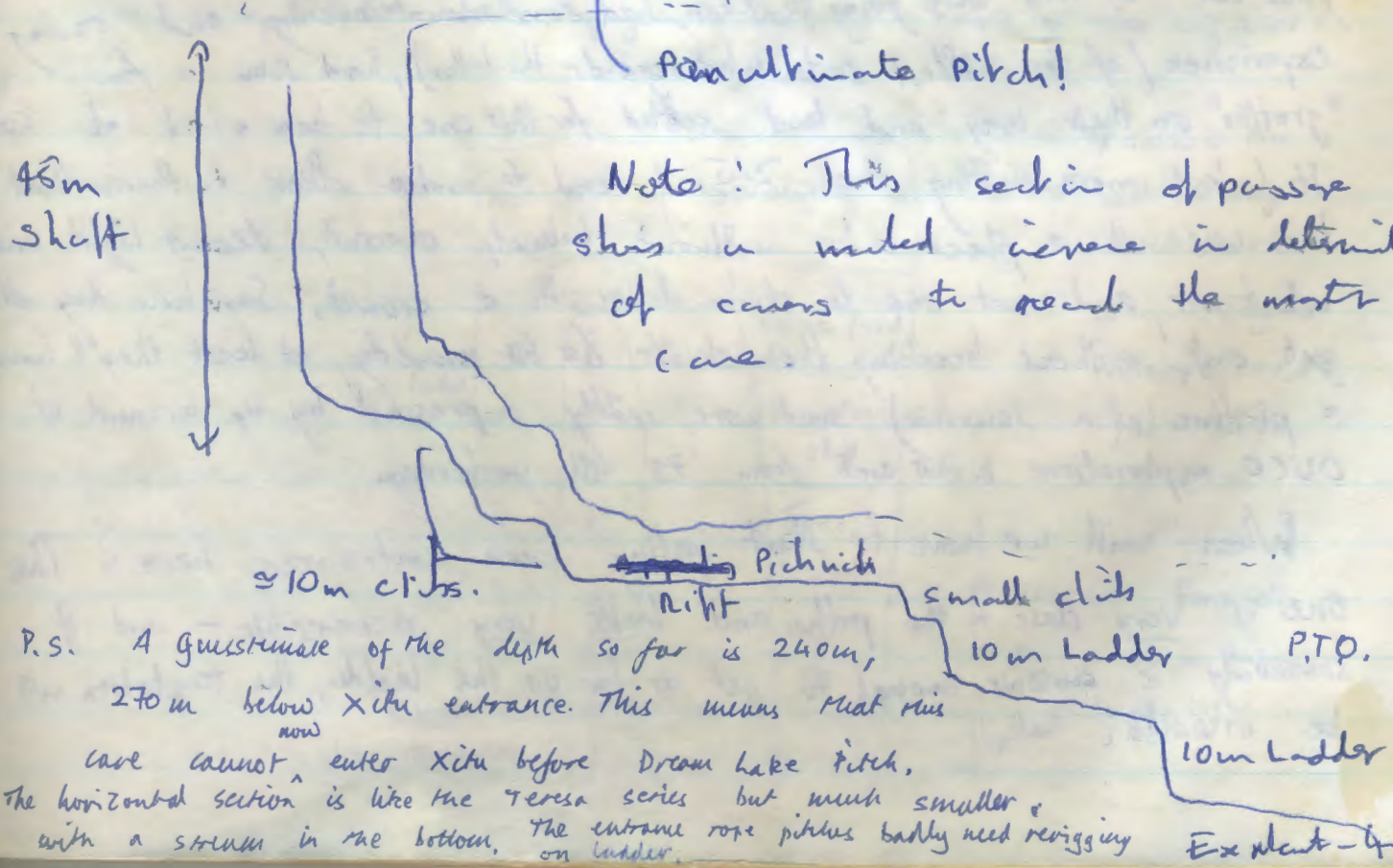


Suddenly I managed to get my feet
 into the tiny hole at the top which
 was the way in but the rest
 of my body wouldn't budge. Then
 I was my torso & overhanging a 30m
 pitch, trapped for a good half an
 hour by my sit bones trapped
 over a appalling spike. The thickly
 eventually paid off and I made it
 to the bottom of wigwags with
 was able to calmly enjoy the guff
 + curses of my companions as they went
 through saw a similar hole! Our trully
 visit quite over, my welly had
 terribly stuck 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!



Penultimate pitch!

Note: This section of passage shows a marked increase in deterioration of cavern to reach the water cave.

45m shaft

10m cliff

Pitcrack
10m Ladder

small cliff
10m Ladder

10m Ladder

Excellent - quit?

P.S. A guessimate of the depth so far is 240m,

270m below Xitu entrance. This means that this

cave cannot 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 Weingut'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 Weingut'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 3/5 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 2/5 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.

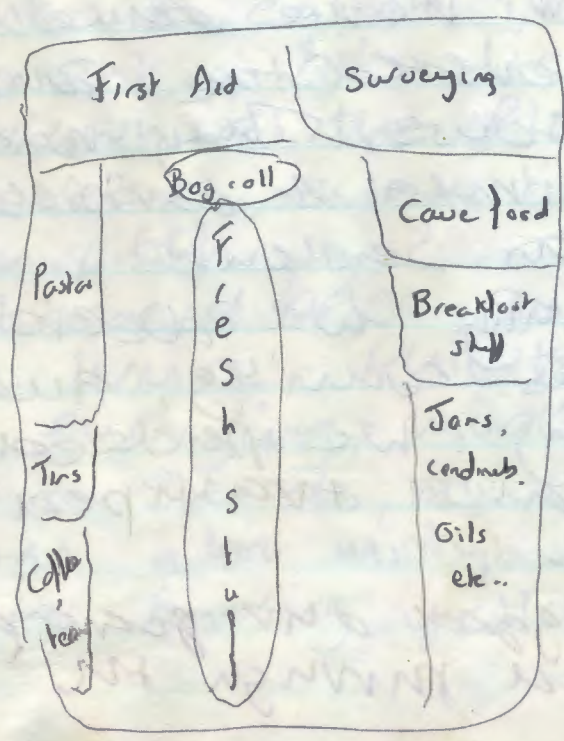
17.19.85

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, at '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 pit 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 till 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 detackling 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??

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.

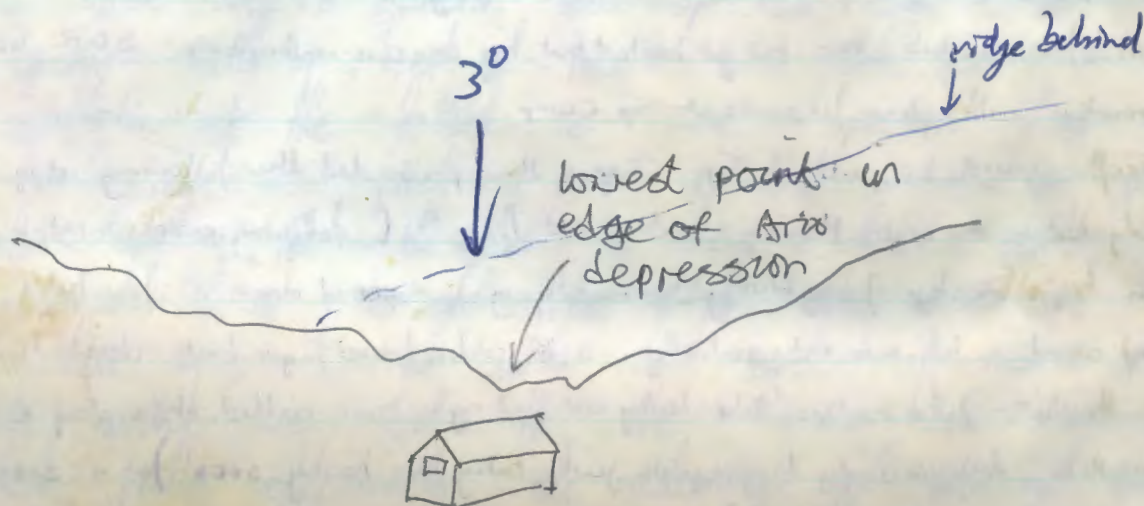
Steve Davies & John Wilcock arrived & did an excellent job of sorting out the disaste area formerly known as the food tent. Ian # also arrived & went off to T. Camp with a pretty ambitious looking pack to cave. Hopefully I'll be able to join el caves tomorrow..... (oops, sorry I've just remembered...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

(42) Thursday 25th July

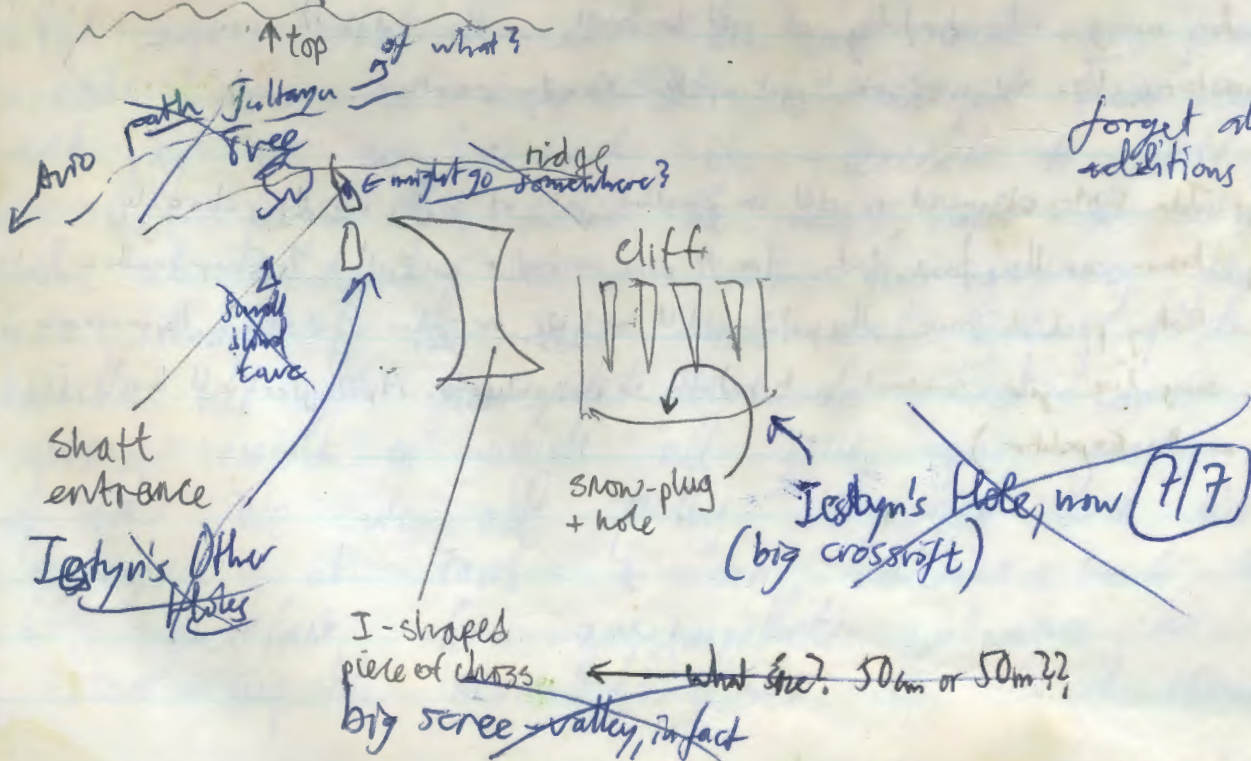
shaft-bashing Jultayn

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

view of AP10 from shaft:



sketch map of shaft area



forget all my additions in blue!
J.W. 8/8/85

see under
6/8/85
and 8/8/85