

1985

ARIO

Ariv Log Book

1985

Leader: Dr S. Roberts, Dept Metallurgy, Oxford University,
Oxford, England.

MEDICAL INFO AND MAPS IN BACK OF BOOK.

IMPO
R
T
A
NT

AND BOOZE KIT! !
Boss, the Hut Varden, will put everything
in Dan Ross's satchel; so record wine
& beers in the sack so that the contents
equitably distributed.

(For Boozers)

Chapter the first: In which camp is first erected

In one day, ~~at~~ with mass carry of tents in morning, food + stuff a bit later + ~~personal~~ personal kit in pm. Staying overnight were Dan + Phil H, Salk, Martin, Geoff + William.

Also we stole Sean's Ziti tent to bring up now. Thursday am and Dave to sorting out ropes for 1st attempt on TLH with Geoff. Phil + I to sharpen and then head on up to 4/7

Phil + Bill to rig in 3/5. Bill full of noisy chirping Sables this am. We have double burner + gas cylinder but no regulator! Cooked up Babelius carried checker on tiny petrol stove last night, all sitting around moaning about the odd. Tough vino rosado gives only temporary relief.

Oh god, Dave has taken off his trousers!
Salk

NOTE - Desperate need for move Maillons! - None left here! Also need regulator for gas cylinder.

Dave H. + Paul will be coming up to Arco this evening so save us some food.

Sean H.

Sean came down from Top camp to dump some personal kit. Found my beautiful tent wrongly pitched - re-pitched it. (No I'm not fussing over it too much!) Top camp now has a met station, 1 tent, small amount of cooking/eating gear. No food + no water. Snow levels very low, severe water shortage. Also Fred and I rigged 1st 20m pitch of F20 and went down. We got very wet due to

(2) all the meltwater coming down. Eminently caveable.

Thurs continued. 2-20 pm.

Steve R, Dave H & Martin left to take
two promising shafts in area 9, found a
way to T-4-J. Shub of gear sub, well
do what we can. They look good.
Dave & Ceef left kicking rocks into T-4-J,
very spectacular.

Thurs just gone 6.

Phil D, Gerhard + Nicola arrived - we've dumped our rucksacs here they're
full of gear for Top Camp (ropes + equipment for rigging etc - all written down in
Los Cagos log book). Will come back early tomorrow morning to pick up +
~~take to Top Camp. Intend the coming back down on to Base Camp to collect~~
with our own personal caving gear (or at least two of us will); pick up the
rigging here + take it to Top Camp; come back down + wait till late afternoon
to take up our own personal caving gear from here to Top Camp. Idea being to stay overnight
at Top Camp Friday night + come Saturday. Prob stay up Sunday? (seems far away Top Camp but)
(or something like this)

Couldn't do this any other way really cos no route from Top Camp till 2-30 pm ish.
Richard + co not back yet, Sue successfully did dye tracing imp. sh. + Bond
are supposed to be coming up to Aris tonight I think.

Very little water at Top Camp so will have to get cooking very quickly with it.
less than there was at the end of the Exp last year. Can a load of people, or rather
some people, do a carry to Top Camp tomorrow (preferably with food!) - not enough
people would be here to have got it set up today.

Hope everything going well.

N.D.

P.S. The cats got into the ~~for~~ cooling tent again last night necessitating a morning tidying up.
Bloody rucksacs. Wards came - got permit! In SGR's black bag / cows did no damage though.

W

(3)

will bring the regulator and
maillors tomorrow morning
Phil D.
Sues birthday tomorrow.

11.7.85 Tras La Jayada ... Dave R + Geoff. [Geoff ... I felt a lot happier than I
thought I would - just cold, wet
& miserable.]

A very serious proposition, this. I realised just how
serious when testing above the 2nd pitch (as cave is
rigged now) I heard a deep, forbidding rumble - rrrr-
rattt-crash - blin - bang - boom. Spontaneously.

~~Only~~ Only later did I ~~discover~~ discover the
cause: loosely-hanging icebergs on the wall.

There are other mistakes in this ~~and~~ exquisitely
terrifying note. Loose severe slopes by the entrance: there
we garded frantically until it became clear that
this route would still be too dangerous for ropes
and humans below. Instead we went over the
edge 25m above in the sunshine to make
a fairly sensational 1st pitch. Next: bolts from
600c 1981 - ground. They took hangers dreamily.
Then a rebelay: a ledge; a Y-rebelay, and
~~icebergs~~ icebergs. Icebergs everywhere, + snow
clinging to them - full of lethal little rocks. I spent
a long time knocking ice off, past another rebelay to
still further ice. Eventually I left the tag hanging
off a bolt and prussiked, chastened, to rejoin
Geoff at the bottom of the 2nd pitch.

(6)

11.7.85

Phil R + Bill S.

Down

3/5

- continuation of the long saga

Trip

got off to a good start

with admiration of the view and homage was

paid to the entrance to this cave. The

care was interesting with lots of tight

squeezes and squeaky spring clicks.

Decided not to verify the bolt which

identified John John S. and soon receded

putting of ways. About 25m of / chossy

climbs lead to a walloping pitch

head with one wall of calcite and

one wall of the most horrific choss

in the world. Much finding and actually

led to a big with a 12m?

pitch leading down cliffs to another pitch

Pleasant drop - 10m? drops post several

ledges to promisingly large choss. However

the Spanish cave was the day -

the way on is an inevitable night visit.

Bill spent an hour trying to stick

up ways he could have invariably

sketch details with bits were not

similar to Quibiz!

Unpleasant exit - left with trouble

to be surveyed.

"Tras La Jayada" doesn't have an "H" in it.

11/7/15

Steve R, Martin

Ferret gear for Dave and Geoff up to TLT, enormous quantities of rope - the one I was carrying wouldn't fit in a sty Troll sack and had to have a coil knotted to the outside. Hot day, and a sweaty walk over. On the way, slightly off the main S/E drag, we paused to rest, and I noticed there was a hole beneath us. 'Aha!' I thought, 'a cave', and sure enough it was. I threw a few rocks down the obvious 'pitch' and then decided to climb down, as I could see an eyelike leading off. The lead down to a small chamber, containing a rock looking exactly like an inflated plastic bag, from a distance. On from this a rift pitch lead down, looking very hopeful. We all had a look at this, and then went out. Took savings on all kinds of stuff, then proceeded to TLT. Incredibly found a large skeleton, which Dave climbed down to 'just in case'. In one corner was a small jagged hole with a couple of jammed ladders in it. Eventually decided we could climb over these, saw a shaft with a snowpy at the bottom. Packed around in a few more holes so these didn't look so good. Dropped gear at TLT and ~~so~~ threw rocks down it. Small rocks made a few bangs and then faded away. We found a large rock and kicked it over. BOOMBANGCRASH.... BOOM! ... bang ... crash ... BANG! boom crash it faded away over 5-6 seconds with no definite conclusion. OOK! The staff ladders descended and had a brief laugh, nearly Dne H.

4/9

5/9

Set off up the hill again around with

(6)

tape and some survey gear. Survey of the bats we did at the back.

4/9. Descended to previous point then descended a narrow rift with a short ladder. At the bottom it was found to be too tight so we had to retreat.

5/9 Promising shaft with a rock bridge at the top from which the ladder was rigged. At the bottom was a small snow plug. The way on to the left was a small hole leading to a minuscule chamber with no way on. Freed the ladder pitch

6/9 Climb down to snow plug, cross the snow plug to a 5m pitch rigged from a natural. The small chamber at the bottom has a narrow rift leading off. The longest section of this, through which it might be possible to pass, is blocked by rocks which needs a crow bar to shift. This may continue

7/9 15m pitch to bottom of shaft which is filled with a snow plug which slopes at an angle of 20° to another shaft which is not open to the surface. The snow is still very deep here. About $\frac{1}{4}$ the way down the slope I managed to kick my way down the side of the snow to find myself in a small rift which links onto a small, well blocked bedding plane. At this point we left with the view to dig at the bottom end of the slope to see if the end shaft went.

12/7 Shaft Bashing. Richard, Steve R, Sara Paul

Could this be the day of the great breakthrough?
We started off enthusiastically skipping along in Ario's debilitating heat and walked first to Xitu, then across the Vega Seca to what Roberts reckoned to be area 8.

"Area 5 is Ario, 7 is over there and 9 is over there" he said, encompassing the mountains in single sweeps of his sweaty hand.

"What happened to Area 6?" Paul asked.

"It's only got one cave - ~~the~~^{1/6} or Ridge Cave, and no-one's ever found Ridge Cave or area 6 again!" hehe...
Wisely, in the heat, we chose not to try.

"This one's draughting" said Steve, and began pulling rocks out of a tiny, filthy, crevice.

"This is what we have to do this expedition, dig!" We dug, got very filthy, and then tugged off. Up the hill, we made Sara ab down an SIE shaft. It didn't go, but we got well tanned waiting. What next? The biscuits or the wine?

"Let's cook up there" and Steve pointed up a massive mountain of baked rock above us.

At the top - a great discovery. 2/8 and 3/8 - both choked and hopeless. Yes it has: it doesn't go (in 1982) WJS.

"Let's look for 4/8 - it's not been descended -" and we read the incomprehensible accounts of the shaft-bashing trips in area 8 by Jerry. They finished with 'sorry but I'm a bit tiddly' when? Was he tiddly when looking for the caves. Probably. No! WJS

4/8 looked promising and I went on down to find a large supply of boulders waiting to crush me thinner than nyctas. I came up and we ate the biscuits. "Come on Greggo we've got to be resolute about this" said Steve, chinking back into the cave,

(8)

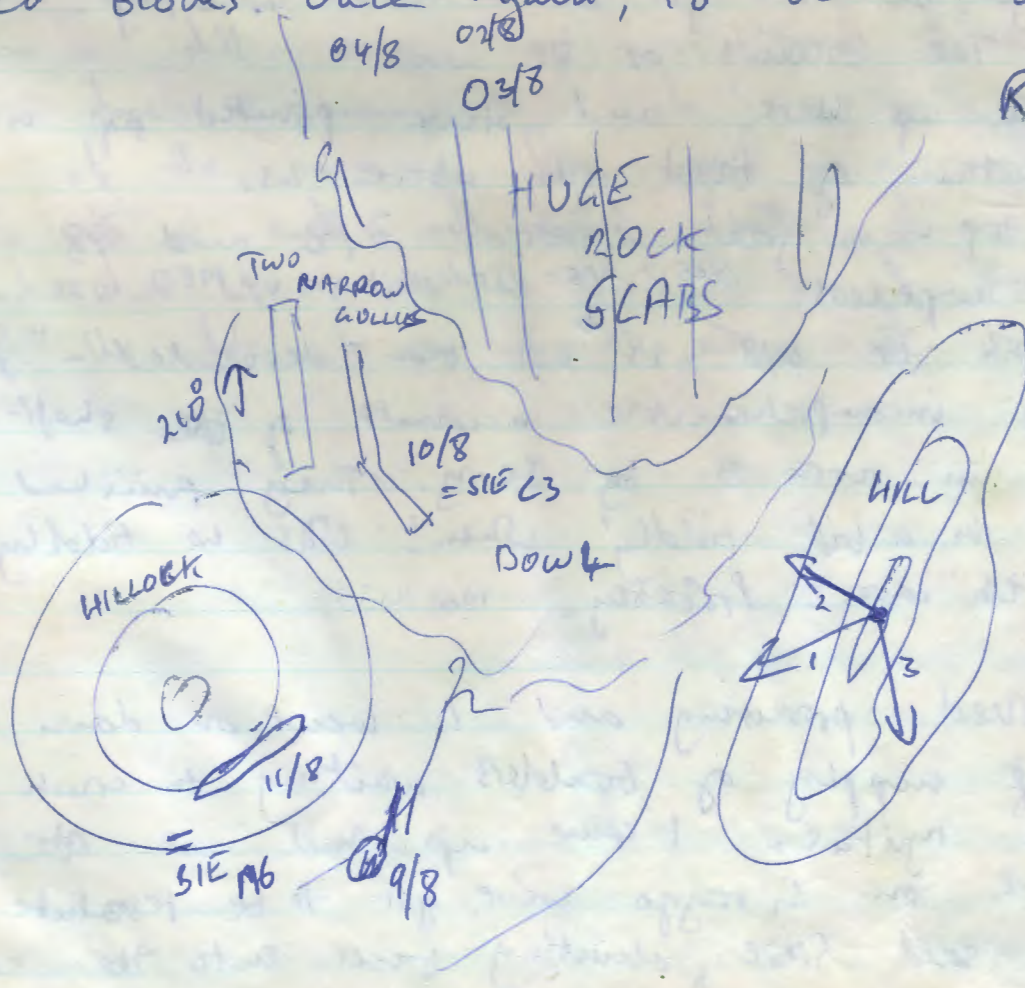
Then he suddenly yelled 'Eugh... you're mad. How did you climb this. Quick give me a line'

At the bottom, we dug like Mendipians at the foot of a cross slope and directly below several armchair-sized boulders hanging by nothing. The secret is not to mention gravity to them. Don't say 'Hey guys we got this wild idea about always falling to the centre of the earth - want to try it?' or anything like it.

It was my turn to dig. 'Shall I kick these through or pass them up Steve? It looks like you would be able to pass this squeegee soon!'

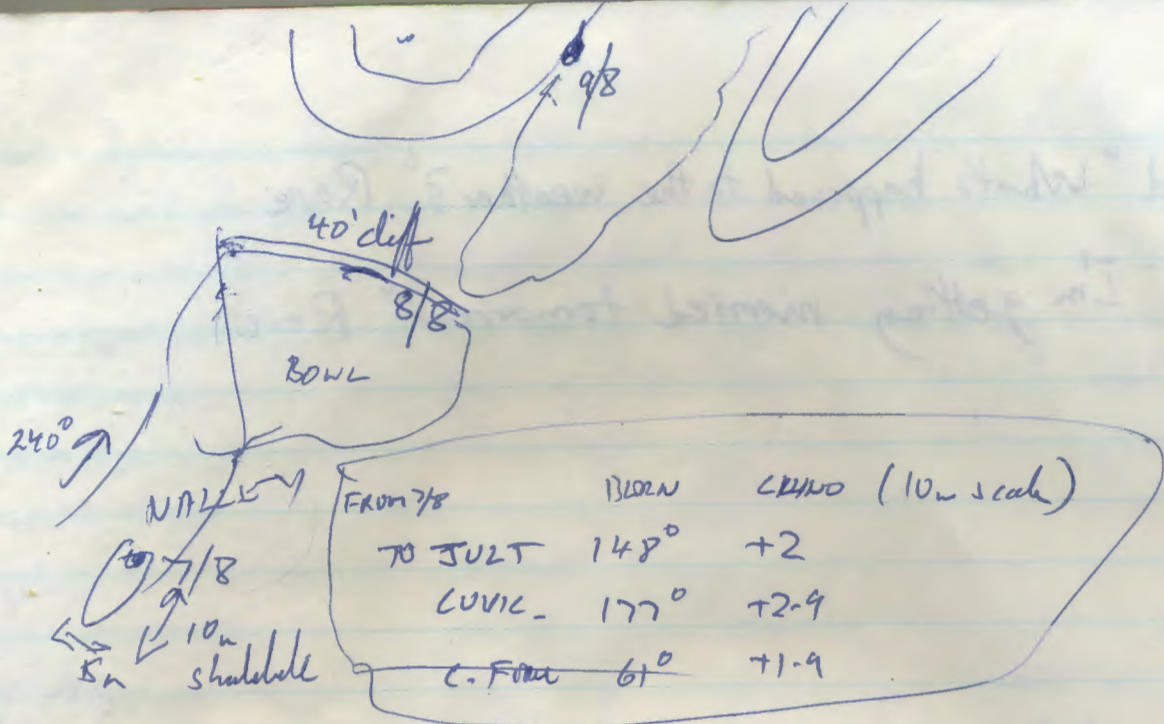
'No, no Richard' Steve replied 'I insist that the honour shall be yours' and he put his boot on my head and forced me down into the tight corkcrew. On the other side... just room enough to turn around beneath the delicately poised blocks. Once again, I'd been had.

Richard. G.



- 1 JOLT. 142° +16
- 2 COVIC. 171° +25
- 3 C.FORMA 63° +10

On '10m' scale of sills etc in meters



NO PAINT
SO COULDN'T
MARK
THESE.

- 7/8 - A dig at the foot of the end of a stakehole. Not very hopeful - rocks now too big to move except by JLD
- 8/8 - 'Cueva del Dava del Citau' crawl at foot of 40' high cliff into 20' high chamber with sloped left and two sloped upward routes. In the middle of the chamber a big boulder sits 5' up, jammed in the walls.
- 9/8 - Cleft in side of dry valley up and to R. of 8/8 yields a small chamber with small skylights. No way on.
- 10/8 - Marked. SIE C3: a cleft has a sharp bend with a 60° pitch in it. No way or wider than 3".
- 11/8 - In Hilltop slightly down slope from 10/8. Unexpected slot, free-climbable down about 40° - no way on.
- 3/8 - Yes, it is blocked.
- 4/8 - A nasty place. Sketched survey over.

Also found in red circled hole on way back, about 1/2 way across Vague S area, but don't bother to find it again. Digging revealed a draft but do go at all.

(12)

David "What's happened to the weather?" Rose

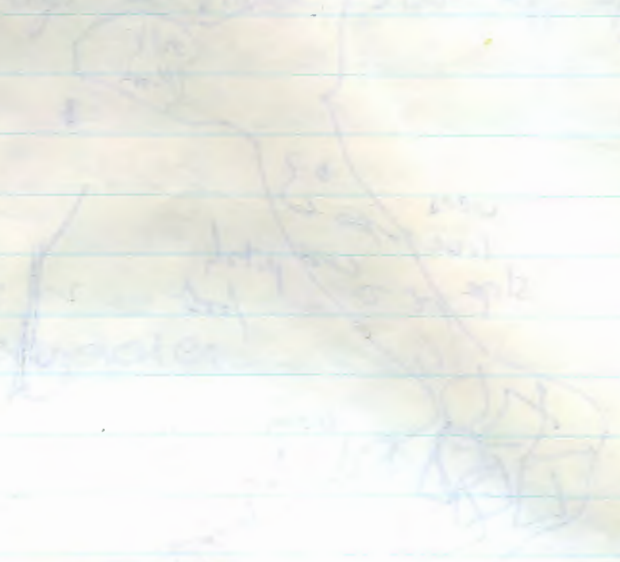
David "I'm getting married tomorrow" Rose

OK
TURNED
TWO
AT

THE PLAN

It's about what we can do to keep the water
 level from dropping too low, and how to
 get the water back up. The first thing to
 do is to get the water level up to the
 top of the dam. Then we can
 let the water flow out of the dam
 and back into the river.

I'VE
 OVER
 PAGES
 ONCE

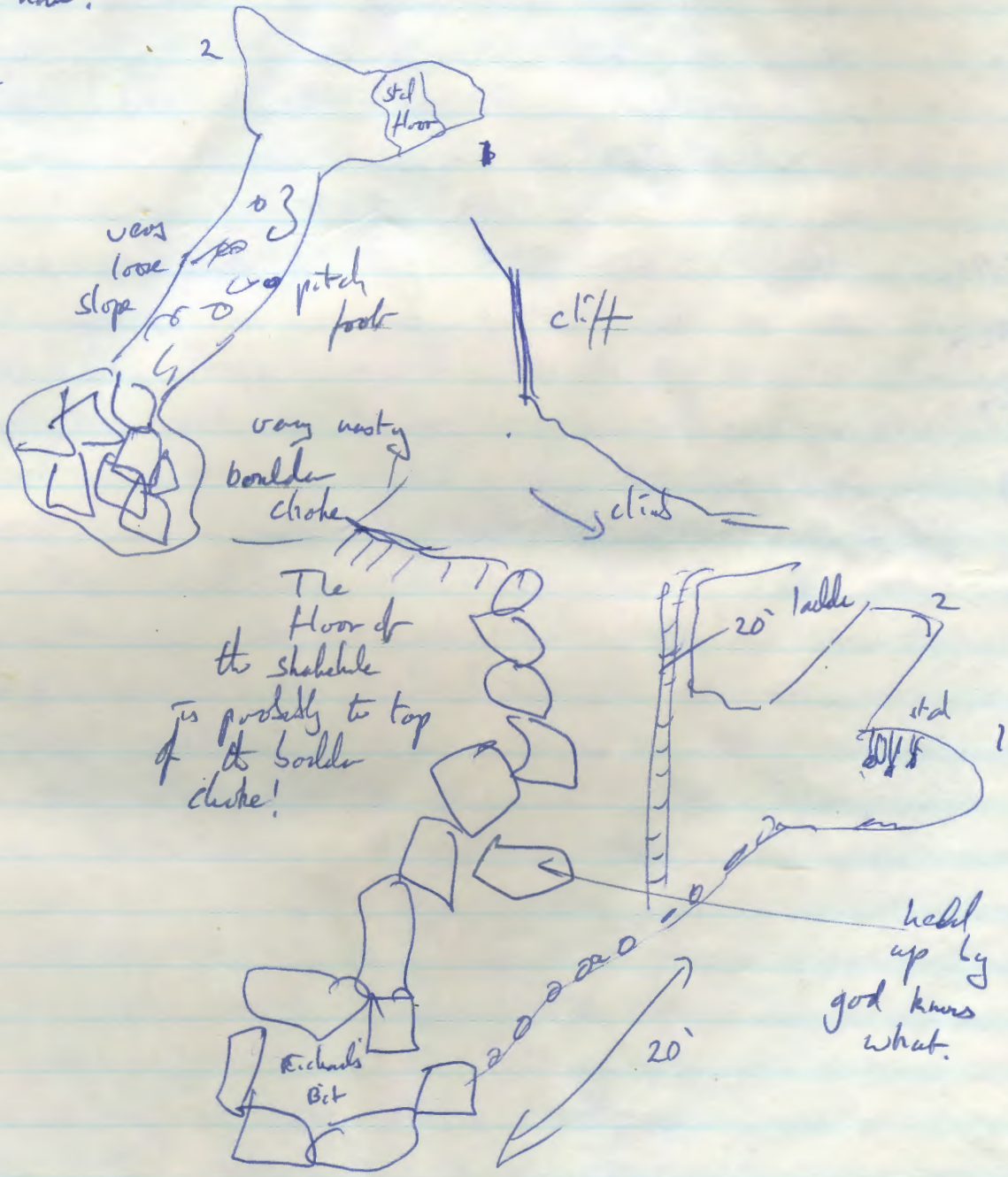


The water level in the reservoir is
 very low. We need to get it back
 up. The first thing to do is to
 get the water level up to the top
 of the dam. Then we can let the
 water flow out of the dam and
 back into the river. This will
 help to keep the water level in
 the river from dropping too low.
 We can also get the water level
 up by building a dam. A dam
 will hold back the water and
 create a reservoir. This will
 help to keep the water level in
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(12)

We passed a cave near the Mirador marked 'OCC' in black, a deep grotto really - couldn't see the bottom. Not clear from PROCs if anyone has gone down, but marked x so I suppose they have.

4/8 -



The floor of the shakehole is probably the top of the boulder choke!

held up by god knows what.

We throw rocks back down it in revenge and feds.

Stal.

THE PLAN

(15)

Could anyone who can make it down to Lagos tonight or tomorrow morning do so - we need a Sig carry up to Top Camp tomorrow evening? S&R, SW, R&, SM have gone down. S&R + SW etc will ship + carry to Top Camp tomorrow. * SM + R& will also do El Hoyo La Madre the day after.
* returning to Ario.

Tras La Jayada.

Fred Phil R. Dave R. 12/7

I got up from Lagos at 10:30. Sunny day, we got things together and tramped off to the entrance where a couple of Spanish women + a man oggled at Dave. We went down a couple of pitches and Phil found his vocation smashing pieces of ice with hammer ~~the~~, and sending them smashing down the huge shaft. He was obviously enjoying himself, as gurgles of delight would echo up the shaft as another chunk of ice crashed down.

We got down to a ledge, and found a small drop off the main shaft into a bit of water. There was a short passage and a drop below a lot of chossy crap. We found a thread, and then discovered their nest & it was

loose, but there was a bit left.
 Did a lot of gardening. Went down and
 and another relay ~~to~~, Totals about
 25m ~ 30m. Down to a ledge made
 the hoodies jammed into the shelf.
 We threw some stuff down some took
 it seemed some took \$ almost 8.

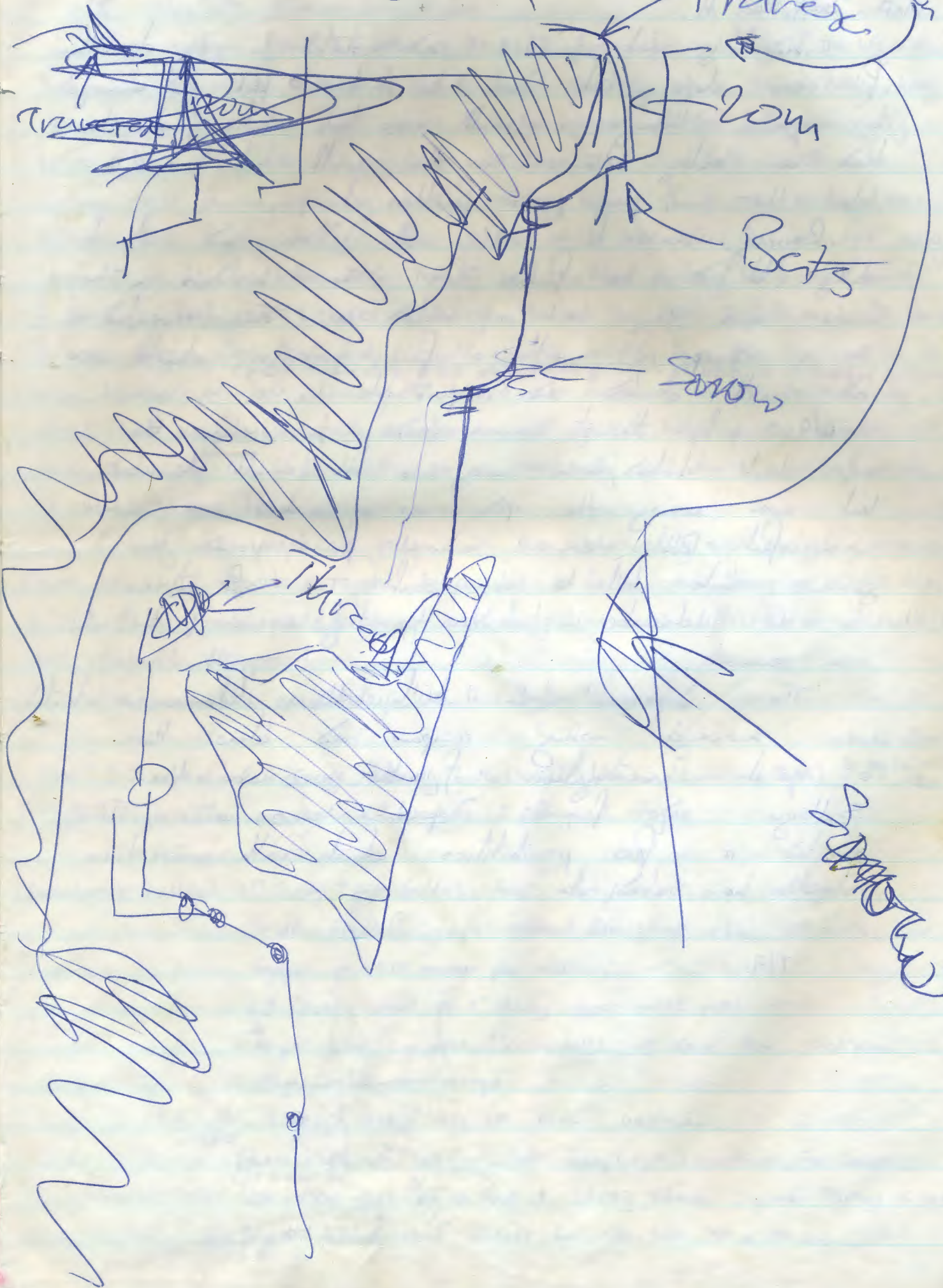
We put in a net trap. A Dave
 put in another 3? ~ 20m down.
 Fred went down ~ 50m and put
 another put in, could sense the
 floor

Got out pretty fast and
 frogged back to camp

There are birds in the
 entrance

Tras la Jajpaa

Spanish Women



(16)

AREA 9 Shaft Base.

Friday 12th

Martin, Geoff, Steve M.

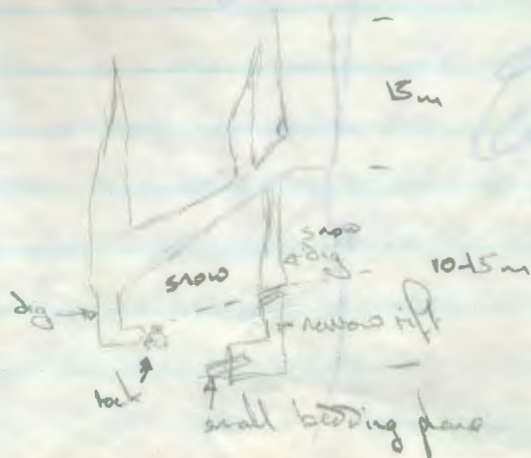
Immediately went to 7/9 and started to dig at bottom of snow slope. Got down to about 10 feet and managed to squeeze through a small snow hole but found this had a rocky bottom. The other small hole down to below the snow plug proved fruitless also.

Crossing over to 6/9 well hidden and almost totally blocked we found 8/9. The boulders in the chock were thrown out or kicked in. This revealed a 30 m deep rift with a few passages which were all well choked and impenetrable

6/9. An attempt was made to remove the rock which blocked the way into the small chamber but even using the opade as a crowbar we were unsuccessful. Rocks were removed from around the jammed rock but to no avail. The ~~of~~ entrance to the chamber looked too tight even if the rock was removed.

The depression in which these holes were situated was surveyed using compass and clinometer. A quick investigation of the area on the Sattaya side of the depression was made. This revealed a few possibilities which with more time should be looked at.

7/9



3/5 Friday 12th William, Dave H, Sue.

Cave surveyed from the bottom of the pitch just before Parting of the Ways then through the bit which William & Phil R found yesterday down several nasty chossy climbs and down two SRT pitches to the chamber at the bottom. Surveying horrible because the rock was very loose and Dave and I didn't want rocks raining down on us, especially when I had my helmet off to take readings, so William had to stay about 3 stations behind us to take notes (this provoked many complaints). At the bottom both Dave H and I tried pushing the rift - I got further in but couldn't make it through the last very tight 2 feet or so. It seems to get bigger after that but I could only see another 4 or 5m. Try Sean or a lump hammer or both. ^{A possible traverse at top of last pitch} doesn't go and is all calcite so no chance of re-rigging. Coming out turned into a bit of an epic because by about half way I was pretty knackered and needed help up the climbs and tying up the 25 ft ladder so we eventually had an 11 hour trip which it shouldn't have been.

If many more people are going down, the pitches really need re-rigging because there are a lot of rubs. It might be possible to do the whole thing on ladders. Also a lot of the climbs need gardening and are getting more difficult as handholds and footholds disappear!

I've never had a birthday like this before!

SCR.

I was referring to my helmet! SCR

Sue "I'd rather have it off, actually" Robicette. (In last chamber of 3/5)

Geoff "Maybe I'm not such a hunk as I thought" Hogan

Location of Tackle: 1st pitch (25ft ladder) has ^{SRT} rope for 2nd pitch as lifeline. Could profitably rope exposed 6m climb above 2nd pitch, our hanger in SIE anchor for this.

2nd pitch rope & 2° belay now on 1st pitch.

Might rig 4m pitch (ladder, bolt) just above Non Deficiam.

~~Just really to rig~~

Empty tackle bag at Non Deficiam.

Tackle bag with bolt kit, bolts, hangers, ≈ 4 mailons, 5m ladder &

10m rope at top of foot of chossy climbs beyond Parting of the ways.

A full tube of spent cartridge has also been left in the bag.

(17)

13/7

We're probably the only people in the world missing
Line A.D.

Richard + Sara on Grand Tour of the Picos. Wakened by the
tent falling on us at Lagos, visited Cargas, the beach,
Puente Romane (and Rio Grande), Top Camp, Tres la Hayada
and Ario.

Am writing this to record a very 'cavey' looking hole with no
marks on it ~ 400m away from Tres la Hayada on a
bearing of 280° . Also 60° from hole (9/9) is Ario, 120° to
Tultayo + ~~to~~ 160° to Cuvicente. 2 cairns built.

13.7. DaveR, PhilR, Fred. TLa Jayada. (by DR)

Woke up feeling poorly: cumbres de grados by the litre on an
empty stomach after caving a bad idea. Had a remarkably powerful
and voluminous shit: not voluminous enough as felt like doing
a repeat during most of the trip, a particularly uncomfortable
feeling when somewhere in the darkness clinging to the
wall with only rebelayes and nothing to stand on for
100m in each direction.

We descended rapidly to last night's bolt and Phil carried
on down. There was the old ledge in which further
bolts (later by Fred) were placed; at some indefinable
point in nothingness we changed the rope and started
pulling further lengths of strong pasta from a
different yellow sack. The daylight was far out of
sight. The stream falling from one snow-plug now
high above on the opposite side hissed menacingly.
At last Phil and I (we'd been on the ledge for 3 hours
by this time) heard Fred's distant instruction:
"come-on-downnnn" ... Further attempts at
communication were lost in the echo.

Fred had got himself a little niche leading
to a rift trending away from the shaft. He

was not at the bottom. We joined him. The rift behind was fossil-looking; dry + popcorn-covered. Rocks fell down it for a long time.

Back in the shaft bathing was impossible. I chipped and scraped at wet, crystalline stuff that shattered on the first few whacks, the rope above tramping ominously on a nub-point lost in the blackness upwards. (This hang was about 70 m.) What I need, I thought, is a nice thread. Some ~~at~~ fat chance. ~~But~~ But no: it was there two feet above me. The others slid a wire along the rope leading to the niche and I rigged on down.

Henry V died from gangrenous pits aggravated by eight days in the saddle. No doubt one could catch something nearly as unpleasant from hours in a Petzl Rappel but this time I hit terra firma: a proper ledge (undippable from the rope on) about 10m from the bottom. At the back was a bridge and a window into another shaft... much deeper than the booming rocks I cast into it... E! Exit! Success!! The way out!! "Rope Free! I found the third system!" Phil's excitement was as great and by the time Fred arrived we were whooping and dancing about; La Jayade had been cracked, the SIE really shown up this time...

We went to the bottom for form's sake and duly marvelled. A flat-floored neat black mostly invisible cathedral, dulled by the snow-water ending its hissing in a deep, clear pool. The SIE's little continuation was noticed and like the shaft floored by dense, impenetrable chok. Inside the Cathedral were lumps of moss and wild thyme we'd knocked off coming down the entrance pits, the only sign that this hole was open to the sunlight. But we didn't hang about; exploration on the mind. Only 3 bolts and 2 wedges

(20)

but we'd make them good ones...

The first went into the top of E1 Exido ~~and~~ through the window; the second Φ 4m down for a rebelay. Suddenly it didn't seem as deep as before: I could see the bottom. Hope still high as I returned down into a curving canyon.

The floor was loose, steeply descending. I advanced gingerly: another pitch must be very close. A small climb, then it ~~fell~~ flattened out. The floor turned into hard mud. A dead end: only an aven, bearing a tiny inlet. Fucked.

We tried a few other things like Fred doing crazy pendules into a space between some boulders but there was no way on. ~~Time~~ Time for bed.

We were all on the surface by 11:45: drenched by only our own sweat. The rebelay got steadily more strenuous, the monotony of the endless PMI disappearing into darkness more intense. The last pitch of all was hardest: suddenly buffeted by a warm wind, the stiff Marlow wouldn't come out of the ~~roll~~ ^{roll} for the last changeover 2m from the top...

That's speleology. A magnificent shaft, nonetheless. And somewhere here is the third system...

He kicked off some snow under the upper plug and got very frightened indeed of the whole dirty-white thing coming down. The 2nd pitch is done without a rebelay by threading the rope through the side of the 1st plug from its top.

Sunday 16th.
 Shaft back of area 9
 Confident of my route finding I plough off into the mist
 with the following. Knowing exactly where I wasn't
 I found the entrance to 22/15, great lets try a
 direction change to relocate the route. Tump Tump - ah!
 were on the route to top camp. With the still following
 we head back to arid taking photos of the mist
 as we go. The only benefit is we got back for
 lunch - yum! (11³⁰ - 1^{pm})

Chapter the 2nd. Set out again at 2^{pm} with the clouds even lower,
 this time trying to follow compass bearings. Martin proved an excellent navigator
 after 1/2 an hour we stumbled across 4/9 and soon after that saw the rope
 hanging down TLJ. Following Richard's 280° uphill & Martin located 9/9
 while I had a bit of sleep in the mist. The shaft looks very promising indeed
 but: there is an "SIE O" red point mark on it (to which we added "9/9"
 etc.) and there is no way on beyond the 2nd snow plug (why have the
 SIE not managed to bottom it??). Rigged the 60m rope ~~to~~ to naturals
 with 1 tector & 2 prusik-bags to avoid rubbing and Martin went down at
 4^{pm} to emerge an hour later, having pushed about every corner and got snowed
 under heavily. I followed it up with a 1/2 hr trip, very refreshing.

Couldn't do any reasonable
 surveying 'cos no mountain
 tops at all visible. Sorry, we
 also forgot to look at our
 compasses to find out which
 side of 9/9 is which. -
 Went back a long way round
 via 5/5 and 21/5 (the easy
 shortcut through Sou la Cistra),
 hit the Trea path just below it
 (with rucksacks in it) and
 were back in camp gon-ish.



Left the rope for someone to do a Grade 5 survey...

Sunday 14th July 3/5 Pozo de los Carabotes Dave H. & William; Sean & Geoff

Two parties ^{of small caves} set off down 3/5, one to push each of the right rifts at the bottom, ~~of 3/1~~ Dave H. & William set off for Wingnut's rift, whereas Sean & Geoff went into Birthday rift. Watched by some Spaniards while changing a men set off. Rerigged 2nd pitch, putting a rope on the climb above it & then uneventful progress down to the Parting of the Ways, where the parties parted. Rigged the pitch down to Wingnut's rift on a ladder, sling & Dave's & my donkeys dicks owing to the lack of long wire belays. Dave & I went through the first rift & found two possible ways on: one was a scutshoulder running back under the original direction & the other was a rather tight rift emerging above a 30 foot drop. Dave failed to get through in a sit harness but I struggled through minus my sit harness & hiked on by my eyelids at one far end. A reasonably easy climb down to a sizeable chamber with a small dry streamway with suit-sliding flakes & a fragment of a park of planters. Wingnut was here. I'm impressed. Went back for the Humphammer & removed an awkward flake to see a nasty-looking route down & a small window, also full of flakes..... a large pitch with a 2 1/2 second drop & good limestone for bolting. "!!!"

Went back to Dave & then we decided to find the other & then either detackle Spectacle Series if nothing had gone or go out if it had. Went ~~back~~ so Dave hadn't expected to go down the climb again so soon & we met the others a bit by the pitches ~~then~~ detackled the pitches & the Geoff & Sean went out while Dave & I rerigged the ladder pitch. Exited 9:15 pm. Must go back tomorrow to rig this pitch!

From 'Parting of the ways' team then man (Sean & Geoff) negotiated the several chossy climbs down to (at this point Geoff was distracted by breakfast and Sean takes over...) the nasty pitchheads. Eventually struggled to Birthday rift. I went in first and thought so-er. Faint hints of claustrophobia hit me. It looked too dark to make out much. Geoff went in next and got in a bit further and put a light in place. He could see no way on. I reluctantly went in for a look and agreed there was no way.

We were both very impressed with Sue's efforts - she probably got in further than we did. Anyway, we desigged this blind route on the way out, leaving plenty of tackle for further pushing in other direction.

Monday 15th July 3/5 Geoff + Sue

We went down to ng and push Winguat's rift after copious instructions from William and Dave over breakfast. Got through the rift OK except that Geoff insisted on going down the hole in the middle which we were told not to do! Found the 30ft climb and put a ladder on it because (like Dave) I didn't like the look of it - well, the top bit anyway. Emerged in a chamber, wriggled through a streamway with razor-sharp edges of rock all over the place then found ourselves over the 2 1/2 second ^{drop} pitch. Geoff rigged it on naturals and we struggled through the small hole, took a long time to clip onto the rope due to lack of space, but finally absided down a huge shaft - the character of the ~~shaft~~ ^{cause} changes completely. At the bottom there is a winding rift (not too tight but the bottom drops away - not easy to free climb. Geoff nearly hung himself by his helmet going down.) After about 10 ft the floor disappears and there is another big black hole with a 3 1/2 second drop! We go! We turned around at this point due to lack of rope and made our way out rather slowly (due to tiredness on my part) but uneventfully except for struggles at the top of the 30m pitch which is a very awkward take-off. A 12 1/2 hour trip, we emerged at about 1.25 am in thick mist and had fun finding our way back, finding and losing yellow spots and cairns all over the place. Finally found camp by seeing Fred's light approaching from the other direction, had lots to eat which we really needed and fell into bed, after a few problems finding enough spare sleeping space since Richard, Sara and Steve M had come up from Logos.

P.S. ~~Had~~ Two-thirds of the way down the 30m pitch is a big ledge from which there may be a way on but Geoff doesn't think so.

(24)

Sunday 16/7.

Think good for + James at F20
with pitches + water is plenty
But we haven't a hope
without a long rope -
it's already cien metros cinquate!

Detache TLH! Don F20 Ees se bas near!

SN-

Monday 15th Tras la Jayada

Fred Sean Martin M.

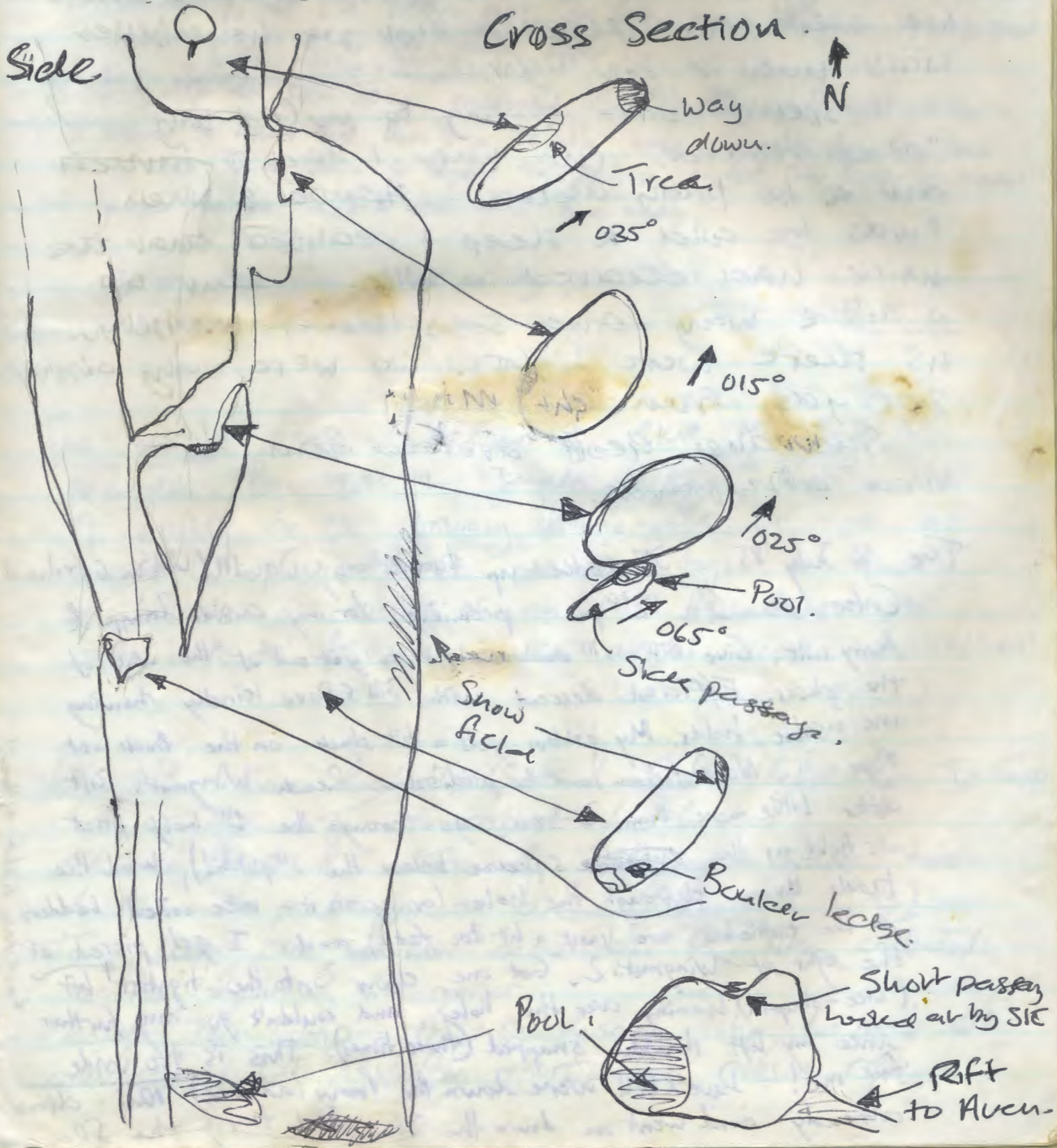
I got up from Lagos at ~1000
We set off in slight mist to the cave
and found it after a bit of scouting
around. We got toggled up and abbed
down to the bottom. Sean saw something
that might remotely be a way on. We
both tried to climb up to it, then I tried
standing on Sean's head, but no go.
We chucked a few stones up to it, and
decided that it was not worth bolting
up there.

I went up to the rift that I had found
on Saturday and rigged it so that
the others could get up too. We rigged
a traverse line and then stuck in
a couple of bolts as far along the rift
as we could. We knotted the 20m and
30m ropes together, and I went

down. I had a lot of hassle getting ~~my~~ passed the knot as I couldn't get my chest ascender off the rope.

Eventually I got to the bottom of the rope. Although I wasn't at the bottom of the pitch, it was obvious that we were in the same area as we had got to before.

Cross Section.



(60)

We hauled ourselves out to find the mist had come down, and you could see about 10 ft. We set off walking along a hearing ~~st~~ stumbling blindly through the damp mist over & slippy rocks, attempting to go in a straight line. Eventually we realised that we didn't have a clue where we were, and decided that we had better wait until it got light.

I spent hours trying to unhold my space blanket, and when I held it furthest out to be pretty useless. Around 2 when I was too cold to sleep I realised that the mist had cleared a little. I went up a little way and saw that just below us there were lights. We were only about 200 yds from camp.

Sue and Geoff arrived from 3/5 soon afterwards.

The 16 July '85 - 3/5 coded up tourist trip; David H & William & Bernhard Enter/around 12²⁰ pm: premiere for my carbide lamp & funny suit. Give Bill 70 minutes start to get out of the way of the choss. Efficient descent, with Bill & Dave kindly showing me usable holds. My bobbin gets a bit stuck on the thick wet rope in Non Deficiency and the pitch below. Reach Wingnut's Raft after little more than 2 hours, go through the 2nd half (not as tight as the ~~one~~ squeeze below the 1st pitch!), haul the tackle down through the hole (or across it - nice coiled ladders in the tackle bag are just a bit too fat), and - I get pissed at the sight of Wingnut's 2. Got one elbow onto the tightest ^{bit} (vice-shaped) leaning over the holes and couldn't go any further since my left shoulder snapped (three times). This is too wide for me! - Dave & Bill were down the (now laddered) 10m - climb already and went on down the 20m pitch to rig the 50m

*not very tight either!

Unfortunately the 5pts container supposed to contain the bolts contained ⁽²⁷⁾ carbide! So much for pushing on. 5 hrs after we had entered (and I having waited in the little chamber in the middle of Winyunt's) we started the way out. Again very efficient (with a calamares - & carbide-sort out break), I fell off only twice (into my coustail at the head of Non Deficiam and into my arms on one of the climbs - i.e. stopped myself each time) and we emerged into grey daylight about 8:20 pm. Left the 1st pitch with a self-liming rope.

Fine cave (what regards the architecture and the colours of the rock), but I'd rather not do this again ^{with} this rigging (not that one could do it very much safer).

P.S. ^{I (w.s.s.) - (a Dave inadvertently)} did some noisy gardening at Skittle Alley. - It might also be useful to know that there is a reliable voice connection from the head of the 1st pitch down to beyond the squeeze, so that entry / exit of several people can be timed & coordinated more easily.

Total abortion I feel sorry for Dave who's had to go down. The bottom pitches are great though. Willieain

Tue 16th. Sara w. Richard G Steve M Dave R
descended Poju Tras La Jayada. Sara had a bit of trouble on the bouncy change-overs but we all smoothly (!) pussicked out with the bags to find the hillside as murky as an M15 Press Release, so came back to Anio, where there are at least no telephones. Richard.

Wed. 17th Sara, Richard, Dave & Steve leave for Top Camp via Tras La J. to collect tackle. Steve & Dave R. return to 2nd camp - Steve back to Anio to pick-up a tent (Richard & Saras) so Top Camp can also now accommodate 6. Also collected coffee, stout & tin-opener. Plan for Top Camp - Rich. + Sara descend today, to sort out confused verbal & written reports with 50m rope.

(26)

Date + Steve - descend on Thur. with more tackle,

If 2 people come up on Thursday can they collect any remaining tackle from Tras la J. & bring up a selection of food.

Can somebody going down to Lagos & Thursday carry the extra bolt kit down so that La Haya de Madre can be 'pushed' at the weekend,

Thanks Steve.

P.S. I can't find the bolt kit - has it already gone to Los Lagos?

P.P.S. 9/9 has also been defogged and R.G. has confirmed that it is identical with his shaft.

Wed 17th July. Went up to the Refugio to fetch water at 10³⁰. There was a long queue and the spring ~~was~~ reduced to about 1L in 3 minutes so it took me ~~two~~ bloody hours to get one container full. Came back to find the camp vacated and taken over by sheep sticking their heads into the kitchen tent. They're getting a bit bold lately. Decided not to go down to Lagos until somebody else had arrived.
Moral: 1) Go to the spring at 6^{am} and/or 4^{pm} and/or 10^{pm} and you ~~get~~ ^{stand} a fair chance of finding a full bucket.
2) Obey Expedition Policy and keep And (woman) at all times.

G.W.

Wed 17th The trip to 'Finish Off' 3/5.
Fred, Phil R and Bill.

I woke up on Thursday with my heels strangely stiff my body feeling like it had been dragged through an maple bark road. The mystery to this credit in deepened when my and onesits were examined and had to be ripped sheds. There had been new ~~at~~ a week ago! What had happened the day to come all this stuffy. Gradually, ~~remained~~ revived by coffee

at manifest numerous of the trip returned.
 The first part had been OK, we had
 no trouble and I had been down to the putting
 of the ways before. Then came the first horror
 , Wingnut's rift. After its dramatic the day
 before this seemed quite easy and was more
 so soon down the ladder climb on the other side.

The squeeze onto the pitch head beyond
 saw a forecast of trouble to come. What
 would it be like on the way back? However
 the shift was fine and we were soon
 at the top of limit of exploration at a
 the top of a pitch in a wide rift.
 Xiku was certain to be at the bottom!

As Bill had pushed most of the case we
 felt he should have the honor of finishing
 the case and ^{he} was soon disappearing into the
 depths & accompanied by musical (!) vestibular
 by Me + Fred.

At the bottom (the pitch is a fine 45m
 free hang) Bill was captured "It's just like
 the Tonesa scene" Gunt Gunt "I'm sure I've been
 here before! But no, God, Hell I don't. You
 means it NOT Xiku "Gunt, Gunt" Its delicately not,
 Oh Hell this for rift took awful". Tired
 by Fred + I his sing Bill's original
 opinion about the rift was called, a real
 matter. However Fred was undated by
 Hules chess quite needs and the gradual
 red rock of the area of his oversights
 and accompanied by the change of humor
 on whole he gradually progressed inch
 by inch. Flat at in the stream, up into

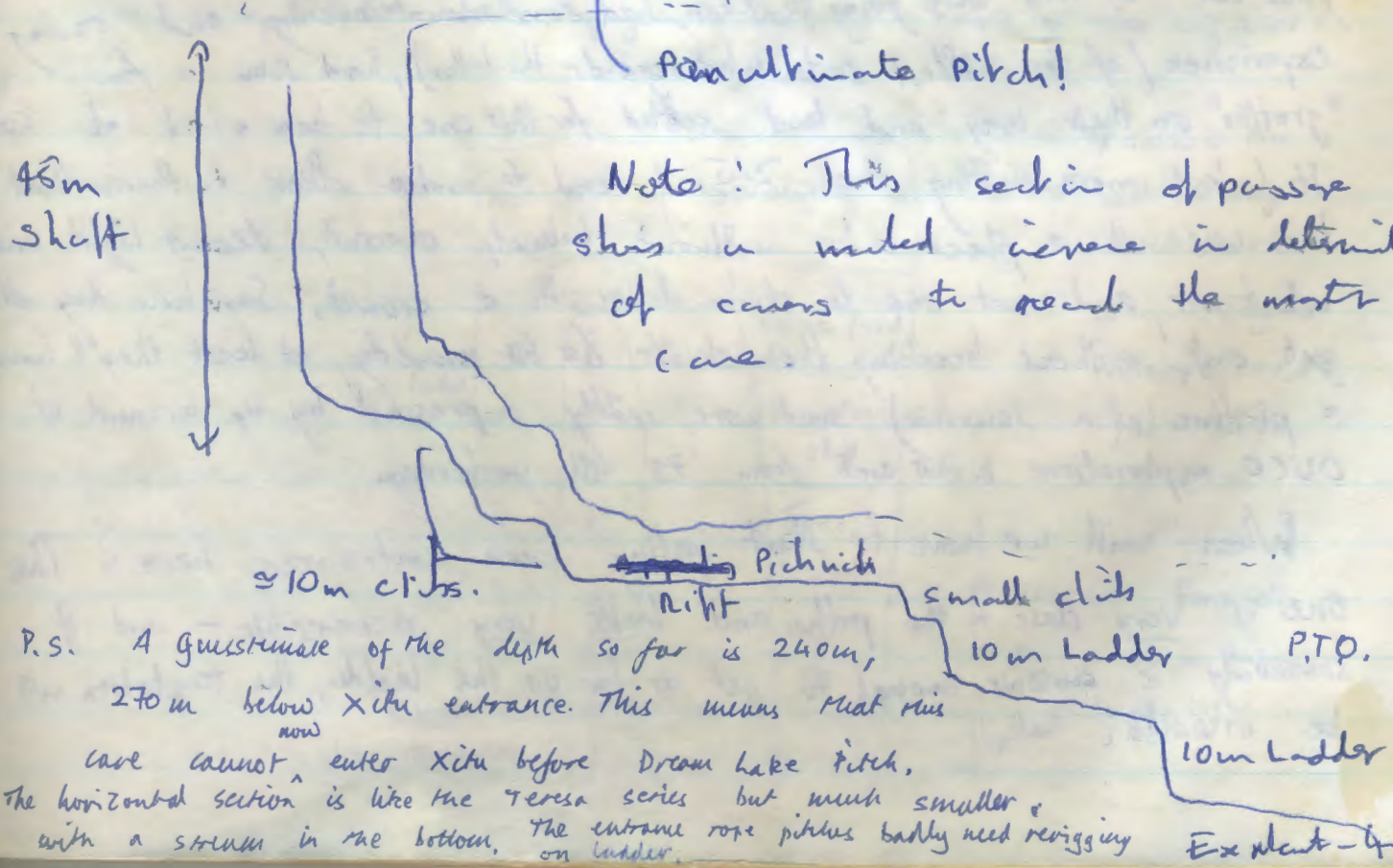
a wider bit and then that out is
a semi-vertical of the cliffs in Brown
Hill port where the track is just wide
enough to trap a rattle bag. Then
Eureka! it indeed, there was a
climb and a pitch down.

We returned and with taller
bags (no easy heat, here the
with became Pichnich Rift). The pitch
was a very appalling to rig, the rock
was mostly unusable for both in
with a few off as soon as any
pressure was applied. Bill had to be
caught coming the climb when his foot
held decided to go for a walk. Eventually
a 5m pit ladder pitch was rigged
down to a ledge with short climb below.

Further awkward strenuous leads to
another pitch (10m ladder - this time
easily rigged from ^{so} natural). This
again leads to ³ ~~two~~ ^{so} team of awkward
shown with another pitch, again about
10m and suitable for a ladder. We
only had a 30m rope so decided
to call it a day and make our
heavy way out (it was also some 4pm!).

My legs about the way out
were slightly allayed by a
very rocky smooth passage through
Pichnich Rift and the ~~rather~~ good
promising at up the long pitches.
However the take off finally put paid
to all this delusion of ease.

Suddenly I managed to get my feet into the tiny hole at the top which was the way in but the rest of my body wouldn't budge. There I was my torso & overhanging a 30m pitch, trapped for a good half an hour by my sit bones trapped over a appalling spike. The thickly encrusted pit had I made it to the bottom of wigwags with all was able to calmly enjoy the guff & curses of my companions as they went through a similar hell! Our trully visit quite over, my welly had a terminaly skid in wigwag's with, but somehow we managed to drag ourselves to the surface without further incident. No wonder my brain had tried to erase the memory of the night before!



P.S. A guessimate of the depth so far is 240m, 270m below Xitu entrance. This means that this cave cannot ^{now} enter Xitu before Dream Lake pitch. The horizontal section is like the Teresa series but much smaller, with a stream in the bottom. The entrance rope pitches badly need re-rigging on ladder.

(27)

~~Some tape & Engineer's log & pencil +~~

R.P.S. ~~We left the ~~Surveying gear~~ by the start of Wengert's rift near the last
Survey station~~

P.P.S. We left the ~~some~~ tape & the Engineer's log complete with pencil & penmarker by the start of Wengert's rift. The last 1983 survey station is neatly marked with $\begin{matrix} S \\ \cdot \\ \wedge \end{matrix}$. Compass & clinometer were taken out

Thu 18 July: Jutajin (Gerhard) 130-145 pm

Following the orange (as opposed to yellow) marks and then the cairns and the reasonably obvious path I had no trouble finding my way to the top. Fell victim to a severe optical illusion since I'm used to mountain-crosses of the Bavarian/Austrian/Italian kind, i.e. 3-5m tall. Nice view, but wrong time of the day for looking back to our caving area: the sun is right in one's back and there are no shadows to bring out the ~~relief~~ relief. Could make out the (microfault?) strip marking the line of Xitu's upper half, though. Gave me a shudder of awe.

Came back and passed 3/S entrance at 3:00 pm to have an encounter of the 4th kind. A group of 9 ^{young} Spaniards (4 ♀ + 5 ♂), apparently an equivalent to "Happy Wanderers", were ~~spread~~ spread out: (a) along the path, (b) above the entrance drop, (c) inside this, (d) in Skittle Alley, (e) at the foot (!!!) of our ladders. Tried hard and remembered enough of my French to find out that they were going to Cain, had some mountaineering and caving experience (of the mildest sort what regards the latter), had seen a few "grottes" on their way and had settled for this one to have a look at 'cos it looked more inviting than 2/S — and to make clear to them that this was not a place to be without helmet, overcoat, decent light and what not, and not one to storm down in a crowd. Somehow they all got out without breaking their skulls (a bit windy, at least they'll have a picture as a souvenir) and were mildly impressed by my account of O.U.C.C. explorations in this area from '79 till yesterday.

When will we have to start getting cave entrances here? This one is very close to the path and looks very accessible — and if somebody is curious enough to get as far as the ladder, the temptation will be irresistible.

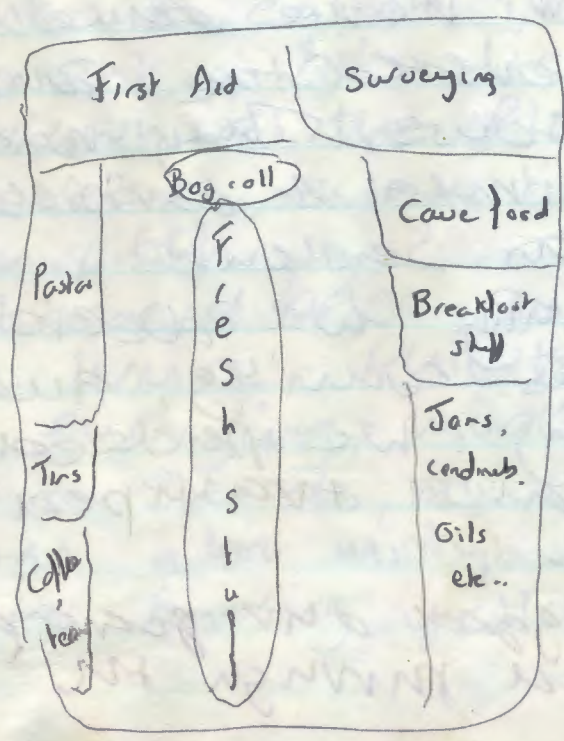
17.19.85

Phil + Fred have gone to pick
 3/5 as you lazy buggers hadn't tried
 up from base yet! You should
 do a survey? Survey trip. Tape + captions
 log are at the limit of survey before
 Wingwatts Rift. Cook us a good dinner
 if you don't go down!
 Dave Rose - your donut
 top is in the zit. Bolt driver is
 just outside + zit, ↑

S&R, Martin M + N.D all stayed at Ario overnight on route to Top Camp - S&R + M off mega
 early to go caving today. N.D. intending going up later when mist/fog rises (can't see a bloody thing
 at the mo) Until then I'll be tidying up camp-site up. What happened to all those people
 wanting to come today who were at Lagos yesterday?

If anyone goes down to Lagos can they take the bolt driver please?

Steve M arrived 12.30 ish. Now too hot to go anywhere... Cleared up,
 going up to Top Camp late afternoon with intention of caving for a day or two
 + then coming back down with my gear to Ario. Food tent now organised ish



Doubtless this will not stay like this but it was a vague attempt, so's I'd feel useful...

Plates + mugs + w/c flysheet.
 Pans etc. in huge billy.

The Trip That Did Finish off 3/5

Fred + Phil R 19/7/85.

~~There were fa~~

During the night the cows came down to camp again, and the night was frequented by the sunnels & cows burping violently.

At crack of dawn there ~~were~~ were muffled sunnels & Steve and Martin leaving. Several hours later I woke up, with Nicola beside me looking like something out of 'Scott and the Antarctic', wrapped up in a heavy suit, two jerseys and a fibre pile, as she didn't have a sleeping bag.

We got up and hung around to see if anyone was coming up from Lago. but noone came. ~~and~~ we also discovered the source of the burping cows. They had taken a large meal of caribou, washed down with Sewton.

Eventually we decided that noone was coming, and we could go pushing. We packed up tons of gear and tramped over to the cave.

We lugged our gear down the cave, and through the 'Picnic'

on the way my one piece overalls progressed rapidly towards a two piece, with detachable trousers

We rigged a ladder on the pitch we had got down to before, and went down ~ 10m into a small chamber similar to the ones before.

At the end was a short climb down to a much bigger pitch. We rigged a line down to the ledge on a natural, and another couple of rebays to give a brace hang. I started down, and it was clear that I was emerging into a very big chamber, full of huge boulders.

I got down onto a very big ledge with a lot of very big boulders and loose scree. Phil came down, and we soon spotted a fall take pile of carbide. We were in X.m.

We found some truly appalling ~~rocks~~ bolts, put into calcite veins, and sticking out a bit. We rigged a pitch down to the floor and wandered round until we got to another pitch.

We headed back and made it out in 2 1/2 hours. Phil took a picture of me emerging, muddy, grinning, ripped to shreds and knackered.

It was a bit misty and we had trouble finding yellow spots.

'Sod the path!' said Phil and struck out into the unknown.

Anapurna eat your heart out. we sealed some epic tracks, and soon realised that we hadn't a clue where we were. Suddenly the fog was much thicker.

I got out the compass, and made a rough guess. A while later we had descended at the Mirador!

'I could find my way back from the mirador with my eyes shut.' said Phil, and 5 minutes later we had lost the path, and were wandingly blindly in the mist again.

A while later I found a sign saying Trea. we were back on the path to 3/5 again.

Needless to say we got lost again but after a lot more tramping about my whistle blasts were answered by shouting from Geoff. Was he still base camp? No! Amazing we were back at camp.

Seen "I'm so neurotic" Hodges.

20/7/85 : Paul, Sue, Sean.

After morning spent contemplating going caving we all decided against it and spent the day sleeping or sitting around in the mist. No-one has come up from Lagos, where one is everyone?

The original plan was to have two three man surveying teams down 3/5 but Sean felt ill, I felt tired and Paul didn't want to go so the teams dwindled to three plus two, two plus two then one three man.

20/7/85 Fred, Phil, Geoff.

3/5 -> Xitu survey trip

In 13:20: 27 minutes entrance to top of Wingnut's rift Regroup & assemble survey gear. First survey station. Three legs later we were at the bottom ~~three more~~ & we were at the head of the pitch, down the next two pitches and we were going pretty efficiently still. Things went smoothly until picnic rift when leg lengths dropped while Fred & Geoff lay in puddles and pretended that compass & clinometer readings could be taken from within the solid rock. Phil, assiduously taking notes the while, staying one leg ahead to optimise positions. We emerged from picnic rift with a great deal of relief and stopped at the top of the following pitch for a lookie & brief fettle break. From there (station 24) five more legs took us to the top of the pitch into Xitu & one more, accompanied by breaking the (The Back Door to the East)

tape measure, took us to ~~the~~ a bolt in Xitu We were there! Photo at the bottom, then Fred prussiked up while Phil held on to the broken end

of the tape to take the last measurement.
A few piccie stops on the way out and we were on the surface at 01.40 (last out 01.55) Half an hour later we were back in camp.

21/7/85 Sean, Sue, Bill, ~~the~~ ^{host} the De-Tackling Trip 3/5

[Apologise for the biased write-up but I hate tight crawly caves ^{Sean}]
We set off down the cave at 1pm, making reasonable progress despite our numbers, and eventually reached bottom pretty uneventfully. Bill proudly gave me a guided tour of his cave - ~~the~~ ^{the} Pilling Slip, Graham-balls up, head of Dream Lake pitch. Everyone was being very apathetic at the bottom so we speeded things up by getting stuck on a pitch. I went up and undid her jam, then got cold waiting for the rest to arrive. After great difficulty, Bill appeared having derigged the pitch. We now had 2 bags. From then on it got harder and harder to move through the cave, until we got to the picnic hilt. This ^{we} negotiated pretty efficiently - the advantage of lots of people was appreciated. I had eaten my food about 2" ^{inside} the entrance so the others fed me at this point. The next obstacle was a ^{some} pitch. We decided hauling was just about worthwhile - and had two people for each tackle bag. [Phil says - "what on earth do you need two people for?"] Little does he know that we changed teams after 2 bags and we all so knackered we decided to finish detaching at that point. We pulled the bags onto the next ledge and set off out. It was on this journey that my true hatred of the cave came out. Every pitch has a horrible take off guaranteed to knacker tired cavers, followed by squeery crawls in which all your gear jams hundreds of times. We we all pretty chagged and did a slow emergence at Tam to see sunrise. back to camp for breakfast for unsympathetic welcome for our epic 18 hour trip. Ate lots - bed. Woke up about 10mins later

on one of hottest Spain days ever. Fred, Phil, Kristyn and Martin went off gaily to detachable cave. Dave # stayed crashed out and remaining valiant trio stomped off to the Refugio to rest their weary limbs. Never Again!

* Actually it was Dave who had trouble in getting tacklebags stuck. I just slowly dragged. Where's the 2nd 3/5 detachable trip???

date?

Well - there seems to have been an absence of any activity at all at Arico since 3/5 was detached, but the only things that seem to have been going on is it being used as a stopover for walks to Top Camp and as a sick bay - Kristyn was ill for a while here but got booted out by an over-enthusiastic SGR bounding down the mountain with pleas for caves at Top Camp.

Nicole & Geoff arrived on route to Top Camp & then proceeded the following day to get hopelessly lost in the mist. Having blundered into Area 9 (following cairns is not a good idea when they're on top of every bloody hummock going) & peered down a few holes, we blundered around a bit more and eventually, a bit cold and wet, got back down to the valley at the bottom of the mountains. Not having our luck again we called it a day & got back to Arico. Embarrassingly long walk just taking two heavy sacs for a scenic tour of Area 9 & back again. (Pah!)

Trying to make the best of a bad situation, plan 2 was to take the by now very well travelled route to Top Camp with Paul & Dave # first thing the following morning & cave. No such luck. Stomach cramps and general grogginess attacked & so Top Camp will now have to wait till the evening, when hopefully all will be well weather & health wise. Someone, somewhere does not want me to get up that bloody mountain.

Steve Davies & John Wilcock arrived & did an excellent job of sorting out the discards area formerly known as the food tent. Ian H also arrived & went off to T. Camp with a pretty ambitious looking pack to cave. Hopefully I'll be able to join el caves tomorrow... (oops, sorry I've just remembered... hopefully is an adverb. Apologies to all the literary brains on the Expedition).

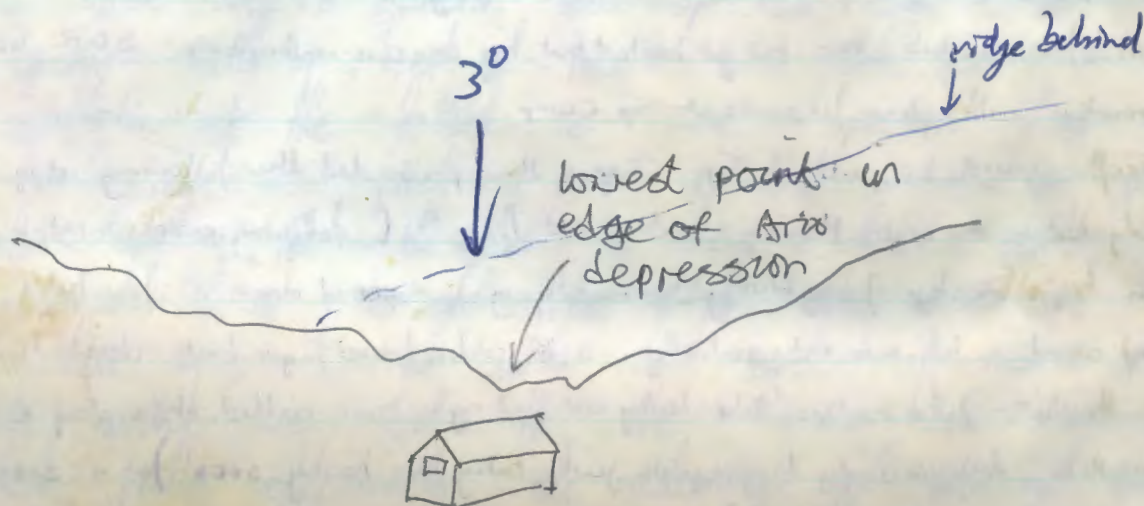
[Faint handwritten notes and scribbles at the bottom of the page, including "fill" and "shadow"]

(42) Thursday 25th July

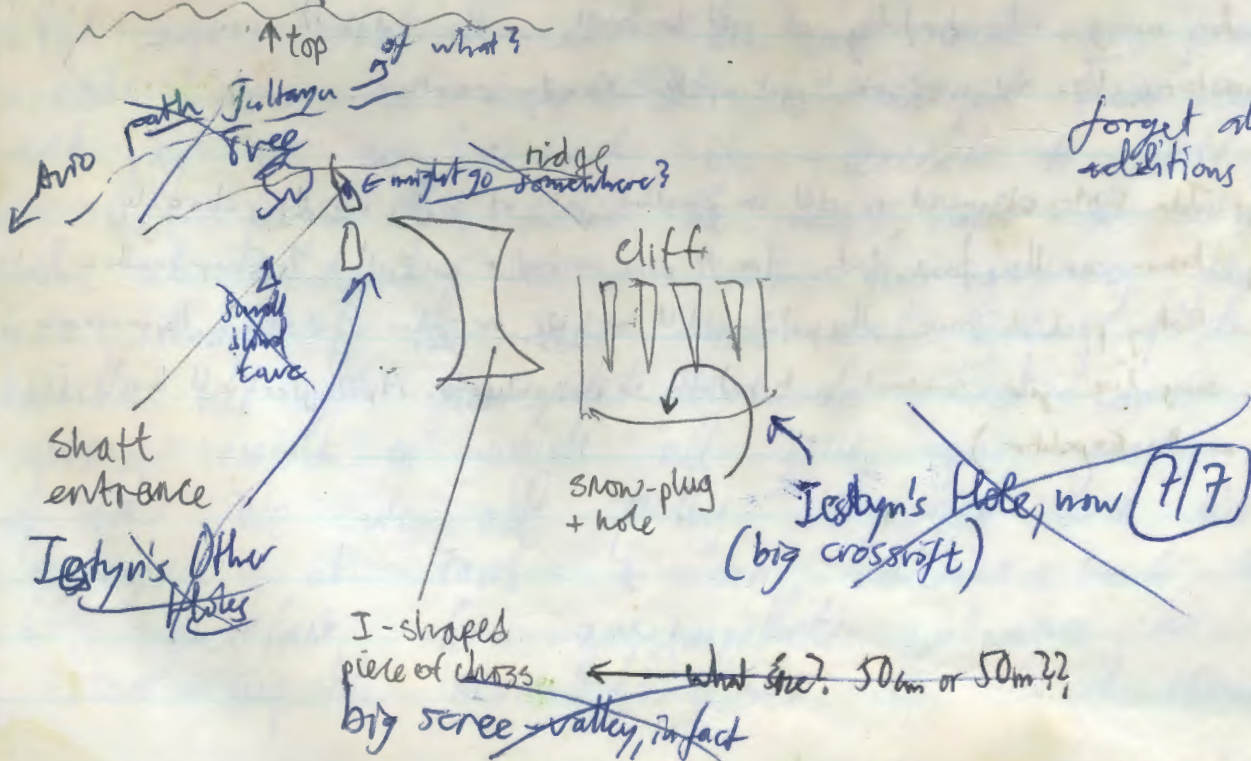
shaft-bashing Jultayn

After wandering about on the slopes all day without the sniff of a shaft, I nearly fell down this one:

view of AR10 from shaft:



sketch map of shaft area



This is impossible - in fact the drawing suggests that the shaft is higher. If you walk from the camp site up towards the Xitu-Lages path until you're in the direction indicated, you can see the Refugio disappearing behind a ridge higher than it. y.w. The shaft is higher - even a little bit higher than Xitu, I reckon 6/8/85 y.w.

- (i) Shaft is approx. same height as refugio
- (ii) It looks a bit like F20. → doesn't help me; I've never seen F20. y.w.

↑
What brilliantly clear instructions! (I.W.) (46)

Richard - probably time to tell tale of trip to Cangas. Went down on Thu. to get Steve Mayers to the 11.00 bus at Cangas. The problem: the Fiesta. The pigs would neither let us down to Cangas nor back to Erizina & forced us to go to Enol where we parked amongst a whole tribe of overweight Spanish families. Watched the dancing. Watched the fell race. Admired the cider. Had an ill game. Then another. Played scrabble. Steve Mayers made Quiz with the 'Z' on a double letter score and the 'Q' on a triple word score!

At long last the stentorian Guardia allowed us to drive down to Cangas, where everything was shut. We dropped off Steve at Ariondas, and returned to the Puente Romana - chatted up the owner & persuaded him to accept Fred's Bouquet. Then... the van's tyre was flat. The spare was flat. Chatted up the owner of the Puente Romana again and he took Fred + Dave to the garage in his car. The spare's valve was bugged... it was a race against time to get back to Erizina & my foot pump.

But... there was a Ford Granada in the way. It leant against the van, leaving some of its paint on mine. I had to reverse. 'Richard' said Phil 'you've only got 1 1/2 inches on the other side.' With heart in my mouth, and watched by 20-30 Spaniards, I reversed the van, releasing the Granada with a terrible screeching. We bounced the Granada over & inspected the damage... 'forget it' said the Spaniards, to a man, woman

(42)

and child. He's parked on the wrong side of the road, 'illegally'.
And it was true. Sleepily, we drove on.

Richard

Farewell Ario. Adios Tultaya. Hasta luego cabeza
Poma. Goodbye, fairy peaks across the gorge.
And you, jefe Julia, have a nice day. We're
going home. Another Ario draws interlude
is over.

David

27/7 John walked around area 5, gazing at shafts. Saw
Iestyn's shaft - looks promising. Took several photos of Xitu
fault with sun at a glancing angle. Time 1550 - 1630.

By 1730 cloud was advancing, so after traversing along
side of Tultaya from the col returned via cañoned route
& orange track.

Movements 27/7. Ian & Paul to top camp early.

Dave R. + Richard from top camp on route to base &
home at lunch time. Iestyn & Steve D. to top camp
at 1330 (why? in the heat of the day). Nicola
to top camp 1845. Jeff to base camp & home

1500 after fond farewells to Nicola (he had been
"tending the sick" all the previous night & most of today).

Sue arrived from base (feeling better) 2030. Gerhard ^{from Base} 2200. ^{Revised} 2230.

Items low at Ario - breakfast cereals, eggs, ~~veg~~ vegetables, petrol
Items low at top camp - carbide.

PAH: (Nicola)

28/7 Steve K, Sue & John W get up & go at dawn (ish) to Top Camp.

28/7 Location of rain gauge measuring cylinders

- a) There is one cylinder, reading in ml as requested, kept at the camp site. Go to Martin May's tent (the dark green non-semispherical, ^{new} ~~new immediately right of~~ ^{and to the right of} the food tent) and look under the porch, near the right hand zipper. There you should find a grey cylindrical (surprise, surprise) plastic tube, about a foot long and 10 cm in diameter, containing the measuring cylinder. Don't drop the latter; one side of the container is open.
- b) If you don't fancy carrying this thing over to the station, there is another cylinder kept "hidden" near it, which however reads inches. Stand next to the rain gauge. Look up to El Jito Pass and imagine a straight line running from there into your head. Turn round and follow this line down to the bottom of the little dry valley. At the opposite rim of a little pebble-filled shakehole a cardboard box, containing something round wrapped in cardboard, should spring to your eyes. The "something" is of course the measuring cylinder. If this description doesn't work you might want to consult an optician. The box is blatantly obvious even if you don't know it's there. *J.H.*

Sean Hodges passed by on the way from T.C. to Lago, picking up his tent and one empty gas cylinder. — (2¹⁵)

Phil Duncan stopped for a tea on the way from Lago to T.C. (2¹⁴)

28/7 Sunday ??? Arrive at L210 - Martin.

leave Lago in mist and small drops of rain but weather soon deteriorates and heavy rainfall attacks. I pass some strange creatures in the mist which ~~is~~ turn out to be Spanish with their raincoats over their tussocks. I laugh at them and tell them I'm English, they groan off into the rain like so many unhappy hunchbacks. As I walk on I find many yellow lizards sitting on the rocks trying to imitate the path markings and lure me from my route. But I wasn't fooled.

28/7, Sod it all. Half past four^(pm) the nasty black Cumulonimbus, having
swallowed Peña Santa dely Robiza, Peña Blanca & Punta Gregoriana,
starts to emanate a definite drizzle. Five o'clock: I've sort of ~~rainproofed~~^{rainproofed}
the campsite & retreated into my sleeping bag. Outside a liquid hell is
raging. No water shortage now! Seven o'clock: six cows invade the camp,
eat a glove, drag the big billy around. I can't be bothered to get out
and they happily ignore my bone-freezing screams. One walks past the
tent, I try to hit it through the flysheet but instead get a kick on
my fist. Another one comes near and tries the grass under the edge
of the porch. This time I'm gutted. The beastie strolls off, mildly un-
impressed. Half past eight: A soaked Martin May arrives from Lagos.
Coaxes me out of his tent and lifts up my spirits sufficiently to set about
making a joint supper. Half past nine: For half a minute the rain
actually stops and clouds and peaks ~~are~~ receive a fantastic yellow
illumination from the westering sun. I hasten to grab a bog roll but
before I can turn and leave the shelter of the porch the next
flood comes down. Oh sod it!!
Well, it did stop after all - quarter past ten-ish. Thank goodness. ^{cy. V.}
is running merrily now. ^{The Spring}

29/7: M. May up to top camp early in the morning, taking along some carbide.

29/7: Leave 12 noon for shaft bash area 7 (Iestyn's hole if I
can find it), armed with compass, point, and All the rope I
could find at Arto (viz. NONE whatsoever). Left the camp cow-
and rainproof (I hope) - please do the same if you come by
and leave before I'm back. Gerhard W.
P.S. The stove is in the porch of Dave's tent.

Arrived back at 6^{pm} without having found Iestyn's hole. Shaft
sniffing is obviously an art I still have to learn. The rain
caught me even before I'd reached 3/5 and then rain & sun
kept chasing me into & out of my waterproofs every few
minutes. - Spent 2½ hrs thrashing in circles around the midst of
nowhere at all, steering by "view of Arto", until the clouds decided
to obscure the latter. Called it an abortion, kept poking around,
stumbled into an 8m long 0.5m deep cave, spotted a promising

(45)

vift entrance and had a look at it - really appalling. Since it had looked all too inviting from above I decided to discourage future explorers and waste some paint on it. It is 8/7. Thus 7/7 is reserved for Iestyn if he can find his shaft again with a pot of paint on him. Hope the rain hasn't melted his snowplug-under-the-cliff. - Took a few pictures of 8/7. It misfits Iestyn's description in that it's too low for the ^{Refusing to be visible.}
Location of caves. Follow Jultayu path from Trea junction for 20 cairns.

Make sure you overlook the same number as I did. This should bring you to a point where an SE-marked obvious cave entrance is visible down to the right, the cairned route continues up around the right side of a promontory and a small track leaves off to the left contouring round the mountain, ascending only gently. Follow this, past a "3m-sized VW Beetle" ^{sitting on another one} shaped rock on your left, for about 50m. To your left you look down a cliff into a deep snowplugged blind valley. (Is this Iestyn's snowplug? - it's ^{almost} the only snow I've seen today.) The path continues across the valley which is a 45° scree slope heading due north towards the snow. Choice of 3 routes:

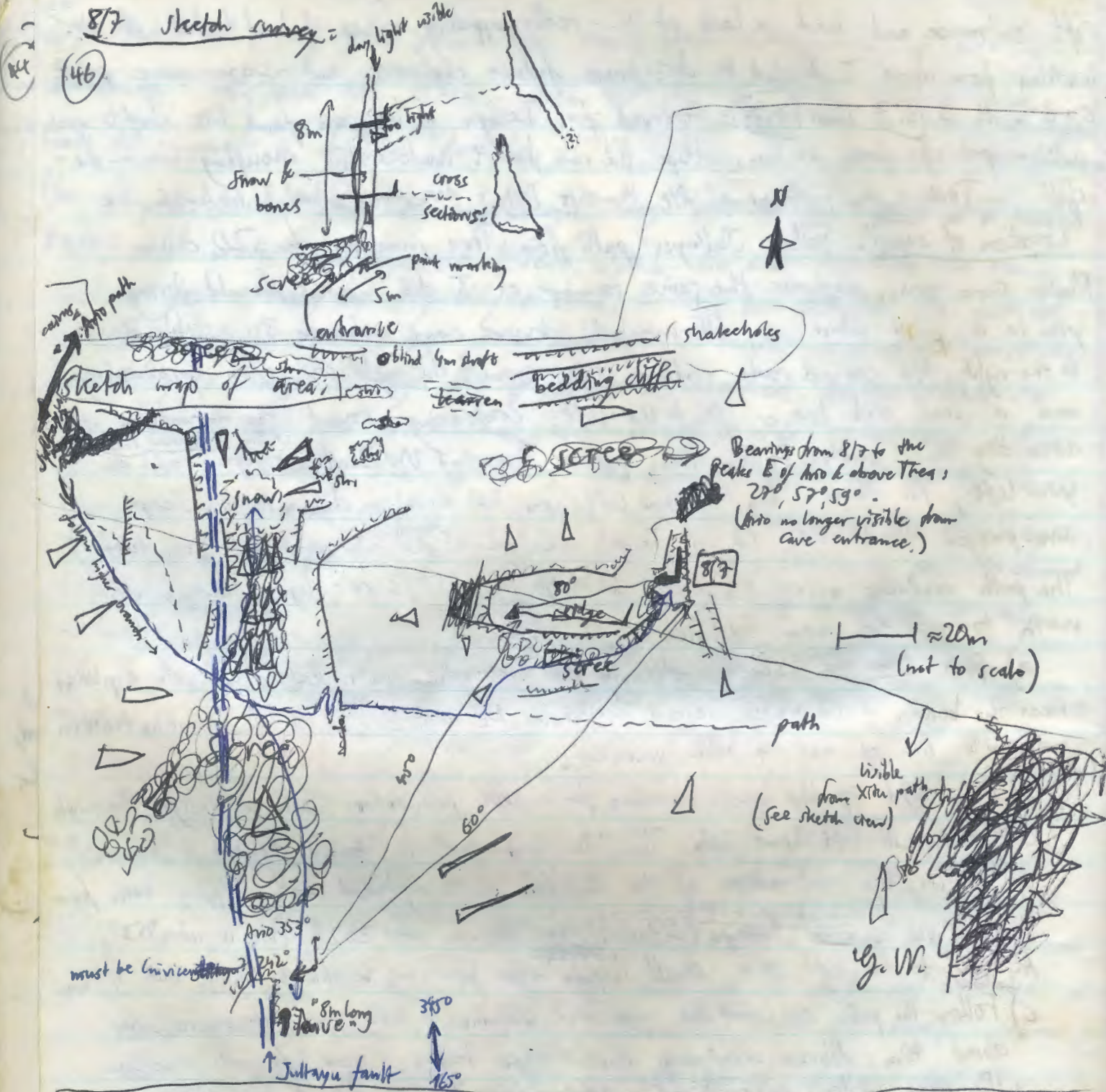
a) Run down the scree following the avalanche you're kidding off. Go exploring near the bottom of the valley. Several shakeholes NE and E of it, and interesting karren with up to 6m of nothing below your feet.

b) Go straight up the scree heading for a rock promontory with a straight 3m-high cliff face as its left-hand side. The "8m long cave" is found behind a bunch of nettles, the continuation of the cliff face is its righthand wall. Stepping back from the cliff you can ^(It may be Luricomic - it did have a cross on it though) see Jultayu (I think) ~~over~~ over its rim at 242°. And is at 353°. At 60° to the right of a small sloping ridge you may be able to make out 8/7 way ^{below}.

c) Follow the path, crossing the scree and climbing a little rock staircase, for about 90m. Above-mentioned sloping ridge begins to your left with another little scree valley going ^{to the right} down in front of it. At its foot a triangular entrance marked "8/7" etc. is visible. Scramble down the scree over a couple of "dams" between shakeholes and enjoy yourself.

Description of caves. "8m long cave" is 8m long, 0.5m deep, heads due south, has a triangular cross-section and a pebble-floor and chokes completely.

8/7 is developed along a rift heading 70° E one side of which forms its roof (as well as the wall where the paint mark is). Climb down a canyon over boulders from SW until you're in the 1m wide rift. Follow it N; it immediately widens into a small chamber whose floor consists of (cow's?) bones, pebbles, leaves & a bit of snow. Light can be seen through the 5m wide continuation of the rift ahead and above. The rift also continues down to the right at a similar width. Stones thrown in don't seem to go anywhere far. "Further progress could be made by blasting."



Fred arrives from Laps 9³⁰ pm, wet. Leaves to Top camp 30/17/85, 8³⁰ am.

Tue 30/17 P.S. The righthand (cliff) wall of "8m long cave" is part of the massive fault cutting the eastern flank of Jultayu, as I found out by looking at it from the Arto-Xth path this morning. Most of the features on the above map are visible from the path e.g. from the point where the Refugio is first (or last) visible. I'll draw a sketch view as soon as I can get another glimpse of the thing through the mist.

(After all, this is the Jultayu Expedition - nothing else happens at Arto - and at half-time we've filled only a quarter of this logbook...)

Ideas for further shaftbashing (or -thrashing) there

- a) find Iestyn's thing, Either it's a lot higher or further west than I thought.
- b) Investigate the big fault systematically. Probably entrances along it have long been filled up with scree but there might be some cave development underneath and perhaps one can get into it from an entrance offset to one side.

G.W.

30/7 John W. & Steve D. passed this way en route for base camp from top camp. Had grapefruit slices + tea with Gerhard. Food is generally low at Ario. Now only 3 tents + food tent — may be possible to take up large brown tent at next trip up, leaving 4 sleeping spaces only at Ario (present 7).

wanted: bread, vegetables, morn flakes, possibly eggs, tinned meat, petrol, oil, rubbish bags

6pm. Buenos Tardes Ario. lovely day, I don't think. I arrived at Los Lagos on Sunday afternoon after 3 days on my motorbike - my bum was sore! Got volunteered to look after camp yesterday while everyone (Fred, Martin H, Sean, Steve & Hilary) went down to Cangas. It rained. Walked up here in the cool of clouds met John Wilcocks, who confessed to having done NO carving at all, & Steve Davies. Gerhard was all set to leave the minute he saw me, is it something I said? I think he's fed up of Ario, I have to go back to Lagos because I only brought my carving gear & everything else including my pills is at Lagos still. so bye. I'll be back tomorrow.

G.W. Leave 6¹⁵ pm trying to poke around in the mist and stumble across Top Camp by accident, after having spent a lovely clear & sunny ½ hour packing a mega-heavy rucksack.

Beach trip 31/7/85 . Be there!

(30/7) Cheers — 11⁴⁵ pm back to Ario, very successful as far as the first half of my proposition went. Left Margot at the Iron Stake and soon found myself somewhat too far south. Bearing 290° completely

Paul,

Useless. Looked across area 9, climbed up over into area 8, stumbled
(42) across a new but blocked shaft in the rain, then suddenly saw blue —
"Polifema", I said to myself. Followed this. Clouds lifted a bit, ah — there
right in front of me was the Verdell — oh shit, that's Curviente. —
Lost the blue path at last just in time for the last clear moment
of this evening and a brilliant view across to the Torcada-Pass and
the eyeholes. The former disappeared again immediately. Reached the path
past the eyeholes, went on to get a vaguely familiar view of what
I think is called the Vega ^{de} Aliseda, then started to wonder whether I
~~shouldn't have~~ turned left somewhere and got higher up — and then
I was in the clouds. Abortion. Arrd half past eight. Back — and
fast. I still had a good guess as to where I was, not the foggiest as to where I
^{ought to have been.}

Gained the eyehole-path again, or so I thought. Got no glimpse of the
eyeholes. Followed the path which was very obvious and kept joining
with others. Then it began to be marked in red. Passed an SE-cave.
At ^{again} 10 pm I was carried way south into area 5 — La Jayada grumbled above me...
It suddenly got very dark and simultaneously I lost the
red marks. Followed compass & guesses with a weakish headtorch
illuminating the mist and invariably stumbled over ridges to look
down vertically into the next pathless depression. Managed to stick
to a roughly northeasterly bearing until a really nasty deep dent
blocked my way completely. Contoured round it to the right, traversed
across a narrow gully and sat down, panting with exhaustion. A moment
ago I had made out a faint shimmer north of me. Refigured!
Waited till the clouds opened for a moment and the Plough showed
four of its stars. Got up again, shouldered my all too heavy pack,
found no way ahead and crossed back over the gully, only to stop
stunned and stare at my feet.

I was standing on a yellow dot!!
Turned to the side and looked at the "gully" again — and read
"715". Ah! Very well — I know this path in mist & darkness.
No 10m further had I lost the yellow marks. Oh brutal all
paths. Found them again and slowly staggered to the campsite.

Top Camp doesn't seem to like me — not that I
like it too much after this — — — — — U. N.

31-7 P.S. Feet hurt. Ankles hurt. Hips hurt. Shoulders hurt. Head aches. Dreamt all night of staggering across limestone pavements. Completely knackered & generally unwell. (49)
 Sorry for the handwriting over there. - It was produced in the very last glow of my head -
 ← took before I changed the battery.

2^{pm} Since no bread at the campsite went up to the Refugio for a bocadillo con "becon". Got it just in time to keep me alive; my circulation had ~~gone~~ got a bit out of pace with me.
 4^{pm} Going down to Lagos to fetch some victuals. Picos still in clouds & no chance to find Top Camp.

9⁴⁵ pm back, having taken 1 1/2 hrs on the way down & 2 1/2 on the way back (running without rest). Food stashed up now, & so are bin liners & petrol.

Thu 1/8/85 Here is the promised sketch view of Jubbayn from the Xitu path @ about "mantanga limpia la vega" - inscription. I've also taken a series of pictures from 3 positions (with about 3m between ~~adjacent~~ adjacent ones) which might be usable as stereo pictures in pairs.



(50)

Aug 1st 7-20

Fred ~~strolled~~ strolled & I plodded laboriously up here with the intention of going to Top Camp. However the mist was against us. The food tent has a big rip in the fly sheet so we moved everything into the next Vango & took the first one down. We had a brew & a butty & relaxed with Frederick Forsyth, when lo, we heard the plodding of weary footsteps & 'Say I couldn't find Top Camp', William had joined us for an impromptu party. Onions were chopped, water boiled, wine poured.

(Margot)

2/8/85.

Nicola and I set off ~~for~~ for the main assault on Top camp defences. Cowardice prevailed at the Mirador as the crack SAS unit weakened and took to plan B, which is a strategic retreat to Area C otherwise known as Aris. Having set into this line of thinking we set about preparing a quick and easy meal. 'John West meat' would be nice we thought ~~unfortunately~~ Unfortunately the absence of a tin-opener caused great frustration and after half an hour of tearing, stabbing, ripping, chewing etc. of the can I retired with a serious flesh wound in the thumb. Anyway a ^{superb} meal of pasta, chicken supreme and the little bit of J.V meat I could extract from the battered tin followed and we retired suitably exhausted by the evening's activities

Paul//

P.S. Appalling writing due to wounded thumb, not alcohol. Really!

3/8/85 PL1 + PL2
 Called by after a ~~long~~ walk down from
 Prop camp via Tulkuya + Ca de de Luenga. PL1
 went down to Cagas + PL2 returned to top. - Both
 ate a tin of faka ~~and~~ bread + drank a
~~little~~ ^{box} of wine. Have decided to try + take
 part of my big vase together + use it pitched
 as a stove tent.

Sunday 4/8/85 John W. passed this way after a very
 hot climb from Base camp, to collect kit left here, and
 en route to top camp. Spent the hottest part of the day
 in the shade of the tents & tidied the food tent, which is
 now well stocked, even with fresh (ish) bread and eggs.
 Opened a tin of orange slices using a tent peg and lump
 hammer - I think a proper tin opener at Ario would be
 useful. Took survey instruments + 1 sheet of graph paper from Ario
 to top camp, also new log book for top camp & fluorescein for
 F20 → 1/6 connection studies. Probably my last visit to Ario
 - pity, it's such a nice site for feasting around if the weather
 is good; however, there's work to be done at top camp.

Sund 4/8/85 Arrive at Ario 8⁵⁰ pm and find the cars have raided a rubbish
 bag, not to mention other even more material traces of their presence. Celebrated the rest of
 my birthday with an excellent "Beef Stroganoff à la John West". ^{Got}

Mon 5/8/85 John Hutch passed by for a tea- and drying-breaks en route
 to Top Camp 10¹⁵-1⁴⁵!

(52) 5/8/85 THERE'S A RUMOUR THAT SOME PEOPLE CONTEMPLATE GIVING UP EVEN THE CURRENT MINIMUM PRESENCE AT ARIO.

AS ONE WHO HAS SPENT MANY NIGHTS HERE, MORE THAN ONCE ALONE, I MAY BE ALLOWED TO MAKE A FEW POINTS ABOUT THIS IDEA.

AT THE MOMENT, ARIO IS BEING USED AS:

1) MET-STATION, (YES I KNOW PHIL ROSE DOESN'T LIKE TO BE REMINDED OF THE FACT.)

2) BASE FOR SURFACE SURVEYING AND SHAFT PROSPECTING IN AREAS 5, 7 AND 9. SHAFT BASHING IS IMPOSSIBLE SINCE NO TACKLE. JESTYN'S SHAFT ON JULTAYU HAS NEITHER BEEN MARKED NOR PRECISELY LOCATED ^(YET) AND ANOTHER CASE OF A RIDGE CAVE SYNDROME IS ABOUT TO HAUNT THE NEXT FIVE EXPEDITIONS.

3) CONVENIENT STOPOVER POINT FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T MAKE THE DIRECT LAGOS-TOP CAMP RACE IN LESS THAN $2\frac{1}{2}$ HOURS. EVEN MORE CONVENIENT IF YOU WALK UP HERE IN THE EVENING, STAY OVER NIGHT AND CONTINUE THE NEXT MORNING SO THAT YOU ARRIVE IN TIME AND FRESH ENOUGH TO GO CAVING. (AND WITHOUT HAVING HAD A DINNER OUT OF THE SCARCE TOP CAMP SUPPLIES!)

4) OBVIOUS POINT TO RETURN TO WHEN YOU'VE GOT LOST IN THE MIST AND TOP CAMP IS STILL OUT OF THE RANGE OF YOUR WHISTLE. (WHO COULD BE BOTHERED TO RETURN TO LAGOS ??)

5) STORAGE SPACE FOR SOME PERSONAL EQUIPMENT (IN MY CASE, FILMS, SPARE CLOTHING, SOME REPAIR MATERIAL AND THE LIKE)

THERE'S NO SPACE FOR ANY MORE TENTS AT TOP CAMP. THERE MAY BE ^{BY} ~~THE END OF THIS WEEK~~ AND IF DESPERATE WE COULD MOVE MARTIN MAY'S TENT (THE GREEN ONE) UP THE MOUNTAIN. HOWEVER, WE WILL BE FEWER PEOPLE THEN AND CROWDS OF A DOZEN OR MORE CAN'T GATHER ANY LONGER AT TOP.

WITHOUT A CAMP AT ARIO I'D THINK TWICE (OR MORE) ABOUT WALKING FROM LAGOS TO TOP IF THE WEATHER IS ~~EVER~~ SO SLIGHTLY DOUBIOUS AND I MIGHT THINK IT WISE TO SPEND THE REST OF THE EXPEDITION AT BASE, (SIC!)

THINK ABOUT IT, (AND IF YOU DISMANTLE THE CAMP WITHOUT HAVING READ THE ABOVE, BEWARE I'LL CATCH YOU AND ~~SMASH~~ SMASH YOU ON THE HEAD WITH THIS LOGBOOK!) LOTS OF LOVE FROM Egerhard

Mon 5/8/85 4:45 pm Arrive Fred, Phil D, Phil S, Ukey & Duncan G! Welcome (back) to (53)
Arto!

D.
Phil ^h thinks "I'm remarkably little".

Tue 6/8/85 9:15 am Ukey & Duncan & Phil & Fred off to Top Camp in the rain.

4 pm We're out of gas (and out of oil) and I can't get the Coleman stove to work. Pretty "cool". At least it has stopped raining for a moment and I'm off with the paint to try to find Iestyn's shaft.
Y.N.

All I've got after 1 hour is a sore thumb and a heap of broken, burnt or otherwise useless matches.

5 pm John W arrived after very misty walk from top camp. Conditions at top camp are atrocious - we had hail yesterday, snow today, force 8 winds and otherwise non-stop torrential rain. People don't get up early under these conditions, and one caving party did not leave until 2 pm! (Well that's not an exception...)

9 pm Back from Area 7, no working stove at the camp, and the Refugio has run out of food! John^(W) & I at least have a coffee up there. — I hadn't got far when clouds & rain had caught up with me again. Knowing I had no chance I used it as well as I could and having messed around for a while I indeed nearly fell down Iestyn's hole. ^{It actually is a} ~~And then the clouds~~ ^{but it is the one} tore and the sun came out - just after I'd taken some misty ^{John W. found after I.W.'s} ~~drainings~~ ^{5/7/85} ~~piccies~~ ^{drawings} of the entrance. Took bearings, explored the surroundings and the way from/to the cairned path, sprinted up to get a nice picture of the gorge, but too many clouds sitting down there only waiting to come up ~~to~~ to me. Marked Iestyn's thing as (7/7) and trotted home.

Location of cave. Follow the J. path for about 48 cairns from the Trea junction. Since this is not very likely to be reproducible, alternative instructions: Climb up until the path reaches the ^{ridge of the} large northern spur and you look down into the Sou del Jaltaya (the deep ~~basin~~ ^{basin} with Curvicente at the far side). Then turn and go back down 6-7 cairns. - Either way you should end near the top of a long grassy slope with Arto

(54) north of you, and a scree valley sloping down parallel to the grassy ridge on its western side (which is to your right, looking up to J.) The transition from ridge to valley is mostly steep and in one point ^{consists of} a vertical cliff controlled by a rift cutting into the ridge (with a tree growing out). Don't climb down there unless you're Richard or suicidal, but take a less lethal path either meandering down from above (left) of the cliff or contouring round below (right) of it to cross the scree slope at one of various obvious levels. Follow path across a little col. To the right a grassy hillside gives an excellent view of the Refuge & of part of the Caves gorge. This is where my bearings were taken. Straight ahead a big crosscut rents the rock, and the marking is on one of the rock faces ~~to the~~ on the right side.

Description of cave, as far as visible from outside: Vertical rift striking $60^{\circ}-280^{\circ}$ intersects E-trending rift striking N-S. 10m below surface a snowplug is visible at the intersection point. Stones go past it but apparently not very far. Way on along one of the rifts may be possible. Worth a closer look in any case.



Bearings from the Viewpoint on the Little Hill:

Ario 3°

(don't know which of the things behind it is Tulayua, sorry)

Twin peaks of the diff behind the Canal de Trea
59° and 60°

Cave entrance in rift E of scree valley 125°

Top of Tulayua 155°

7/7 ~260°

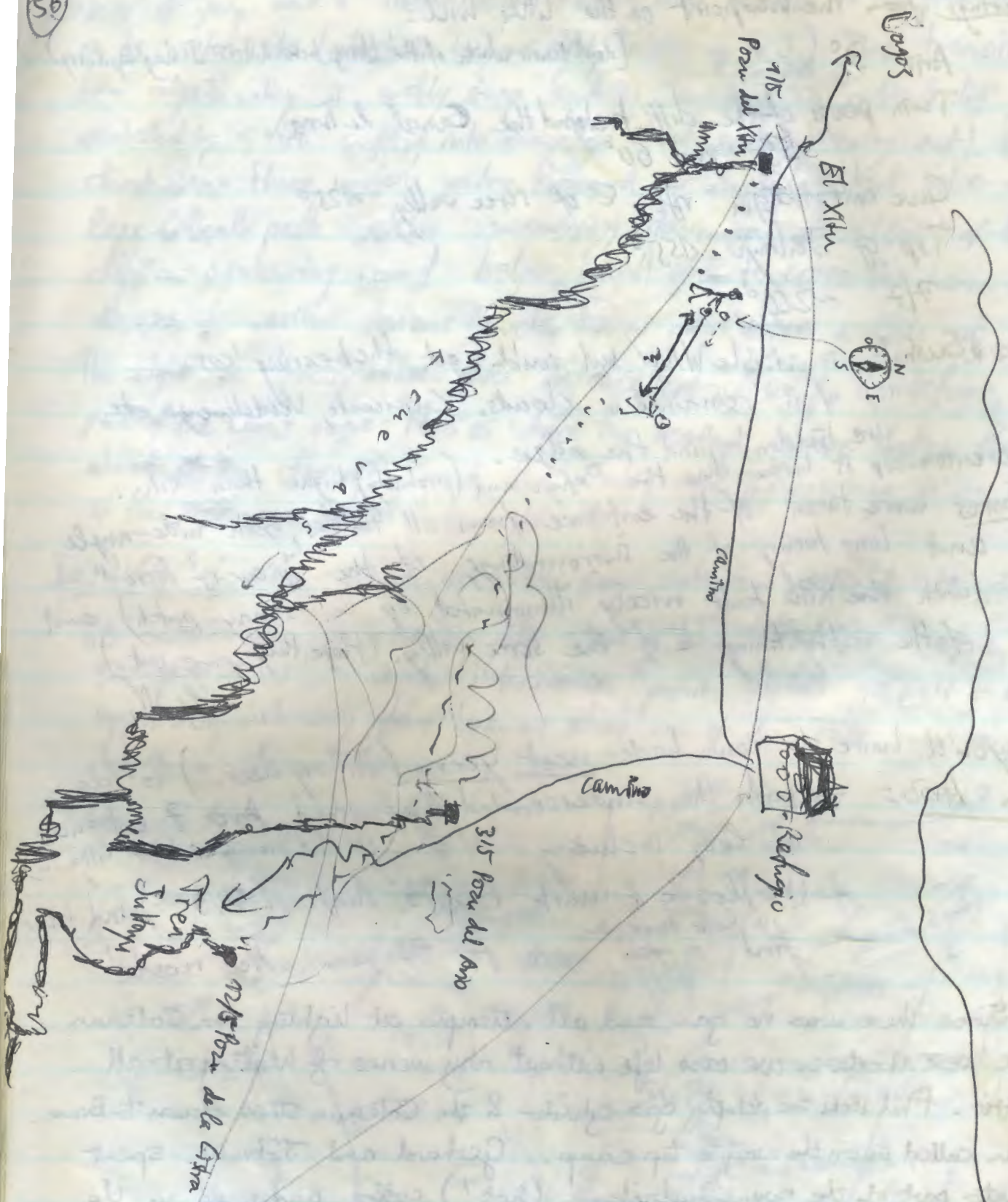
Pico d. Gushutem is visible WNW but couldn't get the bearing 'cos top of it remained in clouds. Curicente, Verdelluenga etc. are hidden behind the ridge.

The entrance is higher than the Refugio and (probably) higher than Xitu. Pictures were taken of the entrance from all 4 sides, both wide-angle and long focus, of the surroundings, of the "view of Ario" (with the Xitu fault nicely illuminated by a sunny patch) and of the rift thing E of the scree valley. (Hope they come out.)
G.W.

So you'll have to come back next year (oh my dear...) to do from Ario: — bash the undescended/unfinished Area 7 entrances at last, including 7/7. (It's this one went into Gstra....)
— (re-)locate & mark Geoff's shaft (10/9 ?) and have a look down it.
— And a few more for the year after next!

Since there was no gas and all attempts at lighting the Coleman stove were abortive, we were left without any means of heating at all at Ario. Phil took the empty gas cylinder & the Coleman stove down to Base. Martin called in on the way to top camp. Gerhard and John W. spent the later part of the evening drinking (hot!) coffee and wine in the Refugio, which was at least warm. Later we stumbled down in the dark back to camp, where we fancied some mornflakes. In the dark (or was it because of the wine) we helped ourselves to a liberal helping of salt instead of sugar — and so to bed. There was ground frost at Ario.

→ Would've had some Bocadoillos but poor Bras is left with $\frac{1}{2}$ loaf of bread for himself and that's all. The Refugio is not entirely reliable as an emergency stopover point ...



[This is to explain Bras why we wanted to borrow his measuring tape for surface surveying. I know you merry speleologists don't need such silly drawings to get your ideas over...]

20 m "Elephant" measuring tape (made in Spain) courtesy of Bras at Arco Refugio.

Wednesday 7.8.85. Gerhard & John W. do surface survey 12/5 → 3/5 → 1/5. Problem, we have compass & clinometer but no measuring tape, since all the tapes are underground at top camp and cannot be released. Ever resourceful, John had spotted a 20m measuring tape in the kitchen at the Refugio the previous evening. So it was up to the Refugio for a 9am coffee and the accompanying sketch by Gerhard was used to explain to Bras what we wanted it for — he duly obliged with the loan of the tape. Here are the survey readings — a second copy is being taken back to Britain by John W. where it will be computerised & plotted. It should be useful in closing the traverses for 12/5 → Xitu, 3/5 → Xitu. Fixed points for future reference are the painted ⊗ circles on 12/5, 3/5, 20/5 and 1/5 (Xitu), the base of the signpost stake on the yellow path (sign now missing) and the centre of the "rays" on the Mirador. John W. Compass + clin, Gerhard tape

Station numbers	Distance m.	Compass °	Clinometer (10m scale)	Clinometer (°) (±0.5)
⊗ → 1	11.2	288	+9.25	+42.5
1 → 2	2φ.φ	294	+1.25	+7.0
2 → 3	2φ.φ	331	φ	0
3 → 4	2φ.φ	334	+1.65	+9.5
4 → 5	2φ.φ	352	+3.1φ	+17.0
5 → 6	2φ.φ	17	+4.25	+23
6 → 7	15.7	2	+3.75	+20.5
7 → 8	2φ.φ	325	-0.75	-4.5
8 → 9	2φ.φ	φ	+1.1φ	+6.5
9 → 1φ	2φ.φ	φ	+φ.7φ	+4.0
1φ → 11	2φ.φ	353	+2.φφ	+11.5
11 → 12	16.8	346	+2.5φ	+14.0
12 → 13	2φ.φ	352	-2.5φ	-14.0
13 → ⑭	3.8	323	-6.φφ	-31.0
13 → 15	2φ.φ	338	-1.φφ	-5.5
15 → ⑮	18.9	9φ	-4.75	-25.5

(P.S. Stations follow Jukayu-Arro path to n18, then cut across along Xitu fault to the Iron Stakes, then follow the Xitu path.)

<u>Station numbers</u>	<u>Distance m</u>	<u>Compass</u>	<u>Clima (10m scale)</u>	
15 → 17	2φ.φ	322	+φ.4φ	+2.5
17 → 18	2φ.φ	33φ	+1.4φ	+8.0
18 → 19	2φ.φ	321	-φ.75	-4.5
19 → 2φ	2φ.φ	289	-1.φφ	-5.5
2φ → 21	2φ.φ	28φ	+φ.5φ	+3.0
21 → 22	2φ.φ	3φ2	+φ.5φ	+3.0
22 → 23	2φ.φ	296	-φ.5φ	-3.0
23 → 24	2φ.φ	296	φ	0
24 → 25	2φ.φ	298	+2.2φ	+12.5
25 → 26	2φ.φ	283	-φ.7φ	-4.0
26 → 27	2φ.φ	277	+2.9φ	+16.0
27 → 28	2φ.φ	27φ	+5.2φ	+27.5
28 → 29	2φ.φ	29φ	+1.φφ	+5.5
29 → 3φ	2φ.φ	297	-φ.2φ	-1.0
3φ → 31	2φ.φ	3φ7	φ	0
31 → 32	2φ.φ	28φ	+φ.25	+1.45
32 → 33	2φ.φ	3φ9	+1.7φ	+4.5
33 → 34	2φ.φ	316	+φ.5φ	+3.0
34 → 35	2φ.φ	348	+φ.9φ	+5.0
35 → 36	2φ.φ	348	+φ.9φ	+5.0
36 → 37	2φ.φ	3φ9	+φ.25	+1.5
37 → 38	2φ.φ	293	-1.φφ	-5.5
38 → 39	2φ.φ	289	+φ.5φ	+3.0
39 → (4φ)	1φ.4	267	+3.7φ	+20.5
40 to base of stake ← 1.6φ m vertical.				
4φ → 41	2φ.φ	25φ	-1.5φ	-8.5
41 → (42)	5.1	15	-4.6φ	-24.5

Station numbers	Distance m	Compass	Clino (10m scale)	
40 → 43	20.0	301	-0.25	-1.5
43 → 44	20.0	302	+0.35	+2.0
44 → 45	20.0	301	+2.10	+12.0
45 → 46	20.0	301	+2.30	+13.0
46 → 47	20.0	281	+2.00	+11.5
47 → 48	9.1	271	-0.50	-3.0
48 → 49	20.0	279	+0.90	+5.0
49 → 50	20.0	291	-1.00	-5.5
50 → 51	20.0	301	+1.00	+5.5
51 → 52	20.0	279	-0.85	-4.5
52 → 53	20.0	274	-0.80	-4.5
53 → 54	20.0	255	-0.50	-3.0
54 → 55	20.0	268	-0.75	-4.5
55 → 56	12.0	244	-3.10	-17.0
56 → 57	6.3	110	-3.50	-14.5

- 0 Red cross at 12/5
- 14 Red cross at 3/5
- 16 Red cross at 2/5
- 40 Eye level at iron stake on yellow path (base of stake is -1.60m (below) this)
- 42 Red cross at 20/5
- 48 Centre of "rays" on top of Mirador
- 57 Green cross at 1/5 (Xitu)

Accuracies : Distances to 0.1 m
 Compass to 1. degree
 Clino to 0.05 on 10m scale

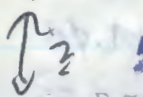
Nicola & Dave Horsley called in on way from te to bc. John W & Gerhard to Base camp. Sorry to leave you, Aro and the Picos.

John

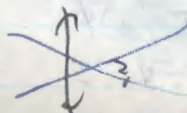
Wed 7/8/85 A Postscriptum to the Area 7 shaft-thrashing business.

(60) I've just re-read the Proc 10- & Logbook entries referring to 1/7-6/7, and my horrified impression is that I might have made a thorough mess. There are now three pairs of caves which roughly fit the same descriptions and locations (as far as the latter go) and may or may not coincide, viz.:

1/7 Pozo de Vaxeya
shaft above a lower
entrance, under the
Jattayu path, on the
northern spur



Iestyn's "shaft-entrance"

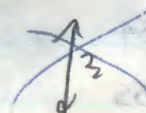


my "Iestyn's Other Holes"

6/7 Rift with snowping at
-8m, in a depression



Iestyn's hole-cave-snowping



my 7/7 - see above.

The old logbook entries and sketch maps are too vague to make sure whether or not they refer to the same caves as mine, and Iestyn's Illustrated Guide to the Picos - well you've seen it. However, I have had a close look at "my" crossrift before I marked it - from all sides - and seen no sign of any previous marking - 6/7 is supposed to be marked as such. (Has 1/7 ever been marked? - And somehow I haven't noticed a proper shaft where according to Iestyn & 1/7 there ought to be one.)

Someone knowing his/her whereabouts in area 7 will have to

8/8/85 sort this out one day, I'm afraid. Sorry for the trouble...

P.P.S. After I final talk with Iestyn I'm pretty sure that: G.W.

- his shaft-entrance is 1/7 whereas his snowping+hole is just that and doesn't go anywhere far,

- the thing John W. & later I found by his description, now marked 7/7, is probably new, and has nothing to do with Iestyn's holes.
G.W.

Wed 7/8/85 4³⁰ pm Down to Lagos, having dismantled the (61)

2nd Force Ten and carrying both with me. The brown (D. H.'s) tent is now the stored food & kitchen tent. Somebody carry the carbide, maillons, bolts, hangers & the big Fabada tin up to top — these are certainly no longer needed here. E.V.

THURS. 8 AUGUSTO 1985

Margot + Phil S. arrive after a pleasant walk from Lagos, to scave off a flock of sheep licking morn flakes off the (un-dane) washing up.

Took off our boots, sorted gear, ate morn flakes, festered etc [I found my fav. wrap-spot from last year: lots of interesting plants growing in it, and my score still scratched on the rock].

We're not taking anything to top camp from here except my gear, and since it is now 12:00 we are taking the bare ~~minimum~~ minimum.

- I'm leaving my spare (new) over-suit here, if some kind soul will aid it on its way to TC.

Flies seem to be worse than last year, Philip S.

P.S. We have brought a can opener. Thanks a lot!

Later: Margot is now chasing a sheep yelling "come back you silly sod, and give me back that spoon!" I think the heat is getting to her. It picked it up by the handle & walked off with it.

9-9³⁰ pm: Ukey & Dave H. pass by on the way to Top Camp, taking along the latter's tent. Martin Hides has taken his sigg bottle down with him during the day & ~~left~~ left the petrol in a mornflake tin. Could someone get an empty sigg bottle

from Top and pick it up, it is neither safely stored nor transportable as

It is now, 9⁴⁰ pm Gull. arrives & sorts out the mess the place is in.

Stuff to go up: (apart from the petrol) Fabada tin, other food tins (apart from some one-person emergency stuff as long as a tent is here, e.g. Morn flakes, Stewards Leftold 7 Min.-Ready Dishes etc.), Carbide, Maillons, hangers, bolts etc. etc.

Stuff to go down: Petrol lamp (choiced somewhere), Surface survey instrument set, 365 survey, shaft bashing left, most of the cutlery & crockery. And the surplus gas cylinder lid which I stupidly left behind. P.D.

(62) Stuff to go up eventually, i.e. when the camp is abandoned completely:
all remaining food & gear, (rest of) gas cylinder, ^{with its lid, pray!} ~~post-water container~~ & ~~wading up to we~~
Stuff to go down eventually: cooler, water containers, remaining cutlery & cooking
stuff, Logbook, medical kit, items left behind by various people
unless they pick them up before. — And all the rubbish!!

A group of nice people from London is "taking over" our campsite, —

Porridge (or not milkpowdered & sugared Morniflakes) tastes ever so much nicer
with cinnamon.

G.W.

Remember the Expedition T-shirt for Bras!

Fri 9/8/85 12¹⁵ ish. G.W. leaves Aris for T.C. with personal
gear + a few plastic plates & mugs. Intention to return in the
afternoon and carry up a load of food, ^{carbide} the petrol, [&] possibly other
stuff such as the Savlon bottle, one water container, the remaining tackle, some
cutlery. (And the gas cylinder??)

The five Londoners (see above) have left for the Caves gorge, —

My camera with zoom lens & telefocus lens is missing!!!

Last seen on 7/8/85 morning when I put in a new film.

(Stupid thing to take away; the camera body is old & banged, & both lenses
are sublimely defunct — I know how to cope with their idiosyncrasies.)

Gerhard

6⁰⁵ pm Back to pick up the second load. Bl...y sheep
all over the place, have dragged out from the porch 2
rubbish bags, the eggs and the salt tin. Damn clever.
I found the salt tin 15 yards away upright and empty
and with ~~no~~ visible trail of salt leading there — they've
licked it all up. Meanwhile the ungerthe has produced
quite an independent mess,

Taking up to Top Camp:

BDH container full of Ca₂.

2 Padelobags

25m rope

several hangers, crabs, waitlons, bolts; 1 betay

1 tin Tabada

2 tins Mornflakes

2 Mtl.-tins with bagrolls + 1 egg each

2 John West meat tins

1 Mtl.-tin with lentils

1 ^{padel} bag with ^{rice} 2 onions, 1 pepper & several 'atoes

1 box Spice 'n' Bastes

1 box Matches

assorted cutlery

Washing up bowl

Sigg bottle with the petrol (don't use the 'petrol' Mornflakes

Leave 9:30 pm in the mist. Fun for food!!!

Gerhard

SATURDAY 10 AUGUST 1985 13:19

P.M.S. arrived for T.C. by circuitous route (but educational).

Mission: To pillage Arid & get vms for T.C. Place is deserted, even ~~off~~ of sheeps.

My sleeping bag & new TROLL SUIT to go to Lagos please.

Have taken UVISTAT & needles (sewing) from 2nd aid kit.

Decanted all remnants of tulipan into one pot & taken to T.C.; ^{reoloko} can full of ex tulipan container. The petrol appears to have evaporated.

Got 3 vms for me, PR & FW. Added to totabin back of this book. Left for T.C. 14:20. P.M.S.

Mon 12 August: YW ~~was~~ crashing out here 11:20 pm after having spent 3 1/2 hours getting lost from T.C. to Lagos (well, in fact I was taking a nice & easy shortcut - but not knowing this & seeing less than 20m ahead in the mist I kept walking slowly and consulting my compass every 5 steps. Also some of the stone arrows on the Lagos path have been rebuilt/rearranged since I last saw

No it hasn't!!!

(64 out) them which was a bit confusing) 3 hours festering (repacking/leaving) talking to John & Margaret & Phil & 3 Spanish cavers from Valencia, and ~~3~~ 4 hours with mega-heavy pack destined for Top Camp walking uphill in the dark & mist. Managed to find all the way to El Jito without turning my headtorch on - something to be proud of when you fall into the one lonely tent remaining here stiff and clammy and disappointed with your other achievements today...

Tue 13/8/85

QUOTE OF THE DAY - by Jefa JULIA @ the Refugio

(my rendering of her Spanish is certainly incorrect, please amend):

"¿Tu estás del grupo del vino?"

Got up 8^{am}-ish, had a coffee & a Spanish lesson at the Refugio (trying to explain to Julia & the others that we're doing long overnight trips & where the water is probably going to & what our caves are doing in general). 9³⁰-ish off to T.C. via the Met. Station - my pack is still as heavy as yesterday although I've nibbled some bread.

John

And now it's all over...

Greetings from Bras - hopes to see you back next year!