

1985

BASE

LOG

# Base Camp Log 1985

Leader: Dr S. Roberts, Dept Metallurgy, Oxford University  
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THE BACK IS FULL OF  
USEFUL INFO

MAPS  
MEDICAL  
FIRST AID  
PERMITS  
HOME ADDRESSES.

READ IT!  
NO!!

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

The expedition dinner should  
be held in Casse crôte - the cheap  
part of the Sorbonne in the High Street  
as they do a fantastic dinner (13x  
as good as Middle Brans.) for the same  
price! (2/2 each) P.L.R.

↑ if this is £12. I think it  
is too much (alcohol on top to  
pay for, remember) but

↑ what's wrong with a slap up curry  
at £6 a head. Sausage??

9/7/85

The first day. The Tife looked in the  
 van springs and it was not good. Lo! the tent  
 arose like giant unpleasant mushrooms in the land  
 David huge Andy Eason its frame, as promised, had  
 a very nice non-fitting frame of fractal geometry. The chosen  
 you look, the more bits there are, none of them of  
 the right type. Too many lesbian bits, not enough short  
 bisexuals. Use of hachewas found a remedy. Park  
 hangs debates of our credentials, Richard + Jane + Steve +  
 descent to seek out the Real of LONA set as  
 success in finding the promised Laguna Yotto Club.  
 Now gone again, to Laves to push Colicumbra.  
 Wants improving. A good beginning. My hangover  
 has gone.

Geoff. "I like it dangling around my ankles" Hogan.  
 William "We've got to walk a long way before we get onto these maps" Stead.  
 Steve "If the injection system fucks you up, you're bugged" Roberts  
 Lo William "Now is this a passive use of the word?" Stead  
 (before Exp. but referring to BMR 641N)  
 Paul "I haven't got any hips" Brennan.

At about 9pm the cloud lifted: first the tops  
 (unbelievably high) and then, gradually, the whole range  
 revealed. Vibes great. Singleton + Lesley here but  
 no potting gear. YEAMH!! WATCOO!! JULYAYU  
 85 HA ~~was~~ EMPREZADO!! Y MUCHO VINO!!

Bill "I like eating real chocolate" Stead  
 Bill "I have a reputation for eating <sup>Spanish cooking</sup> used chocolate" Stead  
 Martin "It's getting smaller all the time" May.  
 Paul "if you had a piece of string you could wear it as trousers" Brennan

Phil "You can have a lot of fun with a sleeping bag" Duncan.

Sean "What does Vd stand for?" Hodges

Wed am

Richard, Sarah & Steve Rogers have gone to Culicentro with the intention of pushing the climbs. Nicola & Phil Duncan have gone to place Dye Detectors at ~~Hoya to Madra~~ <sup>Rio Dobra</sup> in the Vca + buy odds & ends. Everyone else has gone on a mega carry to Ario with some people phoning on two! The cows are as bad as ever but the early start took me aback. First people were off by 9am!!! Told by Phil R. to read barometer or max & min thermometers without telling me where they were. Great! By the time I'd realised <sup>2 min</sup> he was halfway to Ario. Thus observations will be only qualitative. Boiling hot already at 10am. Good to be back though. W.

Wot Sean + Fred took to top camp.

1 Vango Mk. II

Top camplog

Rain ~~gauge~~ gauge + Cylinder

4 Pt Billic

First Aid Box

Coleman Stove

Shaft bashing file.

Paint + Brush

30m Rope.

Wed 10-17-85 am: Introductory Carry up to Ario: Sean, <sup>Coeff</sup> Martin, Dave R, Sae, Fred, David, Paul, Gerhard / SGR, Phil R. (Also: John S & Leslie)  
3 waves, each ~~sheep~~ carrying a very modestly heavy rucksack. Paul said it was nothing like Yorkshire but changed his mind after Sed 2. Steve R ran all the way up and caught up with the 2<sup>nd</sup> wave, who had spent some time installing a rain gauge above Sed 3. Had an awed, respectful glance at Kira entrance from the path. - John confused the Ario warden thoroughly by announcing that 8 people were to stay there in the bunk. -

Rules of thumb for novice mountain-walkers:

- Use: - Walk in a steady rhythm. Breathe deeply and regularly. If you need more than one breath per step (i.e. more than "left-in-right-out"), you're going too fast.
- Straighten your legs completely before lifting them. The muscles mustn't remain contracted.
  - On a slope, pick your steps such that each ~~gives~~ <sup>gives</sup> about the same height.

Downs - Never step with all your weight onto a straight leg! You'll ruin your knees. Always bend the legs and use them as shock absorbers. This does get into your muscles but, unlike the joints, they recover fast. 3  
G.N

Steve's notes for Wednesday/Thursday.

Dave R, Martin M + Geoff gone to do T.L.R.  
Dave will stay at Arico until bettered.  
Martin + Geoff to return to Arico after 1 day.

William + Phil R. to reg in 3/5.  
Phil R. to return for Friday to go to Oviado for permits. Will come back this night, Fri am endy.  
Bill will stay up if 3/5 going.

Steve R + Dave H gone to Arico to shaft - Jack in even 3/7. Will return this night or Fri am.

Fred + Sean gone to Top Camp to set it up, (see left) will return Thurs

(Sue + Paul will do test on the 'cave route' in Thurs.)

Paul to Arico tomorrow, shaft lucky with?

All others will be around tonight. When Fred returns tomorrow, it will be possible that Top Camp will need to be set up, and Fred gone set up. Several people should carry direct to Top Camp and return here. Sue + Paul to go to Arico anyway to carry on with T.L. Gaxada with Dave on Friday. Don't leave bags unattended. Fred + Sean should eat something out. Still need Food + Clean canvas to Arico.

If the warden comes back + asks about the Camping Permit, Richard was looking for the Director of ICONA (Coronado) in Caracas but could not, despite much effort, find him. Phil R will go to Oviado on FRIDAY to sort matters out.

What Dave Stone et al have taken to Avizo,  
 Ford, Big Billy, Washing Bowl, Tent.  
 Mum Ford & Larry gear needed.

Sean

Hodges

In case Phil R. doesn't get back in time, the address <sup>of the person to see about</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>permission is:</sup>

Don Javier de Sebastian

Director del Parque Nacional de Covadonga

Inspección del ICONA

C/ Arquitecto

Requera.

Wed 10-7-85 pm Dave M & Gerhard N went to Hoya La Madre and placed  
 4 dye detectors below the resurgence. -  $1\frac{3}{4}$  hours ~~to get~~ there,  
 1 hour messing around,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  hours back - perfectly knackered. Leslog's  
 Chicken à la Vegetables built us up again (more or less). G.M.

P.S. Couldn't measure the altitudes since the altimeter had gone off to Dobra -  
 P.P.S. Long trousers are essential for the nettles-and-thistles gorge. Gloves are recommended  
 since not all the handholds consist of grass alone. Take a full waterbottle with you.

(string)

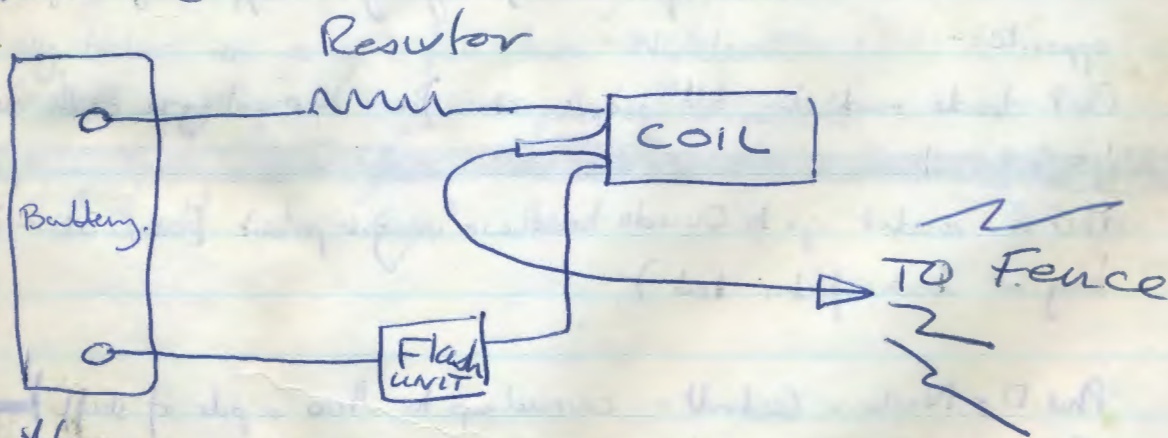
William "Stream of ~~Consciousness~~ Consciousness" Stead

Paul "I'm not a cheese person" Brennan

"Paul" "That's not the way I like to do it / Keep fit" Brennan

Thu 1-7-85

last night, a cow got into the kitchen tent due to the broken zip in the entrance. luckily it didn't do much damage but made a fearful row as it burst out amongst the flying <sup>metal</sup> crockery <sup>at 3-30am</sup>. It sicked up the pan cleaner later which it must have eaten during its visit. A simple and obvious solution to the cow problem would be to construct a simple electric fence from an ignition coil and flasher unit as in the following diagram:



Battery  
 (possibly the van battery used only at night, charged during the day)

The bits could be got from a scrap-yard or crashed vehicle. The

resistor is chosen to ~~to~~ prolong battery life and prevent ~~electrocution~~ electrocution to the cows which would be a bit embarrassing.

P. D.

~~Thu~~ Thu 11-7-85, 12<sup>05</sup> noon: Hurrah, we've got the camping permits!!  
And guess what, the Nat. Park wardens actually brought them up to our tents! Aren't they nice?!  
y.v.

### Thursday / Friday Plans:-

Sue and Paul - T. L. H. on Friday meet Dave R up at Arrio

Sean - Look after Los Lagos Friday (or Fred - sort it out between you)

Phil D + Nicole Carry to ~~Top Camp~~ <sup>Arrio</sup> Thursday <sup>pm</sup> Return Base Camp <sup>late</sup> pm

~~Friday:- Personal gear to Top Camp with intention of leaving~~  
Carry canvas kibble to Top Camp from Arrio Friday

Carries needed to Top Camp, assuming it's going - stuff brought up so far as that opposite:-

Can't decide much else till people return from la mortague with news of les holes etc..

Phil R needn't go to Ouedo cos we've got permit (in SGR's black bag at back of his tent).

Phil D + Nicole + Geholdt - carried up to Arrio a pile of stuff ~~from~~ for Top Camp (see opposite) - didn't leave till late Thursday cos no news till late, have returned to Base Camp (to dump stuff) at Arrio. A.n to leave Los Lagos 6.00 am tomorrow (Friday) taking our own gear to Arrio. Changeover at Arrio + take canvas rigging gear up. When it gets cooler again, back down to Arrio to pick up our own gear, then off to Top Camp again to stay.

Richard, Sean, Steve Stuff leaving Friday Top Camp.



Wol PD + Nicola took to Top Camp:-

*one small*

Carbide (1 BDN container full) ✓

Phil's Tent has petrol stove ✓ tea bags, pepper, odds & socks, salt, marmalade, batteries, rice etc.

Couple of loaves of bread, a few tomatoes & just enough for orange gets stuck up there.

Slings (assorted) ✓

Washing up bowl, ~~frigate~~ cutlery, ~~plates~~ etc. - couple rolls bog roll ✓ tea towels ✓

#2 Tackle bags ✓

Couple of ladders.. 2 25 ft ones ✓

#3 wire belays ✓

#4 rope protectors ✓ Mions.

2 45 ft ropes ✓

1 35 ft rope.

Awning ✓

Couple of spreaders ✓

Water carrier ✓

Petrol.

- Key Nicola - have you discovered a new sub-atomic particle?

*Someone said this before me  
It's not my quote!  
N.D.*

Nicola "This is an Expedition, not a holiday!" Dollimore

Gerhard "My trousers are going to fall down" Nicklasch

John "Gerhard is going on the green plate" Singleton

William "I should do 'Yoga' Stead

Thurs p.m.

Sue placed dye detectors in the top of the Rio La Beyera (near Vega la Cueva) and in the resurgence of the Rio Pompeni but didn't make it to the junction between the Pompeni and the Pelabarda because the gorge is very precipitous with no paths and also full of gorse, long grass concealing holes, bare rock, nettles + other nasties. Gave up after 1½ hours<sup>of this</sup> and made my way back. Fantastic views though. *SK*

## CULIEMBRO SARA.

Sara, Steve Mayer & I (R. Greyson) drove round to Culiebro the gorge. Wonderful view of the Naranjo de Bulnes on the way, before we ate a late but well-received meal at El Bar del Emigrante. Slept in tent under the milky way and actually made an early start - flogging up the path to reach Cueva del Culiebro at around midday, where we didn't have any lunch.

Next move - Steve put detectors in the resurgence whilst S & I put others upstream in the Caves, of which more in section re location of dye detectors.

Ultimately, the time came to go caving, and in the tropical heat put on our thick fannies, lit our lamps and so on.

And so to the cave:

### Description of Cave

The easy entrance led to some pipes left by the Swiss - why? The answer was just ahead a duck with only 1½" of air space, but short, as Sara's reckless free dive proved.

Beyond this the cave progressed beautifully, with splendid Swiss fixed-aids (a wire targon and a fairly useless beam).

It you pointed out to Wordsworth that they might have been narcissi he'd have said you would have missed the point. Try not to be so pompous.

Do you mean a white opaque mineral? Try not to be so dogmatic. (It's probably to a huge descending calcite).

Some ups & downs lead to a huge descending calcite passage with a hole in the floor, from which issues the distant roar of the (1) main Culicumbro stream.

Crossing this hole the far wall has two climbs up, and the right, easier one, leads upwards and upwards on good futed holds until the passage eases once more to the horizontal.

This is good going now - a circular passage ~~with~~ of clean rock with AI quartz veins; the passage begins to descend again and leads to a hole in the floor over which you traverse ~~on~~ using a prominent flake to stand on. After this, drip down to a pool and you have a choice - wade through the crystal pool or climb up left to by pass it. We did the latter.

Now you can hear the roar of the stream again, and you soon meet it, descending a circular tube of some 10 foot diameter to the streamway which flows left to right and, inexplicably, away from you to a sumup. It's here we left the second dye-detector, and, we felt, the most distant point reached by OVEE.

The way on is a slippery climb up a slope on the (2) to the continuation of the 10 foot circular tube which brings you to a massive & still pool - one of those where the water's so clear you can't decide where the waterfall is.

The Swiss have rigged a strenuous wire to haul yourself around the Right wall and you begin to climb up a long calcite slope with a difficult move @ one point.

At the top, a piece of string fell out of an arbor, and proved that there was a way over. Steve boldly climbed up this, and rigged a ladder for those who believe in gravity.

The top of this area breaks out into the largest.

passage yet in culiembra - leading off (B) & (C). We went (E) and climbed still higher to a ladder pitch which we rigged, using the only hanger we remembered to bring, from the Swiss bolt (poxy). Straight away an SRT pitch followed, which the Swiss had bolted. But how to descend it? The only rope we had left was a climbing rope, and no hangers so we rigged up an expedition classic - a main hang from a clove-kitch around the bolt-driver (screwed into the Swiss anchor) and backed up to two fragile-looking stalagmites.

It was worth it because the foot of the pitch led once more to the stream - for the third time we heard the roar of the Tifa & Cabeza Muxo resurgence water. The passage we were in was some way above, with connecting holes rather like Scylla & Charibdis in lanes. The Swiss had a wire traverse-line on one of them.

When we could eventually get down to the stream it was in a thin, juvenile passage not a yard wide, with only the top of the water visible - some 12 foot of passage must have been flooded.

The way on was an overhanging traverse over a pool - the hand-holds were good, but if you fell in the force of the water would surely have swept you down the plughole.

Beyond the pool was perhaps the best bit of culiembra. A boulder chock could be climbed until you got into the streamway, and then wide bridging <sup>or deep</sup> over white water gave a very exciting route up to the terminal sump. The sump chamber itself was another mind-boggler. It took quite a while before you realized that the climber

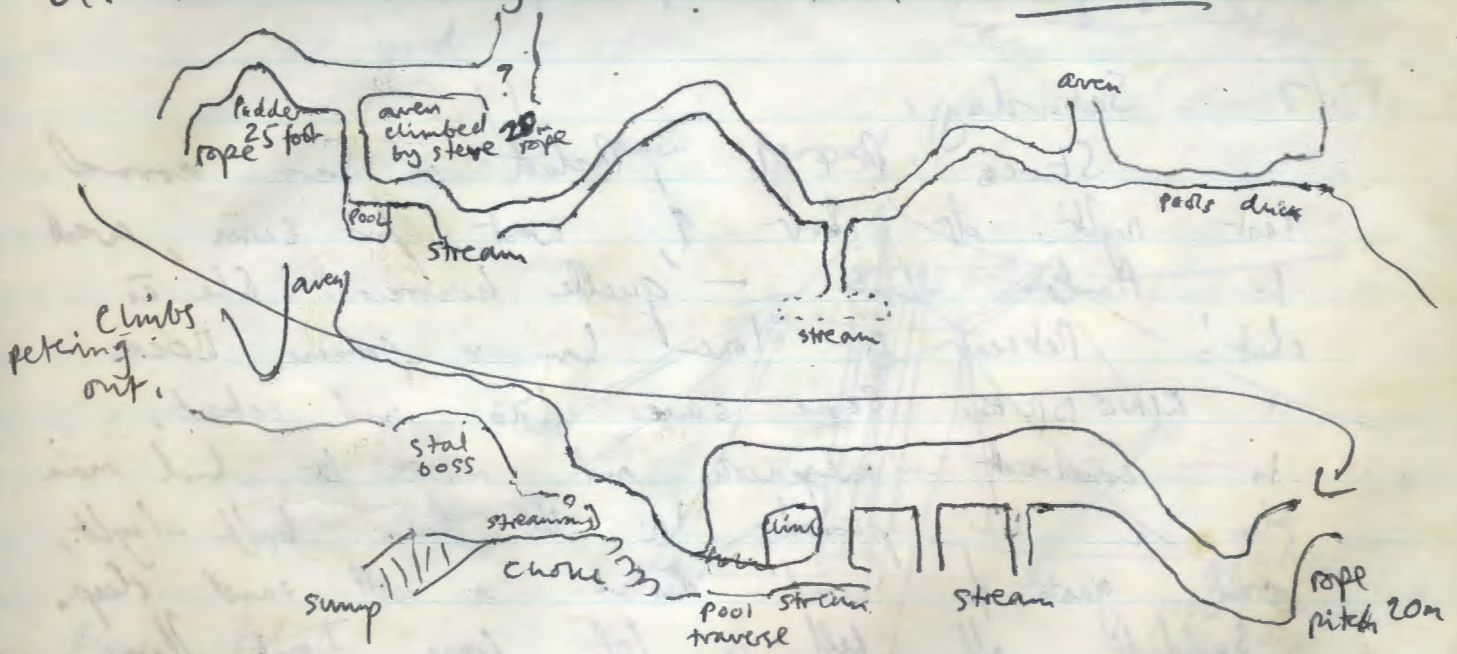
was half full of water.

Above the boulder choke we climbed into a superb chamber - a stal boss as big as 13, Beington road, with no way around. To get up you launch yourself up and scramble up the blank calcite. At the top... a number of climbs & thimble led to great formations & one huge aren which Steve would like to push. Trouble was... our climbing rope was hanging from the bolt driver back up the passage.

Knowing the way, the trip to the ~~bottom~~ top, would be c. 1 hr. Not knowing the way, rigging, searching & coming back, we took 8, and, along with the hangers, we'd forgotten the food.

Grade 1 survey

Plan. Elevation

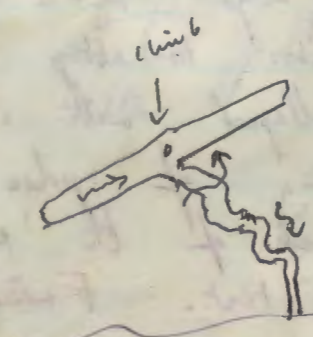


PS DYE  
 DETECTOR  
 NOTES IN BACK  
 TACKLE BOOK

Plan

**Hatch** Last year we found an easy way down to the roaring stream one can hear before the first big free climb. A couple of minutes after the 'hole in the floor with prominent flake to traverse on' there is a turning on the left ~~with~~ leading to a low sloping rift. This leads to a large v. large chamber with a stream in it (v. fast flowing). One can climb up ultimately the hole through which the stream is first heard but there is also a series of ascending steps one of which was just a bit ~~too~~ slippery for me but should be possible with protection of company. Looked v. promising

*Richard*



Gorge

12/7/85 Friday. Sean at Lagos.

Last night Phil D, Nicola and Gerhard appeared - they got to Arno and were too kneeled to reach Top Camp. Fred followed them down at 1pm - he went to Arno first to make sure the others were OK.

Nicola, Phil + Gerhard set off again for Top Camp at 5am - some kind of penance? Fred followed them later. I was hoping someone would come down to guard Lagos while I went to Cangas for shopping but apparently this isn't going to happen.

What we need is:

- 1 sack of potatoes
- about 7kg peppers
- Stakes for cow barrier - (if really cheap)
- Tomatoes - 5kg(?)
- Apples - 7 or 8kg
- 2 long handled wooden spoons

13/7 Saturday

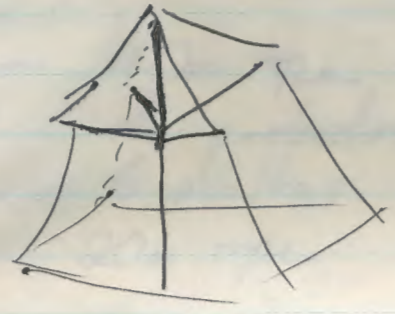
Stoves R+M, packed in Sara around last night at about 9, went for swim, went to Anderson bar - 'quelle horreur! She is shut! Retreat to lower bar & consume BOCKS & KINGS BREADS. Score some vino and retreat,

to construct meganesh and retreat to bed mac then a bit pissed. In the dawn half-light, odd gusts of wind disturb a well earned sleep.

Suddenly all hell to let loose. Tent flap, I dash out to piara down the kitchen tent as the Achelin candle wanda collapses on all the food. I help R+S tie ropes inside the magic Eavis Tent to stop it falling to bits.

Then my tent collapsed with its characteristic and endearing bending of poles into 'U' shape. We sit in the back of the can, moved to shelter the kitchen tent. Fried Eggs & no

Break, as it is still only 8:30, and the  
 snow doesn't open till 9:00. By about 10, the  
 wind lets up and we pick up the pieces.  
 Paul + Dave H. arrive from Arid, with new  
 Hub they were blown over on sod II. The Hub  
 tent is made rigid inside with dexion from the  
 van, after an attempt to replace the Euler-backling  
 centre pole with John West food boxes fails  
 utterly after 2 mins, the while they go over.

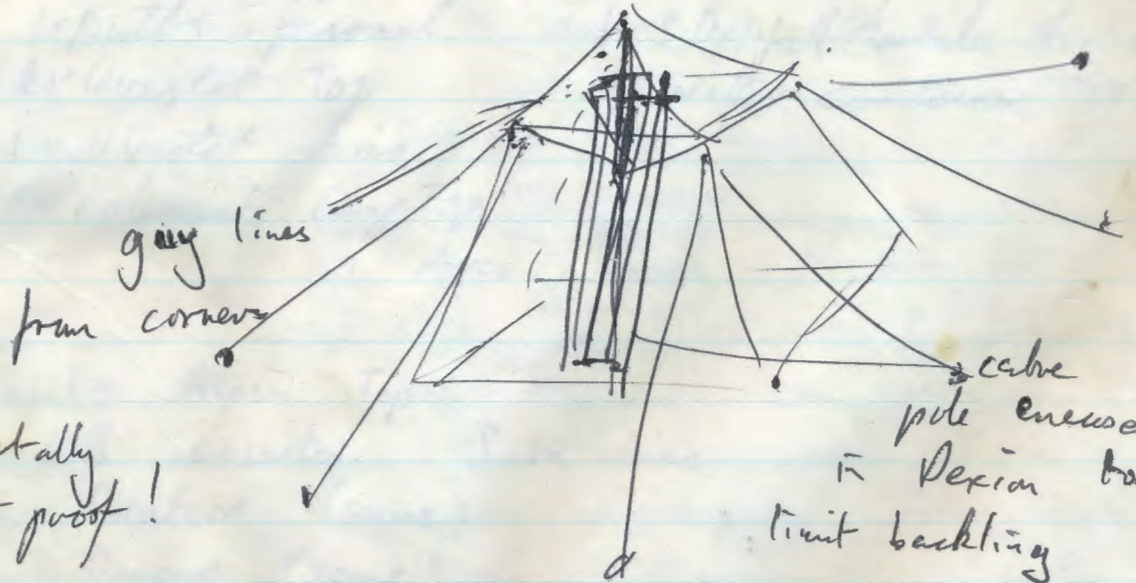


as good!

wind.  
=>

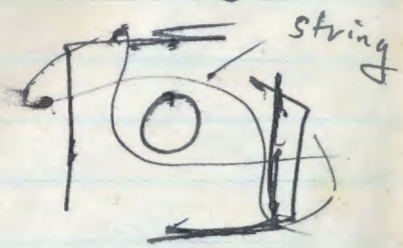


new improved!



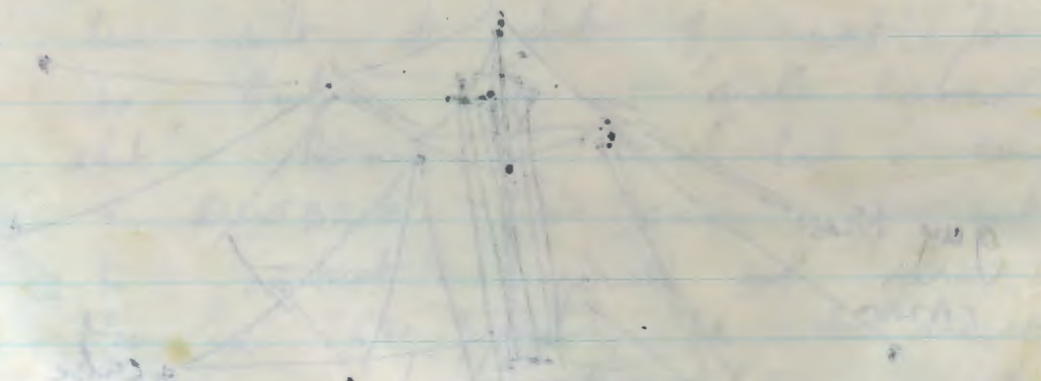
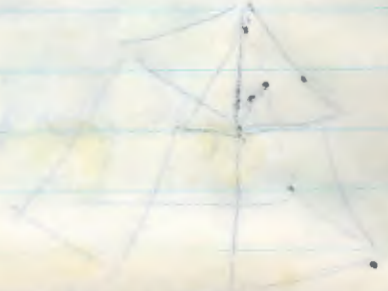
Now totally  
band-proof!

A bit of scaffold. pole  
around the centre pole would  
be even better.



Richard + Sara have gone shopping and Sue  
and Ceceff have just arrived (1:40). Was  
a hot calm day.

William "People tell me I'm good at it but I don't believe them" Stead.



William  
Ceceff  
Sue  
Richard  
Sara





Things we need on the next STOP.

4' Glass set for arid Subarctic lamp + some mantles.  
 Scottell pole for Acheson Test  
 Tea towels  
 Pencils.

Taken up to Top Camp 13.7.85.

Steve R — 40m rope                      7 crabs                      6 dozen tapes  
                   6 protectors                      20 hangers                      1 wire belay  
                   6 mailbags                      Boiling Kit  
                   20m rope                      2 tackle bags

Geoff — 1x Alpen Top                      1x Sigg - full top -  
                   1x Alpen Airo                      ~~1x plastic - filled petrol Airo~~  
                   3x Bulbs Top                      1x ball string Top.  
                   1x Bulbs personal                      1x B.D.M. full Carbide Airo.  
                   2x Uvistat Top                      1x Water container Top.  
                   1x Uvistat Airo  
                   1x Coleman's Long Top  
                   1x " " " Airo

Paul : 1x Alpen Top  
                   8 assorted J.W. tins.  
                   Potatoes (some)  
                   Onions (some)  
                   20 m rope.  
                   Non flakes 1 Tea

## Top Camp

Martin

Milk flakes 2 tins

Sauces 6 pots

Mustard 1 tube

Saus 2 pots

Sweet tins 4

Torties 1 box

Peanuts 1 tray

Onions

Potatoes

Peppers

Tomatoes

Bread

4 Tins of fruit (cane food)

Ario

Gerhard

6 loaves of bread

2 (empty) tacklebags

1 tea towel

1 gas cylinder

2 washing up pads

Several eggs (liquidified)

potatoes (103)

onions (63)

peppers (73)

tomatoes (8)

2 packs of olives

1 jar of jam

5 knives

2 ladders

Top Camp - Steve, Richard, Sarah

20m Rope

6 pineapples

1 tin tuna meat

1 tent

washing up bowl

oranges

Bag roll

Alpen

pasta &amp; rice

potatoes

peanuts

ladder

water container

2 wires

15m rope

3 plates, cups, spoons

biscuits

Arrio Sean Personal kit + 1 ladder + 1 wire.

Dave H large billy, lump hammer assorted pots, mugs  
 attery, tacklebag of ladder, 10m & 20m rope, personal gear  
 bread petrol stove.

Sunday 14th.

Imagine for a moment that you are carrying a big pack of gear through the mist looking for a cave, which, for the sake of argument, we may call Hoya La Madre. And, having, as is so easily done in the Picos, omitted to follow the precise route to the cave you paused for a well earned rest on the top of a hill above a shaft in which one of your companions (Steve Mayers perhaps?) was covered in fine mud looking for a way on, and failing to find one. What are the sounds that echo through the mist to your stance on the white limestone? Could they be the sound of revving engines?

Would it be taxing the reader's powers of imaginative cognition to ask him to picture the horror and difficulty of the struggle down the nettled slope with its large (and yet usually concealed by large ferns and other vegetation) holes between boulders? I think it would. Not mine! ~~Yes!~~

~~And~~ And yet the most puzzling feature of ~~my~~ the day would be the diving line at the far end of the cave. Who is to blame? Chris Danilewicz would be a name that an imaginary prosecutor would ask any jury to accept. Was he responsible too for the bolt line up the obvious aven above the terminal snuff? In which case, why does the bolt line not continue into the very promising passage above. Could it be that the last few moves were free climbed, an unlikely thing in view of the number of bolts you would see at the foot of the aven.

A certain time would be needed for the regaining of the top of the gorge. A certain time for consistent effort and near death-defying traverses above large drops with only grass as handholds?

Assuming that the night was now drawing in and that, trusting the cheap map of the Picos de Europa only a little, you were intending to ask the first native farmer who crossed your path as to the correct direction to take for your ultimate destination, how surprised would you be were this very person turn out to be Inyanki, the park warden with whom, in a Los Lagos bar you drank several beers and spoke of ETA well into <sup>a</sup> night in 1982?

Pressed as nuts. SCR, PJD, NCD, GPH, PB.  
16/8/85. Yes they are! SCR.

Steve "When it comes to big shafts, I'm a jelly" Roberts.

William "The Cares Gorge looks almost like Swildon's without a roof on" Stead

Geoff "The essence of tent-ness" Hogan

DYE STUFF

~~Phil D. Nicolo went to DEBRA on Wednesday 10<sup>th</sup>. Dredges 3 locations. (Controls)~~

~~Control~~

~~AREA.~~

Control put  
in by .....

Area.	Control put in by.	On... (Date)	Control collected & Detector put in by...	On...
DOBRA (3 locations.)  Phil Duncan.	Phil D + Nicola	10/7	Steve Gale & Hilary W. A not found B + C found.	19.7.85
CARES Dave H for Cutiembro Resurgencia  Paul B for Cove detector  Dave H for picnic site	Richard G, Sara W Steve M	10/7	Carmarina, Rio Cares, Cutiembro, Cueva Cutiembro replaced by Stephen G. et al. New detector at Fuente Bolin.	17.7.85
VEGA LA CUEVA  Martin May (ask Hutch)	Sue R	11/7	Replaced by Sue + Martin	18/7/85
RIO POMPURI RESURGENCE Martin May (ask Hutch)	Sue R	11/7.	Replaced by Sue + Martin	18/7/85
Hoyo la Madre (4 dye detectors)  Gerhard, Dave M.	Gerhard, Dave M	10/7	Replaced by Paul B. & Gerhard N.	19/7/85
Hoyo la Madre (YUCPL spores detector)	/	/	Steve Davies & John Wilcock Gerhard N.	26/7/85

Detector collected by ... On ...

This is total pedantry!  
Comments.

This is an adverb!  
Sorry - I do geoglyphs not English.

A, B + C collected 19/8/85.  
At 2 only 1 of 2 found (same stream anyway)  
Hatch + P.D.

Maps of location in dye control file in SGR's box in storage tent. Should be easy to find so hopefully neither Phil nor N will need to be on control collecting trip. See Phil or N. before you collect though for verbal explanation.

Maps in equipment log book at Base Camp  
Culienbro detectors found high and dry by covers on 2.8.85 due to fall in level of sump. Repositioned. Rhodamine still visible.

Map in Dye Control file. Sue said she wouldn't mind showing someone where these controls were when they need picking up

All 4 collected M May 20/8/85

Map in Dye Control file d.tto.

All 4 collected G. W. 20/8/85

positions known to PB, SD, DH, GN & JW

Taken out as well to be sent to York 20/8/85

on righthand branch (looking down) of stream 20m up from dye detectors 3 & 4 (the lower ones).

22

16/7/85 - Went to Arriondas to pick up Steve G. and Hilary. Drank wine by the river all afternoon and plenty of Inebrias Tonicas in the lower bar at Lagos. Nicola just threatened to attack me with a large comato. OERR!!!

Paul



Handwritten notes in blue ink, partially illegible, including the word "Hotel" at the bottom.

17 July, 1985

Van trip to head of Rio Cares. Nicola and Geoff left to do Cueva Culiembro. Stephen G., Hilary and Sue left to replace the Carmamina detector. The map showing the location of this is good once you realise that it refers to the first bridge across the river above the bar. Caught up with Roberts et al. who had been busy rescuing dogs from gullies. Then all basted up the directissima route straight up the side of the gorge. A sweeping view of the gorge from alpine meadow at the top of the col before a rapid descent down the scree run to the path. At this point, unfortunately Hilary wisely decided that it was unlikely that anyone would wait for her at the path and so decided to cut her losses and take the high-level traverse direct to Cain. Meanwhile Martin M., Sean and Stephen G. spent a happy several hours romping round the mountains looking for decomposing Winchester remains.

Revisited, the party continued up the gorge.



Unfortunately, the new dye detectors were all in the possession of members at the rear of the party. Despite the entreaties of El Jefe these eventually reached Fuente Bolin only to find, horror upon horror, that the previous party had not put any detectors in there. This omission was rectified. A quick stroll back putting in detectors at various other points saw us back at the bar by 2300. A brief wait for the caving party ensued and then a jolly drive back enlivened by the occasional breakdown on the road up to Lagos saw us back in bed by 0600.

Dye detectors: Rio Cares

1. In Rio Cares just above 1st bridge above bottom bar. See map of previous party. Note that detector is not located in a cave.
2. Cueva Culiembro: replaced by Nicola and Geoff
3. Fuente Culiembro: located as map of previous party
4. Rio Cares: located as map of previous party - just below 1st bridge above Culiembro.
5. Fuente Bolin: NEW DETECTOR in spring at river level
6. Puente Bolin: NEW DETECTOR in canal just by bridge

Thursday -

Phil + I have now fixed the van  
 but have not driven it. Please use Richard's  
 car in preference. But if you MUST use  
 the van before we have decided it out  
 please:

- 1) Take plenty of water (2-3 gallons at least)
- 2) At the slightest sign of overheating, stop  
 & let it cool down & add water.
- 3) There is a small tube (1" round x 3")  
 of kerosene in the wooden box in the back of  
 it start to squirt. If it does, we're in  
 trouble!

Please be gentle with it!

### IMPORTANT

The temp gauge is not too good -  
 it goes up to  $\frac{1}{2}$  scale only, and if water  
 is very low, reads nothing at all - A good  
 trick is if in doubt, leave the car beating  
 on - if it stops working, you are out  
 of water. Stop immediately, allow to cool  
 (20 mins) & top up.

ELJ

18 July, 1985

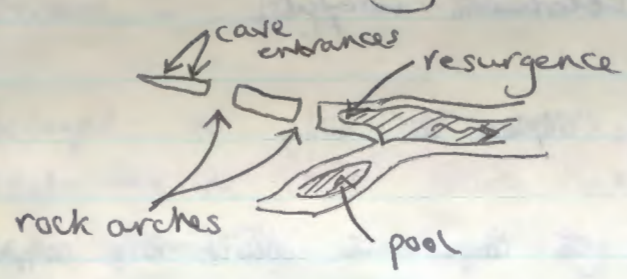
Shaft Dash, etc : Rio Pomperu, Rio Redimiña : Hilary, Stephen G.

does this  
run very  
or not  
very?

To resurgence of Rio Pomperu: impressive by Picos standards. Valley below (and above!) resurgence very like Little Neath River. River flows through several large marmites which would make monitoring discharge easy. All in all, a good location for a future hydrochemical study.

Also!

Cave entrances in valley just before resurgence



These are 45° downward sloping phreatic tubes ~ 4m long. Both join beyond which the passage becomes too tight.

Further down valley on south side ~ 50 m above river, a small entrance below a cliff leads into a walking size phreatic tube dipping down at ~ 30°. This was followed for about 30 m with a flickering hard torch to a point where there are 2 ways on. Very promising cave.

From resurgence follow track over bridge towards Vega Redanda. After ~ 2 km the track crosses a stream. Follow this up to reach the entrance to Cueva Viento. In dry valley above this are many promising holes, some with the sound of water.

26 Fri 19-7-85 Hoyo la Madre, Paul B. & Gerhard N., 10<sup>45</sup>-2<sup>45</sup>

Nice cool cloudy weather - the clouds lifted a bit when we went over the ridge and came down again immediately after we'd ~~climbed~~ <sup>climbed out</sup> of the ravine. Well timed indeed. Paul alarmed me by ~~climbing~~ <sup>climbing</sup> down an overhang, knocking off a few rocks and then asking whether this was the way. Otherwise he showed me up nicely. I was leading from behind but soon found myself "leading" from miles behind. Recovered all four dye detectors and replaced them (although one of the marking sticks had decided to go off as a walking stick before I could grab it (resp. ~~grab~~ <sup>grab</sup> the stick-walker)).

The way to get down the ravine is by tobogganing down on your bum - Lederhosen useful.

Fri 19-7-85 Dobra: Stephen G., Hungary.

Took Richard's car to Cangas to collect new camping gas, and then went on to Amieva despite the lack of brakes on the car. Revisited the scene of last year's triumph by Stephen and John Huxel to find that the wall had been repaired and concreted in. Took the car right through the village until the road degenerated into a cart track then walked over the col to the Dobra. The first of the dye detectors had disappeared, but we replaced those at B and C stations, attaching them to bits of ironmongery. We had set off in wonderfully sunny weather and returned in the drizzling cloud.

The route to the Dobra from Amieva is straightforward and could be done by jeep if we had one. Continue on the track which has come up from the village. At the top of the col the path divides, but go through the gate and down to the HEP station at the river. Carry on upstream past HEP station, which has some resurgence caves around the dam. The first dye control point is now abandoned; the second is at the first tributary coming in from the West; the third is a little further on beyond the bridge. The whole trip only takes ~1½-2 hours

each way and is good easy walking. Detailed maps of location of detectors are in the dye control file.

Came back in early evening drizzle, stopping briefly at Covadonga as I had never seen it. Found Base Camp alive with people from Top Camp, excited by their discoveries. They promptly disappeared to Amadore's for a meal preparatory to Sara's departure.

Sat 20-7-85

Rained all night. Richard, William and Sara went to Antofagasta to put Sara on the bus and buy up half a market stall of fresh produce.

Later: Steve & Richard in Hoyo La Madre.

Sitting belayed to the stal horses, I was supposed to be concentrating on what Steve was doing, but the lack of sleep ~~from the~~, caused by indigestion, meant that I kept dozing off as Steve banged his bolt in in the aren above.

He did this carefully, as the rock was a very brittle soft, and he didn't want it to flake off at the last moment. When he'd finished he clipped the other end of the 25' ladder onto the bolt, and stepped up onto it, clipping in his cow's tail. His feet, the only part of him that I had been able to see, now disappeared from view.

'Looks like quite a lot of free climbing now' he said, and by now fully awake I began to pay out the rope as he went up. A few stones rattled down, past me and plop! into Hoyo La Madre's sump?

A few more surries followed, then, high in the aren, Steve cursed.

'Someone's been here before.'

My turn. A difficult free climb up into the aren and then onto the bottom of ladder. At the top, as I squirmed up

next to Steve, I saw the belay that had made unnecessary. A rope tied round a stal with a pitted Krab attached. Someone had been here before.

I climbed up another twenty feet or so, but the passage at the top ~~crossed~~ only turned back upstream and holes in the floor led down to Moyo's streamway below.

This oven was only 10 minutes from the entrance, so we arrived <sup>back</sup> dry and warm. It was rôle reversal - we took off our dry caving clothes, and put on our foul wet trousers and socks before squelching up the huge gorge and back to Lago Erwin.

Richard

Sun 20 July '85 The Welsh trio has arrived - and the Lagos camp is becoming nomadic. The kitchen tent has walked already 25 ft. east...  
(Sibbe)

Back to Saturday

Stephen G and Hilary

went down my first Spanish cave - very pretty and not too exhausting. I can't describe the cave (will leave that to SG) but can describe its results on my anatomy - one bruise 100mm x 100mm on my left hip, two minor abrasions, small rip in over suit and a blister on my right heel. What a whop!

Sunday 21st

(Sibbe)  
Tidying up day. Moved kitchen tent, dived down groundsheet and shelf with Bettel. Swept and tidied food tent. Stock disappearing to Top Camp and Aio at a very rapid rate - we are now down to our last 2 onions.

Afternoon: hung around on a rope for the first time ever, being encouraged by Stephen.

S "Clip your cow's tail into the rope."

M. ? what do you mean rope?

S Knot, then

H Why don't you say that?

S Now attach your descender

H But I'm already on the descender ...

Watched S go down into the pit, and struggle 3 times to get over the knot. Then, full of confidence, (!) went down on the rope. It's a wonderful contraption, these stop things that only stop when you pull the handle up. Then did some appalling sit-stand efforts to come back up. Was informed that it helps not to push down with the feet while sliding up the foot jammer.

Back to hagos for stew and lentil salad. Gerhard rolled in at 10.45 from Ario. Stormy, stormy night.  
(It was 11.15 - having carried down, very slowly, two huge bags of rubbish. - Had carried up to Ario: 2 ladders, 1 knob, 1 tin of mornflakes, 6 eggs, 1 bottle (courtesy, Martin H) of petrol.)

Monday 22nd July 1985

Woken up by Martin seeing off cows marauding into the kitchen tent. All of us (Martin, Stephen G., Gerhard, Hilary) up before eight and hoping for visitors from up mountain to enable us to get to Osu. Packed gear, mended kitchen tent and by 11 decided that no-one was coming in the heat of the day. Accordingly, 3 of us went to Cangas to shop, totally exhausting the kitty. Amazing success in the ferret shop where we acquired mantle and glass for the gas lamp, solder and oil for Fred, and replacement camping gaz (5 pta cheaper than the other shop). Bought £70 worth of food.

Still no sign of life, so Martin and Stephen went off for an exploratory walk around the lake. Sean poled in, knackered; followed shortly by Steve R., Nicola, Phil.

exaggeration  
here a bit...  
bit cutting  
too isn't  
it?  
We did  
apologise...  
Sorry.

o.k. I've  
accepted your  
apologies. I just  
don't want the  
sort of thing  
to happen again.  
Sorry if this  
has come out  
a bit too rude.

Oh all  
right,  
I'll call  
in before  
getting  
pissed  
next  
time  
Shh

Almost 7<sup>pm</sup> now & Osu turning into a nebular (im-)possibility. I ~~am~~ am supposed to move up to Top Camp tomorrow, with my 'caring gear' of course. Why the... have I carried it down, then?! We could have got our trip going (3) hrs ago if our friends from up the mountain had had the idea of popping round the tents where they arrived, rather than getting pissed in the Marie Rosa.

I've spent four days down here lazing around which I enjoyed very much - I'm not complaining at all - but which I don't feel has been very sociable. Next year please find a sponsor providing 3 wireless sets. It wouldn't be that much hassle carrying two of them to the upper camps at the beginning and back at the end of the expedition, and you could send through shopping lists and some hints about how many people to cater for for dinner. Another idea, if we're into electronic gadgets: rip off a laser distance measuring device (sort of what they use at the olympics for spears & discusses) to be used for surface surveying. This would give easy & accurate triangulation data (if compared to tapes) - at least until some wombat drops it down the inevitable crack.

Love from 'Gerhard' 'I know everything (better)' 'Niklasch'

Tuesday 23<sup>rd</sup> July

Team Osu off v. early - Martin M., Gerhard, Melay + Steve Gale.

Team Box Camp needed books etc.. until evening when Phil D, SGR + Sea-N went off to Arico. Bill arrived down from Arico (Cooked chops + stew for the masses - twice! Paul B also appeared down from Top Camp relating tale of horror about crushing himself after falling off the traverse. 10-48 pm - camp tidy + food cooked but no sign of others. Hope the trip was OK.



Tue 23 July, 10<sup>30</sup> am - 10<sup>45</sup> pm The Photographic Megatrip, starring  
Cueva del Oru & Stephen Gale,

31

by Martin Hides, slowed down to terrestrial speed (as opposed  
to martian) ~~by~~ by Hilary & Gerhard

Well, so the trip has come off (and early in the morning, too). Equipped with a saddlebag  
3 ammo-bases and 3 $\frac{1}{4}$  sets of SRT gear the four of us arrived at the entrance  
about 9<sup>15</sup>-ish (after H. & G. having got lost at the rear), ~~up~~ <sup>climbed</sup> up and ~~in~~ <sup>walked</sup> in. After some  
more getting lost ~~found~~ the way down, thrashed down the more or less exposed climbs, found  
a snail-shell and reached the big pitch. Abseiled on a thin bouncy climbing rope (no  
decent length of SRT rope left in Lagos!). Brilliant big & decorated ~~pitch~~ shaft. Down through  
the boulders to the right, to the T-junction, and upstream first. Stopped for sets of shots at  
the false floors just below the Martian Spaceship, and at the latter itself, with M.'s bleeping  
flashguns providing the appropriate Star Trek soundtrack. Stopped again for a brief refuelling  
of our generators & ourselves at the upstream sump. Steve "it would have fallen off to-  
morrow anyway" Gale took some sizeable geological samples - not the first known case  
of Wind Erosion in Oru. More shots on the way back & downstream. Climbed up to  
Gigatal Chamber, walked around in ~~the~~ the vast Camp Chamber, stopped for a picnic &  
fettling, left the photographic gear behind at last and walked (much lighter of heart) on  
to the Cascades, where we decided we'd seen the best bits <sup>already</sup> and the downstream sump  
was still far away; so we turned after about 7 hours. By now Hilary was sporting a bright  
4" flame while Steve's & my carbides decided to get choked ~~time and again~~ <sup>time and again</sup>.  
Unwontful retreat to the pitch, the burdens of our food tins, chocolates etc. (let me  
pass over the details lest someone become envious) having been replaced by tons of  
rock and some hammered bits of metal. Martin bounced up the rope first; we'd  
pulled half of it through his ascenders before he leaped off. Hilary for her first  
"real" SRT trip after ~~the~~ the crash course by S.G. last Sunday followed considerably  
more smoothly with helpful comments from below and above. Then the rope itself  
disappeared up into blackness and reappeared mysteriously <sup>carrying</sup> Steve's ascender ~~stuck down~~  
(which Hilary had been using). Two more bouncy ascents, both made more interesting  
by Nobody holding the rope taut. By now we were <sup>(well, I at least was)</sup> too tired to notice the exposed  
climbs at all. Picked up some rubbish left by last year's explorers (3) including  
one pair of socks (smelling, astonishingly, of washing powder). Out into the last  
light of dusk.

Net result: Longest trip ever for two of us, a fair number of portraits of S.G. (on  
stereo, partly) walking in natural gorilla attitude under false floors; some bits of  
rocky dreams of bleeping stals, bounding pebbles & bones, and what not...

24<sup>th</sup> July: Photo trip down Culiembra 8 hrs  
Paul, Nicola, Martin H.

No-one else can be bothered to write this up so I will <sup>try</sup>.  
After shopping <sup>was dealt</sup> with Cangas and a long walk up we did not get underground till 3 p.m.

A wonderful start to the cave with a little swim which Martin took a great dislike to, as he was the only one in dry kit. The cave continues as a large passage with wonderful pretties and so a few pictures were taken.

After this we generally stomped along taking a few piccies on the way. The pitches up and down were generally dealt with quite slowly as we only had 2 sets of SRT gear.

After <sup>As</sup> <sup>pitch</sup> <sup>down</sup> <sup>1</sup> walked down the slope and found myself waist deep in a crystal clear pool where it is almost impossible to ~~find~~ see the level of the water.

Anyhow back up the slope we wandered around and found the way down to the main stream which we followed to the terminal <sup>swamp</sup> where more photos were taken. Exited in 2 ~~with~~ hours and got out at 11 pm.

A long, knackered walk followed by the drive meant we did not get back before 3 a.m. What greeted us was a scene of devastation as the tents generally failed the wind test.

- Brilliant cave - well worth a car load going just to do a tourist trip if they've the time - Richard was certainly not exaggerating with his enthusiastic write up! Superb clear crystal green pools, huge quartz crystals (they really were quite honest!) & white foamy water thundering down the streamway... Well worth the wait.
- You need a rope protector on the SRT ~~see pitch~~ for future trips...

Fri 26/7.

SGM arrives in must to whip up enthusiasm for the acc cases at Top Camp. Meets Richard + Dave - Fred + Phil on way. No pubs with cavers for a day or so. Good luck lads! Then to Bar. Campsite destroyed by storm previous day. Van disappeared to Cango to be repaired. My tent completely pushed. Another insurance claim.

Arvi Weatherstation - - -

Cond. just measuring cylinder. About 1 cm<sup>3</sup> of water in bottle at 09:35. Empty it etc. to water-gauge for measurement later. OK? What is the cylinder.

Misty + hostile here. Ugh. Rae arise.

Fri 26 July El Hoyo Los Madre (yet again), 3<sup>30</sup> - 7pm,  
Steve Davies, John Wilcock & Gerhard N.

Record time (3½ hrs) & no sweat ~~was~~<sup>was</sup> completely misty and drizzly, so we were trenched & soaked by the purest rain- & dewdrops only, and that to the skins (in my case, through both skins). Verified that our 4 dye detectors were still there and positioned the YUCPC patented Lycopodium trap in a sidebranch of the stream. Happy fishing, Simon! - Slight navigational problems on the way there since Belbin was inside a cloud and we couldn't see the continuation of the path until we'd crossed it, clouds courteously lifted for the way back.

By now there's a fairly obvious & well-beaten track down the gorge involving only one (5 ft) grassy overhang climb. G.N.

Monday 29th July

Orange tent apparently washed through at the weekend. Arrived last night in rain and wind. Please could people remember to take the rain measurements?

Many

Tuesday 30th July

Sean was left in charge of base camp (very bored) for the past 3 days & coped with the orange tent leaks (at present this tent is unusable and people may have to sleep in the back of the van.) Margot arrived on her motor bike, <sup>(on Schindler's)</sup> then did a carry of her carrying gear to Ario, and rubbish back to base camp. John W & Steve D. arrived from top camp via ~~to~~ <sup>Ario</sup> 1715. Sue arrived from top camp 2000.

Wed 31st 0800.

About to leave for Amoudas Heris Gerhard's shopping list for Ario <sup>it disappeared very</sup> we haven't taken any kitty money. We'll go shopping with the 2nd party later. Margot

31/7/85 10:40 am Steve packed to go - Van documents + carrying permit new in Sean's tent (sit nearest kitchen) Sean

31/7/85 5:15 pm Gerhard down from Ario to look after the "shopping list" personally since Ario is running out of bread, petrol & guess what - <sup>(Follow it)</sup> ~~no~~ inflates. G.'s method to find Top Camp: Take compass bearing. Get lost. Discover some Cairns. Follow them. Get lost. Notice a path marked in blue. Follow it. Loose it. Spot the eyeholes. Follow them. Get lost. End up inside a cloud. Turn back to Ario. Follow path marked in red. Get lost in the dark. Follow compass. Get lost over a precipice overlooking a deep ddine. Notice you're standing on a yellow dot facing a wall with "715" written on it. Follow the well-known Jultayu path. Get lost. Takes about 5 1/2 hours all in all with a pack as heavy as mine and a flat headtorch battery. Not recommended for imitation. G.N.

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P.S. This camp has become a lot more chaotic since I saw it last.  
Shame on you.

7<sup>PM</sup>: Leave for Ario, taking along:

4 loaves of bread, 12 eggs, several peppers & tomatoes, 2 apples,  
3 tins cornflakes, 1 tin Maltin, 1 tin tomatoes, 6 tins J. West-meat  
(2 each), 4 bags Stewart & Lefford meats, 1 bottle olive oil, 1 pack rice,  
1 pack spaghetti, 3 tins mandarin segments, 10 bin liners, and  
Martin Hides' sledge with petrol for the stove. GRACIAS.

Could someone going up to Top Camp tomorrow morning please come to pick me up.  
Preferably after I've read the rain gauge. Let's get lost together... & I hope the  
above list baits someone into looking after Ario (& its met station) when I'm off!  
G.W.

1st Aug. 1354h.

Had a 'get rid of El Jefe in style' day out yesterday. Most  
people got pissed on the beach & spent lots of energy building  
dams. Came back to Caugas & had a wash-up for 14 at the  
Pro Grande. Steve, Nicola & John W. stayed at Caugas in  
John's campervan, the rest of us came back up to Lagos.

This morning we all jarted about getting ready to  
plod back up the mountain in the mist. I entertained  
everyone by giving Fred a crew cut, which I think is  
very nice, but he does look a bit like an SS officer. Harge

### MESSAGE for HUTCH

Hutch's helmet, generator & belay belt are all in my  
George asbestos bag at the back of the green tent. Can whoever  
sees him first tell him this please?

My thanks for their use - sorry I couldn't have asked him.

I used them to go down Culmbro.

Best wishes to him, Ukey, Phil, St Diance -

as see you all evening!

Alfred

NEXT PEOPLE TO TOP CAMP

Please bring GAS (a big cylinder - two if poss.) + PETROL

Paul + Nicole up Friday pm taking general food.

Wed. 31st July

John W's van down early with Sue & Steve Davies to meet bus in Arriondas. Sat in bar most of morning and the bus to Hendaye departed eventually at 1110. Yellow van arrived with Steve R. + many others and then we all set off for the beach day at Ribadesella. This was a very pleasant day with much building of sandcastles against the rising tide, an alcoholic lunch on the beach leaving Fred flaked out for most of the afternoon. After a session at another bar/snack bar on the seafront returned to Cangas. The day was marred by the theft of John W's wallet containing Spanish & English money, credit cards, insurance documents, driving licence and passport - this has not been recovered. Evening meal in the Rio Grande in Cangas, then John W., Nicola & Steve R. departed in the camping van, camping near Arriondas ~~on the~~ just uphill from the Santander road. The site was pleasant but marred by several barking & howling dogs all night - Nicola had a vivid dream involving OVCC members dressed in black fannies, ears and dog face masks; you had to discriminate between these OVCC members and some real wild dogs mixed with them.

Thurs 1st August


Chauffeur trip to Santander to see Steve R. on the ferry. John W., Nicola & Steve R. Theft reported to Guardia Civil and replacement temporary passport obtained. Big shopping trip in Cangas on way back. F. is departed. La Jefa Nicola Rules OK? !!

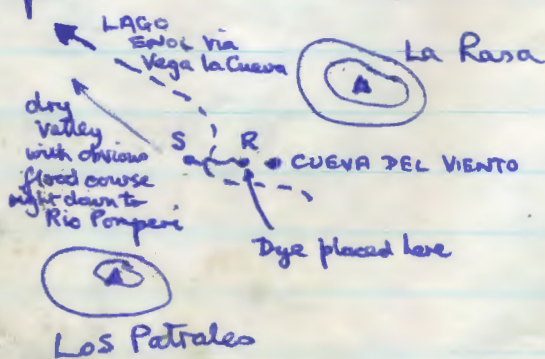
## Friday 2nd August

Culembro cave trip John W., Ian, Sean, William Iestyn. left 0855. Drive in camping van to Canamena. 2hr hike up Caves gorge - very hot. Luckily Iestyn knew where the cave entrance was. Cave trip until ~~2100~~ 2100. A superb cave. Walk back to bar, taking the scree path from the hydroelectric canal where the other path climbs <sup>Many songs sung on way.</sup> Session in bar until 2345. Drive back arriving at base camp 0130, with mist up the hill, but absolutely clear at base camp with full moon & prominent Jupiter.

Rhodamine still visible in sump. Dye detectors found high & dry and repositioned - see remarks in detector list on pp. 20., 21 of this log. ~~Card~~ Card arrived from Steve Galk, posted in Spain, with various queries & requests about weather recording & dye tracing. John W. will place Rhodamine B in Cueva del Viento resurgence as requested, on 3rd August.

## Saturday 3rd August

Sean, Ian, William, John W, Iestyn, Dave getting kit for next top camp caving. John W. placed 500 ml concentrated Rhodamine B solution in the resurgence just below Cueva del Viento 1500 3.8.85. This resurgence could not be fixed because of mist. However, its location is well known, since it was charted by the 1961 Expedition below C15 (Cueva del Viento). After a few cascades the stream crosses the main path then sinks. On the Picos de Cornion map it is marked as the spring symbol  midway between ~~Los Patrales~~ <sup>La Rasa</sup> and Los Patrales in a bend of the path:



The height of the resurgence is approx. 1310m

This dye injection was requested by Steve C. postcard.

Sean leaving tomorrow, so taken down by car to Arriandas tonight so as not to require ferrying tomorrow when carrying at top camp will be more profitable. Most of the current inhabitants of base camp ~~left the night~~ <sup>planned to leave</sup> for Arico or Top camp, late afternoon or early evening, but the atrocious drizzle prevented this. Ian, Iestyn, John & Bill <sup>planning to move up on Sunday</sup> slept at base, <sup>Duncan</sup> Phil <sup>arrived</sup> 2130. Waie, John H + 2 should arrive tomorrow.

4.8.85 Ian left for top camp, feeling a little ill. Iestyn, Bill also to top. John W. to Arico to get tent & kit, then to top. Phil in base camp. A small log book with mostly empty pages (from Steve Robert's box) has been found and is being taken to top by John W., with some fluorescein for F20 & 1/6 trace. Gas & jam is being taken to top. Jam is out at Base camp - more to be bought.

Wed Aug 7<sup>th</sup>

Phil, Ukey, John H & Duncan arrived Sun evening.

Ukey want to TC on Monday - too keen if you ask me.

Then I went shopping but everything was cerrado due to it being a Dia Festivo. Eventually I found an open shop & bought lot of wash much to their surprise.

People came <sup>down</sup> & went up, much toing & fro-ing. Spent most of Tuesday in the Maria Rosa. Wrote in the morning. G & T in the evening.



DYES put in: - (Detectors - see page 20/21)

Rhodamine B solution has been put in Cueva Culienbro (don't ask me why - I was foolishly following Steve Gales instructions...)

Rhodamine B also put in Cueva del Uenta (see page 37) - God knows why. Steve G apparently asked for this to be done ~~but~~ in his postcard. John W put it all in + I never knew anything about it until after it had all happened...

Fluorescein has been put in F20 streamway.

Rhodamine should have been put in Ridge Cave but the long + short of it is that Steve's ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> people to put Rhodamine in funny places + now we can't know ~~whether~~ <sup>where</sup> Rhodamine's been ~~used~~ traced from if it's put down Ridge as well...

DON'T put Fluorescein in Ridge Cave... please This will

totally fuck up every thing. As it is it's been pretty bugged for various reasons so please don't put Fluorescein anywhere else..

What's left to be done is a surface survey of F20 to Ridge Cave and 2/6 and F20 to Perdices.

These are all very important and would only take a day for all of them.

THURSDAY Aug 8th

QUOTE OF THE DAY By Duncan Giechris

"Are Mornfakes rationed?"

Yes - maximum one tin per person per day!

Thu 8/8/85 Galt's Ario with full gas cylinder (to be used as long as there's a stove there, then to go up to Top), some cinnamon (ditto) and jam (ditto), 2 bin liners & a loaf of bread (will be crushed by the time I arrive...).

Bye-bye, Ian & Iestyn & Martin H...

Gierhard

8-8-85

Okey - I have left my rusa in the back of the van { Green Jaguar 6 } Please give it a saucer of milk every night. It does not like holes nor detergent { no detergente! }

A PLEA!

CAN I HAVE A  
PROC 11 PLEASE!!

No the expedition doctor has gone now.

Since Martin etc departed, I've been alone (ie no Brits), so whilst arduously stitching pins in my flies (what a dirty mind you've got), I decided to make friends with the cows. They really do appreciate a nice soft kernal like this where nobody docks them away. At one stage I had 5 relaxed in the shade of the yellow van with tourists taking pictures of them. They are especially attracted by the luscious grass round the tents, and in this situation it is especially important to be gentle and understanding with them else one side of the tent loses its guy ropes in their buhking escape reaction, conditional by the nasty Spaniard who <sup>throw</sup> rocks at dumb animals. In fact most of the trouble stems from 5-year-old budding matadors who get kicks out of chasing these big docile creatures into a corner where the only way out is through a tent. Cutest of all are two <sup>male</sup> young calves, a he and her, who stand around together. What really grabs me is the way they sit down + get up on their elbows. They do look so cuddly!

SO PLEASE BE NICE TO THE COWS, THEY ARE MY FRIENDS.

Yes, I did have a brochilla de terrosa for lunch.

Anybody seen any entomological pens?

I've just tidied up the green tent looking for them. I midwife, tool found. All other loose items are in a serge big cardboard box on your right

LOOSE EQPT IN STORE  
TENT

New horizons in expedition cuisine as Phil discovers  
**TOAST!!!**  
 yum yum.

SUNDAY Aug 11<sup>th</sup>

Margot + me (PMS) down from TC. bringing Dave's tent (fucked by wind - it's all those chick peas), 3½ hours, getting this walk well known now. Met PD on the way. Appreciate the nice tidy stove tent.

RAIN GAGE  $\leftrightarrow$  ALIO  $\rightarrow$  1.10 mm  $\leftarrow$  brought down in (damp, shaken) water bottle + measured at Lagos.

We found Belay listening to Bruce Springsteen and sorted my Vango #4 for him to take to top camp.

Sympathetic until the dreaded mist appeared, which did have the pleasant effect of chasing away the spanish grockles with their barbecues & tables & chairs. -hooray!

Both of us had just had a total body wash (it is Sunday after all!) when we were greeted by two old Lags. I'll leave them to add their bit now.

\*

Nostalgia isn't what it used to be but the weather up at the lakes doesn't seem to have changed much since 1973-76. (also 77, 79, 81, 83). Mike Cowlishaw and Bill Collis of ex OCCC expeditions fame still cannot resist the lure of spanish limestone. 2. cavers aren't capable of megagalactic discoveries but interesting points are as follows:-

In 1975 OUCC applied for permission to explore caves of the Latarma valley .. Astoria / Santander. Permission for the Santander part was not very forthcoming due to various misunderstandings and OUCC did no more than walk up the valley one afternoon. However Bill & Mike, never accepting no for an answer did some surreptitious exploration of their own whilst badgering SESS for a regular permit.

To cut a long story short the Comaria & Toyu caves were surveyed in 1979-1983. Cabañuca in near Suvias was surveyed in 1975. The spanish group STD surveyed La Huerta and Torca del hoyo las Muñecas 1981-1985. The latter is 223 m deep and over 4km long. See enclosed survey of Toyu and read Proc OUCC 8.

A good thru trip is to be had in ~~Buesa~~ Puroa cave (El cueron dela Purneda) (Proc OUCC 6). Nice big walking cave with 2 pitches (doubled 30m <sup>SRT</sup> rope useful) lots of cascades and pools. Wet suit essential. Exit from lower entrance through steep bracken and gorse rather unpleasant.

They had never heard of Manflake Oats !!!!

They conveyed the useful information that GINGER is a good accompaniment for chickpeas.

It's really nice to be clean again, even if it is all claggy

here - cold etc. Extremely Lagosish.  
 Bill & Mike say that electric fence jobs are  
 for sale "everywhere". Perhaps we should investigate this  
 \*ie. Cangas.

Excellent chickpea veggie <sup>curry</sup> stew - thank you Phil D.  
 for leaving them soaked (& part cooked).

Monday 12 August

07-55 It is now 30 minutes since Margot woke the entire  
 to campsite; running around stark naked, screaming. But I will  
 let her tell her own story...

Fucking bastard shitty sodding 'orrible bloody cow!  
 For the third time tonight, the same dull brown cow  
 with no bell, had walked straight into the kitchen  
 tent. The first time, I managed to persuade it to  
 come out the way it had gone in. The second time  
 the sight of Phil, naked except for wellies, was  
 obviously too terrifying (maybe it was a sheep in a  
 former life), so it took the short cut straight  
 out of the back left hand corner, bending the corner  
 en route. By the third time it knew it didn't need  
 the door, & went straight for the back, it was at  
 this point that I ran around shouting, & so did  
 Phil, which awoke the entire campsite, who all  
 got up, to watch two english eccentrics running  
 naked round their tents in some obscure dawn  
 ritual, screeching "oh god, oh jesus" "Fuck" etc...  
 Then, ably abetted by two nearby spaniards' dog  
 we rounded all the cows up & drove them  
 away (after pausing to put a few clothes on!). Damage to  
 tent & contents is surprisingly little, BUT how many  
 nights of this can it take? As I'm going shopping today  
 I think I may well buy some grenades, or the Cong

desired elect - 'nice!

eggs. <sup>red</sup> hickpeas intact. <sup>boiled</sup> Spuds ok (drained).  
Total Damage (apart from tax) 1 copy 2000 KD (trod on), 1  
gas cooker (parts rearranged).

The guilty cow is, as I said before a dull fawn - not pretty like some - has no bell, & is not scared of people as much as the others, it is also fatter. John Huteh may think it is friendly, compared to the others it probably is, as it isn't frightened, but PLEASE do not encourage the beast. Once cows realise that they are 10x bigger & stronger than people, we're out a loser.

Mashed Gaz stove with wellie + powerful fingers. Made & Ate tortillas. Margot gave shopping. Place infested with calves. Yesterday I found an expln Tstiv (Red, L) & Sweatstiv (grey) with a pie midden ~~and~~ obiv. Have hung up in mess tent.  
Calf now eating guyrope.



Cartback address for Bill + Mike in back of book -  
TODAYS RECIPE.

Take 2 eggs, sake figante, pepper, salt and sunflakes, a little  
oil. Mix up sufficient HF. to make something that resembles food dye.  
Inji diu ! (Bevoe <sup>green</sup> green).

## MARGOT RETURNS:

POSTCARDS now 35pts (2x17pts)

On the way down from Top Camp I stumbled across 4/9 marked this year with 2 green splotches and a boulder worth of writing. Last year Inge was very insistent that the rocks not be painted ~~and~~ and I must say that this ~~is~~ really was an eyesore ~~is~~ and on the main path between the two local Refugios. The purpose of the marking should not be to help you find some worthless hole in the mist ~~to~~ (which paint isn't very good at doing anyway), but to stop you wasting further time exploring a hole that goes nowhere. May I suggest therefore that:

- 1) The writing be made smaller. This may mean you have to use stencils rather than freehand with ~~spray paint~~ - or even a brush.
- 2) The writing be put <sup>just</sup> into the cave so that it cannot easily be seen <sup>by the casual walker</sup> ~~from above~~ but is immediately apparent to anyone ~~even~~ peering down.

Definitely!  
Mrs.

I quite agree - this paint, though, needs some time to get used to. At my third inscription I still made a splashy mess of my hands, waterproof & miscac. Yaw,

Bury afternoon. Sealed up low's entrance to tent & wrote NO VACCAS outside. unbent the bent poles & re-pitched tent. Bought a cow bell in Cangas to act as a burglar alarm in front of tent at night. Had a visit from some Spanish eaves from Valencia, don't know what we talked about but it seemed quite interesting at the time! They gave us a VERY Posh Joun.



Mon 11/8/85 G.W. down from Top (got very lost in drizzly mist, visibility 20m most of the way) with the intention of carrying up duracells, lamp spores, pulleys & food. Won't make it to Top tonight though, - going to stay at Arvo overnight. Found no duracells at all.

To be (bought and) taken up to Top:

- BDH - cont. full of  $CaCl_2$  sitting next to the ton
- fresh veg.
- eggs
- tinned fish & calamaries (lots) x15
- chocolate (lots) Nestlé
- cinnamon
- jam & marg.
- any pulleys & duracells (i.e. unused ones) that turn up anywhere!!
- some tinned meat might still be nice, also tinned mangoes & grapefruit segments - the latter aren't desperate yet.
- Stevens & Lebold, Wine & Dine bags
- Some loo paper
- chocolate spread
- lemon juice
- Teak coffee bag
- Motico (another ~~big~~ big tin)
- more bread
- possibly a couple of (decent!) saddlebags

'OUR' cow.

FAT BELLY

muddy colour (v. pretty!)

TAIL SLUNG CASUALLY OVER RUMP.

If you see this cow, tie a bell on it, with a very distinctive note for instant identification.

NO BELL



Dumped rubbish, filled watercontainers. (One has hole, row in Morochal too)

Sent GN. cpts Ario carrying a vast quantity of stuff.  
Then sent (sequel in next year's Base Camp logbook!)

Who said guarding base camp was boring? This morning not only did 'our cow' keep us occupied again at 7.45 am (near entry this time avoiding the trap wire to the bugler alarm), but later the bulls kindly put on a show. The events were announced by a loud bellowing accompanied by the bull energetically pawing the ground near the phuser dome. At this time it was walking directly towards me in the cab of the van and I was vaguely wondering why ~~the~~ a bull should think a yellow van to be another bull worth chasing when it trotted swiftly past towards the other performer a more solid less agile beast with a big black eye. A bit more clearing of the ground and then whomph as horn met horn and they staggered all over the campsite, locked in combat, earth flying from their hooves. By this time they were encircled by a ring of Spanish & German photographers. The ring was wisely a long way away from the bulls. As if a bit self-conscious about this voyeurism the bulls then ceased to engage in head to head combat but ~~near~~ merely jostled for position in a side on posture. Very very timidly the boy from the bear, armed with a stick, gently persuaded the pair to drift up the hill their bellows echoing round the mountains for long afterwards.



Are people aware that quite close to at the end of the Vega Alameda there is a cave marked in the Lueje map as Cueva los Perdices?

We changed the ~~name~~ name of FUS6 so may I suggest that we change our name for this cave also to avoid mega-confusion. As far as I know the name has not yet been published in a Proc. *Yes it has in Proc 11!*

Went shopping. The Garz/bluet van does not arrive on a Tuesday until 10:15 or so, so despite being in Cangas at 0850, we did not get an early start.

Clay down at Lagos, lunch + Mazot kipped for 90mins. Now to Top Camp! Mazot with v. light sack to encourage speed... [16:25 PMS]

Thu 15-8-85

Talking up to Top: about 20 tins Mandarin Orange Segments

9 bags 7-minutes-ready-dishes (Berens & Lofield = Wine & Dine)

1 smallish tin of Matico

lots of eggs (at least they're still egg-shaped at the moment...)

Yerba

or so I thought...

Song

To the tune of '10 green bottles'

One Brandy bottle sitting on a bench

One Brandy bottle sitting on a bench

But if that brandy bottle should accidentally fall

Then 5 english caves will laugh forever more!

Raced off with this not too heavy load at 6<sup>pm</sup>. Had I been heading for Aris I would have made it in less than 2½ hours my second best time so far. But fate would have it otherwise. At 8<sup>pm</sup> I was just below the Aris Met. station, took out my compass and

veered off into the mist, gently meandering between S and W. My bearing should have taken me to the Vega de Miseda (or across some known point before) within 1 1/2 hours, even walking slowly through the gathering gloom, but half past ten I still hadn't ~~seen~~ caught a glimpse of any familiar landmark. I called the trip off and had a rest (and one tin of mandarin orange segments - my stomach was getting rebellious) and even in the sheltered corner where I was sitting I was shortly convinced that I had little chance to survive a night sitting in the wind. So I shouldered my pack again, settled for NE ~~and~~ and stuck to this stubbornly, unless the landscape left me no choice but to detour. At midnight my headtorch went out. This at least had been foreseen and I fumbled about to get ~~the~~ my last Duracell into place. Several ups and downs later and after a frightening appearance of a glowworm-like Jupiter through the receding cloud I finally hit the Lagos path again. It was 2:30 am and I was just above the "junction", not far from Sod 2 - much lower than I would have thought possible. By the way, the double arrow at the junction has been rebuilt and is now 2 pebbles longer than before. The top of the cloud <sup>had followed me down to</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>this</sup> level and there it stayed.

I decided that knocking at the door of the Refugio at 3:30 am and waking everybody up wasn't on, and <sup>so</sup> turned downhill. Below Bobias the path is a revolting slimy slippery mess of quicksand plus cowshit and I nearly fell into this several times. (Haven't checked yet how many of the eggs have survived the trip.) Arrived at the Camp, navigating across from the foot of the path by mere guessing, at 4:15 and found: food tent open, store tent open, bread and nonempty billy sitting in the kitchen tent - obviously to attract the cows. You're doing really everything to make their life easy!! Decided to play cow myself and finish the stew off, starved as I ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup>. Net result: lovely 10 hrs walk, about a dozen stars sighted, my burden relieved by the contents of two fruit tins and one (self-sponsored) Marathon bar; knees and ankles benumbed, back aching - and if I hadn't felt ill to begin with. I should've listened to you and ~~stayed~~ <sup>stayed till</sup> the morning. Well "wer nicht hore will, muß fühlen" ...

Fri 16 Aug: - PMS.

Down first yesterday from TC  $\Rightarrow$  Cangas to get line for carlette technique on Fred's folly; but it was 1578/85!! (TFOTAOT<sup>B</sup>/VM). Will use the green washing line instead (bought by Margot for route finding in F20). John (who was running a slight fever) & myself tried to measure this & got into a hopeless tangle: Between 100m & 200m long I think. Fred + Ukey took it up. Then got drunk with the rest of the bunch.

12:40 This morning I moved the kitchen (a "navis" tent) out of the swamp & began washing up. John is in one of the "small caves near Osta" - see Proc. 9. - callout for him midnight tonight. A small pupper has stolen one of our greasies!

14:30 Wow. What a day. The most exciting thing I did was to watch the lentils boil. Wance. Humah. Ho hum. serves you right, you should have gone caving.  
**John came back.** we ate lentils. We went to bed.

SAT 17 AUG 1985 - PMS.

Con. 0700. Went back to sleep. 0900: John goes off bughunting in Vega la Camera in the Renault. The arrangement is that he gets back by 1300, then I dash up to TC to do a carry down of gear - or, I will go up as soon as anyone else comes down to relieve me.

Nothing to do. Camp tidy after yesterday's blitz. Fiddish Medikit a bit. Bright sun, clear sky, perfect visibility, quite unlike yesterday.

JUAN JOSE GONZALEZ SUAREZ called:

People in team: 550m single shaft of  $\sim$  330m at bottom of  
: PORN de OLISEDA  
3, 80m before Uchu to Snow (250m pitch) Now Madrid' owned now 703m deep  
This is one of Juan's, now the property of Madrid!

Juan was very complimentary about Oxford in general. They are constructing a database or a catalogue of all the 3000 Pico caves

and he would like very much full sets of our Proc's (letters already sent to SFR). I gave him Urs's address as exp'd secretary as well, just in case anything got lost in the Metallurgy portal system.

He said that YUCC + Madrid are currently working near Carband, but he does not know the dates. He was on the Eric Vogel rescue, and he said Manchester (Trevor) gave a hand, but only 4 of them could do SET. (whoops).

He was interested in 3/5 (Caracots) connection and very much would like a full survey with the 12/5 entrance as it too. I told him all about Steve Gale being in Cambridge, not Oxford, and said that was why things were slow.

I forgot to ask him about The World Congress next year - but his English is very good. He is currently fully involved with some project in the central Proc's over the next couple of weekends, and works during the week.

He was worried about the OUCC/SIE "border" because it is set in a lot of very old letters and is somewhat fuzzy - he would like it "tightened up" somehow - maybe we should shaft back a surface survey along it? (my idea).

He was very pleased that we had 2 r600 in deep pots and was doing such good work, even though we had such a small area this year (about which he felt a little guilty?). He was extremely complimentary about our precise surveys.

He wants us to contact all old Oxford logs to dredge up all possible info. for his computer database. I gave him Mike Conlisk's address (he remembered the name too).

He said that BEIDGE CAVE was ours and that he was telling 'Leon' to keep their paws off it.

We discussed the Perdies / Hoya de Budo dye trace with scepticism.

Perhaps we should send him a letter at the end of the exptn listing our discoveries?

He said people from Leon had found a 330 m single shaft at Pozo de Oliseda (bottomed at -550 m) this Summer. This is now the largest single shaft in the picos (he said the largest pitch in Cabeza Muxa was only 220 m - surely it could be rigged larger?)

I told him about 3/5 and how we pushed it beyond SIE, and he said it was a 'real English Cave' then. I also described the rift in F20 to him.

~~F20~~ Upon his seeing ~~his~~ my butterfly net I had a laborious session with ① a park warden ② his ~~job~~ <sup>job</sup> summoned by walking talkie and ③ his teenage daughter who spoke a little English. The trouble was that instead of meekly accepting the handout handed out to people with butterfly nets, I proudly, almost smugly, produced my authorisation. But the eagle-eyed fellow noticed that it was dated 1984. Apparently I needed a new one for 1985. I am ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> miffed of O'neils etc. Surely that I hadn't applied this year because this year I was letting everything go (I hoped he wouldn't look in my knapsack at the rows of tubes of struggling insects). But in the end thanks to his charming daughter, and <sup>perhaps</sup> my ~~the~~ address including 'B.A' and 'University of' he wrote ~~the~~ out the necessary

addendum ~~to~~ to the authorization and it all ended in much hand shaking and smiles and 'buono's etc. They were obviously nice people but their attitude did rather remind me of the 'more than my jobsworth' librarian who is more interested in ~~the~~ the interests of the books than the readers. One might suppose they would welcome ~~an~~ entomologists willing to work on their wretched fauna! As it is permission, if sought through the official channels, takes ~~over~~ 2 months to arrive.

Thought for the day 19/8/85

"The trouble is, if you're constipated, it makes your knees ache." Margot

Tue 20/8/85 Hoyo la Madre, Dye Detecting, 4<sup>th</sup> of last time this year

This time my "guest" was John Hutchinson, who found a real paradise - from Belbin onwards there was nothing that could have stopped his enthusiasm. In the gorge the by now well-established BST\* was again applied, though by me less successfully than last time - I hit a pebble rather too violently & now my left buttock is hurting badly.

Found all 'ectors, including the YUCPC one, in place - decided that the York people must be leaving soon or have left already and probably have tried in vain to find their thing. So we took it out to have it brought or mailed to them later. It's in the dye 'testing box now.

Please keep it upright if at all possible.

I left JH down there at half past three with a view on making it back in time for a swim in Enol, but ended up festering at the campsite. Oh me dirt...

Y.W.

\* Bum Sliding Technique



20.8.85 COULIEMBRO

Phil R., Duncan, Fred, Ukey. 4 hours.

Well, we found the dye detector a good foot above the water, and a lot of rhodamine lingering in static pools which would have been upstream of the detector if the sump had been flowing (if it's a rising sump as P.R. thinks). The quantities of dye about were unrightly and must surely have been unnecessary. We also found a raggedy old detector washed up on the edge - could this be the missing one from '83

After a lot of grovelling around finding loops and different ways to get to the same places, and after everyone except Phil had had a good go at falling down something (Duncan dented his leg) we found the cordelette climber up. As it was quite late (we didn't get underground till about 6.00 p.m., for a number of reasons including the late return the previous night of Phil & Fred from their second carry of the day) we didn't go on up. The cordelette was twisted and jammed so we left the rope (15m PMI) in place for next year: it should survive the winter OK.

Out quickly to a wonderful warm scented night, & back to the van by about midnight. We even found ourselves a café to sell us coffees, beers and casadillas at quarter to one in the morning!

Gerhard says that a ten foot hole is no good because you can't see it growing.



Best wishes for the rest of the

Expedition.

no Plymouth

Go Deep Omega's!

BRITTANY FERRIES

M.V. QUIBERON

Longueur 129m. largeur 21,06m. vitesse 20 noeuds

Nombre de passagers 1143

Length 129m. width 21,06m. speed 20 knots

number of passengers 1143

Dear Carers,

We have been having a great time eating our way across the Bay of Biscay & the English Channel. Tried to sleep out on deck but had to move in at 3a.m. when it started raining. Reelling in the luxury of meals with knives and forks; water at the turn of a tap and showers with real hot water & soap. Quite a good way of easing you back into civilisation really...

The horrors of work & social behaviour are beginning to dawn on the 3d w though which is appalling but... we will manage it somehow. Quite a good idea to have a cabin for one, and all the others can then use the showers, etc.

William, Nicole, & John

John (thanks for putting up with me - I've enjoyed it immensely, think I was useful in a small way, and have profound respect for everyone)



Editions d'Art "JACK" 22700 Louanneq mobile deposit - production in circuit

Ursula Collie,  
O.U.C.C. Expedition Jefa,  
Lista de Correos,  
Cangas de Onis,  
ASTURIAS,  
ESPAÑA.

DEPTH THROUGH THOUGHT de