

(217 ^W must now be OVCC's second deepest exploration, the 60m shaft beyond last year's limit having passed the Sima Conjuntas depth.)

25/07/88] Andi Kivi walks to Base & returns with the heavy big DKM2 theodolite & even heavier tripod & equally heavy 2m base rod. Also discovers another clean, shady & very useful snowfield just north of the camp, and manages to repair the broken signal flagpole (employing mainly a bolting hammer).

Sigrid & Gerhard embark on a trip around the bowl with the smaller DKM1 theodolite to triangulate some photogrammetry baseline terminals & fixing points from Marcus Wandinger's network ^{simultaneously} stations. Ewald is taken along on a guided trip to the entrances of Paradise, F20 Ridge Cave & 216 & is otherwise being positively bored by the photogrammetry baselines.

26/07/88] Andi puts up further signals on La Verdellunga & La Rosa, as well as route cairns all the way to Los Canalizos (= 'X' valley). Leaves Sigrid there who walks to Arid with processing equipment.

Ewald & Gerhard walk to Base v. early & go shopping, returning around 8pm. Everything up to & including the Vega de Atiscada is drowned in heavy clouds, up here it had stopped raining only 5 minutes earlier. Ewald applies a bolting hammer to Dave's broken tent pole & succeeds in re-erecting the thing in almost its original shape. Very pleased with this result (justly so) he moves into it; the tackle is now in the porch. Gerhard leaves again for Arid.

NB There is no rigging gear whatsoever up here except two tape slings one of which is needed as a guy string for Dave's tent. What are the four ladders to be attached to ???

(12) (27/07/88)

Sigrid reaches Arico in the early afternoon after ~ 19 hrs in the midst of nowhere & a rough night (high up in area 9, probably). She & Gerhard spend the ^{following} night turning the Refugio into a photographic laboratory. Most of the plates are underexposed. Better do all of them again.

Ewald walks up to the Jorcada Blanca pass, finding a new shaft so he goes, and decides Pico la Jorcada would be a grade 2 climb. Andi re-measures some Wandinger network distances with the base rod & theodolite & due to the wind, ^{only} an accuracy of a few mm per 100m is attainable (still better than what's possible with a steel tape measure).

Gerhard pops in for a short visit in the afternoon (to pick up 217 survey station coordinates from his field notebook for William).

Found a new entrance on the Verdelluenga side of the standard (?) route to Top Camp — when you enter the bouldery gully after the long grassy slopes & the Vega de Abisceda is no longer visible, turn sharply to the left ^(east) & follow the obvious joint until after ~ 100 ft a rift opens in the righthand wall. Depth > 8 m. This is in Barcaliente limestone & thus might not go very far.

Sigrid & Gerhard return from Arico planning to re-do some photos in the afternoon but the rising clouds prevent all work & make life for Andi rather difficult ("Come on Verdelluenga, where are you?") [28/07/88]

Ewald walks to Base & returns with saving gear (it also Gerhard's helmet, three cheers!).

Dinner recipe: Chives stew

Boil pasta & fry 1 onion & ~~1~~ 1 capsicum. Add 3 eggs, tomatoes, herbs & spices & the fried veg to the pasta, as well as a generous amount of wild Jorcada Blanca chives & jamón (not bought on the hill, what d'you think!).

13) Yet another cave entrance ¹² ~150m east of FUS6 wants exploring. It is a conspicuous 2m x 5m slot on the verge of the very large scree field at the knees of Punta Gregoriana just where a spur of metamorphic limestone juts out to separate it from a less huge one on the Verdelluenga side.

Loose shaft 10m deep & not climbable lands on a heap of snow sitting on a boulder slope, downslope passage appears to continue. Looks like it's going to be a pig to rig as the fractured rock at the entrance won't bear a bolt & the only convenient naturals are several feet away & don't look too stable either. Ladder & long tether & no welfare?!

The hole fits the description and rough location of F32 but I couldn't see an inscription. Either whichever piece of rock ~~used~~ been honoured to support the paint has fallen off in the meantime, or it hadn't been painted, or it isn't F32, though it's such an obvious feature that it must have been noted before.

[NB F31 is marked as bottomed but has to be looked at by a geologist. It is close to the foot of the grass slope leading up towards Ridge Cave, in the massive Picos limestone but actually touching the thrust so that its northern wall underneath the grass would be breccia and/or Barcaliente. The thrust itself is nowhere clearly exposed, usually it is visible only as the sharply cut transition from Picos lste. to grass/scree (mixed Picos & Barcaliente pebbles) with solid (or metamorphosed) Barcaliente only appearing a few metres further north, so F31 might offer a unique opportunity to look at the thing from inside & not far from the surface (the next best place being Borborguni!!).]

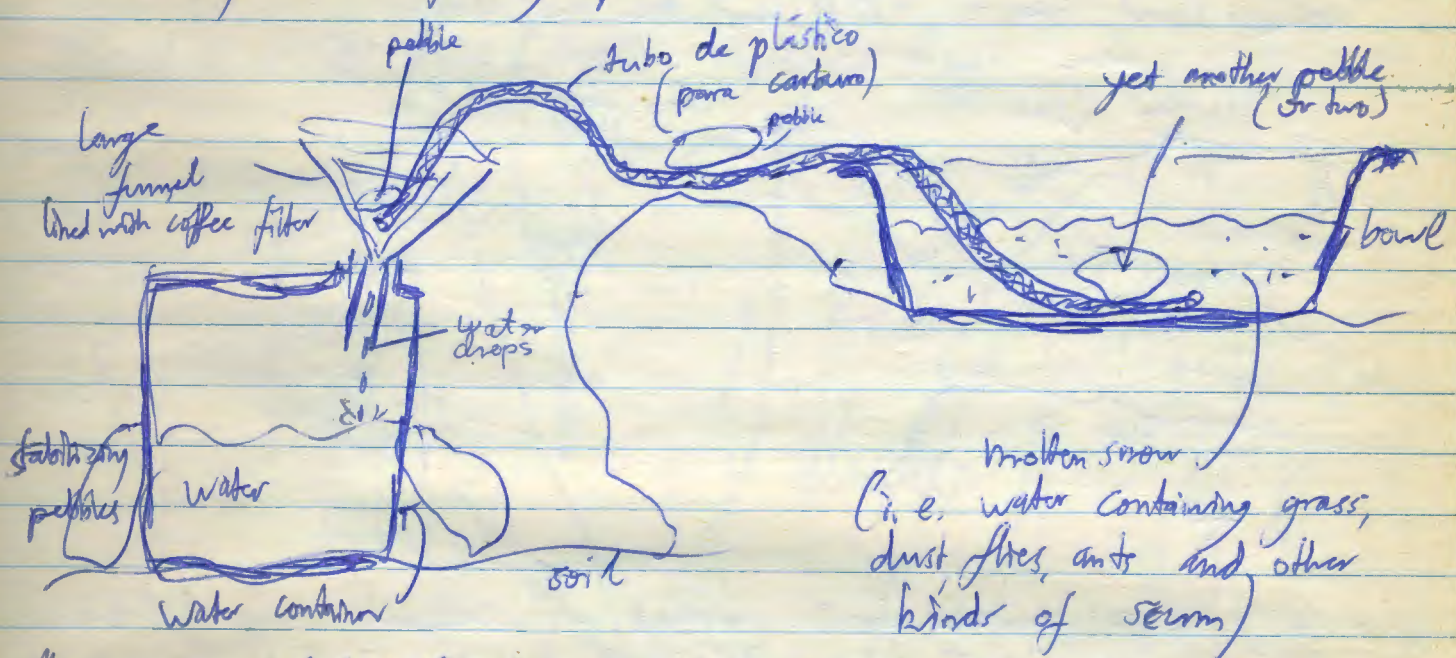
At nightfall the clouds close in above us & begin to discharge a heavy drizzle...

The rain in Spain falls mainly in the plain, ¹³ (14) 29/07/88,
 but sometimes also T.C. is enshrouded in wet clouds.

G. walks to Base & back in the afternoon to fetch bacon
 for the lentils stew (I also to get some more food & carrying gear &
 vino - T.C. being run on a "kitty plus" principle at the moment -
 and to hear that the Poles have arrived, hi there!) Upon his return
 the clouds are breaking to a reflection of sunset.

Bad weather has been announced for tomorrow, but maybe
 this time it'll stay in the plains.

T.C. Invention Nr 357: Ewald's automatic (well, ^{7351908/3} almost) water altering plant. 30/07/88
 Cross section:



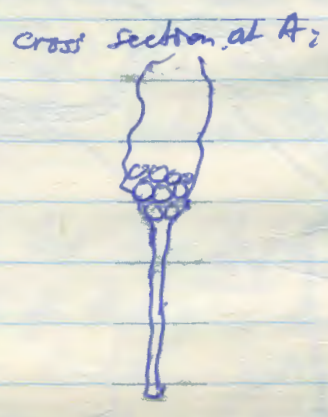
Effect: no need to fill the funnel with water every 5 minutes.
 same level of water in funnel and bowl.

"He Sonne scheint!" ("The sun is shining!") Ewald's morning call
 rouses us all to a lovely bright (but not too hot) day.

He & Andi Kiwi set out on a trip to the tops of Pico la Jorcada
 and the Torre de los Traviesos for theodolite observations, leaving
 más signal flagpoles behind (much to the delight of the Poles who find
 something they can aim to!). Sgrid & Gerhard re-do three stereo pairs of

(15) the five. While Sgrid & camera are up near 2/6, Gerhard sets out to look at some holes beyond the little col where the ridge rises again (towards P^{oo} to Jorceda? is. south). Four holes were investigated (from left to right (bearing from marked survey station T8 north of 2/6 main shaft)):

- 1) The obvious cleft at 100° is an outlet not an entrance. Easy walk/climb upward to the foot of a now roofless aven. Fluted & scalloped walls.
- 2) (at ~~160°~~ ^{160°} ~~not behind a hillside from T8~~) is a joint(?) controlled ^{vertical} rift best entered at a +4 ft traverse level to avoid a floor-level squeeze. At floor level it chokes after having narrowed down to 4 inches. The traverse level rises to +10 ft and then also chokes.

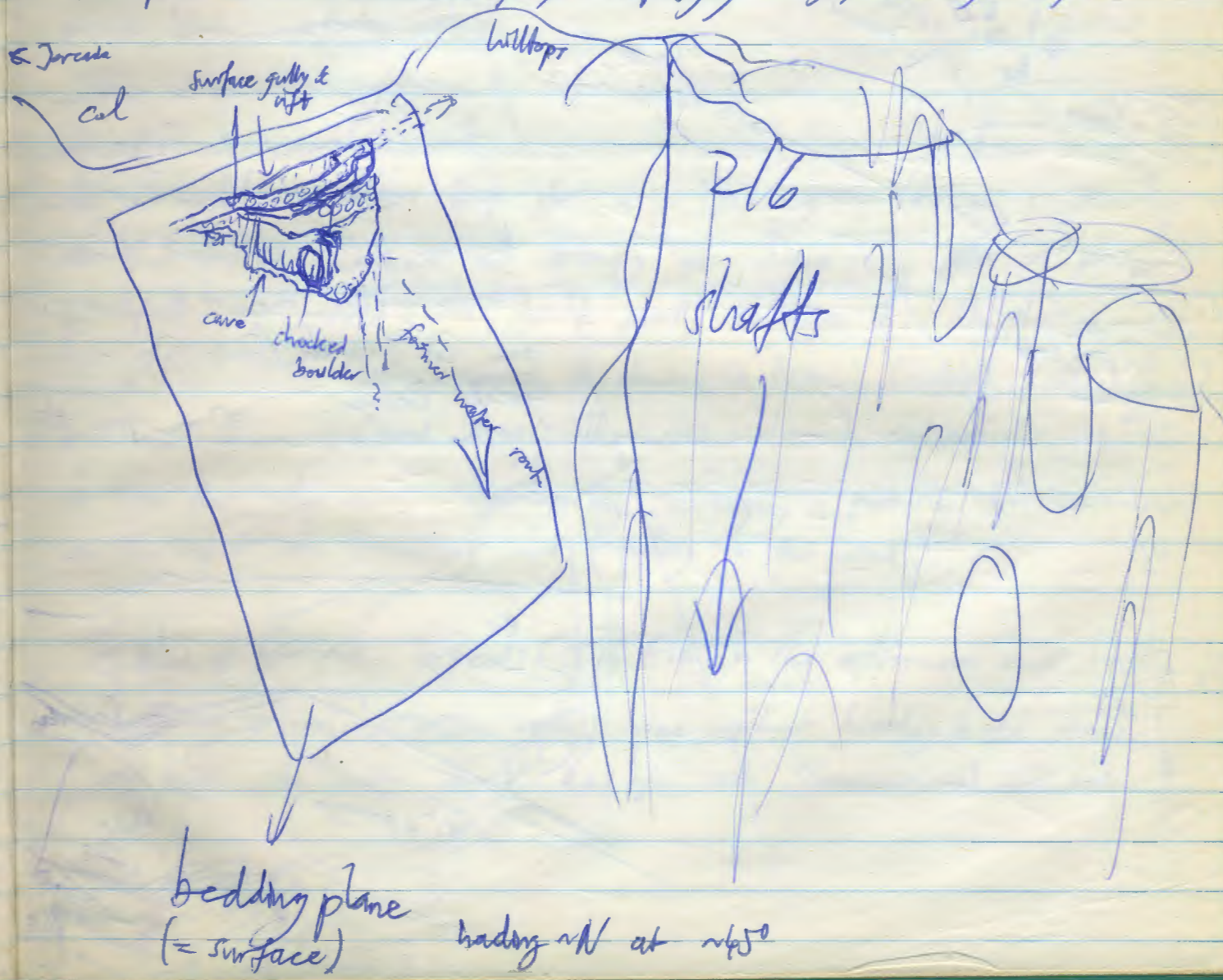


3) (at 165°) is an amazing fossil swirlpot with scalloped scoops & flakes on the intersection of two joints. Boulder floor visible or (in one place) audible; but worth a descent. (1.8m, climbable with care & a helmet). (Which I didn't happen to have on me.)

4) (at 170°) is an inconspicuous manhole at the foot of a little cliff which leads to a crawl under a boulder and then chokes 3m in. Why or under boulders?

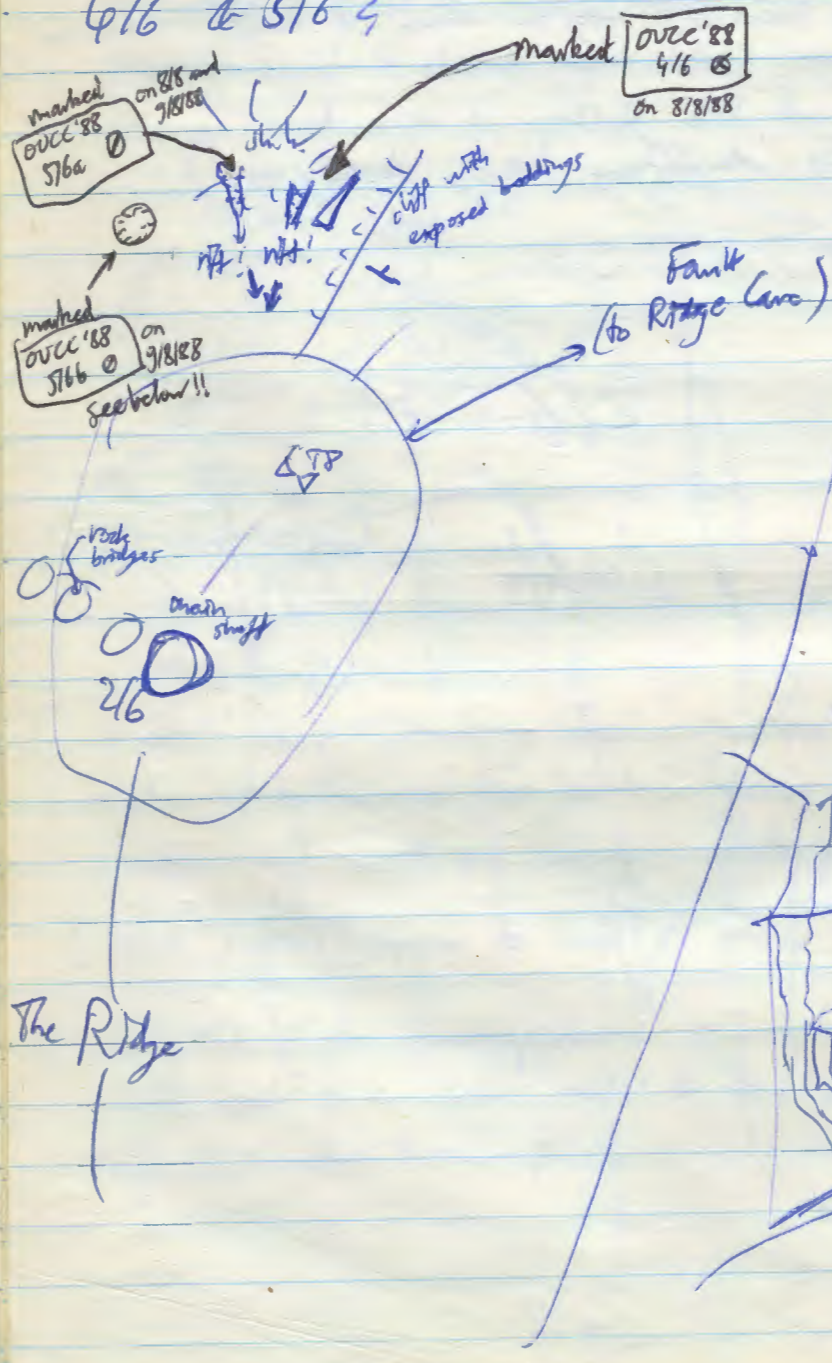
Going back towards 216, the former water¹⁵ course from Mr. 1 above to 216 can be picked up as a meandering scree gully along the massive beddings rising up towards the hilltop & 216 entrance. Only the ripples tell that the water flowed north, opposite the present direction of the surface slope. The feature ends in a little alcove, once upon a time a wet pitchhead. At the foot of the gully a lower level may be entered: this is F25. A Tolly Wife-size canyon can be walked into with a headford, the odd hole in the roof ~~to~~ admitting rays of sunlight to enter at one place one has to duck under a boulder. A little bit on (a 15m in) a 4" rift joins at a sharp angle from the left (also visible on the surface) and ahead the loose boulders & scree floor rises towards the former rear wall of the pitch. If there is a way on down it must be buried under the floor.

Attempt at a 3D sketch & slightly simplifying things, looking in:

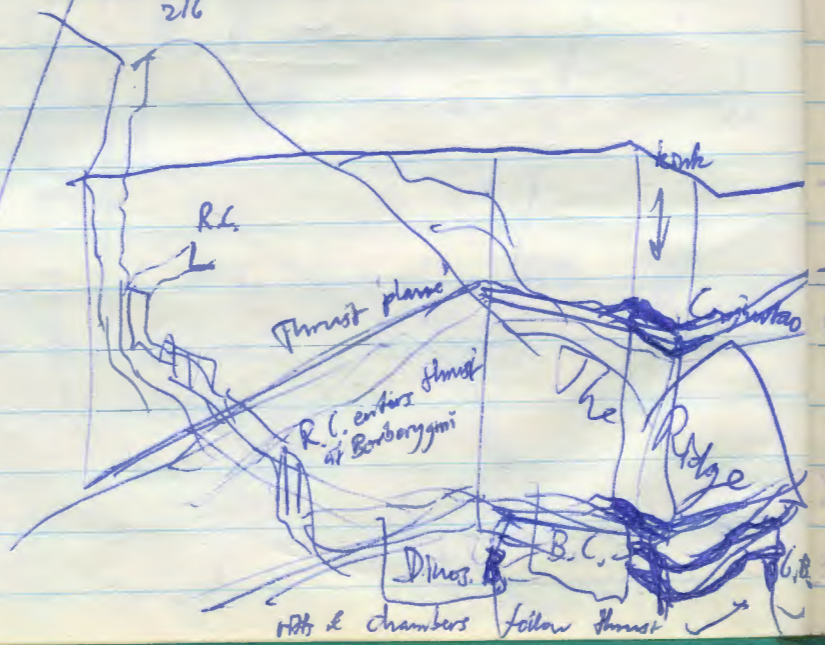


(17) whoever was the unlucky '84 caver who climbed up all the way to this nice but too short cave and turned back some 30 yards before the (then unlocated) 2/6 3/3

F25 isn't the only remarkable piece of paleokarst around 2/6. Just north, on the route to Ridge Cave, where the usual path follows the rear side (western) exposure of the beds of thinly bedded limestone which are so conspicuous on the eastern side (& which probably continue down to Nuck's Canal in Ridge Cave), a big bouldery shalestone contains two further spectacular entrances, on two rifts trending towards an intersection. These might go to a shortcut down to the Bladerunner, 4/6 & 5/6?



G. also takes stereo slides (non-photogrammetric) of the western continuation of the thrust beyond the Ridge. The most remarkable thing that catches the eye is a northward kink paralleling the one of the passages from Big Crunch / Fred's Folly to the Great Beluga. 3D view from NE!



The Ridge

Dinner recipe: cog-au-vin risotto sans ¹⁷ cog
(produced under Sigrid's direction).

(18)

Sunday 31/07/88

Again a very early start for Sigrid & Gerhard to re-do the two westward-looking photogrammetric stereo pairs in the light of the morning sun. By now we're a lot more efficient than a week ago...

Ewald goes to Lagos to pick up food & gear of Markus Malesch while Andi & theodolite brave the sun & wind atop La Verdelluenga.

In the early afternoon we're suddenly showered in by visitors:

Roy (on a brief detour from a downhill walk Arrio → Base), Włodek (from Polish T.C. to Arrio), and Richard, Sara & Harry (en route to the Peña Santa). Brew for everyone, while water & petrol last...

The wind is rising.

01/08/88

At night, little sleep for us. The gusty storm is tearing at the tents. Rather too strongly at Dave H's, ~~at~~ at present inhabited by Ewald, who has to partly collapse it. In the morning we pack it and Markus carries it down to base. Ewald's (single layer) tent now serves as a food store. The wind doesn't release its grip till far into the afternoon. Hardly any surveying is possible, the instruments on the tripods are trembling and howling in the wind...

Ewald & Gerhard inspect F15 & F16 in the afternoon and bottom them - no way on in the latter, none without blasting in the former, still quite nice shafts for this kind of rock (Barrabienso). (See below.)

02/08/88

Weather turns miserable & all except Gerhard soon

(X) retreat into their tents. G. walks to Base & drives to Lagos, gets stuck each way in the roadworks (blasting), and upon his return to Base finds all the large tents collapsed, a cloudbreak pouring down, and the White Van shaking 2 inches in its springs, the whole illuminated by spectacular lightning. The rain stops, the wind doesn't, full glasses are blown all across the Lower Bar where MPC + Wlodek (+ YUCFC) are collecting a world-record pile of empty cerveza bottles. G. returns to Top in the returning rain, unable to face yet another tent-reerecting night at Lagos.

03/08/88

It rains all night, and not a little, until well into the following morning. A hot tomato stew ^{*} coaxes everyone out of their tents. In the early afternoon Kiri rebuilds a couple of signals and takes some readings, fingers frozen; the temperature can't be much above 0°C. Ewald & Markus set out to push F14, returning after nightfall. (Again, see below.)

~~04/08/88~~

* during which Gerhard BLEW UP his petrol ~~store~~ stove
 ("A bonfire for the end of the rain...")

04/08/88

Bright morning. Markus goes down to Base Camp which in full winter clouds. Gets lost (but not too bad) on his way back. Meets Ge', Sigrid, Kiri ~~on~~ on their way to Aris to process the last stereo photographs. (which she ~~could~~ ^{had been able to} take just before the clouds had come up).

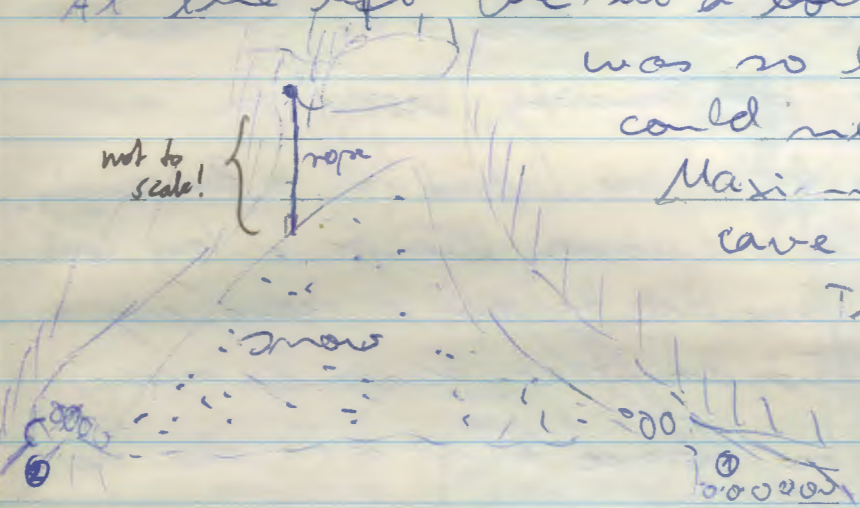
Ewald leaves T.C. as well. He had had a look at F2 and then waited for Markus with the dinner. Ewald catches a terrible "sun-burn", "Sonnenbrand".

Markus remains alone at T.Co. Wonderful silence and peace - slightly disturbed by heavy down beats that can be heard from Los Lagos.

Gerhard Miklasch + Ewald blessed

The Entrance can be seen from Top Camp
a little bridge divides it into two holes

At the left we set a bolt, for the snow
was so low, that you
could not climb down.



Maximum ^{depth} height of the
cave is about 20 meters.

The snow-cap in the
cave had a distance
to the walls
from 0,5 to 4 meters

It is resting on a pebble-and bolder's ground
It is very unlikely that there is a way on
under the snow. At point 1 you can crawl in
a little "appendix" of the cave, about three meters
long and with a floor of pebbles.

At point 2 we digged a little, for there was
a cold wind coming out, ~~and~~ But there is no way
on for a human-shaped body. A little dog could
go in to a rift that is even too small for it.
(The opening is about boot-sized.)

Spille