

El Regallón 97

Base Camp Log

F

①



JO WHISTLER, ALISON WATTS, FALL : ?
ABBOY MUMFORD, OLLY HILTON, WILL JERRISON

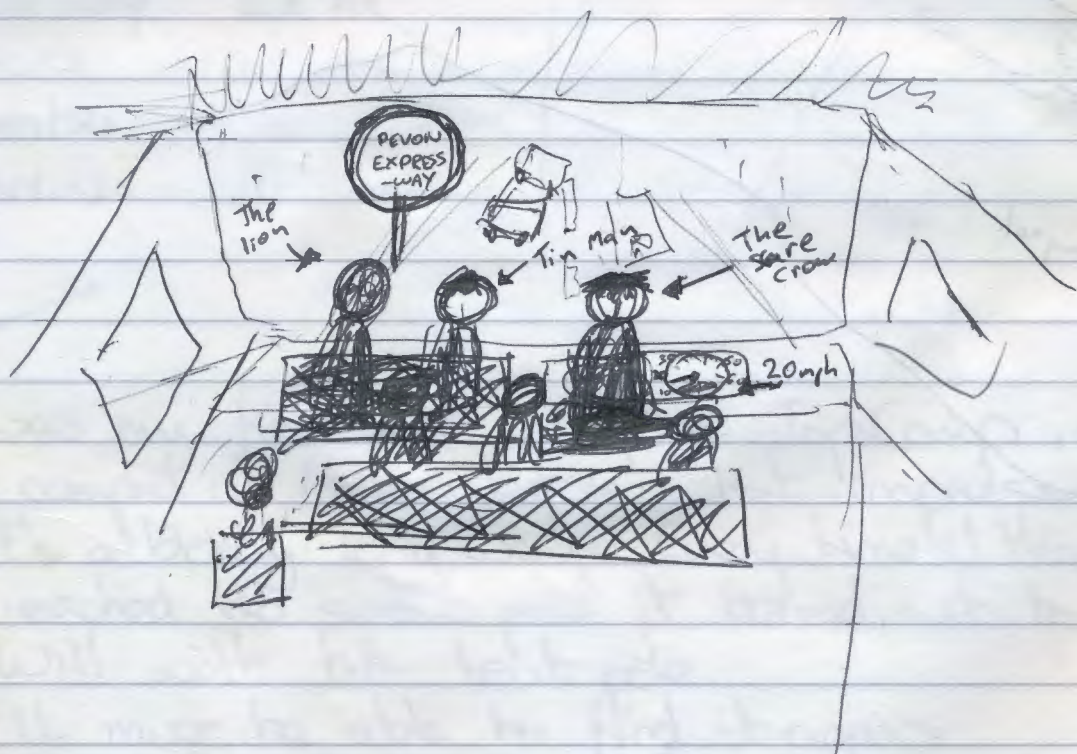
② Nathaniel - El Arbol - Mumford
 Oly " Daytime TV - Hotta
 Jo " ^{aka} 'The Apenif Terrorist' " Whistler
 Kih " Carry That Weight (not ...) " Hyams
 Alison " Come and get it! FW " Waterfall
 Ferella " ~~random~~ Cavity Search " Brown
 Ferella " random cairn / 'Up, Up, Bony Bounce' " Brown
 Will " ~~random~~ Dynamic Stomach " Jeremy
 Gavin " Heavy load" Lowe
 [Nick " ^{TWAT} THE C**T" Buchanan (but have promised not to be) such of one]
 Andy King
 Ian " Somewhat cautious" ie Med Benson
 Huw Jones
 Rob "It's free climbable (and you don't need an oversuit)" Garrett
 Ali ((Rigger) what change over loop) Gaman
 Lou ((Mad) not really) actually sensibly) Maurice missing
 Ben Lovett
 Tim (I might be coming - possibly, maybe not sure yet) Guilford
 Jonathan " Carbine Bottom " Cooper
 Rhys (Turd) Williams
 Fleur Laveridge
 Paul " Mann" Philistine
 Rod Mumford " Porridge Eater"
 KEV 'He's keen ...' ('stupid ...') WELCH

OUCC El Regallón 1997 Expedition

'There are expeditions, and then there are expeditions. It rapidly became clear from the outset that ours belonged to neither of these categories ...'

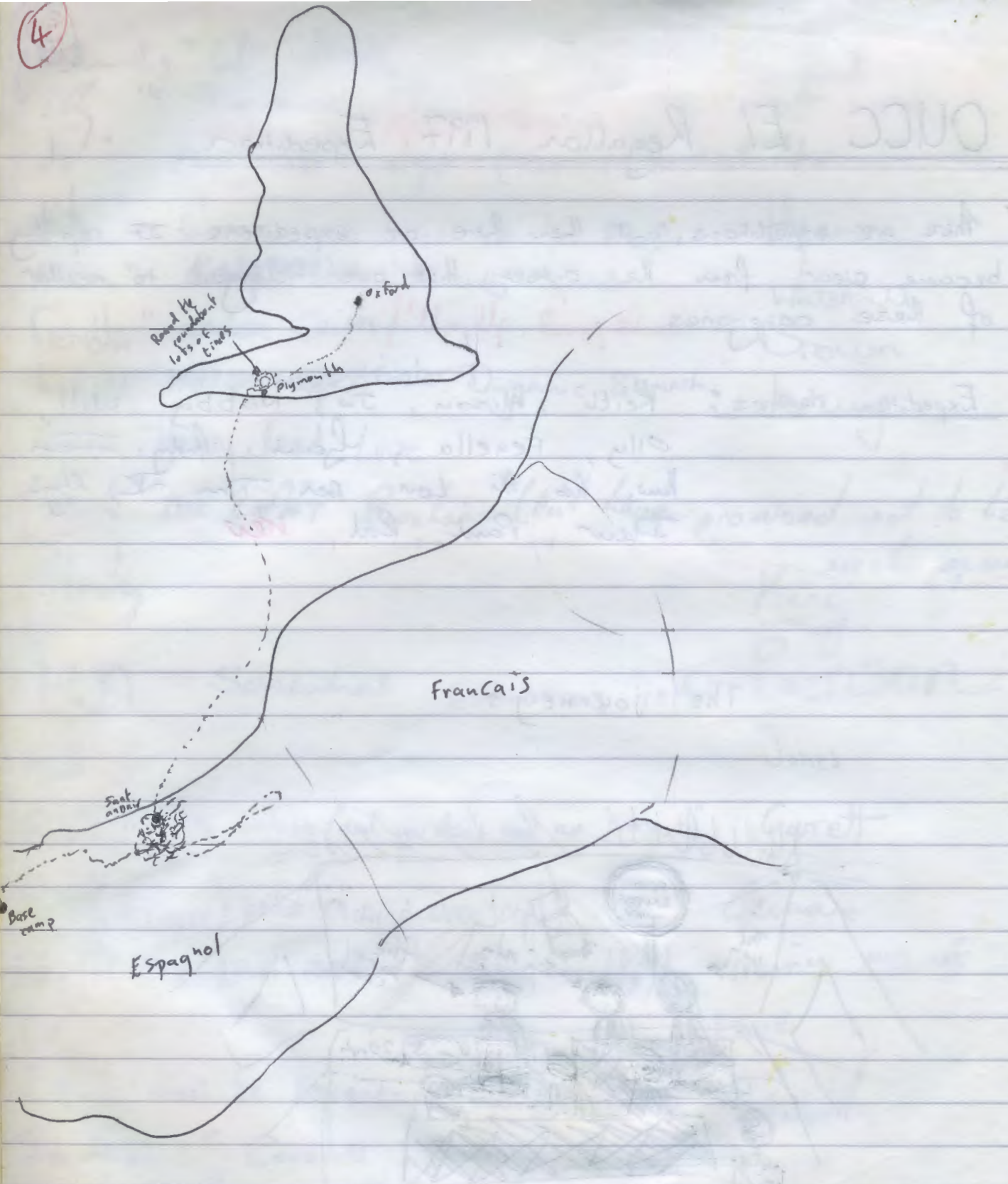
Expedition Members: Keith, Alison, Jo, Nobby, Will, Olly, Fenella, Gavin, Andy, Tom, Huw, Rob, Ali, Lou, Ben, Tim, JK, Rhys, Fleur, Paul, Rod, **Kev**

The journey:



We travelled in style - slept in the palatial pad of Olly's brother in Plymouth, survived the temptations of a 24hr ferry crossing (some better than others), fought off Fleur's rival expedition, won the bar quiz, escaped the clutches of Santanders golf/camping and roadworks, & arrived at Lagos in the day after 3hrs driving ...

4



Round the mountain
lots of trees

Osford

Plymouth

Français

Sunk
and Bay

Base
camp

Espagnol

4/7/97

1st carry of expedition didn't start until 4pm because ~~we~~ Ferella, Olly, Keith & I went into Cargas fairly late. A horrid carry up in the cold, wet & wind was made worse by the utter pointlessness of most of my carry. Taken up by me were: one wet sleeping bag, one almost empty gas cylinder, 10 postcards.

Also taken up:

- 1 green tent + poles
- mornflakes
- vino tinto
- knigo force 10
- 1 10 metre rope
- 1 Krab
- top camp 1st aid kit
- pasta
- potatoes
- sardines

- sugar
- (crap) stone
- 1 small pan
- ⚡

Jo

This was my first ever trip to Top Camp, as I'd only camped at Aris before. 1st impressions:

- It's a bloody long way. Every time I thought we'd reached the snow pole it turned out to be Will with his tent pole.
- I'll never be able to find it again.
Cairns? What cairns?

• "Is that it?" (on seeing top camp for the 1st time)
It's much better than Aris though. You can't really have a rock-hard caving expedition camped next to a pub with a load of tourists milling around.

Ferella

6

5 | 7 | 97

2nd carry left just after 1pm with Olly, Will, Nobby, Alison, Jo & Keith. ~~It~~ was a long walk up, but the weather was quite good (cool, not sunny) for walking so I quite enjoyed it. Olly "hantemaster" took us up the 'alternative' route for a spot of extra exercise & climbing practice but we arrived in the end. First impressions of top camp - pretty nice + Sun came out at top camp to give a good view. Got the stuff from the stash - some fancy plates, pots & pans & other bits. Stuff we took up:

- Radio
- First aid kit
- Tyre inner
- Endge
- Food
- 280m rope
- Reel of tape
- Box of ~~paracetamol~~ spits
- Shaft basting quills
- 2 epigon stones
- 3 " cylinders
- 1 half " "
- Big blue cooker
- Test pegs - metal
- groundsheet

Keith

"Err, Keith, what are you doing?
There's people over there!"

7/7/97 - what happened to yesterday?

I'm marooned in the kitchen of Base whilst everyone else is caving / celebrating Will & Ollie's first results up the mountain so to while away the time...

First caving of expedition - Terella, Ollie & Keith have gone to rig into CA - nice to be making some # roads.

First radio calls of expedition - just makes the person at base feel lonely (!)

First wash of expedition (!) - we have to drive to Oviedo tomorrow morning to buy cordite and to meet Juan Jose, who ought to have something to tell us about the mysterious Picos 'situation'

Top Camp is almost totally up and running - we need just the Hilton, the sled & one or two bits to finish off

Most people carried up personal gear today - the only other stuff to go was a big water container, wires, Krabs & the rigging guide. Oh, & some Tunnocks bars.

All well so far, except for boring entries in the logbook.

NJM

(8)

8/6/97

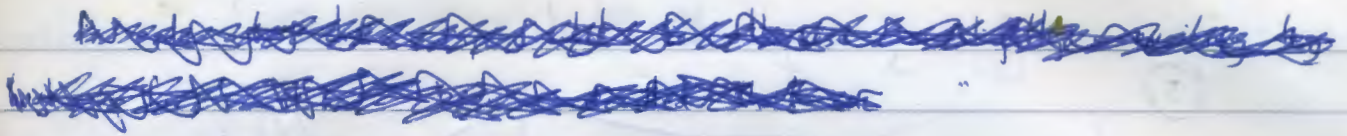
1st underground trip of expedition yesterday. Unfortunately due to numerous cock ups we only managed to rig the 1st 3 pitches. A bit disappointing not to get any deeper, but C4 is definitely a nice cave & it was an enjoyable trip nevertheless.

Today Will, Alison & Jo have gone in to pick up where we left off - hopefully they'll have more success. Fenella, Gavin & Keith came down to base but the keys to the trailer with all the gear in were with Nobby & Ollie in Oviedo (having lunch & something else probably since it's now 8:12 pm & they're not back - I do hope it's not kinky!) so there wasn't much point in going back up with empty rucksacks. Gavin & Jo went back up with some food, to cook & callant for the queen.

"Maximum cock-ups for greater shallowness"

Keith

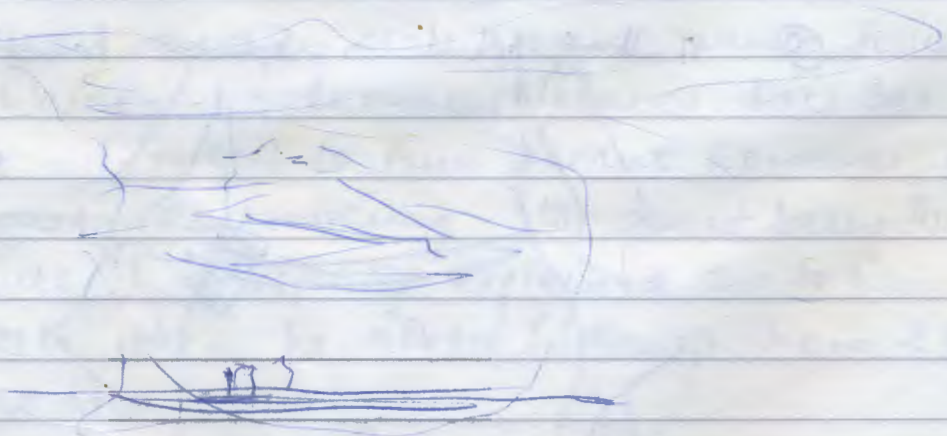
THE VIEW FROM BASE CAMP:



① On a sunny day:

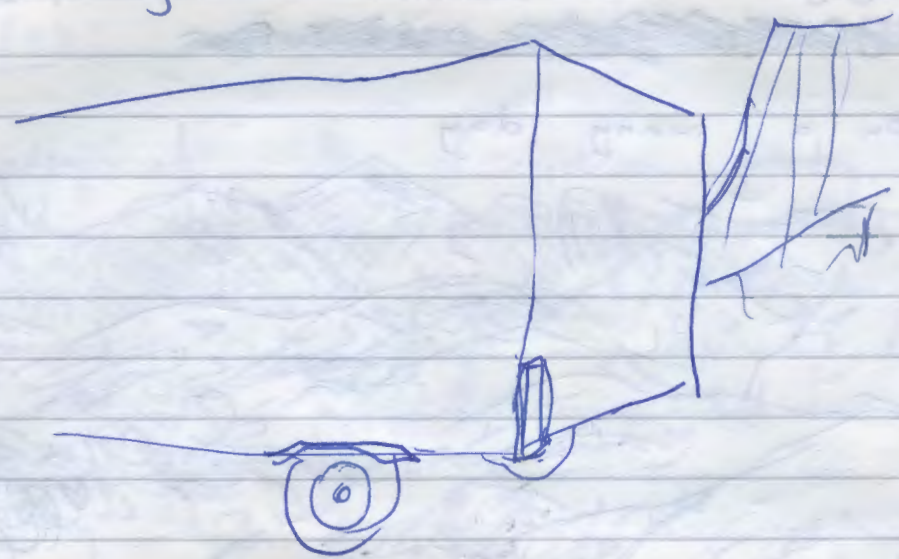


② On a cloudy day:

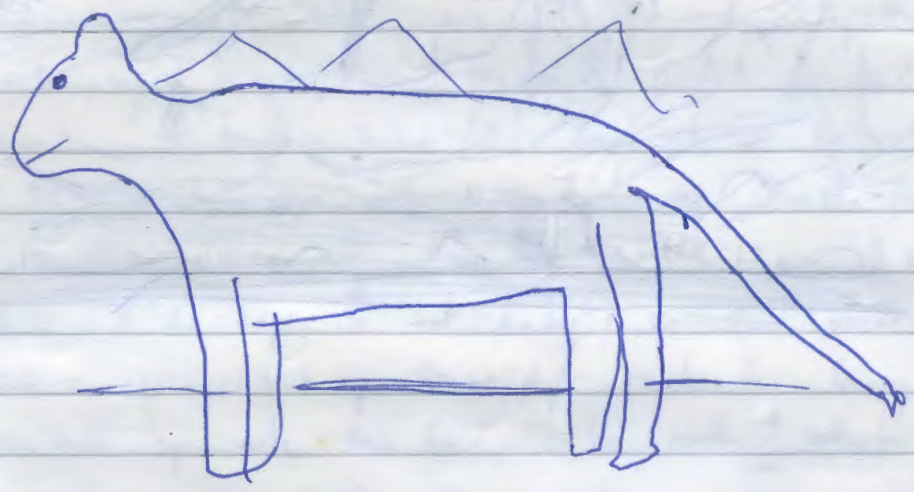


Standing behind the trailer

3

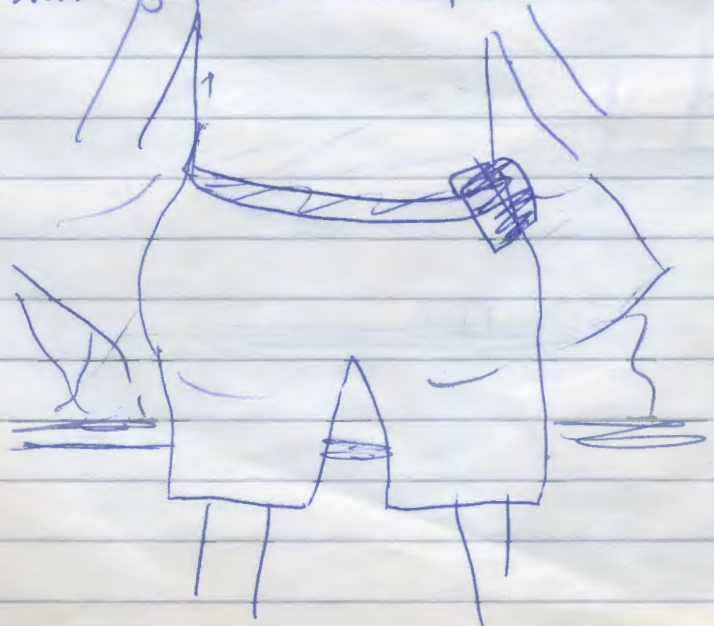


4



5 Standing behind what was supposed to look like a cow but doesn't.

6 Standing behind a Spanish tourist.



Ferella : ' There's a difference between hygiene & cleanliness... '

Oly : ' ~~It~~ all came out at once '

Conversations overheard between Jo & Keith :

Jo : ' ... I've got a condom if you want it ... '

Keith : ' I'm not sure that would be much use, actually. '

Will : " Has someone taken some oil for Gavin? "

Jo " ~~That's~~ I think I'd have a bottom - fishing expedition ... '

10/7/99. Rude Awakenings.

No, the Park Warden didn't care what Nobby's bank balance is. Neither was he going to be palmed off with a letter from Dingo explaining what he's done to the trailer.

Having roused, partially clad, around camp followed by bemused Warden I eventually located Doc's Box at bottom of trailer. I failed to find permit however, muppet that I am. Vaguely remembering the permit being for 25 people and 7 tents I carefully explained this to him. It fell apart a little when he asked (I think) how 24 people fit in 2 tents at top camp!

He will return Manana to see the permit and hopefully hear a more convincing explanation.

Wasn't amused by Max. Coherence either - I denied all knowledge.

Will.

(12)

10/7/97

Things I think we need up the mountain soon:

- i) the rest of C4 rope
- ii) cave tags etc for shaft bashing
- iii) more rigging gear & spare rope
- iv) odd stuff from rigging box like big hammers / chisels etc.
- v) more food of any description esp. bread
- vi) guitar (of course); tape player(?); Boris (??)
- vii) the new bolt kit
- viii) more booze
- ix) the boat
- x) kev's big light (in the library) - be careful with this - I'll bring the ^{spare} bulbs separately
- xi) ziplocks
- xii) Hawaiian lunch before everyone else gets here.
- xiii) carbide containers
- xiv) taracle bags
- xv) survey tapes
- xvi) PVC adhesive
- xvii) more covers ...

El Jefe (Arbol)

11/7/97

Grawn + Fenella have taken up:

- 2 ladders
- rope protectors
- climbing rope
- 70m / 40m ish / long m ropes for C4
- some rigging gear & spreader

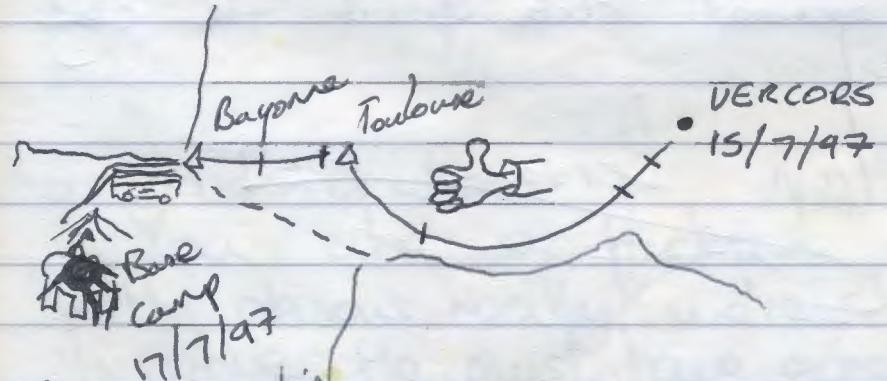
Please bring up more rope, the pile of rigging gear, boat + 1 foot pump, food. Please bring up

bolt bit (can you find a better driver for Gavin?).

More wine.

17/7/97 AM Personne à "Base Camp" depuis 6 jours... Que pasa? Déjà à -1000? Arrivé tard dans la nuit à Cangas je n'ai pu monter que ce matin en stop. J'hésite à prendre le chemin vers "Top Camp" (un peu fatigué), mais compte trier le matos ce matin et monter en debut d'après-midi. Quel plaisir d'être de retour dans (Je promets qu'une fois que j'aurai couru un peu d'anglais je ferai un effort pour écrire dans la langue de notre chère reine, sa Majesté Queen Elizabeth II). "los Picos de Europa", pas trop envie de faire de la spétéo, plutôt d'aller passer quelques semaines à la plage avec un peu de canyon à côté, mais bon on verra ça...

Matos à monter c 60m, 20m, 7m : 10 plaquettes + 10 gros faders: troussa à spiter un rechaud Epigas et le reste de mon matos Parro.



En six jours vous aurez eu le temps d'équiper jusqu'à -600m au moins!

"poches pas trop pleines, kit plein de corde, tête pleine d'idées sur le jeunes filles espagnoles."

PM bien mangé, bien dormi bien la bien regardé les J.F.'s c'est bon j'y vais

Friday 19/02/97

Splendid cycle in warm sunny weather over from Santander. Camped in Cads valley by "MOP Gauging station # 276", must find out if MOP (whoever they are) can give us any data for Rio Cares catchment area to put our hydrological work in perspective.

Just arrived at the camp in 100% clag above 750m, to find it deserted. Report to bar, and St Miguel. The bike ride up from Covadonga gave me a thirst all right, quite pleased with \approx 1 hour 40 mins. I'm sure Miguel Indurain could do it better ~~on~~ my mum's bike (a Raleigh 20 shopper), nevertheless, when the SRT kit, bolts and bosch drill are out of the panniers I'll not be worried about taking a ride down to the bottom + back sometime.

Can't wait till the solar panels arrive with Al: + C^o, another maximal cock up if the clag stays in!

Ian Berran

"Maximum metal for greater exhaustion"



exchange between Alison & Oly:

Alison: "Well, it would take me twice as long to walk up if I left now than if I left in half an hour"

Oly: "... eh? That doesn't make sense."

Alison: "no."

20/7

Last Day at Base Camp

Seem to be leaving just as everyone else arrives.

At least there's still be more room at Top Camp and Will can find someone else to sleep in the puddles in the Force 10. Glad I finally got to the lake in CA and managed to do the Direct Route at least once without having to ask a Pastor for directions. Spending my last evening drinking vino bianco and reading "The Incredible Melting Man". Quality...
 "Maximum carrying for greater indirectness"

Feedla

who said of whom:

"You are a fuckwit"

pretty obvious really, we're still working for him to arrive. He must have gone to look for the rope

(16)

Rob " It's contiguous ...
I meant contiguous and I know because
I'm a pedant "

Revenge of the Ario Path God part II

Not content with his previous efforts
to disrupt the smooth & pleasurable
flow of my life cycle, the ~~Ario~~
god of the Ario path struck me down
once more on my last and heaviest
carry so far down to base camp on the
way to Nigeria (via Bilbao, Brussels, & Mandesky).

I left top camp a bit after 10pm with
new batteries for my torch & arrived
at Bobby's Home at 1am after taking
a rather 'long' route to the Ario path,
unable to ^{attack} a now marginally improved sense of

direction, & unable to flatten my back batteries due to
 to my precariously proper planning & preparation,
 he smote the bulb of my mini maglite
 with his great & mighty, but rather wrinkly
 hand. Alone & without a spare bulb or light,
 I figured never mind, I can still just about see by
 the moonlight. But then the god of the Ario path
 struck again & ~~sent~~ within seconds sent a great
~~thick~~ cloud from the East to obscure all
 vision. And as this is a Keith story there
 ought to be, and indeed there are, animals
 involved. For the Ario path god sent a
 great Bull to hover around the Bobby House.
 And it was indeed a Bull & not a cow,
 for ~~the~~ the same lonesome traveller had
~~but~~ a few days ago been faced with the
 same Bull walking towards him on the path
 not showing any signs of wanting to move.
 And yet more animals did the Ario path god
 send, for he sent dogs, to bark loudly
 & wake up Spanish farmers. But the lonesome
 traveller went boldly onwards to ~~face~~ confront
 the god of the Ario path, his mighty
 Bull & his jumped up dogs. And, though
 he was as good as blind in the night
 fog, the lonesome traveller showed his dominance
 over & defeated once & for all the god of
 the Ario path, arriving at base camp at 2:20 am.
 The muddy bits ~~left~~ after sod 1 were
 quite 'fun'!

Keith.

Bye Bye everybody!

Kate

25/7: New Intake, Rhys, Williams, Ben Lovell, Tim J.C.

It all looked so easy in the beginning. Ben had persuaded Rhys to take his van up to the Divos, then Tim decisively decided ^(12 hrs. prep. to splitting) he'd like to come, and finally I begged a lift because I thought it would be more fun. We made our introductions in Poole, packed all the gear including the roof-rack, solar panels and fuel tank in the back and then headed onto the ferry, having solicited some interest from the local flock, whose compiler denied Rhys's van was currently lying abandoned in Swansea. That's like our faces.

France failed to enthrall us. We slept amongst the birds in a delightful spanish ched-and-gable, spitting shooting stars. The drive was smooth if uninspiring but things picked up towards the border. We sampled the local culture in Carols Orca dis. (The spanish on holiday are pretty cool & drinking rigia wearing a fedora with worn bisje. Found a bivy somewhere in the mountains which was great til the local booby shouted "It is day" in Spanish a lot at 7.

The rest of the drive was superb. The doors slowly closed and as we drove into Carcots we could see the whole

of the Western and Central Rivers (which is rare).
 Fortified around in Ganges for news, business, ~~and~~
 cervezas and football and on to the Los Lagos in
 glorious sunshine. His great to be back.
 J.C.



(20)

25/7/97 - Short walk up from Cain to deliver a Thankyou letter to OACC at Top Camp then down to Los Lagos for a last supper (My contribution to the kitty allowing me at least one?) and a bottle of cider. Cangas tomorrow and H. Massif still for another week. Please don't hate me,

Adieu Nico

25/7/97 Fiesta! - Will, Huw, Lou, Adi, Gavin, Tim, JC, Rhys, Ben, Jo.

Went down to Arriondas rather too early for the official fiesta, but after something to ~~eat~~ eat & a few beers we were in the mood for a mad night out. Everyone went to the little fairground & had loads of gas on the dodgems. Excellent fun! Next came the kiddies playground where Gavin & others had a great time wobbling about on a fish. Then we had the climbing frame squeeze & the "see how many people will fit on the top beam of the climbing frame" (ans = 10!). Last of all we had a couple drinks at the temporary bar which had been set up next to the band. We said goodbye to Will & Gavin drove us back to base camp (thank you, Gavin) then followed some rather lovely single malt whisky. . . .

Jo

28/7/97.

Solo walk back from top camp. 1hr 50mins.
Route finding fine, no encounters with
wild animals, rocks, Chelsea members
or anything really. Perhaps I should
make something up.

Rhys.

29/7/97 a.m. - off for a wee bike ride
to place dye detectors, and probably have another
look at Cuilambo after dry weather. Est' fine back
at Lagos 30/7/97 before dark. Ian

J.C's Shopping List

- 1 carbide bottom (? Ferreteria)
- 1 carbide hook " " " a little supply from the Ferreteria
- 1 Toothbrush
- Toothpaste. + Razors (BIC disposable will do)
- 1 litre bottle of pop (e.g. Coke or Kes Limon).

If a shopper were to get these I'd be very grateful, and
won't pay the kitty back.

love Jonathon.

(22)

Paul & Jo Leaving -

We've quickly tidied the tent!

We've taken the van down to Camps (will
park in normal spot, Nobby has other way set)
as suggested. (Only four sets of campers with
cars here, so bigger all chance of kibbling)

Nick's "Jim a knob" Tasspat is still hanging
around Logs.

We've put 2 empty gas cylinders in the van.

Cheers for a great (if brief) time,

Daz

Hoya le Madre Detectors

(Placed 290797 17:00)

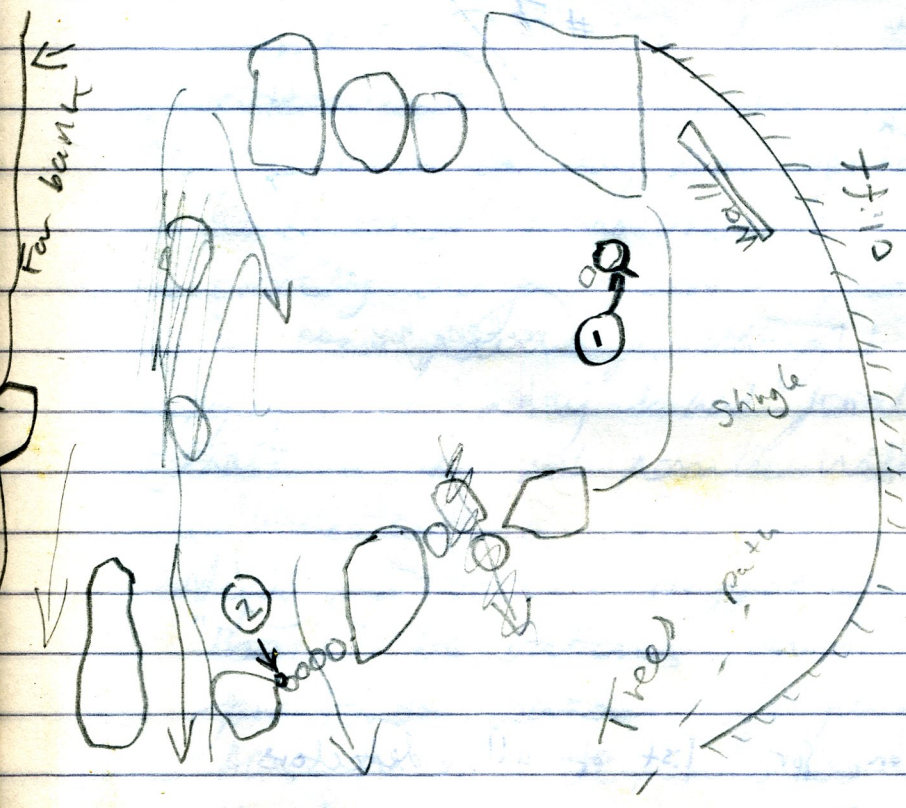
Get to "La Molina", on way to Rio Cas see map.

Head for gorge along concrete road + then path from La Molina (1km)

Go right at bridges: Keep on NE bank (river on left as going upstream)

30m upstream from bridge detectors in stream under cliff

- ① under white boulder
- ② check in top of cascade (at 1/2 way across stream)



↓ La Molina

24

u

3rd visit
~~2nd visit~~

Culiambro detectors

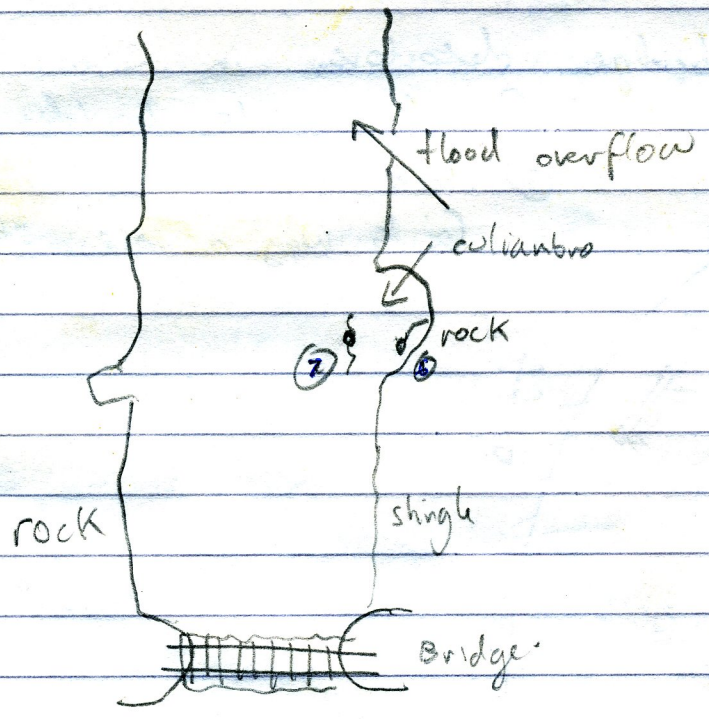
~~290797 17:00~~

03 08 97 1B HJ BL AG

Take top path from Ponte Poncias to cain along Caes gorge.

After \approx 6 Km Culiambro can be seen at a rigid bridge somewhat upstream from the obvious resurgence from the central Massif.

Obvious / easy path down to bridge.



- #6 ~~⊗~~ on string
- #7 ~~⊗~~ tied to iron bar in bottom of pool

(reckon you can hook the bar out with your foot, its only $\frac{1}{2}$ " diameter and a few feet long).

See note 2 pages on for list of all detectors.

The silent splendor of the fires hung over logs lone camp. Our heroes rested beside the trailer.

"So, when you say that recharging non-rechargeable batteries causes them to explode, Ian, what exactly did you mean?" Sadly, well, slightly sadly anyway, there were to be Ali's last words that morning or any other.

Ian ~~was~~ was not too good at explaining technical things generally, so no one really believed him when he said "explode". A "sort of swelling up" was more what people had expected. What Ian lacked in powers of explanation he made up for in speltotechnocratoricness. He had wired up his solar panels to the cassette player, using the dual ~~batt~~ batteries as regulators, and our heroes were enjoying a restful ~~doze~~ doze of ~~of~~ Jane Fonda war on out tape.

But this morning ~~then~~ the Ian's technodweckery went a little wrong. Well, very wrong.

"So, when you say that recharging non-rechargeable ~~the~~ batteries causes them to explode, Ian, what exactly did you mean?", — asked Ali. Ian ~~was~~ paused for thought and was about to reply when, as if it had finally dawned on him that it was not possible safely to ~~re~~charge un-rechargeable batteries with a solar panel, in fact it was completely stupid, his mouth dropped open.

"Boom!" The batteries exploded, ~~the~~ and bits of Jane Fonda war on tape plunged through the back of Ali's head. JC, who had been sleeping under the trailer woke up abruptly ~~as the~~ to witness the small fireball spread across camp as if in slow motion. It was shocking. So shocking ~~that~~ in fact

(26)

that he bumped his head violently on the dentist's knee
cush, dislodging the brakes, and by causing the drawler to
lobble free from its precariously stable position. Of
course he should have known better than to be under
an unstable drawler when there was a risk of
batteries exploding nearby. But he'd had a few
'ciders' the night before and, well, his mind was
not its usual sharp self that fateful morning.
Anyway, that's all history now and there's no point in
discussing the intricacies of Jc's decision-making process
because, sadly, he was crushed under the falling drawler.

The tragedy should have ended there, but, sadly, there
was against our heroes that day. The drawler
~~that was~~ ~~one of the~~ ~~array~~ under normal circumstances
it might have got away with it, but today the
drawler was overloaded. Partly because Alison and
Rob were both sitting in it, and partly because
it was packed full of manflame tins (~~as a result~~
for some reason we had been donated ten times the
normal sponsorship load). As the drawler tipped,
the 800 manflame tins, piled precariously
tough up the back, tumbled forwards, slowly at
first, but then with increasing speed and force.
Alison and Rob had no chance as the full force
of the manflame binder chose to crush over them.
Unfortunately, when ^{the} manflame tins ^{were} heated
by the fireball, they also exploded eliciting a
chain reaction of little clouds of flaming
partridge oats.

When the storm of burning manflames finally
settled, an ~~struck~~ was still sitting grim

mouthed, his hair ringed but otherwise unscathed.
"I ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~just~~ ~~realized~~ ~~that~~ ~~was~~ calculated that
if I ~~try~~ ~~to~~ ~~re-charge~~ ~~unrechargeable~~ ~~batteries~~
using the solar panels, they'll explode. That
is they'll - go "BOOM!" I don't think
we should do it."

BEACH TRIP, Tim, Alison, Rhys, J.C., Andy, Rod, Lou, Rob

We went to the beach and we went swimming and
we had ice creams and it was fun. Said "Alison" to Rod
and Andy in Arrimades and now they are gone.

Maximum beach trips for greater biolocalizing.

Dye Detector Placement Summary

Culiambro

Place	In	Out	Number
30m Downstream (LHS Twe)	23 07 97 (15:00)	29 07 97 (21:30)	# 1
Cul Resurgance in string	23 07 97 (15:00)	29 07 97 (21:30)	# 2
Cul Resurgance on iron bar	23 07 97 (15:00)	03 08 97 (16:00)	# 3
Cul Resurgance on string	29 07 97 (22:30)	30 07 97 (10:40)	# 4
Cul Resurgance on string	30 07 97 (10:40)	03 08 97 (16:00)	# 5
Cul Resurgance on string	03 08 97 (17:00)	still in	# 6
Cul Resurgance on iron bar	03 08 97 (17:00)	still in	# 7

Other Locations

Place	IN	OUT	
C4 Streamway (3 boys)	28 07 97 (15:00)	31 07 97 (22:00)	—
*La Molina (Hoya-le-Madre) LHS	29 07 97 (17:00)	still in 18/8/97	1
" Cascade centre of Stream.	29 07 97 (17:00)	still in. 18/8/97 (09:00)	2

* See diagram a few pages back to find these.

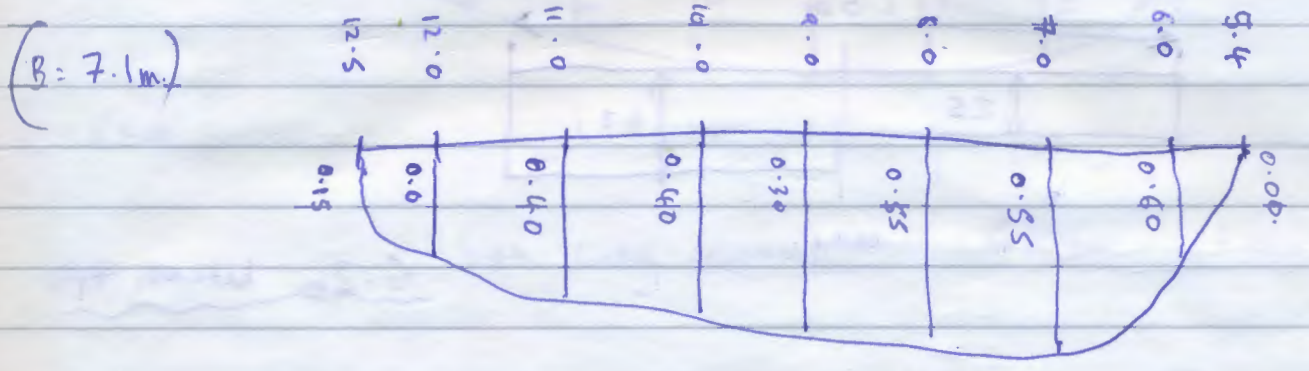
(Detectors are in Ziplock bags in ammo box on left base camp tent, labeled.)

Rio Caves flow at Culiandro (will only Alison can)
 (3 measurements taken downstream of Culiandro)

23 07 97 (15:00) Looking downstream.

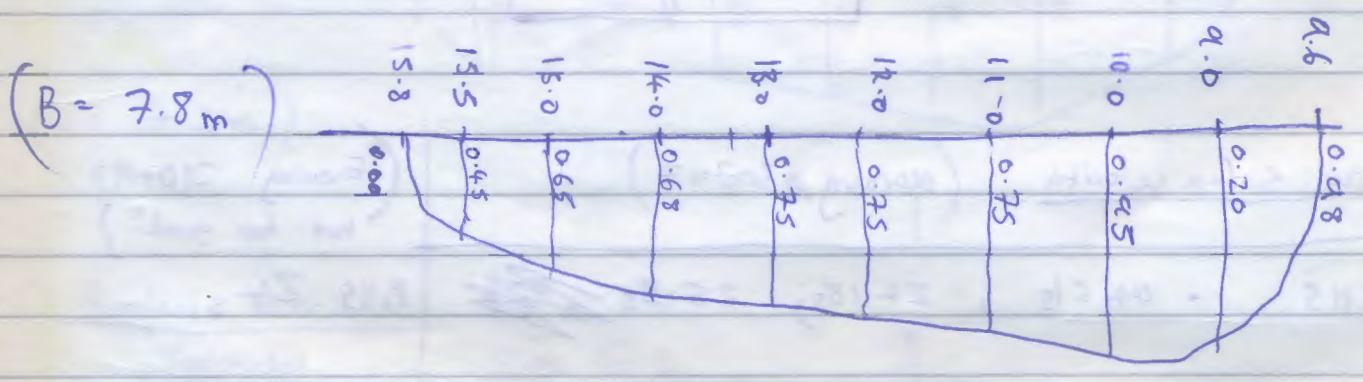
High flow after rain.
 upper waterfall at Culiandro flowing.

Tape 1.



Distance between tapes = 6.20m.

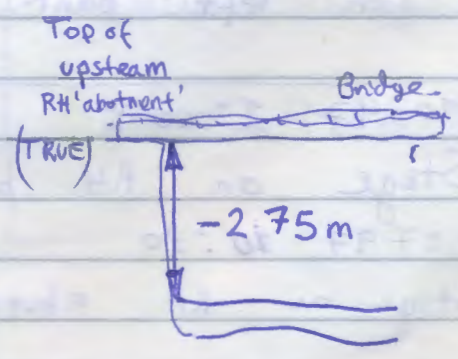
Tape 2



Velocity surface

<u>Tape 1 chainage</u>	<u>time tape 2.</u>
6	16.7 s
6.5	11.5
7.0	8.5
8.0	7.2
9.0	7.0
10.0	13.3
11.0	21.6
11.5	54.0

Stage



30

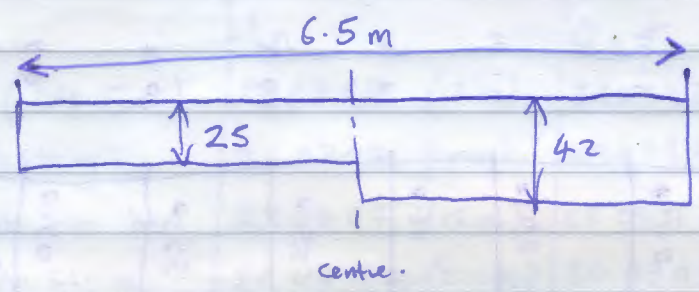
Using ~~the~~ ³⁰⁰⁷⁹⁷ t-rings and average cross section
 $Q = 0.55 \text{ m}^3/\text{s}$
(1.124)

29 07 97 (21:30)

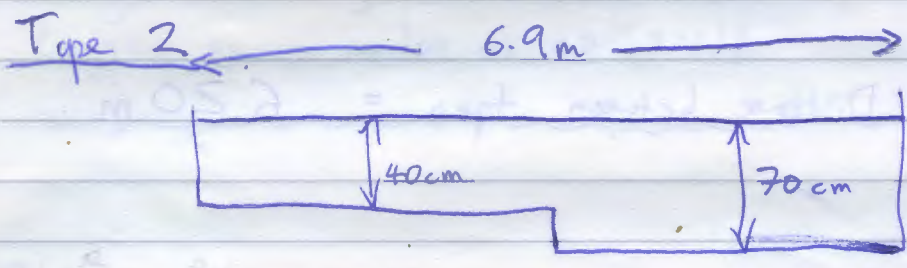
(lan)

both look downstream

Tape 1 (Same positions)



6.2m between tapes



Flow surface velocity (morning ~~300797~~ 300797)

(Evening 290797 not too good!)

RHS - 44.6/s, 24.18/s, 25.3/s ~~25.3/s~~

RHS 24/s

LHS 29.8/s, 28.2/s, '

LHS 4/s

1m from left bank = 1min 53 sec.

290797 22:00 :

Stage on RH abutment - 2.91m (3.30 - 0.39 = 2.91m)

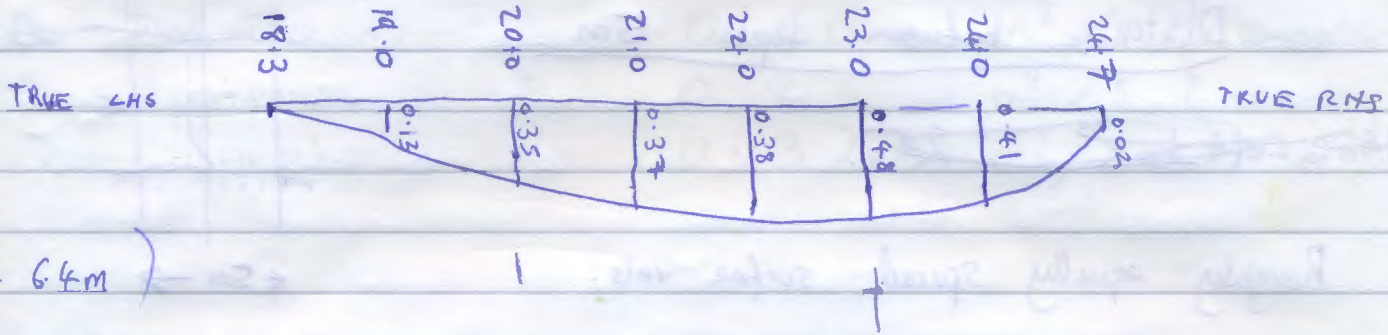
30 07 97 20:30

Stage on RH abutment = 2.91m (3.29 - 0.38 = 2.91m)

030897 (~ 17:00)

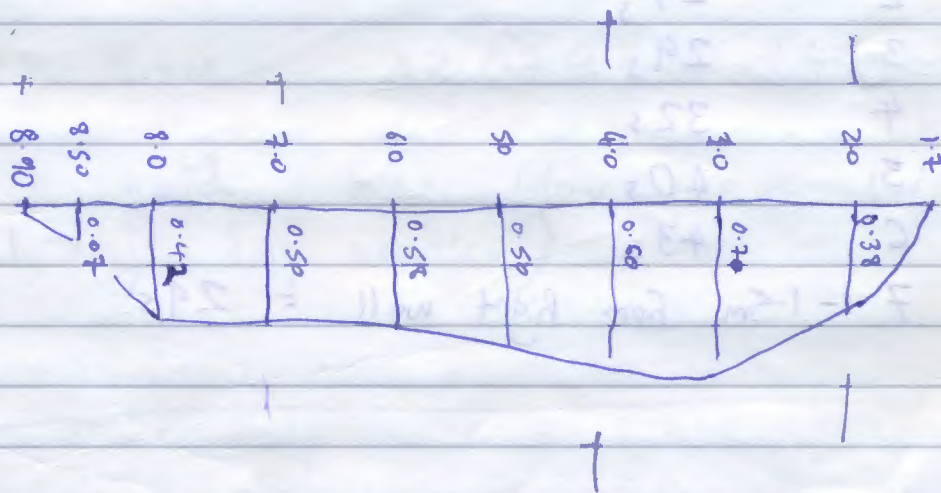
(Jan, Ali, Huw Pen)

Tape 1 (Same positions)



both looking downstream, 6.25m between tapes.

Tape 2



Surface velocities

<u>Tape 1 chain</u>	<u>Time tape 2</u>
19 m	79 s
20	28 s
21	15 s
22	16 s
23	21 s
24	30 s
24.3	37 s

Stage at (RHS tree) abutment as measured before
 = -2.90 m.

33

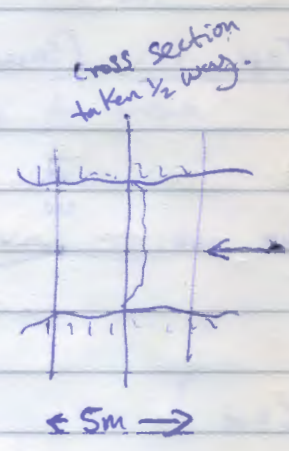
030897 (18:00)

Bio Cores Flow upstream of Culiambro (How, lan)

(1 measurement)

Distance between tapes 5m

~~5m from Left bank~~ 29s.



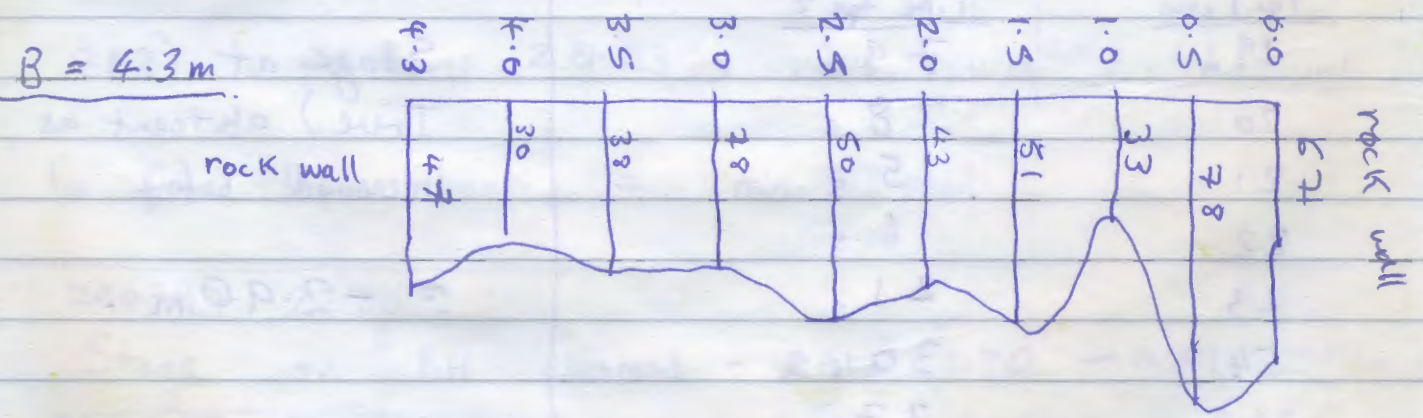
Roughly equally spaced surface vels:

~~LHS~~ → RHS → LHS

RHS	1	22 s
	2	27 s
	3	29 s
	4	32 s
	5	40 s
LHS	6	43 s

7 1-1.5m from Right wall = 29s.

Cross Section



From these (03 08 97) observations :

Q	Downstream	=	0.60	m ³ /s	} 10-20% accuracy.
Q	Upstream	=	0.28	m ³ /s	
∴ Q	Culiambro	=	0.32	m ³ /s	

* Not much difference in river height or flow velocity from 30 07 97 (within 1cm or so at bridge)

* No rain since 22 07 97 (45mm storm)

Represents a good "base flow" measurement, I hope (after ~ 11 days dry weather)

Flow measurement downstream on 23 07 97 not as high as expected: 1.09 m³/s. Culiambro probably 0.60 m³/s based on above proportions.

23/34

6/8/77

Good stuff Jan.

After a safe journey down in the dark last night, drove + flew to Lagos this morning for her bus.

Phoned Dave, who had no messages for Rob. bad news about the Test Matches, but revealed that Kes will be here tomorrow, need to carry all our gear back down the mountain.

Lagos is nasty today; millions of bodies about, & I spent an hour stuck in the new campsite scrape where I was sent by an unfriendly policeman who wouldn't let me come this way.

Not a coherent reading. NFM

ps scorchie in Lagos.

pps whose are the really nasty knickers?

pps No sign of Gerhard / Iken.

8/8/97

I ARRIVE AFTER 40 HOURS TRAVELING FROM LONDON EXPECTING TO BE ABLE TO HOLD A LENGTHY ENGLISH CONVERSATION. BUT NO ONE WAS HOME.

11/8/97

I just thought I'd write something random because there's a lot of scenery stuff on the previous pages. Still the weather is nice! I think I'll have a wash now, splash!

I've now washed, (I'm a bit bored), no one else has arrived yet and I'm hungry. I've just watched some scouts pitching their tents on the edge of the shitty quarry and I'm staring. I've taken a careful review of the available food and I've decided that I don't want a raven meal so I'll shortly be heading off

to the bar for a nice steak sandwich and some potatoes
fries. It's almost 9 o'clock, the bar is calling.

Some messages from J.C. who is gone

1. Excellent live look by me. Thanks to everyone for making it's so.
2. To Alison. 3200 pls in envelope in kitty for you. No questions asked.
3. To van packers. I have (selfishly?) left one roc-sec (Big green Kerrimor Jag 575) of covering gear and one plastic bag (Biohazard!) of smelly personal gear in the trailer. Please do not throw these in the quarry. Please leave at C.D.'s house rather than the hub as I live there. (C.D.'s trailer is not the hub!).
4. There is no 4th message.

J.C.

Ps Bye.

12/8/97 Have successfully deposited J.C. on his bus at Arriandas but the journey was not entirely uneventful.

It all began when we had to queue long whilst shopping in Cangas. Consequently we were running a bit late when we arrived at Arriandas. We then failed to spot the bus station and took a wrong turn. At this point J.C. decided it would be quicker on foot and so left me with the van. I agreed not to leave until we knew he had caught his bus and decided to drive to the bus stop and meet him there again. Once back on the main road I stupidly assumed that because we hadn't seen the bus stop on the way in it must be the other way. 10 seconds later I was on a big road outside of Arriandas heading ~~XXXX~~ know when with ~~XXXXXX~~ chance of turning round. I almost took a side road but decided against it when

(36)

I saw the tight hairpin that would have to be negotiated - I've never liked squeezes with beads in them, they don't agree with me. Eventually I found someone more suitable to turn round (it was a total fluke - I tried having left, failed to find the road and ended up in a big sort of car parking thing with lots of space. Once back in Arriadas, which I almost missed owing to the sign post being after the junction, I drove straight to the bus stop to find JC still waiting, his bus was late.

Having said goodbye and buying a litre of keros for the journey (I'd already seen the waiting traffic jam) I familiarized myself with the tape player and set off towards Cangas. An hour later I arrived to discover the cause of the delay. However, I wasn't quite sure if they really were human traffic lights or just chimps escaped from the local zoo. One past them, however, things improved and I turned the Pogus tape over for the second time.

The journey continued in fine vein until I reached Lago Escal to be greeted by another human traffic light. He tried to direct me left so following El Jefe's example I called him over and in my first Spanish I explained the situation. "You can walk" he said. "Si," I agreed but I think he missed my point. Still following El Jefe's example I drove up to the roundabout along with everyone else. Unfortunately someone had double parked on the roundabout and the resulting body squeeze, had I attempted it, would probably have had Alonso raising his voice again. After a few minutes thought the queue behind me had grown sufficiently but it was time for decision action. I turned right. This lead, alas, instantly hit a cross rift that choked it both directions with no way on. A swift three point turn later and I was heading back to the attention parking area. Once again I followed the car in front up a cul-de-sac when all the spaces were taken. One by one I watched these $(2n+1)$ point turns ($n \in \mathbb{N} \wedge n \geq 2$). While I was quietly laughing another car left. A ^{small} Spanish car briefly considered the space before departing. Now it was my turn. A helpful Spanish pointed the space out to me & so I thanked him politely. It was a definite Leu-crack, tall

more of a Levi's-little-contortionist-brother-crack. I started to reverse. 100m later I was able to forward again to another car park. Then I saw what I was looking for - a nice big walking passage of a ~~car~~ parking space - straight ahead with a howling draft blowing into it; at least there would have been one if not for some ~~kkkkk~~ spaniard who was stood in the space blocking it up. I gesticulated. He looked at me blankly, not moving. I could see him thinking there was lots of space (lots = >2)... clearly the ~~kkkkkk~~ had never tried to park a minibus. I gave up. A short drive later I found 2 spaces side by side - statistically it had to happen somewhere but I dread to imagine the odds of actually witnessing it. I claimed them both, then decided that this was bit rude, shuffled slightly into a single space and then opened the door wide to discourage anyone from taking the other.

One French loaf and half a jar of mayonnaise later and all my kias was gone. I was bored of the Peugeot and I decided to try my luck again with the human traffic light. Miraculously he had gone. I had the sun on my back and an open road ahead. The brakes were no longer soft and squidgy and the petrol indicator had risen on the slope to slightly above empty. I went for it... and made it back to the campsite which, not surprisingly, was packed. The only space I could see was in the centre of the grass next to our camp. My way was still blocked by a sort of Motte and Bailey - a chain of ~~the~~ small lakes (or were they swamps?) surrounded by a wall of sea.

I spotted a breach in the wall and headed towards it following a 4-wheeled drive off road vehicle. It struggled, I aborted. A bit further along a second breach looked more enticing (well, I was getting desperate). My first feeble attempt fellered into a wheel spin. A short reverse was terminated by the same fate. People were starting to watch, anticipating a spectacle. A sneaky change to 2nd gear and a slight run up on the incline and I was through the lake on solid ground home and dry.

A Scotsman just asked me why the campsite down the hill wasn't open; 'they' wouldn't let him up here. I just laughed and said "Welcome to Spain!"

P.S. I still don't like driving but it can be fun! ^{lol.}

Kitty is hiding in the trailer.
 Le van rouge is thirsty for petrol.
 I am looking for the snow pole.
 (There are 'frites', onions, pepper and wine for supper.)
 Amordas is my Schrodinger (38°C at 12:30 today).

Kev, when asked by some Spanish at top camp where they were:
 "snow-pole" (carefully enunciated so they'd understand)

Nobby - "There's nothing incriminating about being photographed
 in a sleeping bag with 2 other people"

What people want on next year's expedition:

Alison - more flat mountains

Kev - frozen food packets (to daisy-chain rope)

15/8/97 Tap lamp abandoned 2 days prematurely
 due to damage caused by gumbilla raids by
 COWS ... (see below by Alison - ...)

for more news as it comes up - see this logbook
 - Tap lamp bag sealed in a biohazard bag ...

18/8/97 Laredo !! 3pm

Well on the way, we only await problems with the van / trailer / passports / weather / darkness to hold us back.
Tender wood ...

In the absence of Gerhard e Tika, we dragged Top Lamp with 4 people and a bit of help from the cows:

everyone carried at least
→ down → up → down on Friday
→ up → down → up → down on Saturday
and then some ...

(We carried 6 full cases in 4 days - ≈ 48 miles, we reckon)

The decision to stash Alison was ~~probably~~ ^{not} worked on the grounds that it was hasty and undesirable for all concerned. To's gear just survived, but two pairs of walkies eventually took Alison's place in F71 whoops.

A minor fiasco ensued yesterday with the van having to be dragged out of the Lagos mud by the Trana landrover; consequently this morning saw us camping in a layby nr La Mohica some 12 hrs behind schedule. A quick trip by Alison e Rob to collect the Hojo la Made detectors, and ~~the~~ the van range was on its way. A viva Espana e all that for another year ...

The big man at the wheel.
Next stop Biarritz. NDM
ps stocked up on Porsche e 43.

40

To rectify some omissions from the Top Camp Log book...
ie writing up some trips that failed to make it into the
Top Camp log due to bovine emissions...

Rob & kev connect Canalizo 1 → 3.

14.8.97

The plan was to push, survey and dig. Ben & Rhys had left an undescended shaft (P28) and a wide open lead. Since the idea was to dig the parallel shaft back to the entrance and time was short, the original team also excluded Nobby. However, for reasons of apathy he never made it out of Top Camp.

In the event, kev and I made fine time down to the lead, including a short pause by a popcorn castellation overlooking a pool of water with a rift disappearing under us. It was really pretty. Anyway, we got to the lead and kev ("boltmeister") stumped in a brace of bolts for a Y-hang. One deviation and natural rebelling later he was at the bottom. I started to follow.

"Someone's been here before..." ~~and~~ exclaimed kev. I looked about the shaft as I descended. It did look familiar. I reached the bottom and there was no denying it. We were in the Car3 extensions. The rift we had descended from was the same lead that JC and I had failed to enter on our ^{last} Car3 push, survey, dig (psd) trip. 2 survey legs were sufficient to ~~to~~ complete the sistema del Canalizo and no loop closure error because we didn't re-survey the Spanish bits and don't have their data.

The dig was more arduous than anticipated owing to the presence of survey gear, bolting gear, ^{extra} rigging gear, kev's heavy light and ~~about~~ ^{about} 400m of rope - not bad for a 200m deep cave. Nevertheless efficiency ruled and we were out by about 8:00 pm. Not bad for an afternoon start. Kev then carried rope down to low lags which I went up to Top Camp ready to psd D7 on the 15th but that's another story.

Rob

Mathematics:

$$\begin{array}{r}
 0035 \\
 \hline
 41 \overline{) 1440.0} \\
 \underline{123} \\
 210 \\
 \underline{205} \\
 50
 \end{array}$$

$$40 \overline{) 1440} = 4 \overline{) 144.0} = 4 \overline{) 144.0}$$

$\therefore 36F = 1000 Pt$
 $\therefore 7000 Pt = 108F$

3.745

$$9.6 \overline{) 36.00}$$

$$\underline{288}$$

$$072.0$$

$$\underline{672}$$

$$048$$

2

Who is crappiest in the van? (so to speak)

a small survey conducted on behalf of potential travellers in the red van, ~~the~~ ~~the~~ concerning the travelling abilities of the four expedition members

Black marks were awarded for bad navigation / travel theory / sandwich making / co-ordination / spilling things / falling in Lago la Madre / driving other assorted misdemeanours ...

nb - ~~the~~ beginning ~~of the~~ ~~survey~~ - survey does not include the section of forming from bus Lagos, as Rob / Alison were so bad yesterday as to render any attempt at comparison meaningless.

Rob : IIII IIII

NJM : IIII IIII

Alison : IIII IIII

Kew : IIII III

prizes for the biggest blunderer, & for the most notable individual blunder ???

Special category

The French : IIII IIII II

Route finding south of Bordeaux

(43) ~~44~~

' Ducks, sticks and chickens ...'
' Excellent: '



(do not follow these signs ...)

instead follow the griffon / dinosaur / extruded polar bear /
donkey (?)

Pub: ' I think you can have a hairy pate '

Winding spout at Chateau des Lois, between Tourn e Le Mas

The charge of the toll blockade

Péage to the front of us,
Péage to the right of us,
Into the road of the toll,
Slow, the four wandered...
Someone had blundered!

Q: What did the Pagans once watch landing on the broad majestic Sharnai?
was it

- a) rowboats ?
- b) robots ??
- c) rawbolts ???

4/8

reading up on specification of Beal rope while waiting for ferry
'... there's nothing worse than sneaky slippage ...' over.

Rob moves onto the paragraph on 'shrinkage', & ^{he} ~~she~~ immediately wanders whether this is breath shrinkage.

Meanwhile, we await full body cavity searches (!!!)

Alison: 'It's not the cavity search that bothers me, it's the trailer.'

15/8/97 - The return of the cows to top camp.

We hadn't seen any cows at top camp for the last week, but getting up in the morning I saw 2 standing around and heard something or someone in the tent. 'Well, it's either a cow or Nobby' I thought, but as both doors were closed I decided it must be Nobby. On looking through the tent door however I came face to face with the black cow who we'd had such problems with before. I opened the tent door and it ~~to~~ walked out past me without me having to do anything. The tent was a mess, but when we had picked up everything that had been knocked over the only major casualties was the collander and the ends of the cowgettes.

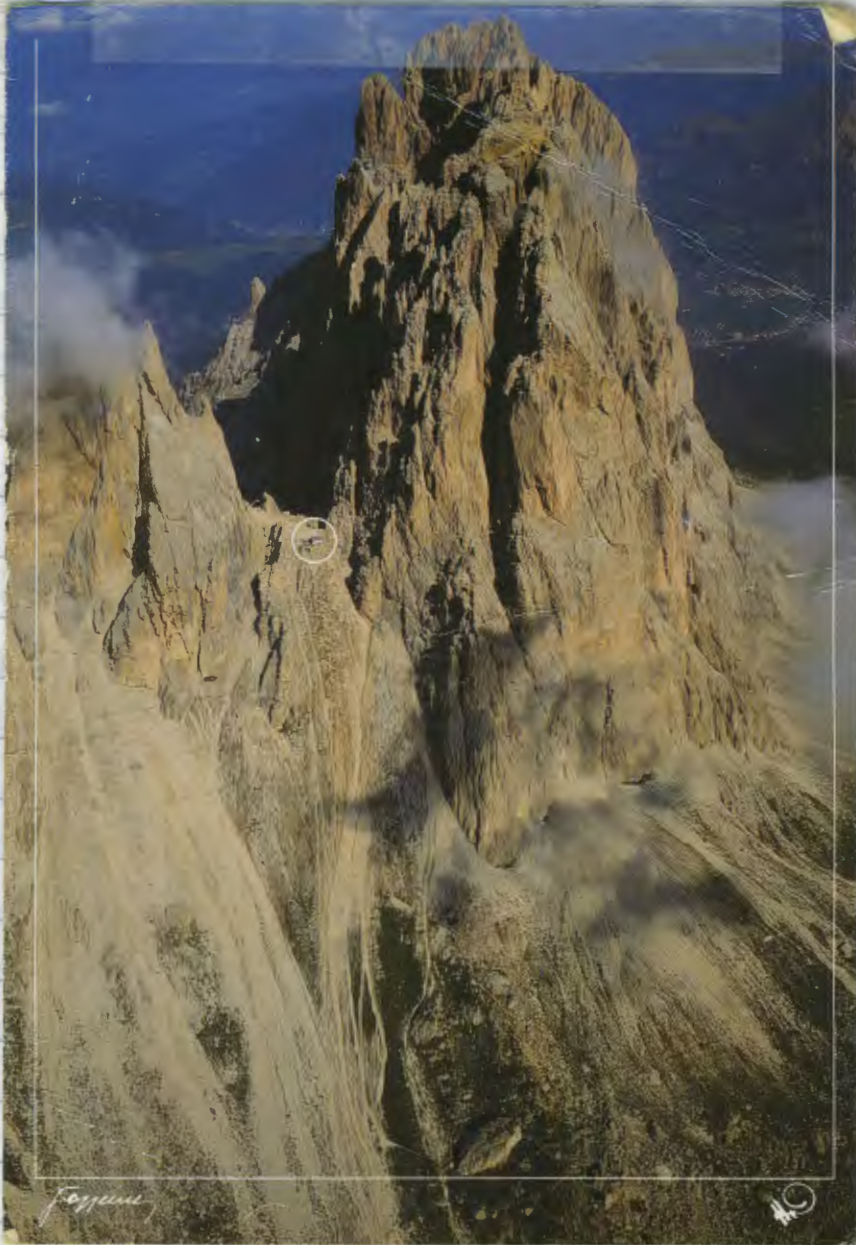
There were no cows in sight when I left for basecamp early that afternoon (closing the tent before I went). I got back expecting to see Nobby + Rob as the tent was open at both ends, but again looking in I came face to face with the black cow, eating out of one of our food boxes. For a long time it resisted my efforts to chase him away ~~at~~ being far too

Interested in the mixture of flour, sugar + rice it had succeeded in making for itself, but eventually, after circling the tent at least once, it headed away from camp. Inside the tent there was water devastation, with things trampled + overturned + generally looking as if a cow had spent the day there. It was hard to know where to start to clean up, so I pulled stuff out the tent and tried to clean ~~what~~ things as best I could, feeling utterly dispirited. When Rob + Nobby arrived a bit later I hadn't got that far into clearing up the mess, but with 3 people there and a decision to salvage what we could into the goats tent, anything valuable was soon cleared away while the rest of the chaos was left until morning.

The cows had drunk all our water except for half a container full, + the plates and cutlery were all unusable, so we spent the evening in Nobby's fore 10, with a dinner consisting of a loaf of bread, some meat + hot dogs and lots of Turnock's bars. The decision was taken to abandon Top Camp as soon as possible.

~~47~~ (46)

(see pp51 onwards for reverse sides of postcards)



47/48



Brittany Ferries

48



69 50



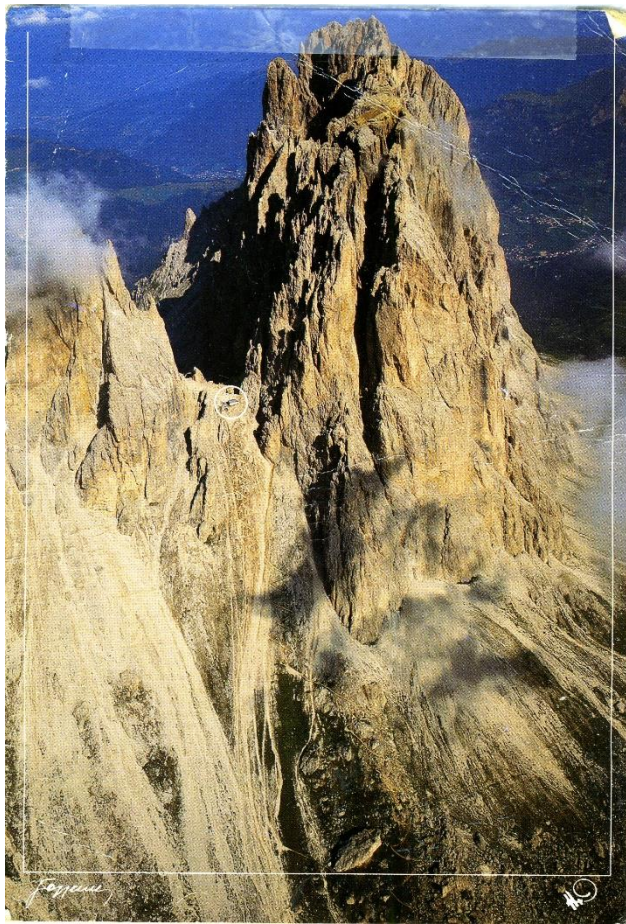
Les Gourgs Blancs - Le Spijeoles



50 end

CISTIerna





tappeiner

Airphoto 569

Il Rif. T. Demetz (m 2681, cerchio) sulla Forcella Sassolungo. Sassolungo-Spallone (m 3081), a sinistra Cinque Difa.

Die Toni-Demetz-Hütte (2681 m, Kreis) in der Langkofelocharte. Rechts Langkofeleck (3081 m), links Fünffingerspitze.

Well! With a cry of "it'll be alright", we set off up a 'via ferrata' yesterday. My earlier experience of these was "mostly horizontal wires with a few ladders". This was straight up - very airy & ended up on a sheer-sided summit abt 400m with no obvious way off. My knees were all weak. Sandre pointed out the ~~most~~ obvious red marks. Good stuff. Find some caves! Be bold!

copyright 1998 tappeiner - t-390111 lana (02) Tel. (0473) 564330



Oxford University Cave Club
 [Grupo Espeleologia Ingles]
 Lista de Correos
 Cangas de Onís
 Asturias
 SPAIN | ESPAÑA

Be resolute! Behave! Do what Nobby says 'co he is THE BOSS MAN Steve



Brittany Ferries

Brittany Ferries

M/V VAL DE LOIRE

- Longueur : 161,60 m
- Largeur : 27,60 m
- Vitesse : 20 noeuds
- 2140 passagers
- 1686 couchettes
- 600 voitures

(Cliché P. DEPELSENAIRE)

Dear Muppets,
Sitting in the ferry bar all on my own. The singer has just started playing "No Woman No Cry". I'd like to request it, honest. Was very

sad to leave Ariandaz. Keith was still on the phone trying to find his passport when the bus left, so I was the only person on the bus to Santander (is Keith still in Spain?). Found a hostel when I arrived in Santander, which was full so the owner asked her friend to put me up for the night. I went out to change my ferry ticket and when I got back I found a stark naked man running round the flat. Seems his wife forgot to tell him she'd taken my lodger. I left early the next morning



Editions Normandes LE GOUBEY - CAEN -
50 A. Rue de Bretagne - 14760 BRETTVILLE - SUR - COCOT
imprimé en C.E.E. - Reproduction interdite



REMEMBER
to use the
POST CODE

maximum coherence
do OUCC
Lista de Correos
Congas de Onís
Asturias
SPAIN

leaving a filthy
black ring
bath.
Greater Depth
Foralls



Campy Gasthof Staudlwirt
1 Aug '97

8990 Bad Aussee (712 m)
Steirisches Salzkammergut - Austria

Hi there!

This is the life. Pre-dinner booze
up in Hilbo's Tapes at base Camp
with the rain drumming on the
roof. Kammhuberhöhle was
ca 20km long with over a
hundred going leads. Hillside
must be made of Swiss chesse.
Persuaded to go to Siberia yesterday
by someone Eric's Problem where
we ran out of hope. Hope all well

8990/18

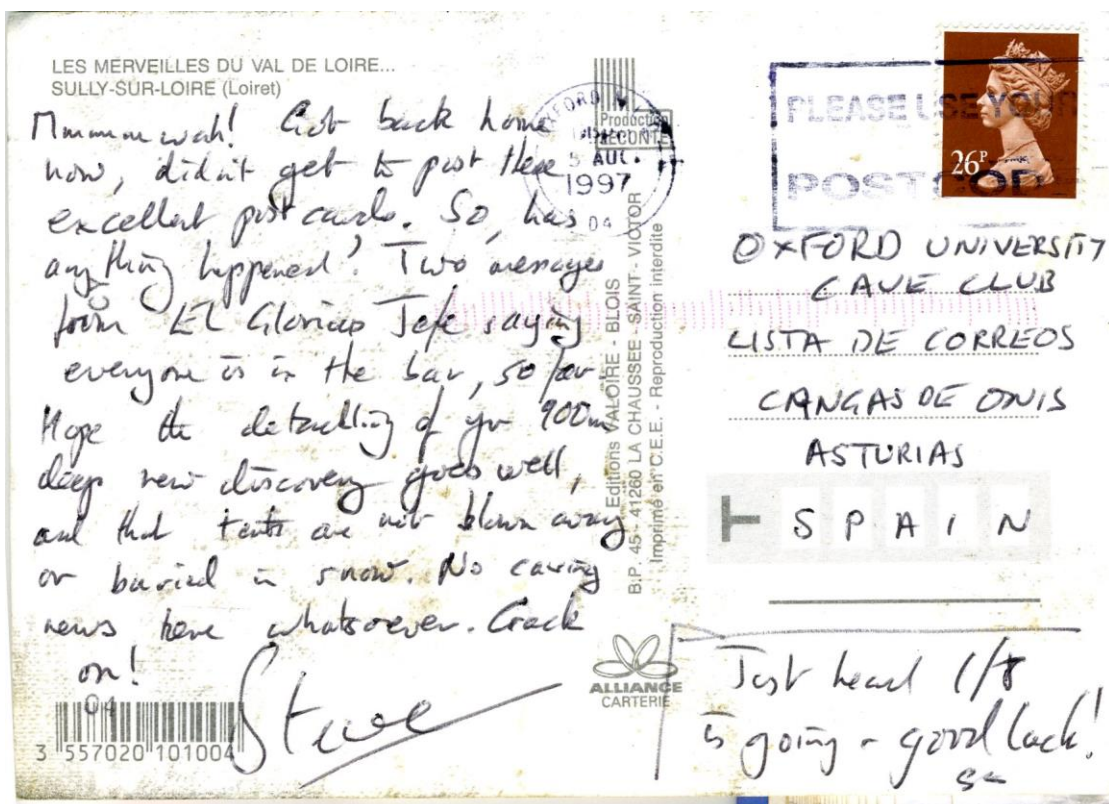
FLUGPOST
AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

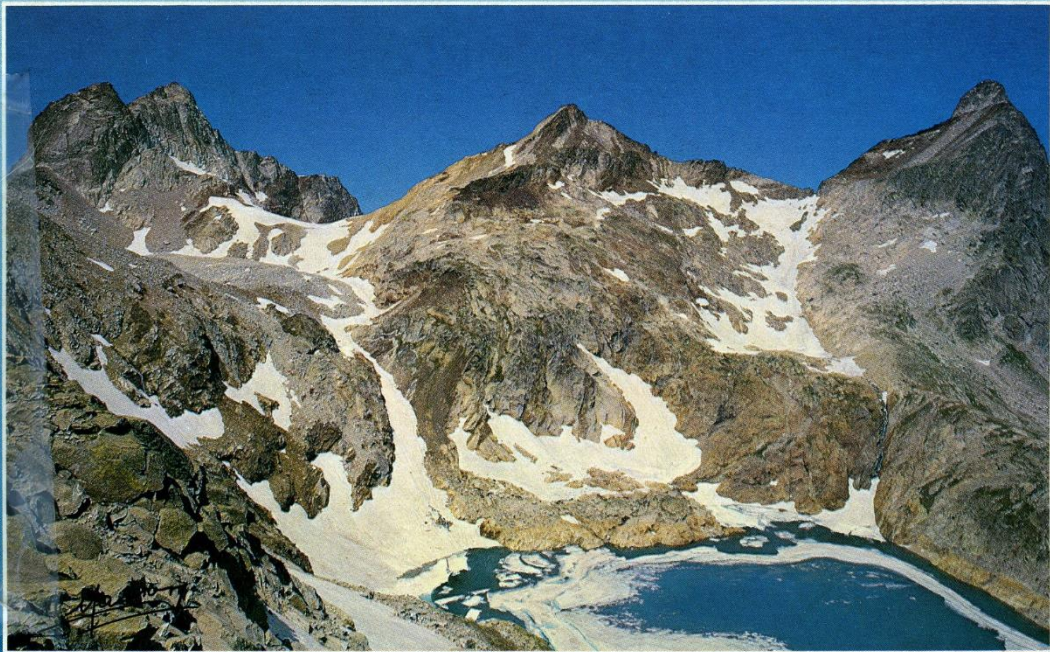
LORETO
7s
REPUBLIC OF AUSTRIA
REPUBLIC OF AUSTRIA
AUG 1997

OUEC Expedition
c/o Lista de Correos,
CANGAS DE ONIS,
Asturias,
Spanien.
on expo. For more details see


William Dave

Verlag
Lufbild freigegeben v. BMFLV
Österreich, A-8990 Bad Aussee, Anger 88, Tel. 03622/52508





Les Gours Blancs - Le Spijeoles

 **REGARD SUR LES PYRÉNÉES**
PHOTO-ÉDITIONS J. MASSON - 65110 CAUTERETS

568 - Pyrénées.
Au-dessus du Cirque d'Espingo, les
sommets des Gours Blancs alt. 3129 m. ÉTÉ
du Spijeoles alt. 3065 m. et le lac glacé.

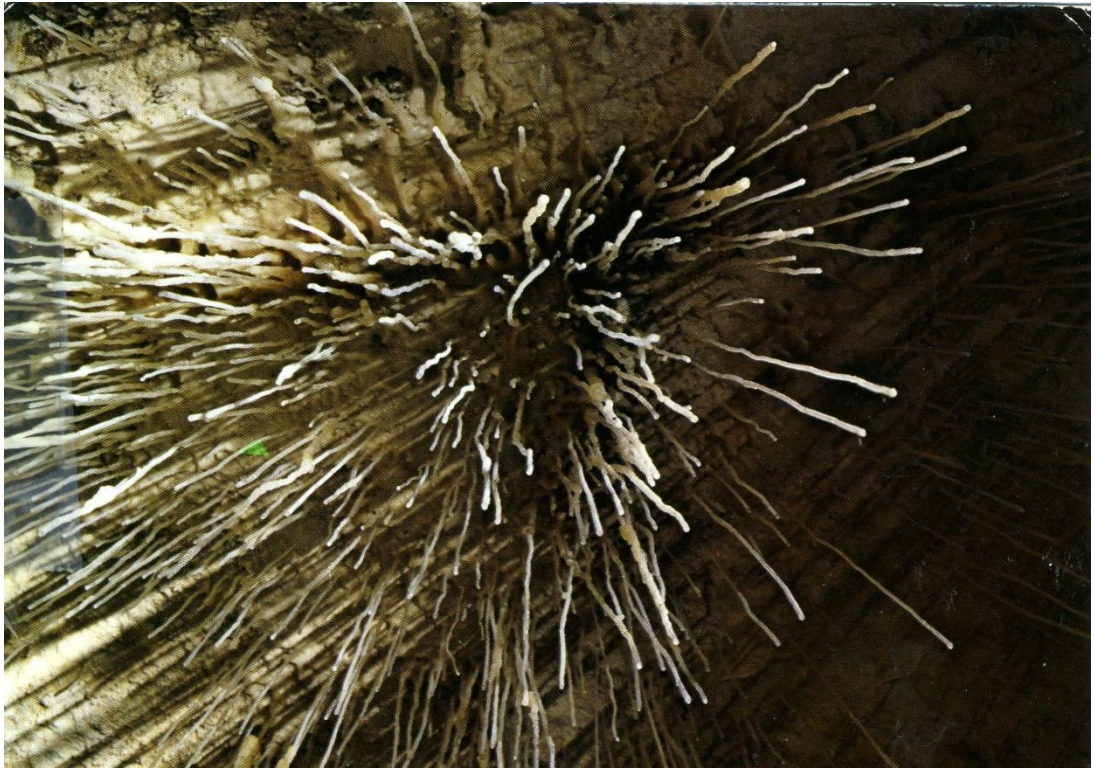


Dear Nobby and the Coveys,

Nearly walked up here, but
it was very high and we
were a bit tired. Saw
the Tour de France and
Norbert Costaret's museum
(this morning (Bergain!))
Plan to tackle Grotte Cigalière, but
Angie's nose has keen

© REPRODUCTION INTERDITE - MARQUE ET MOTIF DÉPOSÉS

~~At~~ O. U. C. C.
Liste de Coreos
Congrés de Ois
Austrics
ESPAGNE.
See ya on 26th or the doods
S. C.



15. 07. 197.
 GROTTES DE CHORANCHE (38680)
 Fistuleuses.

Dear O.U.C.C.,

Suddenly, Brian froze. He stopped stark-still trembling so hard he almost fell. Along the side of the cave he saw what had caught his eye. BONES! SKELETONS! He hadn't looked far when his light flickered and went dead. He was alone in the dark. Alone with the skeletons of the dead. Trapped in the dark, silent tomb of DEATH CAVE.

Hope alls going well. Take care and good caving.

Yours to a depth just above me in Slovenia, Y.T.T.T.S, James.

1ST

OXFORD UNI. CAVE CLUB

LISTA DE CORREOS

CANGAS DE ONIS

ASTURIES

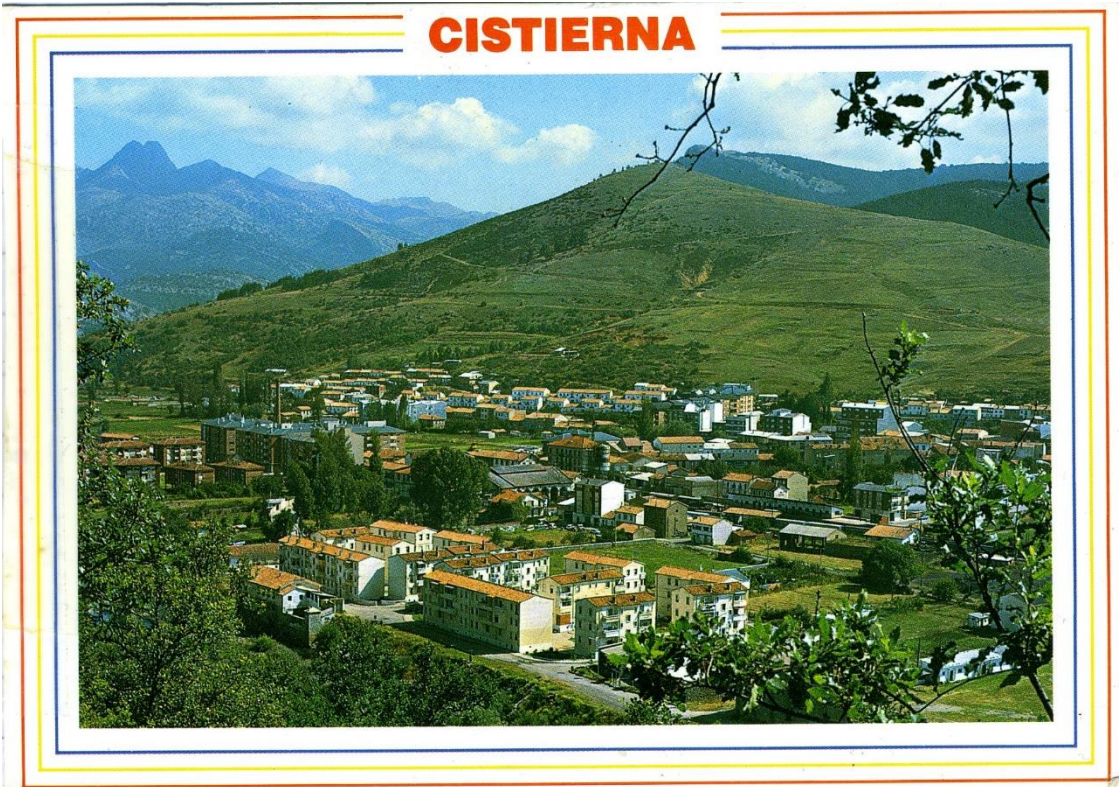
SPAIN

EDITIONS DU CASTELET - 92100 BOULOGNE
 Reproduction interdite

Image de France
 Imprimé en France

ROYAL MAIL
 SOUTH

Informations: 36 15 code CASTELET



CISTIerna

Dear All,
 Having a laugh,
 camping by the river
 Esta in the village of
 Cremenes (10 miles north of
 Cistierna). Mapping in the day,
 our Huelde in the evenings where
 large vodkas are very cheap.
 We're wiring of tinned fish
 as that's all the village
 shop seems to sell.
 I'm getting a bus on Monday
 21st July that gets to Cangas
 at 17.20. So I'll either
 be there that evening or next
 day.
 I hope there's been lots of
~~depth~~ depth! love fleur

15/7/97.
 Cremenes
 hecn



EDICIONES SANDI - POTES
 Prohibida la Reproducción

OCCC
 El Regallon '97
 Lista de Correos
 Cangas de Onís
 ASTURIAS.

N.3 CISTIerna (León)
 Vista parcial

ps - I've seen lots of limestone...
 PPS - I hope there is some vodka left!

Dep. Leg. B. 4.352 - 1985