

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 stotopygan 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.

Iten low at Ario - breakfast cereals, eggs, ~~veg~~ vegetables, petrol
Iten 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 1210 - 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)

rift 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:

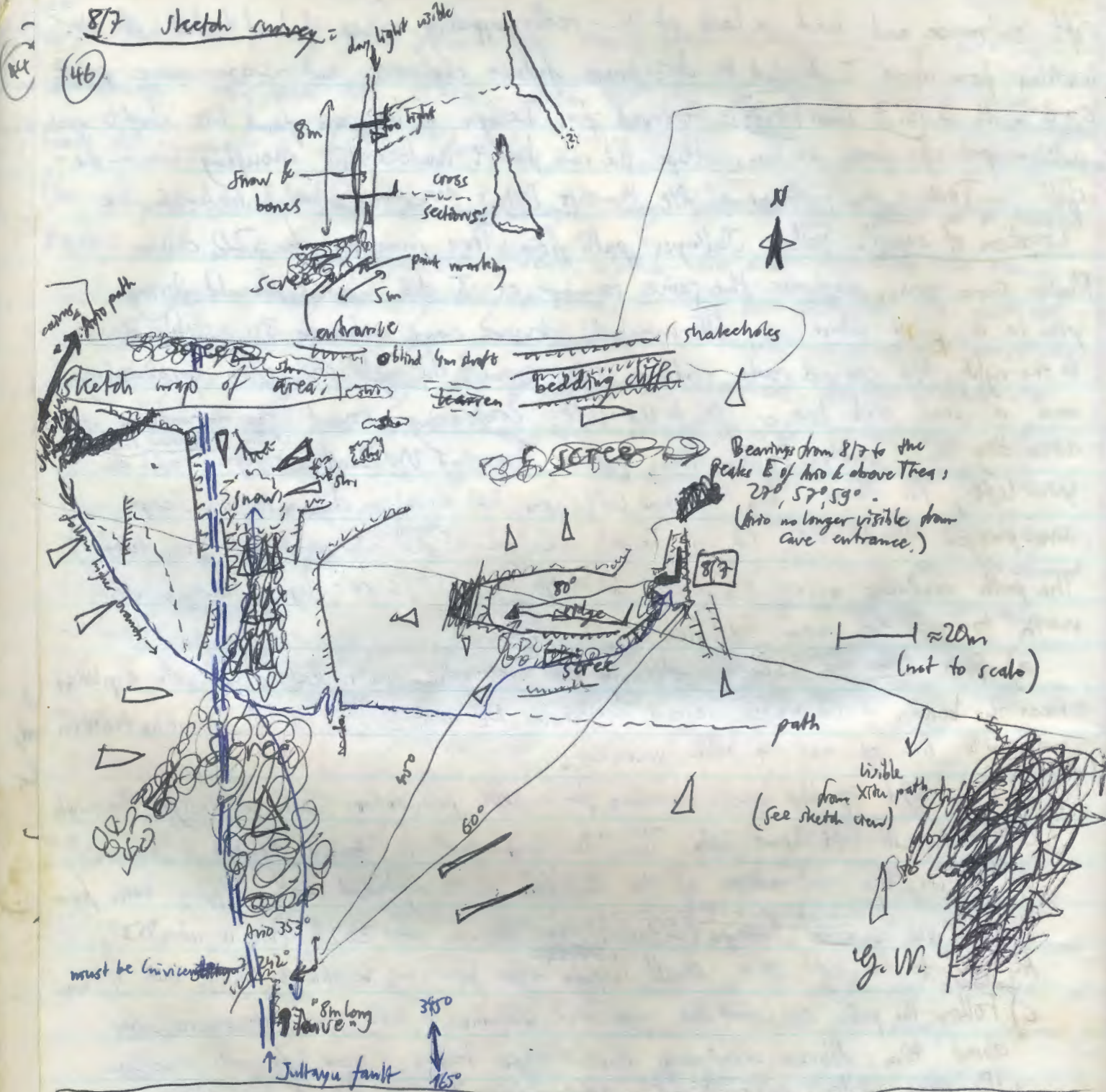
a) Run down the scree following the avalanche you're kidding off. Go exploring near the bottom of the valley. Several shakeholes NE and E of it, and interesting karren with up to 6m of nothing below your feet.

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 Testy'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
"7/5". 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 — — — Uly. 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 1/2 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 Jebelayn from the Xitu path @ about "mantonga 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.



P.S. Left Arto with Sean at 3 pm-ish in the mist and following his unbeatable nose, reached Top Camp 1 1/2 hrs later

Eighth's Hole 777

tree growing out of diff

8m long cave, visible as a black triangular spot

grass
scree

8/7

snow patch

path across steep scree valley

See below

(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!