MATIENZO CAVES PROJECT

LOGBOOK

Year: 1974

Season: summer

Logbook pages scanned to jpg then combined into a pdf file using http://smallpdf.com/

Juan Corrin, January 2015

WEDNESDAY 24 JULY

I got up at half past five (!) to catch the 6:26 train from Bridlington to Hull, then Hull to Doncaster, Doncaster to Kings Cross, underground to Victoria, and then on to Gatwick Airport. While checking-in at the airport I realise that most of the people on the flight are Spanish. Still the flight went very well, very smooth – in a Comet 4B. I arrived in Bilbao at 6 o'clock local time and got a taxi into the city centre. Spent most of the night looking for somewhere to sleep as I went round the bars and then :-

THURSDAY 25 JULY

– at 12 o'clock a brass band strikes up in a park by the river. I look in my Spanish phrase book and find that its a festival day – Santiago. This goes on till half past one with all the Spanish having a reet good do. Anyway it eventually quietens down, and as it is beginning to rain, I decide that the bandstand would be the best place to sleep. At 4 o'clock two policeman come into the bandstand to shelter from the rain, they shout at me but when I said 'Ingles' they ignored me. I spent much of the rest of the day waiting at Estacion de Achuri for Dave Rowlands who has come from England by train. He arrives at about half past three

in the afternoon, and as the Santander train does not leave for a couple of hours we visit a few more bars. We caught the train at ten minutes to 6 and eventually arrived at Gibaja. From there we went on by bus to Ramales where we started walking, trying to hitch a lift. After a few minutes a man and his wife stop. It turns out that they live in Matienzo but are going to a dance in Riba first. He takes us into the bar and buys us each a jerez but before we can finish it he takes us to the dance and tries to introduce us to a group of girls. Unfortunately we can't speak much Spanish and they can't speak English apart from one from Newry in Ireland, so that was a bit of a non-event. After a while the man comes back and takes us on to Matienzo, to a bar near the centre of the village. We drink there till about quarter to twelve and learn that the camping site is about 2 kilometres further along the road. Eventually we passed the right bar just as a Mexican is coming out. He can speaks English so he shows us to the camping site where he is camping as well, and we pitch our own tent.

FRIDAY 26 JULY

We got up about 10 o'clock and got some Kas and bread from the bar, which we ate while sunbathing. At about 12 o'clock we set off for a walk to have a look round. But as we start walking along the road along comes Lank and Milly. We go into the bar and have a few cervazas. The rest of the afternoon was spent getting water, finding Curavaneso, swimming in the river, trying pasakola and know Milly has cooked dinner so I must stop writing and start eating. Pete Smith

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Tuesday night.

(Tried to...) Sleep on a bench, (then on the platform), at Victoria station, London, but without much luck, being cold & kept awake by the performances of sundry hippies, etc., including 2 Pakistinis who insisted on a fist fight in the midst of the sleeping hordes. There was an old lady who was quite at home: making curious screeching noices & patting a non-existent dog & cat; and amazingly (after asking if the coppers were about) stood up, raised her long skirt, & peed on the platform, to the embarassment & amusement of all concerned.

After a nice boat trip & train journey, got to Paris, then by train to a pouring rain in Irun. Spanish customs held up

everyone by searching all the luggage, but with aching back & hands (= suitcase) I struggled to San Sebastian & to the local station. I waited at the tumbledown shack, amidst the rotting vegetation & grass-grown railway tracks, & eventually asked a local where the billetes dispacio office was. He read a notice on the door & said the line was closed for repairs. I resigned myself to the fact that I'd never reach Bilbao (not to mention Matienzo). After a long time, I discovered I'd come to a branch line of the main station, & eventually found the real ticket office & got a third class cattle wagon to Bilbao; (it brought memories of Ffestiniog narrow gauge railway and Snowdon) - but after 4 hours of slatted bench seats I was sore & depressed; the window was wide open, it was raining, and the window was stuck and wouldn't go up, and it was cold. An English N.U.S. couple came along as far as Deva: I explained about the potholers but said I was mainly coming for the sun (!?) and it was then I had my doubts about the holiday.

Being St. James's Day most bars & all shops were shut. At Bilbao station I hobbled off the train, loaded up my gear, & wondered where to kip for the night (Ramales & Matienzo seemed out of the question) - Then I had visions of a gringo, (sun hat, camera & all) rushing towards me, & it seemed not ~~too~~ such a bad day after all. The sun began to shine, & Pete & I had a few drinks in sawdust floored bars & shared ~~tal~~ tales of the Arabian Nights - each other's stories sounding more

incredible than the next. Things were bucking up. We got the train in beautiful sunshine to Ranales, in luxuriant 2nd class seats – after 2 nights without sleep I kept nodding off. We both thought we must have ~~past~~ passed Gibaja, (the stations have the annoying habit of not stating where the hell they are). We stopped again, and suddenly saw the sign: GIB... We jumped up, scrambled our gear off the racks & dived off the train, and onto the bus.

From Ranales we started walking, and with all our gear it was pretty rough. We cursed one bloke who beeped his horn & sped past, but blessed him when he reversed & picked us up. This fellow drove like a madman & spoke as fast as Stanley Unwin. It was no comprendo on both sides but we had a laugh at each other & he & his wife were very kind. At Riba we got out. As we began to trudge on, we got the message that he wanted us to come for a drink, then he bundled us onto the festival dance floor in front of the band & introduced us to his daughters & their friends: it would have been great if we'd understood the lingo, but we couldn't communicate & so we couldn't develop anything satisfactorily; so we retreated to the bar & all our efforts to procure local vino de mesa, they insisted on our having nothing but sherry. Eventually, after several dances & the usual hoky coky, this bloke (whose name we didn't find out) drove us to Matienzo & bought us another drink before leaving. So Pete & I found the camp & slept like logs for eleven hours.

Dave Rowlands

24th.

Got on boat – Southampton – Monte Toledo – Banza cabin N° 104 – First class night club do to "wee three". Rip out, not pukey though Hilly trying hard took 4 sea-sick tabs. Arose early supports weather both asleep in sun and burnt. Arrived morning 26th. Waited till map shop opened – bought map – Hilly made her ~~[illegible]~~ opening gambit for the Trophy de la Wosak by buying twice as much food as money we had. Necessitated Sr. Hank wandering back much metres to get more – 2 wasuk pants. Arrived Matanzas to see Pete & Dave a la pied. A la noche mucho vino y tortilla comeramos.

Lanka el Bueno.

10 past 12 on Saturday morning – This bar is a madhouse Pete

Sunday 21st →

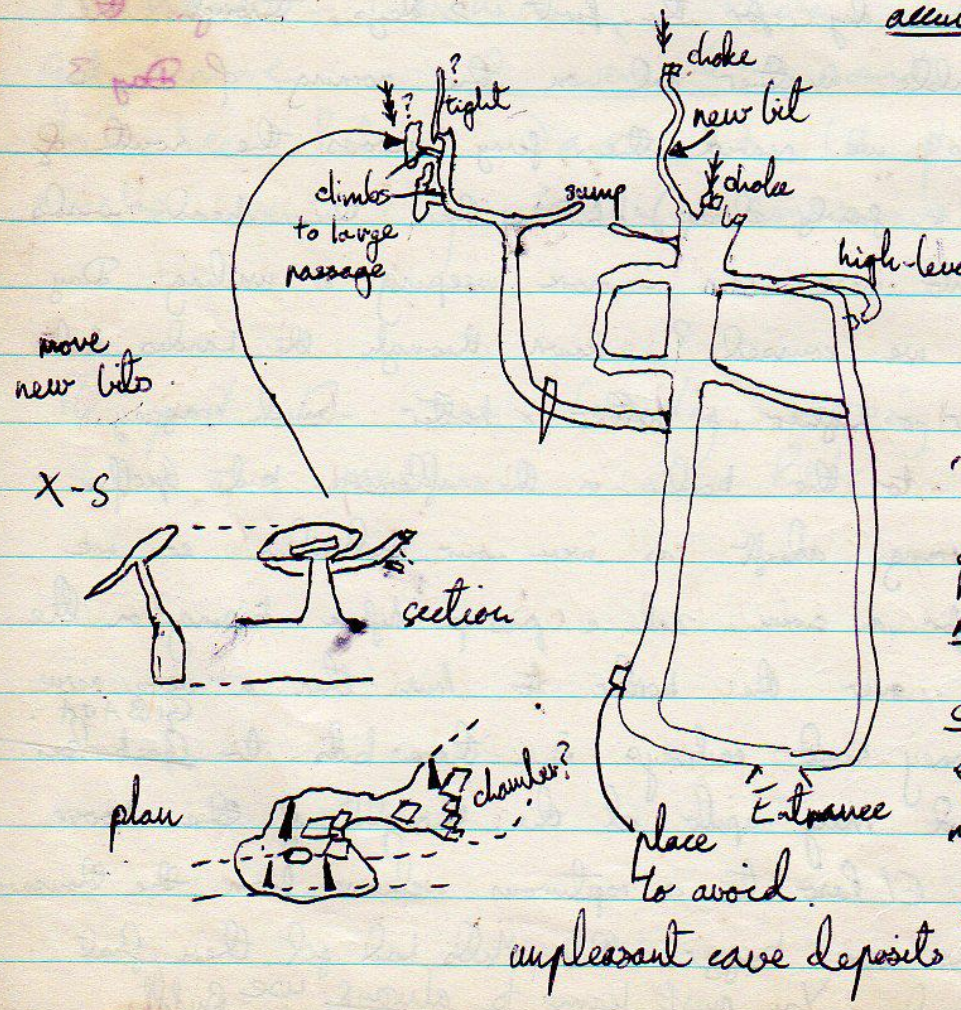
Left lovely Holcombe Brook on the superbikes for Manchester station. Got there v fast cos its downhill and as we thought France was too we reckoned that we could do 250 miles a day! We were terribly wrong. Anyway we got to Southampton in time for a few jars in a very desirable boozer with a sorty go-go dancer. [Medical note - this was the last time I felt sorry for five days.] Got on the boat when pub shut & had a few hours fitfull sleep before Cherbourg. Started pedalling when we got there at c 6 in the morning and did not do much else for the next 12 hours apart from crying - North France is not flat nor is it dry. We managed 100 miles per day for the first 2 days through the hills despite miserable weather and on the morning of Day 3 were going well as we neared the ferry across the mouth of the Gironde (regular & fairly cheap) but then the head winds arrived & we ran into more rain - more weeping & wailing. Day 4 started well as we cruised? down through the Landes but the sun rose higher & higher & hotter & hotter - much agony. Friday we made it to the border in the afternoon but Geoff's back wheel was coming adrift as were our backsides so we stopped and went for a swim and a piss up before kipping on the beach. Out morning over the border to hum then a very nerve racking day on Disney Land railways in these bits to ~~Geebaker~~ GIBAGA. Last 16k were covered muy rapido at the thought of the booze then roared down El Paso to a rapturous welcome from the thousands of spectators even tho' some bugger called Mills had got there first Sat night - got pissed. You must learn to always use correct ~~English~~ Spanish LH. Buddha

Sp. 6/10

Sunday 28th

Morning of throbbing heads and lack of brain power so a major decision was avoided until the afternoon. The only events of any note were the arrival of one boiled egg in excellent condition - thanks to Kilby!, and the return of Buddha from the pub at 1200a.m. in distinctly poor condition.

In the afternoon the men got down to serious caving - the inspection of the TIVA cave.



Survey not all that accurate.

Lank, Pete, Buddha & self.

Final choke revealed short length of passage. Then hurried exit by self for a 'mug-ousel'. 2 types of leaf were tried.

no. 1  a greasy fern

comment not very efficient.

no. 2  a rough leaf

comment did the trick!

Returned to cave to climb various aven (see survey) which with digging promised to be way on — more success for the 4-man pyramid is on the way I feel.

On the way back to camp visited pot'ole with water coming out then a rather pleasant sensation of swimming in freezing sewage further down the valley.

More of the team arrives in the evening so more drink is necessary.

Geff.

28-7-74

Picked up Wendy at New Street Station Birmingham. Sorry I've got so much gear she says. Pick up sixteen bags + large brown heavy suitcase. Arrive Cherbourg + prepare to kip in lorry park. Dave (to Wendy) What the hell has Buddah got in this suitcase, its bloody heavy. Wendy - that not Buddah's suitcase, I thought it was Squirrel's. Dave - 'Ere, we've got a spare suitcase, much laughter. Some poor bugger's lost a suitcase then. Dear Sir, your suitcase what disappeared in Birmingham has been found in Cherbourg. Please collect it. Left suitcase at AA lost office + apart from being chased by a giant wasp had an uneventful journey to Hendaye. Now Motorway from San Sebastian pretty good, but Bilbao stinks.

Sunday 28th

Yesterday Lank and me found a cave inbetween Gonzalo and Tina, it had been hidden from the Spanish by a pile of grass. Today Lank made me put on wet suit trousers to go down it. It was 35 m. long with water up to my waist, there was a boulder choke at the end with a hint of holes up to the left. Pete Smith

24-7-74

Want caving - wonder never cease - Dave

28-7-74

arrived last night (Sunday) in two days hitching from Dieppe. Included:- a young frenchie who bought me a vastly expensive dinner of lampreys - taste dubious, like pilchards, and a 14-year old flasher on a bicycle, near Selorzan. Persuaded a charming youth in same village to drive me here, as it was then 10.30 pm, dark and grumbly. Here at last to find Lank pissed and singing. Gott wog-fucked,

grinning & perfumed with garlic.
Today sat on a rock covered in small black maggots which clung to my bikini bottom. Stood in stream minus panties to wash off worms to the prolonged interest of a passing espagnol.
We made octopus stew for tea - cheap & tasty. Buddha squirmed but ate it. Gulp!

Pam

Wendy

29. Group went down Carcavuesso. I found a bit of a rift off the first chamber down the main stream passage which I thought was pretty good at the time but now Buddha has drawn up his survey and I can see that it has no chance of getting past the lake. I would like the reader to take into consideration that I have been pissed when I have written my last two bits. Buzz Fizz Whiz. Pete Smith

Monday 29/7/74

Set off from Stockport straight from work & drove to Brighton via London. Saw most of London's tourist sights whilst lost, Nelson's column, Buckingham palace, Picadilly Circus etc. Arrived Brighton 2.00 a.m. Caught 8.00 p.m boat on Saturday from Newhaven and arrived Dieppe 12.00 pm. Drove till 3.00 a.m, had 2 hours kip and then drove on through day to Bordeaux. Slept at roadside and then drove on to arrive at Ramales at 5.00 p.m. Walked about shopping and saw Lark's Land Rover. Saw Hilly and crept up to pinch her bum, she whirled round with clenched fists to bash an uppity spaniard and only just stopped in time. Arrived Matienzo 6.00 p.m. Pitched tent and retired to bar for the evening and so early to bed.

Bog.

Tuesday 30/7/74

Pissed down all day. So sat in bar playing Knocky-Knocky and drinking. After a few hours boozing a fit of enthusiasm came over me and I went for a walk above Caravaneso to look for sinks. Found loads of them but didn't have a light — will return tomorrow to have another look.

27/7/74 Got ~~here today~~ Bog. after spending a month at tutors. Got home safe & sound etc, pissed again etc.

J. D.

most of JC's page.

TUESDAY 30th JULY 74.

BAZ + I ARRIVED HERE LAST NIGHT 6.0PM. HAD TEA + PROCEEDED TO THE BAR WITH JOHN DEE + CROWD. GOT OILED VERY QUICKLY AFTER PLAYING "BUZZ FIZZ". SUPPORTED BACK BY DAVID TO CAMP. FELT MARLO THIS MORNING. SPENT THE REST OF THE DAY IN THE BAR "HAIR OF THE DOG" BOOZING AGAIN TONIGHT

PS. AWARDED. WOOZAK DOLL THROWING BAZ'S GAS CYLINDER AWAY. GOLDIE.

Today 30th. July 1974..

Today was a red-letter (French letter?) day at Matienzo for I arrived. (That's JC)

The story so far:-

Ran up a coon's bum near Chichester on. 28th while racing to catch the boat. Anyway he did not seem to mind + damage was small.

Anzar line to Santander in the last word in racing luxury. Briefly Denis + JC. cleared the swimming pool by a process of elephantine gymnastics on a greasy pole - or was it a cschechoslovak.

Denis + JC. were ignominiously beaten at push-deck-shove-draughts. Silly game.

Trish spent the trip in bed.

Denis + JC also played Lodgers on the stainless steel. dance floor.

Otherwise voyage was uneventful

This page

Arrived Santander at 8.00pm. in pouring spanish rain. — particularly wet. Spanish fuzz looked at JC's smashed head lamp & said it is necessary to replace with new "PICOT" whatever he meant. — Ignored him & drove to matienzo where it was still raining & all Wozzaks were still in bed. Smashed silencer on way into camp site — all in a day's work for a JC.

Rested awaiting precipitation for hour or so, bitted bags & went to Cubillo de la Renada. Frasco trip - pitch lead to nothing but instant death grassy stal slope which JC climbed & returned. Trying to plummet self & P. Smith into instant demise. Sunpe Sumped. & heavy rain put off further exploration till another day. Lake & JC survey farmer's field, & impenetrable jungle Cubillo entrance 1 & 11 to Comedionte. — Sat round camp fire passing bottle, pulled offending trees over & a rotten day was over.

10pm retired to Bar, spent.

Jl.'s page

Captain logs. Stardate - la treinta.
Julio. Theplace - El Sur.
, the screne. bank. plots course
to. the ~~contact~~ constellation Reñada.
There has been a power failure in the
thermonuclear ion-discharge solar generator.
Squirrel has beamed up a camping
gas-beam - just in time. Lieutenant
Linton is sitting at his ultra-
sophisticated manual-digital (5 digits
each Mans.) electronic brain.
With ease he calculated the warp-
factors for contstellation. Reñada.

30-7-74

Went caving again, amazing!! Cubillo de la Ronada pretty good. Tried to teach J.C. to use magic guessing sticks (slide rule) but its too complicated for him he say, what some people will do to avoid work.

Dave

a bit later. Riding on the back of Dave's handie is not a good idea, very dangerous.

Dave

arrived.

30th

Went off to some little grot hole Mills found to do some surveying and had to give him 2,000 ft start so we would not keep catching him up. However him & J.C & their minions found out that they can't survey underground cos its dark and anyway the water got above Lark's wellies (nearly) and this might have washed his feet so they sneaked out the other way to avoid us and surveyed round a haystack which kept them busy for several hours cos they could not remember where they started. Anyway the cave has far too many bits too much grease and if M.O.S.S. don't pull their socks up we are putting in for a shorter working week and free coffee tomorrow morning. Also it rained but not actually in the cave.

Buddha.

30th - morning

Lark and I meet a Spaniard in the bar who is going to show us a cave. It is half way up a hill, full of stal. and Lark pushes me into water upto my neck and it doesn't go. Then the Spaniard takes us to a house which when we open the door is a bar and have some excellent white wine from the barrel. It perked Lark up a treat.

Pete Smith

STAR DATE 31.7.74.

After a early start namely 12.00am. J.C. Lank + Squirrel set out in noisy Escort to find. Borones - resurgence for Carcamuso.

Despite Lank having been there previously got severely lost. Finally at Secadura encountered a beautiful siren on horseback followed her to resurgence.

Resurgence most unimpressive a collation of muddy eroded limestone boulders, water still high after nights rain. Cave passage totalling 20 feet was inspected, stopped by sump. Poked about round base of hill, found alternative entrance but this was apparently an separate stream being clear water.

Passage explored by Lank until he reached water — passage downstream accessible but not significant as leading to resurgence.

Next hour or so spent crashing thru impenetrable (or nearly) jungle in attempt to find upper entrance to Borones — no success. Nearly lost squirrel in ear-high gorse bushes.

Stream at top end of Secadura valley was followed to resurgence.

However again surpeed.

Trip home was interesting via BADAMES & rocky road to FUENTE LAS VARAS. Sussed out route to MULLIR-MAELA-doline — for future reference. SAN MIGUEL DE ARAS lovely area. Worthy of further inspection.

Evening.

31.7.74.

Went to look at sinks I ~~we~~ found yesterday. None of them went anywhere! Found some more but they didn't go anywhere either. Saw two grass-snakes (I think they were grass ones and not poisonous.) and a ~~praying~~ ~~praying~~ praying mantis. Went to do Caravaneso with John, Christine, Séan, found the river but not the way on. Came back to camp, had meal and went to see stuffed Monk at a castle. Didn't see it so retired to bar for fortification. Boz.

Went on Pub crawl, Two Bass US were assaved of drinking (Vasso) glass - retired at Maggie's.

31. JULY.

Séan

EXPLORATION FAWCETTO -

See Yarnet for information.

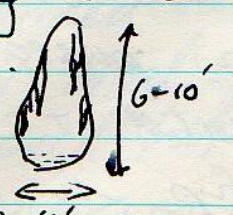
Star-date. 1.8.74.

Into the Land of Rio Cuarion.

Set off 11am for Cubio de la Renada, Equipo Uno — Lank, J.C., Squirrel + Pete S.
Into rio series, then sump + R. + L. parted company with P.S. + Sq.
At 'Boulder Junction' Lank + JC. turned right + P.S. + Sq. presumably took the left hand.
There now follows a description of Lank + J.C's doings:

We followed our footprints of last year to ~~chokes~~ at the end of the main passage. This passage is floored by ~~lim~~ calcite nodules anchored to the deck by 2 to 4 inch long stalks. The passage is crossed by a stream trench which carries water from several high aven inlets. Dimensions of this passage average 15-20 feet wide, 60-200 feet high + length approx 2000 feet.

Side passage explored includes a well decorated ox bow type passage sloping at a steady 10-20° with sandy floor, average cross section



length approx 1500 feet. with various tributaries.

Approx. 1000 feet back from the final choke the main passage turns thru 90°. Here a smaller

(15' x 15') passage ~~[illegible]~~ leads straight on.
This gives access to a highly complex series of chambers, high aven's & sandy cdapses.
The only prospect of significant extension here is viz. a high level passage as all low passages are choked with silt. A climb will lead to a very large high level chamber at one point.
We returned shortly to find the small stream passage which we encountered last year. This was the one lined red calcite crystals.
Continuing beyond this following P.S & Sq's mark's we reached the large false-floored chamber which we had come across last year.
Two large parallel shrabie passage lead out of this chamber, taking the left hand one we descended a calcite slope to where bank heard water. Down a jumble of eroded boulders & the main CLARION river was met in the shape of a canal some 8-10 feet wide flowing in a low passage. Upstream a small inlet entered & the canal was seen to sump immediately. Downstream the canal continued ~~[illegible]~~ 6+ feet deep. Returning to the upper level the tube

was followed to a large rift passage, which we judged to be leading upstream. The passage turned thru 360° round a large jointed block & having jumped a 15 foot hole we were able to traverse along a large rift at approx 80° to vertical, 100 or so feet high. The river was visible at times approx 50 feet below. At this point we retired somewhat knacked meeting Geoff & Budda surveying near BOULDER JUNCTION. Left cave at 5.00pm without having seen. P.S. & Sq.

Meanwhile, back at the 'false-floored' chamber Pete and Squirrel were discovering the thin dimensions of the false floor. My memory as regards to passage size, direction and geological form etc is almost non-existant only highlighted by Pete having the shits at the sump at the end of the main passage. (What a load of rubbish) So we retraced our steps towards the 'false floor' chamber and after climbing up to a similar level took a passage on the ~~right~~ left (going in). Eventually stopped by desperate climb up over obstruction

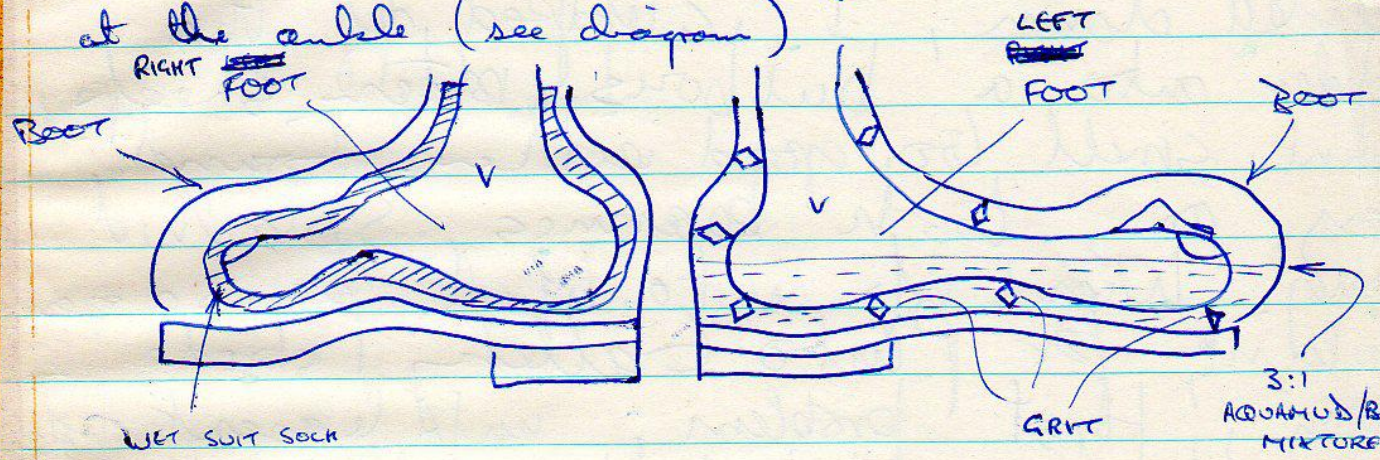
see sketch (2)

in passage. We returned to the main passage ~~singing caving songs and the occasional hymn~~ and shot up a passage on the left (going in). Down through a boulder choke went Pete and on ~~[illegible]~~ hearing 'it goes' Squirrel followed. We found ourselves ~~[illegible]~~ traversing for a few feet and on hearing a roar of water down below, found ourselves in a lake. (~~[illegible]~~) Because Squirrel was wearing a wetsuit it was decided that it should explore the lake and a possible way on. It went in one direction until confronted ~~by~~ by a sump? It then returned to base, removed potential bomb from neck and grovelled downstream into a deep river requiring occasional swim. It ~~then returned~~ fearing extension of camp. We then set off out investigating side passages, getting lost, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~then~~ finding our way etc etc. Saw it surveying then got out, walked back to camp. Me intoxicated.

Squirrel

1-8-74

Another not a good idea is going caving with one wetsuit sock (or going caving without one wet suit sock for that matter) one gets grit in it (the boot that is) which causes a slow but very painful partial amputation at the ankle (see diagram)



In future I will try + wear at least two wet suit socks (one on each foot that is) Ciriblis de la Rengola (however you spell it) still pretty good

Dave

2 August Party — Bob, J.D, Christ
Sean + Pam. Enough resting time for
a trip. After delaying a day finally
went down Cueva del Risco. Got
away about 2 pm, found cave and
started down, I stepped off the
ladder onto a bulbous rotten sheep,
didn't smell too good either. Found
way on torch bearings. Splashed
along. Went up into high passage
looking for Pinto Gallery, strode
along, first problem, unfastened hole
across passage had to wedge along
on muddy steeply sloping ledge with
mud wall to hold on to, passenger in
trousers. Further along caver's pressing
to man, second nasty hole to grope round
second trouser passenger. Found Pinto
Gallery, just an open sewer. When
sewage started to reach catanga we
decided to look for the rest of the
cave. Had to return to main stream
passage. Cruised up to upper reaches
of cave. Fell in nasty deep pool.
Went back out. Trip time 6½ hours.
Further up ~~main stream~~ upper passage Bob chick

up side + discovered new side passage. Up muddy slope, down little crawl, and up very unpleasing flowstone slope! (Unpleasing to the vertiginous but pleasing on the eye). Went into large very well decorated chamber. Plenty of stuff about. Came out, raining again. Down to booger to bullshit.

J.D.

3rd Agosto

Went down Volvo; found the draughting crawl Lank had told me about ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ at the bottom near the water. → Carcahuezo ~~[illegible]~~ strength draught and good echo. Started digging the crawl but needs a further visit; will report again then.

Pete

3rd August

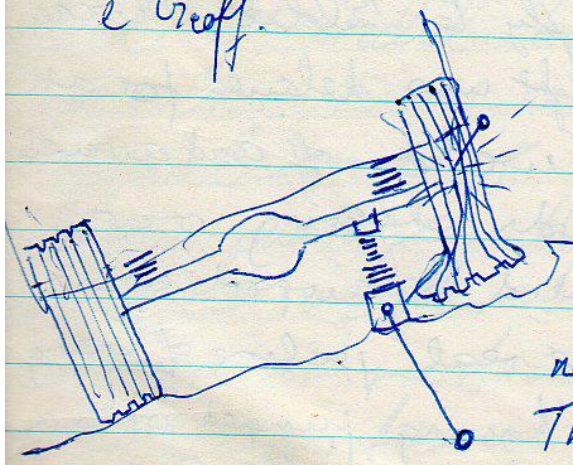
31-7-74 Arrived at Gatwick Airport to fly to Bilbao. Having passed thro' passport control was told flight was delayed for at least three hours. Four hours later we took off and arrived at Bilbao at 9.00 p.m. local time with loads of Spaniards cheering our arrival. Once thro' Customs control the airport was locked up for the night. I get a real feeling of being wanted. I arrived at Bilbao having jumped onto a bus and found that I ~~left~~ had arrived at the Spanish

Student travel centre - very nice indeed. I found the male students all spoke spanish only - no english at all. Also there were two ~~[illegible]~~ pretty females present who spoke English & Spanish but were not too helpful. Anyway to young Spaniards took me ~~a~~ for a walk around Bilbao to find somewhere for me to sleep. With lots of waving arms and gestures at each other they found me a hostel. The following morning I spent two to three hours look for the railway station to Gibaja - more waving arms and gestures ~~and then~~ I eventually arrived at ~~Rale~~ Ramelep to be met by a Dawo Lento Mobilo - hurray!

Andy Finell

3rd. Aug.

Renada - Hank, Squirrel, Dave, Andy, Buddha, & Geoff.



Arrived in Dave's hid. plus one large nail (see explanatory diag.) Much sweat and rolling about in warm tar necessary to repair the beast. Then to the cool of the cave. Rapid trip to limit of exploration

with Dave & Andy retiring with carbide trouble. Buddha & self began surveying a disconcertingly quiet tube in pathetic 10m. lengths. What a let down! Suddenly up into vast caverns absolutely brimming over with glory & ego trips. No sign of Hank & Squirrel. KENDAL do it again---! Say no more!

Finally the M.U.S.S. home in on the Kendal who are blowing trumpets on top of a large rock - teach us to be quiet in future? Continuing at warp 8 in 30m lengths. Burning feet ~~are~~ ~~queue~~ and steaming bodies plunge in quick succession into a delightful lake. Then a vast blackness 200ft. long and a further maze of passages. A brief stop to nosh surveyors' choccy and much sand fuddled about in the excitement. After a further bout of insane giggling we arrive at the long awaited RIVER. Mega passage to an ominous looking swamny river. The diver, 'I'm a cave-diver, me', then kitted up with waist-length, and expression tense on his lovely face plunged into the inky water. Terrible, terrible. - A SUMP. High speed return to the pub in very considerate Landrover.

Geoff.

Squirtee "I might be stupid but I'm not pissed."
Verbatim.

August 3rd.

Too tired for caving & too bored for lazing all day, announced a walk - to view the grand depression above Risco etc. No company was forthcoming so I was forced into a solo heroic struggle up through the gorse & brambles in the blazing sun. Thank god I left the fagos behind, since breathing was hard anyway. With clouds descending a peep into several cul-de-sac shakeholes upon the ridge & finally - fanfare - the biggest shakehole ever beheld, an inverted mountain, cliff - fringed & grimble in the swirling mist. Descend to flat bottom & brambles, scramble out. Flora v. pleasant, & many variegated butterflies, insects & 2 big green lizards passed by. Returned to a grumpy J.C. who wanted to be first there. Another triumph for Women's Lib and UCSA!

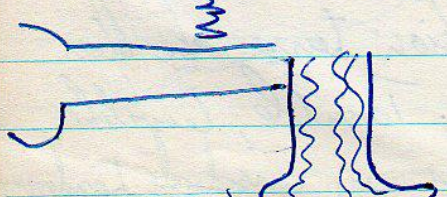
Pam

3.8.74 Lovely lazy day on the beach. Better than caving anytime. Bez.

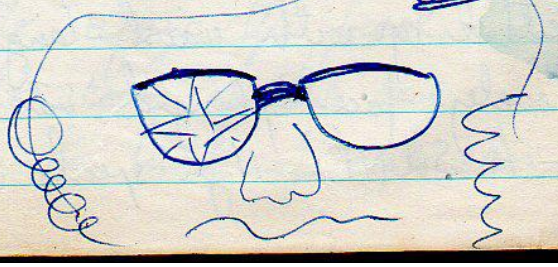
3-8-74

Not a good day. Bust glasses, flat tyre + didn't discover cave in Ravadu

Dave



SEE GEOF'S DIAGRAM



SATURDAY 3.8.74.

LAZED IN BED TILL 1.0 CLOCK. LISTENING TO THE EARLY BUMBOS CHATTERING AROUND THE CAMP FIRE, THEN SET OFF FOR THE BEACH, HAD. CERVEZAS FIRST, THEN ENTERED THE BEACH, PLAYING WITH THE DINGHY SEEING HOW MANY PEOPLE WE COULD GET ON AT A TIME SIX MANAGED AT LAST VERY ENJOYABLE. SEVERAL SET BACK FOR CAMP WHILE THE REST OF US WENT IN SEARCH OF A CHEAP RESTURANTE EXCEPT FOR J. D. WHO WASN'T TOO PLEASED WITH EXPENSE OF MENU. BUT ENJOYED BY ALL. £2. for 5 COURSE. FISH BOS WELL RECOMENDED KNOWN BY MANY MEMBERS. 1970 ISLA.

Goldie.

Famous quotations No 1. Geoff.

Must get more wine wapped down gonna get pipped tonight *

No 2. Geoff.

Lets flush this bloody vino down me mouth!

No 3 Geoff.

Into the Peach Box.

No 4 Kelly

You need a backboard when you bust your bottom, don't you.

4.8.74. Dave said that he was not about to do for his own. & could he borrow somebody elses.
NC's hog.

Got up approx 8.30 am to the sight of Rhoda & Denis eating breakfast in the rain. Andy sleeping in the rain in the remains of last night's pubex Pete getting for his 8.30 am shift. — Abnormal day in fact.

Rained & Rained & Rained & Rained even the hens looked miserable.
About 10.00 am there was nothing for it but to pack Trish's shopping bag with PF100's & goto Renada.
Waddled to end of Geoff & Buddha's sump w out trouble.
However; climbs at end were not on our side.
First we — spaced swirl tubes in roof near sump. These were choked with silt. Some hundred metres downstream from sump a large mud-formation slab leads up to an apparent roof passage — this was scaled by Denis but was choked — position of change in

direction of passage — as per survey.
Back downstream where a large collapse blocks stamway. Two climbs on ~~left~~ right hand wall (looking upstream) were attempts to reach black holes — but without success due to overhangs.
I climbed gypsum fault chamber to passage going downstream — hence no interest. Chamber downstream via black limestone gully was explored by Denis without success.
Headed out to take photos round CASTLE HILL but failing lights + rising appetites hastening exit.
I had horrid feet on exit. This was noted by all + sundry who took photographs.

Left rope + sling on promising climb into BLACK HOLE on ~~left~~ right (facing) upstream approx. 200 metres downstream from sump

5TH AUGUST 74. MONDAY.

PARTY OF. TRISH, HILLY, CHRIS, GOLDIE, J.C. (BODYGUARD) SEAN. OUR SET OFF TO RAMALES, TO DO SOME SHOPPING, CAME BACK TO THE RIVER TO DO SOME SUNBATHING, WHICH WE COULDN'T HAVE FINISHED THE DAY OFF WITHOUT PLAYING WITH THE DINGY, WHILST HILLY NEARLY GIVING GOLDIE THE SHITS AND TIPPING OVER THE DINGY, GOLDIE HAVING 40 WINKS AND HILLY THROWING A SMALL BOULDER INTO THE RIVER. TRISH + GOLDIE LATER SET OFF DOWN STREAM IN THE DINGY AND ENDED UP WITH TRISH GETTING OUT OF THE DINGY AND PULLING GOLDIE TO SHORE.

Sunbathed + festered till 5.45 pm when.
JC. descended Reñada to photograph.
Rhodda + Denis also Dave L. + Sq. were already down.
Met. R + D in Castle Hale the after approx 30 mins of high speed coming.
Unfortunately if had taken R + D 2 hours due to getting lost in FALSE FLOOR CHAMBER.
Photographed from CANDAE back to Blod Auay where JC's camera fell to pieces. PB100's light up CAMSTCE. phone pretty well but light up JCs eyes + hands even better.

-ie had some trouble with flashguns as bulbs went off on screwing in. (so-to-speak).

Exited at approx 10.30 pm to eery mist bank + howling wolves. Left R + D to continue photo-ing pretties.

A GREAT DIMBO ESPANOL
HAN FILLED UP MY GLASS
AND ALL THE BLOODY PAGE WITH WINE

7-8-74

PARTY OF LANC, JC + DAVE LINTON IN CUEVA DE RIAÑO. WENT UPSTREAM WHEN MAIN STREAM PASSAGE MET, SURVEYED OUT. VARIOUS INLET PASSAGES SURVEYED, VERY REMINISENT OF COFFIN LEVELS. TOM + JERRY SERIES — FOUND CAT PAW MARKS IN MUD, IN ONE PASSAGE, + WHAT LOOKED VERY LIKE A MOUSE OR SIMILAR CREATURE'S BURROW IN FILL IN ANOTHER PASSAGE. ANIMAL DROPPINGS + NEST LITTER AROUND ENTRANCE OF BURROW. ALL VERY STRANGE. DAVE FOUND ENTRANCE SERIES VERY TIRING GOING OUT, ALSO LANC + J.C. GO MUCH TOO FAST TO ALLOW DAVE TO SEE WHERE HE'S GOING.

Dave

9 Agosto

Pushed Volvo a bit further - draught blew my carbide out but I couldn't find the way on -

- W.R Squirrel and Stu I went down Squirrels passage in Renada - Very wet

With Lank and J.C. I went surveying in Agua, dropped half my carbide lamp in the river. Pete

Belated. 5.8.74.

Pam and I went down Risco again. Went to visit Galeria Arco and scale various block holes seen previously. Large hole at end of series looks as if a determined climb round with some slings for protection would pay off. Also, Pam found a large inlet just near the large chimney marked on survey. Went up until fill reached the roof approx. 100' above level of Arco passage. Also small inlet found in Arco gallery but again no go. Boz

6, 7, 8/8/74 Went to beach again to recuperate after all the nasty strenuous caving. Boz.

7-8-74

Pete, Squirrel, Tony, Paul, Stuart, Chris and I went into Renada to try and find our way round and to push it a bit - At Boulder junction we split into two parties. Chris and I went right, while the other went left. Chris and I were hoping to push some of the passages up to the left of the main passage. These all seemed to be

very narrow inlets apart from one which ended in a climb on one side and a large pitch on the other (going up). Our work concluded in ~~these~~ area we decided to make our way out and just as we decided this we met the other party who had ~~lost their~~ missed their way out. They had pursued Squirrels passage, to find it ended in a deep sump with a strong current. However we ~~&~~ started on our way out and reached the entrance series, and got lost for about half an hour at the entrance.

~~Same day. Stuart went and dived the resurgence~~

We went to the resurgence of Cueva del Agua where Stuart went and dived it to find the biggest under water passage he had ever seen five feet ~~&~~ below the water. What are the Spaniards up to?

Andy

8th May

Feeling quite refreshed after brawling the night before (and having beaten the Kendal at their own game!! Ha Ha) thought up a subtle plot to escape the dreaded J.C. Fernandez. Reckoned that if we quickly went somewhere other than Reñada we would avoid the nasty prospect. Decided to survey Agua and duly set off. Changed in swettering sun and reached entrance. In order to put off actually starting anything we set off for the end so as to begin surveying there. The trip in was uneventful though wading through horrid deep pools with a lorry tyre round ones neck is not recommended for the faint hearted. With some wasukeing from los carbideneros reached the end. Started surveying out again uneventful till we reached the rifty area where Pete made another attempt for the Warule by dropping his carbide bottom (after first filling it) in the foaming cascades. Continued on 2 lights. The method of surveying was quite interesting one individual set off holding tape and riding tyre. ~~The others then~~ He then got off and hung on suitable projection. The others then pulled back tyre with tape and the next intrepido set off. Bearings & lengths were then taken and the tyre returned in same manner. The final trip was

then made. All exciting stuff. I guared draughting passage on left going out surveyed to entrance and emerged into pleasant evening at just the right time for food. Banza day.

9th Aug

This morning Lank, Dave and J.C-Fernandez went on a geology trip of the Matienzo depression. A farmer told them about a hole which they found was draughting in strongly. In the afternoon Lank, Baz, J.D, J.C Fernandez and I went and looked at this hole. Lank went in first and went ahead followed by J.C. Fernandez. By the time J.C. reached the bottom of the entrance pitch Lank was well ahead, so he had to wait for someone to show him the way. With J.C.F floundering in typical Spanish fashion we found Lank who had found a sump. We then went upstream and found a small pretty chamber with another sump. Feeling a little depressed after this we returned and Lank and Baz found a large passage.

Andy

9.8.74

This overhead passage was draughting strongly so we followed it until we dropped back down to the stream. (we later went upstream here to a sump; presumably the other side of the previously mentioned one.) Going downstream with the stream, the passage gradually increased in size. The passage is very reminiscent of a yorkshire pot for most

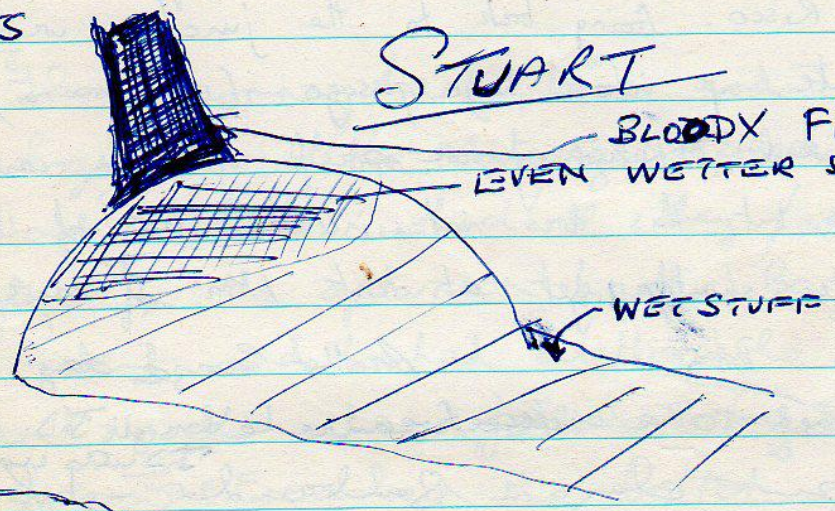
of its length. After a couple of low points the passage continued as high rift with (awkward?) rock pools in the floor until another stream was met. Turning right a huge gallery was encountered but unfortunately there was a pitch of about 50' stopping us getting into it. It is however, almost undoubtedly the Salle Caballo in Cueva Risco. Going back to the junction we went by an overhead route up into huge passage (15 metres x 15) but this was all choked. Returning we paced out the cave as 1002 paces, but this does not include bits of the entrance series. We should get at least 1 Km of cave out of it anyway. Boz. Another Bonza day.

The Spaniard returned to the Cueva Le Vaught J.D. was lonely. J.D. was underground. The Irish spent day in Santander - hot & sophisticated (cf. Nabiengo) nuff said.

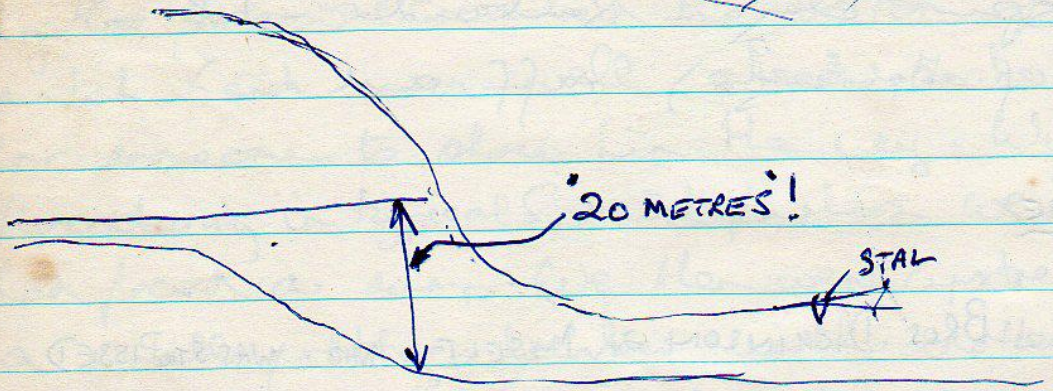
AGUA RESURGANCE

DAVE L. BROS DICKINSON & MYSELF WHO WAS STILL PISSED FROM THE NIGHT BEFORE WENT TO AGUA TO SURVEY THE SUMP POOL. AFTER I HAD GOT WET FROM A BADLY INFLATED DINGHY AND CHANGED TO MORE COMFORTABLE ATTIRE FOR MESSING ABOUT WITH THE WET STUFF, DAVE(L) & I SET ABOUT SURVEYING. I MADE ANOTHER DIVE THIS TIME ENTERING THE PASSAGE UNDER WATER FOR ABOUT 20 FT. WHERE STAL CAME FROM THE ROOF APPROX 10" IN LENGTH. AIR SPACE

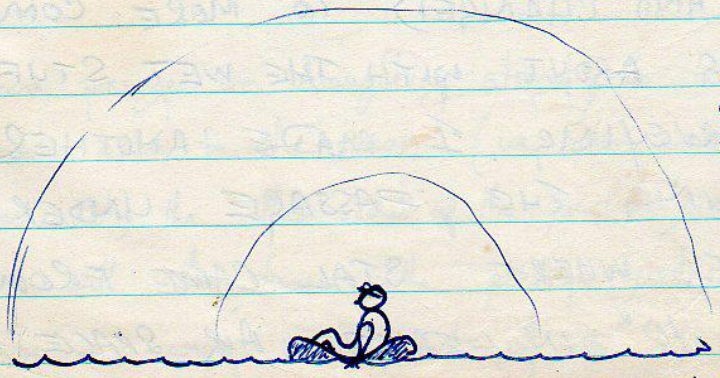
FOR THIS MUST HAVE EXSISTED AT SOME TIME
RESURFACED AND CONTINUED SURVEY.
EQUIPMENT. 15 cft SIDE MOUNTED BOTTLE 10lb LEAD MAX DEPTH 6m.
LENGTH 6m. APPROX. SUMP 8 METRES. WIDE HEIGHT 2.5
METRES



PS.

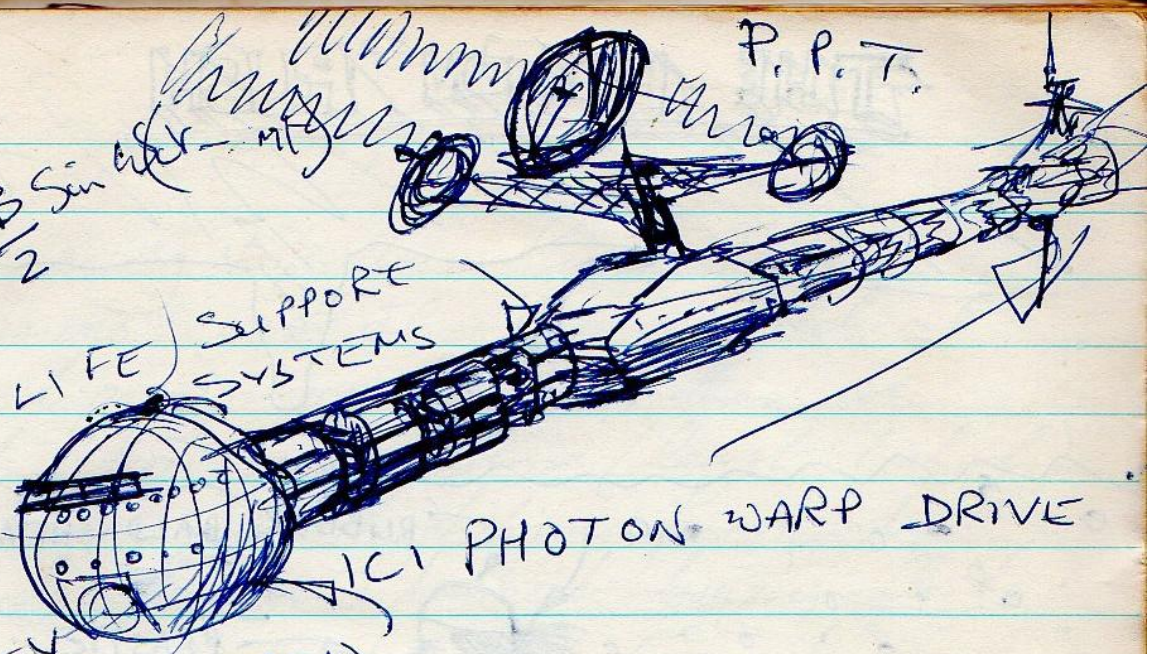


GRADE 1,005 2.



N.B. DINGHY SEEMS OK WITH NORMAL (I.E. DAVE SIZED) PEOPLE IN IT.

AND AS OUR SHIP SINKS SLOWLY IN THE WEST, WE SAY GOOD-BYE TO STUART, THE NOTLOB DIVER.



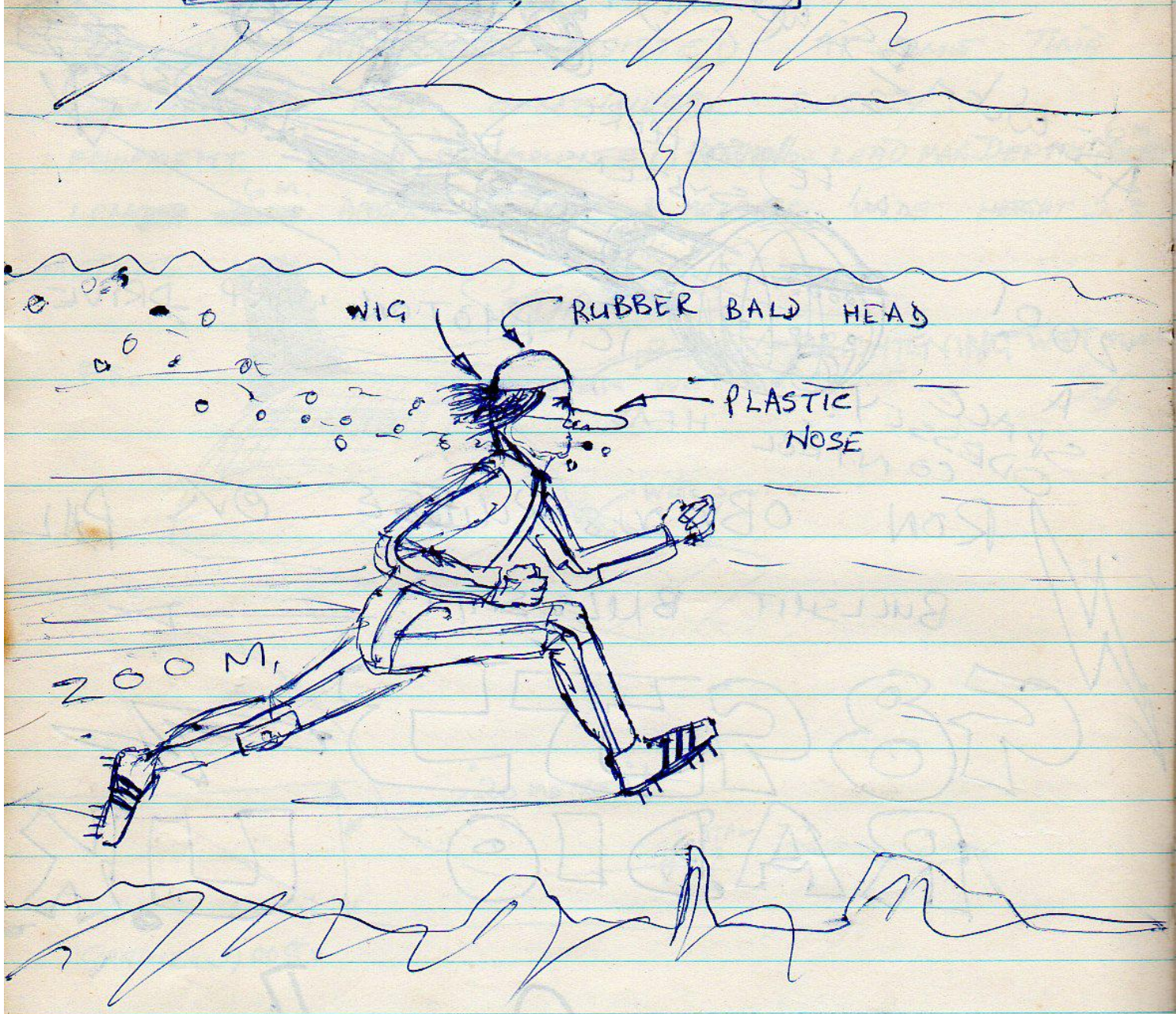
2001
A SPACE ODESSEY.
CONTROL HEAD

RON OBVIOUS RULESE OK PAL

BULLSHIT BULLSHIT.

68JJ
RADIO U.K.

THE BOTTOM PUSH



Three days in the LIFE of JC. 8-9-10 Aug.

Mammoth survey trip down CUEVA AGUA — EQUIPO PRIMERO. LANK, J.C. + PETE entered at 1pm & found going more difficult than we remembered from last time (least 1 did) Spent customary quantity of time f-ing about with carbide lamps. Climbed bonza calcite ramp on right of streamway (going in). White calcite changing abruptly to orange half way up — gave v. good friction + was easy climb. At top fine deep blue pool + fine formations. Surveyed down + proceeded to sumps. Surveyed out — interesting experience making notes while drifting about in canals in long inner-tube.

Middle rifty section of cave bastard to survey + Pete dropped half his stinky in aqua to prove point.

Much swimming + jolly water sports.

Rest to entrance easy. Exited 8.00 pm

JC. Drew survey up (JC first time) with countless errors most now rectified. Length of passage surveyed 1.3 km.

10.8.74. PAZADO.

Today apathy ruled supreme at base camp. CARTANO MICKS lead the movement :. there was a breakaway group lead by SQUIRREL and instigated by JC. also joined by CHRIS Boys went to find a top entrance into PENADA. Drove in CHRIS's mini to BAR LA VEGA ▽ walked up towards dry valleys above CARRION. Soon squirrel started suffering MAL DE PENO

Beyond haystack on the skyline into green vesdant depression JC valiantly plumbed two 100 foot shafts. First a narrow rift lead to a calcite slope followed by clear 60 footer. At bottom three avens into connected bubball were choked with silt + calcite.

Second shaft was shown us by a pastore named VICTOR the village barber. JC descended out of bravado rather than hope of things below.

Shaft was 8 x 3 x 20 metres with a large tree belay. Landing on leafy boulder slope. Further 30 foot pitch to boulders + inevitable boulder choke. However on returning a tube on left was noticed.

Tight squeeze past calcite lead to

descending rift. This carried strong inward draught & lead straight onto deep, clean washed shaft.

See tomorrow's exciting episode.

Also Dave & Carol arrived, hot foot and blistered from Riva, Gruu, Paris, London & Leeds - bum, bum -

Their journey started from a very wet & thunderous Leeds (including the local manor) & suddenly they arrived in an incredibly boring London where they spent the evening with a playright & a "Froggy".

The playright, although famous was too pissed to be social. Anyway sailing over to wogland we found everything easy friendly & cheap! Vive la Contraste! Truckin by train, train & train (add a bar for each one) we staggered into Matienzo (other end) where a taxi driver (one of the real people) took pity on us and took us to the Bar 'Inglesi' where we got involved in football, wine ..... who needs a car?!. (or a landover).

C'est la vie! Good bye! Schoolkids disappoint C & C's.

10-8-74

Today Buddha, Geoff, Keith & I returned to the Cave found yesterday hoping to do a through trip to Cueva de Rioco entrance, Buddha and Geoff started surveying the new passage while Keith and I went ahead to the 60 foot pitch found yesterday into Salle Caballo. We went and put

Such a dunch

Saturday 10th August.

The BOLTON PUSH (OR HOW TO GET LOST OR Kung Fu man he GET UP LATE)

A party consisting of BROS. DICKINSON, WHALE, JOE (I need a three piece suit) TURNER, OBVIOUS, & KNOTLOB MADE A VERY LONG & LOST TRIP TO TRY AND PUSH A CERTAIN HOLE OF J.C.'S IN RENADA.

WE LEFT LATE ABOUT 1.00 pm (1300) & GOT UNDERGROUND ABOUT 2.00 pm. & AFTER FINDING WAY ON PROMTLY LOST IT AGAIN EVENTUALLY ARRIVED CASTLE HALL & MISSED WAY ON AGAIN. BUT NOT TO BE OUTDONE FOUND A WAY ON TO WHERE WE DON'T KNOW BUT UNTRODDEN GROUND ALL THE SAME. LOTS OF LIGHT TROUBLE WET SUITS TIP TROUBLE & ABOUT 1000 & 1 OTHER THINGS WENT WRONG SO ALL IN ALL MUST APPEAR VERY 2ND CLASS CITIZENS & WASUKS. BUT WE ENJOYED OURSELVES.

B.S.C.

Today Buddha, Geoff, Keith and I returned to the Cave found yesterday hoping to do a through trip to the entrance of Cueva de Risco, Buddha and Geoff started surveying the new passage while Keith and I went ahead to put a rope down the pitch overlooking ~~the~~ Salto Caballo. We then returned up the passage and started to look into some passages which went off the main passage. We found a passage which turned into a maze of free attic ~~po~~ oxbow passages. However there was an offshoot to this maze which lead to a small lake. These passages were covered in ~~gy~~ gypsum, helectites etc. After further exploration we returned by another passage, ~~to~~ to the point where we started very surprisingly. ~~Here~~ We continued ~~on~~ down to the pitch, but just before we found an inlet which we went into and ~~set~~ found huge passage ~~of~~ and chamber which was surveyed (we thought we had found something new, only to find when we got out ~~that~~ that Lark had already been there). We then abseiled into Salto Caballo and then Keith and I went and found the way out through the Risco entrance, (the smell became quite evident). We then returned to Buddha and Geoff to tell them the way on, they were still surveying and then we returned to the entrance and came out at midnight followed by Geoff and Buddha two hours later.

Andy

SUNDAY 11th AUGUST 74.

A DAY TO BE REMEMBERED BY ALL. A FOOTBALL MATCH BETWEEN MATIENZO LOCALS AND THE FOLLOWING TEAM. L. MILLS C.F. PETE SMITH, L.W. SEAN CORNELIA, GOAL KEEPER, DAVE LINTON M.F. JEFF YEADEN. L.B. DAVE TRINGHAM. R.B. STEWART DAVEY R.H. SQUIRREL R.W DAVE ROLLANDS C.H. J. COPE M.F. ANDY I.L. OBVIOUS (UNKNOWN) REFEREE MEXICAN DAGO. OTHER MEMBERS WHO CONTRIBUTED. WERE MRS HILARY MILLS, + MISS WENDY BROOMER, WHO MADE THE FLAGS FOR THE TEAM, VERY - SUCCESSFUL AND APPRECIATED BY ALL. ALSO. WE HAD CHEER LEADERS TO SUPPORT OUR TEAM FROM MRS PATRICIA COPE, MRS JUNE DAVEY, CHRISTINE, + MRS GOLDIE DAVIES, THE FIRST GOAL CAME FROM. L. MILLS 2nd FROM OBVIOUS 3RD L. MILLS 4th ANDY. RESULTS 7-4. FIRST HALF 4.3. SECOND HALF. 5.3. 5.4. 6.4. 7.4 WHICH ENDED IN A PENALTY. BARRY + BUDDA, DECIDED AT THE LAST MOMENT TO DISAPPEARED SURVEYING BETWEEN CUEVA - DELAGUA AND RESURGENCE.

One of the Kendal dimbirds (named above) appalled at the prospect of having to move at anything greater than a K.C.C surveyors pace spoke oily words to one of the stalwart Manchester heros and managed to lure him away to do naughty things near Cueva del Agua.

Sunday 11th

It's about time I wrote down how I got here, since I arrived ~~at~~ on Thursday 8th. I set off from home in Pinner at ~~at~~ 10.30 on Wednesday to walk down to underground station, get train to Victoria and from there to Gatwick. Plane left on time and arrived at Bilbao 6pm local time. I then got a bus in to the centre of town, by now I had missed the last train to Cibaja and spent something and half hours looking for the station. When I eventually found it I endeavoured to find somewhere to kip, after much wandering I eventually found a field. I woke up too late to catch that 7.20 ~~and~~ train and then next ~~one~~ did not stop at Cibaja so I ~~get~~ went to Camagnza and hitched a lift to Romales. I sat in a bar drinking cortezas until the a~~t~~ taxi appeared and then took that to Matienzo arriving at the campsite at about 2.00pm.

Large lodge. Big trip. Black holes opening up apparently 180 feet to mud floor - I think. Protected & back down hill to be beachcomed at Footpath.

I will return

I will return

TODAY WAS A VERTICAL SORTIOF DAY. J.C. DRAGGED ANDY, KEITH & CHRIS UP ABOVE RENADA.

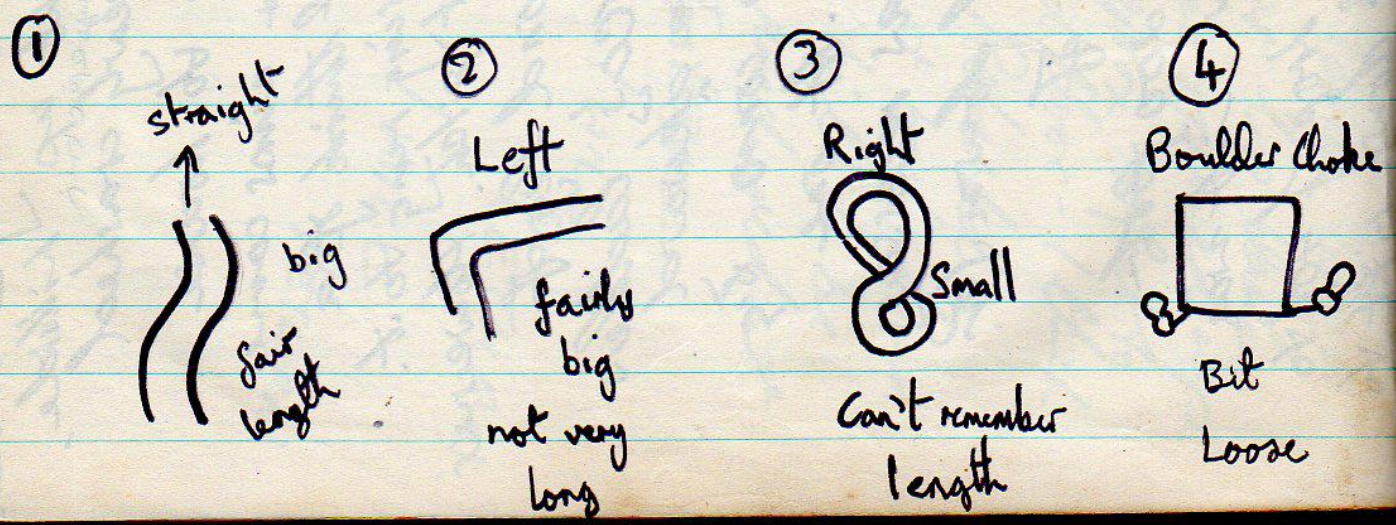
What a silly way to write. — Drove to river bridge between Agua & Comenjante and started out straight up hillside. Andy was suffering from the beano and yesterday's effects & nearly crashed half way up. Eventually arrived at top to house laughter from the cows. ~~at~~ Victor's wife & nines came over to watch us descend shaft — must think of a name — Torca de la Cabaña. — has a pleasing ring to it. Successfully got K., Chris & Kem down first pitch. However J.C. dislodged large boulder from second leg of pitch and unfortunately mangled one of UCC's ladders (sorry). 2nd pitch has to be rigged via akward rift. Way onto ladder is my estrecho como big Meanie (much beloved Russ discovery). At one stage J.C. decided to beat a retreate as necessary gardening dislodged rocks which rattled down for half an hour at least. The prospect of squeezing out feet first into roof of 200 foot pitch was a little worrying. However it was not so bad. Pitch v. pleasant straight drop of 40f. to ledge — 30 to ~~stony~~ stony floor & further 35 ~~ft~~ down rift to

large ledge

Sunday.

The M.U.S.S Drinking Expedition today achieved the climactic apotheosis of its very existance - travel 90 mins of CONSECUTIVE movement. As usual this was in no particular direction and to no obvious purpose tho' it may may be some kind of fertility rite as the females present were very obviously moved by the sight of the M.U.S.S. men playing with the one ball they have between them. Sad to relate a K.CC member who it is believed was asleep was also induced to get involved in an attempt to produce 2 balls. The other K.C.C hero?? being more active escaped to the hills and as usual surveyed more in one afternoon than M.U.S.S usually manage in a year. It should also be noted that LANK MILLS WAS HERE (But a strong draught blew him away.).

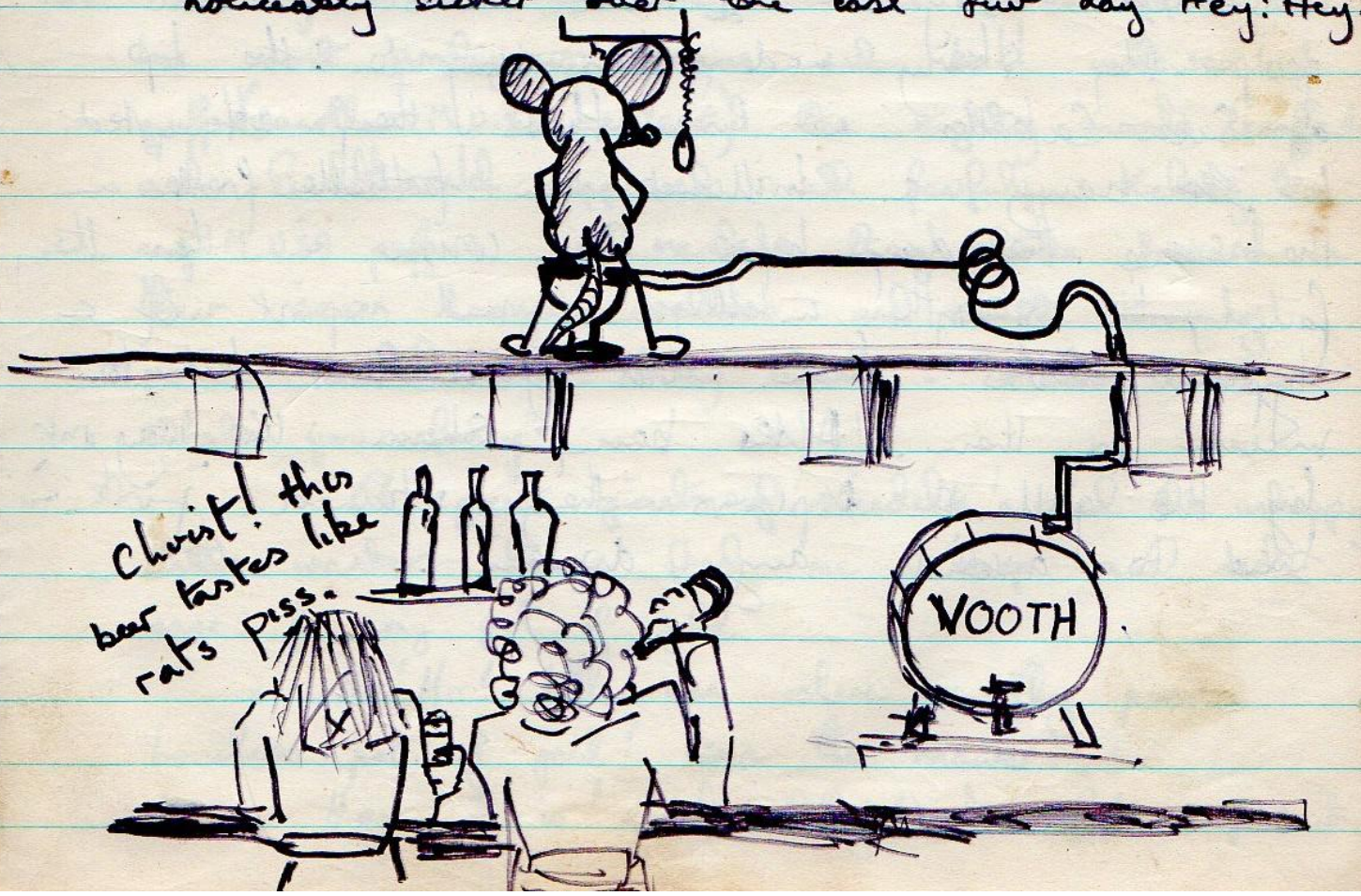
M.U.S.S Survey Notes



Day before Yesterday.

Down River.

In view of the Herculean surveying efforts of the M.U.SS which have resulted in $2\frac{1}{2}$K of surveyed road in less than 2 weeks! The SUPERKENDAL felt it time to up the tempo a little so off to Risco which since Lank Mills did not find it (tho' it smells as if he did) is a wonderful cave. Unfortunately the warp drive got out of control and the United Survey Ship Kenderprise blasted off a million square miles of unknown intergalactic cave. Commander Mills has become noticeably sicker over the last few day Hey! Hey!



Errata.

① Typical Vendalmanca required that the Yeadan dummie having the choice of surveying a gently rolling field from Aqua to Cuevona or a near vertical gorse and snake infested quasi-jungle – chose the latter.

② The above mentioned has not as usual been converted into reality on paper but lurks deep in crazed mind and muddy notebooks.

③ The SUPERKENDAL. machine followed the efficient exploration team of M.U.S.S. down Cueva Oiite. discovered nary a ½ metre more of cave but desperately slowly made their way to the top of Sala Caballo in Risco. There they attempted to hang a brilliant new footballer fresh on the scene the day before. Of course in this they failed, the strength, intelligence and spirit of a typical M.U.S.S. man was just that bit too much for them. After being shown the way out by the gallant explorers they returned just in time to avoid any drinking.

One upon a time in the wee small world of Holcomia lived a little gnome with long and most awfully black hair that covered his mangy body. Little Willy Wank was not a happy gnome because as all the world knows (and Wee Willy Wank was not entirely stupid) gnomes have to have a pot of gold to guard and forsooth the pot must be within a deep dark cave (Butcher 1947). Now, children, wee Willy Wank had mysterious magic powers conferred upon him by the chief Lord Warsak. So little Willy rubbed his magic stick as vegerously as he could until the very strain made the horrible froth appear on his most prodigious tongue and lo!! with a huge puff (another M.U.S.S member) the mighty giants Geoffrdus and Buddharald appeared all fearfully. Kicking the any M.U.SS puff in his member they strode forward in their sever league wellies and with booming voices hailed Wee Willy Wank - "Hello sweetie What's your fancy?"

Oh great giants of Kerdalia! cried the unhappy little wanker - Please find me a deep and dark cave for my pot of gold.

Ho! Ho! little man where is thy poor homeless pot of gold? came the answer.

Here it is! cried Willy Wank. Please find it

a home.

Ho! Ho! Ho! cried the great giants and squashed Wee Willy Wank ripped off his pot of gold and pissed off to the booser.

13/8/74 Tuesday

Set out to push Torca del carbaña with SC, Geoff, Chris, Denis, Rhodda, Dave and myself. Sweated our guts out climbing up to pot, had to crash out in the shade off a tree part way up. Eventually we got to the entrance and collapsed in large heap. After cooling off I put on my wet suit whilst SC and Geoff went down entrance pitch we some of the extra tackle we had brought up. Then Chris, Denis and myself transported remaining tackle down first pitch. Meanwhile SC and Geoff messed about getting tackle through the right bit at the top of the second pitch. Having completed that manoeuver they pushed off into the unknown. I went down the second pitch after SC and Geoff and after much f'ing about Chris got the rest of the tackle down to me. By this time Denis had got pissed off and gone out so Chris rigged a double lifeline and came down to me. We then pushed onto

find SC. After the second pitch which is about 75ft with a ledge 50ft down as a 25ft pitch down to a chamber. From the chamber is an 125ft pitch into a really mega chamber some 70 foot high and 50ft wide by umpteen feet long. When Chris and I got to the bottom of this pitch we met SC and Geoff who had escpleted to the right following the draught. The draught appeared to lead to some aven, so they presumed the draught was caused by air going from the entrance we had come in to one lower down the hill.

Chris and I then escplored to the right, this into more and more sandy chambers with holes in the floor. After wandering about in these for a while we found several holes in the floor, one of which appear to be about 70 or 80ft deep when we threw stones down it. I then wandered down a sandy slope for about 100ft which led to a pitch, here I noted a change from sandy limestone to black clean washed limestone. The pitch was about 40ft with a possible hand under extension if our stone throwing attempts were anything to go by. At this point Chris and I made a hasty retreat to stop SC and Geoff taking all the extra tackle out.

We then all set off out and after my own personal thrash about at the top

& the second pitch got to surface after being underground for some six hours. We then came back down the hill, and were very pleased to find Denis and Rhodda had driven back to give us a lift back to camp.

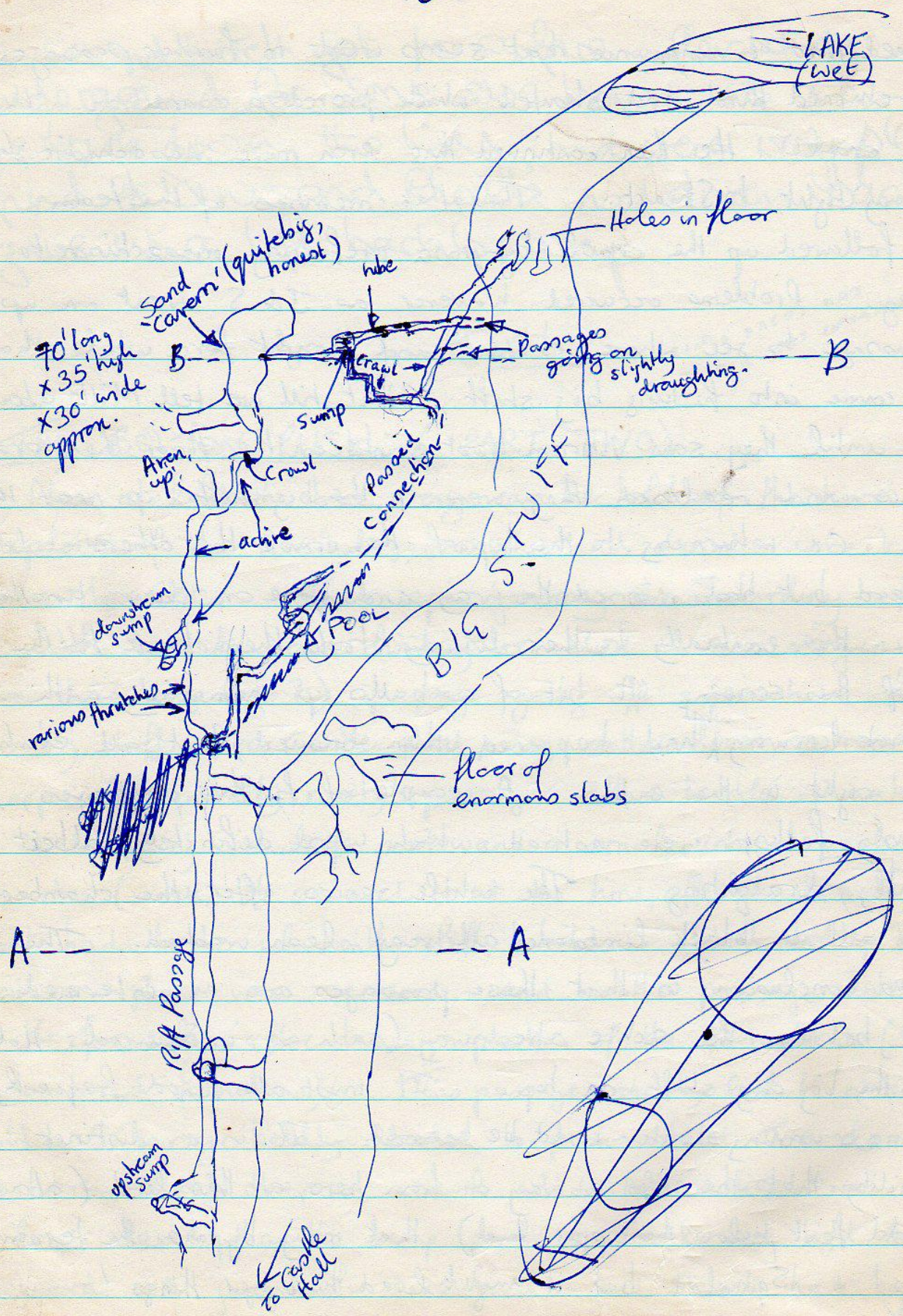
Keith.

CINCO PAGES MAS POR MAS INFORMACIONES

THE BOLTON PUSH (PART TWO)

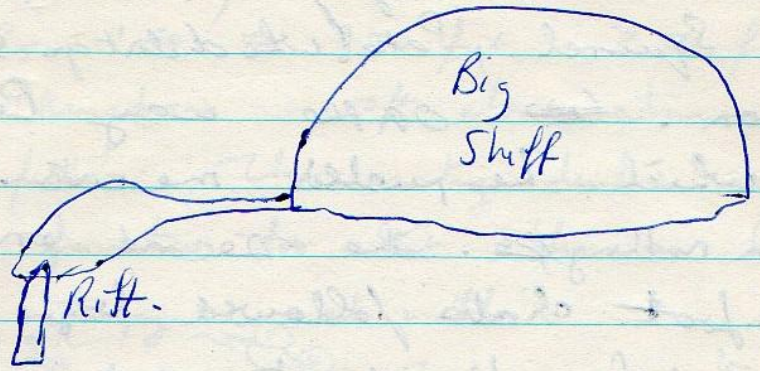
Now at last the true story can be told of the heroic exploits of the alcoholics, wasuks and drunken wrecks from the BSC. Their epic journey on Saturday after a little trouble route finding revealed a new virgin (are there any left?) passage going off somewhere from the big shuff after Castle Hall, a rather loose, extremely sharp and generally nasty passage with a trickle of water in it leading via deep pools and a crawl into a vast chamber (well, it seemed it at the time, after the crawl) that had to be reluctantly left behind. Well today this enormous place was reentered, and another passage entered at the far side, after taking photos of the formations (yes, it contained formations). This passage shortly led to a sump which S. Davey boldly decided to push whilst Joe decided to have a look down a crawl which he'd noticed was at a lower level than the sump pool. Crawl very tight and awkward with jack knife bends in it, and Smart had by now

returned thro' to announce that sump went to further passage. He returned thro' and shouted which proved a connection with Joe's crawl. He then continued thro' even more masochistic stuff all very tight to Stuart. The other members of the team then followed up the crawl by-pass preferring masochism to a wetting. Problems occurred however as J&S went on up a passage to see where it went and thought for a while that they'd come into fucking big stuff "Wait till we tell Mills about this" until they saw Vibram boot prints on the floor then orange markers and realised they were in the big stuff up near the lake. On returning to the top of the crawl the others could be heard but had missed the way and gone on down another crawl, this eventually to their dismay took them back to the start of the series. A bit of a balls up generally with folk not knowing what had happened then ensued, but all eventually went right in the end. A couple of further passages, seriously folks, were noticed which were definitely, albeit slightly, draughting. The whole series after the chamber were all in black limestone all very clean washed. The obvious conclusion is that these passages are an intermediate level between the active streamway (such as in Squirrel's Hole) and the big dry stuff on top. It must all flood frequently, but no running water could be heard. It is a distinct possibility that there is a way on from here, at this level (about 20 odd feet below the upper level) that may bypass the terminal sump. Squalid but it might lead to bigger things!

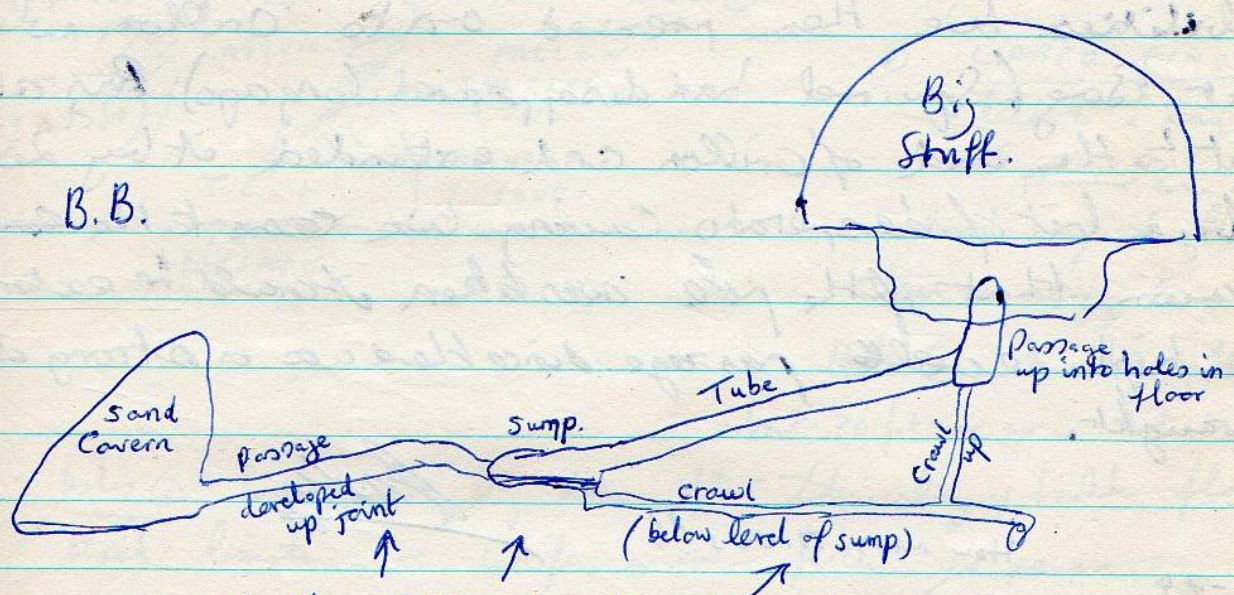

LAKE (wet)
Holes in floor
Sand cavern (quite big, honest)
hole
70' long x 35' high x 30' wide approx.
B
Passages going on slightly draughting.
B
Crawl
sump
Aven, up
Crawl
passed connection
active
downstream sump
POOL
BIG CLIFF
various thrutches
floor of enormous slabs
A
A
Rift Passage
upstream sump
to Castle Hall

Section of opposite

AA



B.B.



All this stuff is in clean-washed black razor sharp limestone.

13-8-74.

After three caving teams had left camp a fourth team of Squirrel, Peta (who didn't go caving) and I left for Orillon. On the way Peta showed us two holes which he pushed me into. The first one resulted in nothing. The second one resulted in two ten foot climbs followed by a passage of water. When the water got up to my neck I turned back (definitely a wet suit job with great possibilities. We then proceed on to Orillon where we met Baz (Squirrel had disappeared long ago). Baz and I went to the end of Orillon and extended it by 20 feet by a bit of desperate caving. We came to the ~~conclusion~~ conclusion that if the pole was taken it could be extended by a high level passage since there was a strong draught.

Andy

HOW MANY MILES??

13-8-74

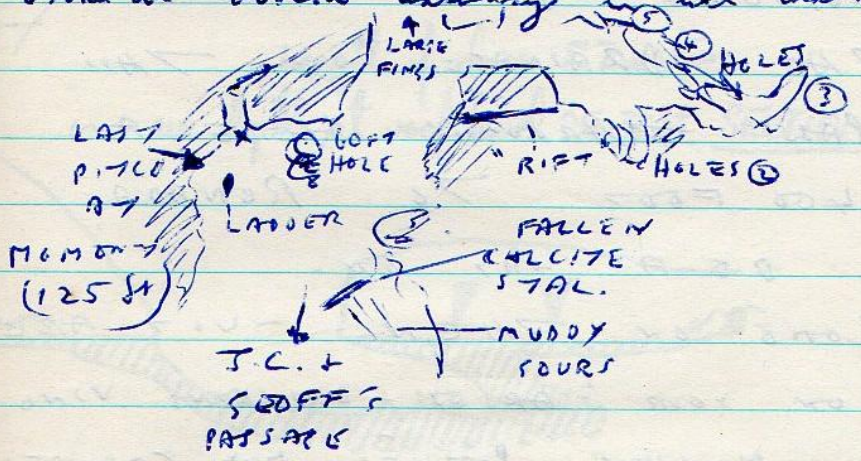
CUANDO Y. REGRESA ARIBA LAS ESCALAS DELA TORCA CARANERO → 330 FEETS INGLESES (395 RUNG SPACES ≡ 395 x 10" → ≈ 330ft from SURFACE TO BOTTOM OF LAST PITCH. AT LEAST 70 FOOT. BELOW THIS GIVES 400 FOOTS — SO FAR (MUST BE MAS!)

DAVE LINTON TOOK SOME BEARINGS ON SOME PROTRUSIONS IN THE SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE AND ON 14/8/74 HE MADE A △

ON A MAP OF SEREDE SUTO VALLEY ETC.. THIS GIVES AN APPROXIMATE POSITION FOR THIS HOLE.

275 metres $\pm^{0}_{25}$ → ≃ 900 feet or 850 feet potential!

If Fr Boies of Renada is 100ft above entrance – this leaves 350 feet to find! The existing level is very muddy, old + some new formations too. But there are lots of holes + some are obvious waterways in wet weather.



INTERPRETATION

① LARGE FINGS leads to a large chamber collapse and was not explored owing to lack of time + energy.

Holes ② Descending rifts for about 20 ft or so. Not explored

Holes ③ Large rifts going down thro' the clay, bottom floor of black limestone – 40 ft or so – further yet perhaps.

Holes ④ Muddy looking shaft. Look as if they back up frequently

Holes ⑤

BLACK LIMESTONE + DEEP WATER PEBBLES DRAGGED

60 feet or so.

A ROPE IS NEEDED PTO

OBVIOUSLY RECENTLY WATER WORN

(THIS YEAR)

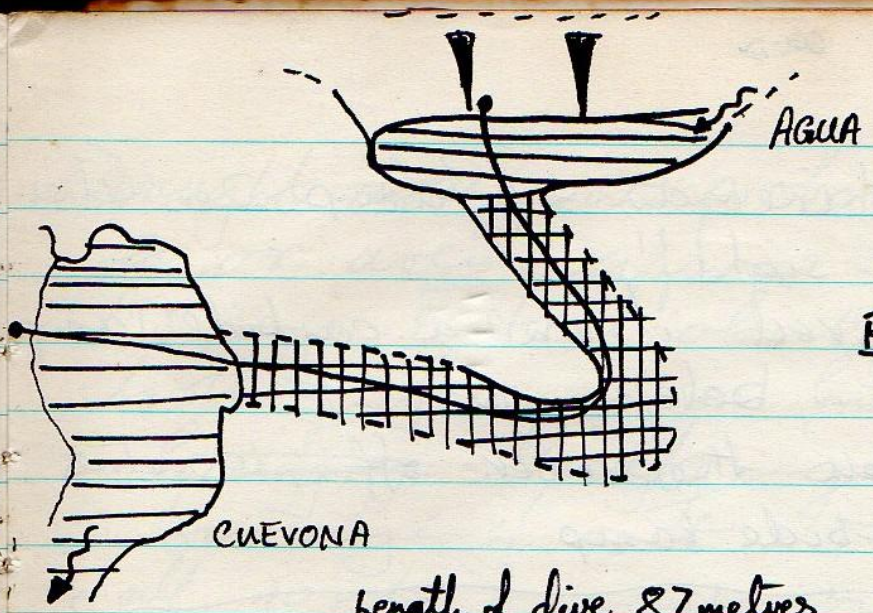
AND A GOOD LIGHT.

THIS LOWER IS AN OLD LAVA TUBE AND CONSISTS OF LOTS OF LARGE INTERCONNECTED CHAMBERS (LAVONS & ROOF COLLAPSED) THE FLOOR IS UNEVEN AND IS MAINLY A COMPOSITE OF BOULDERS & CLAY. LOOKS LIKE A BEDDING OF SANDSTONE SOME 6FT or 6 INCHES THICK. ALL THE DRAINAGE IN THE AREA MUST PASS THROUGH HERE AND FALL 300 or 400 FEET TO RUNADA

THERE MUST BE A WAY ON.

WELL - COME ON THEN - WHY ARE YOU SITTING ON YOUR ARSES DRINKING VINO FOR? ESTAN MUCHOS POTHES MUY GRANDES AHI.

Mary Moby.

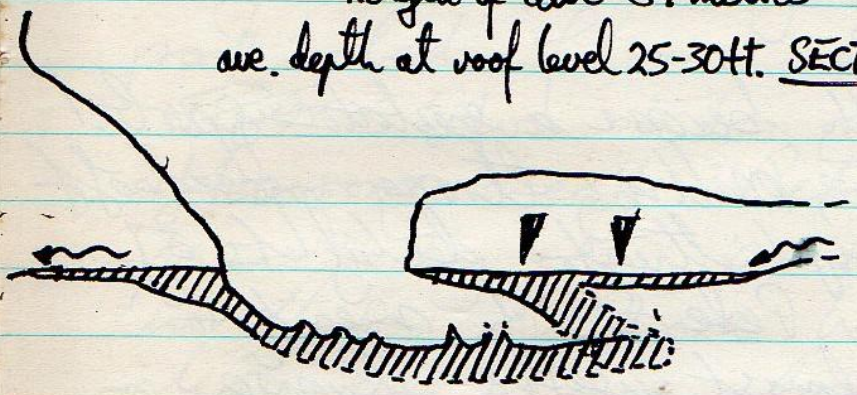


PLAN

SITE CUEVONA.
14th August 1974.
Diver :- G. Yeadon.
Aim :- Glory.

Length of dive 87 metres
ave. depth at roof level 25-30ft.

SECTION



The Dive :-

The diver kitted-up with twin 40's (thanks to Stewart!) taking as long as possible, gradually working the crowd up into a frenzy and allowing move & move photographs to be taken. After the crowd had noted that the diver was more ugly with his hood on than without he quickly disappeared into the murk. The murk continued at 30ft depth for a fair way until a tree was found. Could this have come from a lost world?! It's strange how the mind can ponder on such wonders while lost in the murk. Suddenly the diver ~~surfaced~~ surfaced in a large cavern to be confronted with some having Spanish cave paintings. Obviously the work of Humbrol Spray Man who became extinct sometime in the middle '60's. The diver made a quick exit for more photographs and basked happily in glory for the rest of the day.

Spaniard to Yorkshireman:- Sump 20 metres deep no bottom in sight!!
YORKSHIREMAN Dived it on a carbide lamp
Spaniard Dont believe you.
YORKSHIREMAN Well thor nock off 10 metres ill put out carbide lamp.

14.8.74

Caving has finally become a spectator sport! So as the idle, milling throng passed off to savour the amphitheatre delights of Geoff's dive, JL + Pete Smith went + did something almost useful. RIAÑO in a word.

Jolly good fun really. Nice tricky stuff. P.S was temporarily overcome with nostalgia for his own beloved BUSHMIRE Hd. CAVE!

As weather was v. warm entrance draughting formidably. Got to main stream and noticed that draught was going in downstream as well as out in inlet. Followed stream to sump + found 2 12" eels.


(12" eel.) ($\frac{1}{4}$ scale)

Draught disappears probably up an inlet off or even approx 50 metres back from sump. Festered about for ¾ hour looking for way on, but to no avail. ~~Grudging~~ Grudgingly started surveying out. Dribble to survey all joints + cross-joints with flooded pot oiled floors. Exited after approx ~~5.30~~ 5½ hrs. into remains of afternoon heat. Pete frightened passers-by by pointing his bum as them. Someone had told the dogs we were about to emerge and a wellcoming party was in waiting to bite us to death.

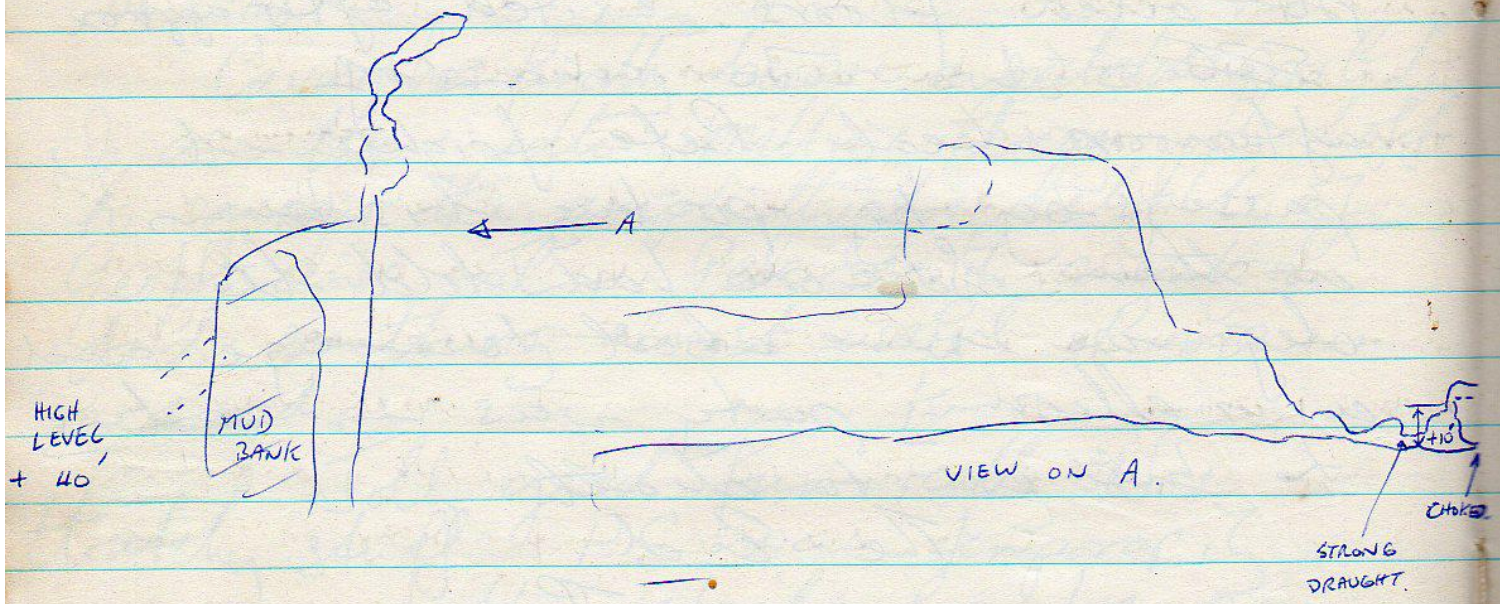
The End.

JC.

10, 11, 12/8/74 Went to beach AGAIN.!

13/8/74. Festered about campsite and finally decided to go caving about 3pm. Met Pete & Andy near Orillán. After crashing through Jungle Undergrowth descended known cave which seems to agree with Fernandez' survey quite well. Found passage going off from final chamber with very strong draught. After bout 15 mins digging we got through to an enlargement and another

bit of digging. Past this constriction the flow completely filled the passage and the draught disappeared. There is however a high level passage about 10' up which could be scaled with 2 sections of pole and the draught must be coming from there. The whole cave is tending towards RIVA and might go through the hill, or if it doubles back to LOCA I & II there must be at least 1km of cave to be found.



14/8/74 Went to beach AGAIN!!!

Whilst enjoying delights of body surfing, Julie, on one of first trial runs, skillfully persuaded passing dogs to catch breakers

and rip down to knees. - White buttocks displayed to all, to immense general amusement. Good flashing day for J. bits to most, bum to several, fanny to JR + Dennis.

15/8/74

Denis and I set off at the crack of dawn to push the dreaded Torca dela Cabaña, least not too bad at that time but still ~~ha~~ collapsed half way up. Bombed down ~~to~~ entrance series, I abseiled down last pitch whilst ~~A~~ Denis polluted the cave with a much needed shit. Went off ~~to~~ into left hand series to ~~push~~ ~~plumb~~ Keith's pitch, it went ~~so~~ 70ft to nothing. Feeling disappointed we detackled and investigated a passage beyond pitch, this went all off 150ft and choked, oh well! Set of back to another possible pitch and ~~die~~ decided to rip up a side passage, 2½ hours and god knows how many monster chambers later we finished the ~~quick~~ rip.

CHOKED.

Next we decided to go down the other big pitch possibility. This time Denis went down, he went down 100ft until we ran out of lifeline and he guessed it was still 50ft to the WATER. Stone throwing and he detected a large pool at the bottom. So the mystery of ~~Torca~~ Torca dela Cabaña is still

unsolved, nevermind it leaves something for next year.

Keith.

Now for something quite different.
After much goading, whining & cajoling Lark drove Budda, JC, P.S., DT(s) to Riaño. Mucho Calor brought Budda to verge of rutting but this fortunately dissolved into a snarling apathy.
Lark + DT + P.S. went wandering over numerous meadows, orchards, middens etc in search of cuevas but to no avail.
Near the church at Riaño the road was blocked with fiestering wozzuks which L managed to clear by pointing loaded hand Rover at them. JC. + P.S. started out interton surface survey between Cuevas Riaño 1 + 2 Immediately highly tuned, trained minds surveyed an obvious bar. Pushing through crowds of scented wops was rewarded by two cuvazas. Lark, DT, + Budda soon sussed out this interesting extension + jumped in with all six feet.

the surveyors choc. with beer. & grudgingly moved off after chat with Sundays Referee.

JC. & PS. surveyed around Riaño depression suffering several bites & nettle stings on route. Total 7 ~~dang~~ draughting holes incl Riaños 1 & 2.

Suspect that Lanke, Budda & DT. hid in Riaño 2 until JC. & PS out of sight & then returned to bar. However they probably have different story.

JC

Went to Riaño 2 or at least the draughting slit seen previous year. Just above it is a small cave not draughting about 50 m long. The actual draughting rift had a boulder blocking the way on but the Kendal J.C.B Sean removed this and dropped down the 2m hole into a small 1.5 x 1.5 crawl. this went for some distance and a tiny trickle of water came from the right. The way on in the 'downstream' direction looked pretty so we continued to the left in a larger passage. after some metres of stoop-walking we again were reduced to crawling. After a short flat-out.

section we emerged in a larger passage down which light streamed from a shaft to the left. This was about 6 m and the floor was covered in bones, To the right the larger passage soon choked. We had lost the draught so returned looking for likely ways on. Eventually found it coming from the above mentioned 'grotty' passage. This was floored with mud and after only a few metres this got really disgusting with knee deep slimy mud. The draught was strong though. So ~~Squirrel~~ Dave was sent on to see if he disappeared up to his neck he didn't and reported bigger caverns beyond. We reluctantly followed and pleased to report the passages were big enough for us and not only for a ~~Squirrel~~ Tingham Gallenes shot off everywhere very big see survey for details.

16/8/74

Yet another attempt to crack the dreaded Torca de la Cabaña. The "Dynamic Duo" set out at 13.10hrs and sprinted up to the hole in a world shattering 30mins. Having dragged the damned ladder to the bottom of second pitch they had to take it back again along with a rope from the top of the second pitch.

The intrepid Robin whizzed down the first 100ft to the ledge, and Batman followed by sliding down the "Bat-rope". The route onward was down winding rift and by use of a "Bat-rock" and the "Bat-height estimation machine" we decide it was about 50ft to the floor, so they put the remaining 1000' "Bat-ladders" down. Robin plunged into the rift, only to discover the "Bat-height estimation machine" must have been passed about with by the "Joker" since it was at least 50ft left to the floor.

Now the "Dynamic Duo" found themselves in trouble, would the "Joker" win and make them unable to reach the bottom of this mystery. Bat-man applied his rapid logically mind to the problem, outside help must be sort, so we decide they used the Bat-elevation system to go back up to 100ft and went in search of help. By some stroke of luck they found four willings(?) helpers descending from the sky. With this stroke of luck the should be able defeat the "Joker", the help meant that the "Bat-ladders" from the first pitch could be used to get down the rift.

Will Bat-Man and Robin beat the "Joker" and solve the mystery of Torca de la Cabaña? Don't miss next week thrilling installment.

"Next week installment"

Well to cut a long Bat-story short, Robin got the bottom but after all that the "Joker" still won because it did not go anywhere. So the Dynamic Duo decided to cut their losses and make a hasty exit with the Bat-equipment.

Bat-Man.

17-8-74 SATURDAY

PARTY OF CAROL, LANE, PETE, ANDY + DAVE (WRITER) DOWN RIAÑO 2. FOUND BUDDHA'S "RAILWAY TUNNELS IN BOTH DIRECTIONS" WHICH IN TYPICAL KENDAL FASHION QUICKLY PETERED OUT TO NOWT. DAVE BERGED PITCH FROM A VERY DUBIOUS BELAY (PART OF THE FALSE FLOOR) + DESCENDED — 55' PITCH. BACK UNDER FALSE FLOOR VARIOUS PASSAGES FORMING MAZE VERY SIMILAR TO OTHER PARTS OF THE SYSTEM. NOT FULLY EXPLORED, / SMALL STREAM LEAVES BOTTOM OF CHAMBER VIA 10' CASCADE + DISAPPEARS INTO CRAWL WHICH COULD BE PUSHED. LANE TOOK PHOTOS DESPITE DAVE + PETE'S HELP. FARMER OBJECTED TO THE PARTY CROSSING HIS FIELD ON WAY BACK (AFTER CROSSING IT THAT IS) JUST LIKE YORKSHIRE. OTHER THINGS OF NOTE TODAY WERE J.C.'S DEPARTURE + DAVE'S BEEF + INSECT CURRY.

Dave

Actually Lank was reluctantly "summing" himself at Riva instead of going to the beach with all the rest. He had unfortunately agreed to take J.C.F down Reñada. This turned out to be an epic 4hr stand about during the cave at Spanish speed .00005 km/hr.

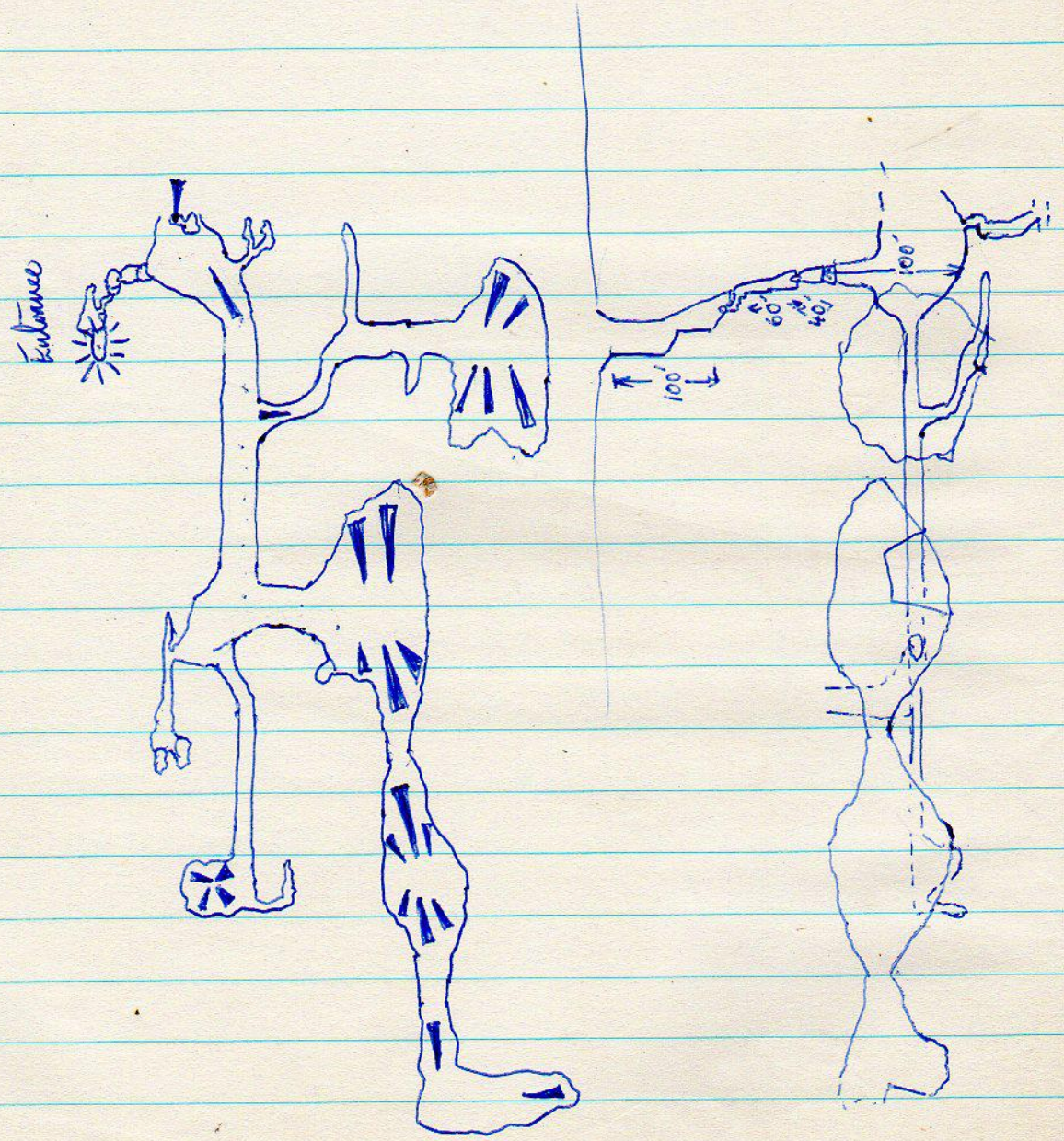
Cueva de Mortero 75

18.8.74. Well there was this resurgence you see; well actually Hank found it on a quiet day spent scanning himself with Hilly. And Hilly told Rhoda about these pretty demoiselle flies there; so she went to photograph them — and saw the hole. Rhoda told Dennis & they both took lamps to have a closer look. Without proper gear, Rhoda fought shy of the squeeze but Dennis dared all & went in for an estimated ½k to a deep pool. Today being generally overcast & misty (ie a perfect caving day) Keith was talked into joining the R&D (Research & Development?) team despite having sent his wet suit home with J.C.. Mid day found them entering the cuva complete with survey gear & a bar of survey chocolate. The squeeze about 200 metres in was not as hard as appeared if it was approached from water level & was soon negotiated. The cave from there on is fairly straight with mostly clear washed rock with some red &/or white flow deposits. One or two formations in higher regions also decorated with flood water debris at quite high levels. The stream frequently sumps but there are dry upper passages over. The stream floor is frequently punctuated with pools, often quite deep (to Keith's distress). One particularly deep pool is fed by a 2 metre waterfall over particularly slippery rock but Rhoda was determined to climb it to avoid the particularly hairy traverse advocated by Dennis; this she eventually achieved. They negotiated a narrow wet passage in preference to a very high dry way & eventually reached the deep pool last seen by

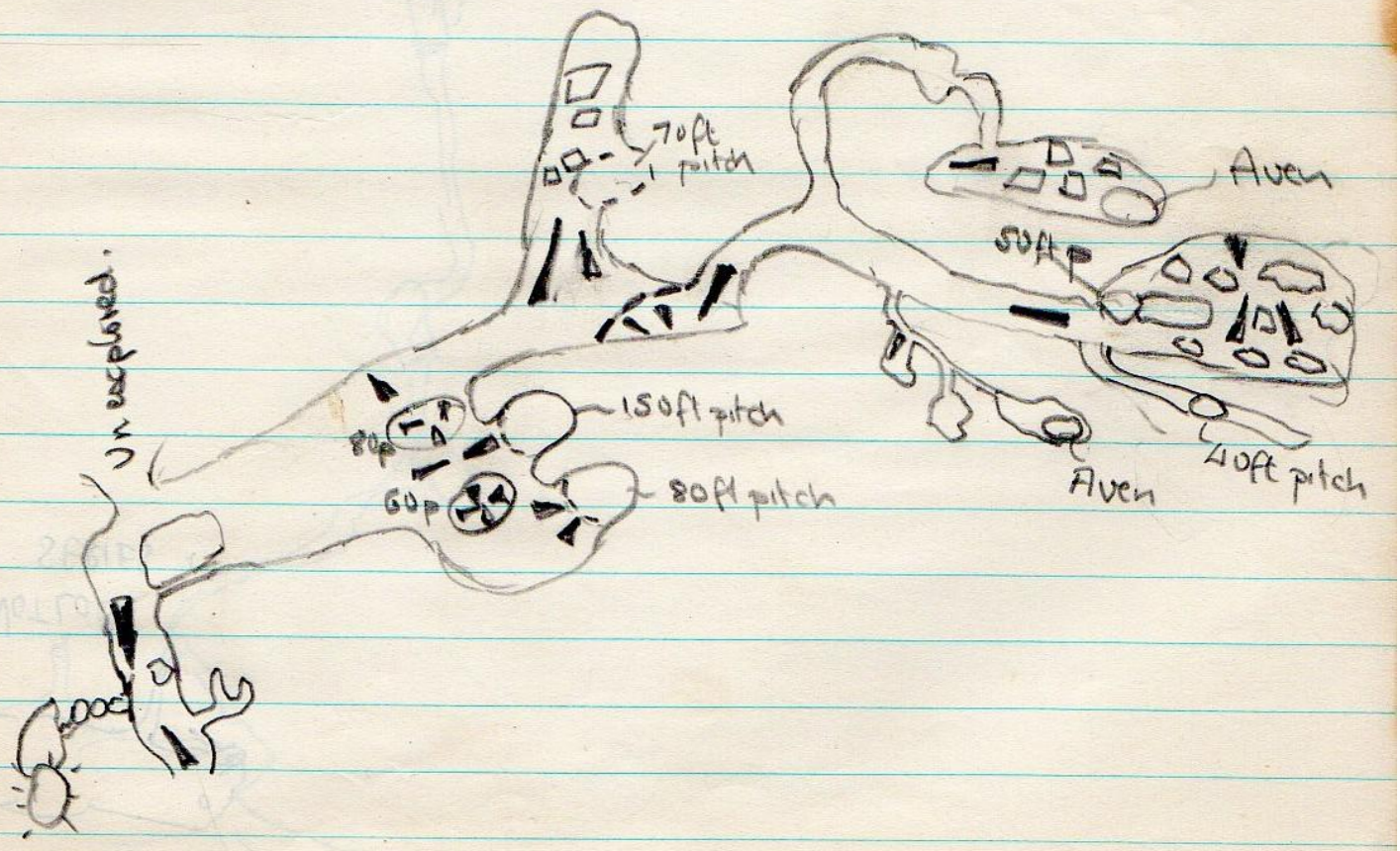
Dennis. Keith was assisted across with the least possible immersion but after only a short length of stream passage another deep pool was found with two 'horns' one of which (the left) was found to be a sump. Keith & Dennis both climbed high into the roof of the previous passage but were unable to find a dry way over (there may be one but virtually undimbable). It was decided that this was the end and surveying must commence. Rhoda, just managing to stand at the back of the pool claimed she could hear a waterfall the other side. Keith (at the other end of the tape) carried on surveying but later Dennis went back to have another look. Keith & Rhoda heard a watery bubbling sound — & sure enough — on returning to investigate — Dennis had gone. He, brave soul, had put his hand under a ledge, decided the sump was very short, taken a deep breath & dived. He rose up the otherside surrounded in flotsam & jetsam & in utter darkness — had he died & gone to meet the Great Caver? No! His helmet had come off and left him lightless — a situation soon rectified. He swam through pool & decided that the cave continued. Meanwhile Rhoda had discovered with surprise a small hole (about arm size) above the sump. This was draughting. She called through it & Dennis was amazed to hear her but pleased to be able to communicate. Keith, in his shreddies, decided to stay put but Rhoda took a deep breath & plunged. The cave turned a couple of acute corners and — there was light ahead!

Pushing an empty vino bottle out of the way they hastened onwards & to their delight found a roof collapse providing a fairly easy climb out into the middle of a small & thorny copse. Rhoda agreed to find her way overland whilst Dennis was to go back & take about 200 metres & tell Keith the news. The way on looked promising too but that had to be left for another time. The passage between sump & River entrance were eventually surveyed & found to be 600 metres long. It is to be hoped other fearless swimmers will survey it both directions from the roof colapse entrance.

TORCA DELA CABAÑA
Right hand series



Torca Dela Cabaña
Lefthand series



MATIENZO CAVES PROJECT