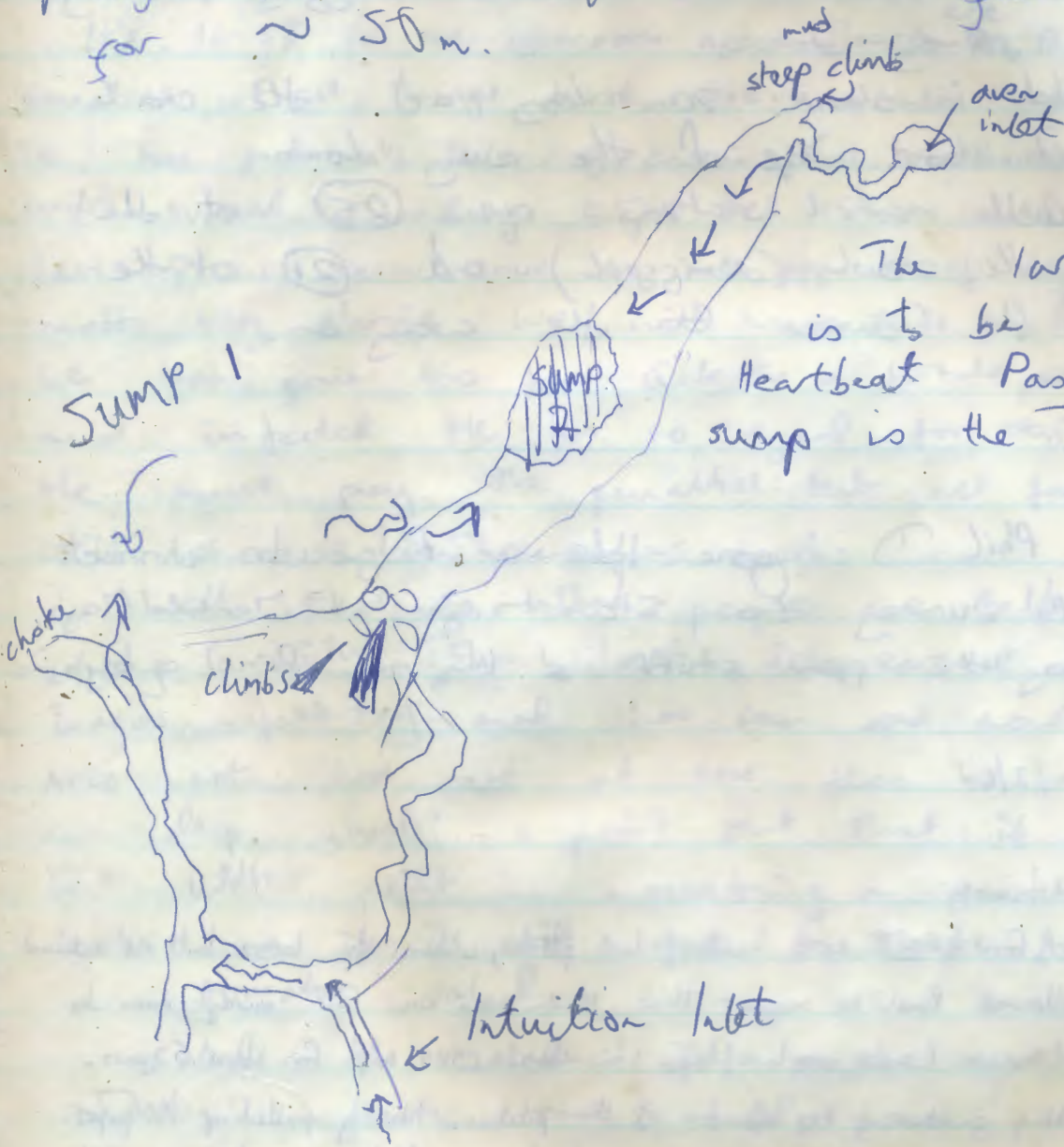


before the sump. About 15m up is a fossil passage off to the left. We followed this down into a large chamber with the stream at the bottom. After 50m of large passage there is a large sump pool but the large passage continues with an inlet flowing along for ~ 50m.



The large passage is to be known as Heartbeat Passage. The sump is the Topographic Ocean.

24th July 2/6

Dave H. Phil D. Ray - Surveying a pushing trip

Interesting surveying down the big advance pitch, hanging for hours at all the rebays. The rest of the cave was easy to survey most of the legs being vertical. At the bottom of the pitch rigged with old Marlow

(61)

There is an obvious survey station marked with a cross and an 'S'. The next pitch is gained by traversing around the corner to the left. Originally, the cave continued down a \checkmark long pitch to a tight crawl. We surveyed down to here as well before derigging, leaving another obvious survey station.

The new pitch is about 70m long and the crawl connects into it about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way down.

The two well marked stations are (25) at the beginning of the crawl (derigged) and (21) at the beginning of the traverse to the way on.

26th July 1980

Dave H. & Phil D gone down Ridge to connect Uhen's, Dave's & Paul's survey to Steve Meyer's & Martin May's and to survey the new stuff a bit to find a bypass

25th July 2/6.

Paul Cooper & Martin Lavery.

Took new 9mm rope, food & outside to head of last pitch, where the loose bolt & awkward takeoff & lack of bolts allowed Paul to suggest that Martin was now fair enough down to begin practising sit stand (sanity at last!) on his first SRT trip for about 5 years. ~ 6 hrs in all, including gardening top of one of the pitches - having pulled up the rope.

Dave Rose, Ian Houghton. 25-6 July. F20 17 1/2 hours

A NIGHT IN AMNESIA

It's 14-38 in the afternoon now. There ^{are} Ricard, sun, tomatoes. First things first: STEVE GALE IS A PSYCHOPATH. He has put 4 1/2 kilos of carcinogenic rhodamine in Orca and turned Covadonga bright red. This could be our last Picos season: ICONA do not approve of dyeing Spain's most holy shrine. We will have this prick. This time he has gone too far. Gale is a fistula, ~~and~~ festering and infected. He has no regard for the human race. He must pay the penalties: but all fear that it will be we who suffer most.

Well. That is what people are talking about, along with John Wilcock's disappearance. The rest of Lagos yesterday and has been seen nowhere: not at Aris, not here, not at base. Has he fallen down a deep shaft? I point out that if he has, there is little point in mounting a search. But that looks as if it will come to that. After I make a tomatoe salad.

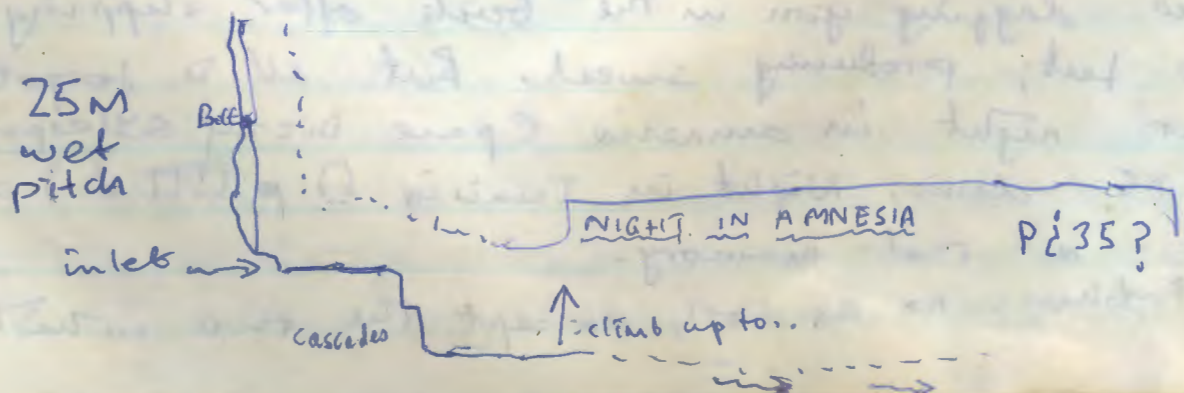
Salads. Ah, salads. Life, on the surface. Last night I know we had no salad, but I recall little else. F20 is a cave. It has an entrance series, then many rifts. They pass: dragging you in the back after slipping a few feet; producing sweat, but all is forgotten. Our night in amnesia (pace Dizzy Gillespie's 1945 classic, Night in Tunisia ~~of p. 111 d~~) is not a real memory.

Problem: no anchors, except the two which

Can had secreted about his person. so we could not do very much. we went down the wet pitch, ignoring the v. poor bolt of the previous team, Can using his anchors speedily and judiciously. It was about 25 m, to a big wet chamber with an inlet. Cascades: comfy, exciting: perhaps some roamy streamway to a series of big pitches riggable from naturals? Alas, no. The worst rift yet: tightest, and covered with lacerating crystals. Worse than Hammer Pot. After tearing ^{off} the top off my overcoat it allowed us access to the top of a pitch, below which things looked bigger again.

Here I espied a climb up and after 10 m hit the roof - a ~~co~~ larger, easier tube leading to the top of the same pitch. ∴ needing both. We followed it back to the end of the cascades and ~~climbed~~ climbed a long way down to the stream - a handline would be useful.

This will be the route to be used. Then exit: many squares of ~~chocolate~~ chocolate, bread, marmalade. Did ~~the~~ the entrance series in 75 minutes. 7 hours out from the bottom - still reasonable for the party free of cork-ups. Got, 600 kcal. There is a lot of rope at the bottom which we could have used. If F20 goes into FU56 I will be astonished.



I've added a further name. The long and
distant passage between Blasphemy and Earnest is
to be known as THE LAND OF SPIKES.

26/7 Quotation of the Day:

Paul "... 'cos it's a scrofulous little hole!" (Cooper)
(Your doctor advises you to avoid F20.)

27/7 ~~Fred~~ Dave "If ever there was a Beam-me-up-Scottie place
its the bottom of F20" Rose

24/7 John Wilcock and Graham ~~Parker~~ ^{Naylor} arrived at Base Camp
from the ferry after traffic jams at Torrelavega and
So Vicente de la Barquera. At Cangas had large shopping trip
after customary visit to the Bar Rio Grande for tortillas and wine.
On the way up in the mist met five coaches coming down all
at the most hair-raising cornice bends with us on the outside -
quite a driving experience with the van. Brought out from Oxford
Graham + kit + remaining food (1 box Marmalades, 3 John West fruit),
+ large box of rope and other gear from Lyon Ladders). This rope
was immediately set upon and transported up to top camp
by Ian, Dave & others, since rope was at a premium. Graham
also went to top camp.
John W.

24/25.7 Found everybody subdued and listless at base camp.
The reasons for this are obvious from reading this log - three
major pots c. 500m in progress, and trips of long duration
and great severity. Also some near disasters - Fred and his
boulder, stitches, X-rays, cut hands, overdue trips and "rescue" trips,
not to mention lack of transport due to the demise of the Yellow

Van — my compliments and respect to you, ladies and gentlemen. Keep up the exploration pressure!

There does seem to have been a long delay from the start of the expedition in laddering (oops — you can see my age showing!), or tackling these pots, however, and there is a notable reluctance to mount trips, especially to F20, until 11am or 12 noon.

On the morning of 25/7 the diving expedition arrived (Danny + Co), but without decompression tables! A visit was made to the upper bar, which was crowded because it was the Fiesta del Pastor in Vega Enol + holy day in Coradonga (the Rhodamine B carcinogenic "Blood of Christ" episode was highly irresponsible, especially since the through connection was already proved). The whole of the Vega de Enol, Eraina and intervening roads were jam-packed with cars and many coaches — most depressing. I walked round lake Enol to the Enol refuge (1961 Expedition Base) for old time's sake and found things much changed. There were no such crowds in 1961 — there was no metalled road above the farms at the second Z-bend out of Coradonga, and no road to the Enol refuge. The large crowds were watching horse races, and there a few, obviously artificial folk groups in traditional dress + bagpipes, and many beer tents. Quite spilt from 1961, when it was a simple feast for the shepherds, who came with their sheep, I played bagpipes, danced and got drunk!

John W.

25/26.7 "A Silver Return" Random meanderings in the Picos — a comedy of errors with a much-travelled pack.

Left 2.30 pm from Lago for a trip to Top Camp. This was my first attempted port direct from Base Camp to Top Camp. All went well until BC3, although it was extremely hot for

and legs were weak due to lack of altitude acclimatisation. Left Arico path near top of BC3 where the Central Massif peaks come into view (later than the approved point at the base of BC3 by the sheepfolds, I now know).

I had remembered from my two previous visits to top camp, albeit from Arico, to "keep high", and keep high I did, ~~but~~ confused El Joon for Torcada Blanca. I soon found myself looking down on the pass at El Joon, the large snowfield / ~~slope~~ slope of which looks remarkably similar to the one behind top camp. Mistaking this for Joes de Pena Blanca I then went lower, expecting to find top camp "just round the corner". As the light faded I pitched camp on a grassy knoll below what I now know to be El Regallon, about 1 km from top camp and 100m lower. Actually I spent a good night, since I had tent, airbed, two sleeping bags (inner & outer), water and iron rations with me. Earlier I had seen two large groups of rebecca, and the night was very still, with half moon and rebecca grazing around my tent later on. I had a superb sleep.

Arising at 7.30 am on the 26th I persisted with my quest for top camp. Believing myself to be east of top camp (the view of La Verdelluenga + spike ~~was~~ was not yet correct) I went west over extremely arduous country. By the time the view of La Verdelluenga + spike became correct, I was on Conjurao ridge ~~was~~, but north of the pots 1/6 and Ridge. There was still no view of top camp (I was too low). Before long it became obvious that the ground was falling away to the north west, obviously wrong, and to compound it all mist descended. Later on it cleared momentarily to give me a surprisingly dramatic view of ~~the~~ Santa ^{Maria de End}, which of course I recognised. I got a compass fix on this before mist descended yet again. I decided that the best plan would be to make for the Arico path and Arico itself, where I guessed I would be looked for. So I descended to Vega las Fuentes (the water was beautifully sweet to my parched throat

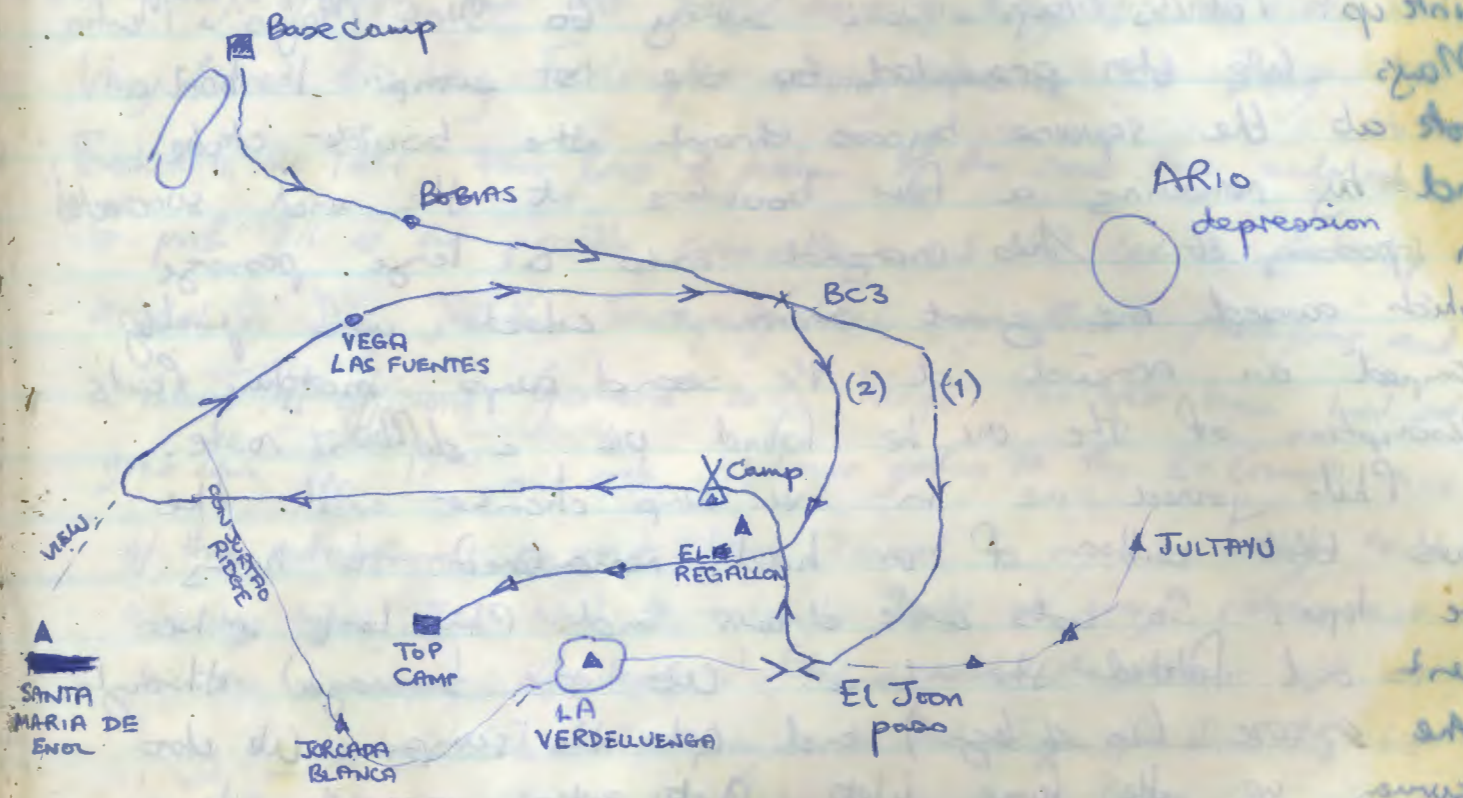
and lips) from where there is an easy track to the base of BC3 on the Aris path. I was sitting there waiting to see if anybody came up or down, when Jonathan C. arrived. He gave me some Tuna, then showed me the first stages of the direct top camp route (a winding gorge up the hill) but then left to contact other members of the expedition. We could see a route from top camp to Aris. Actually I might still have not found top camp, since this was becoming very much like last time round, had not I shouted and been contacted by two other members out looking in Vega Aliseda. Gerhard was very kind in giving me some Bobias water and carrying my pack in the last stages. Bravo, gentlemen, and thanks for putting up with my inadequacies. It could so easily have been worse. Top camp was like an ~~oasis~~ ^{oasis} in the stony wastes. What a way to treat a pair of boots, and I am not 24 any longer!

The lesson (moral) to be learnt from this exercise is that everybody not completely sure of the route to top camp must be accompanied by somebody who does, even in good weather conditions. Unaccompanied persons could easily break a leg, or worse fall down a pot, and nobody would be any the wiser.

This was a record 30 hour trip Base to Top Camp (excluding Ukey's 3 day effort).

Approximate map of John's tour of the Picos (estimated at 25 Km) plus pack:

(Not to scale)



Well, I hope you all have a good laugh! I saw many shafts en route (wish I could remember exactly where they were), rebecca, millenkarran and kamentzas of supobe forms, etc. I also know much more about the topography of the top camp area! PS the German 1938 map of the Picos is awful and the Xeroxed one not much better.
 John

27/7 Take note — food tent has now been cleaned out and reorganised. Lets hope it stays that way for a while!

VEG.	MORN FLAKES
POST EIN	BREAD
CAVE FOODS	DRINKS & MILK
	PASTA/CHICKEN/RICE/SOUPS & PLANTAINES
	FIRST AID KIT

Bag rolls have all been moved to green tent near bog path — more convenient & more hygienic.

John

