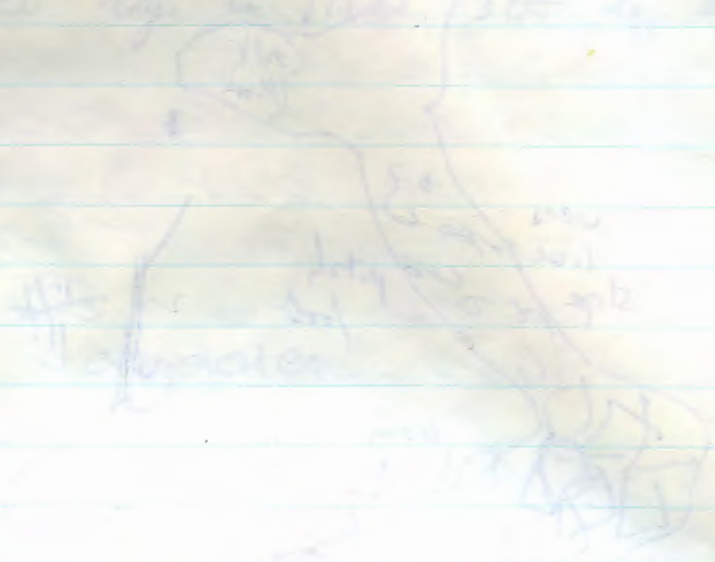


# THE PLAN

Details about what we want to do. Keep it simple.  
 Length of time. What are we doing, what are we not doing?  
 How much money do we need? How much do we have?  
 Who is going to do it? What are the roles?  
 What are the risks? How do we manage them?  
 How do we measure success?

I've  
 over  
 pages  
 once



This is a rough sketch of the plan. It shows the main components and how they are interconnected. The diagram is intended to provide a visual overview of the project's structure.

## THE PLAN

This is a rough sketch of the plan. It shows the main components and how they are interconnected. The diagram is intended to provide a visual overview of the project's structure.

The plan is divided into several key areas:

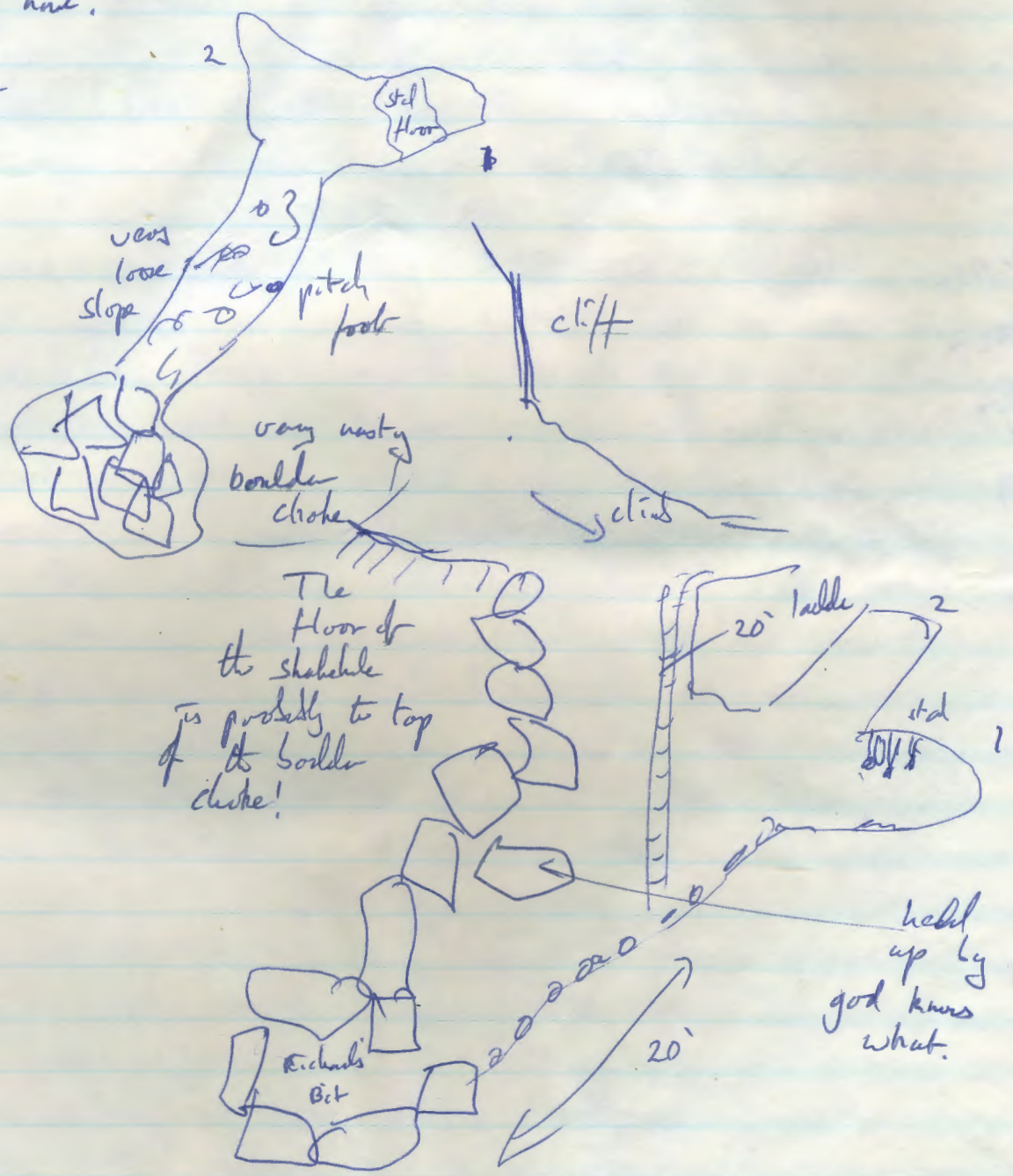
- Objectives:** Clear goals and outcomes.
- Scope:** Defining what is included and excluded.
- Resources:** Identifying the people, money, and materials needed.
- Risks:** Anticipating potential problems and how to mitigate them.
- Timeline:** A schedule of tasks and milestones.
- Communication:** How information will be shared and reported.

The diagram illustrates the flow of information and the dependencies between different parts of the project. It shows how the various components fit together to achieve the overall goal.

(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 -



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.

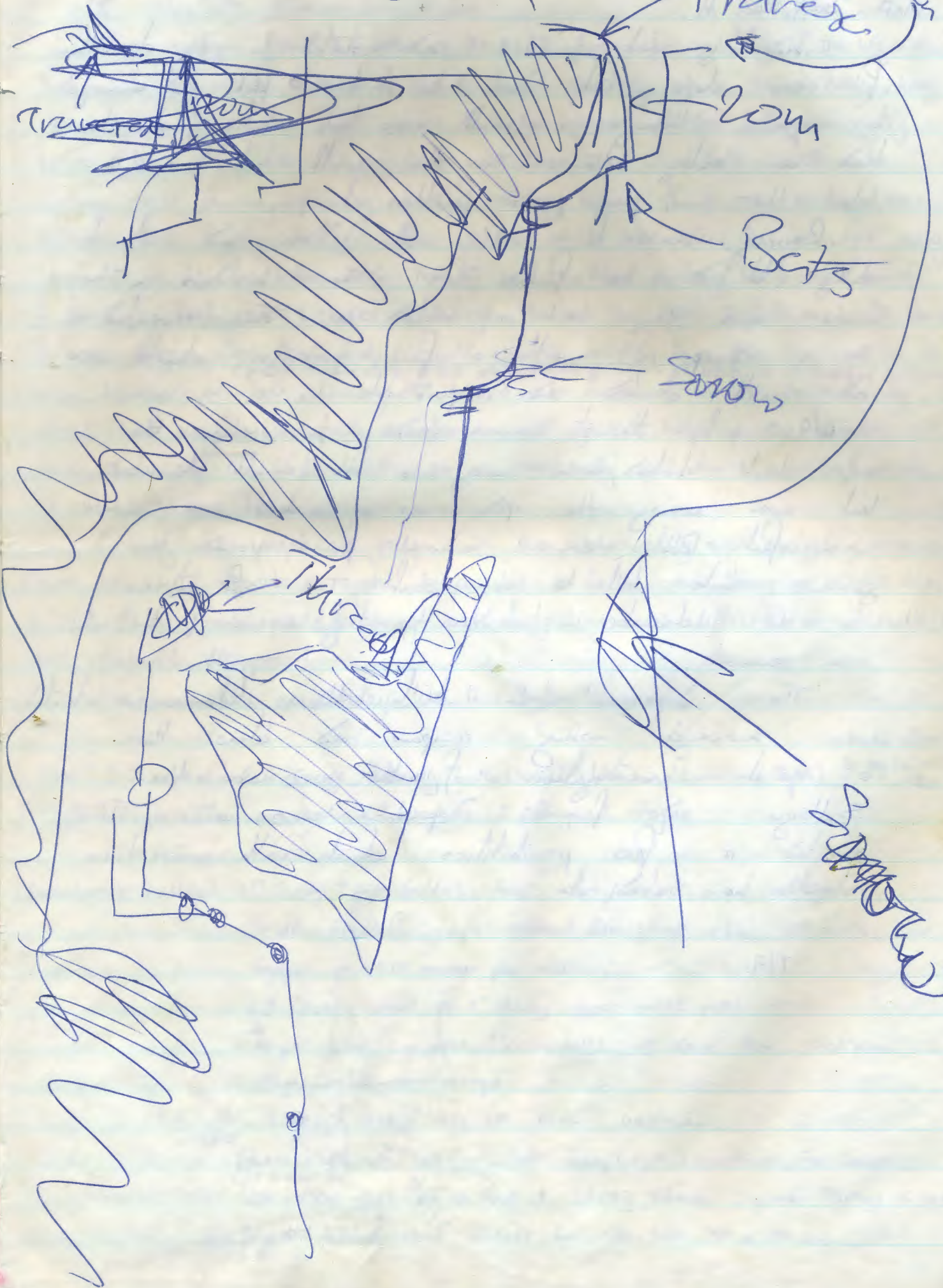
We put in a mtr tape. A Dave  
 put in another 3? ~ 20m down.  
 Fred went down ~ 50m and put  
 another mtr in, could sense the  
 floor

Got out pretty fast and  
 frogged back to camp

There are belts in the  
 entrance

Tras la Jajpaa

Spanish Women



(16)

# AREA 9 Shaft Base.

Friday 12th

Martin, Geoff, Steve M.

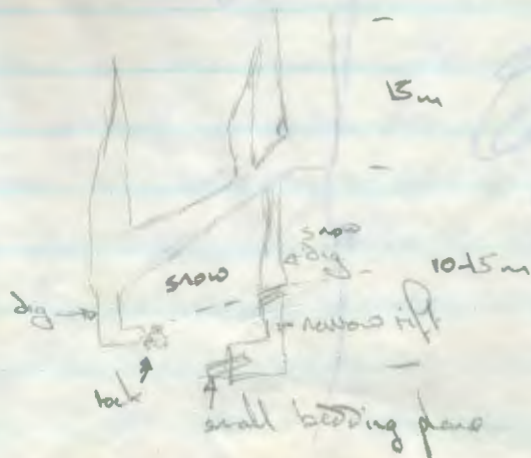
Immediately went to 7/9 and started to dig at bottom of snow slope. Got down to about 10 feet and managed to squeeze through a small snow hole but found this had a rocky bottom. The other small hole down to below the snow plug proved fruitless also.

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. <sup>A possible traverse at top of last pitch</sup> 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 <sup>SRT</sup> 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 carbide has also been left in the bag.

(17)

13/7

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

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  $280^\circ$ . Also  $60^\circ$  from hole (9/9) is Ario,  $120^\circ$  to  
Tultayo + ~~to~~  $160^\circ$  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  $\Phi$  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 <sup>coll</sup> ~~coll~~ for the last changeover 2m from the top...

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

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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.