

MATIENZO CAVES PROJECT

# LOGBOOK

Year: 1976

Season: summer

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

*Juan Corrin, January 2015*

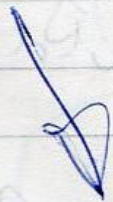


PAIN Your Bum

①

Friday 16<sup>th</sup> July

After assembling the Advance Party of the 1976 British Speleological Expedition to Matienzo, N. Spain we set off for Basnes, with Brother Naish in tow to collect our waste containers. A few pints of Young's were rapidly followed by many pints of Ruddles in Richmond which resulted in one member of the party suffering rather badly from intoxication, or so we discovered when we got to Thomas Pitton. Ian was duly lifted from the road and carried to the Naish back room. General John's Plak



John's Plak

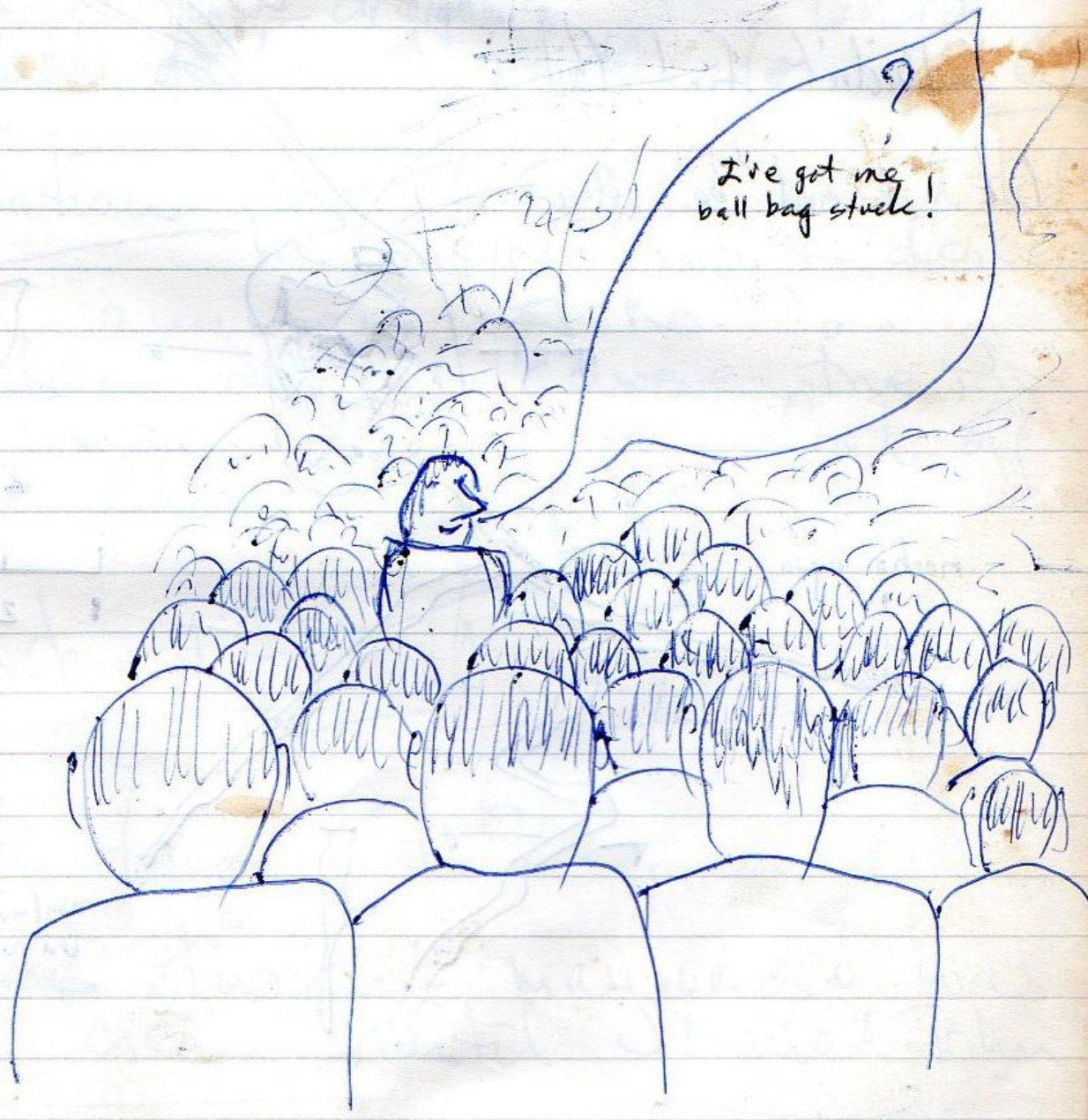
P.S. Warning by H.M. Government  
Too much day light  
can damage your  
health.

agreement was that he should be put to bed and despite Pams presence he was removed of his garments. The Puke Bowl was provided but alas our not so intrepid drinker decided it resembled a Teddy Bear and ~~thought~~ thought it needed a cuddle. Kneeling on the floor and quietly seducing the puke bowl Ian performed the well known "Doggy Position". Meanwhile Phil decided it was time for some fun and with half a Jersey New Potato on a meat skewer he played at Ralph Flavis on Ians nose with a tin of primer paint. The general consensus of opinion was that Ian should save the horse of a good painting as puking and should sleep in the garden (back yard).

The next day dawned far too bright but ~~resting~~ resting the symptomatic of bed the said party set off for Spain with little event. Arriving in Matienzo at 9.15 pm on

~~Hand~~ Sunday 18<sup>th</sup> July. J.E.N.

3



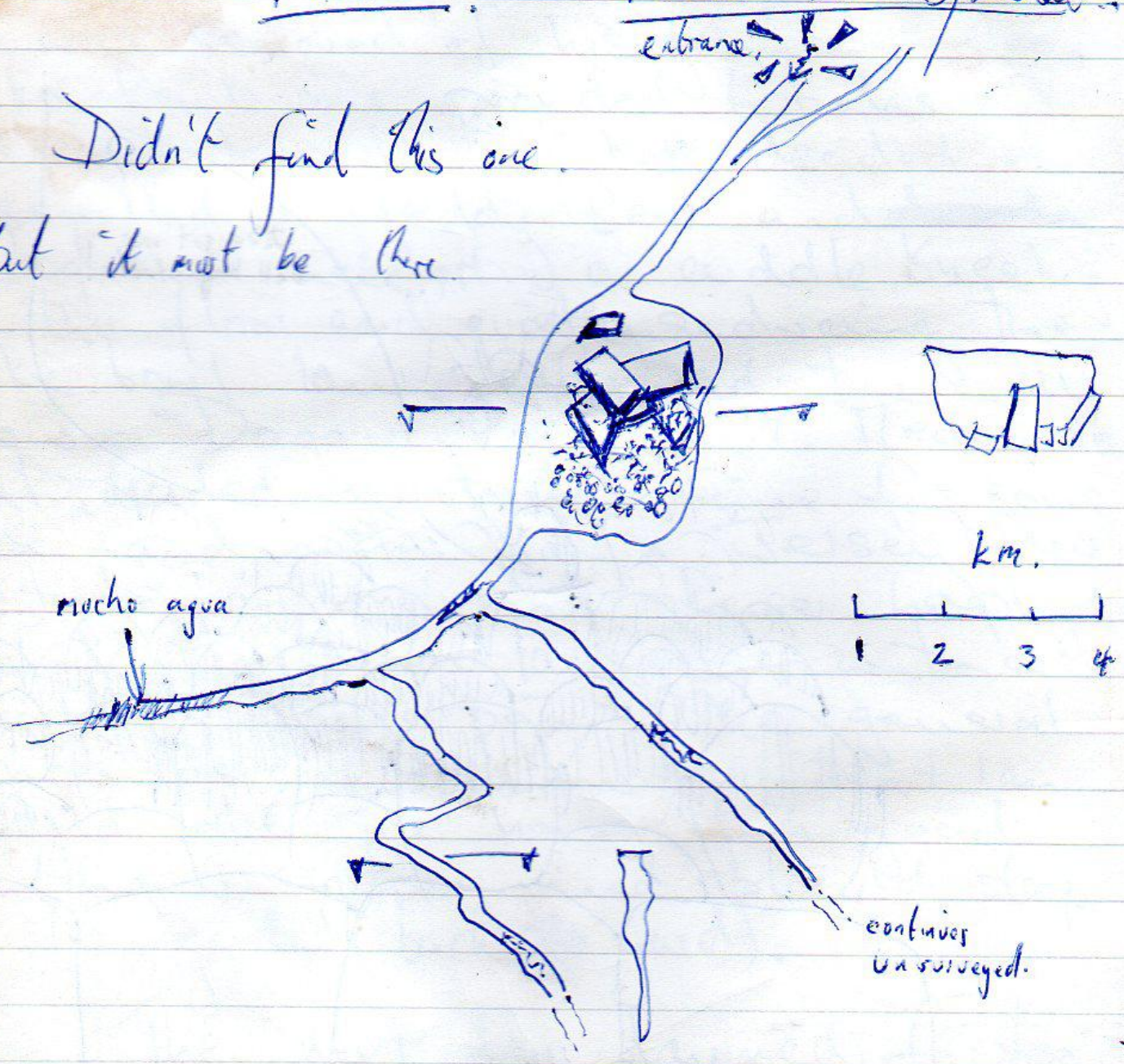
at



RIANO

MONDAY 19th Quilbot  
entrance

Didn't find this one  
but it must be there



Strolled around Uzecka area.  
Found bugger all apart from a  
small non draughting hole which  
Naish decided not to descend - J.S.C.

Information: - J.S.C. admitted  
he wasn't up to doing  
it anyway. J.N. only  
kaffled out 'cause the rope  
only reached to ten feet off  
the floor. J.E.N.

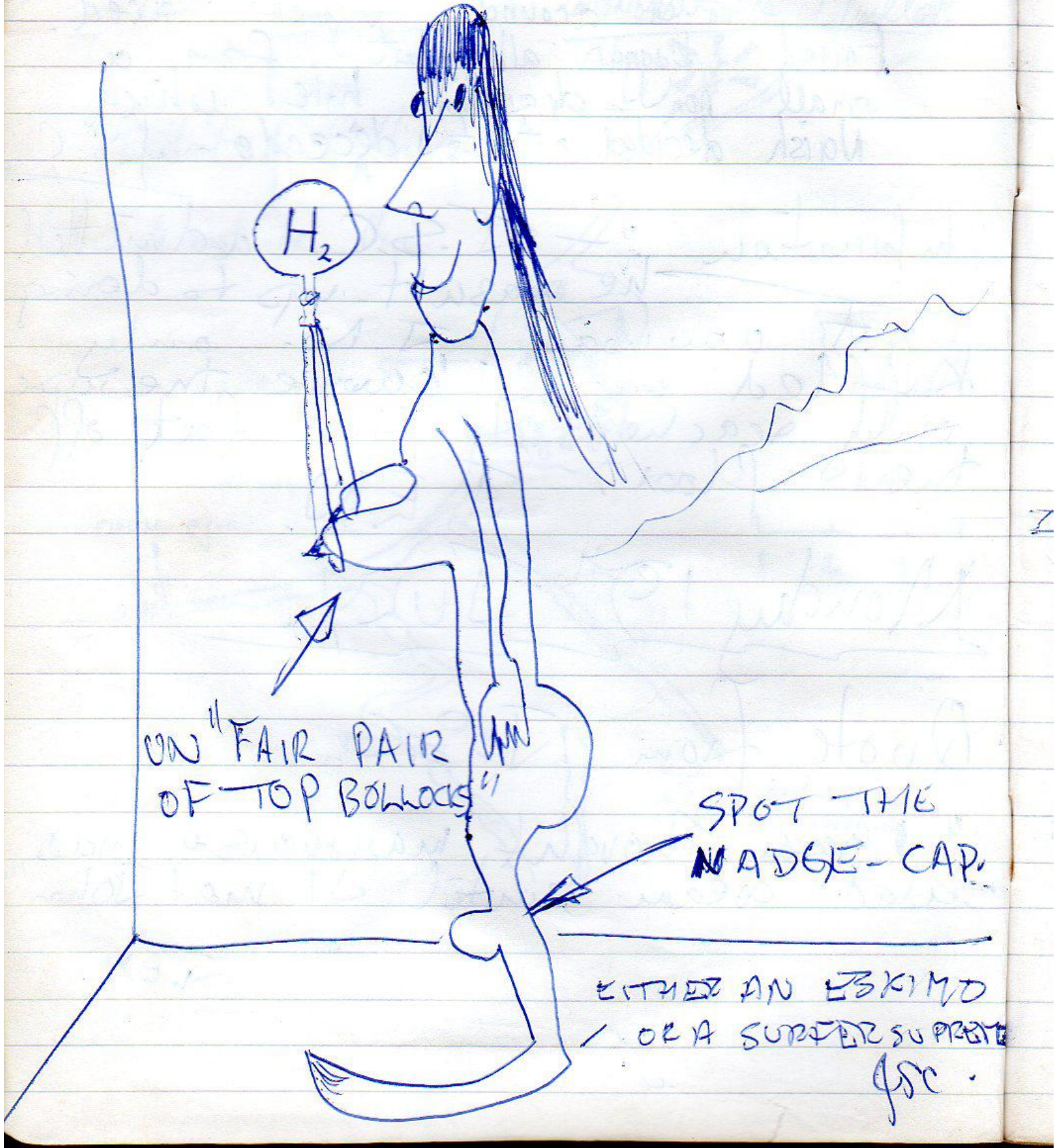
Monday 19th July.

Quote from J.S.C.

"I ~~was~~ thought maynaise was  
salad cream until I met John<sup>na</sup>

J.E.N.

KORTA RULE O. K. ,

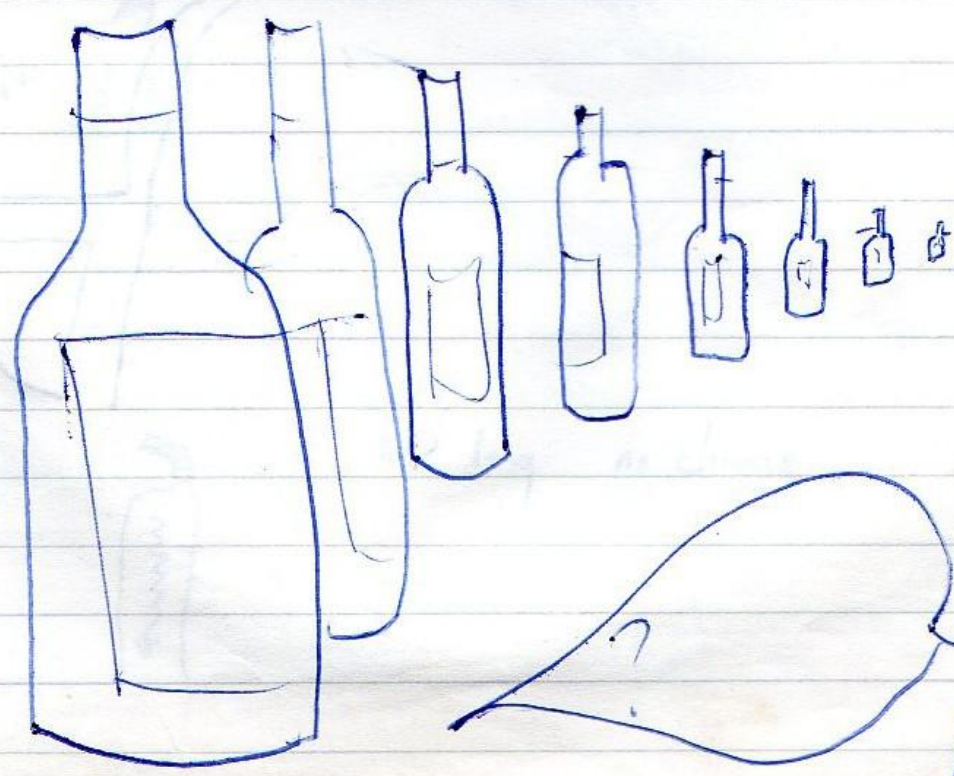
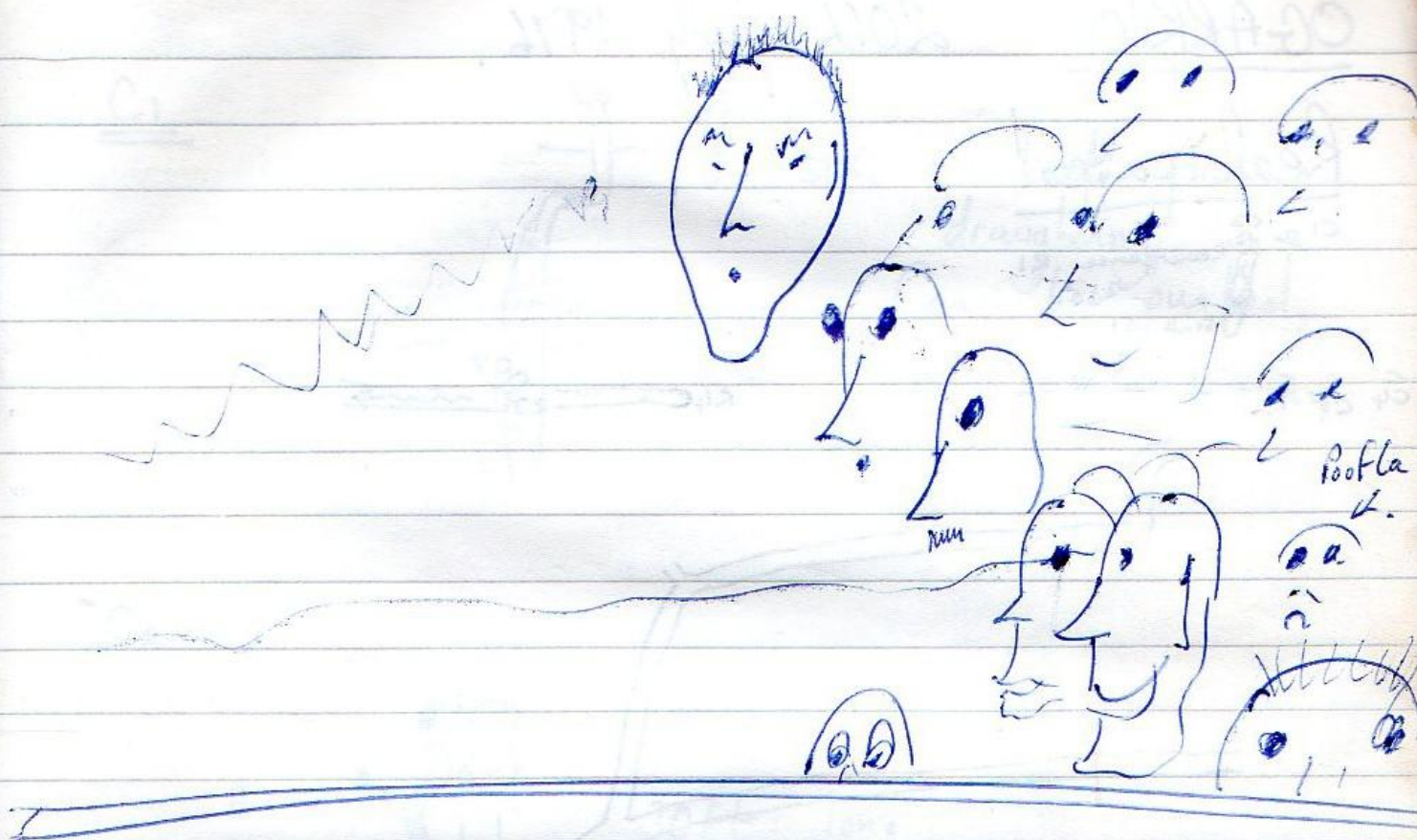


ON "FAIR PAIR  
OF TOP BOLLOCKS"

SPOT THE  
MADGE-CAP.

EITHER AN ESKIMO  
/ OR A SUPER SUPRETE  
fsc .

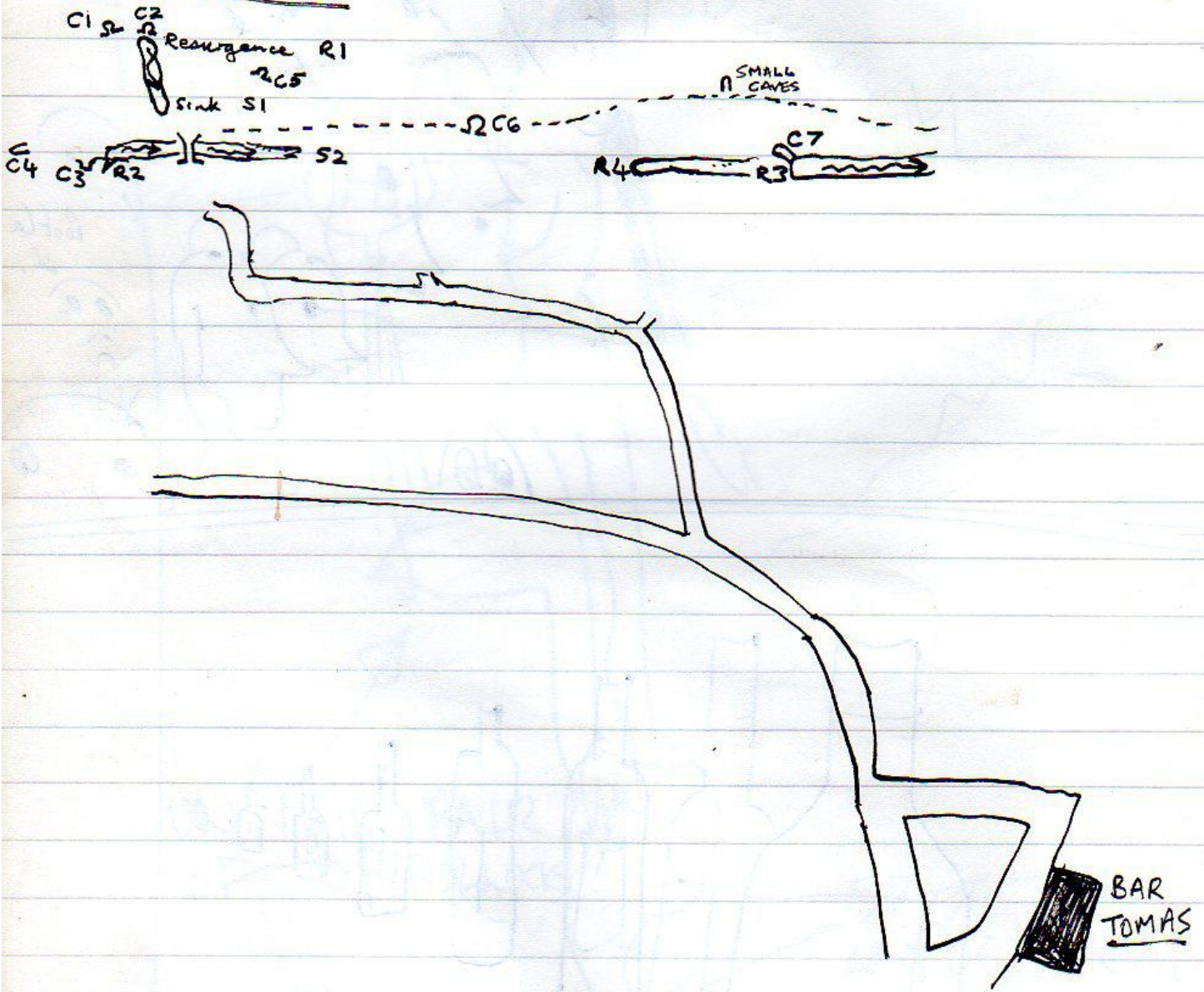




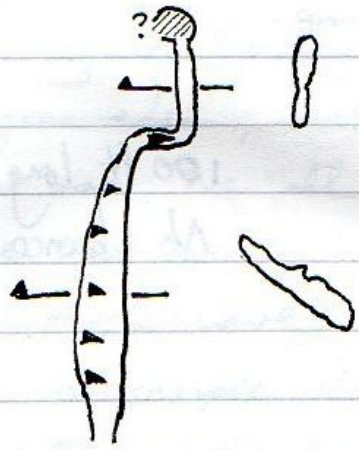
OGARRIO

202 July 1976.

Real caves!

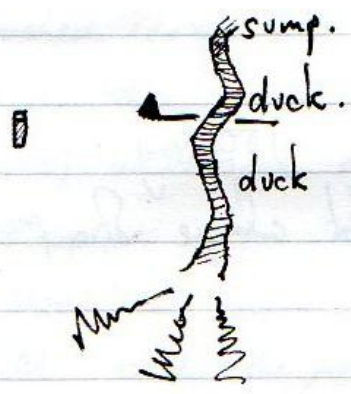


C<sub>1</sub>



soft. feet first draughting Can be pushed.

C<sub>2</sub>.



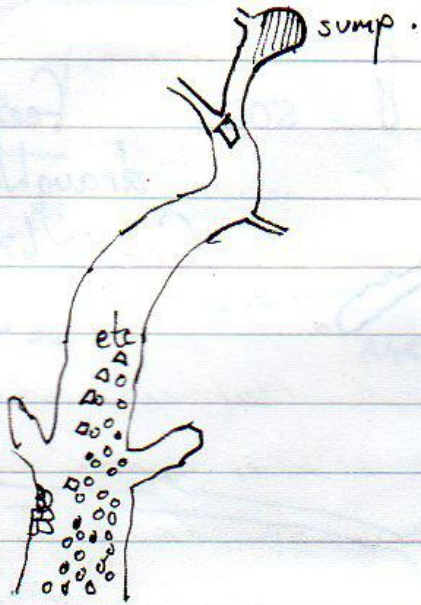
30ft long No chance.

R<sub>1</sub>



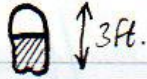
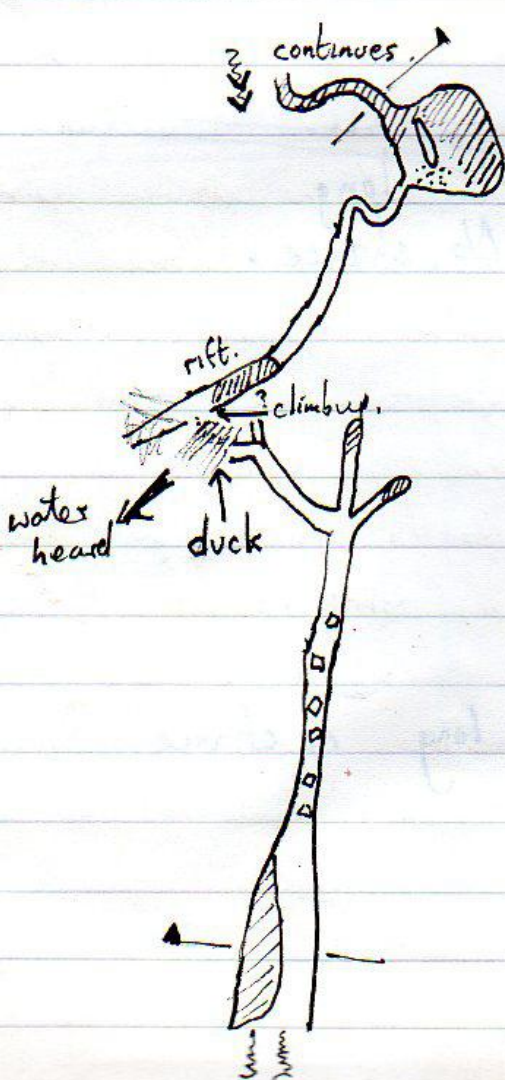
4ft long no chance.

C3

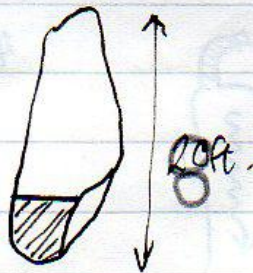


100 ft long.  
No chance.

C4.

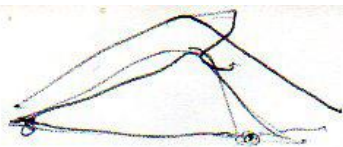


150' long.  
Good chance of pushing.



## The White-Wine Bar.

Got up early on Sunday morning and, along with practically everyone else, went down to Camino, near the white-wine bar. We all went up the hill to the cave which we had been shown by Corcans two years ago. It's a smallish cave and afterwards he had taken us down to sample the fabulous white wine. But at the back of the cave there are some pools of water and the people of Matenco have decided to use it as a source for their water supply. Black plastic pipes were uncoded and pushed down into the water and laid out down the hill as far as the white-wine bar. Then we dragged countless numbers of bucketsful of water out of the cave and filled up the pipe from its highest point (at the cave entrance) back into the cave and down the hill. When the pipe was full and the water began to flow, a fountain gushed out at the bottom of the pipe like an oil-well. Then we all trotted back down to the white-wine bar. But we couldn't go for a drink as the bar had shut and never no more will serve the finest wine of all direct from the barrel in cool glass jugs. That's life.



21st July

Caught 11 mushrooms today.

22nd July. Lank, Pete, John, Ian, Juan.

Roared off at hour of 12 to La Casada went up towards "the peaks" turned right by church then forked right. Walked down to where river sank quite a large flow. A little further on was a reasonable sized entrance c 3m wide 1.5m high this led into a complex where we stopped and allowed Pedro to explore further went out after a bit on Juan's lighter. Ian and I went over to find the resurgence, this was about 300m away and seemed unenterable. The resurgence was on the junction between the limestone and shales. Another stream was followed up to another entrance about 200m to another resurgence (small) with 3 or 4 walking sized entrances. Went back to car and met the others Pete had gone 500' without reaching end. Went off to look at another resurgence John was pushed in near an old mill 150' of rifty Yorkshire type cave "La Riega" until it was getting

very very wet and John turned back.

Quote "It took longer to describe the caves than to do them"

(13)

Met a bloke who told us about a mega superb  
wonder pretty cave up above the cemetery  
Tuesca la Jana. Didn't see it.

Went off to Camposdelante went down first very  
small draughting hole at bottom of maize fields.  
a bloke expressed surprise that it was possible to  
enter. We did and after 5' of crawling could  
sit up in little chamber. A strongly draughting  
duck was ducked with some difficulty with  
lights and then off into bedding over rocks.  
John joined the intrepid explorer and cont.  
for about 100' into small chamber then bedding  
continued for 50' to impossible hole. Came back  
to surface went over to 'cave'. About 30' inside  
this a series of joints became smaller. These could  
have been pushed but decided not to bother. The  
others had investigated other holes in the area  
with some apparent possibilities. Then Pete and I  
walked to Rancho while the rest went by car.  
Met them at the bar. On the left on the tops  
were some depressions which would be more easily  
reached by a track from below Hornedo.

Quote: "You would hardly put Coca-Cola on a Christmas pudding, would you?"

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23rd July 1976, Land, San Juan.  
San Miguel

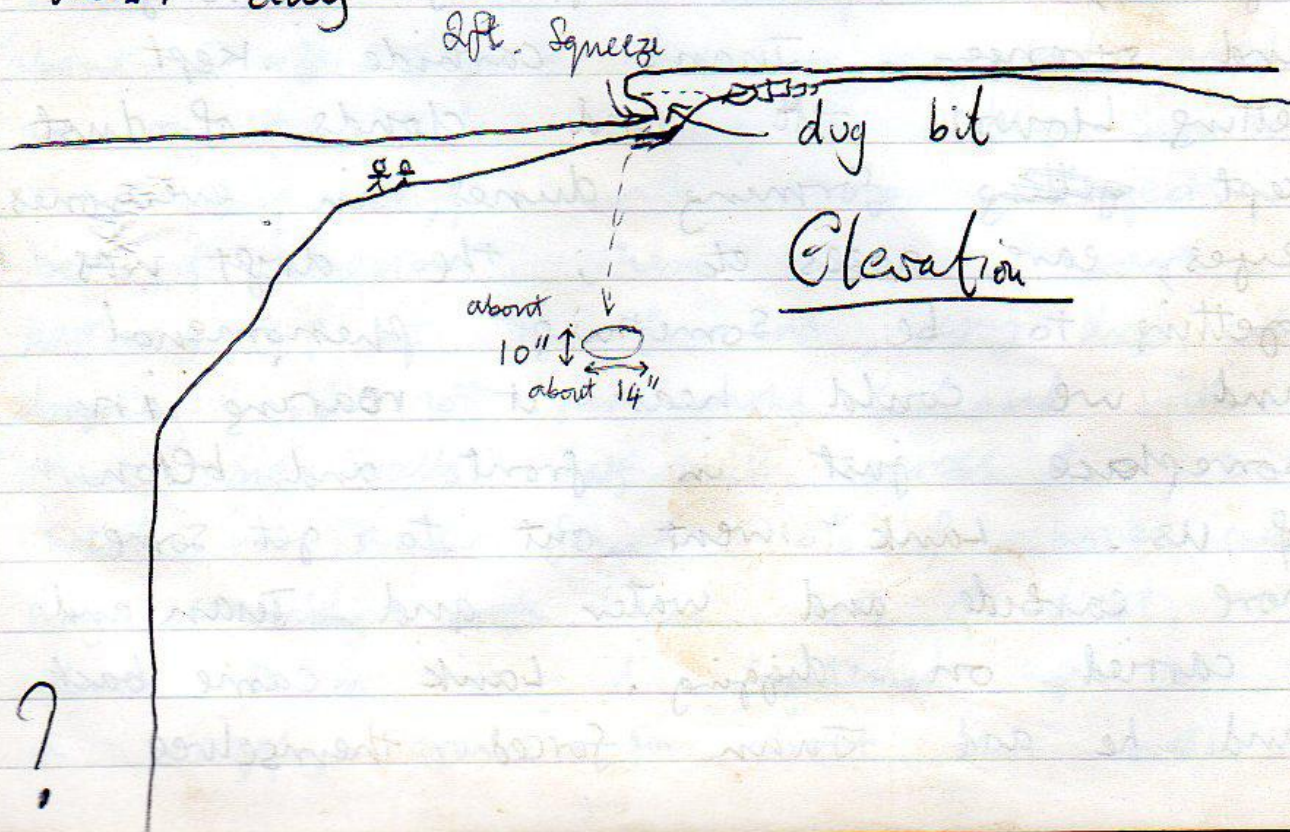
We stopped halfway down the hill towards San Miguel and poked about in some brambles and bushes about 100 yds away. We looked in one or two already known drafting holes and carried on into the brambles and ferns armed with snake wappers, seeing if we could find any other holes. We came into what used to be a large underground cavern (about  $80 \times 80 \times 40$  <sup>wide</sup> ft) but which had caved in on one side leaving one huge semi-circular overhanging cliff with various projecting beds of limestone. There was a cave halfway up at the far end, very dry, not drafting and not particularly cool and with two stone walls half built across it, we went in and found lots of bones and dry crumbly rock and lots of dust. About 25m in it tightened up to a wiggly crawl for about 10ft with



a crumbly, flaky roof, and finishing with the roof arching down to the floor on all sides. At this place a <sup>faint</sup> draft was felt and Lank and Juan started digging in the sandy / shaly floor. A three foot hole was clawed out and the draft got much stronger; solid limestone was found, and a small hole going through into somewhere. A few more cubic metres of dust was pawed out, which was very difficult because there was hardly anywhere to put the stuff without it running back in the hole again, and the draft got stronger and stronger. Juan's carbide kept getting blown out and clouds of dust kept ~~getting~~ forming dunes in everyone's eyes, ears, noses etc; the draft was getting to be something phenomenal and we could hear it roaring in someplace just in front and below of us. Lank went out to get some more carbide and water and Juan and I carried on digging, Lank came back and he and Juan forced themselves

down the hole, which was opening  
up after the immediate squeeze into  
something much larger. I stayed around  
the hole shoring it over - the  
human shorer - ~~was~~ and keeping  
the dust and sand from falling back in.  
Lank shouted back that ~~there~~ there  
was a river and some monster  
caverns that side. The roof was  
~~the~~ horizontal and the floor sloped down  
soon to about a 60ft pitch.

We all came out and came home  
deciding to explore and survey it the  
next day



6

(17)

24<sup>th</sup> July Lank, Juan, Worm, Squirrel, John, Pedro, Jan  
Cueva Big Hole

Arrived about Noon with 2 teams: team A and team B. Team A: Lank, Juan, Worm went straight down to the Squeeze we got to yesterday and dug it out a bit more and proceeded to knock a bolt in the wall the other side <sup>of it</sup> above a 30ft pitch. Team B started surveying into the cave and arrived at the pitch as team A were climbing down it. The bottom was halfway up a huge boulder slope which went down to the river; the cavern was really large.

Down to the river, we turned upstream and surveyed a large tunnel for about 250 metres in an almost straight line. The river was a bit below and off to the right and the tunnel floor was piled of mega-big boulders and some <sup>muddy</sup> sand and usually about 50ft wide and ~~about~~ 50ft high.

while we, team B, surveyed ~~into this~~ down the tunnel, team A, except for Squirrel who stayed at the top of the

pitch with the lifeline, pushed ahead to see what they could find. After the 250 metre tunnel we came to a great big lake. It was 27 metres wide! I swam across with the end of the tape measure and there met Team A surveying back down through between sandy piled mega-big boulders. Up on the left above the lake ~~the~~ large passage seemed to carry on

Squidace: "This girl frightens me - she keeps trying to chat me up and my legs keep shaking"

"I want a chico - I think"

26th July. Luke & Worm. Ian H. Wife and Niño. Dropped the keanies off at Cueva Brigo and went up hill towards Secadura. Arrived at 8pm. Left Ian etc and climbed up dry stream bed beyond 'sump cave'. About 1/2 way to top noticed a cold draught coming down. A bit further up found a hole going down to the right draughting strangely. We removed a few boulders confirmed that it would go and returned to

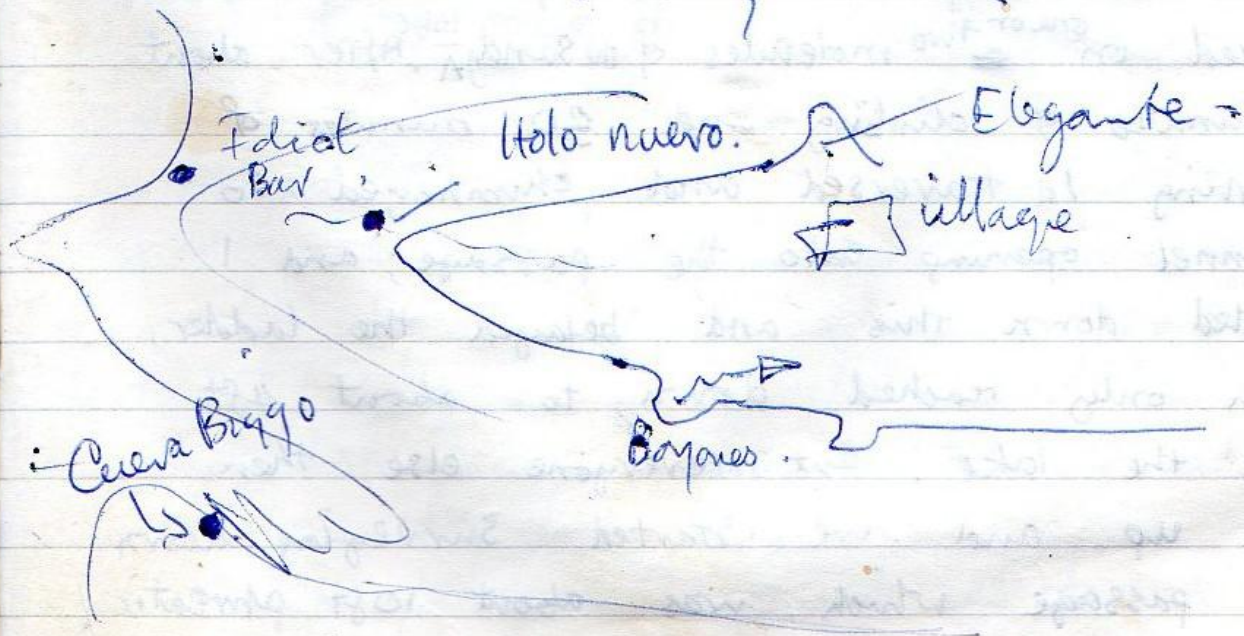
"The draught was so strong it blew mi electrick  
out" Squirrel

(19)

26th July 1976

Juan, Squirrel, Ian, Eddie, Salford Phil, Bob.

The bottom by a denains path. At the  
bottom we went to look at the 'old'  
renewance this was extremely jungled  
and no actual hole was found though the  
possibility still exists. After a further excursion  
into the village we returned to the bottom  
of the hill climbed it, got to the L.R.  
and found the others had not got back.  
Went for a quick beer then picked up  
the others on the way back.



26<sup>th</sup> July Ian, Juan, Squirrel, Phil, Eddy, Bob

At the bottom of the pitch of cueva Biggo Juan Eddy and Bob proceeded to survey up the boulder slope while Squirrel, Phil and me went on to the lake to

ladder up to a large passage about 30ft up above the lake in the <sup>left</sup> ~~west~~ side of the chamber. Getting up there to belay a ladder down to the lake required a lot of ~~the~~ awkward traversing and chimneying up about a ten foot one degree overhang on rock that was very muddy and kept

slapping away when you <sup>wanked</sup> yanked on it. Also piled up on the short ledges were precarious boulders balancing on other precarious boulders balanced on <sup>one or two</sup> ~~two~~ molecules of the sandy <sup>ledge</sup>. After about ten minutes of climbing and 30 minutes of Gardening I'd traversed and chimneyed to a tunnel opening into the passage; and I wriggled down this and belayed the ladder, which only reached down to about 4ft above the lake. But everyone else then came up and we started surveying down this passage which was about 10ft phreatic. This kinked round to the right parallel to the

main passage before the lake, and ~~then~~ dropped down through a boulder chamber to the river. Downstream the river sumped, it seemed, in a maze of phreatic tunnels and caverns. Upstream the passage was piled with muddy boulders and seemed to divide out into separate passages at different levels, some with <sup>old muddy</sup> stream beds. At the low levels were some sumping stream inlets and some long pools which were probably part of the river. The river seemed to go off to the right and ahead was a confusing maze of passages at different levels running in all sorts of directions and often interconnected.

— take your pick!

27<sup>th</sup> July - THURSDAY

Lank, Juan, John, Hilly & Pam to Secadura  
as these abouts.

Drove over to the Loony Bar and  
walked over horizon to look down valley  
to find the best route to the draughting  
hole hank + worm found yesterday. (See  
A pages back). Went back to next valley  
down (towards Fuente las Vacas) left  
the car by the road and set off on a major  
trek. Original route, which was to be  
direct ended up as somewhat devious,  
but the hole was finally located and leaving  
the women to bathe in the sun the  
gallant three prepared the pot. After a little  
"gardening" with the aid of a short dog  
wappa John descended with strict  
instructions from hank not to move from  
the chamber, wanting to share any glory.  
Reached the bottom of the first pitch (25') into  
a chamber c. 15' dia. with small bedding on  
left ie upbeam. While hank struggled with  
his chobide at the top of the pitch John pulled  
out a few boulders from the bedding and



gained access to a short crawl (30' long and c. 18" high). Headed down stream against the draught hotly persved by hank swearing like a caver at his candle lamp which had taken upon itself to go out AGAIN! Reached the top of a pitch, perhaps 50' or 60', with a bridge in the same line as the crawl. Crawl obviously takes water at times and the stream has washed its way through "fill". Very little to belay to, will need either a bolt in the floor (which could be reasonably solid) or a continuation of ladder from the first pitch. Excellent example of a typical Yorkshire Pot.

"It comes to something when you put your hand in your hair and pull out two copulating ants." L.

28/7/76

TORCA DEL RATO DE SOVIN

John, Juan, Paul, Tony.

Continuing from 2 pages back, the intrepid foursome rigged the said 50' pitch, + descended to a well developed nft passage. Paul zoomed off down one way, while Juan + Tony were left to survey their way in. The passage continues in almost a perfect straight line as a well developed nft passage heading at about  $70^\circ$ . The cave was culminated to a moderate sized chamber, where Juan lit a fog to test the draught, and from above a sharp descent, at about  $45^\circ$  was made down through boulders to a narrower section. This was pursued for some distance, broken by 2 or 3 small chimneys, until a larger chamber was reached with apparently several ways off. Two ways off quickly closed down on investigation, but Juan lit a fog to test the draught and a low crawl was revealed up which he could whistle, with

promise of vast caverns. John and Paul, with one light between them, were at that moment down said hole - but no sign yet of vast caverns. N.B. This is not a diagram



of the smoke's path down the hole: just Juan testing the Birs. We got into about 3 chambers - all rifts about 20' high ~~with~~ with mud floors, and which silted up at either end. The way out was always by a low crawl on nearly dry mud (rock above) for ~20' into the next rift. The draft also went through these crawls. The last rift had a portion of clean gravel floor - obviously water washed - and the same crawl type exit. However we were a bit tired and displeased at the lack of light, so returned to the main chamber where Juan was climbing up a steep rift. We surveyed about 90' of the rift (at ~50° from horizontal) down which a draught could be felt, and which continued up. ~~But~~ But with only one light working 100% we decided to go out.

29 JULIO.

UZUEKA.

Team - Ian, Squirrel, Lark, S. Phil, Tony.

Descended the 'black hell' that covers call home about 1 pm (Spanish time). The object was to investigate, push and survey various inlets and side passages previously noted or otherwise, between punk in the gutter and about obvious junction. The first objective; - a passage beyond obvious junction which might have paid dividends in the form of a less constricted link, ~~between~~ bridging the more constricted 'crossover passage' didn't.

Upstream of obvious junction a right hand, draughting active inlet was pursued (located near some impressive stal in the main passage). The degenerate wet crawl soon improved into walking size passage with phreatic wobbly walls. Then a sort chamber placed on a fault with the stream issuing from a sump at the far corner. A possibility was noted above this requiring some gardening and then combined tactics to gain a ledge and short traverse to more glory. An ascending rift soon choked but the way or continued at stream level, alas no draught. What a bore.

70 metres of unimpeded passage to terminal  
 sump. Precise planning and organization  
 of a military standard resulted by this  
 time in 2 or 3 reliable lights between the  
 5 of us. So on the way out another good  
 inlet was noted on the right hand  
 side but not pursued to conclusion.  
 An uneventful exit was made.

Squirrel I wouldnt mind,  
 a chica Wood

gf you want a chica <sup>hmm Sweet!</sup> You want your head examined!!

TORCA DEL RAYO DE SOL

Team / Juan (Leader) John Naish John Alexander and El worrie

After a late start due to the driver going on  
 an unsuccessful mushroom safari, the team arrived at  
 the field below sunbeam pot, suffering only a few  
 showers of rock from a bang explosion by the side  
 of the road. The team roaded down the  
 two pitdes ambled down the rift to the three  
 chambers. After a quick wander around a way on  
 was found from the third chamber. This lead into  
 a series of interconnecting phreatic passages. Various drafts  
 were followed into various tubes and rifts. About 2 1/2 hrs  
 surveying the team headed back to the three  
 chambers and explored another draughting rift with a

couple of cranks. which sort of closed down  
and somehow lost the draught. The team headed  
back to the previous days survey point and Juan  
explored another rift which he had been up the  
previous day. (but it didn't go). The boys then  
set off out de teaching on the way. Pleasant  
trip taking 6 1/2 hrs. Back to the river to  
be bullocked by the local agricolo for  
driving across his field.

Ed wormo

Pedro got called an "English Waffer" by  
1/2 doz Spanish wogs.

Lawrence spent most of his short life living.  
(PH Lawrence.)

30 JULIO.

OWT.

31st. A late start as the usual sounds  
 of rain beating on the tents could be heard.  
 Predictably the skies were leaden and  
 everything anyone emerged in immediate  
 shower wapped down. Eventually it cleared  
 up a bit and by 2 the intrepid duo  
 of Lamb & Worn decided they would find  
 the other end of Cueva Bajo I.E. the  
 entrance from this valley which ~~is~~  
 must exist, yes? We started below  
 Emboscados and traversed sand at that  
 level to ~~above~~ the mushroom field. Had  
 a bit of a rove around there but  
 didn't find either mushrooms or caves.  
 Decided to climb up towards La Curva  
 but ended up in extreme jungle.  
 Worn discovered a piece of "climbing  
 rope" which moved when he ~~poke~~  
 tried to pick it up. A woofler-snake!!  
 I hacked on through a different piece  
 of jungle until I encountered another  
~~Berser~~ jungleoid serpent, aspo espanol. This  
 did not attack but I went on somewhat  
 filled with tropical something. The top was  
 reached safely though and worn

was given some directions and some assistance to reach the top. Went to Curia - attached by legs so hid in cavern. Took wrong path - came back. Took right path and returned to camp. (BAR)!

31st July.

### EBOS CARDS

S. Phil, Emory, Eddy, Tan Hopha, were sent to dig choke at end by bank.

This choke was made up of liquid shit; mud, a few rocks and a bit of air, it was not much rope.

S. Phil & Eddy made an attempt on the Hercules ~~that~~ job. This attempt was only possible due to the super human efforts of the two heroes. Tan was at ~~the~~ <sup>entrance</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>entrance</sup> came digging out the <sup>entrance</sup> crawl so that he and Emory could get in (this was in fact the first crawling trip Tan had done for 50 years!).

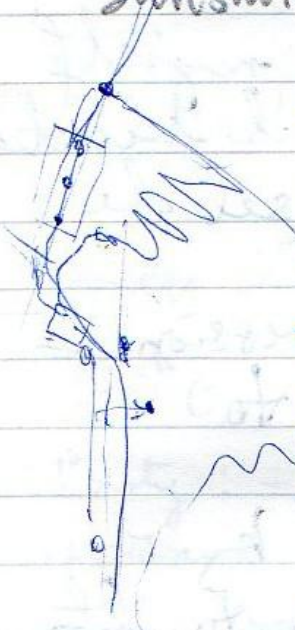
After 3 hrs, 2 near deaths, 12 Phil's, 1,568 falls at bank and 6. ~~Phil~~ Phil biting himself; 4 feet of progress



were made. We then went up and went to Bar.

It was only due to the good nature of the above Team, that I ~~was~~ saw August for the 32nd time.

Bullshito - Eccellento diggo!!



31st July 1976. Tony & I (Paul D.) hocked our way up the "Little Muelle" to survey a couple of fossil zones Tony had noted the year before. They lie at the bottom of the obvious large 1st outcrop above the bar.

Goathole No 1 was not surveyed due to smallness and stench of goat shit.

"Worn are you going coming tomorrow?"  
"Oook doubtful - going beach no doubt."

Goathole No 2 was surveyed for about 250' - full of bones + fossilised goat shit and generally silted up.

Interesting day out to avoid coming - returned to Bar.

Paul D.

3rd August.

Having arrived Monday p.m. & rested  
about that day recovering from jet-lag &  
hearing glowing reports about this  
year's finds I decided to go away.

It seemed sensible to break myself  
in gently so collecting Pete & Tony I headed  
~~to~~ to last year's dig above sel de  
Subo.

This hole & the large depression in  
which it sits is set fair to  
run straight into Penada II.

The depression is reached by  
following the track up the dry valley to the  
Sawtooth of Sel de Subo the end of the  
sel de Subo road.

The depression is about 100m above road  
on left of dry valley. It's big - 100m across &  
50m deep. At upper end are two  
draughts. - one last year's discovery  
is a short climb to a rift which is too  
steep. At the 2 x 20 foot pitches to  
draughting may singing tubes - also too  
to be continued. - fitty.

4th Biggo. - Party Barry, J.C, Jeff + Nigel.  
 of June. Mission to take right hand bypass  
 series to pieces. No excitement - check out  
 boulder chamber up from lake (upstream)  
 no - ways on. Draught seems to come  
 from huge chamber with pillars +  
 small on out from inlet crows. These  
 latter got too tight. Nigel + Jeff  
 d. surveyed.

4th August. Cueva Biggo. (E. of town  
 in mist)

"On the story of the wild west show"  
 Party: - Salford Phil, Pete Asher, Brendon  
 + Jane + Paul Gelling.

Mission of the posse - to catch side  
 passage off the big stuff in Biggo. Lank  
 had mentioned a couple of possible chinks on  
 the right facing the lake, but at the top of  
 the rubble that could be levered, so  
 we gave them a try.

The first cratter proved difficult  
 its neck could not be caught + when it  
 was it snapped off with a mild try -  
 no go! The second cratter was caught

after many attempts at throwing the rope.  
They finally succeeded when Pete & I were  
head down in a boulder <sup>Trying to retrieve Juan: Tripod -</sup> rubble, horrible as  
they let loose a huge boulder, from the top  
while attempting a traverse to a 3rd hole -  
terrific work, thought boulders were collapsing  
on us. All was safe though.

Returned to find a ladder fixed up.  
Useful passage about 200 m's leading to rubble  
at far side side of lake 15' pitch & 100'  
pitch to choker at far left end side of  
the lake. Droughting dig possible on  
right where passage lowers.

Time up 1 with rope - huffed  
out

Paul D.

Tuesday 3rd. Frisbee Pot.

Equipment :- 250' Rope. Two Hard Men. (Nigel and Polestreet)  
Three Sherpas. (WORM LANK BAZ).

After a mega bogging trip to just short of what appeared to be the summit.

After filtering out the party set off on the final leg of the summit hop. The team roared past a draughting hole which had been explored by a previous party and found to be choked. A lot of sweat, cursing, and resting the slabs on the top was reached. The Dalgichin lobs were fixed down a sloping pitch with various ledges using SRT. They reported that it WENT and disappeared from contact. The sherpas started to get bored. More Boredom produced a set of whips which were used to demolish the surrounding undergault. One hour boredom produced the ~~best~~ "find of the day" a small detarget banel led which worked excellently as a Frisbee. After about two hours voices below were heard and tales of small length of rift passage terminating in a small chamber with a 100' pitch. After the usual SRT difficulties ie only one set of gear between the Dalgichin lobs returned to the surface.

A better and quicker way down was found to the Land Rover which after a minor hassle was turned round on the narrow track for the Mega boogie home.

Le VER DE TERRE (i.e. - worm)

WEDNESDAY 4th Aug.

WENT	FRANCAIS
GOT	PLISSED
CHATTED	WROUGHT

Le Ver de Terre (i.e. - worm)

Thursday 5 August 1976.

Heaving about "find of the day" up at top of hill, + gone down by various personages from Derbyshire, Le Ver de Terre, Lank, Pebe (el Petro), Ian + me (Tony) today decided to ferry a suitable quantity of tackle up + take the opportunity of looking at another hole

on the way, found by Lonk last year. After zooming over to Anedondo + storming the marble ramparts of the hill in Corks Landy, about which we were rather pleased, we pushed up the rest of the 3-400 feet amidst many cabangas. On the way, came across an interesting hole, which we laddered (typical muss - 100' ladder on 25' pitch). Hunked in mega chamber + expected dinosaurs to appear through the fetid muck, which were surely lurking amongst the bracken + protoplasmic, fungal encrusted stal. Pushed off exploring but soon refused due to carbide trouble, whence lone came down. Confirmed it didn't go + surveyed cave + emerged. Further up hill, chiv-wag with locals + down official hole down which pete zoomed + confirmed it didn't go. Lonk + Ian surveyed entrance up to hole at top of hill where we left tackle for tomorrow. Pushed home after minor diversion in Bar down road.

Tony

6th Biggo - wet bits Parby J.C.  
Brian, John N. + Graham.

Ferried tubes (rubber not Foster's) down  
to left hand byepass series +  
managed to get them through  
inflated to far upstream bits.

From boulder chamber 200 m of  
large canal ends in sump. Side  
passage either close or are exbouts.

Surveyed out without feet touching  
ground - Have you seen pictures of  
tourists sitting in the Dead Sea  
reading newspapers? Well the surveyors  
pose was similar.

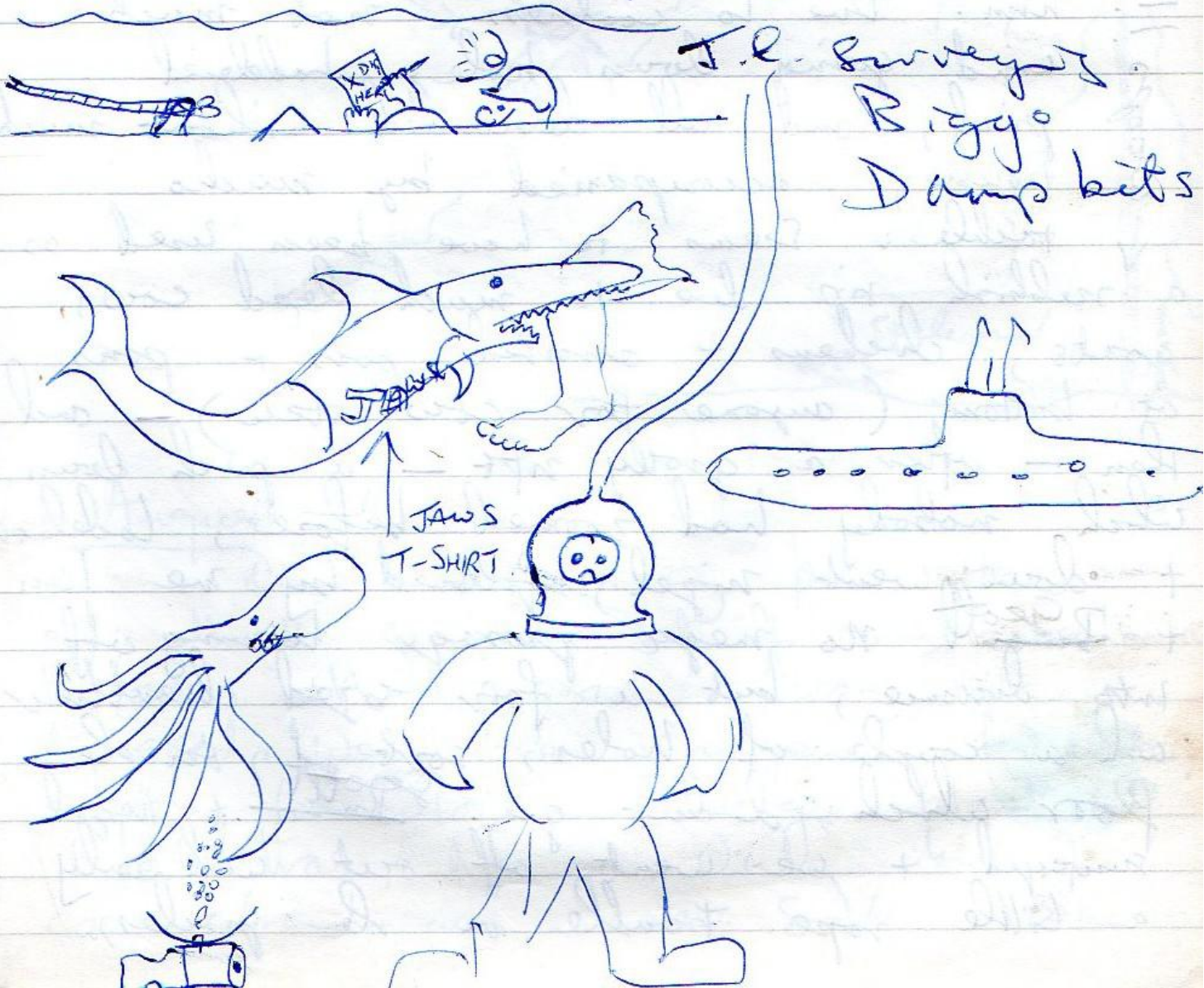
Brian did what somebody had to  
do + dropped his cowhide lamp in  
to a bottomless bit of canal. After  
a vain search for a glow from  
the deep he gave it up as lost.

Surveyed Fran's ~~bit~~ missing  
link - total. 280 metres all  
- floating.

Upstream now considered



finished unless anyone cares  
 to push the few small inlets  
 just off. upstream bolder chamber.  
 let it be known that there  
 seems to not to be much as  
 again flow through Biggo than  
 is accounted for by cave access



6 August.

Torca del somo. - People that went → Nigel, ~~Brian~~<sup>Geoff</sup> Ian + me (Tony)

Mega Pushing, do to see <sup>Geoff</sup> ~~Brian~~ + <sup>Nigel</sup> ~~Adrian~~.  
Large echoey pitch wot ~~Brian~~ <sup>Geoff</sup> + <sup>Nigel</sup> ~~Adrian~~.  
Registered the other day <sup>was to go</sup> (see back).

Rushed up track, overtaking burro  
on the way, wot was carrying a little  
kid - tried to see us but we beat

him. Due to coolness, not much  
wind going down hole, laddered  
pitch, and all descended without much  
trouble, accompanied by much  
rattle. Seems to have been used as

a rubbish tip due to much dead cow,  
goats, chickens + assorted pots + pans  
at bottom (anyone for cow stew) - and  
then - after a grotty rift - a pitch down

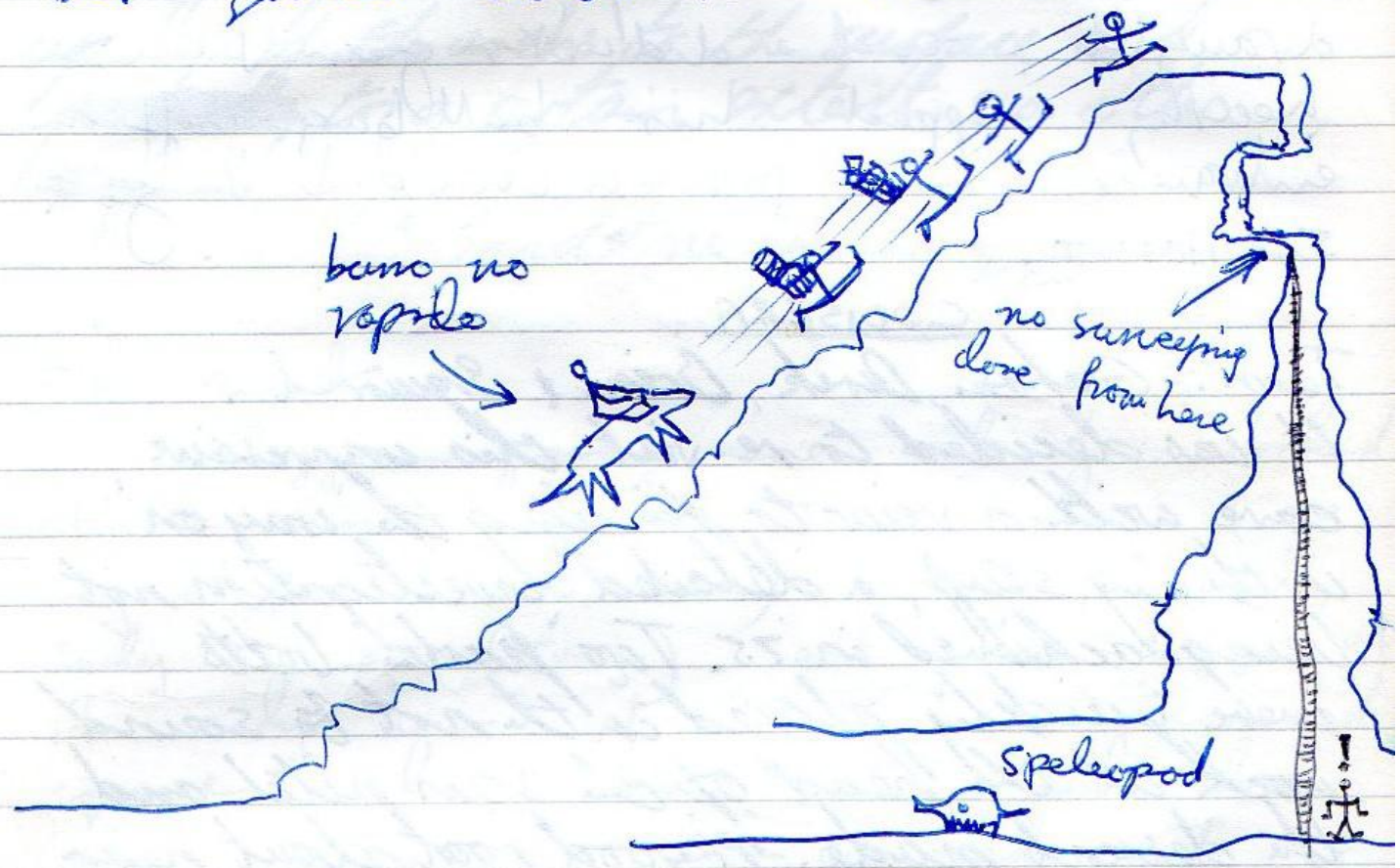
which nobody had zoomed before, laddered  
+ down went Nigel, followed by me Ian  
+ ~~Brian~~<sup>Geoff</sup> No mega passage looking off

into distance, but a fair sized chamber  
with a couple of holes, sort of, in the  
floor which didn't go. ~~Brian~~<sup>Geoff</sup> + Nigel

surveyed + we went off out with only  
a little rope trouble on the pitches

11 steps ↓

a ladder rolling into the dead cow,  
and a lot of ladder to come down,  
but zoomed down in 1 hr.



6 August, "

Drew up survey pits. It  
at about 4 pm set off to Freonedo  
to look at "depression" was not  
depressed. Went to resurgence for water  
supply for Solorzano. No go. Went to  
Rio lestrhas. No go. Only bit of  
cave found was near sack c 30m

Yorkshire type grot, with two bottles  
of wine in entrance. Went to  
another hole on lapiaz which didn't  
draught and didn't go. Juan  
nearly ripped his ballbag off an  
entrance but moved it didn't go.

5TH AUGUST.

### CODISERA

Team: Graham, Derek, Brian & Equirrel.

It was decided to re-visit this impressive  
cave with a view to finding the way on  
in the big stuff, a detailed investigation not  
being achieved in '75. Two 'parab' bolts  
were quickly placed in the rot to sound  
rock at the head of the 30m pitch and  
the descent made. A good rot about near  
the end (ignoring the misfit stream passage  
which ~~was~~ has been previously looked at)  
only produced a couple of averts one of  
which draughted. Both are indicated on  
the S.E.S.S. survey and in general it appears  
that they have made a thorough job of the  
whole cave. At the end of 'galeria inferior',  
it appears that the passage has hit some  
impermeable rock and ~~has~~ its course

(43)

altered violently, the way on now being choked.  
It seems ~~likely~~ probable that the strong  
draught previously encountered disengaged  
up one of the avars to the surface and  
~~partly~~ to a certain extent via other  
~~partly~~ orifices.

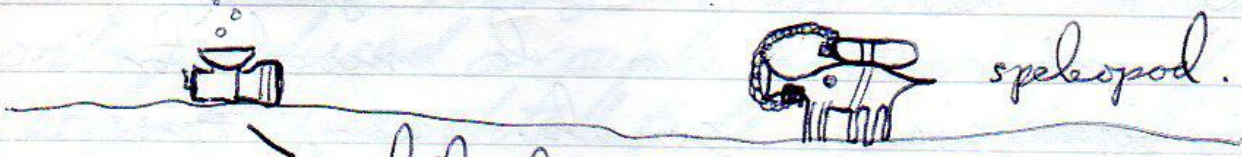
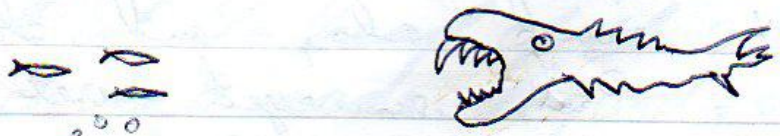
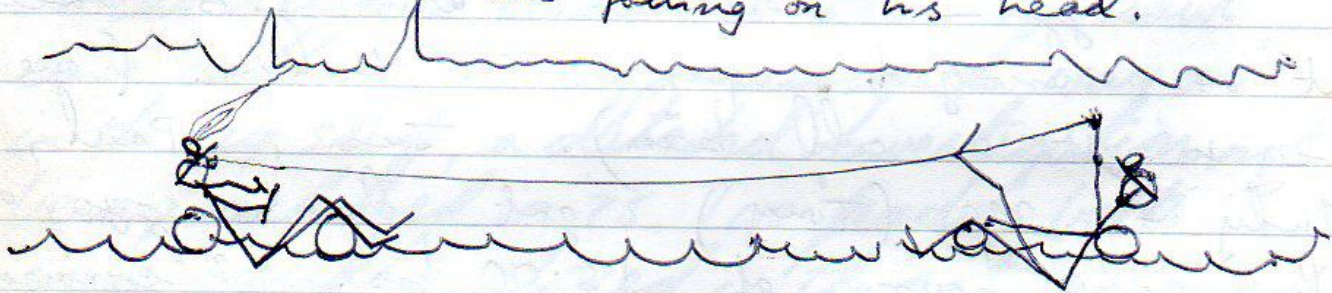
\* Sandstone lens. equivalent

7th August

Biggo — even more wet bits looked  
at + surveyed after J.C. fashion. (one  
way to get a cold bum). Juan, Paul,  
Andy + me (Tony) got down biggo at  
the early hour of 13.00 hrs. Negotiated  
squeeze without much ado, and also  
pitch. Juan + Paul surveyed wet bit  
just u.s. of descent into water while  
Andy + me stood about getting pissed  
off, not being in the mood for  
swimming murky canals. When tynes  
returned, Andy + me rowed up to  
big choke, confirming two little low  
level bits didn't go. Returned, + Paul  
+ me surveyed some more of the d.s.  
phreatic maze, which ultimately ended up

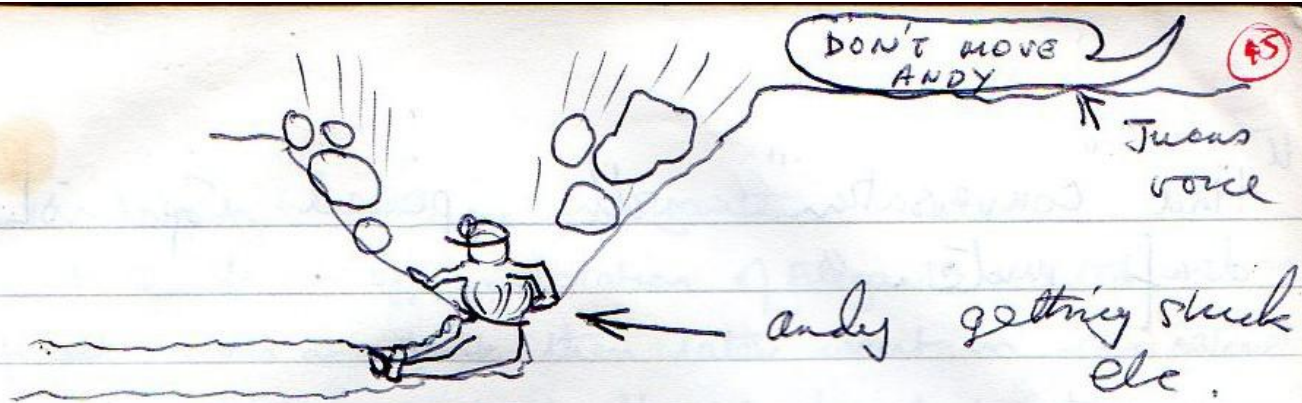
at four ways junction. Interesting passage,  
 but mucho cold hummo due to slow  
 rate of surveying etc. meanwhile Juan  
 + Andy getting pised off. There made  
 our way out uneventfully, except for  
 Andy getting stuck in squeeze. - In  
 toto - 300 m passage approx. surveyed.  
 me.

+ boulders falling on his head.



carbide from  
 yesterday.

speleopod.



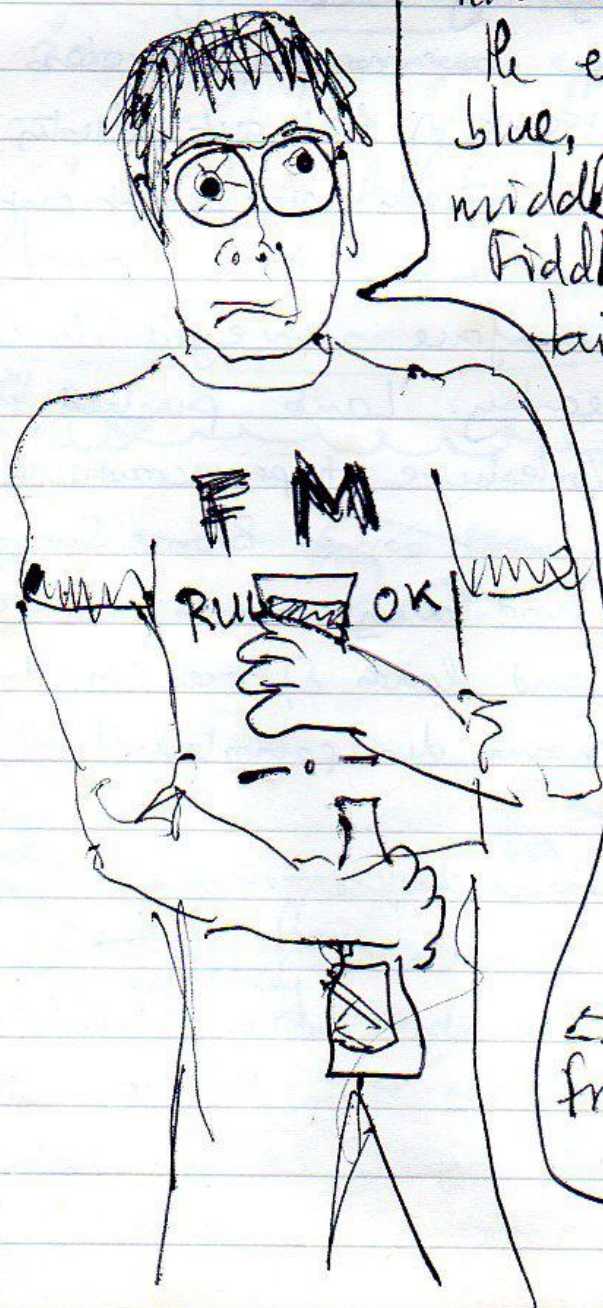
7 August DCC + Lank.

Conned into investigating hole over at Riano with view to finding caverns measureless to man. Instead surveyed 180m of flat out dusty grot crawl.

Dug up into about 30m more flat out dusty grot crawl. Woked back out to entrance (rubbish tip by road) and surface surveyed to walled up draughting cave nearby. Lank pushed in for about 3m of evil Yorkshire type scrawning. Retreated to bar and then went on a Bronze Sword hunt in Espada. Didn't find any swords but dug up a couple of flints and loads of bones in dry (downstream entrance. Went home disappointed!! Barwa.

9 August Baz, Nigel, Geoff, Len, Brian trip down Aguai. Followed water all way to bottom. Observed several speleopod nests above water level (theorised that water cannot get more than 2m deep otherwise nests would be washed away!?) Saw no speleopods. Out in about 3-4 hours.

"Had 'conversation' with posed Spanish  
- deaf mute."



When a man grows old, and  
his balls turn cold, and  
the end of his prick turns  
blue, And its bent in the  
middle like a one string  
Fiddle he can tell yer a  
'tail' or two.

So find me a  
seat and buy me  
a drink and a tall  
I'll fell to you of  
Dead eyed Dick and  
Mexico ~~the~~ and a  
where called eskimo  
Well.

Now find me  
six seats at the  
front (pointed) end.

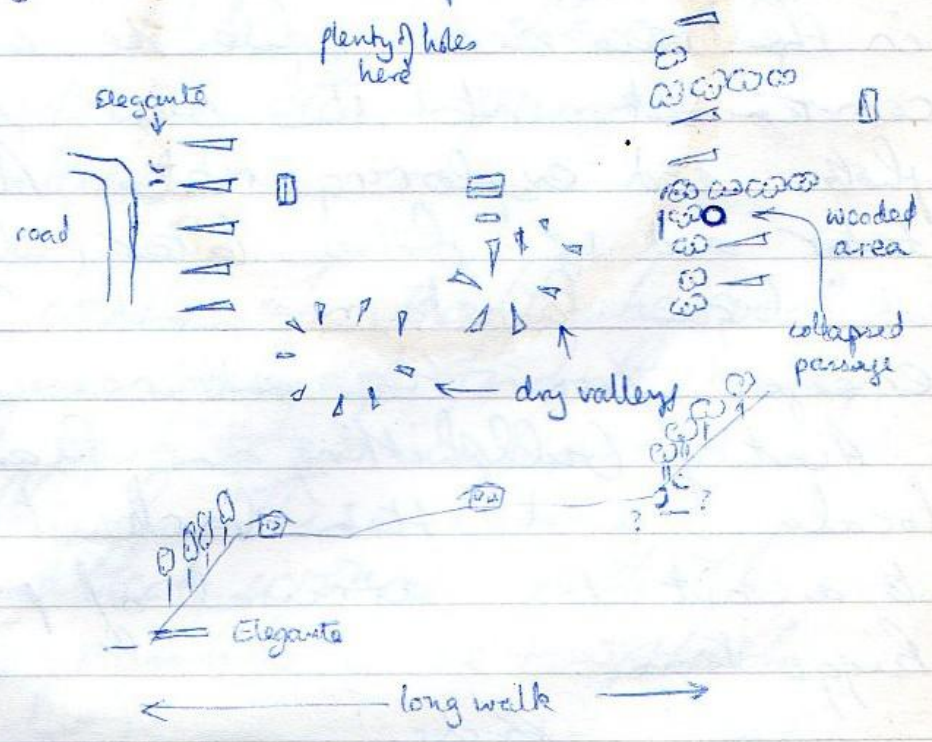


11 + 12 August. Cueva Elegante. Dec.

went to finish off exploration of Elegante started in 1975.  
 Refused access at first then later went in with native.  
 Explored at stream level through two ducks to sump.  
 Overhead dry route followed to high level pool and sump.  
 Returned second day to rearrange water piping and found  
 100 m of pipe, natives and native plumber in cave  
 already. Shifted pipe up to 2m cascades and got it  
 drawing water first time. Natives left us to survey  
 cave completely. No reasonable prospects. Survey finished  
 at water tap in nearby house!

On first day, also walked up hill to find large  
 old collapsed passage that needs exploration.

(water pipe takes  
 a supply from a  
 roof inlet.) Maybe  
 more accessible from  
 Solórzana road



## Uzueka Park

Lank, Andy (me), Pedro, Squirrel, Brian, Graham, and Geoff set off for Uzueka an hour after the pushing party had set off (see next page). ~~So~~ while changing at Uzueka entrance Geoff realised he had left his wet suit top behind so it seemed he was going to get a short trip. All seven set off together but then Pedro + Squirrel then went off by themselves surveying an inlet <sup>beyond</sup> ~~near~~ the far end of Gorilla walk. Geoff turned back at the flat out wet crawl and took photos in the rear series while the remaining four continued into the rear stumps taking photos and exploring inlets. About 200 metres ~~later~~ and 18 photos later (about 6:45 a.m. start) we began to return and 7 1/2 later we emerged from the entrance.

A bit of Gullshitting in Pianos bar with locals and then back to Makonyo ~~with~~ to await the arrival of pushing team and Biggo team.

Andy

UZUEKA - the ultimate laxative.

Tony, Paul, Nigel, Baz & J.C. entered with a view to, pushing beyond Armageddon. As a long do was envisaged an early start was made. We got underground by 1pm. Although I (J.C.) had felt fairly bright, even enthusiastic to start with this rapid wae off. A general nausea & wobbles wore on & by the boulder choke I felt distinct kaffle systems coming on. I suspect this feeling was shared by Baz, although the others seemed disgustingly keen.

After a couple of half-hearted attempts by yours truly to find the way through the task was entrusted to Paul & Nigel. These heroes manfully scabbled around with the occasional rumble, curse & splash (in any order). Eventually to my dismay Paul

pioneered a route to the foot of  
a climb used by last year's  
party.

A quick leap up a boulder pile  
we were in Armageddon. This  
place is really quite large being full of  
boulders the size of goodly chambers.

The route through is however  
q.e.d. A handy sand path runs along  
the left hand wall until a climb  
down to the river which runs of  
a bed of sandstone pebbles at this  
point. Boulders then force you up  
to the right hand wall where the  
sand track continues. After 150 metres  
or so of Armageddon the river  
reached for a second time.

Eventually it dives under the final  
pile of nasties & attempts to follow proved  
in vain. Above the pile of blocks of flats  
become smaller & sandier double decker  
buses, to centurion tanks & loose grand  
pianos, with Fridges & T.V. sets running  
from the roof. To the right above the  
stream Nigel climbed to river

a 15 foot pitch could be laddered to a pool. The pitch caused some looseness of the bowels due to the hanging deaths which surrounded it.

All five descended intact & reached, not the expected sump but a superb bedding cave 20-30 feet high with unsupported spans over 100 feet

Down the middle the river threaded through sand banks & sandstone blocks.

At this stage it became obvious we had crossed the Armageddon fault.

The beds had dropped 50 feet & were now dipping 10° to the east.

This was sufficient to shake off the worst of hangovers & we whooped up the passage for 200 metres.

Then the passage choked due to a collapse of roof beds. An attempt was made to follow the water but this took us into a nasty sharp inattentive

shreabic setup. Up to the right gave no joy. Nigel found an inlet to the left. We were just

concluding that another trip was required when Barry shouted for help with lighting problems. When I reached him he said that he had re-located the draught. Sure enough it was blowing into us face down a slope of shattered rock. After a bit of groveling we popped out into a large bedding cove. Tooting down the dip slope for 100 metres lead the jubilant explorers back to the river which continued undisturbed before for 200 metres. At this point it seemed silly to continue as

① We had one light between Hugo & no carbide.

② With the cave still going we had a better chance of cajoning others down to do the surveying.

The draught was still noticeable & prospects looked good, the general trend of the passage was  $125^\circ$ .

The exit was reached made

in about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  - 4 hrs. despite our  
knackered state. A quick beer + bullshit  
in Pinao bar + back to break the  
news. Dick was guaranteed to + part  
the shits up section of our number

J.C. "

Quote - "even the boulders have walls."

Sat 14th August - Cueva Bigga

Party: - El worno, Ron O'brides + 4 Frenchies.  
- Tourist trip.

J.C. + Paul G. - Investigate  
roof tube apparently going down stream  
from the high level upstream by-pass.

Joe Turner + Roger (B.C.C.) photograph  
down stream.

The four Frenchies were taken  
on a "Grand Tour" of Bigga's dry bits.  
Hope they were suitably impressed by

the size of Biggo.

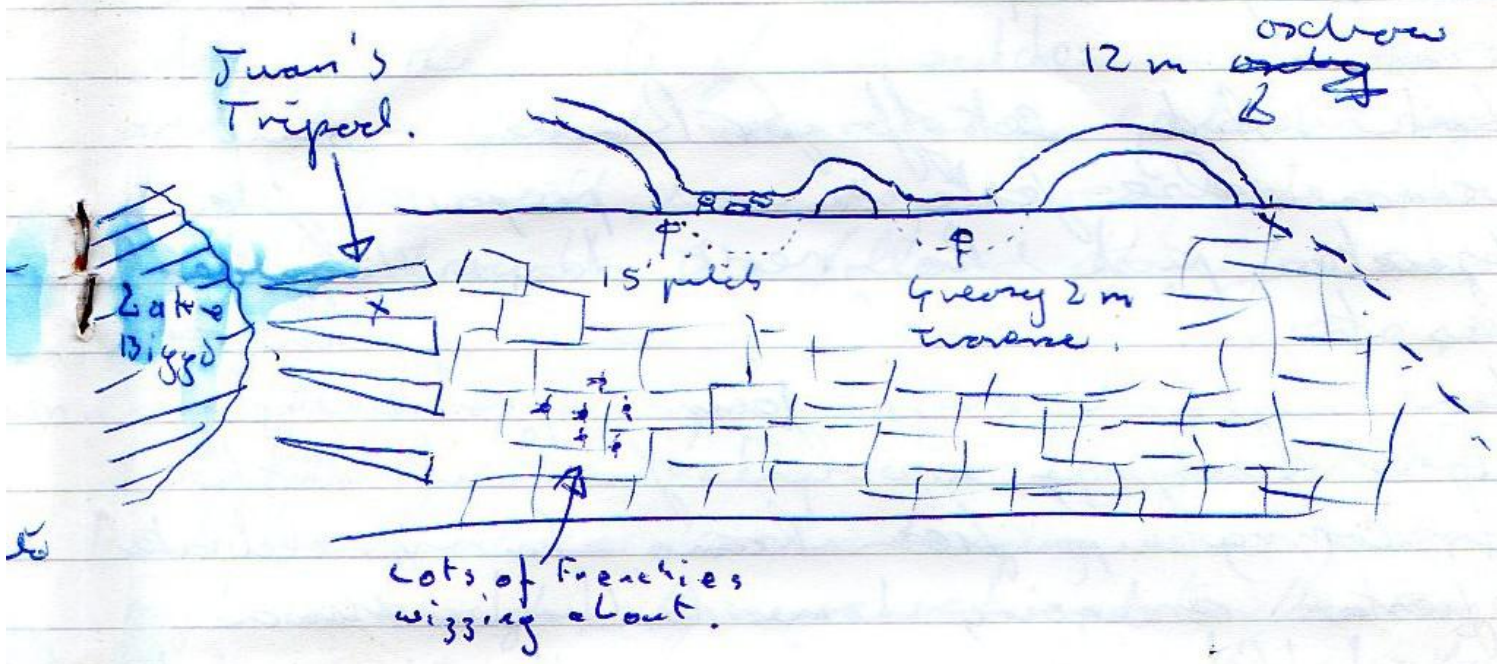
They were treated to the sight of J.C. + I carrying out various observations up on the right above the lake boulder slope.

To get there J.C. managed to lower the spike previously caught by Sulfard Phil, that enables you to get into the high level lake bypass. From here a ledge goes off downstream way to a small oxbow. ~~From here~~ <sup>After this</sup> a greasy ~~bed~~ ledge leads into what appears to be a high level route going downstream.

A couple attempts at the traverse were needed before the ~~big~~ passage was reached, but also it only proved to be another oxbow about 12 metres long + a couple of metres wide. Whatever used to have been obliterated by the bedding plane, this passage <sup>lined</sup> is collapsing into the big passage of Biggo.

J.C. finished off with a few photographs + ~~and~~ everybody made their way out.





Paul D. Getteng



"Grand lite coming from t'seal."

Pathetic flame from jetio.

J. C.'s Camp after refetting

## Riama I just trip

Lark & Andy set off for Riama I while everyone else festered and prepared for Uzecha just the next day. The object was to push an inlet towards Uzecha and then survey a maze found previously.

After changing, in view of about 2000 cars coming up from Riama having celebrated a fiesta and going home to lunch. Also a Spanish bloke came along and wanted to know why we were casing on fiesta day and then proceeded to tell us about draughting caves on his land.

We then set off and about ten feet or so the saw Lark's carbide fell off his belt. So out we went again and repaired it with the hinge from the loadover door. We set out again Lark roared off down the cave at approximately 50 mph, with Andy trying desperately to keep up. We arrived at the inlet which got very small very quickly. So then returned and began to survey the maze.

Andy, after a bit, needed a fill of carbide so returned to water and filled camp

On our return we went reexamining down the side of a boulder in the stream and then found ~~an~~ a more extensive system in a maze with a dry river bed and a roaring draught. We followed this for about 500 metres through walking passage, ~~cave~~ crawls, stooping passage, squeezes (in fact everything). Eventually we arrived at the end with tree roots hanging down (a crowbar might be enough). Again we returned to the maze and continued surveying around it. Water finished that and left the cave at about the same speed as we entered it and then returned to Makindu.

Ady

"Awake from much needed shut-eye before Uzeba to the sound of pissed up Spaniards puking, peeing & throwing lumps of wood at my tent + letting off air bombs"

The Uzueta job was delayed for a day by much rain, Spanish Flu, mortar bombardment, shell shock & the thought of a Uzueta trip — generally bad vibes.

---

Saturday 14 August.

DCC dinner at Secadura (with compliments of plumber). Arrived Secadura about 1 pm and went to Plumber's Bar. Sat out four course lunch with much vino. etc etc. Had to go getting in afternoon!! to get water supply working. It worked (thank god) Had bad visions of having to return the meal if it had not! Changed detector in Secadura with little help from local pin lead. Arrived back at about 8 pm. Here follows description of Nigel's pin-up from his own memory :- "B - L - A - N - K". (ND woke up next morning with cracked head and broken spring.)

(PS proper name for cave is Cueva de Churro

Spent considerable time looking for survey notes of day before. Found spaniards using them as a score card for dominicos.

a short play 4 4 persons

Act I

set. Hilly:- Did I play with you last time  
 Andy.  
 Andy:- No! I played with Tony.  
 Hilly:- Oh! who did I play with then.  
 Paul:- You played with me, I think.  
 Hilly:- O.K. I'll play with Tony then.

---

## INTERNATIONAL TACT & DIPLOMACY

A LESSON BY R. OBVIOUS, ROGER, JOE & SQUIRREL

(Also Worm, Carol, Brian Kirman, Linda, et al)

Well, there was this Fiesta at Hazas de Ceoto (directly translates as Settle Rugby Club - you ask Stuart) and all BSC decided to go & suss out the Chicas & Chicos. After enjoying a quiet sip of beans in the beer tent whilst being wuffed by spray from the torrential rain bouncing off the tables, the team had a look at the sideshows, whilst being entertained by the local lads doing wheelies across a rain-soaked dance floor. Anyway, the band came back on for the second half and even the rain couldn't stand the noise, and went away. The dancing started and soon, it seemed, we were in the middle of it all, complete with plastic eyeballs. So were the Guardia, who watched with detached interest as two blokes fought over someone's wife. They also watched with detached amusement at our antics with some Guardia Bait with the plastic eyeballs. All too soon the music stopped, but not before the wheelie boys had driven straight through the dance floor, and Brian Kirman had gone terminal on a barbed-wire fence. Roger decided that he'd have a go on the air rifle range

complete with plastic eyeballs. This really interested the locals who all piled round to watch but they all started shifting up when Roger staggered back from the counter waving the air rifle about. Perhaps that was our first mistake! Anyway, he didn't win anything. We then must have gone through a time warp because the next thing I remember is that we were all talking to a gang of Españoles the leader of which was called Mathew. Much beano was flowing, and Mathew dragged Ron (literally) off to the bar which was still open.

Worm by this time had gone, and I thought it was about time we bugged off as well, but Ron was bogged down in the bar with Mathew. A quick rescue attempt only resulted in us all being surrounded by babbling Spaniards who we couldn't

understand. At one point we thought we were in a scrap, but



eventually it dawned on us that Mathew wanted to go caring with us tomorrow, then that he wanted to come back with us there and then. Beer logic and diplomacy prevailed, and eventually we set off back for Matenzio (you ask Stuart) with this

Spaniard in the back, who Roger kept entertained. The Spaniard, Mathew, kept saying "Dos Horas, Mañana, La Tarde, La Cueva" to which Roger kept rambling away in French. Trouble was, Mathew couldn't understand a word of French! He seemed happy, anyway. We got back to the camp site, and it seemed a good idea to light a fire. We'd just got some cervezas out when John D arrived with Linda. We'd just got settled down when all of a sudden loads of Spanish garden gnomes appeared from nowhere, sitting round the fire. They seemed to want something, so Roger got all the booze out and passed it round. No one had any idea where they'd come from - they had just appeared. We got the tape recorder out, and played them some music. This wasn't enough for one of them, though, and he started singing incredibly loudly, which prompted Baz to shout a load of muffled obscenities from his tent. The Uzaeka pushing party was supposed to be getting a good night's kip, ready for an early start in the morning and it was four o'clock! John D managed to convince them that someone was trying to kip so they shut up and listened to the tape recorder instead. We got Mathew up the



ladder on the tree playing at monkeys. By this time the fire was dying down, as was my liveliness, so I was about to kaffle out, when the garden gnomes obviously decided they were bored with the whole sketch, and drifted off. I got in my tent and heard a bit of a commotion outside. Apparently two of the Españoles decided to stay ~~on~~ with Mathew, so by a bit of beer logic, Roger got in Ron's tent whilst the three Españoles got in Roger's tent. The noisy buggers kept giggling and talking for ages which (TO BE CONTINUED CHAPTER 3 V 3.)

"The Average White Band was seen 100' up the Astro dome" (J.C.).

Ammo boxeo (ámó bókxyó) vi: i love boxing [Sp]

(CONT'D) kept most of the camp site awake. Eventually sleep ruled OK - for a while. Next thing it seemed that the Luftwaffe were bombing Matienzo again - the roar of rockets and incredibly loud bangs, which seemed the signal for Macdonald's Farm to start up - the donkey at the end of the road was going berserk and the elephants in the corral started up. Meanwhile the three marecones in

Roger's tent were still giggling, whilst the Uzuoka pushing party were still cursing. After a while the noise died down, and eventually we went to sleep. The next thing I knew the morecones were babbling away again and it was pissing down, it was ~~day~~ daylight, and I felt bloody rough. Then Mathew started shouting "Joan" which I knew was what he thought my name was!! Morecone!! I thought the bugger wanted running back to Hazas, so I pretended I was asleep. Next thing, J.C came running past the tent towards John D's shouting that the Guardia were here. A quick thought was "what did we do last night?"

[End of chapter 2]

### TECHNICAL NOAT

Stardate: 017 - 598 - 21

Chief Engineer Obvious Recording.

OI TINK SUM Tymes, ONCE.

OI TINK OI WAZ DRUUNK AT THA Tyme BUT

OI NEVA SENE THOUSE BLOAKS ~~X~~ BEFORE

BI FOUR. OI TINK DAT THE BANGS:

WEAR MAYBE BOY PUCO BUT OI  
 DOANT KNOE. OI TINK MAYBE  
 DOASE STRAINCE MEN DID IT WANCE  
 OI SAW OI TINK A REDCOAT WHO  
 WOKED ME UP OF MY BAG IN MOI TENT  
 DIS MOURNING. OI TINK DOE IT MAY  
 HOIVE CUM FROM SAVILLE NOT JIMMY  
 DOE BECAOUSE OI DOANT KNOE.  
 MOI WELLIES ARR BLACKH.

CHAPTER 3

I'll be telling you what happened in the morning.  
 After fitting a nose-clip I dove into me sleeping  
 bag in Ronnie's tent - which smelt of fish - due to  
 the sardines.....

At some un-earthly hour (10.00) - real time that is -  
 Ronnie burbles thro' his gorilla-arm-pit-type-gob -  
 "Guardia's here."

"Go away in short jerks" was the reply

"Tiz true"

"Pigs can fly, now fuck-off"

Then there was the sound of a pistol catch...

"Oops....."

"Tiz the Guardia, I'll say 'Good Morning'..."

And sure enough, it was the Guardia and  
 Ronnie stuck his head through the tent - he un-did

the zip later.

Meanwhile the three manecenas were still giggling  
We found them later on with condoms in their ears -  
obviously they'd been fucking some sense into  
each other.

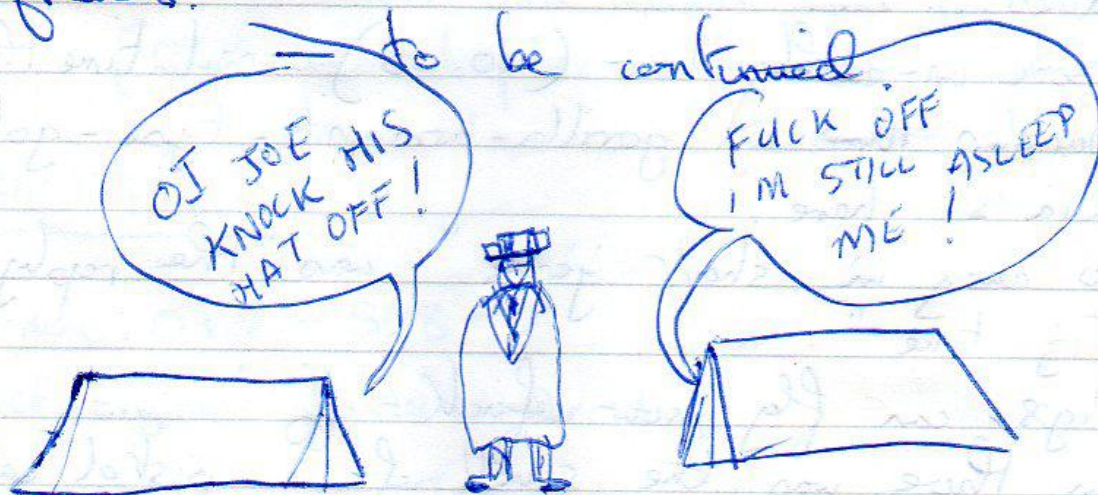
Anyway, Ron with buckets of diplomacy,  
opened his conversation with these fuzzy words:-

"Buenos Dias - anything up?"

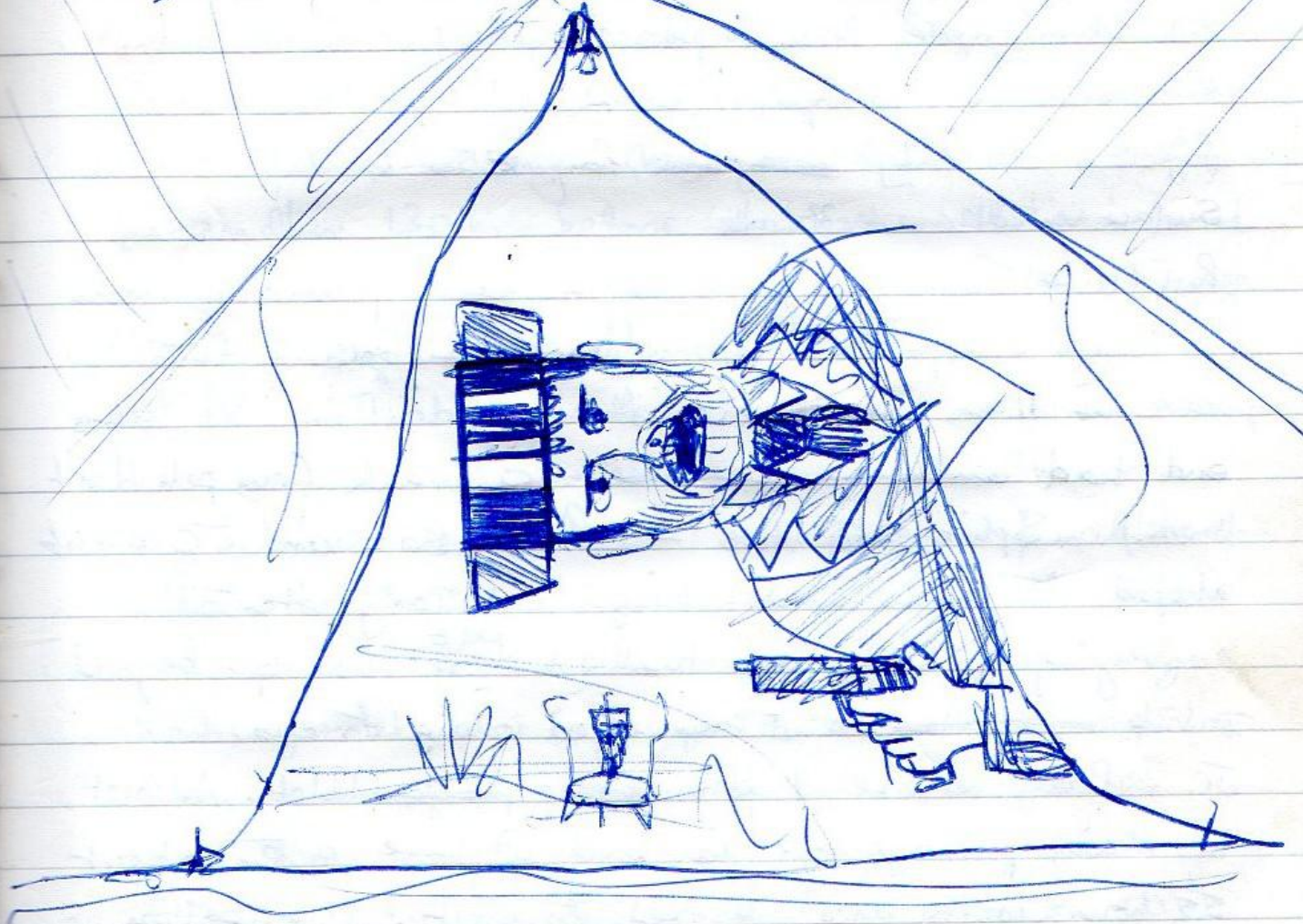
By this time Ron had certainly lost any  
type of feeling in his left leg - which I was  
wrenching on like buggery.

"Hey Joe, the Guardia's here .."

"Piss-off, I'm ~~asleep~~ asleep" - so much  
for friends.



WOT OI SAW IN MOT DOURWAI  
DIS MOURNINE.



UZUEKA

17 AUGUST

Push team JC, Baz, Nigel, Tony Paul

Surveyors Pedro Squirrel, worm

Support Andy ~~Worm~~ ~~Die~~, Ron, Joe Brendan

Surface Controller er?? Lank

Push (i) team roused at the unearthly hour of 9am  
by Trish's infallible alarm clock. By getting into  
cave at 11am we made Armageddon in 3 $\frac{1}{4}$  hours  
and had ~~-----~~ a break (my pen don't  
work!). Split into two - Paul, Baz and JC went  
ahead to push and Nigel and Tony started  
surveying. Latter eventually met <sup>Baz</sup> at chamber beyond  
sump ~~and then~~ and surveyed along to end.

JC & Paul surveyed Shrimphouse passage Inlet. All met  
in main passage at far end of cave after about  
5 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours work and agreed to exit. Met Bolton  
support party at obvious junction and had brew of  
soup. Then left cave with JC, Pedro and worm  
in lead. All out by about 1245.

### Description beyond Armageddon

After climbing to right at end of Armageddon,  
ladder pitch (6m) leads back to stream which is  
followed for about 150m under magnificent wide  
bedding roof. Sandstone bed forms floor. This  
leads to 'Green Choke' where climb up leads to

2

vertical (near) climb up the broken cherty rock (same as in crossover crawl, and in Biggo), into massive collapse chamber. Vast wide roof about 2m above fallen bedding. This goes South at N210° for another 130m before it reaches stream and continues on same line with very similar passage to that between Armageddon + Green Choke, but 90° to the E!! This goes ~~to~~ straight to ominous sump, that was named Duckham's 20/50 for reasons very obvious at the time. Sump looks final but enticing trickle of water comes from inlet just before sump proper. Climb up into scrawny Yorkshire type thru-chy inlet that looks quite unlikely except for whooping draught going inwards. This goes on same bearing (N210°) to another collapse chamber. Shrimpbone Inlet enters here (draughting IN) and main passage goes back on N120 and leads, after several collapsed blocks with chasms between, to the stream — same volume as before. Passage continues with boulders that maybe passable. High level continuation rises to Aven. Plenty of stal in this area.

To push the cave, another entrance is becoming highly desirable, but is also becoming more likely. Cave runs near to Station 20.  
depression

To be continued: - (This page reserved by Paul)

It ~~was~~ rumped 300' beyond previous explanation - shades of Ghor Parau. "Hooray" they said, "The end" Found inlet "Down" it goes" - 5 hours cleft followed as a result,

J.C. on first entering the bawling rift with great excitement "It must lead to an exit"

"Don't talk out" came the reply.

Unfortunately don't talk out was right - for this year anyway.

After 5 hrs surveying / exploring returned to Obvious Junction to find soup just being prepared, bread, ruskies, chocolate, sarnies - can't be had.

1/2 hour or so later made exit after 13 hrs underground. Beautiful stony night but the bar was shut - ruined a perfectly good trip (Garrison's was open though!)

☆ ☆ ☆ ) Paul



Bar - Mucha shutta.

Gear - Mucha muchio.

Canes - Mucha dejection!



Paul) UZUEKA 17<sup>th</sup> Aug Support team.

Entered cave at 17.15 (6 1/2 hours behind pushing team) to give support to pushing party. After a fairly slow and ~~not~~ uneventful trip we reached obvious junction at 19.30. After leaving the soup etc. at obvious junction we continued on to the Astrodome meeting Pedro, Squirrel and Worm on the way. ~~We~~ ~~re~~ reached the Astrodome and had a good ring into it and were very impressed.

We then started returning to Obvious Junction and again met Pedro, Squirrel and Worm in exactly the same place as before not having apparently moved\*. After a chat with them we again continued to Obvious Junction to put the soup on. Within 5 minutes the surveying team arrived (P, S, W) and they were closely pursued by the pushing party. After a brew everyone headed out in record times from Obvious junction.

N.B. Look ~~at~~ payed his penalty for not taking part by lending his wet suit to Brendan and getting the zip completely wrecked

Andy

\* Weid only surveyed 114 m, that's all!  
Pedro (Donde esta)

(ASTRA DOME)

ORIGIN OF  
WATER  
CASCADE

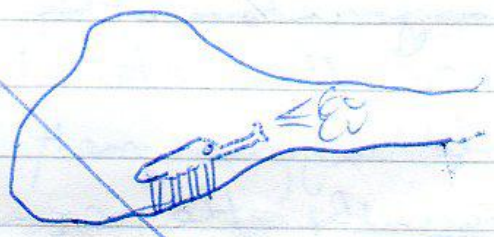


ZAP

DRIBBLE

I WONDER  
WHAT THE HELLS  
AT THE TOP OF  
THAT.

SPLASH



JOAQUIN (MASSEY FERGUSSON)



PONSÉ

BILLY WHIZZ.

"  
Six wrought leapt into box - but  
Squirrel had gone, so wroughtless left  
box"

# Squirrel's comment on entering the  
Astrodome "Fine - Very fine"!

B.C.R.A. Conference. "On Saturday there  
will be 400 delegates; on Sunday there  
will be 300 delegates!"

"Wop 'er <sup>over the</sup> ~~on~~ head with a big stick  
Barry!"  
- Lank

Dye Test . 1Kg. used .

(75)

11

12 Uzueka Push 1 Dye in Green Choke .

13

14 -ve in both Biggo & Secadura .

15

16

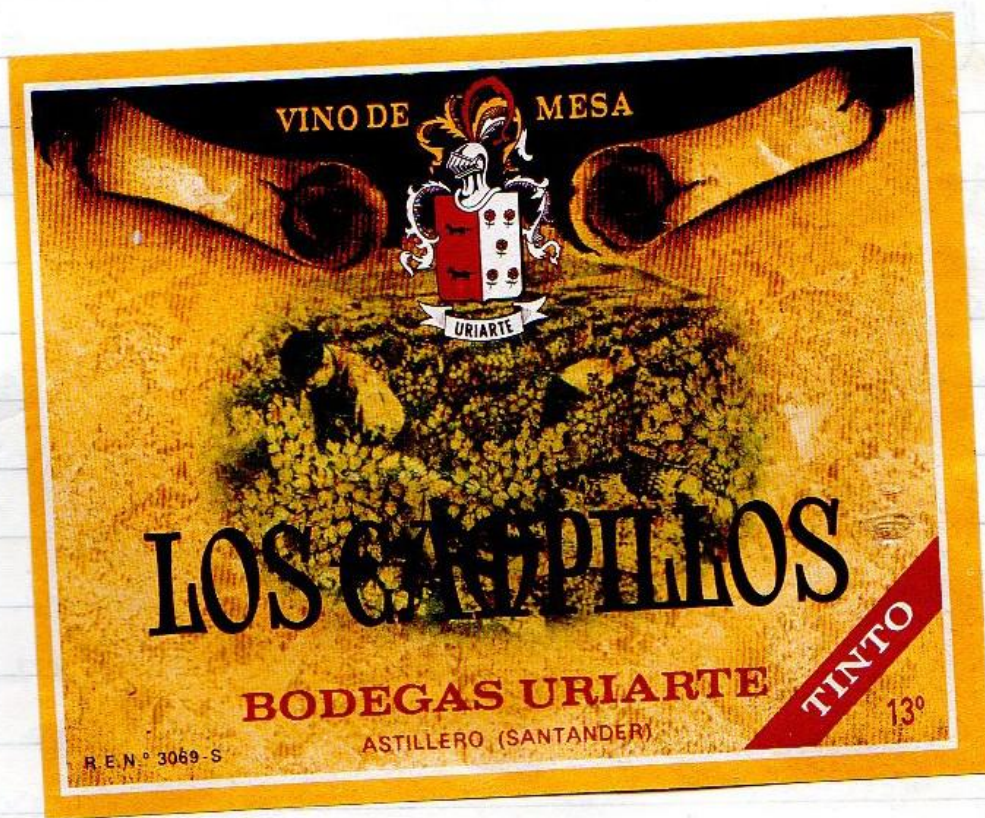
17 Uzueka Push 2 . Dye seen in Duckhams 20/50 .

18

19 Secadura visible — +ve .

20 Detectors at Biggo +ve .

→



"Who needs gluconic when you've got tinto."

20 August 1976

Tonite — Lank did

buy me (Tony) a  
drink !!! Under Durex

And — !! He owes me  
one (not those) from the  
other day!

been !!  
may

21 August

Things getting hectic - spend all day going to beach - too hot early on. Go to Solorzano - see German and Pablo "Que tomas?" too much - have to go to another bar - "Will you take the bottles back?" "Yes bring them" Get to beach - hot - German Porta 3 waypass and only two blocks - three español porta bring mattress but too much - big dark clouds - its going to piss it down - lets go home - Pisses it down - thunder and lightning - Stop at bar - too much rain.

Solorzano - tap too much maddy - "Oy, noisy baby!" Hilky washes hair - Matierzo all wet ~~the~~ but plastic sheet has kept all the survey's and books dry.

Bar 2 Wanker arrives - too much excitement - "You will come an excursion with me!" Wanker goes. Lenk + Hilky trough - too much - too much too much - too much - too much - too much too much too much down

# **MATIENZO CAVES PROJECT**