

10/8/97 → Can III Daring J.C. + Ker.

Not much to say. Derrigged top leg of 4th pile.
All ropes / hangers / ropes etc etc surface. Also surface
surveyed from CAN I to CAN III. Back etc etc
within 3 hours of setting off.
J.C.

11/8/97

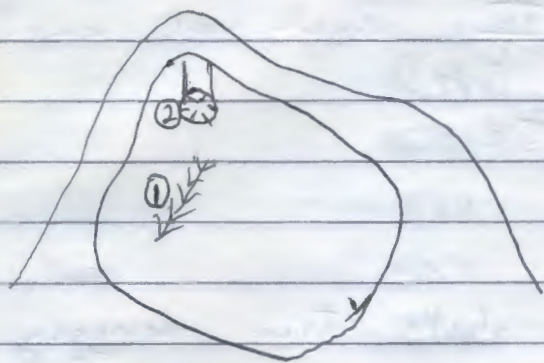
Despite having a thoroughly shute time derigging R41,
and a long half way case to harness chaffing I
have had an excellent time on a specialier. That's
it at Jafe and to everyone else for making
it such an nice time.

R41 has been surveyed to the bottom (but not) and
derrigged totally. I saw some potential ways down
in the 10 → 20m below the piling & the wgs. These
probably drop down into the bottom pit, but by
help in the location of 11 shells or similar
ways over the top. The rift in the RH corner
of the final chule looks diggable but there was
no draft and a lot of boulders.
J.C.

(12)

7/8/97 Shaft Bashing Ben + Alison Area E

Area of bare limestone just down ridge (E) of EL Regalon



① steeply sloping narrow stream way enters too tight cross rift at
~ 10 m No draught.

200m 255° from EL regalon $43^\circ 13.7' N$ $004^\circ 56.3' W$

② Obvious large double shaft at top of bare rock area
20m deep 10m diam. floor boulder & snow pile No draught

In general everything in this area was well and truly
plugged with loose rock and no draughts were felt.

C22 Tagged but not in shaft bashing guide

Small hole in base of shake hole incredibly tight draught

GPS $N 43^\circ 13.8$ $W 004^\circ 56.2$ Alt 1773m

4/8/97 Ben, Kevin, Nobby & Rhy
Canaligos Paralell shaft. Aims Photo Push derig

With the photo out of the way the team progressed push and derig the upstream pitches. Nobby was dispatched to the bottom in the hope that he'd confirm that the heinous rigs there really were a waste of time so that we could move on to the more interesting stuff. Instead he managed to hammer his way into them following a reasonable draft and eventually returned asking if they'd already been pushed as he'd found signs of digging. This meant I had to follow and soon realised that we'd got into the other end of the rigs originally entered from the bottom of the 12m pitch. The signs of digging were where I'd dug into the chamber with the climb that falls on you. With Nobby providing ~~psych~~ psychological support I completed the climb only to find another chamber and another climb at the top of this a ~~meander~~ meander was entered which quickly became too tight and had no draft. A cautious retreat was made and pitches derigged we headed for the downstream sump where Kevin's 50w lamp ~~revealed~~ revealed that the most probable way on was directly across the canyon from the head of the 24m pitch. It also revealed the remnants of the original passage prior to the formation of the current canyon. This carried on over the top of the canyon into the hole we hoped to reach. I started bolting from a climb ~~at~~ above the pitch head hoping to pendulum across into the opposite passage. Whilst bolting I noticed that the draft was indeed coming around the ~~corner~~ corner and across the top of the pitch. Nobby and Rhy headed off to start derigging can I while Kevin and I made a joint effort of the bolting. Eventually I was able to pendulum / climb / claw my way into the

opposit hole from where I could see into a chamber with several possible ways on. The draft certainly goes this way and things ^{look} promising. A return should definitely be made.

Ben.

12/8/97 Ben/Rhys

I didn't catch TC last night so haven't worked out the data, sorry. It's here →
We've gone to DT - see you in Wales.

cheers Nobby

ps Rhys - ~~about~~ how about an epic write-up...?

✓
ok.

9/8/97 Canalizas I

As Ben says above, Nobby and I prosiked up the parallel shaft to go and de rig the main cave. As we got to the ledge where the two routes meet it was apparently thundering and raining a bit on the surface. "looks like it could be a bit of a wet one" I thought to myself as I absented away from the daylight and off deeper into the cave. I eventually caught up with Nobby at the breakthrough and we pressed on to the recumbent dump. The temporary lake/sump was not there so we picked up all the gear

and derigged the diveline. There seemed to be far more gear in the cave than we had anticipated. We already had two full heavy tackle bags, five small pitches to dig and then the 170m entrance shaft. Also, no empty bags.

"Hmmm, lets see how far we can get!"

Derigged back to the breakthrough with no real problem. Dumped the rescue kit and carried on with two tackle bags of rope. Time was ticking on, we would have about one hour to get up the main shaft and one hour to walk back to top camp just in time for our callout at midnight. The rest of the derigging would have to wait.

The main shaft seemed a lot wetter than it was on the way in, but I set off up leaving Nobby to shelter at the bottom singing "The body of an American" by the Pogues. First rebelay passed fairly rapidly ~~to~~ if a little on the damp side. The next hang was ~~of~~ in the full force of the water.

No chance of keeping a flame going and full pellets within a few seconds.

As I approached the next rebelay... "Hmmm, that looks quite tight, my light is fading, It's wet here." I thought.

(sketch) Attempted to pass
 rebelay. This isn't going to be
 easy. "This isn't going to be
 easy." came to mind. Suddenly
 total blackness. Batteries dead.
 Cold wet hands unable to install
 fresh ones correctly. Try rebelay
 in dark. "Shit, this is tight."
 Shout to Nobby "I'm at
 a rebelay with no light, this could
 take a while". Grunts and
 groans, can't pass the thing.
 Gloves off but can't feel
 what's a rope jammer or
 anything. "Very wet here, I'm
 soaked to the skin, must
 get out of this water soon."
 Try torch again, no good.
 Try rebelay. Still soaking
 wet and getting colder.

"I'm sure there's a ledge
 that this tape rebelay is
 attached to, I've got to get
 out of the water."

Nobby still singing.... "Is the
 rope free, yet?"

"No" I reply.
 Maul up with all my strength on
 the tape. Get on leg on ledge.
 Something's weighing me down. The
 tackle bag of rope is carefully
 removed and clipped to rebelay.
 Prusik bag clipped to my other side

on the ledge. Still can't move.
 Jammed now hard up against the knot. Still blackness and water.
 "Shit, I really don't like this!"
 Arms failing I pull up onto the ledge fighting the rope below as I go. Semi comfortable now.
 In the dry, still dark. Still being pulled off my ledge by the rope below. Still can't sort the batteries out. Try hauling tackle bag up to take some weight off the rebelay. It's jammed. After a few more minutes I hear the tackle bag whistle off down the pitch. "Below!"
 I shout with three batteries in my mouth.

"What the Fuck was that?!" ~~cries~~
 cries singing Nobby.
 "Err, only my tackle bag full of rope, are you okay?"
 "Yes, is there anything I can do?"
 "No, just give me a minute."

Well the tackle bag is on less problem. Now, Nobby can't come up and help me 'cos if he presses up he'll pull me off the ledge. Also my leg is through the tape and fuck knows if it is still secure. Have to take my harness off. Foot loop wrapped around the "up rope" and clipped to my belay belt. "That's not very safe"

(18)

"Ahh, spare jammer." - I find it and clip that to my belay belt and the rope. "phew, safe" kit slid nicely off. Able to stand up.

"Nobby, you'll have to prussik up to me and give my some light"

"Is it safe?"

"Err, hold on a minute...."

Yes it is now" ~~as~~ I reply having located the tape and put it back in the slot it came from. Fucking cold now

As Nobby approaches the rebelay and my gear hanging from it. ~~My light~~ I get my light to work.

"Can Nobby help me?" I wonder, "I'm cold he's been hanging at a rebelay below in the water for probably half an hour. Is he hypothermic?"

~~(Perhaps that's not)~~ Now I start to really worry! Nobby passes the rebelay by prussiking up my chest harness or something and we both shiver together on the ledge. He seems very slow and

Not sure what to do. "Shit we're both going down with hypothermia"

I think. The rebelay won't come undone, so I persuade Nobby to cut the rope above my jammes. ~~as~~ ~~to~~ This will be the quickest way

we'd both get out of this hell hole, with
 pissing about on gussik knots or passing
 gear up and down. I get my
 kit on and by now by carbide light
 has dried out and will work again.
 Warmth. Both now ready to head
 out but neither wanting to leave our
 cosy warm dry ledge. Sounds of
 people above. Hellos " . . . no answer.
 Nobby heads out, I follow to
 meet Kev. at the entrance. No
 rain, clear skies, lightening far
 away. Bloody wet and cold.
 One hour overdue and still a good
 walk to top camp.
 Rhys.

12/5/97.
 Thanks all for a great ~~holiday~~
 expedition. Thanks especially to Nobby
 "The knife" Mumford for organising
 stuff and saving me. See you
 at the BCRA Conf. or in
 Wales. Dan yr Ogof or Ogof Ffynnon
 Ddu trip leaders required. Contact me.
 Rhys. cmrw@Swansea.ac.uk

ps. Have an Irish coffee on me.

(120)

11/8/97 Ben & Rhys Canalizo Parallel shaft.

Best trip of the expedition and the final chance to see if the sump bypass would go. So the order of the day was to find a going lead and leave it at a pitch head as in this case we had permission not to derig the cave. Returning to the end of my last rope, one more bolt got us to the floor of the chamber overlooking the 2km Spanish pitch. Crossing the chamber was easy but anything dislodged went straight down the pitch so a sort of traverse line was left in place. The biggest hole out of the chamber lead into a sizeable rift (no squeezing required) which even had a floor occasionally. The walls were mostly popcorn (take no hold for granted) and progress is to the musical tinkle of falling crystal. Rhys in the lead came to a point where the traversing was becoming a bit too interesting for safety and a chamber could be seen 20m below. Boltings a pair so a semi-dodgy natural was quickly manufactured from a nearby flake and one bolt saw Rhys to the chamber floor. On one side there appeared to be a 8m high 4m wide passage leading off so collecting a few slings in anticipation of further climbs I cut 8m of rope off the bottom of the pitch and rigged the 3m climb down. This lead around the corner to solid wall. It seemed the cave was going to have the best laugh and that this was some kind of inlet area. Back at the base of the pitch Rhys found the draught going into a smaller rift but reckoned the best way in was high up. I headed into the bottom through a forest of popcorn. Initially high the roof progressively lowered the further I went. It was obviously an old sump but from the draught

Blowing through it now there had to be some way on at the end. At the point where I was forced to crawl I could suddenly see a pool of blackness ahead of me, was it water or a pitch? From 4m back I threw a stone and was reticent to hear silence and then an echoey boom as it whumt down a large pitch. Reaching the edge I found myself looking out from a small window in the side of a shaft to the floor about 25m below (my guess by Rev light but 4-5s drop to take more rope). With no more rope in the bag we had scorgilled the days objection to the letter and began surveying out. reached surface at 8 and were eating steak sandwiches and chips in bars Largo at 10. What a stunning last trip - best of the expedition.

Many thanks for letting me come and to Wobby for all the organisation. There are plenty of draughts in Canalizos and it seems to be the key to something (hope gully downstream 64) lets hope so any way

May the depth be with you
(and Bigger the coherence)
Been

Maximum randomness for more chance discoveries.

P.S.I re Number crunched the survey data and then nail plotted it onto the spanish survey along with various estimated depths. Its still along way from the can 1 rising sump so it could well go straight under it - Only exploration will tell!!

Anyone Interested in digging south Wales (still 4 more
megga system to find) ~~the~~ get in touch there
all way something happening

Ben Laneth

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

Pontypridd

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

GPS stuff:

yesterday (12/8/97)

D7 : N 43° 13. 860' time 11.17
W 004° 56. 905'

today (13/8/97)

F88 N 43° 13. 500'
W 004° 56. 713' time 12.55

Top Lump (97-8)

43° 13. 727' alt 1851
004° 56. 805' time 14.32



I've gone to E14 to collect rope (7.15 pm)
NJM

↓ (10 pm)

Now I'm back again. It really is a good prospect; does
for leaving an extra bag of rope at the bottom to struggle with.
Beautiful evening an exit made up for it all.



*Es kommt nicht auf
die Größe an!*

Munich, 8 August 1997

ooo Small ones can be beautiful, too ooo

Well, dear Nobby, dear hangers-around-at-end-of-Expedition, basically don't worry about us. We were in the midst of preparing & packing for returning to the Picos after 3 years when we were thrown off track & schedule by a major cave rescue operation here, the second such in two weeks after years of quietness in this respect. (When you return to GB, ask Steve R for my report if you're interested.) Once this was over, we were facing the prospect of spending more time driving there and back than actually camping/carrying (let alone caving) with you; we couldn't have made it before Sunday 10 August. From Gavin we heard that you won't be desperately short of sherpas, so ... although it's a shame, maybe it's our fate ... we won't see you there this summer. Maybe, maybe, let us hope, in Yorkshire at New Year ...

- Lots of sun, sheep, cows, rope, shafts, depth, potential, g Ext 143 / younameit, piccies, and a safe journey home to you all!
Oliver & Gerhard