirst.

S: Señora, si no detiene limpiar su Pekingese en la fuente mis amigos van a tirar el pero en este pozo.

In the Guardia Civil (bad spanish better than good)

Hello - viva el Generalissimo

E: I need to report ~~this~~ loss or theft ~~the~~ for my insurance.

S: Es necesario relatar una perdida o un robo por mi compania de seguro.

Things likely to be stolen:

- | | |
|---|---|
| Compass - brujula, alcance | money - dinero |
| inclinometer - metro de declive | traveller's cheques - cheque de viajero |
| Rain gauge - ^{calibrador de} precipitation | wallet - cartera |
| camera - maquina | gilet - habit |
| wet socks - calcetines de goma | binoculars - prismaticos |
| Scientific instrument - maquina | Scientifico, instrumento Scientifico |
| credit card: carta de credito | |
| driving licence: licencia de conduccion | |
| passport: pasaporte | |

E: Please can I have an interpreter?

S: Quiero un interprete por favor

Goodbye and thank you: viva el Generalissimo

Before you reload your pistol I wish to speak to the British consul - improvise

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Richard Cregson's address in UK:

Parents: 6a Bridge End Warwick (CV92 491841)

work % Doctors mess, Royal Hallamshire Hospital
Sheffield

16th August. Thursday

Good night last night Got out of cave at 4.30 and slept for an hour. Vitorio turned up with his umbrella, worried about the non-appearance of team Kagemusha. We weren't (see phrases). They turned up later and a good time was had in the early morning light. A very heated and stupid argument followed ~~later~~ but ended with every one agreeing with everyone else: is this a first for O.V.C.C.? Walked down we did, saw Steve R and I and met Hilary at Base camp with whom we had 4 Guinebras y tonicas + food in the lower bar.

! AMADOR'S WAS CLOSED !

Then got v. drunk whilst making a good tortilla - eggs, patatas, cebollas. Sara in particular was very drunk and very tired having been down Cateja Muxa to -800+ metres on her tenth caving trip. (and back). We went off to sleep in the ~~ph~~ phasor dome. This was a mistake - never go and sleep in a strange tent when drunk and confused. Sara spent a long time getting into bed, fell asleep and then

immediately awoke, thinking she was on a ledge above a big shaft. Where was the way out - couldn't find it. Gregson had to show it to her, which was fortunate, for she was immediately sick out of it.

Today we 3 rose early, stood up fasted had a pee and went back to sleep. Waking up again later, we discovered that Hilary had already left for the hills. Made a breakfast of eggs and tomatoes then got into the wine and cider. Yum! Then: the big bath.

First Richard, then Sara (much oglement) and as I write Fred is heating up the water, to be followed by Steve & R. Hi ho Silver Away!
Richard Gregson.

Have moved the phosor 2it into level with the rest of the tanks in order to attempt to find any further infiltration of Campo Primavera. Anglese by filthy ~~foreign~~ foreigners playing their disgusting ethnic music.

Very easy to see:

- 1) Empty tent (What is in there plastic bags? I don't look)
- 2) Unpeg tent (3 mins)
- 3) Pick up tent, walk 5 yards, put it down
- 4) Repeg tent (4 mins)
- 5) Fall it up again.

Very satisfying. I dare say some filthy dustardly dog will manage to fit two cleeps from tent with vanishing children & dogs somewhere in our civilized camp, but it will be a lot more difficult.

Now what shall I do? Only 2 1/2 bottles of wine to keep me company.

Have just spent the last 1/2 hour fiddling about with Richard's (car's) hopelessly maladjusted ignition system so that he can drive away.

He kept saying "I hate cars!" I think the car knows this.

Also, the plan was for Fred (still sober) to drive down. Unfortunately, in the mechanical confusion, Richard (1 bottle wine & cider) was at the wheel. I suppose they'll make it.

SCR

There was a young girl of Asturias
 Whose temper was frantic + furious;
 She often threw eggs
 At her grandmother's legs -
 A habit unpleasant, if curious.

E.J. Ann.

8:00 pm

Good it's boring, I can see now why the
 Lagos bay look is so full of tungid rubbish.
 The only form of illumination apart from two
 candles appear to be a broken gas light. My
 search for a suitable headlight with generator
 has proved fruitless. Rats. Hope someone comes
 down the hill tonight. It's now getting on for being too
 late for me to walk up.

I'm bored with cooking. I'm bored with eating.
 I'm especially bored of CORRY, STEW, + LACOS

Fri. 17/8

10.10 am

Where are the Met instruments? It doesn't seem to say anywhere in the log book. I took max/min readings off the top instrument in Steve's tent, believing that this is probably where they would be, but couldn't find a barometer so it probably isn't.

However, a bright sunny morning as I woke up in the kitchen tent, surrounded, as I was when I went to sleep, by dense & loud & competing stereo systems. This is a dreadful place. Why people can live here for a holiday I shall never know, though I suppose it does look quite pretty in the early morning misty sun; if you ignore the rubbish, cowshit, cows & general squeal of the campsite that is.

Flaming dogs barking all night, as usual. I suspect they do it just to hear the echo off the cliffs.

Will I be relieved today?

Holding the fort in Entremis (the last resort)

Sally

(1024)

Come to Upper Bar - Steve Jan.

Phil S. ten H. botan. & Gris.

18/8/84. Dave H. Dave R. Urey Steve R.

Trip down the Carnes Gorge dye detecting. First to Arroyos to dump Hilary off to catch the bus. After driving down the mountain drivers were swapped so Phil could practice driving the van. On returning to Cargas coffee & tortillas are eaten in the Rio Grande followed by a shopping trip to the garage. There is where the problems begin. The van is parked, lunch packed and we all set out. Then it is decided that we can park the van further up the road. So Phil engages gear to turn the van around. Cough! no gears. After several more failures to engage a gear it is decided that the clutch is broken. So Steve disappears near the van and in no time problem solved. A hold had unscrewed itself from a retaining plate - this is quickly rectified and the van driven to its new resting place 20 yds up the grade road. So to the garage a quick walk to Alvarado, via the Jerlys low level route and then lunch several hours & several bottles of wine later Urey collects the

Note dye detector in and missing

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dye detector from the Resurgence a thin
onward. After another stop at dye detector
on to Cair. Here detector in main stream
missing. Then Urey & myself (Dore H.) go
to collect the remaining detector down Cair
the others retire to the bar. Many drinks
later (the bar running out of beer & gin!!)
and after introducing two Germans to the
delight of Quorate Ties are offered the Germans
a lift back to Crages. So to the cable back
Stave, but a myself rush back at high
speed, in the hope of arriving before
dark. No such luck the final long
downhill is done at a v. slow pace in
the pitch dark. We retire to the bar
to await the others, who arrive within 15 minutes.
The Coffees & drinks later are served. On arrival,
it occurs / find that I must spend the
next day bound to team gathering the
camps,

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19/8/84 Dave H.

A boring day doing nothing achieved only by the gift of mucho vino docted by some heavy Spanish.

20/8/84 Dave H.

Walked up to Arrio & carried a load down from there. Met Ukey on the way down. She was extremely knackered, so we swapped bags. Also I rusted off near the end and came back to carry the second bag. Ukey had fallen asleep on the both, again.

21/8/84

Wet in the morning, walked up to Arrio with Steve, Steve & Jan. at about 12 pm. Took 1.36 min. Steve carried an extremely heavy sac down. On the way picked up the net station.

Readings.

Rain	18.6 mm
Temp Max	25°C
Min	8°C

Phil S. goes to collect dye collectors departed on 28/7/84.
- leaves 18:45 in eve.

Ukey collected dye detectors from the Vega Redonda and en route (See 28/7/84; Mike/Ukey/Hutch).

Three were missing: the one downstream in the Rio la Beyera; the one downstream in the Rio Redamuna; the one furthest above the VR Refugio. The one furthest downstream above the Refugio had split open, but I brought it back anyway.

No incidents other than being mobbed by goats when I tried to eat my booty.

Altimeter readings

19 August 1984	Lago Encina?	4650 ft	Time?
	Ario	6262 ft	1240
	Top Camp	7361 ft	1615
20 August 1984	Top Camp (foot of scum)	7524 ft	1330