

LOGBOOK

Year: 1975

Season: Easter

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

Juan Corrin, January 2015

①

First morning on the boat and I am sea-sick. I struggle to the cafeteria and force down a black coffee. But the coffee starts to come back up although I manage to hold it with a hand over the mouth. An officer is watching me

"Morning!" he says.

"Morning!" I reply and rush to the bog.

On the train to Gibaja and everything's going well. Then at a station called Carranza a guard leaps onto our carriage shouting something unrecognisable. This causes general confusion as everyone gets up to leave. We follow the crowd but can not keep up as we fight with our luggage. Obviously the train can not continue for some reason and we are meant to get on the two coaches waiting in the station yard. These two coaches rapidly fill up and ~~the~~ go, leaving Squirel and me and about 50 Spanish. After a few minutes waiting another two coaches arrive and we get on these along with the mail bags. On the way to Gibaja we see the cause for this confusion. Earlier in the day a goods train had been derailed half way between the two stations.

We arrive in Pamales and dump our luggage in the famous diesel land-rover. But what of the driver who is nowhere to be seen? We start looking in ~~bars~~ the bars ~~at~~ until in one the barman starts waving at us.

"What do you think he means?"

"Shut the door I think."

We decide it's better to leave and shut the door behind us carefully. But the barman ~~the~~ comes outside asking about "dos chicas" with the long hair.

"Si!" we say "Where are they?"

He writes us an address but another bloke offers to show us the way. We go up a side-street and then points to door. Inside the door is a row and some steps. At the top of the steps is another door which we knock on. A bloke opens the door and there in the front room are Wendy and Nilly visiting Pilly and ~~their~~ son.

~~The~~ The reader may hear stories about torrential rain during Lank, Nilly, Buddah & Wendy's first few weeks in Matienzo. We can ~~now~~ now ~~disclose~~ disclose that it is all just an excuse for spending their time doing wickerwork and ethnic salad bowls rather than caving. Or maybe it's just a coincidence that our first three days were greeted with glorious ~~&~~ sunshine. And the rest with torrential rain??
Pete

Lank drew us map of how to get to Andoral 3. "That looks easy enough" Squirrel and me agreed. "I don't see how we can go wrong."

We approached the doline (oops I mean shakehole) and saw an entrance. We lit our carbides and crawled in, ~~the~~ It split up although

not exactly as Lank had described. I looked up one branch "Bloody hell It's a bit bloody tight." I looked up another and it seemed to choke. "This can't be right. I'll look for another entrance" I had a scout round and found one entrance for Andoral 2. "This must be the one." I said and Squirrel had a good go at each passage but none of them went. "Let's have another look for another entrance." We both had a look and soon found the largish and easily noticeable entrance of Andoral 3. - So that is how we found the greatest cave in Matanzo - Andoral 2½.

Peter ie. Pedro

RISCO - GALLERIA PINTO. 24/4/75.

Object to survey and push top most point of Pinto, possibly to Andoral III. It was thought that a short pitch previously ~~as~~ unexplored off to the right of Pinto might connect with the afore mentioned Andoral.

Buddah and Lank surveyed whilst Smith and Leña push on to (see Spanish ~~say~~ drawing) the end. (That is the main wet right hand branch of Pinto). Came up to choss blockage and ~~turned~~ climbed up onto right hand wall. Traverse and shoot down short dry passage to top of pitch. Ladder & sling down to ~~no~~ nothing. But water trickles in on far side. Back up the pitch, Smith explored a rift passage

from top of pit, eventually to top of another
boring pit - Mats. He came back and it was
realised that it might be interesting to venture
into a lower continuation of the 'rift' and
perhaps reach the level of similar to the bottom
of the boring pit, via the bottom of the first pit
encountered. Leña descends pit again and
~~passes~~ investigates rift passage - pretty grotty.
But - in opposite direction can be seen
substantial stream below. So, Smith comes
down and gets down to stream passage and
shouts; "Squirrel, I'm in the stream passage,
also water full." Leña comes back and tries
to climb cascade but too exposed. (Next time
maybe) Smith goes back along rift and
eventually reappears from somewhere via a
circuitous route. Come out into main Pinto
and examined abandoned passage across
gallery. (see Spanish drawing with ???)
This passage involving traversing at high level
perhaps rather dangerous climb to achieve further
glory in that direction. Therefore a retreat was
made to main gallery and exit. Surveying of Pinto
Complete? Excellent.

Saturday c. 26th.

Peasant directed - search of the Secada flank of Enaso.
for a Polho con much hairy. Eventually insignificant

hole in Arenizcas was found & found to be occupied by an evil spirit of the type Torca Grachos Torcus. Massive efforts to exorcise the ghoul were made including fire smoke bricks and Hank screaming "out Demons out!" All this did was to bring up the aforesaid mentioned peasants from the valley so an attempt to show British sangfroid became vital hence that hero of the KENDAL CAVING CLUB super BUDD cast himself into the chasm - teeth clenched (to avoid nasty rattling noises) Fortunately the Paquaro was even more choked off by the smoke than the cueverer. To the steady drip of aqua and the coughing of the cough our hero descended a full 50ft. into the depths where he tripped over the usual pile of bones, old milkchurns, hard grenades etc and with L's Luz sin (ho!ho!) athlathion crept thro' the muck to the inevitable choke.

Massive dynamic climb up ladder to impress locals proved useless as they had gone home a commer. After this bank went down a shaft which did not go. Pedro went down one that did not go. Ardillo did not go (or perhaps he did) Then the hole (ho!ho!) process was repeated until bank became despondent (he will pretend he wasn't but he was) so we went sunbathing again thro' happily L. did not take his trousers off.

Fuaita!

(Note - BSC achieved the greatest depth that day?)

Monday 28th April

Me and Squirrel went caving. First of all we went to Tali due to the revelations of Buddha and Lank's survey of Risco. We found a bit, but not much. We found the other two in the entrance of Andeval 3 and they told us to go in Andeval 2.

There we followed a low crawl which got a bit bigger and wetter and came to an aven. Lank has since said that he had got to that aven before, in which case he missed a fairly obvious way-on. This led to a pool, on the other side of which a short slope led to a larger and quite significant passage.

All of this was not explored as I wanted to leave something for Miles.

Pedro

Thursday 1st May

The recent discoveries in Andeval 2 ensured that there should be a further trip down this mostly grotty system. While Buddha and Lank were surveying Squirrel and I "foraged" ahead. We reached the larger passage in which we first found 3 new largish avens. Then we investigated the passage to the right near the end. After a short squeeze, quite a fair length of muddy passage was followed by a sumptuous passage. Enough of that, we returned to the start of the bigger stuff to find the way ahead blocked by a couple of climatics. Well that's what it seemed like as Buddha and Lank's method of surveying is to shout and sing as loudly as possible. Our target on the way out was

to have a look up the right-hand branch of the wide, cobbly passage with the entrance passage. Squirrel lead the way and we were amazed, after a fair bit of crawling and look-up a couple of avens, to arrive in a quite large and impressive passage - 10' high and 15' wide at the top which narrowed to 9" at the ~~the~~ bottom as the sides were two symmetrical mud banks. Only too soon this passage ended at a huge aven. The only immediately accessible passage off this was a crawl (what else). I followed this for about 100' when my carbide went out. I shouted for Squirrel but he was out of ear-shot, and I made several attempts to relight the lamp but with ~~little~~ no success. So I had to start working my way back in the dark until Squirrel could hear me. Unfortunately his only reply was "I've no light!" So with Squirrel repeatedly shouting to help me find the way I crawled back as Squirrel returned to the aven - and seemingly miraculously - was able to light his carbide. When we had both lights working we decided to get out as soon as possible but first had a quite look up the downstream part of the big passage, which was notable for anastomoses in its roof.

Later we found that the surveyors had explored and surveyed another largish passage in this part of the system. As Buddha drew up the survey the significance of this cave regarding Anderal 3, Tiveiro 3 and Risco became clearer - and we had extended the 30 m explored by S.E.S.S. to 600 m.

Pedro

^{MAY.}
9th & 10th - 2 DAYS UNDER THE NOBLE & GALLANT LEADERSHIP
OF EL DEL PONTÓN

Pedro & myself had the great fortune of meeting this knowledgeable gentleman on the 8th of May in the bar at Saldesult. On enquiring to the location of a particular cave - Ascul, Pontón kindly pointed to its proximity from the exterior of the bar. (He can always be found there!). We then arranged to meet him in the bar on the 9th and he would ~~that~~ direct us verbally from the valley, shouting things like 'arriba' or 'abajo' or 'caca'.

The following day this was carried out after two bottles of beer, the cave being surveyed and a surface traverse was conducted to Percevejo on the side. OK.

Pontón (God bless him) then told us of an enormous shaft which he directed us to descend the following day. We arrived at the bar on the 10th and equipped ourselves with bottles of beer. Then our leader appeared and following his footsteps we entered the afore mentioned sima (see the file 'Grazial') 15 metres in total - bag of shit.

Our leader was visibly moved, in fact far from being an emotional man under normal circumstances, I thought I detected a small tear in his eye. He mumbled something about Walker and strolled off up the pass. We followed. A brief visit into a short horizontal cave called ~~the~~ Cubiya and then up to a large sima as described in the file.

Greffs Aven & two mined chokes before launching it (El Fefe) into the 3rd. After this tank found a path back to what was presumed to be the river Risco. Here his light went dim so he returned to the K.C.C. mobile launch pad which was now entirely benighted & the team sortied.

Today however a full M.O.S.S. team pushed forward to the pitch with B.S.C. & K.C.C. doing the hard task of surveying behind. Sure enough the prognostications of the Great Mendal Oracle came true & the M.O.S.S. were caught up sitting at the top of the pitch. "Can yer genius another ladder?" "It too deep." "Fuck Christ sod it Spos so" so back went the survey team thro' hell & high water to get ladder. Gorrit, purrit down & off they went. Mutter mutter "they'll be back in $\frac{1}{2}$ hour & illbe - "Cor winner superb goesfermilesweerofertra" $\frac{1}{2}$ hr later they are back. "Goesfermilesweerofertra" However cunning K.C.C. snides stop retreat & off they go again $\frac{1}{2}$ hr later they're back soaked thro' "Goesfermilesweerofertra". Apparently it does - mostly upwards. The BAKSUP forge on past where M.O.S.S. got to halting only at V.S. A4 climbs. Pretty impressive bit of goat with ferpos of link up with Risco before so long & according to M.O.S.S. lots in roof which naturally they had not got very far up & when they did get up they fell off - Nevertheless nice to see you trying lads & better luck next time.

Complete parody of the truth. Love & kisses
if you believe that you've had too much wine.

Cynthia. P.T.O.

If you read and believe that you have not had enough to drink. "You don't know our concept of the cave" MUSS. "It's far easier surveying than running about." "What you did today is totally useless."

It's too complicated - It's all too big" "Oh fuck!" I grope of boulder choke the mess. "Possibly does not go for more than 50 yards. - get through to a roaring draught. All we need do. "Don't be so pathetic" Hank. Buckham says put notice here and there. - "work from one end ~~and~~ cover the other. Sorry!"

"It's not like that - everything goes." eliminate the lot.

A small cross +. (God forgive me for I know not what I do.)

Weds. 14th

Yesterday's auspicious discoveries meant that a visit to Riso was a necessity. Down the entrance pit the MUSS immediately made a significant discovery. Along a side-crawl off the passage to the right (looking at it) of the ladder, Hank found an oven which was climbed into a longish and very pretty passage. The left-hand branch contained a draught which roared away down a pit. (Risky it wasn't surveyed properly so we'd know where it was going). MUSS returned to examine what the Spaniards called the

final downstream sump. Not surprisingly the "sump" was simply the ~~the~~ continuation of the canal bank had explored in jeans and woolies the day before. A couple of yards of swimming and we were in what yesterday we had considered to be Tiva. We found Buddha and Squirrel waiting for us, the former making comments like "What kept yer?" I can't remember what he said when we told him that we'd already found some new passage, maybe he said nothing.

MWSS then returned to Risco to look for high-level passages near the entrance. First to be visited was the Gallery off the so-called Lago del Sifon. At the end of the part shown on Walker's survey Lank was able to make a small extension. At the end of the part not shown on Walker's survey it was Pedro's turn to make a small extension.

The gallant pair then turned their attention to the Gallery de Bote doubtlessly making numerous small extensions. Finally they found a passage off to the left. 250^m of dig and in places largish passage led to a drop into a ~~small~~ stream passage which was followed to a chamber and other side passages.

On the way out they saw the surveyor's just starting on the Lago del Sifon gallery. Come on lads you'll have to speed up. There's getting to be quite a backlog of passages which have been explored by MWSS and still not surveyed. Pedro.

~~THUR~~ TIVA (THURSDAY) MAY.

Two more trips were required to complete ^(?) the exploration and survey of this complex and sporting cave. Yet again BAKSUP went into action finding and surveying more and more monotonous passage via pitegrous climbs and traverses. Unfortunately one half of the team was not quite with it due to a drinking bout on the previous evening, culminating in an assassination attempt of our noble leader (Benny Lank). It appears that I gave Buddha the impression that I was asleep on the other end of the surveying tape throughout the trip. This is not exactly true. Any road, all three trips were a monumental success considering disease, undernourishment and the absence of surveyors chocolate etc. etc. Approximately 30 man/hours were spent surveying passages, many of which I cannot ever remember and would rather not talk about. Never before as the word 'choke' been such a boost to morale. (The second and third trips simply being tidying up trips, the route through to Rivo already having been found, on the previous page.)

Arquilla Leña.

Thursday 22nd May.

To give the surveying team a break from the monotony of Tiva a trip was planned up the Pinto Gallery on Saturday the 17th. While Buddha and Lank were finishing off their survey, Squirrel and Pedro were to push further their extensions of the 24th April. At the cascade Squirrel climbed

up as quickly as if he was the animal of that name climbing up a hazel tree. At the top he explored a disappointingly short bit of passage to a boulder choke. He removed a boulder from this thereby causing the stream to increase, giving the waiting Pedro the impression the cave was flooding.

Still we were no nearer Anderal and it was Pedro's go down the pitch at the end of the traverse. He landed at 25' in the floor of a small-circular shaft. The only way out was down an even smaller muddy tube. This needed digging but he had no digging tools, so Ardillo obliged by throwing a cobble down the pitch. The rock projections were removed with this and Pedro went down a further 10' pitch which landed ~~at~~ in a very grotty little chamber. The only way out of this was a low wet crawl, and as Pedro peered along this he immersed his carbide in the water. The rest is a familiar story. He fumbled for the flint and covered the jet in mud. He tried ~~to~~ to prick the jet but the pricker snapped off inside. All his efforts to remove it failed so he had to remove himself up the two pitches in the dark fumbling for ladder and lifeline.

So if anyone wants to extend the Risco system there is a wet crawl at the end of the Pinto which still waits to be pushed.

Pedro - apologies for bad writing, but I'm not pressed.

Tuesday evening 3rd June.

(15)

Ello. from Blair, Jim, Graham, who?

Graham: After mega bullshitting letters from Matienzo decided to pay a visit and see if it was all true (about the snow, rain, preying mantisae etc.). After 60 m.p.h. trip on hovercraft drone down through boring France - dosing at side of road in bivi bags in mega storms - very boring. Left Skipton Sunday morning arrived Matienzo Tuesday afternoon - no sign of any rain - blazing sun. Mega huge booze up in evening - the 3 new arrivals nearly threw a wobbler - see later.

Excellent welcoming party convened in evening with much singing, drinking and bullshitting. Certain member of the new arrivals carried drinking to excess and, after a noisy re-entry to camp proceeded to attempt to die grass wine colour. Following morning he denied all knowledge of puke outside tent but had to admit defeat after testimony of several ear-witnesses.

Wednesday 4th June

Full team, except Hilly, who had leapt off up the hills to expose herself. Jeep most impressive roaring towards Sima Grande until it caught fire - M.V.S.S. and B.S.C. hanging on for dear life - K.C.C. completely nonchalant. K.C.C. demonstrating how to tackle big pitches à la S.R.T. - M.V.S.S. radios didn't work of course. Jim prussicked back up pitch and puked up breakfast - far too much vino and aris the night before.

Thursday 5th June

Coveron - J.A.Y., J.M.S.W., G.S. - Blair dying of consumption back at camp.

Aim: to climb to head of pitch found previously to left at bottom of entrance.

Easy climb up followed by impressive soft pitch (mostly sloping) into a chamber. Followed uphill passage but no immediate way on, worked back and followed branch off to the right, stopped and heard a roaring noise - thought it was a stream but soon found that it was a very strong draught coming from a 6" dia hole in a narrow rift. Graham was left at the top of the pitch (without a light) to lifeline whilst Buddha and Jim started digging the hole. Gave up after an hour, fairly certain that we would get through the next day.

Friday 6th June

Coveron - J.A.Y., J.M.S.W., G.S. - Blair still dying.

Graham and Buddha started surveying new section whilst Jim started digging with wild enthusiasm - the thought of glory burning in his mind. After circa 1 hr B. & G. returned and Buddha took over the digging. $\frac{1}{2}$ hr later Jim managed to force his way through and roared off - only to be brought up by a climb round a corner - with the sound of a stream in ~~the~~ distance. Jim returned to the hole and enlarged it whilst Buddha went for the rope off the 50' pitch - descended climb (turned out to be very easy) and came to a wide ledge above a deep vadose canyon. Here began 'caverns measureless to man' with mega stal and winter 20' high columns - traversed on ledges for short distance above

the canyon but could find no easy descent to the streamway.

Eventually stopped in pleasant overhang, sat down in the sand where Buddha, Jim and Graham nudged each other and grinned at the thought of M.V.S.S. once again missing the glory.

Saturday 7th June - Loveron

All the team except Blair - still dying.

K.C.C. despatched the M.V.S.S. minions into the upper reaches to photograph. Buddha descended first and reported a small stream with the passage varying 1-1½ m wide. Jim descended and the two set off upstream. Climbed over one calcite blockage and then came to another. Buddha did mega silly climb up 50 ft using finger nails, teeth and nose towards the top.

Climbed into overhang and along for c 20 ft - thought that passage dropped back into main streamway - could hear sound of the stream in front, but could not get to the edge because of sloping, slippery calcite.

The pair returned surveying, continuing past the rope, over some pretty rimstone pools, down a narrow 6' cascade to a split in the passage. Buddha ~~followed~~ followed a dry passage to the right (draughting strongly) and Jim, in a wetsuit, followed a low wet crawl. Jim only managed about 20 ft, round two 90° bends - very awkward, until passage divided and became too low and tight. Buddha passed the narrow overhang, approx 60' long, and re-entered the stream passage. He followed the stream passage for c 170 m to a wet crawl under calcite cascade - could see passage continuing the other side but returned because he was in dry grotts.

Lank, Squirrel, Graham photographing in the upper series.

Removed all the tackle so that Lank and Co. could complete
..... GOCABADO!! - (with draft)

5th June
Squirrel, Lank and Pedro climbed up to the Sema del
Gocabado and rapidly descended the entrance pitch
of 7 metros, which had been investigated on a
previous occasion. 30 odd metros of ladder ^{were} ~~was~~ fed through
a window in one side of the rift and belayed to the
bottom of the ladder on pitch one. Squirrel ~~was~~ given
the death or glory job of descending the supposedly
100' shaft but was disinclined to jump the remaining
60' of shaft from the bottom of the ladder.

Therefore the team returned the following day
with 75' of ladder and added this to the ladder in-
situ. Squirrel was given the death or glory job of
descending the supposedly 100' shaft but a large
rock perched on the edge of the shaft decided to
move and it was decided to remove the obstacle. This
required de-laddering, pushing the rock ~~the~~ down the
pitch, gordening and re-laddering. -----

But was disinclined to jump the remaining 15' of
shaft from the bottom of the ladder. The future
looks very rosy!

The following day Squirrel again descended the supposedly
175' pitch, previously adding 50' of ladder and landed at
210 feet. The trigger didn't go! No draft, no nothing, just
a bloody big hole in the ground.

7th June - Ethnic Caving.

Pedro kept the long-standing promise of Fredo to show us the entrance of Cueva las Cosas. He found Fredo at his house where another local was finishing cutting his grass ~~with~~ with a machine. We lifted the machine on to the cart, climbed aboard and set off. "This is better than the Hep." I said. "That's right", said Fredo pointing at ~~the~~ the horse "It's got eyes and will find its own way home when you're pissed up."

On the far side of the bridge Fredo and I got down off the cart and set off along the track to the right. At the spring we stopped for a drink, trying to ~~be~~ ignore the bottles of San Miguel cooling in the water. Shortly after the spring we turned off to the left up an old oxen-track, this became overgrown and we started fighting our way through the gorse, passing an old hen-cave. We came to the holly tree which marks the entrance and began searching for the entrance. Fredo couldn't find it so he shouted to someone down in the valley. The answer came back "Mas arriba, Mas adelante." Quite easily we then found the fairly small entrance. ~~Fredo~~ Fredo stormed into the cave. His gear included a beret for a helmet and carpet slippers for boots - as I ~~was~~ fumbled to light my carbide he was shouting for a light, not having one himself.

Inside the cave there were many big stal- and columns, but no sign of any way-on as he said there used to be ~~be~~ before it collapsed. Lots of writing on the wall including the symbol $\equiv$ any ideas what it is?

Pedro

8th June.

Alas. poor Blair perished away during a hectic night of singing and imbibing at the inn. However this turned out to be only a slight setback. On next visiting Romales the team was presented by the Bank of Santander with a new team member. It seems that this is just one more way that the Spanish show their unbounded hospitality. The recipient of the new member also received 2,451.60 pesetas. He was to have received 2,461.60 pesetas but the bank removed 10 pts in order to cover overheads. (Halo's etc). Thus the new member cost the team only 10 pts. From now on the new member shall be referred to as Axel Bismarck (see accompanying official document of registration & ownership)

Blair's death was a ~~bad~~ tragic affair - after consuming a whole box of Berilettes (solid Berilys expectorant) his lungs were suddenly overwhelmed by an avalanche of mucus excretion. He slid from the chair and finally expired having made the largest and most colourful spit in history (K.C. members will realise the terrible significance of this) Had there been a standard flushing bog at hand he might well have been saved. However in this heather

21



CAJA DE AHORROS DE SANTANDER

BAJO EL PROTECTORADO DEL ESTADO

Ramales 061 5

(Oficina)

de junio

de 19

75

COMPRA de los siguientes ^{billetes} en moneda extranjera:

Cuatro billetes de 5£ cada uno nº

47D-209.831; 68A 850.625; 05N 726379; 89H -897.041

EJEMPLAR PARA EL CLIENTE

CAJA DE AHORROS DE SANTANDER
Servicio de Moneda Extranjera

CEDENTE

D. Mn Avel Bism Invernina

Domicilio: Inglaterra.

D. N. I. o Pasaporte: 325.966.

CONCEPTO: TURISMO

Cuenta

N.º

LIQUIDACION

Contravalor de..... 20 £

Al cambio de..... 123,08 Ptas. 2.461,60

A deducir por comisión 10.

IMPORTE..... 2.451,60

Ex-101 174

country with no proper national health bags
he pointed! His moaning!? drinking prowess
will always be remembered.

9th June

The Gardia came round again.
Mills was dragged off by the short and
curly to Aridondo to answer for his
sins. After being worked over good
on proper de Gardia sent in one
to get der pastportes cause e
dint jus resemble de piter he
ad wiv in.

10th June approx Tuesday

The Moss staff choked (fart) poor old
rigger - the draught disappeared as so did
everything else.

John Xeadon (alias John Kissinggrass)
accompanied by Axel Bism Truvorind went
and smoothed over the Gardia by sither
tongues. After having failed to bribe them
with ① 2000 pts. ② packet of John Players Specials (Tins)
and ③ Moss Matiers report of 1974 vintage. The
respective replys were ① grin - trigger & words
to the effect that Franco keeps up their
differentials. ② only Fairies and women &

presumably Tim smoke those sort of ciggs. (3)
 the French gave us one last year - those glory
 pages in yours won't absorb the shit.

Wednesday 11th June

Coneron

Aim: ~~Bliss and~~ Anel Bism and Graham to push downstream
 Buddha and Tim to push upstream.

Downstream :

The passage continues downstream
 very Yorkshireish. Passage consists of in places
 a rift up to 70ft high usually winding and
 about 18ins wide. In places the passage
 narrows to quite small dimensions. Active
 stream - wet - low parts. The main problem
 in this passage seems to be several flowstone
 barriers. Several of these can be overcome
 by either climbing over or squeezing through
 under (with the watery bits). The bottom and
 apparently floods completely in really bad
 weather. The walls are completely covered in
 wet mud. Passage ends where a flowstone
 barrier comes down & completely blocks the
 passage. A way on may be found by either
 taking a hammer & chisel down to smash through
 the flowstone, or if one comes back up the
 passage for about 50 yards, climbs up for
 about 50ft then traverse back downstream. A

way over the end may be found. Traverse about 3-4 ft wide on steeply sloping mud walls. Total length from ladder pitch to bottom end approx 375 m.

Upstream:

First surveyed from entrance past new climb to end of large original passage. Surveyed up climb, down pitch to connect with Graham and Buddhas survey. Surveyed from Blowhole I to top of main stream passage - turned right and climbed into a chamber and short length of passage with possible connection back to chamber after blowhole I. Surveyed to pitch down into streamway - pitch turned out to be c 55 ft. Upstream to climb - Buddha on line and running belays. Jim followed. Buddha banged piton in top of greasy calcite climb - up O.K. 50 ft ladder put down other side. Buddha descended first reported passage continuing. Both pushed on with odd climbs and inlets to the left - eventually came to largish chamber which was quite a relief after the narrow winding previous section. Main water enters down 15 ft calcite cascade - passage looked too tight at top. Followed small winding rift with strong draught. Got to tight section and Buddha decided it was getting 'muy tedioso' so surveyed from this point back to large chamber. At this point only had 2 fills of carbide left between us, so made a rapid exit, leaving the tackle in place. Estimate of distance from climb, ~~is~~ 2000 ft. This trip lasted $8\frac{1}{2}$ hours i.e. at least 4 times as long as ~~never~~ ^{A.V.S.S.} ever spend underground.

13th June - Friday

An unlucky day for K.C.C. as MVSS once again found ~~the~~ loads of passage - and surveyed it - and did 4 caves in one day - and surveyed what the Spanish said was unsurveyable. Jivero I, Anderal I were polished off in rapid succession and then the amazing Lank and his modest assistant turned their attention to Loca II. They stormed through miles of ~~very~~ difficult rift passage following the stream to its sump. But they did not stop there. Lank found a way over the top and roared through huge, high-level caverns - after several kilometres of this he dropped back down to the water and continued downstream to the terminal sump. Their survey executed on the way out shows that this is close to the sump in the old cave which connects with Orite.

Not being satisfied with this the MVSS team investigated Loca I. There an ~~an~~ abandoned passage was found and they were able to by-pass the sump, and discover further miles of upstream passage. Once again they surveyed out and the survey shows Loca I to now be very close to Selwijo.

Pedro.

15th June - SUNDAY

Not being satisfied ~~of~~ with the ~~unmerit~~ efforts of the previous day, a section of the British expedition to the Contabrians' spent almost the entire day in the bar.

Never before such energy expended, such will power! Expeditionaries of future generations will look upon this feat and exclaim - "This was their finest hour." It is indeed difficult to describe the feeling in my soul as the very fibres of my body battle with the second glass of wine. Why did I do it? Because it is there! The bar is there, the wine is there, the scene is set, the wheels set in motion etc etc etc.

Sorry!

COVERON

18 - JUNE - 75.

Transport - Gorrillo, fotografica - A Leña, Cosmic tailors - P. Smith & J. Yeaton.

Equipment - Cruz de mayo. - (arbol). etc.

A suitable arbol was found near the entrance of Coveron and the machete put to work in order to transform it into a cruz de mayo. It (7 metros long) was then transported down the entrance ramp and up the right hand series to the far extremity. After a little difficulty in positioning the cruz de mayo to coincide with the aire orificio, Aridillo was ordered to ascend, much against his will.

We had previously ~~attached~~ fastened a ladder and two stays to the cruz de mayo but the climber still felt that the movement from the cruz de mayo to the far side of the orificio was messy

(* Look please note.)

(27)

peligroso. Therefore a piton runner was used for additional protection* and the final thrust made through into the floor of a (wait for it) — passage. Very photogenic, so the ladder was belayed permanent like and photographic gear came up along with the Cosmic tailors. They set to work surveying, a few pictures taken and then the main route was surveyed out to the entrance ramp. The pitch still has a ladder belayed to it but no lifeline (whoops, what a give away). The party then made there way out (much to the grief of the B&C section) and alas, found that the sun was shining!!!!

A.L.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN SQUIRREL AND BUDDHA 18th June

Some call him Shorpan but I call him him Chopin but its a personal thing. What are worries between your teeth? You can't beat 1842 - Load of bull shit, it doesn't describe the mood. It all depends the english in the 1st World War were a load of dimboos but they knew something. If only I knew something. I've never heard Shostakovitch's 5th Symphony. Before I get to England I've got to have your address. I'll probably be living in Norton. I want to do some mundane task. We've got to have some co-ordinating week-end. It will be dismissed later.

Chopin — What can I say, the most wonderful composer ever!

They will give us Gib. You see Shostakovich — fuckin' well beats the lot, the best living, never been one better, and he's socialist. Let the dogs have Gib. once they get rid of the fascist Franco and his sidekick Prince Juan Carlos twat. Fuck off — they shall not pass — we'll fight them on the beaches, we'll fight them on the landing grounds, we'll fight them in the bars, we'll fight them in the whore houses, whose house? Whose they gonna off shewontea fuck Yippee! Its what yer right hands for!! What the hell has he lost now wrote? Load of shit — what about ~~our~~ intellectual argument And listen to this — Tolstoy is a fuckin' puffer — Solzhenitsin is the best writer in the whole, fuckin' wide world.

But what ever happened to the Likely Lads Eh?

What sort of writing is this? — I'm going to put the shit up the back of the — now — right gassy — right paper now we can see you — you in game — gonna burst the lot paper shit — put the shit in the shit.

And this must be pressed again?

22nd June.

Sunday afternoon - walk into the bar German - blancos on the bar waiting for you - before you can finish it - vamos - to the las nievas - more blancos and rabas (something fish-like done in batter) - more blancos and more rabas - vamos a camino - more blancos and olives - vamos - a bar German - more blanco vamos - a casa Fredo - kinto, tortilla, sangrejos - flames leaping up to the ~~ceiling~~ ceiling - café, leche - whisky - vamos a bar German - more café - God! It's hell in the bars.

23rd June.

ARENAL (means sandy)

Previous investigation had been terminated at the edge of a lake, the crossing of which, would require a wet suite. Therefore the team (Pedro, John, Wendy & Squimed) set off with the intention of pushing further into the system so as to avert future possibilities. They did not wear wet suites. The edge of the lake was encountered while still in the daylight none and we gazed at it dumbly. However the draught was most ~~encouraging~~ encouraging and actually created small waves on the surface of the lake! To demonstrate this further, the draught visibly disturbs leaves 15 metres from the entrance which is by no means small and it can be assumed that this is the most powerfully draughting cone in the valley.

AL.

COVERON (YET AGAIN)

Wendy & John to survey some right hand series stuff and to explore beyond knife pitch or something.

Pedro & Ardillo to dig draughting hole on right hand side of second ramp. (Also surface traverse afterwards).

Pedro smashed some stuff out while Ardillo watched or untill eventually the hole was just ~~negotiable~~ negotiable. Ardillo was invited to have a close look and when it became easier to progress ~~to~~, rather than retreat, the explorer found himself to be in a remarkably awkward tube with a sandy floor. The passage was pursued untill after a few metres, hands and knees walking was possible and eventually one could stand up in a cross rift type chamber. The phreatic tube continued and a fork to the left was investigated but not explored to its penultimate. Because the main way on was instinctively felt to be up the right hand fork. Thus, it was explored untill a phreatic pocket type chamber marked the end of this section. Back along the passage a small tube forked off to the right but soon became impassable. Beyond the initial dig ~~the~~ and adjacent ~~small~~ thrust, the draught is considerably less and only just detectable in the further reaches. It is thought that the passage holds no great significance.

Meanwhile John had had only marginal success and was happy to state that his investigations had been met with what can only be described in terms of sweet, F.A.

AL.

28 JUNE.

ONITE — SALLO CABALLO. (The first assault)

The object of this trip was for Buddha & Ardillo to complete the exploration and survey of this system, once and for all. Because of the amount of gear required it was decided to use single rope ~~climb up~~ ~~techniques~~ techniques except for the short entrance pitch (6 metres).

A ladder was slung down the entrance pitch and then Buddha went down to retrieve it so that it could be belayed properly. We arrived at the head of the 18.6 m pitch without incident (not in keeping with current trends) and a single rope was belayed. To the other end of the rope was tied ~~a~~ a bag of rope which was lowered down the pitch OK? Ardillo started to abseil down until after a short distance it was realised that the rope had passed through a small eye hole in the rock. From this point the rope and bag were hauled back but the bag would not come back up through the eye hole OK? Therefore the bag had to be lifted from the opposite side of the eye hole, untied, the bag dropped, the rope let down in the right position etc etc.

Then Buddha got into his sit sling complete with knob & figure of 8, passed a loop of rope through the large hole and set off. It was then apparent that the loop of rope should also pass round the back (or front) of the stem on this device! This was rectified and both explorers reached the bottom safely.

The head of the Gallo Caballo pitch was soon reached via a large mud slope up to the left. The spaniards reckon

this to be a 40 meter, ~~pitch~~ partially explored pitch and so a good length of rope was belayed to some stabs. Ardillo descended and it was later discovered to be only 27 metros. A small stream trickled down the far wall of the shaft and was followed through a rather sharp, constricted and generally uninspiring meandering trench. The passage soon forked and because of the nature of the right hand branch a retreat was made and the left pursued. The passage improved in dimensions until one was forced to negotiate a low sandy bedding but fortunately a thrust up was encountered at the ~~junction~~ junction of a walking size passage. Because of the amount of water flowing and the size of the passage, it was thought that this ~~was~~ must be Rirso and so the upstream continuation was sought in the direction of Orto.

~~After~~ After getting lost and ~~not~~ being alone for a length of time I thought I heard someone, yes none other than Buddha appeared on the scene. After growing concern he had followed my tracks and now we could get lost together. We did eventually do a round trip to the ~~top~~ top of the Salto Caballo but all the provisioning gear etc. etc. was at the bottom of it. So a descent was made yet again without the use of a figure of 8; the gear tied onto the rope, I came up the rope, hauled up the stuff, nothing to it. The trip out from here was ~~with~~ uneventful apart from the usual corvide lamp failures on the wet 18.6 m pitch and difficulty in hauling tackle

up over the lip etc etc.

AL.

Somos visitantes, del grupo de Espeleología del Museo de Prehistoria, el "Mus...", al visitar con nuestros compañeros la cueva del Cubo de la Renada, hemos observado la diferencia que existe entre nuestro modo de exploración y el vuestro, pues os metéis por unos agujeros muy pequeños y llenos de todo, pero hay que reconocer que la nuestra es la única manera de continuar la exploración de cavidades ya visitadas, sobre todo si tiene el acierto de que la parte final de galerías que habéis hallado es tan bonita y con numerosos tan curiosos como las coladas rojas.

We are visitors of the Espeleology's Group of the Prehistoric Museum, the "Mus...". Being with yours, ~~has~~ we have seen, exploring the Cubo de la Renada's cave, the main difference between our good method of exploration and the your method. you get into very small ~~for~~ crawling ~~being~~ ^{being}, but your method there is the only method for continue the exploration of caves explored already, mainly if, ~~has~~ in this case the part of new part is very pretty and curious things have the red colades.

R-B

3rd July

Buddha and I went to survey Mortiro, but I wasn't too happy about it as my wet-suit zip was broke and the bracket on my coxide had broken off. Ramon and Jose Manuel came down the top entrance with us but they weren't too happy about it either and soon decided they had to catch a bus. We got near the duck and I wasn't too happy as the water reached up to my chest. Buddha had a look at the duck and wasn't too happy about it so we went out. We went to the bottom entrance and ~~we~~ got as far as the waterfall. Buddha went up first and was me giving me a hand-up when I slipped and he cut his finger and I don't suppose he was too happy about it. We got to the duck and started to survey out but the handle for reeling in the tape had come off and I wasn't too happy about it. We both started shivering and were a bit unhappy but then we got back to the entrance and we were both very happy but it had been raining so we weren't all that happy, so we had some surveyor's chocolate in the bar that night and it made us both happier.

Pedro

Conversation, Alan, Squivel and Buddha 4th July

A. I'd use new ones if the world would let me. Some were made of cells.

Sometimes see 'em on tractors

B Probably put 'em on landrovers.

A Might as well get a landrover and loads of people to carry you across. Just pushed and lifted.

- A. On Can fell track, bogged down to half-way down doors. put ~~winch~~ winch rope on. Drove another winch rope on. lifted mine a foot off floor. Ended up riving it out old fashioned way.
- B. Mate got it bogged down on Pendle M.H. Lost all the oil. Engine rattled on in usual fashion. Tie it on front bumper. Tried it on back.
- A. Mine's like that.
- B. Didn't get him out.
- S. You'd be in Lancashire.
- B. Got it out next day.
- S. I get pissed off with this sort of thing.
- B. I'll be more canny next time.
- S. Trade bike or sunbat
- B. He used to boggle about but couldn't get out of it. At the bottom was a 60' shaft.
- A. Best when I ripped Geoff's back end off. Geoff ploughed into this bank of sand and salt.
- S. Doesn't have much luck.
- A. Bought a new chassis. Somebody ripped him off in pub. Everyone were cheering. It didn't come off first time. have another go. His chassis were bugged anyway.
- S. Buy another motor bike
- A. I'm not bothered about petrol. I get landrover in low box. It's bloody lovely. It just costs 'em more. Everytime petrol's gone up. fair enough walk, hitch-like it. ~~They always come.~~ walk it, they always come.

ARENAL

SATDY (5-7-75)

Jaon, Pedro and the B.S.C. coxing machine rolled into action (well oiled) with the object of pushing and surveying ~~forward~~ from the lake onwards. After swimming across the knee deep lake the party emerged on the far side, in a dry boulder strewn passage. Walking was possible until after only a short distance walking became impossible because a solid looking boulder choke was encountered. Its draught did not do justice to the strength of such at the cave entrance but an aven was found to be draughting back along the passage. Alas, the way on from the top of the aven became impassable but on the way out a strong draught was noticed at the level of the lake. Alan (the glory seeker) pursued this extremely low wet muddy bedding until emerging into a large dry 'T' junction.

I must point out that there are certain feats which I might perform underground, but which I would ^{never} dream of attempting in the cold light of the surface. One of these is flat out crawling on water.

The surveyors followed Alan through the bedding, up the 'T' junction and were relieved to discover that this boulder strewn, hanging death type passage choked in both directions after short distances. I don't bloody know where the draft goes!

Shortly before this trip, 400 metres of sporting passage was added to the present 'Rio Tuerto inlet' (Aguia). It only awaits for some sporting young cavers to survey it

TIZONES

WEDNESDAY (9.7.75)

B.S.C members Alan & Ardillo were tricked into surveying this nasty place, the only consolation being the doubling of its previously known length (Bullshit) "I don't know how the water which sinks in it manages to find its way through."

Note:- this trip was conducted in extremely dry weather and it is probable that the Spanish siphon (lack of min. air space) does in fact sump in 'average' conditions.

AL.

Wednesday 9th of July — Still no sign of our wonderful leader — what can have happened to him? He was last seen 3 weeks and 3 days ago saying he would be next seen in 3 weeks time. Has he found paradise in the sun of Asturias? Has his Landrover broken down? Has he run off with the expedition money? How much longer can he stay away? Has it really been better since he went? What and how much have we eaten? Will he never come back?

Pedro

Thursday 10th of July — Alan and Pedro led the way as they rowed into the peculiar cave below the house near Fuente las Vases — (now know that it's called La Cueva). Threw a couple of ladders down the pit and got into 150 m. of passage — quite long and pretty — bloody huge stal — but footprints. Surveyed out.

Good day well passed — Well done lads — Buddha had his third day without doing more than reading "Gone with the Wind", but he's finished it now. — Luke still not arrived. What's happened to the expeditions nos 1 and 2? Pedro

MATIENZO CAVES PROJECT