

MATIENZO CAVES PROJECT

# LOGBOOK

Year: 1977  
Season: summer

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

*Juan Corrin, January 2015*



(1)

MATIENZO 1977.

LOG BOOK THEREOF

LOGBOOK

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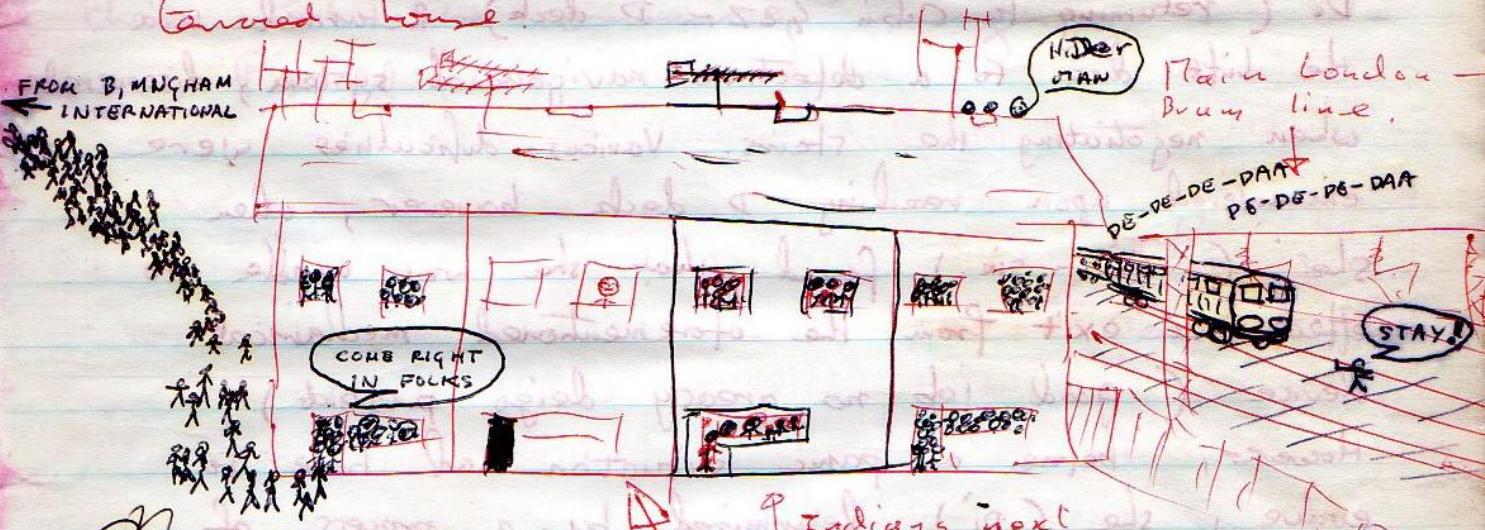
(3)

Fell Date 13. 7. 77

Juan heads South. about this and vibroso? (60 mins in the 2nd)

Those that went: - Juan, Tony, Di, + Paul.

- Ambled south from Manchester to Dave Clinton's place in Brum - Brand new posh tanned house



Got treated to roller coaster veggie type curry + slides + floor space + breakfast

Just arrived M.S. Patricia 17.30 hours 13th August.  
after ambling south from Brum. Juan's car  
burns motor oil - broken piston ring - goes  
passenger with oil fumes!

Paul - (Frobisher).

Chug Chug Chug. (platter)

~~Start~~ 18-00

Enclosed in box with Pedro  
(It's only a rumor. P.S.)

Incident Report - 1105 hours 13-7-77

Di (returning to Cabin 427 - D deck) returned via the lift due to a defective navigational system, discovered when negotiating the stairs. Various difficulties were encountered upon reaching D deck however, when she (Di - sic.) found that she was unable to effect an exit from the aforementioned mechanical device (good job no greasy design present). However, before a panic situation had time to evolve, she (Di) determined by a process of elimination and parlorian learning procedural operations, that the door swung open (sic. - on hinges) and did not slide, dissolve or disintegrate as she (Di) had previously thought.

Juan - on being a wet boy in his bunk, was addressed by the ~~Steward~~ on being woken in the morning as follows.

"Good morning sir. Oh! - has sir been a wet boy again?" -

\* See N.B. - This is not true yet 18/7/77

M.U.S.S. get things going yet again. ⑤

Quote: It's like being on dry land. The Craven ~~has~~ has rocked more than this boat!

Incident Report - 20.30 hours 13-7-77 in

17.U.S.S. led the way on 17.S. Patricia - onto the dance floor, good at "rock n' roll" then with the community singing! - We was Pissed!

This is a  
Counterfeet!

(Too like hard work! Tony within with 3 females racing? to dance

~~8. mogo dog stop open stop 226.11~~

02-30 hrs MS Patricia 14-7-77.

Muss still going strong - only Re barman left - we're right. ~~BP start racing dogs & jockeys~~

14-7-77 20.45 hrs.

"They're under starters orders - Heavy betting on Juan, "My ding-a-ling" - He's in the water, He goes back. He's in the water again! Going strong now. 45p we'll win for a 10p bet - and the champs.

Red jockey-cap - Juan looks like Lester Piggott - but he's well behind the rest. No.2. has won, can we get second place? - and the champs. He hasn't moved for ten minutes - No.1 gets second place - waste of money. Juan says "Did we win anything?" We say "we were betting on you!" — Rip off!?

1930 hours, Thursday 14 July.

Here we are in the bar yet again. Exciting day - went for a brisk walk about the poop deck with a cockroach we befriended in the cafeteria at breakfast. Watched some deck quotes before lunch + fought our way past millions of howling bros for a game of ping-pong but bros faces kept getting in the way of our bats so our play was somewhat inhibited. — and then to dinner and now —

(7)

In bar, where the band is doing a rumbling Rolf  
Harris act etc. (yawn) Roll on Spain.

14-7-77 - 2240 hours.

Here we're all one - still in the bar consuming no  
small quantity of alcohol.

2335 hours

Quote - by Juan of Tony "You're almost a caricature of  
yourself at times."

15-7-77, 00-15 hours.

TONY ~~(A sense of nothing)~~ All we need now is an octopus with a trisopener and  
a sense of humor.

THE REST Yet what?

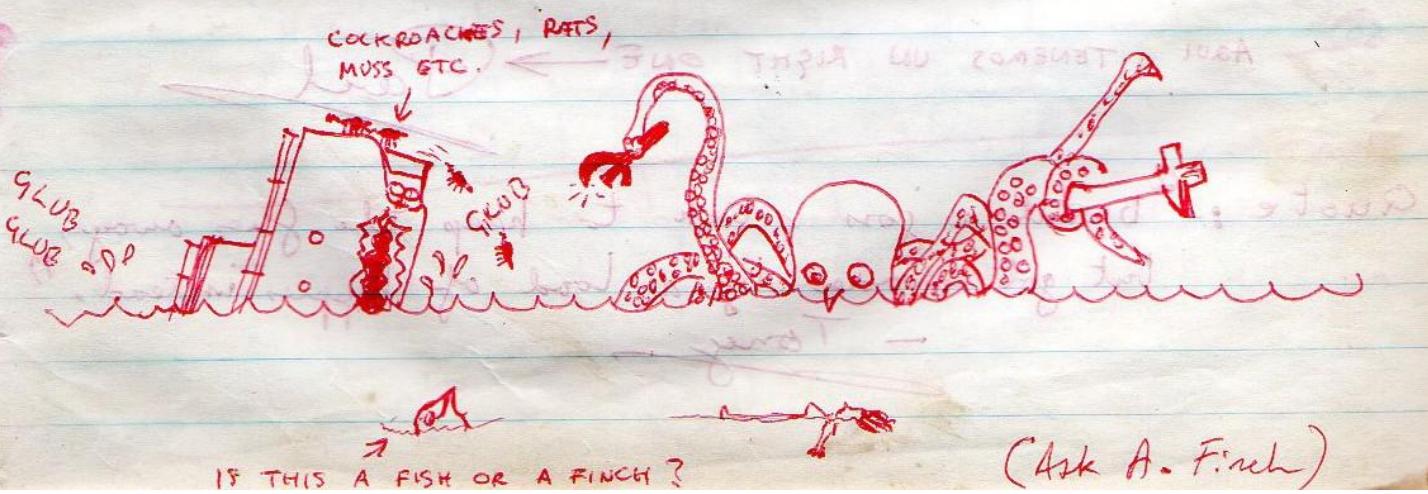
TONY All we need now is an octopus etc etc.

THE REST What the hell are you talking about?

TONY An octopus to go round the ship with a trisopener.

JUAN I don't think that's very funny.

TONY No, but the octopus does.



Full Date 15-7-77 - 11.40 hours

The M.U.S.S. vanguard arrives  
in MATIENZO:-

Juan 1st to piss in MATIENZO.

Di - 1st to fart in MATIENZO.

Juan - 1st to drink in MATIENZO.

Tony - 1st to shit in MATIENZO.

Di - 1st to belch in MATIENZO.

Tony - 1st to shake famous hand in MATIENZO.

Tony - 13.00 hours 1st tent erected in MATIENZO.

Di, Juan P.A.C.C - \$4.00 hrs. 1st coming trip in MATIENZO.

14.05 hours 1st exit from cave in MATIENZO.

- 1st failure in MATIENZO.

14.30 hrs 1st meal eaten in MATIENZO.

14.15 hrs Pedro 1st person to arrive 5th in MATIENZO.

17.00 hrs 1st table built in MATIENZO, P.P.A.T.C.

19.00 hours 1st Joss stick burnt in MATIENZO.

AQUI TENEMOS UN RIGHT ONE → Paul

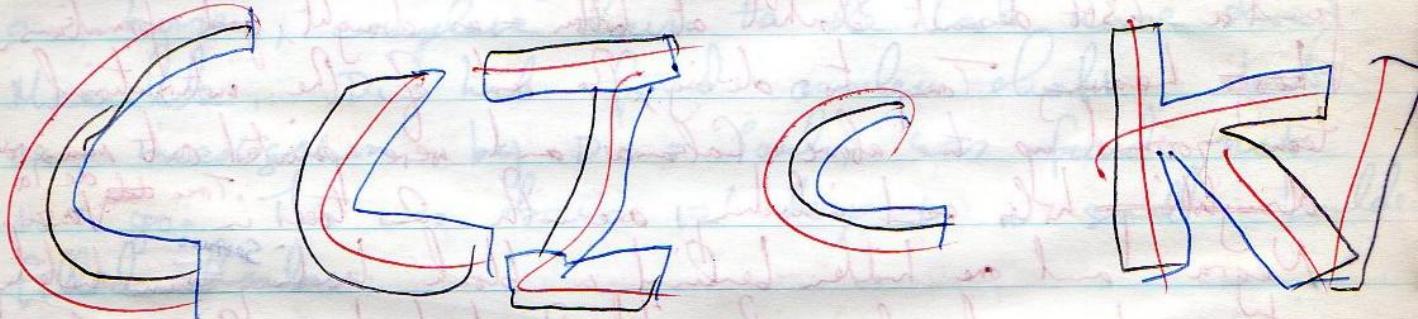
Quote:- "Burnt a joss stick to keep the flies away,  
but got invaded by a load of hippies instead."

— Tony

(9)

Zarabanda courses are absolutely shit. 9, 10, 11, and Paul understand much more than Tong does! — SACK OF SHIT  
I talked about the weaker to Coca + German, so here ???

0030 hours — PAUL — The first to vomit????? perhaps  
\* See 18.7.77 certainly not — Paul  
warning to the pace slowly — only 1  
litro de Bvno tinto between 2 by 2300 hours.



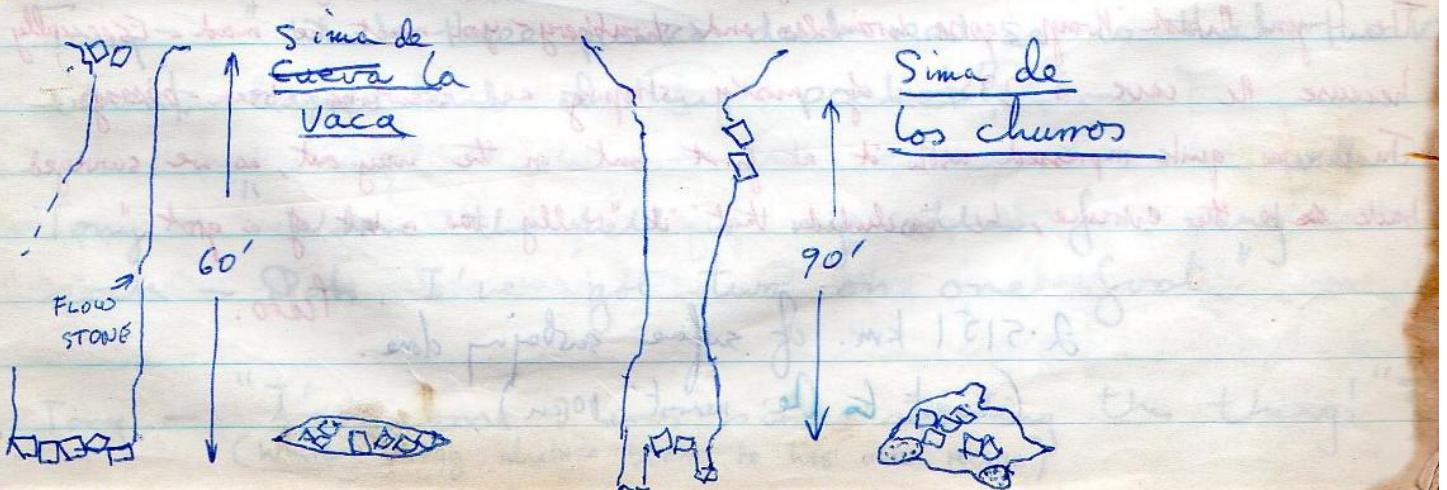
"Why do things today when you can do them tomorrow?" — Mañgana, Mañgana  
— Juan on caving.

1st serious report.

16-7-77. 1st late start - 3.00pm - due to it raining down.  
Di, Juan, Pepe Tony, Tians and nino zoomed up the Sel de Subo road and walked up wood track. Just after track comes stream Tians pointed out small hole with raging cold outwards draught. Then walked higher to large depression with number of holes in. Tony descended one on the side of the said depression SRT - 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  and found a 63ft descent blocked at bottom - no draught, good formations. Leaving Tony to descend, the rest of the international team zoomed up to above Cabana and were pointed out numerous ~~draught~~ holes ~~and~~ including one with 2 trees in - <sup>Tree de la</sup> <sup>Serrana</sup> Vaca Negra and one hidden behind a block leading immediately onto a large chamber with pitch of at least 80ft. - also some decaying ~~pass~~ stal in side ramp looked at. Zoomed back down the hill leaving Tians and 2 ninos to climb higher to inspect the height. Waited an hour for them to return and then to bar for <sup>lunch</sup> then back for 9.30.

Ber date 17-7-77

Fairly early rise to bright-sunny day. Intended biggo trip postponed as Pedro worked to improve his sun tan, so we set forth on a surface-surveying and shaft digging in the Fuente las-Vanas area. The first shaft looked at was only 60' deep and choked (no draught) but was liberally filled with snorted skeletons etc. While Jean + Pedro went surveying, Di, Paul + Tony organised the descent of the second shaft. This was 90' deep with a number of mini choked shafts, the deepest of 10', heading off. Like the first, there was no draught and this also was liberally strewn with bones. (Including a superbly intact skeleton of a horse, complete down to the last horse shoe) Meanwhile, Di had found another shaft, but on investigation by Di + Paul, was found not to go. This was about 12' deep to a small boulder-filled chamber.



(11)

After, Paul + Tony went chasing the sound of water a short distance below ~~since~~ de los chinos, a found a low dam enclosed cave emitting a good quantity of water. This also functioned as someone's water supply. After speculating on its potential, Paul washed his arse in the water and we left. While Pedro + Juan were exploring a cave, the three of us went for drinks at the Idios bar.

Tony

### Area de la Canal (Fuente las Vacas) (17-7-77)

Location is easy and does not offer difficulties. Survey across field, when totals are cutting grass. They will come and ask "why are you measuring our field?" "Because we're going to the cave" you reply. At first they insist that you're going the wrong way and there's a short cut by another field. But you say you've gone this way before and you want to go this way again. Now they start laughing, obviously they think you're mad and they make such comments as "Some people go through Ramales when they're going to ~~Santander~~". Then - you thrash through gorse, brambles and shrubbery - you must be mad - Especially because the cave is 235 m. of mostly stooping and crawling stream-passage. Juan was quite impressed with it at first but on the way out, as we surveyed back to the entrance, he concluded that it "really was a bit of a grot."

2.5151 km. of surface surveying done.  
(cored to the nearest 10 cm),

Pedro.

Luzon River - 17/7/77 - Failure of Juan's

Things that didn't happen today ~~2-5.81~~ stub 107

- ① We found a shaft that dropped into another shaft and yet another and another until downstream Igueka was attained.
- ② D. went to the bar and asked - "Dos <sup>P</sup> maricones por favor".

Reminiscence - "It doesn't get you pissed, but it gives you a right good hangover"

\* - 18.7.77

D. First time Duke in Matienzo  
— 01.30 hours July 8.7.77.

— "It was only a little one!"

Tony - "What these punks don't realise is that their vomit comes out of my pocket!"

Tony - "Where the hell is my other f---ing ~~other~~ sock - Doh. I've got two on one foot."

Tony - "I've come 3 times since starting this thing!"?  
(While eating alubias beans to his own recipe.)

Fall date 18.7.77

1st DIGGO trip.

Put new bolt in and torched up the pitch,  
- Much aqua still flowing through the core.  
2 - 3 feet above normal.

Official launching of the expedition  
dinghy by Juan, then Tony + I (Paul).  
set off downstream to duck into the swamp  
and look up the rift at the swamp. - No go  
For too much aqua. - only 5" airspace  
under a globe + fresh soam 4' above that.  
Since black clouds about when we entered,  
decided to return. Besides Tony was in  
shuddies in the dinghy + I would have  
then been on my tod - ooh!

Paul

Juan, Pedro + Di went upstream:-

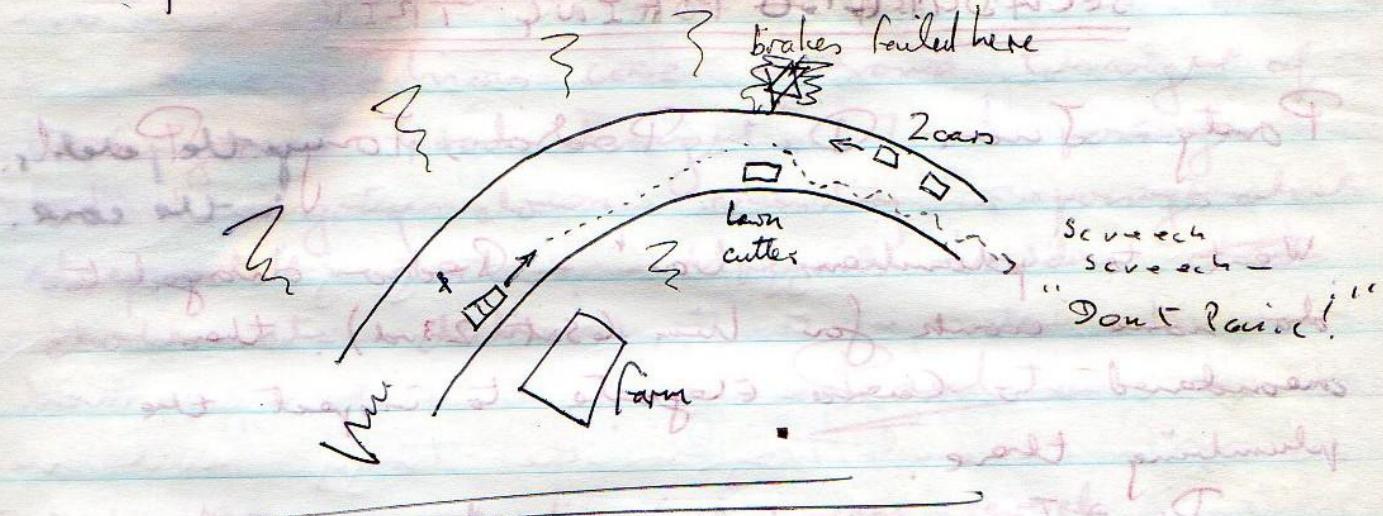
We three punks went upstream, didn't we? Into the left-hand by-pass, alright?  
Looked at several side-passages, trying to find the way past the swamp, but  
they were all a load of puke. We would have scaled up an oven but didn't  
have enough safety-pins with us.

"Great inletted by branching - see Juan's sketch 'I'" - just  
(over two out of small middle passes shown)

(15)  
INCIDENT REPORT — 18/7/77 — FAILURE OF JUAN'S BRAKES

55-5.91 ① Not

Brakes failed coming down from Lluera.



\* 18/7/77 Incident report No. 17.

Juan Pissoed himself last night — 1st person to wet himself in MATIWZO. (Only 2 dog ains as well — must be something wrong).

CLUNK

~~SEARCHED FOR TURF - 55% - FOUND ANOMALY~~

Fell Date 19.7.77.

SECADERA - POKING TRIP

Party Juan D., Pedro, Tony + Paul.

Went to "plumber's bar" - Pedro arranged to do some work for him (Sat 23rd). Then meandered to Cueva Elegante to inspect the plumbing there.

Di + Tony inspected area above Secadera resurgence - looking for droughting holes.

Juan + Paul went into the droughting hole inspected by Paul at the end of last year's expedition. (Lodde left at this time) to the point of the dig. Juan removed a few boulders at the bottom of ~~the~~ ~~bottom~~ a downward thrust and descended for 1/2 an hour. Paul getting bored followed.

60-70 metres of solid boulder choke. as thrashed through until at the end Juan actually placed his feet in MATI EWZO WATER! - At this point the water is in a deep canal, with boulders all about that you have to wade your way through. Drought still there - we will return. Paul

Paul

## ITS CADMART TIME

55/5608

- Cueva 77 N.

Olivous cave entrance to right of -  
 resurgence. Good drought? 7 taler passages  
 about - going down climbing in openings about  
 deep still water. - Upwards boulder ~~cliffs~~  
 slopes etc delicious.

Paul about

Foot note - For non-consequential - 7 tal means several of them

### Incident report No 8:-

Phil Bowie, Stan Brown, Tim Currie.  
 1st to arrive 6th, 7th & 8th in Adm't  
 MATIENZO.

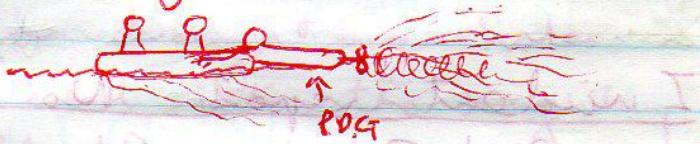
### Incident report No 9:-

Phil, accepting a chenzo buttie, professed  
 him by 'le company, promptly dropped the  
 contents into his beer (and he's not even  
 pissed yet) ) accepted in his being  
 (level of equal and in this bar - then on

20/7/77

18.7.77 TERRITORIES I

Paul, Tony and me set off to do a trip down Agua, the previous night it had P-sed down all night, Me and Phil had no tents and were wetted. (So was Juan but it was a R.I.Y job) The water was into the cave and we set off with a rubber dingy, into the raging torrents, Scenes of water up to the Cornwales and shouts of all hands on deck gave the trip a nautical flavour, Me and Tony in the dingy and we made fast progress aided by the current and P.O.G M15 II dingy propeller,



Terrible fears of the return journey came to us as we encountered unstandable in currents so when the ~~redacted~~ passage summed we quit and came out.

Time C

Incident Report - 20-7-77

Phil Beme, arrived Tuesday night — promptly got pissed and is now the 1st person to have puked 2nd in Matreazo (a meggie chunder as well — red wine with big lumps of chenzo).

## ITS CABARET TIME

Once again we have just finished our evening meal. Relaxing with our tea and biscuits - gradually the lights fade and the cabaret begins. Zelmo leads out the bull and ties it to a tree, then leads out a cow twice the size of the bull. This cow is twice as big as bull - problems start - for the bull anyway or ~~for~~ the cow perhaps.

Anyways the next stage in the ~~first~~ cabaret is to try and persuade the cow - it wants to put its hind legs into a 1' deep pit - no easy matter with an uncooperative & big cow. Bull then led up to cow and after 7 not attempts and help from ~~much~~ people finally succeeds in ~~suck~~ mating with the cow.

Round of applause from assembled M.U.S.S. members and comments on the ~~next~~ performance, - "What a balls up!"

P and

21/7/77 - Muella Hole Diving Trip. 271

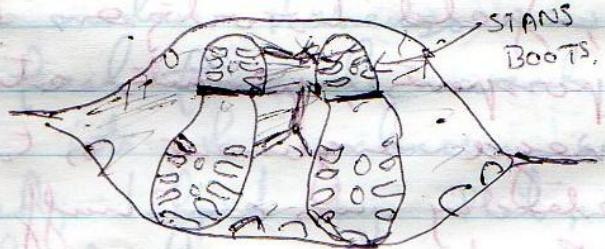
Bright + Early saw Di, Tim + Tony wading their way up Muella with no small amount of tackle with the intention of diving shafts pointed out by Lark + Walker. Ending up by finding large parallel slabs just above the topaz, prominent on aerial photograph. Boulders re-scaled depth at 200'-300'. Down went 200' super static w/ ladder on the end to plumb the depths, but didn't reach the bottom. Tony went down to ledge where he was able to see to the bottom of the shaft, which was of sizeable proportions, there existed a pool of water. Relatively needs another trip w/ more equipment. Then on to shaft seen by Lark near a hut. This was laddered as it was felt that it would be a shame to waste a good belay at the top, and down went Tim, after wading through the inevitable boxes at the bottom, this proved to choke (Depth  $\approx$  50'). The day was terminated by a mega jungle bath back down to Motengro, the effects of which were distinctly unpleasant.

Tony.



21-7-72 Secadura (El Little-o) Juan, Paul, Stan & Phil.

A pushing and surveying trip down my first Spanish cave, - great, caverns measureless to man etc, high expectations of mammoth caves. But no.



SPANISH CAVES  
IN REALITY.

Secadura is one long boulder choke, 2' sideways to go forward. In the end it was pushed an extra 100' to a total of 670'. The new bit was a pretty chamber and a loose boulder slope on which Paul delighted in screaming and ~~trudging~~ rocks down.

Juan decided it would be a good idea if he took my light, so we swapped carbides, I found out why when it went out 100' further. Stan's having already given up the ghost we & him exited on a climbing torch while Paul & Juan surveyed outside.

22.7.77.

We did nothing!

squadron

squadron

squadron

Fell Date 23.7.77

Yesterday we rebuilt the composite -  
near shelters - log bridges across ditches  
etc.

Blo had a visit by the guardia  
civil - bristling with pistols, carbines,  
sub-machine guns, field howitzers etc.  
demanding to see passports, permits etc.

Blo a big mega argument as to whether  
a bird I saw yesterday was a Chaff or  
an Eagle - Squatshuk.

"Gee well just look at that  
quaint little o'Chaff"

C L I C K .

Blo - We did nothing.

Qoute:- Dinton Said :-

~~“Would you cont to go to bed with Susan Di?”~~

D - “No - I don't want to get pissed on in the night!”

Fell Date 22/23-7-77.

Yet another (Roberto) new-boy bites the dust Tim, fresh from the weak beer of England ventured into the unknown waters of Blanco. This consumed, helped by Phil, Tony came in for a good basking. (numerous glasses of). Then - he disappeared about 1230 and was not heard of again until Tony returned to the homestead and found the obnoxious cretin groaning undeneath our table, having puked mightily over the log that we sat on. This puking machine was then guided in the general direction of his tent but, deciding he wanted a shit, wayed off in the general direction of Paco's house. Herring Andy finished the camp site, the sole specimen managed to get totally lost, fishing a garage

to sleep in until he woke at 0800 and vaguely  
the hangover. Managed to avoid a days  
caving!

M.B - A puke a day makes you ill.

A puke a day keeps the caves away

Extract from new Oxford Dictionary.

Anody Finch. (v.b.) To anody finch - to emit  
variously, small mounds of stomach contents which  
may be randomly distributed over a fairly wide  
area. An anody finch (n) - a small mound  
of vomit which may occur anywhere.

23.7.77 El Biggo; or the pushing trip that wasn't

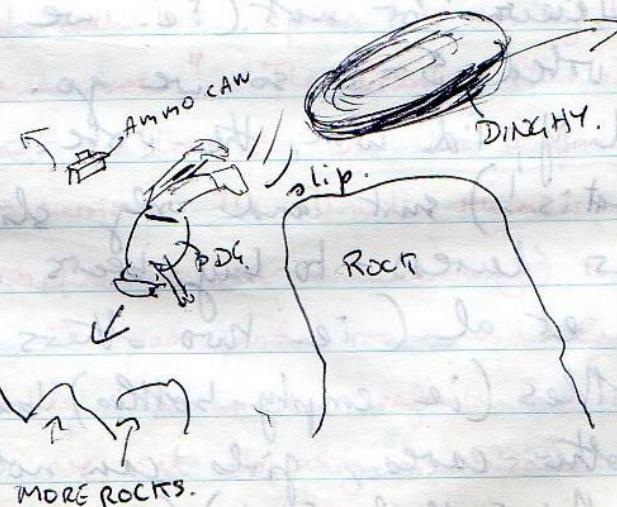
Juan, Pedro, Paul, Tony, Di + Phil set off down to  
El Biggo for a photographing + pushing trip.  
The cave was entered after encountering  
nothing worse than a horde of gippos muttering  
"agua". The entrance series was negotiated, with  
nothing worse than Di screaming, "I want to go out,  
take me out" (begging)

Paul + I propelled a scantily clad Pedro downstream  
in a tyre. The passage sumped before the extent of

exploration. — Well at the ~~start~~ was a foot and a half lower than before, but this left only 6"-8" of airspace further down the vervege — great fun on corbele! This near mump would be 2' higher than normal so decided to abort pending — (mump poking) and concentrate on taking colour photographs.

Paul D

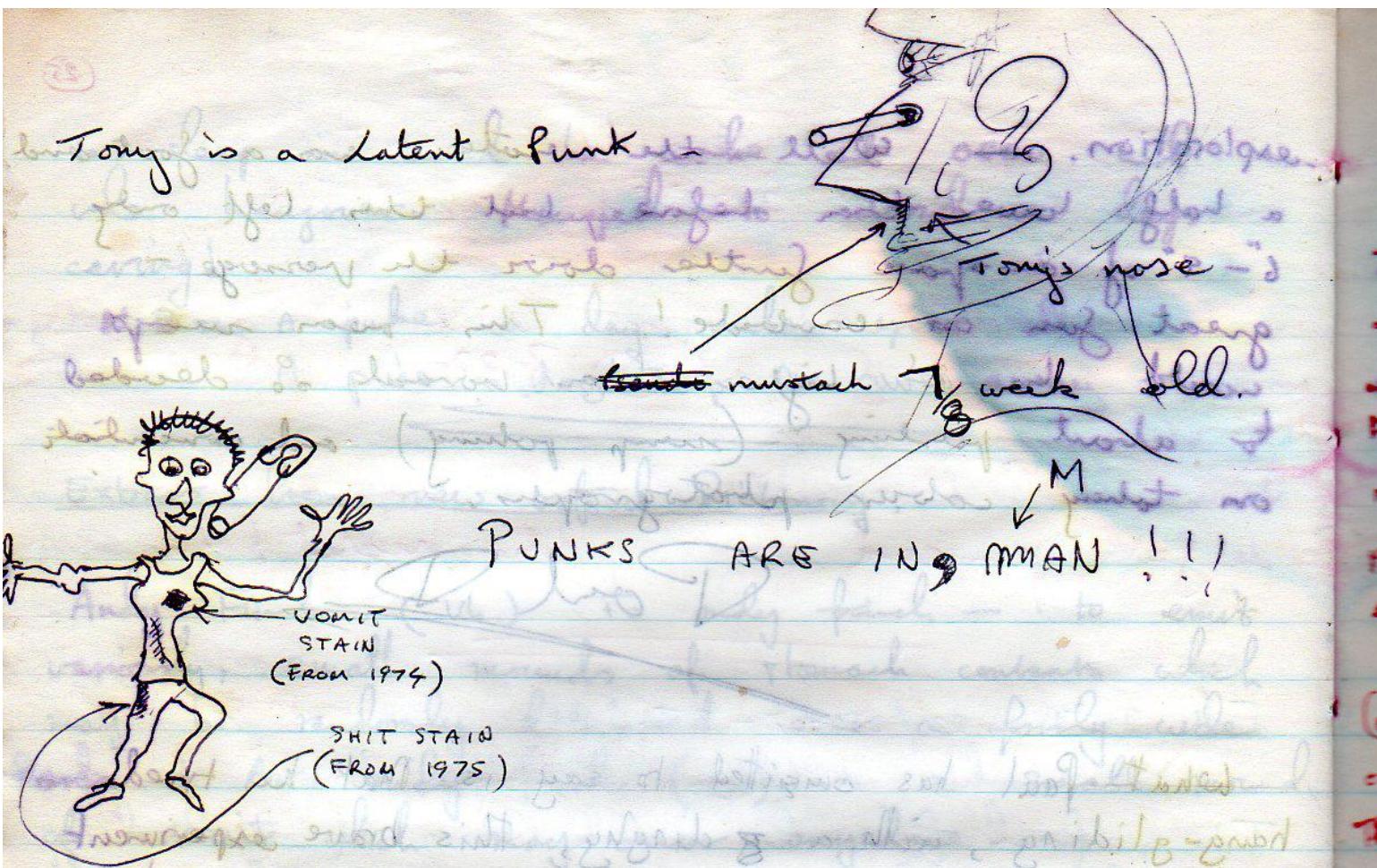
What Paul has omitted to say is that he tried hang-gliding, with a dinghy, this brave experiment failed dismally. He succeeded in plummeting 5' onto the floor; but remained undamaged.



Ph/o

I landed on my head Dab!

Paul



Coming out of Braggs - we vote on whether to go to bar in Cleve or not (i.e. we are all in cover clothes). I'm out voted 5-1 so we go. Look what we would have missed if I'd won the vote. First Tony-Ghar Pharon (parade that is!) suit and only slightly dirty face has to go - under duress - to buy beers and sticky buns. Then Phil Collet et al (i.e. two others) arrive in van. When I take bottles (i.e. empty bottles) back I ask about (i.e. not about) other caves, girls can not reply due to laughing (transays this is Nefer-Shit) (i.e. it is not even Bull Shit) when my trousers fall down. Then Boy Pino arrives in car with Fredin (i.e. other Fredin, i.e. not Fredo's son) (i.e. must end this H.S. because not worth starting other page) (i.e. I'm going to finish now) (i.e. Pedro) (i.e. my name) (i.e. in spanish)

24-7-77 - The Day of the Deafmute and the Drunken Plumber

In Sacadua four apologetic cavers arrived at the Plumber's Bar. They should have arrived there the day before, so the Plumber was somewhat angry with them at first. But after a couple of blanches he began to warm up. The cavers (namely Juan, Paul, Phil, Pedro) had promised to try to explore a cave with a view to laying a water-pipe in it. In return the plumber had promised to give them a meal. This had been prepared for the day before, yet his wife was still able to quickly supply another.

Quickly passing over the fantastic meal (paradise!), wine, cognac (and cigars for Juan) and the first two caves we visited - the first one had been hoping to get the water from - was a single chamber and sump pool, the second one was a short dry cave with two entrances - we are sat outside the second cave. The Deafmute who accompanied us on our tour of the caves wants us to go to a shaft, "Buh, Buh, Mommuh, Buh, Pah duh duh bum bah duh duh splash bah bah, splash (a raspberry blown with a provocative gesture of the finger) buh, buh." The Drunken Plumber says we haven't got a ladder and can't go down it, but the Deafmute starts again and blows several more raspberries. The Drunken Plumber swears at him and when the Deafmute insists (in his own inimical way) the Drunken Plumber falls on his back in the grass and roars with laughter. After another few raspberries the Plumber trips up the Deafmute and they roll about in the grass. The four cavers are sat observing this bizarre spectacle and one of them (Juan) suggests that another one (Pedro) should join in with them: ~~him~~ (Needless to say he didn't) After several minutes of this fooling of these grown men the only way we can keep the Deafmute Raspberry Blower happy is to go

and look at the shaft anyway. We walk through some trees, and as soon as the Deafmate and Drunken Plumber reach an open field they start frolicking again. The Plumber trips up the Deafmate and they roll over and giggle like girls in the grass. Later the Plumber pushes the Deafmate over into a goosebush. The Deafmate says "Buh, duh, spruh splash bah doh duh buh tub tick buh (raspberry) spruh buh duh doh doh bah (raspberry) (gesture with finger) duh duh buh tub doh (raspberry) (raspberry)." ~~no idea what they're saying~~

The shaft is inside a short cave entrance, in a large chamber, at least fifty feet deep. It is worth another visit despite the "Torca Laredo" written on the wall. We walk back down the hill with further mutterings, raspberries and gestures, but by now the Plumber is beginning to sober up. By the time we reach the bar he seems completely quiet and sober and, perhaps, adding up how much the food cost for so little return from the water cave.

Pedro

SIMA DE LAS COUCHS ALPINES 24/7/77

Today Tony and Tim went to plumb the depths of the Parallel Shafts ~~we~~ found the other day. We managed to purloin a 300' length of Blue-Water from 3 Shepton-Mallett blokes, they agreed to let us use it after much looking ~~at~~ at the ground, silence and shuffling of feet.

The three came with us to supervise

and the two of us descended what proved to be a 70m shaft, with much wittering about rope wear when the brand new rope contracted a slight mudding and went a little bit fluffy on the sheath. ~~Not~~

We explored the passages which proved to be very sandy. I squeezed through a gap in the farthest part to emerge into — the inevitable — a silted up chamber, this proved to have a bit of passage above it which I looked at, being unable to reach a side passage above an overhang of very crumbly rock.

On returning to the bottom of the shaft I climbed a wall to look down into a chamber which will need a ladder — could be something there! Tony and I then surveyed and exited. The bottom of shaft had the usual bones and a dead chough — possibly the one we saw the other day.

Tim.

N.B. — The chough (probably an alpine chough) was about 10" in length with an approximate wing span of 15". Plumage was black, the feet greyed and the beak orange to yellow. It was no longer going keewitt-keewitt and smelt a lot but it is doubted that these features are typical of all choughs.

Two

"Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Tombo, disguised as a door was having his knob kicked in. At night he didn't know where he was."

Fall Date 25-7-77

Tuon, Di and Paul meandered up to the head of Set-de-Soto and dug out a droughting hole 2" x 2" square. 3 hours later 3' - 3' - 3' volume of wind was removed. Droughting as good as ever. USSR returned and dug some more.

Stone & Phil went down the Rio Grande tourist trap only to discover mud aqua in all directions - "like swamp moss". Will this part valley never dry out?

= Paul

When I was a lad! I used to pick cows! Luxury! Paradise! When I was lad we had to pick stag beetles! Paradise! We had to pick ladybirds! We had to pick aphids!

Amoebas!

Bacilli! protists, what, know it so well? I do!

Viruses! in fact do not know them!

Atoms!

Quarks!

When I was a lad I had to work!  
Paradise - . . . . !!



One of Zelmo's contended  
cows (you should have  
seen the bull the other  
day!)

Matiango Date \_\_\_\_\_ 26 - 7 - 77

It rained - all night + through the morning + most of the afternoon, but regardless, an intrepid foursome set forth through the ways of Uyueka on a photographic excursion. Timmy, Stan, Paul + Tony left Tucson + Pedro on the surface to look at ground above Río, and made good progress until the '75 crawl. Here however, it became apparent that there was much more water around than usual for Uyueka, and the crawl seemed to have silted up again, holding back more water

to a 3" - 4" airspace for the final ~~20'~~<sup>11'</sup>.  
Possible if you're desperate + wear wetsuit, but  
for the future, the crawl will have to be  
re-excavated. (The water situation is not as  
desperate as Biggs') The party then returned,  
looking at Near series stuff (Flashbulb bulb,  
Siwa vase etc.) and photographing. Exited after  
about three hours.

— Tony.

Aft resurgence, which feeds Uzvecka was investigated.  
Cueva Nonimportante 37m long - a classic  
prehistic.  
Riba Gata until ~~5pm~~<sup>am</sup>. Poking all the  
next day until . . . . .

---

"Juan needs to be hand started."

---

• • • • • John D. arrived  
Rain pissed it down, went to Germans  
in the Dragey + drank to mid-afternoon,  
John D., Linda, Di, Derek, Pedro + Juan  
went off on Megga Pub crawl + came  
back <sup>map</sup> ~~much~~ pissed. Tried to drive up  
poes pissied.

get bogged  
 track to camp site + ~~some bad~~ down -  
 had to be pulled out by Zelmo's horse  
 (motivated by kicks from Zelmo + Parco) -  
 Horse nearly ran over by car (Derek at  
 the wheel) - car eventually returned to  
 high ground - John D erected (wait  
 for it) his tent + co did Derek,  
 and Penny - everyone now encamped in  
 bar to sober up.) (Now is 27-7-77 by  
 the way)

2nd event of the day, Andy Finch  
 arrived. (amidst a violent rainstorm and  
 puking session by Di) Andy now  
encamped in Bar to sober up?

just a malicious rumour.

Never before has or at any rate  
seen so much rain Never before has  
 the ~~an~~ expedition seen so much  
 bar, the cows are numped and we  
 are numped!

Not true. Quote Buddha 1975 - When will we be released??

G R I E K !

③  
Peebo, ~~leapog~~  
muchas ~~alegrías~~  
smashed out  
of his tiny  
brain - alias  
the gnome  
of Matiengs



NOT JUAN  
NOTICE NO  
SCAR HERE  
(just Tony's bad  
drawing)

RED

Phil + Me walked back from  
Riva carrying Francesa (la hija  
de Fredo) all the bloody way.  
No honky Pankey either. !!

8 Matiengs Date 28-7-77

It rained today (surprise) + so we  
went to bar. (Laurie + Hilley arrived)  
bringing dry weather with clear pray  
God!!!) - John D + contingent

sopped off to the Rain ~~bar~~ <sup>shoes</sup> to wear  
 wellington boots (excuse for ~~pub~~ about)  
 Ended up in Ogomie (Dinner & phone)  
 + numerous bars in Raba as well.  
 returned to ~~the~~ <sup>Bar</sup> German <sup>taxi</sup> <sup>Gone</sup> +  
 are now getting pined - lack +

~~Hilly road well and the road is bad~~  
~~at the top (slope)~~  
~~(and) near to the top~~  
~~now & can see day 2272~~

Rained yesterday on the ~~asphalt~~  
~~Bilbao~~ in low cloud, rain, and the really  
 miserable weather. Went to Bilbao city  
~~black~~ ('conveyor') all afternoon in ~~sun~~  
 expensive bar. Weather cleared up and became ~~the~~  
 good (extremely hot sun). Caught train at 6.00  
 to Zubia. Weather got progressively more rainy  
 and miserable until at Zubia it was ~~freezing~~  
 it down. Got bus to Zubia and then taxi to  
 Matabio (Taxi driver informed me that the  
 weather was bad and would get better tomorrow  
 obviously an optimistic taxi driver).

Arrived to find that I had just missed seeing  
 Island's car out of ~~the night~~ He had just

arrived with May's news of his departure  
at 10.00 in the morning. I closed my window  
and remained in bed until it was time to  
breakfast.

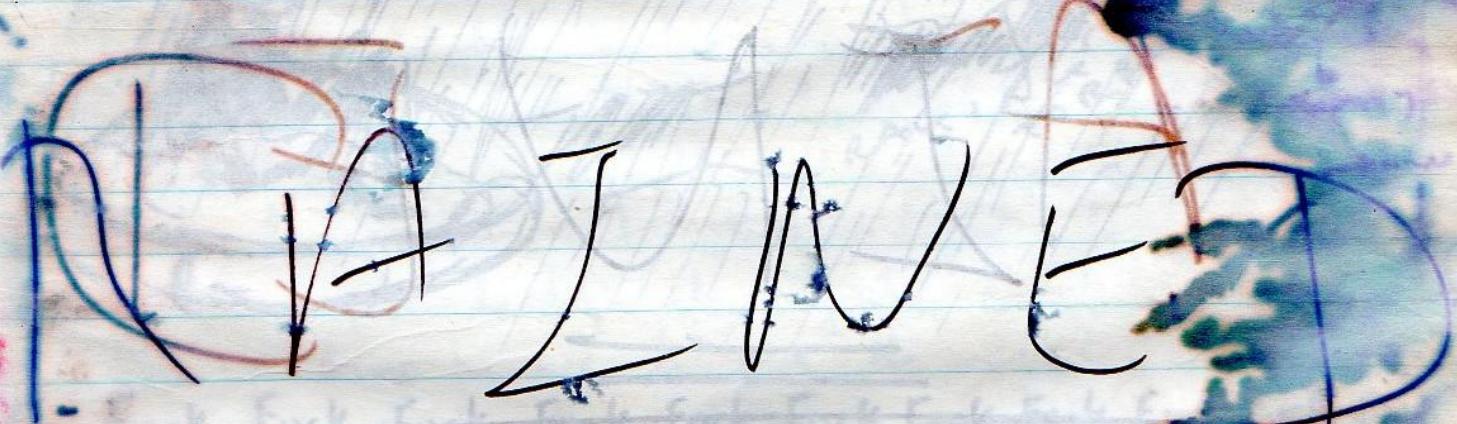
Left it just after 1 o'clock (I had been  
sleeping soundly and got up to go to the

lake to-day and found it glistening with  
(again). Eventually got up just after  
midday and went to ~~the~~ Rambles (and  
came back via a few ~~steps~~ long  
walk at 2 o'clock. The weather  
most of the day was like a still life  
that soon afterwards. I am not sure  
the 2nd event of the day was (possibly  
that it actually stopped raining).  
Began Andy

Small car here 12.30 hours — more  
priced than before. Can we stand it —  
suggestion is we do Uqueka tomorrow but  
I don't know depends on conditions of  
head and bowels — Christ I feel bad — It  
is the sort of thing that Burton, Scott  
and Hilary (Edmund of Ewet) not to mention

columbus and captain cook and Drake etc. must have been through. Things are going in circles. Even German by smoking Oh God ! , I want to be sick !!

(37)



two yard legs

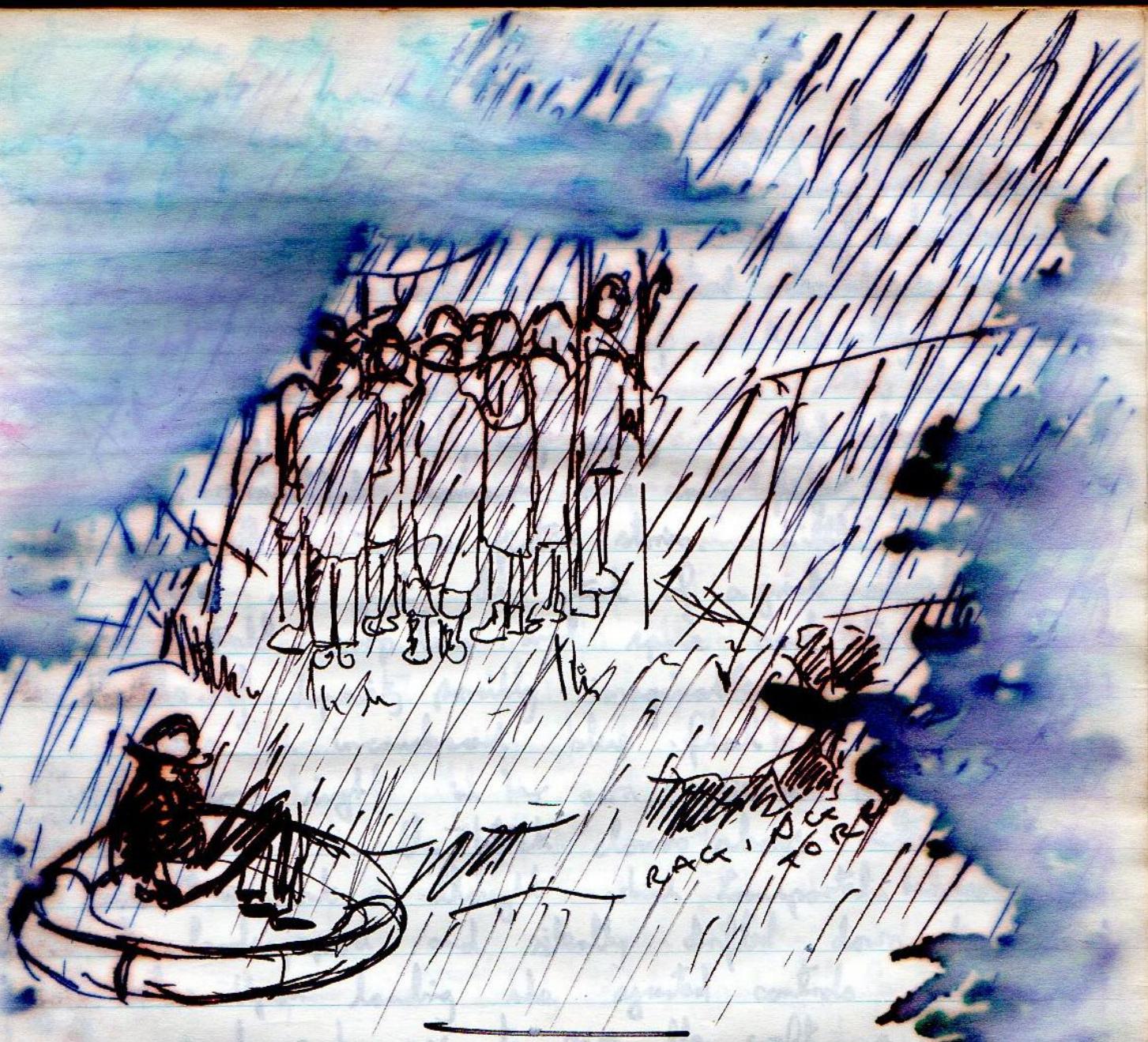
29.7.77

A N I

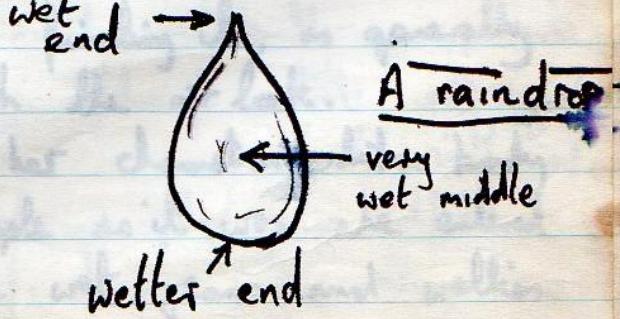
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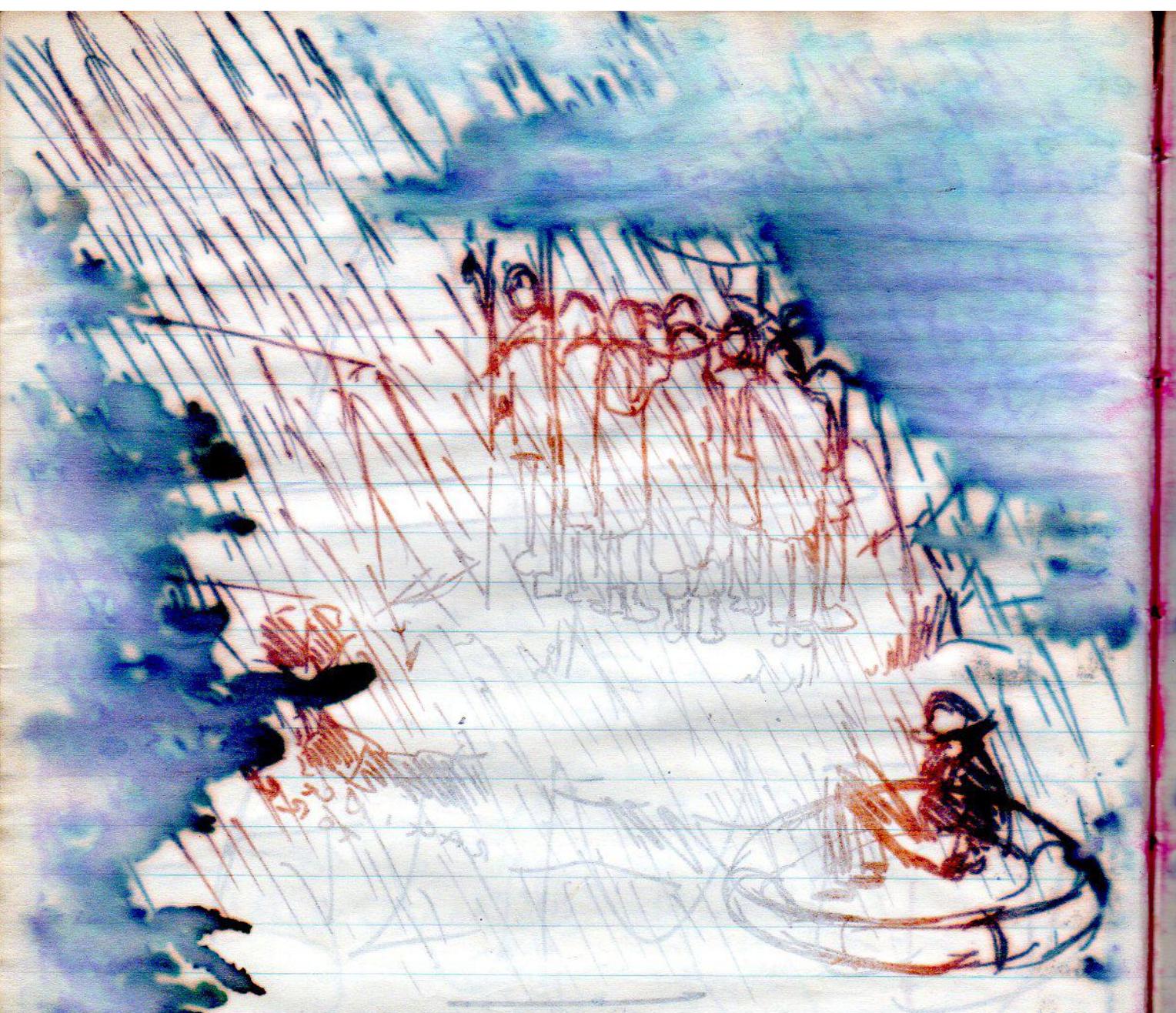
A T I N E D

Will this valley  
ever dry out?

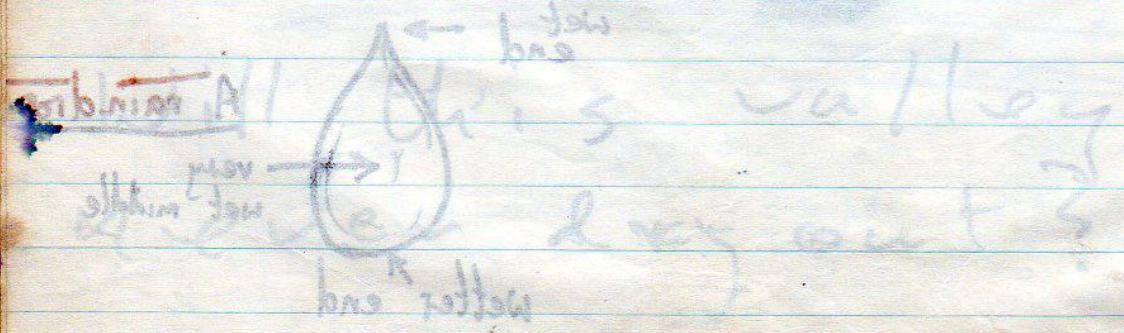


Fuck  
Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck  
Fuck!





for rock for rock for rock for rock for rock for rock



Forces of Pechs des Vins were perhaps present  
 (Galaxy of Stars)  
 with the day I started out on the road all  
 around me a multitude of balloons  
 were all bad air down this that I  
 thought, it was going to spill fuel  
 as I had never seen before, as  
 in science fiction stories like <sup>little</sup> ~~the~~

This was just the start of a great adventure  
 which would warp time and space and sink  
 the depths of depravity possibly imaginable  
 With an incandescent blue flash her  
 disappeared from sight in her own universe and  
 appeared once in the black clouds above setting  
 and took them out a thought which transported her  
 back to landing pad and silently drifted down  
 into the below. Upon landing she adjusted controls and  
 then a lump hammer to give the craft a way  
 of exactly nothing, this though was still a  
 effort to prevent it sinking two feet into the mud  
 after breaking the atmosphere and finding it, as generally  
 agrees, breathable she left through the air lock.

Her instruments had programmed her chameleon like body  
 look exactly like the local people so it was she entered  
 with a man dressed in a red cap, wet jeans and wellies

having on her face a  
purple welt which was  
of hideously which was among  
the most hideously hideously pale delicate  
of all the girls on her own Island more  
at first within seconds she had the occa-  
sion of a Spanish bartender, and he  
thinking only before achieved by the  
stealing from his cash draw.  
Light has bottle of wine collapsed  
at a bottle some of the locals. Even with all  
of the language she could not  
eat all with them. Undeterred she photographed  
the head of one of the nearest of these strange  
people provided shortly she learned that they were here  
and in addition to the vast knowledge in their  
country of life she had also become an expert and self  
working.

Although normally conversing with thought was  
she had to resort to speech with this primitive  
cave, as the minds were indeed incapable of thought  
by the vast quantities of a strange solvent like  
in their blood.

After only half an hours conversation she discovered the  
caves were very upset for one of their members, a distinct

Mandolins & cymbals matched  
with thimbles. At  
the same time, the number of  
things which were still shapes  
of light blue & the number of other  
things, such as bangles with their  
own form, their valuable fuel (which for a  
moment's time had made up into something like  
a simple engine, of course) for such was beyond  
any lab in the whole universe.

Knowing they were on rope ground and very  
soon got a good laugh out of it too the caves.

their alien visitor in a search for the one just

Bethboy found him in the back of a  
caves boat pool getting a quick blow job of  
boldly he expected one of their race.

He then all entered her landing pool and floating  
about over thought she converted the control room into  
a gaily painted circus ring which she entered with  
gusto. ~~before~~

Mandie stalled for many days at her task trying  
anything she had picked up in her many centuries of  
~~life~~ economic flagellation, inter universal relief message, working  
none of them had any effect on the florid little worm  
but was grous cock.

Deciding that a rest period was necessary she led  
her and the rest of the caves into the

longing at the edge of the water

The bright sun

23. 2000m Dink bounces along - carrying

big whooping willows like straight posts

the tall stiff white dog had been dead

days in bitter darkness tried to get the

broken wooden chips under paw especially when

she'd dropped "Fuck me!" she said, paws bared

~~poor pretty~~

~~31. 7. 2007. across~~

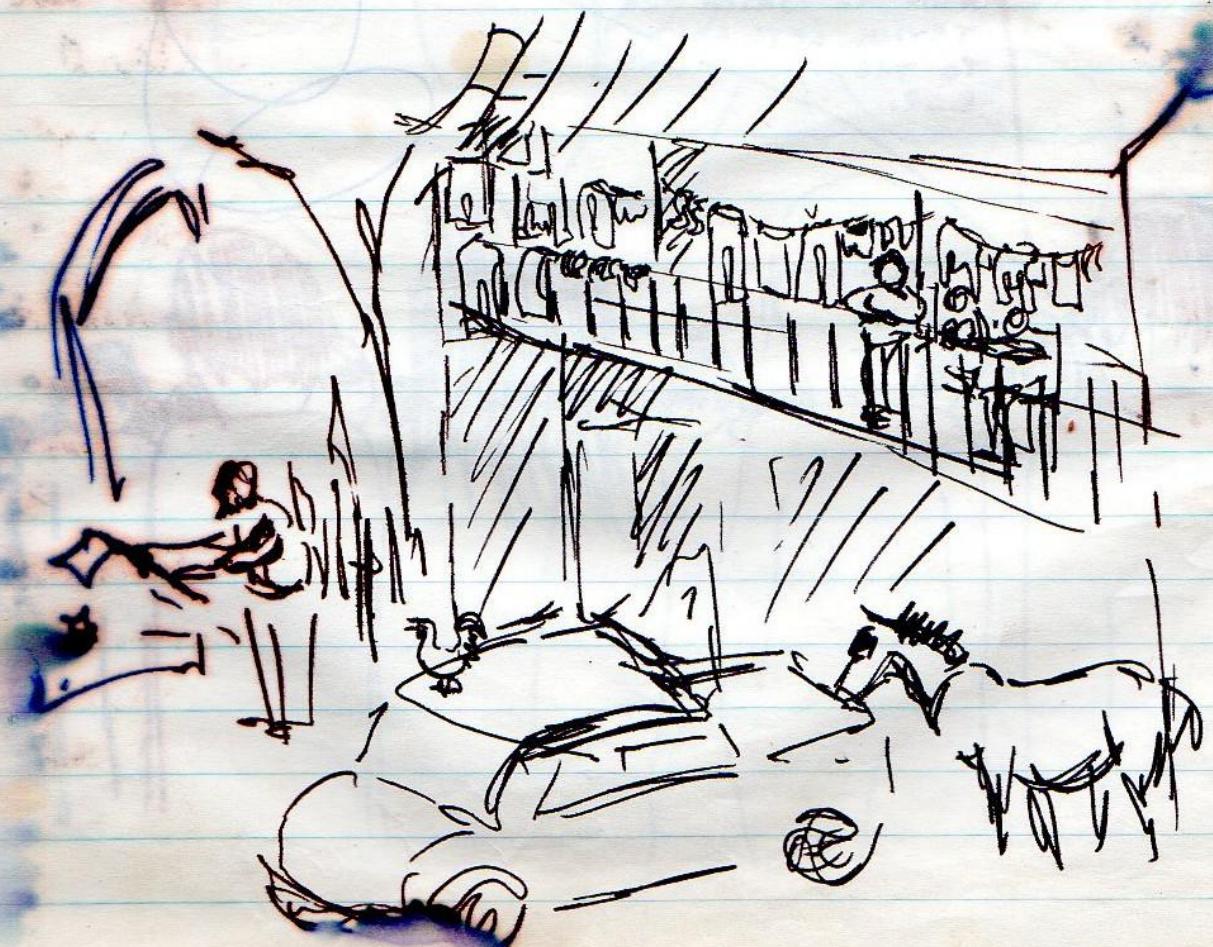


I am pulled  
into the large  
Dink's ribbed  
jumper, cut off  
jeans, who called  
I was pulling a  
scratched navy  
Sweatshirt I bent  
out longridge  
wall about  
on the floor

area Laredo.

languishing on - swinging boulders. Down  
an 8m passage with good pools and  
dry end (just after a climb over boulders)  
big calcite blockage which needs scaling.  
boulder leads to a greasy climb up into a  
passage with good formations leading to ~~greasy~~ pink  
left dry to "river". A couple of other passages  
Yours....

EL SOL



1-8-77 DCC arrived Lark told us a story in the  
Bar

about

most ordered engine as usual

then drag up it's engine - 8 "

which was like a little bird has

~~DERBYSHIRE HOVER~~

DCC

I'VE HEARD OF  
A BLOW JOB  
BUT THIS

SPECIALLY.

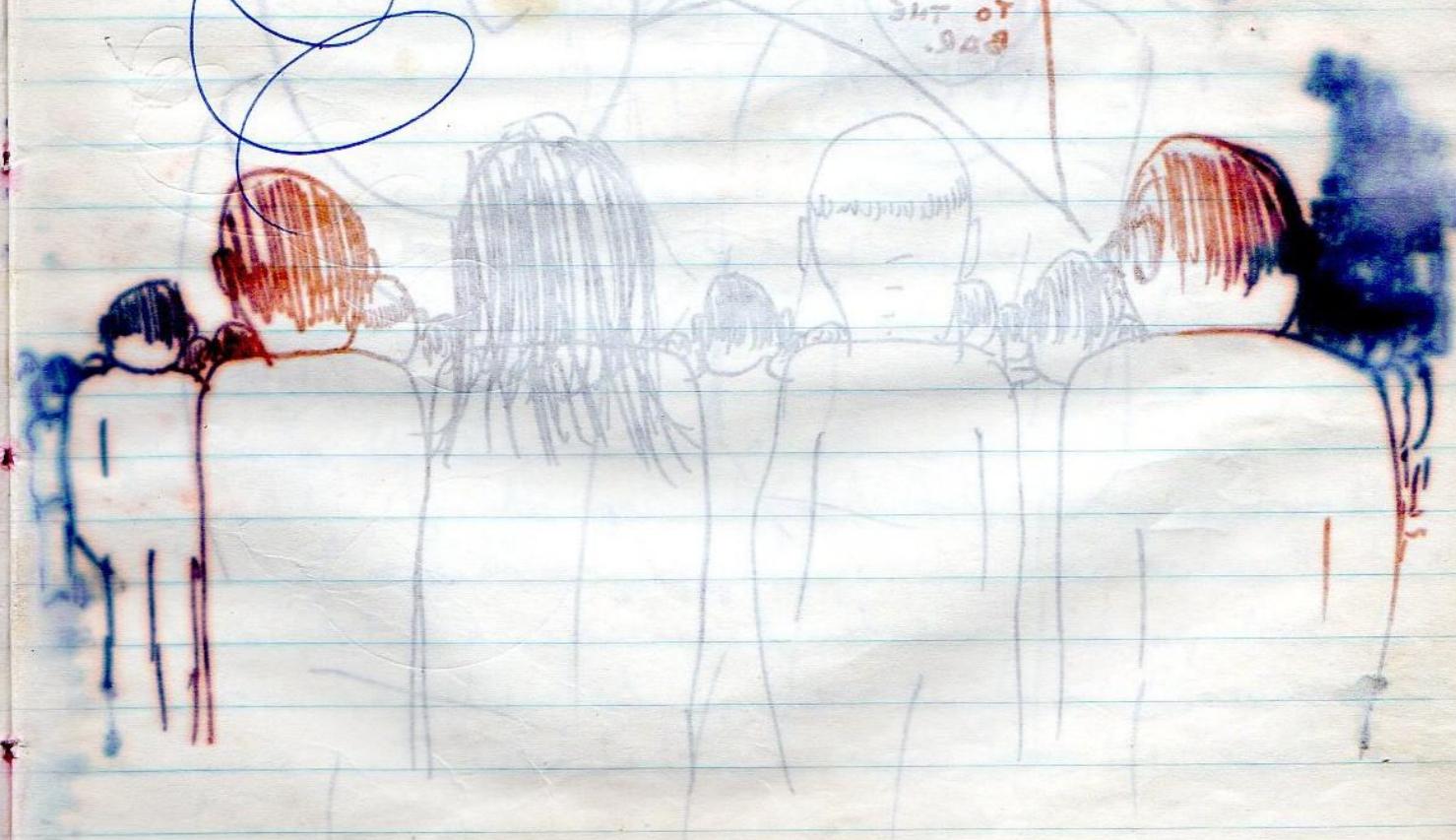
+86

JOB JE



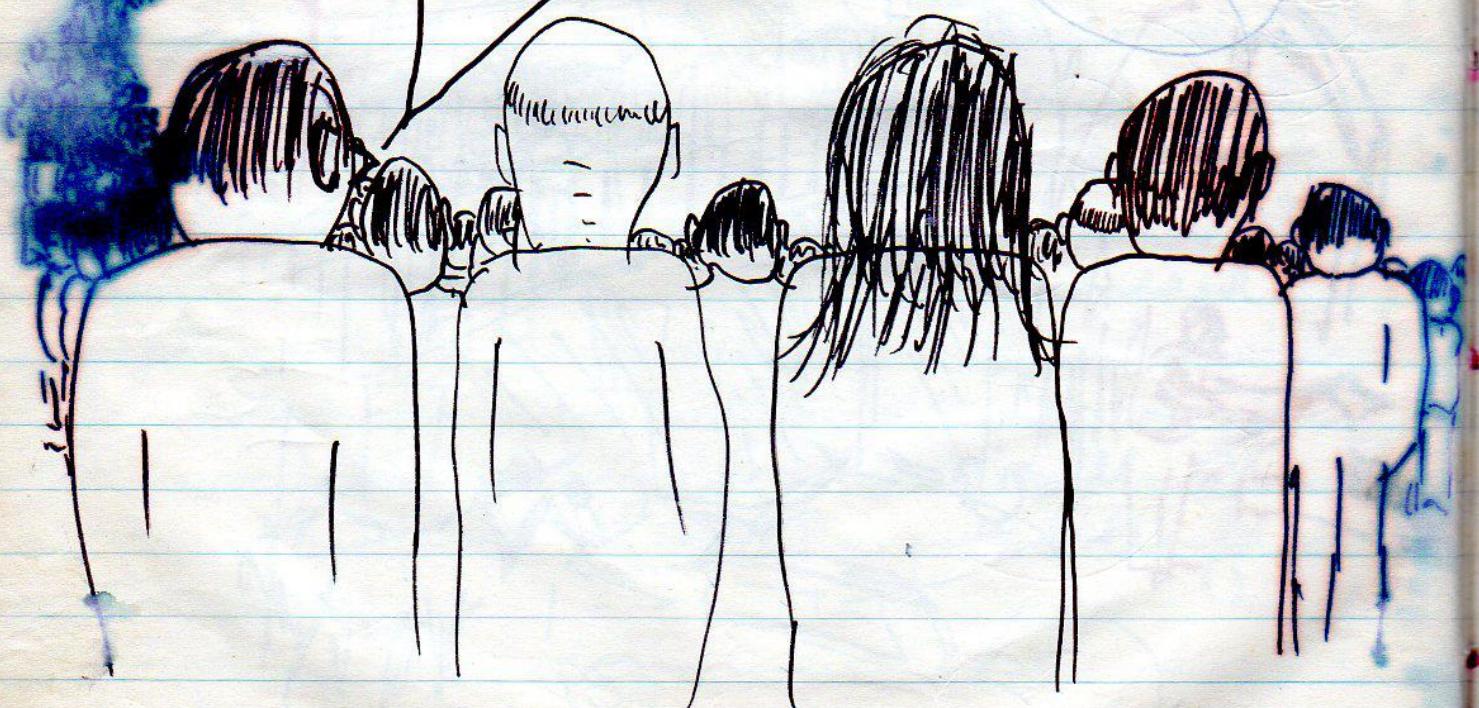
(47)

1343  
THE ART  
A GO 23336028  
THESE THOUSAND  
ARE OPEN NOW FOR  
WOMAN WITH THE NEEDS  
TODAY  
OF WHICH ARE LEARNED  
OLD JAPAN CRAFTS  
SACRED OUT OF  
AS TOTAL OF 400  
TAKING TO  
TO THE  
948



? ?

EVEN  
THE VAST  
RESOURCES OF A  
THREE THOUSAND  
YEAR OLD WELL PRESERVED  
WOMAN WITH THE WONDER  
<sup>LOGON</sup> DRUG IMPORTED FROM FAR  
OFF GALAXIES CAN'T HELP  
JUAN, BUT IT WAS  
FUN TO WATCH HER  
TRYING. LET'S GO  
TO THE  
BAR.



(49)

WE COULD  
TAKE HIM TO  
THE HIMALAYAS  
AND GIVE HIM THE  
TREATMENT IN ONE  
OF OUR MONASTERIES THERE

BUT  
PERSONALLY

I THINK  
IT'S

A  
HOPE-  
LESS  
CASE



WE COULD  
NOT KILL TO  
SAVE ALASKA  
THE KILLING  
GIVES THEM  
SOMEONE  
TO KILL  
TOMORROW



29<sup>th</sup>, 30<sup>th</sup>, 31<sup>st</sup> July.

~~Friday~~ Friday 29<sup>th</sup> July

2 JMT

Lark, Andy and Phil decided it was time to 'beat' the weather. They went walking up behind Parcadero in extremely torrential rain and found some rather big sink holes and also one draughting hole. Decided it ought to be dug immediately, came down to car & stocked up with batter and beer and returned to hole at 19.00 hrs. dug it and found nothing. Very disappointing, returned at 21.00.

Saturday 30<sup>th</sup> July

Andy, Tony, Tony F and Tim went to Oguzka and on arriving realised that Tim had taken all the keys to Secadero. So instead went walking up beyond Chestnut hole & found two very big streams sinking (ought to be looked at in dry weather). Continued walking and returned to car at Riane for beer and sticky buns.

~~Sunday~~ Sunday 31<sup>st</sup> July

Went to Oguzka again (Lark, Andy, Tony W.) with intention of ~~the~~ surveying passage in rear series. Instead found completely new passage and surveyed upstream for 500 metres and finished up new surface. Came out after 4½ hours and went to bar for more ~~one~~ beer and sticky ~~buns~~ buns.

Andy

THLS

(=)

NE

A

BLANK

PAGE

R. Adler.

ps. I've fallen off  
my bike already!

P  
H  
LIZ

2nd

Tina

below)

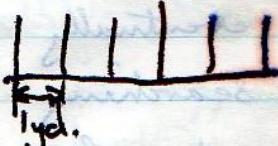
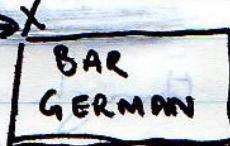
on one of his first rides, writing  
 =

large audience of Spanish locals were  
 able to ride his bike back to the camp  
 while sponsors helped him to pick it up.  
 Once yards away from bar German, Cultural  
 without incident to camp site were assistance of an  
 expert was required to restart said bike. upon

FALLING OFF POINT.

ROAD

STARTING  
POINT



Setting off again second fall was witnessed by  
 Mr. T. Waltham + young lady (much sympathetic laughter  
 noticed) Much help required in erecting tent.

③  
1<sup>st</sup> August 77

UZUEKA PUSHING TRIP?

Our earlier attempts in Uzueka had shown the low crawl to be very ~~slow~~ and so after numerous ~~congestion~~ of dry days we tried ~~against~~ ~~against~~ A team of 6, Tim, Gary, Paul, Pedro, Phil and Stacey went down ~~legally~~ at 12.30 and on reaching the ~~bottom~~, surprised, surprise it was ~~not~~ still ~~wet~~ as ever, ~~and~~ after spending  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours at digging it out we ~~managed~~ ~~to~~ squeeze through on our backs ~~with~~ enough air space for "comfort" (JOKE).

On the far side we left 2 ammo cans with food and stove in case of sumping and proceeded.

Progress was fairly slow due to large party and after an awe-inspiring visit to the Astrodome we eventually reached ~~the~~ Armageddon, after searching the way through was eventually found. On through Reincarnation to Duckham's Sump which unfortunately was dumped so no further progress was possible, we returned to Giants Causeway for ~~pitiful~~ ~~food~~ and then started out, Paul and Pedro staying to survey an inlet near green choke but ~~that~~ ~~nothing~~ us up as we spent much time adjusting carbides. Way out was plodded through, Gorilla Walk was not bad due to depth of water in passage and the low crawl was O.K. We finally exited at

0330 and awoke Juan who was sleeping in his car at Bians waiting for us. We returned for a meal and then "luxury - sleep!"

10:40 - 15 min leaves Andaluz. 10:50 - 1 hr to Tres Corazones. 11:00 - 1 hr to Aracataca. 11:30 - 1 hr to Riohacha. 12:00 - 1 hr to Barranquilla. 12:30 - 1 hr to Bogota. 13:00 - 1 hr to Medellin. 14:00 - 1 hr to Cali. 15:00 - 1 hr to Bogota. 16:00 - 1 hr to Bogota. 17:00 - 1 hr to Bogota. 18:00 - 1 hr to Bogota. 19:00 - 1 hr to Bogota. 20:00 - 1 hr to Bogota. 21:00 - 1 hr to Bogota. 22:00 - 1 hr to Bogota. 23:00 - 1 hr to Bogota. 24:00 - 1 hr to Bogota.

1st August 77 - Pete Asher.

THE TALE OF A MAN, A MOTORBIKE AND  
THE COMBINED EFFORTS OF THE BRITISH, FRENCH  
AND SPANISH RAILWAY SYSTEMS.

or

How To DRIVE YOURSELF INSANE FOR ONLY £100.

First go to the British Rail Booking Office in Blackburn. Spend 2 hours & £70 & get a ticket from London Victoria to San Sebastian return.

"How do I get my bike to San Sebastian though?"

"It's no problem," (Lie no 1) "You just go to Platform 1 at London Victoria & register it as baggage. They will see it onto the train, across Paris & down to San Sebastian."

The following is a factual unbiased account of what happened because of the above statement.

Saturday July 30<sup>th</sup> 9.00 am. Victoria Station.

First, drive round station 4 times trying to find way in.  
9.15 - weigh motorbike get ticket & go to office to book motorbike to San Sebastian.

"Sorry Mite ( Cockney for friend) we don't send baggage to San Sebastian."

Put about for £ how to book motorbike one way to Paris Nord.

10.30 Catch train to Paris Nord.

12.00 arrive at Dover & spend 1 hour queuing up weighed down with two tons of luggage just to be counted on to the boat. Very sweaty.

7.30 Arrive in Paris Nord & pick up motorbike.

Drive in opposite direction from Paris Austerlitz for 2 miles - find out mistake & turn around & go to Austerlitz. Drive like a mad man to fit in with the crazy French bostards.

8.30 - "I would like to send this motorbike to San Sebastian"

Big Block Nigger on weighing scales - "You got plenty of bread man" It cost me £20 & it wouldn't arrive until Monday.

10.40 - Train leaves Austerlitz - sleeping in passageway outside the bog door with three french women, one french man & baby & 2 suitcases & 4 rucksacks - very comfortable.

Sunday 10.30 am arrive San Sebastian & ask for directions to a hotel - address given, taxi taken & end up in block of flats - walk back across San Sebastian in midday heat, loaded with luggage, hot sweaty & go to poshest hotel £10 a night. - Marble columns in the dining room.

Next morning Monday.

The trouble starts.

San Sebastian Railway Station.

"I would like to collect this mofobike"

"Gobble, Gobble, Gobble."

Eventually an English speaking person arrives.

"You have to go to Irion to collect it."

- Come on train, go to Irion, go to baggage office

- No mofobike - no one speaking English.

- Oh shit.

Information Office.

"Do you speak English"

'Que?'

- Oh Shit.

A man comes eventually - I explain the problem.  
He tells me to come back tomorrow.

I get annoyed & shout a lot. He gets up  
& goes out of the room. I don't see him for  
20 minutes. He then tells me to try the afternoon  
train. I do & my bike is there. Organic  
relief. It doesn't last long.

Customs - Gobble, Gobble, Gobble. 5 Guards with  
sub machine guns poke them up the exhaust pipe  
up each other's arses & generally ass about.

I stand in the coffee & watch.

Suddenly, they let me go. I have had a  
like of wine & feel very relaxed. I drive to  
Matiango. I am also driving back to England & they  
can just FUCK THE RETURN TICKET.

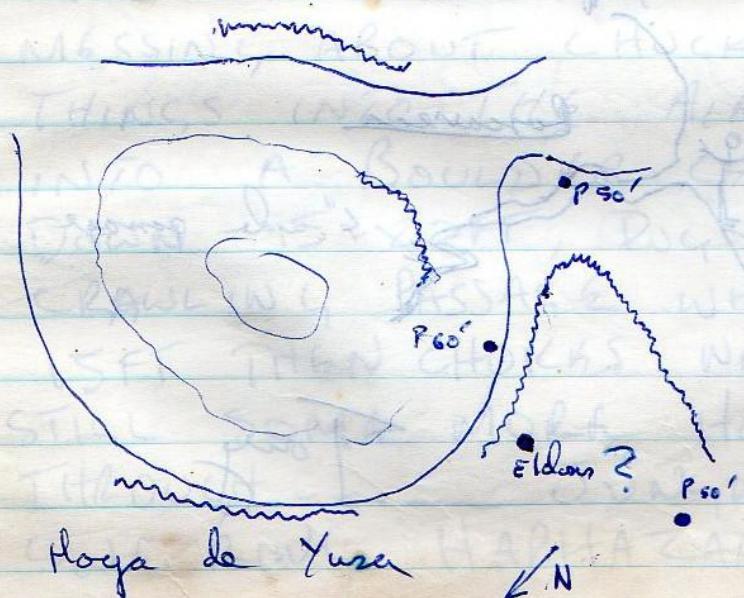
Depression Date -

3-8-77.

55-8 -

2.T

After Juan had recovered from his hangover (the wine he says) three of us were dropped off just above Llova valley. (time 1330). Alan, Steve + Tony then walked their way up on to Mueller and the intention of investigating the remains of the shafts pointed out by Juan Carlos. The first site investigated - a large debris - contained a small shaft (15'). The next area, following the Hoya de Yusa contained a number of small shafts, about 50' deep and the Eldor shaft. Most of these clearly choked, but one looked as though it might have a bit of passage going off. Down west steep on a lot of rope, but passage proved to choke (no draught). After dengaging, headed down Mueller to Matiego via the steep route. Met the inevitable locals who knew of the inevitable shafts (muy profundo? - ici!, ici!).



4-8-77

Matreazo Ranch

J.C., Sty and Dan + Me decided to  
wend our way up sel de subo to visit a variety  
of dig. Stopped at Cueva del Agua and went  
up hill to find Rascavieca. Hill rather steep  
and Sty let a ladder roll down, which fortunately  
caught on a tree before it had gone far. A  
short time after, Tony was photographing the view,  
J.C.'s full water container sitting beside him when  
it decided to take a stroll. All the way back  
down to bottom of the hill. Great! however, we  
went into cave to dig draughts choke and after much  
graveling, a rift appeared and dropped into a  
small 4' long by 2' wide chamber. Nobody was  
able to get in at this stage due to a flake  
in the way, so we exited and went to the bar  
to visit Trish, our sheepress.



Rascavieca

4" wide passage

water  
container

Tony

(6)

5-8-77

Tony mucho amaraw.

5-8-77

AFTER FOUR DAYS OF MOOTING ABOUT DOWNS  
SUGAR ALL, SO FAR 3 DAYS BEACHING  
4 DAYS PUKING, ONE DOES SEEM TOO  
AKT CARRIED AWAY WITHONESSELF  
IN THIS GODFORSAKEN HOLE

DAY ONE - BEACH

DAY TWO - BEACH

DAY THREE - WENT TRAMPING THROUGH THAT  
BLOODY JUNGLE ON THAT BLOODY HILL  
UP TOO THE NECK IN BLOODY BRAMBLES  
AND BLOODY GORSE

FOUND ~~two~~ TWO DRAFTING HORSES

ONE NEEDS DIGGING, ONE AFTER MUCH  
MESSING ABOUT CHUCKING BOULDERS AND  
THINGS INTO THE AIR, FINALLY BROKE  
INTO A BOULDER CHOKED SINK. CLIMB  
DOWN 15-20FT, DOG UNDER BOULDER INTO  
CRAWLING PASSAGE WHICH GOES ON FOR  
15FT THEN CHOICKS NEEDS DIGGING.

STILL SOME WORK HORRENDOUS THRASHING  
THROUGH JUNGLE, WE GIVEN UP  
SWF RING. HAPHAZARDLY FOUND A BOT

/ ~~sealing~~ - me.

(1)

BASIC WENT TOO INVESTIGATE, FINDING IT  
A DOUBLE SHAFTED POT, ONE CHOKED AT  
THE BASE, THE OTHER STILL APPEARS  
TO BE GOING, WITH NOT HAVING ENOUGH  
TACKLE TO ATTEMPT CLOSER INSPECTION.  
THIS POT HENCE KNOWN AS TORCA DOBLE.

6/8/77 D.C.G.

DAY THREE, BEACH  
AND A BIT OF CAVING IN QUAVIA?  
BIRANGA, PUSHED TOO 250FT APPROX  
ENDING IN A CHAMBER WITH A LARGE  
UNSTABLE CHOC (ANY VOLUNTEERS), STILL  
GOING, & THIS ARTICLE ENDS WITH NORM  
DEFINITELY ANNOYING PEOPLE,

3/  
10

(63)

## FFF Gumballs

After a long time ago, we took a trip to the mall. We went to the mall to buy some things. We stopped at the mall to buy some things. We stopped at the mall to buy some things.

→ CONT'D ON BACK PAGE

DON'T WRITE UPSIDE DOWN; MERRI

2nd 2 PPS

Do Not Use This  
Buy of Paper Etc.

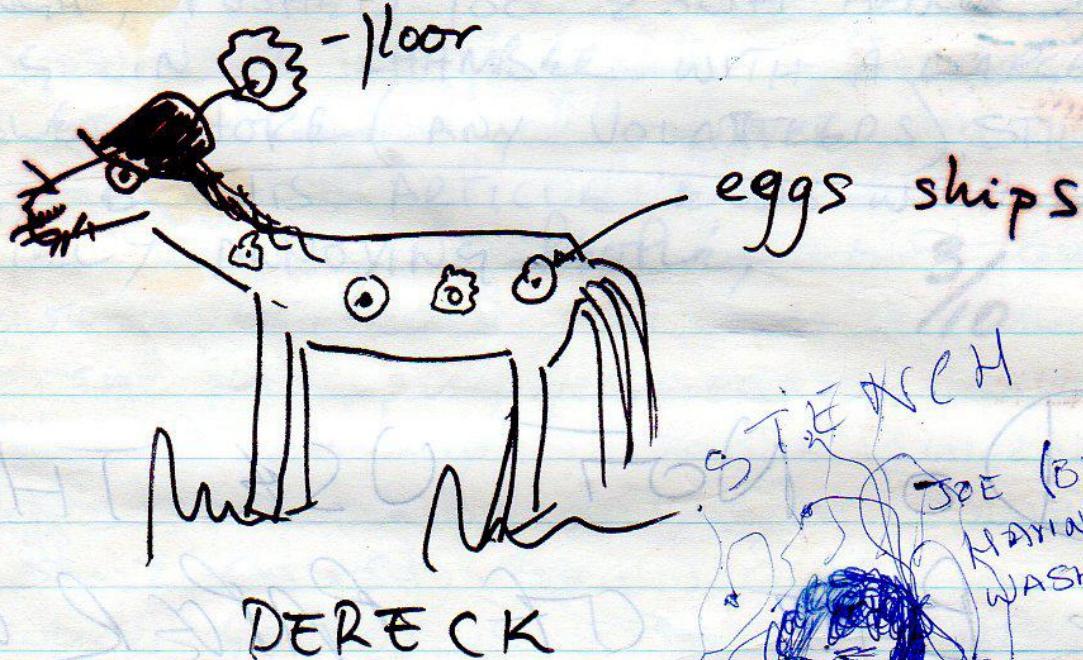
STEVE

②  
1977 Champion Climber

After a pleasant game of cricket (a small party of experts thought about sun opposite the bar. They set out at 1.30, again friendly at 3.30.

CONT'D ON 3RD PAGE ON →

DERBCK. He is a person stupid. VERY WELL!



~~NEAR TUSA I~~

~~GUSANO~~

~~GOOD DAY~~

~~FOR A SLOW DAY IT'S THAT TUSA I~~

JOHN



STEVE

I PAINT VERY

ONCE UPON

# GOOD!

I WANT THAT ALL THE WORLD TO

GOOD.

FOR

AND FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

WHY THE PEOPLE DON'T LOVE THE GODS?

WHY THE PEOPLE IS STUPID?

THE PEOPLE THINK VERY INTELLIGENT.

COSID.

SMALL THING.

W

CONT'D

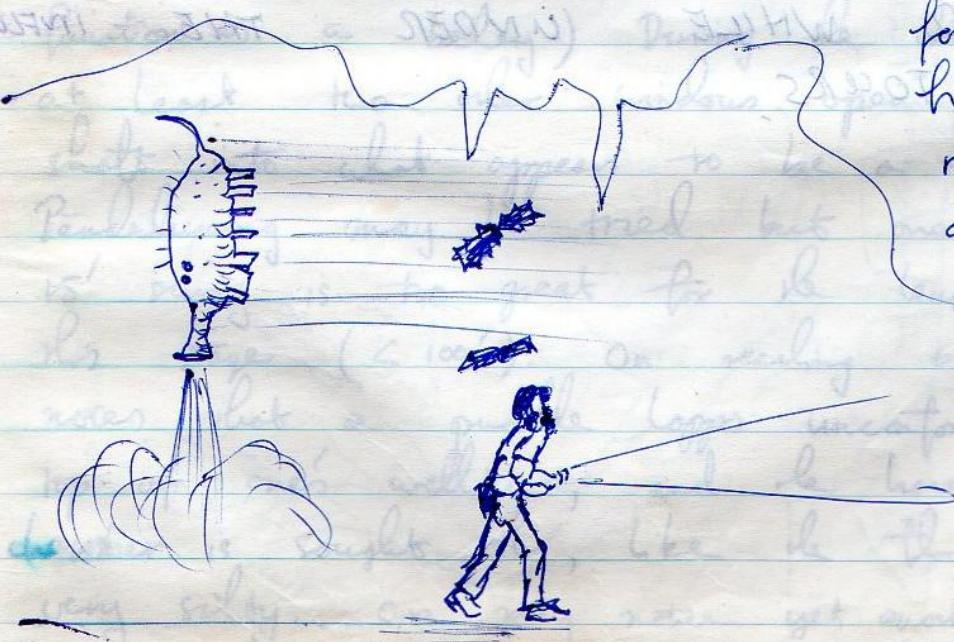
(6)

As you may have noticed the people who didn't make it remained in the bar.

Good radio contact was maintained for most of the trek. Several entrances were encountered and avoided, Joe however decided to do his own thing and discover Megaphone cave.

Megaphone cave is situated opposite the bar about half way up the hillside, below a scar of about 10m height behind a triangular piece of grass slope. An entrance on a joint leads into a low chamber with a floor containing goat shit and a roof covered mainly with moon milk and containing many fossil stal. At least two bats were flying around. The low chamber was about 10m wide and extended back about 15 m, rising up a fossil stal slope into a higher chamber with fossil goats. No further extension was noticed, and no draught, either.

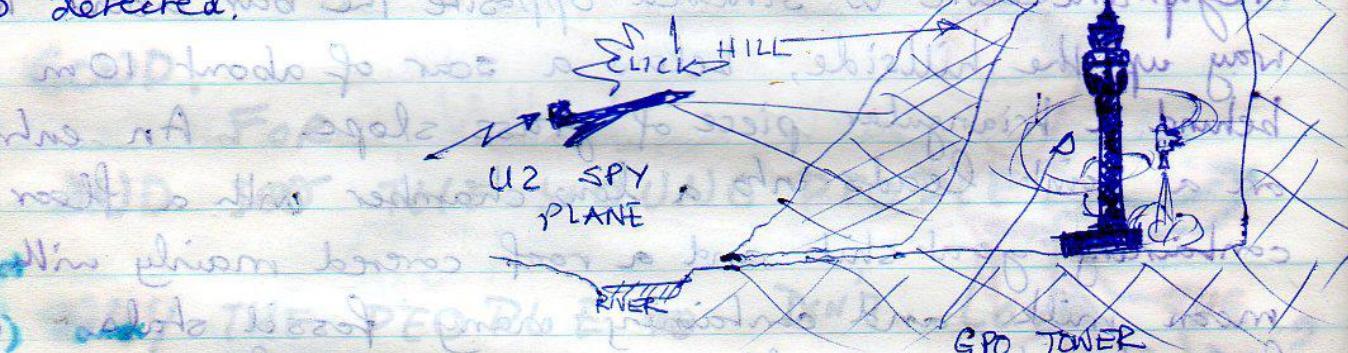
The cave really would be of no interest whatsoever, if it were not for the fact that it appears



4 TWO

not to have been discovered before.

Further down the hillside, by the bank at the river side, a trail of silt lead our attention to a rift-like entrance which dropped into a descending tube to water, at river level. A flake prevented further progress. This is obviously active in wet weather, but it is not clear whether the cave is a sink or a resurgence. No draught was detected, and all signs below were normal.



THE WORM WOULD LIKE TO APOLOGISE  
FOR ANY ANNOYANCE THAT HE MIGHT  
HAVE CAUSED WHILE UNDER THE INFLUENCE  
OF ALCO TOOLS.

on his position

ent settle the tools

blow filter over

tank in for it

if, break tools

not damage it

to it tool ent

envelope to

SMALL THINGS

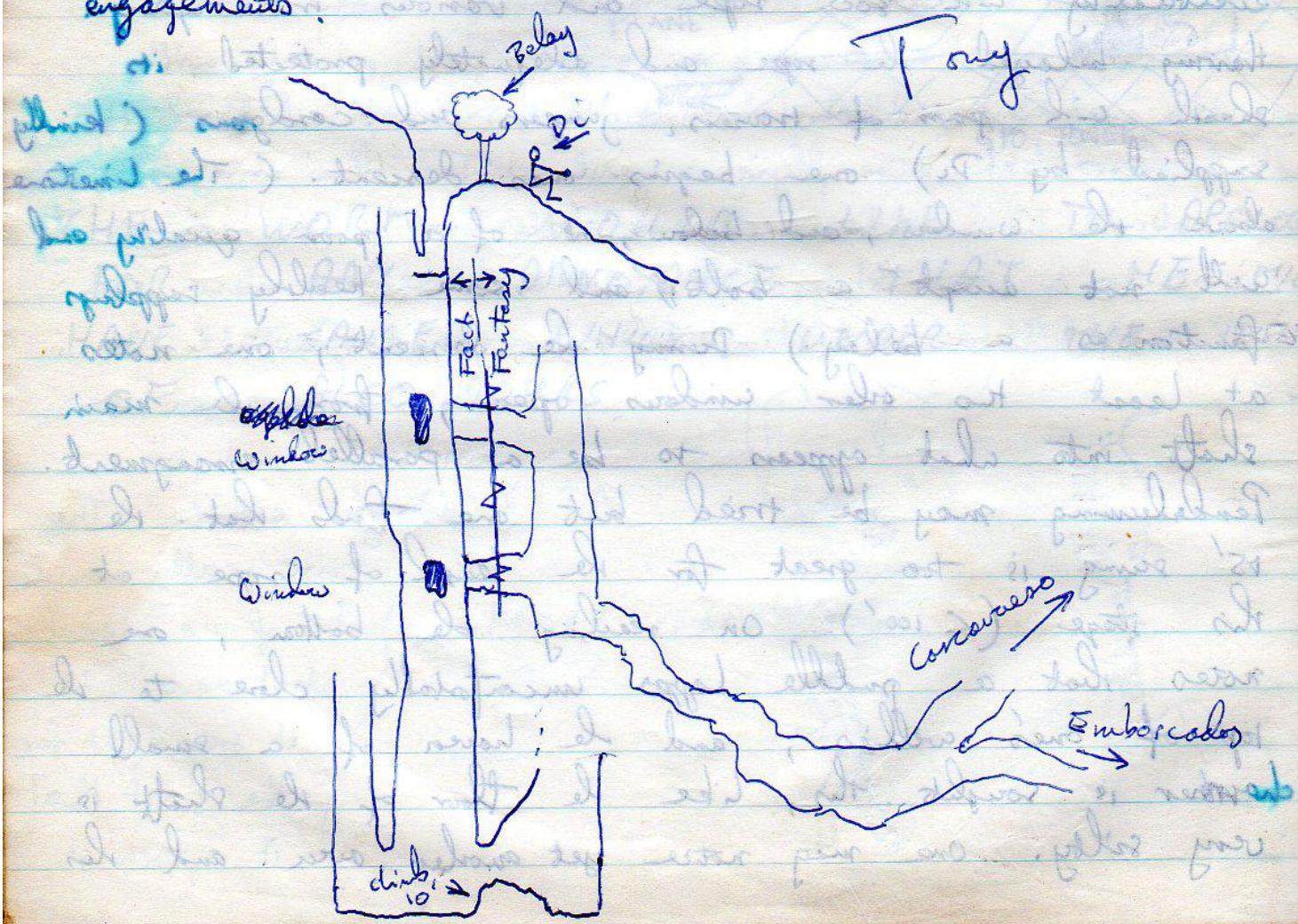


6-8-77 — Depression Date. — Revisit to  
Sierra de Rocabado. (Dint Tony)

If one walks one's way up through the Mushroom field past Cercaneros sink, and ambles through a small copse into yet another field, and if one now bears left and allows one's attention to be diverted by a small limestone scar, the chances are that one will fall down the first 20' of Rocabado.

Picking oneself up from the boulders, one might be grateful that one came prepared for just such an eventuality with 600' rope and various ironmongery. Having belayed the rope and adequately protected its sheath with pairs of trousers, jumpers and cordgrous (kindly supplied by Di) one begins one's descent. (The limestone above the window, and below, is of a poor quality and will not accept a bolt, and some healthy supplies once function as a belay.) During the descent, one notes at least two other windows opening from the main shaft into what appears to be a parallel arrangement. Pendulumming may be tried but one finds that the 15' swing is too great for the length of rope at this stage (< 100'). On reaching the bottom, one notes that a puddle lies uncomfortably close to the top of one's wellies, and the haven of a small chamber is sought. This, like the floor of the shaft is very silty. One may notice yet another oven and this

is exhausted after climbing 10' up one wall. However, after climbing down some flakes, one becomes aware of the fact that this goes nowhere, more salt being met. One now begins to orient, taking care not to leave ones rock at the bottom as this can result in inconvenience and delay. After again vainly attempting to reach the undersea part way down the shaft, one reaches the surface and details. It is well if one takes a watch on such trips, just by doing so, one avoids arriving late for dinner engagements.



7/2/17. In ~~the~~ <sup>in</sup> RASCAVETA  
and a <sup>small</sup> ~~large~~ tree.

80 CULLAS may PROXIMA DE CAMPO  
DE VELAS. — OTHERWISE DEATH  
WILL A THOUSAND CUTS.

For INTRODUCTION SEE TENTATIVE  
SCRIBBINGS OF SOME DAYS AGO.

ANDREW & T.C. set out to drive their  
way into the Cindy extension. However  
as the experience was akin to lying  
inside a Fankie's folding chair  
whilst trying to wield a 2 lb. camp-  
hammer it was decided that T.C.  
insane ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> lying on the floor, leaning  
back down through a firebrick hole  
defeated. (On the day before). Nevertheless  
he ~~so~~ <sup>did</sup> succeed.

By T.C. (could by same).  
Imagine his dismay when the passage below  
subdivided into three tho' of which choked  
& the 3rd. degenerated into a horrid  
bonfire chamber. The draught came out of  
the bonfires in the roof - no go.  
But this is not the end of the story.  
T.C. could not get out! Would our hero perish?  
See next pages.

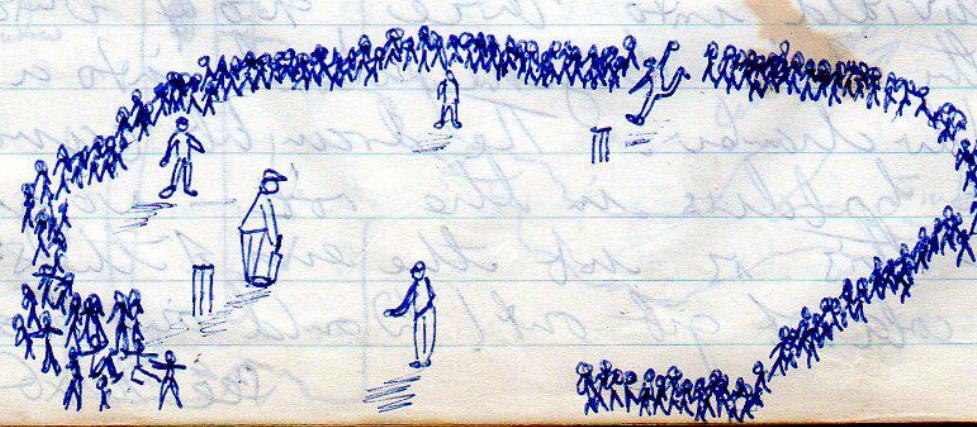
$$\int \frac{1}{\text{Cabin}} d\text{Cabin}$$

$$= \log \text{Cabin} + C.$$

$$= \text{Houseboat. } X - \text{see me}$$



Today we played cricket, football, rugby and passbola with the locals. The gentle art of cricket especially, had a taming influence on the natives who quit head hunting for a while and gathered round to watch. Two even took part, but most seemed unable to grasp the object of the game and amused themselves by scrabbling for the occasional stray ball. Then we went in for tea, they



(B)

reverted to their usual barbarous ways, playing football is a side so two of us stayed behind and joined in. Thoroughly defeated as we began playing with wooden ball (from posthole), which had previously functioned as a goal post. As most of natives were small and undernourished looking, they could not cope. (caused a stir when we invented rugby as well). Then proceeded to passabola, where if showing power is out to go by, we won.

Troy

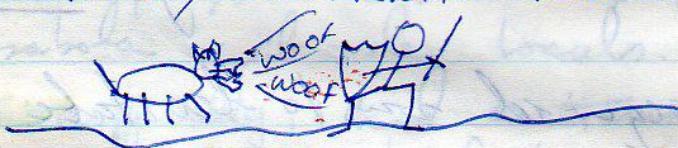
J.C. stuck in Rascavieja. cold

All that was required was to levitate up on 2 meter tube full of back-ward pointing pointed concretions plus at the top from 3 right angles in 3 diff. planes. — The first attempts reduced the bore explorer to a gasping half naked jelly. Having effected a shot of transplant with Andy who all this time has been presiding over the demise of his stinky or too fried again & again. Finally he succeeded by virtue of

Super-human physical strength and ferocious  
fear. The explorers staggered out &  
tumbled down the hill to Las Nieves.

6/8/77. BLOWING JOB CAVE

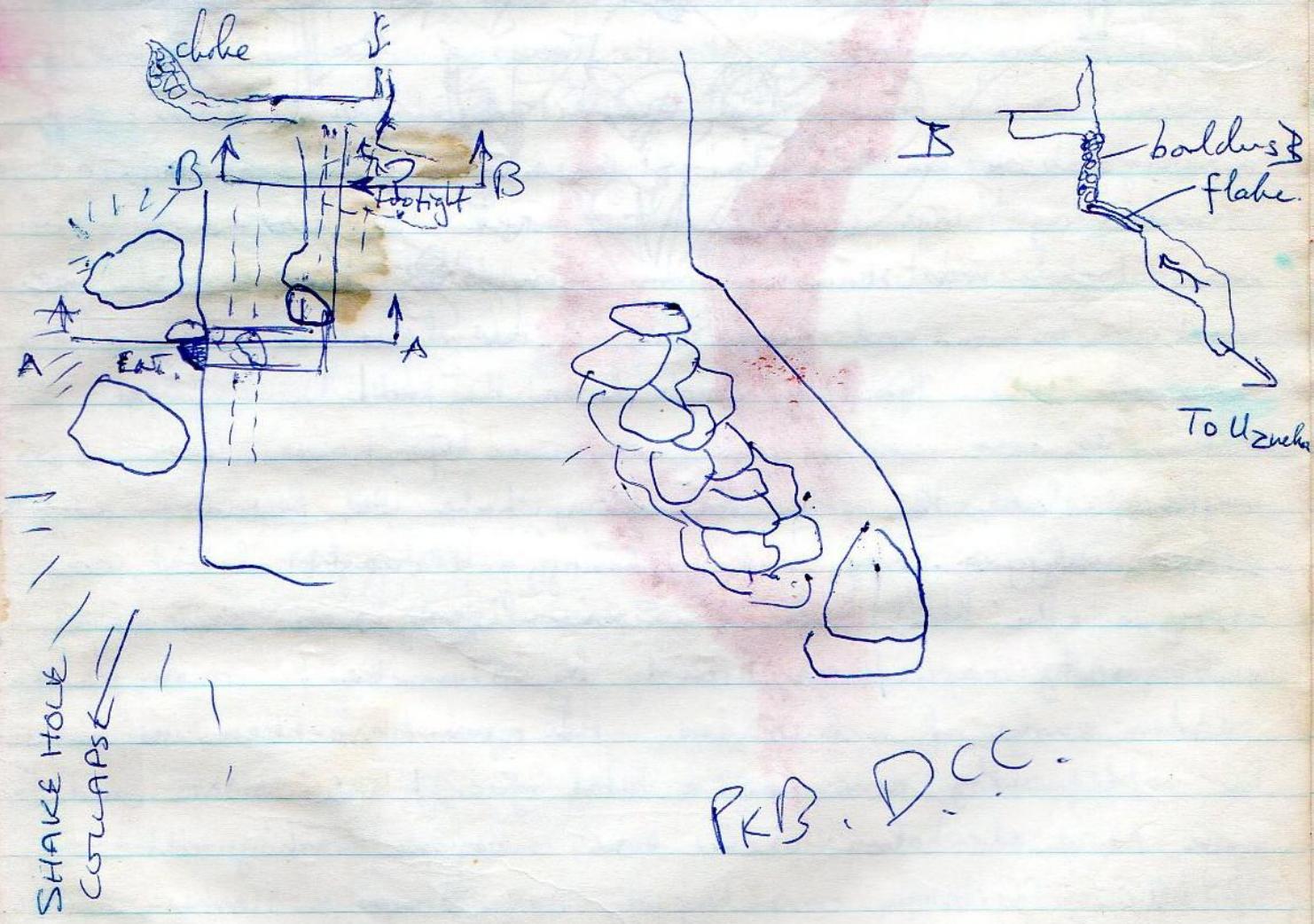
ACCOMPANIED BY J.C. AND A TEAM OF  
HIGHLY TRAINED JUNGLE SHERRPAS, WE FOLLOWED  
A PATH, BYPASSING THE RABID ALSATION WHICH  
LATER BROKE LOOSE, WHICH MADE ANDY  
BEGAT A HASTY RETREAT TOO THE CAMP SITE



UPON DESCENDING INTO THE CAVE WITH  
MUCH STRUGGLING YOU FIND YOURSELF IN THE  
MIDST OF A SHAKEHOLE CHOKE, STANDING ON  
A BOULDER THE TYPE THAT DEFIES GRAVITY  
THIS IS A CLIMB DOWN FOR 15 FT, EXIT  
LEFT UNDER BOULDER WHICH FOR LARGISH  
PEOPLE WOULD MAKE AN AWKWARD SQUEEZE  
FLAT CRAWL FOR TEN FEET, HERE J.C.  
BEGAN TO BREAK THROUGH GIVING THE ROOF  
A SHAMPOO AND SHAVE WITH HIS PRISER

(75)

He BROKE THROUGH AND ENTERED A CROSS RIFT  
 A CLIMB DOWN 5FT INTO ANOTHER CROSS RIFT  
 WAY ON IS DOWN BUT UNFORTUNATELY IT IS  
 BLOCKED BY A LARGE SLAB ABOUT 5FT ACROSS  
 WHICH IS HELD UP BY LOOSE RUMBLE TYPE  
 STONES. A SHAFT CAN BE SEEN WITH WHAT APPEARS  
 TO BE A PASSAGE GOING OFF?





(7)

# SONGTEA BASI!

22 NOVEMBER 1962  
SECA Day Report A : VAC

Today gathered information from (Bambu) business  
circle. (1) Kedah - 20 P. public meet  
show pub. bazaar by new plan. (2) Hollywood exhibition  
on radio and television and go back to singfest of  
new year. (3) Kedah - 20 P. public meet  
and speech. (4) Kedah - 20 P. exhibition and 20 P. public  
it. (5) Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (6) Kedah - 20 P. public  
only about 100000 people. (7) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.  
Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (8) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.  
Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (9) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.  
Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (10) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.  
Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (11) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.  
Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (12) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.  
Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (13) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.  
Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (14) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.  
Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (15) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.  
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Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (17) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.  
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Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (20) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.  
Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (21) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.  
Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (22) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.  
Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (23) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.  
Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (24) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.  
Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (25) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.  
Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (26) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.  
Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (27) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.  
Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (28) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.  
Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (29) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.  
Kedah - 20 P. public meet. (30) Kedah - 20 P. public meet.

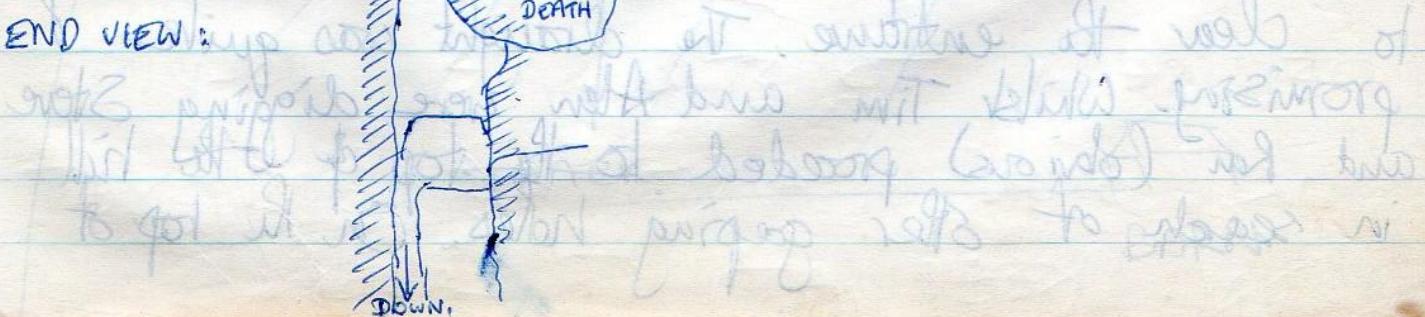
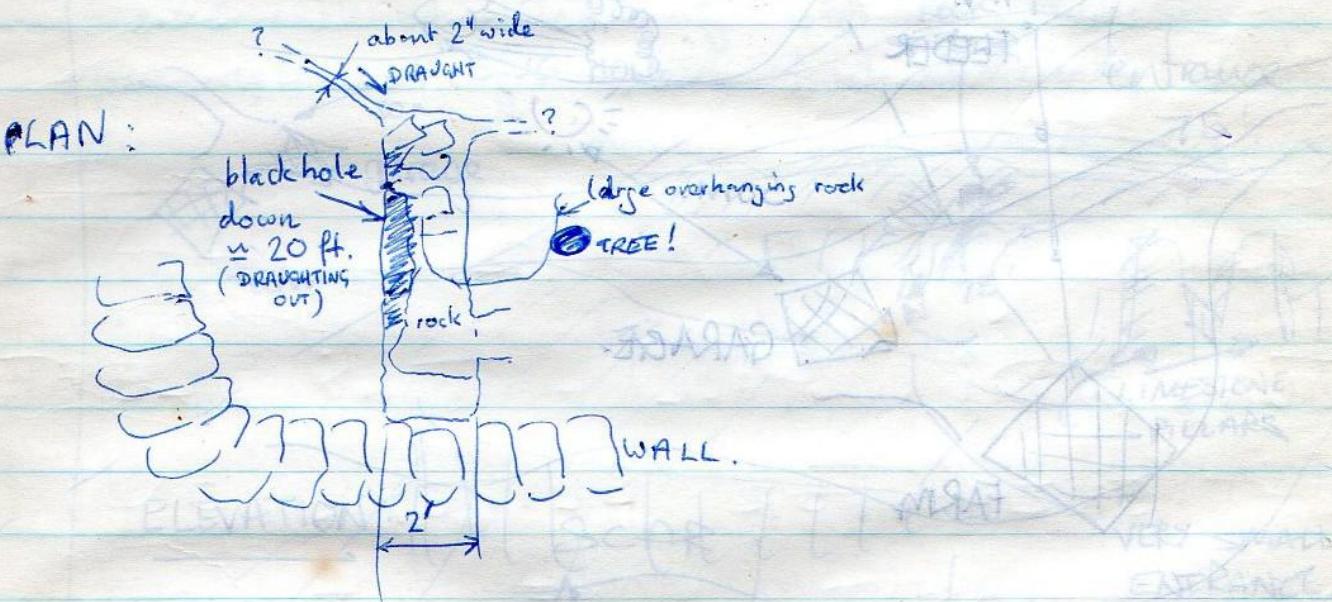
## DRAUGHTING 'OLES

7<sup>th</sup> - 8<sup>th</sup> August.

DAY 1: A BSC team of Worm, Steve, Slasher and Joe (I'll Technical Adviser) went to investigate the draughting holes found by DCC & JC <sup>(Below Tab Cave)</sup> previously above Cueva Seta. The loose draughting shaft was found and descended by Worm to the point where the way on is blocked by a boulder. Entry to the shaft was found difficult by Slasher and Steve although Steve did manage to descend the shaft though not without much shitting up at its looseness — not without reason, as the boulder the ladder was belayed to was rocking about on the edge of the shaft! Worm, meanwhile, was finding things equally loose at the boulder — as fast as material was removed from around it, more fell down from above — and eventually it was decided to abort the mission. On the way back down the hillside, a few shakeholes were investigated, and more by chance than anything else, the other draughting hole was found — a hole mainly in clay but emitting a draught almost as strong as the first hole. Some digging was carried out subsequently carried on bravely by Steve on his own, in a sudden surge of enthusiasm. He must have been unwell as he subsequently consumed a total of 4 KAS LIMONS and no more — no alcohol — in the bar, before crashing out.

DAY 2: A team consisting of Joe, Steve & Slasher, full of renewed enthusiasm, resisted the lure of the beach and trudged up the track in the midday heat. Better equipped

This time, in the space of three hours, a lot of clay and a lot of boulders were moved, without a vast amount of effort, as the digging was in a surface hole. What ~~is~~ is now visible is a rift some two feet wide with scalloped sides, with an infill of clay and large chunks of limestone emitting a strong draught, with at the end another rift, or possibly two, leading off. The draught is really strong but there is no certainty that if the rift is dug further that it will open out into passages large enough to get through — only trying it will tell. Certainly it is in the right place!

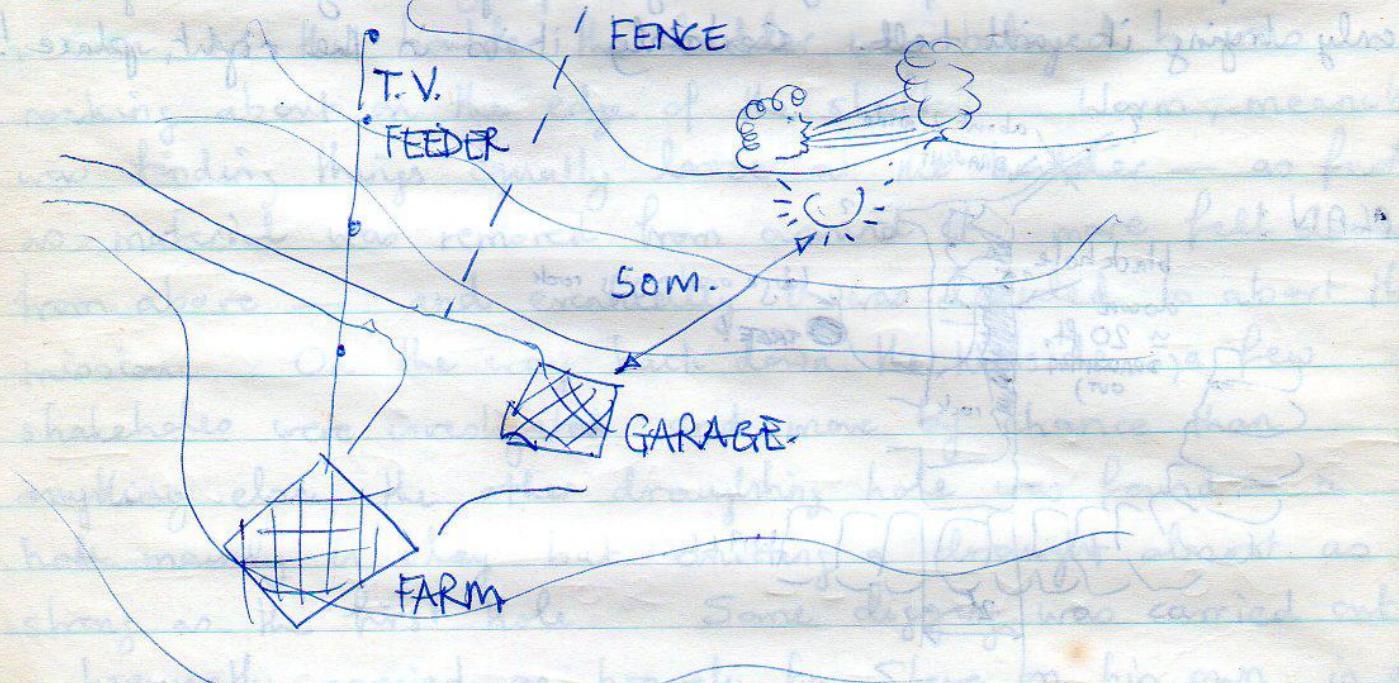


# THE 7 CAVES OF SELDO SUITO. 7 AUGUST.

JOINT BSC - ALCHO TOURS - PUSS TRIP.

Members :- Steve, obvious, Alan, Tim.

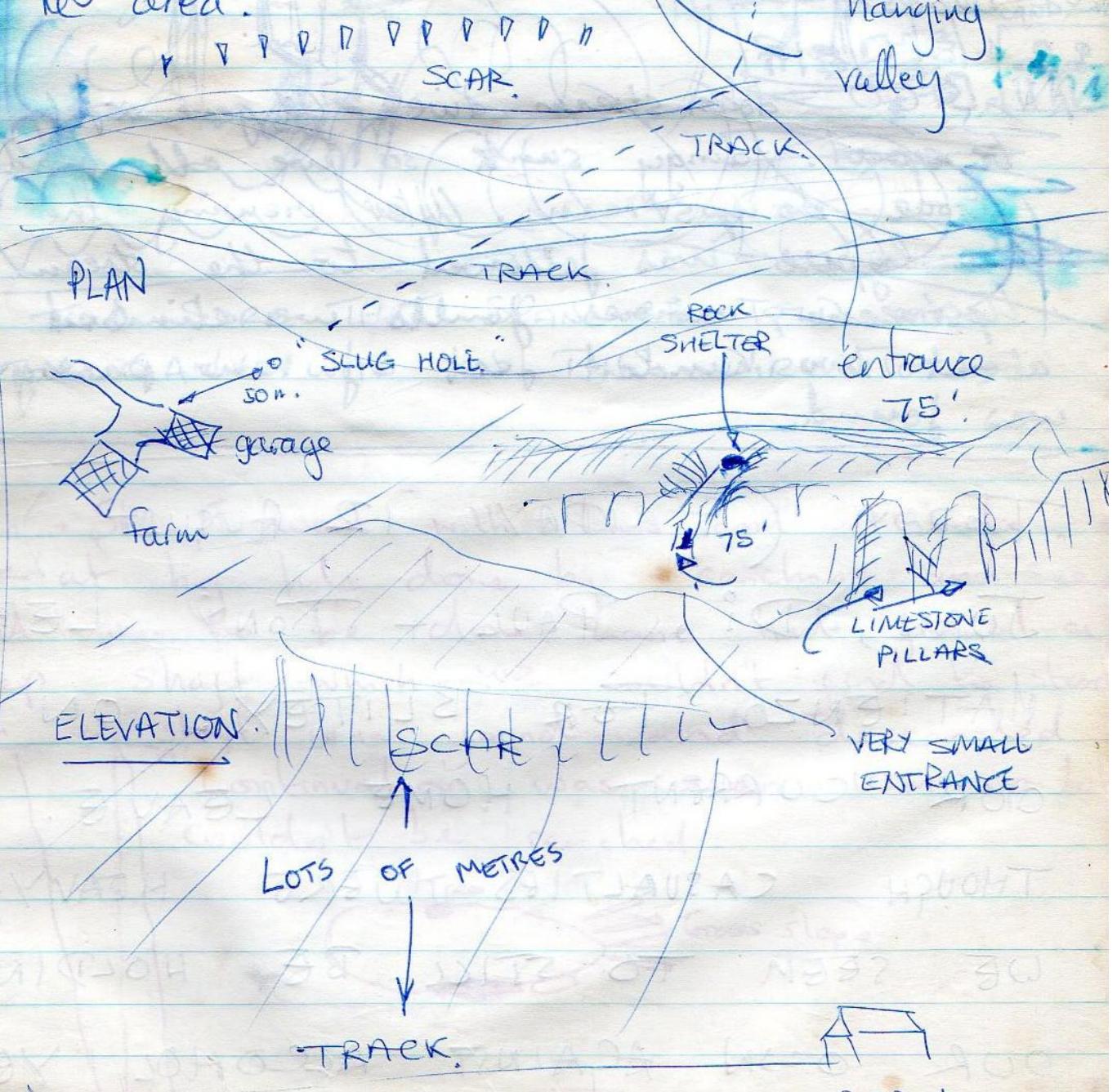
A gallant team of bar experts set off to do the 90M pitch in Codisera. Eventually they found ~~the~~ the correct track up the hill but, upon leaving the Land Rover a draughting hole was encountered.



A return trip avec les crow-bar will be required to clear the entrance. The draught was quite promising. Whilst Tim and Alan were digging Steve and Ron (obvious) proceeded to the top of the hill in search of other gaping holes. On the top of

(81)

The hill two promising entrances were encountered, one of which was approx 75 feet. Several other potential digs were deserved, but it required a major expedition to unearth the full potential of the area.



STEVEN Ian Hopley. Roles OK

9<sup>th</sup> AUGUST.

Rh BIGO downstream dive. All gear safely down to spool. dingy sunk so we all gladly strode upstream. After viewing the lake. the bypass was followed to the stream way. Upstream, various joints we climbed and about two hundred feet of new passage was found.

TODAY (FRIDAY 12 AUGUST)

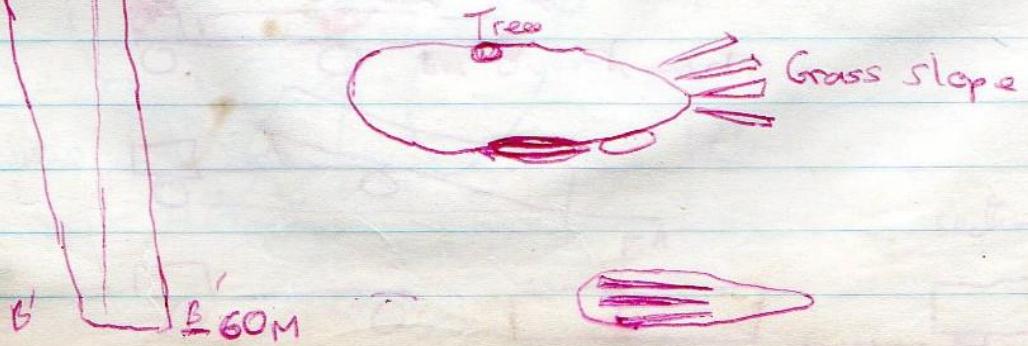
JUAN, Di, PAUL + TONY LEFT  
MATIENZO FOR BLITBY ON  
OUR CURRENT HOME LEAVE.

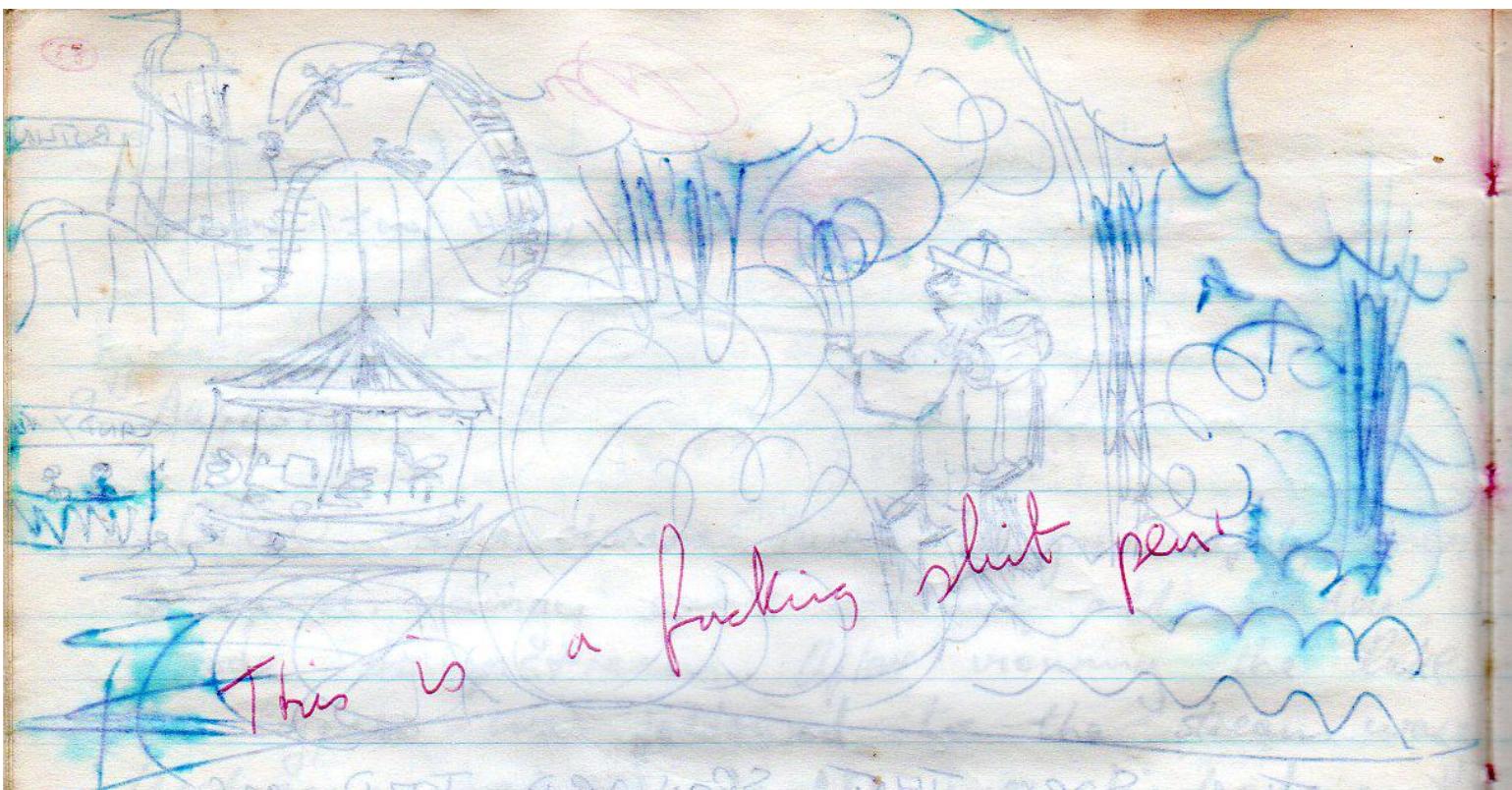
THOUGH CASUALTIES WERE HEAVY,  
WE SEEM TO STILL BE HOLDING  
OUR OWN AGAINST ALCOHOL YET  
AGAIN. KEEP AT IT LADS.



I'M SURE THAT SPANIARD TOLD ME  
THE CAKE WAS IN THIS DIRECTION.

Alan + Steve F went with Lane and JC to look at big hole done by Frenchies and see what was to be done. Lane had found a deep shaft which we couldn't find to start with a shaft was found and descended. Continuation was seen 10m up but couldn't be reached





AND GROW AS LARGE THAT YOU MIGHT  
MIGRATE WITH THE CLOUDS AND SHIT

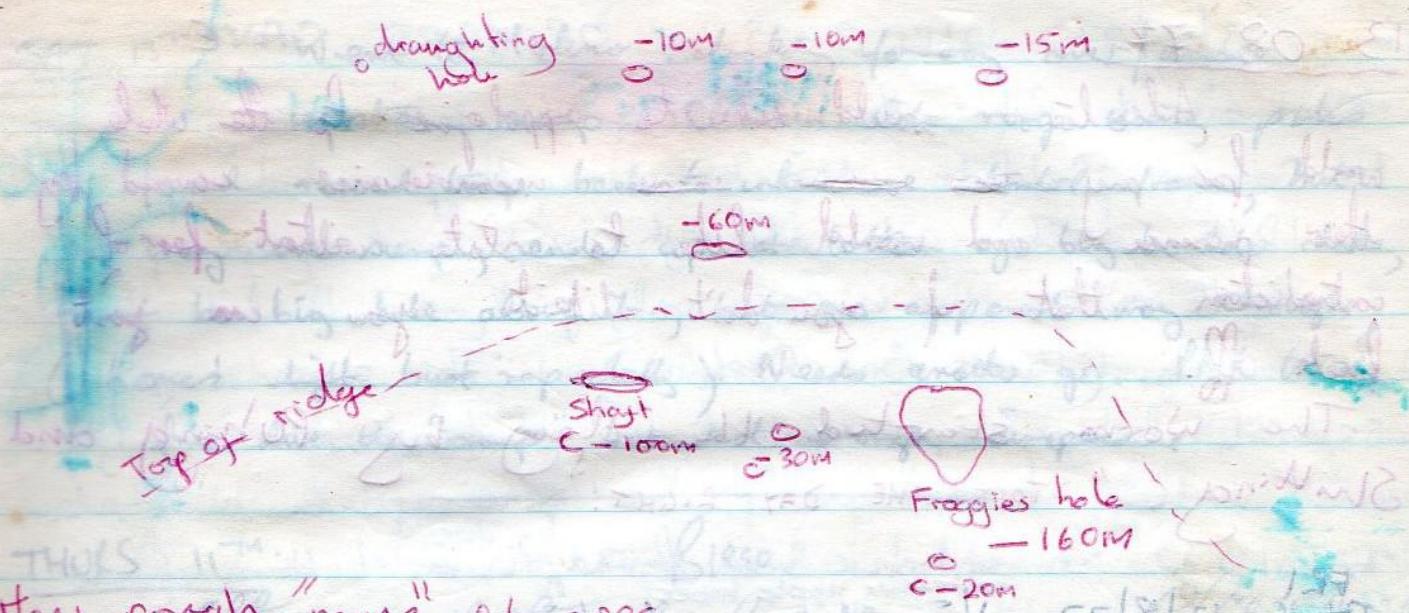
of the low sun. How shall I write it? A  
big long sentence and not stop. The fool  
is here. And now back to the cow teeth  
note of being tributes. See this type of  
behavior from many now. How  
did you not notice this? (continued)  
behavior of tributes

Sept 2 2002



Modell 8

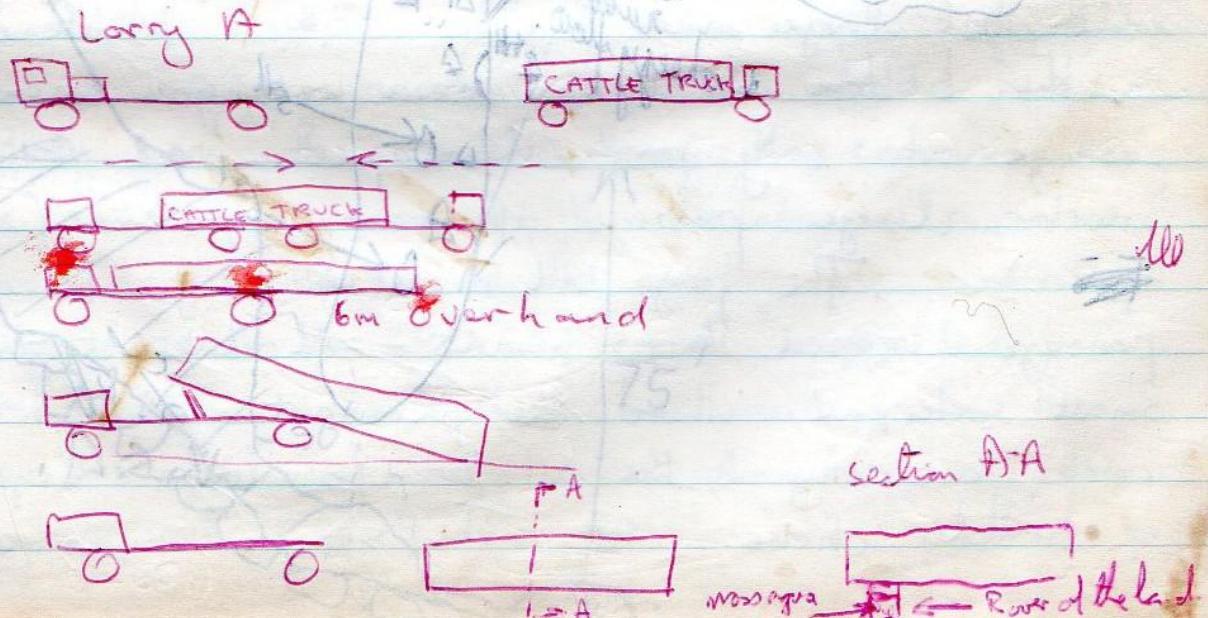
## Woods



Very rough "map" of area

Tackle has been left

Alco tours went to get some water  
and returned from Remaches 8 hrs later  
we also went to Sel de Soto and watch  
the Spanish at work



2 books

13 08 77

Also known would like to apologize to the whole world for any ~~no~~ ~~now~~ inconvenience caused by their presence and would like to state without fear of contradiction that if you don't like it you can just fuck off.

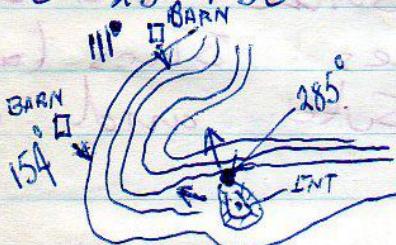
The worm started the day by Puking and Shitting. "START THE DAY RIGHT!"

FRI 12/8/77 Vino date. Looking at draughty holes.

One big enough to get into (all choked) see plan(?) odd 15' at entrance. 4<sup>th</sup> shaft has small stream & draught.

1<sup>st</sup> shaft 65' 2<sup>nd</sup> 70' 3<sup>rd</sup> 75' 4<sup>th</sup> 80' 5<sup>th</sup> 65' + 10'

6<sup>th</sup> 25' + 50'



ENT

false  
floor  
cemented  
rubble  
rushy hole  
& sheepy hole

CAVE OF 6 SHAFTS

CUANT. DE SEIS POZOS

down and up

Y.O.H. class.

V.S.A.

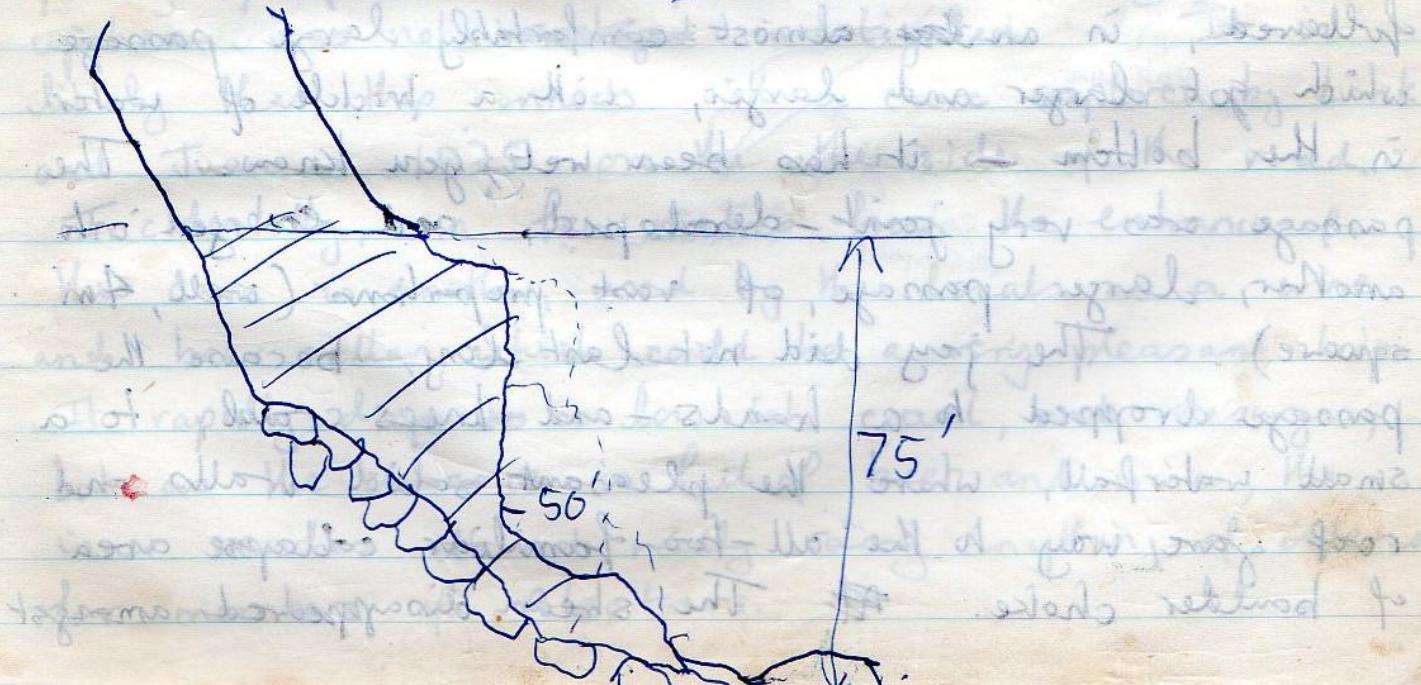
A-A section



SAT. 13<sup>th</sup> Went to Molino looking for way over/under upstream sump. Climbed into river using poles + local round trip back to where we started from, but no way over sump, ended up at bottom of big boulder choke, must be big hole above it, but no apparent way through, (Lone's light burst repeatedly) Needs another go. Phil tried to fire dive the "sump", but not enough airspace.

THURS 11<sup>th</sup>.

After a good trip to downstream sump, Phil dived into the sump pool. This was found to be 75' deep in a large phreatic may. The way on was lost due to ~~the~~ mud being knocked off the walls when I was looking at ~~at~~ some choked holes in the floor. Line was left in, as the sump may go if the diver does not go too near the walls on the way down.



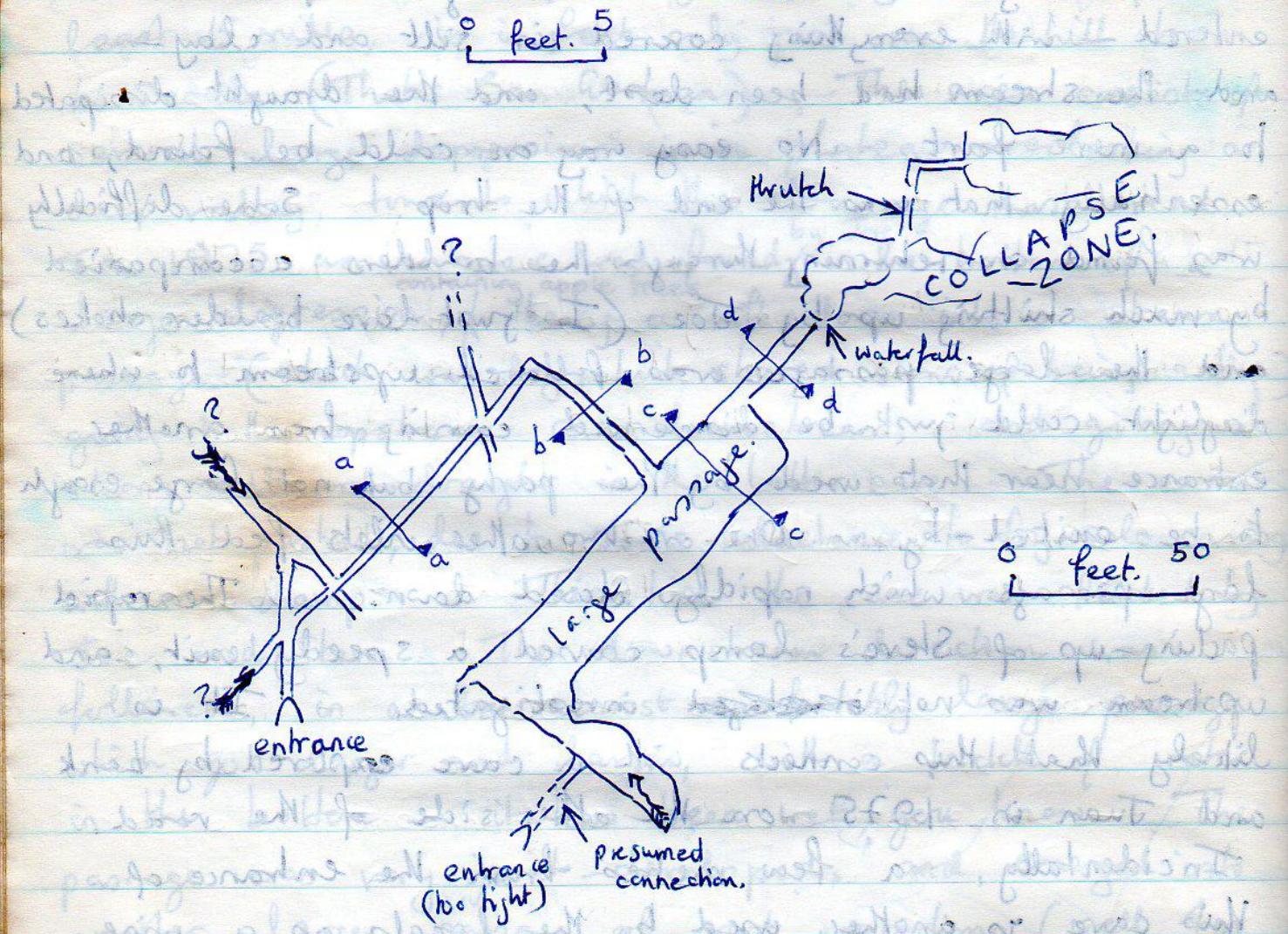
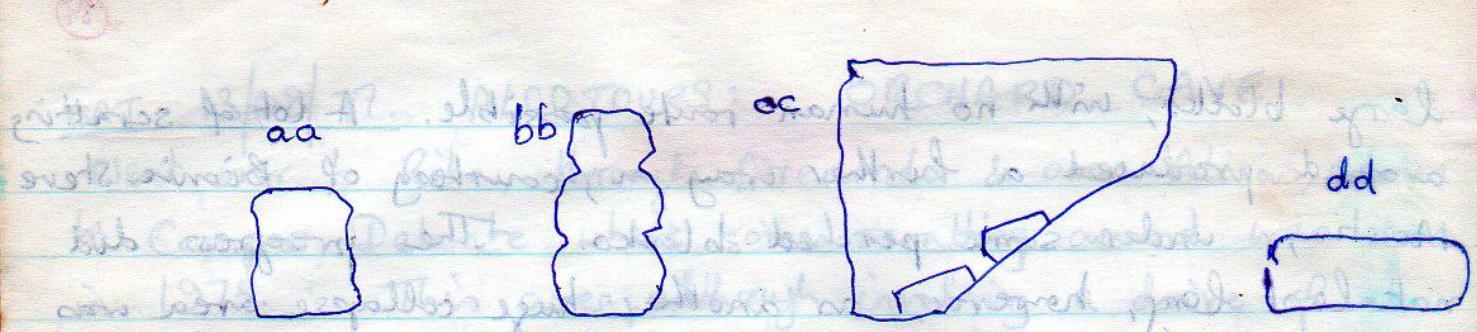
SAT 13/08/77. ALCOTOURS: ORCHARD CAVE

Went over to Riba, through Arredondo & over Alisas, down to Campos Delante where some scratting around was done in 1975. This area, although involving a drive of at least 15 miles, is in fact only just over the hill from La Secada. (That's Bar Gertman) The area consists of several large depressions in a plateau overlooking a deep valley, towards which the drainage must trend.

In 1975 an entrance was found <sup>by Joe</sup> in the bottom of a large depression, containing apple trees, being a rift down into a stream passage (which was dry, but showed signs of being active) going both upstream and downstream, and giving a strong outward draught in the latter case. The cave was not pushed, due to Joe's reluctance to try solo caving with one lamp. This time the cave was attacked by Joe and Steve. The downstream direction was followed, in an ~~area~~ almost comfortably large passage which got larger and larger, with a trickle of water in the bottom - it has been wet, you know. The passage was very joint-developed, and emerged into another, larger passage, of vast proportions (well, 4m square). The joy did not last long, because the passage dropped to a hands-and-knees crawl, to a small waterfall, where the pleasant solid walls and roof gave way to the all-too-familiar collapse area of boulder choke. The stream disappeared amongst

large blocks, with no human route possible. A lot of scrattting around produced a further way on, courtesy of Bionic Steve Martin, under some perched blocks. The progress did not last long, however, as another huge collapse area was entered - with everything covered in silt and clay - and the stream had been lost, and the draught dissipated to a mere fart. No easy way on could be found, and essentially that was the end of the trip. Some difficulty was found on returning through the boulders accompanied by much shitting up by Joe (I just love boulder chokes) and the large passage was followed upstream to where daylight could just be discerned coming from another entrance near that used by the party but not large enough to be exited-by. One or two other outlets fed this large passage which rapidly closed down. The rapid packing-up of Steve's lamp caused a speedy exit, and upstream was not investigated. It is likely that this connects with a cave explored by Lank and Juan in 1975 on the other side of the road.

Incidentally, a few metres from the entrance of this cave is another, used by the locals as a wine and beer cellar, which could be a very pleasant trip. It rapidly drops to a low-ish crawl, and resurges, but as the entrance is full of beer and wine, the inner reaches do not really carry anything of interest for members of Alcotours.



Quote of the day : - by a certain Aussie.

" Everytime I flush the bloody thing I get wet feet".

Interesting 'draught' encountered by Pete A.  
 ↗ Start on Pete's 185 cc cave detector.  
 Approx 1/2 km E of Arredondo, a definite stream of cold air was passed through whilst biking over to arrange a diss-op cave at Les Flancas. Followed the streamway for ~200m but no cave detected. Cold air still blowing strongly enough to disturb leaves on low hanging branches. Advance party forced to retreat due to abundance of branches & lack of socks on feet. Definitely worthy of further examination.

15/8/77

Today we left the hard life of mining for the luxury of weak beer of England.

Tim, Stan, Phil.

14/8/77

(41)?

Went off to do big shaft several pages back with Alan (I'm only doing it for the Glory) Trevorathen and Steve (I'm shitting it and not doing it) Foster with loads of Sherpas Land Rovers and Lanc (I've shit out and going to drink wine) Mills

Lanc with a bulk shitter (Walkie Talkie) surface organised us and Alan descended the big hole.

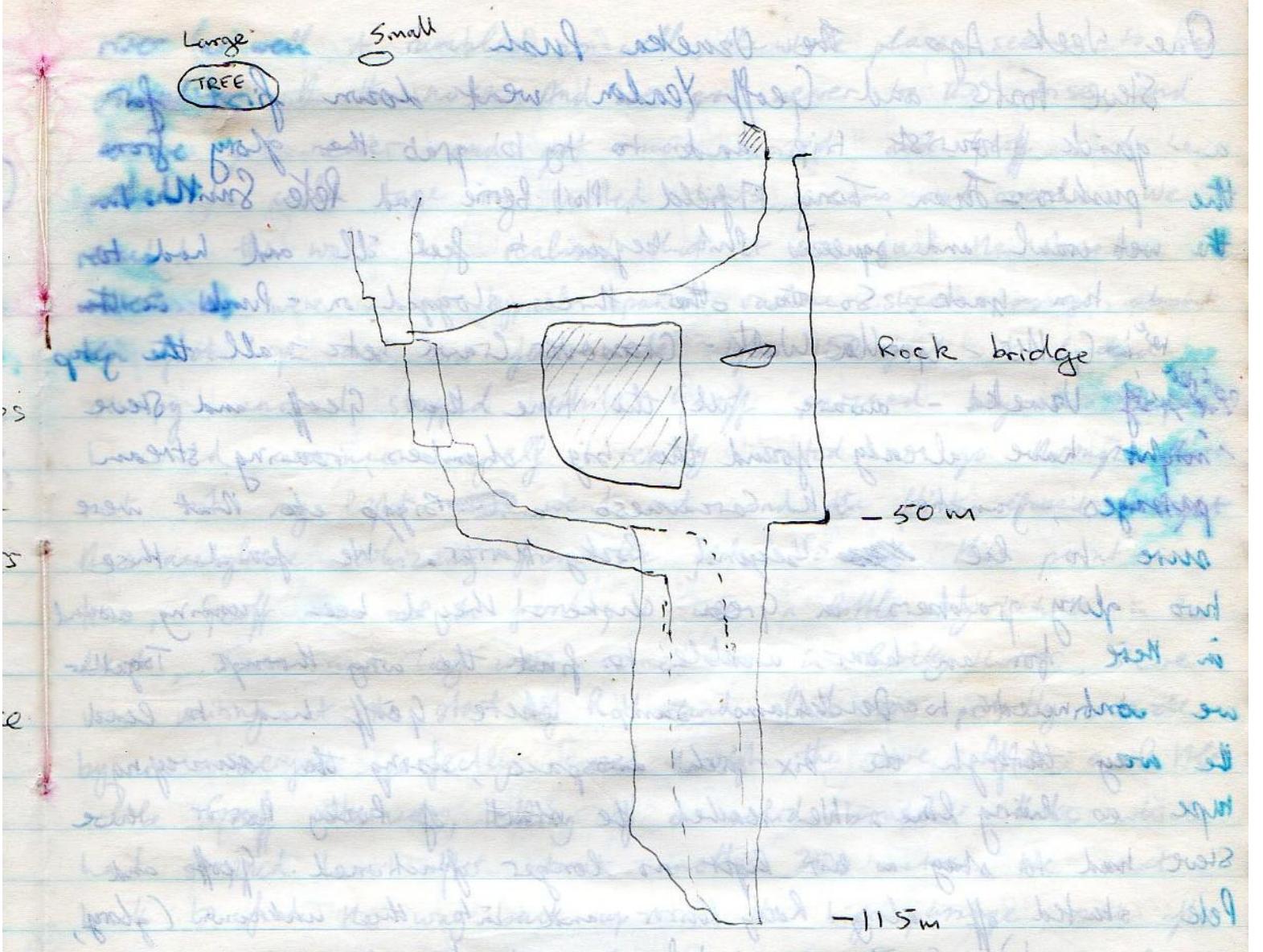
The other ca 100m shaft was descended by Steve and was found to be one of a series of interconnecting shafts reached - 115M

(93)

Large

Small

TREE



Rock bridge

- 50 m

- 115 m

One Week Ago - The Uzneka Push

Steve Foster and Geoff Yeardon went down first for a quick tourist trip and to try to grab the glory from the pushers:- Fran, Tony Fifield, Phil Beorie and Pete Smith. In the wet crawl and squeezes Phil began to feel ill and had to turn back. So the other three slogged on - Punk in the Gutter - Gorilla Walk - Crossover Crawl etc - all the joys of Uzneka - aware all the time that Geoff and Steve might have already found the big chambers, roaring stream passages, junction with Corrauresso and Biggo etc. That were sure to lie ~~there~~ beyond Rocky Horror. We found these two glory-grabbers in Green Choke - they'd been running around in there for an hour unable to find the way through. Together we continued to Duckhams Sump where Geoff had to lead the way through the six inch air-space, using the surveying tape as diving line. We reached the start of Rocky Horror where Steve had to stay as his light no longer functioned. Geoff and Pete started off along Rocky Horror and into the unknown (glory, glory, glory!). Geoff immediately ignored the stream and went upwards and we found ourselves in Big (Biggo-like) passage, scrambling over boulders, and breaking-out at the black spaces ahead. Eventually we reached what looked like a choke and (eventually!! - i.e. after about 300-400 metres) started searching for a way down to the river which we could hear rumbling beneath us. We went down a couple of holes and the rumbling got louder, we were sure it had to be the Corrauresso

river (as well, it rumbled so well, the whole place seemed to be vibrating) with the noise. And we got nearer to the noise, and as we got nearer and I got more excited and Geoff said he wished he could tape my excited shouts, screams and oooohs. We reached the water and realised that it was just the Orueka water. We were in a typical spanish vadose stream passage, about ten foot high and six foot wide. After 150 feet it lookedumpy and I stopped while Geoff pursued beyond. Before I could convince myself I really wanted to go through the wet bit my light ~~—~~ went out and the flint refused to light the acetylene whizzing from the jet. So at this point in time, Geoff was out in front, I was a little way behind in the dark, Juan and Tony were somewhere in Rocky Horror, Steve was waiting at the start of R.H. and Phil was probably outside by now - everyone perfectly spread through the cave. After a little while Geoff returned, telling of a solid boulder-choke which had stopped him after about another 300 metres. We went back to find the way back up into the big passage, and after slight problems we were greatly helped by Tony shouting from above and a glucose tablet accidentally dropped by Geoff on the way in and acting as a marker at a crucial point in the ~~the~~ boulders. Back in the big stuff Geoff decided he ~~ought~~ ought to start the return trip. He was using an electric light that only lasted about eight hours, we'd been down six hours and it was at least three hours out. (Most of the way he says he was bombing along for ten minutes

and then stopping for ten minutes to let the cell recuperate) in the big passage Jason, Tony and I poked about at the end to try to find a way through. After a fairly moderate poker, not a terminal one, we concluded that there was no easy way through to the passages which must exist beyond. We began the long return, collecting Steve Foster and eating lots of chocolate and piles of Pearl Jam booties. At a little after midnight we reached the bar at Riano, it had been a  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hour trip. Then we returned to German's.

"Why didn't you survey it? ??"

"We used the bloody tape as a bloody driving line, didn't we !!!"

### 15TH 3 DAYS TO GO

I, M SITTING HERE BORED TO TEARS SLOWLY GETTING PISSED RUNNING OUT OF SUPPING TIME. MIND YOU THE TOMATO KETCHUP HAS NEARLY RUN OUT MUST MAKE A DASIT FOR BURKEY. SUMMING UP THE DCC-S ACTIVITE FOR THIS EXPIDITION WE, JK DONK PRECISELY ALL. MIND YOU PLENTY OF CANSEBRA AND LIMON HAS BEEN SUPPED, LAST NIGHT WENT TOO FRENCH BARBECUE AND WENT TOO THE FAIR AFTERWARDS AND HAD A RIDE ON THE ROLLERCOASTER PKB.

(97)

MANY WAYS CAN MOST  
VIRTUOUS

TAKE (short) VUA  
BUT NOT ALL ARE  
ADMITTED TO 22A-D 72A-J

- THE

small  
color

MAN X NO FIZAR PLOOTED ANGEL MDS STEE  
student 28.9 TAN NIGHT GINA - THOMAS

Mr. !

CHEKKA DO SELL YOUR SOUL TO A HORROR SUSPEN

A JEWISH RABBI IN TURKEY 3RD MONTH 2000 7000  
A-A 6-B C-C

I CAN'T SEE IT TOO  
CONTROL IT GEOFF  
NOT TO WORRY  
WHAT ALL GET BACK  
RIGHT



OUR FATHER WHICH ART  
IN HEAVEN Hallowed BE  
THY NAME.

ALAN CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE THAT  
LAST GLASS OF MILK JUST ABOUT FINISHED  
HIM OFF.

I'M GOING TO WASH MY HAIR  
TONIGHT AND THEN GET PISSED.

CAVE BIRANGA FOR ANY FUTURE USE,  
ABOUT 300 YDS FROM THE VIADUCT AT BIRANGA.  
SITUATED ABOVE A SMALL SPRING RESURGENCE.

APPROX SURVEY →

ALAN SEEKS MORE ALIVE NOW THE DOCTOR HAS  
PUT HIM BACK ON BEER.

"DRINKING LOTS OF ANIS IS WHAT MADE  
ENGLAND GREAT  
AND SPANISH WOMEN PREGNANT"

STEVE BEEN

SEE PHOTO.

(99)

MANY WAYS ON MOST  
VERY OBVIOUS

LARGE UNSTABLE CHOKES.

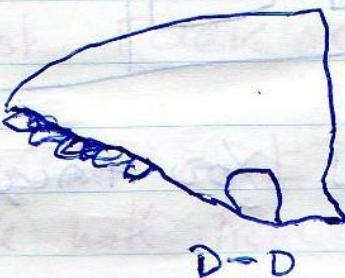
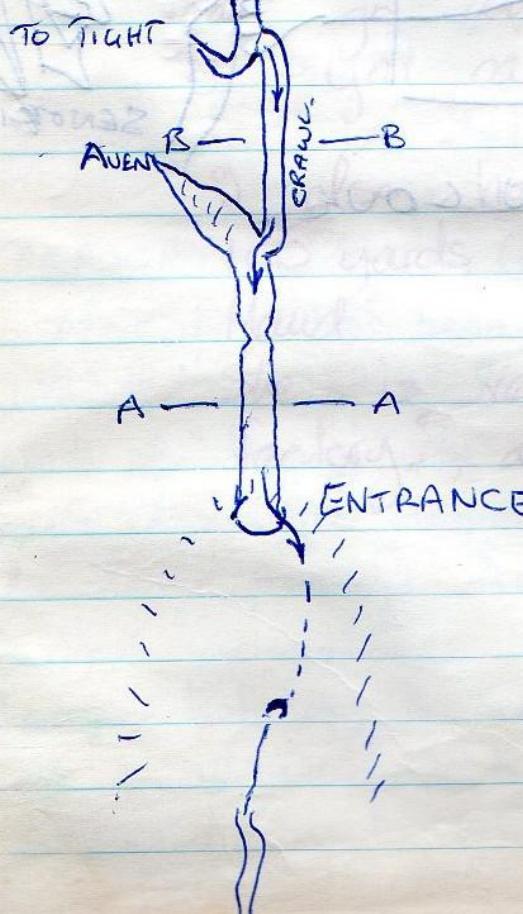


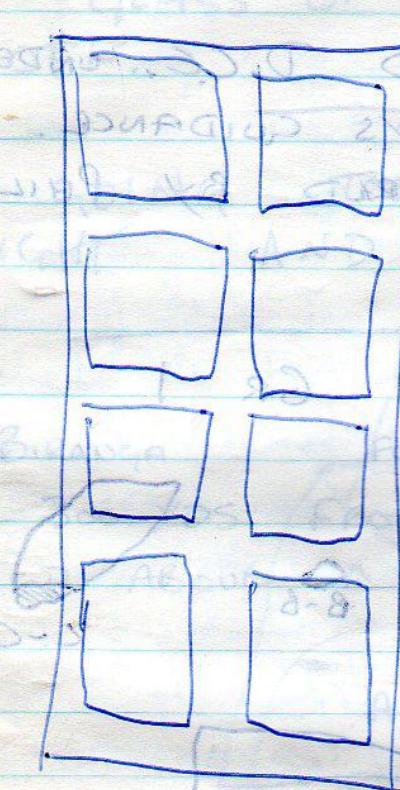
FOUND D.C.C. UNDER OUR  
BARRY'S GUIDANCE.  
EXPLORED BY PHIL AND STEVE

BCRA GR I



B-B





WHEN You Fall IN LOVE

(A1)

The following ditti should be spoken with a Cornish accent  
Thank you.

" My Aunt Maud makes pasties, no less than one foot long!"

" Inside these pasties is meat, potatoe & and turnip."

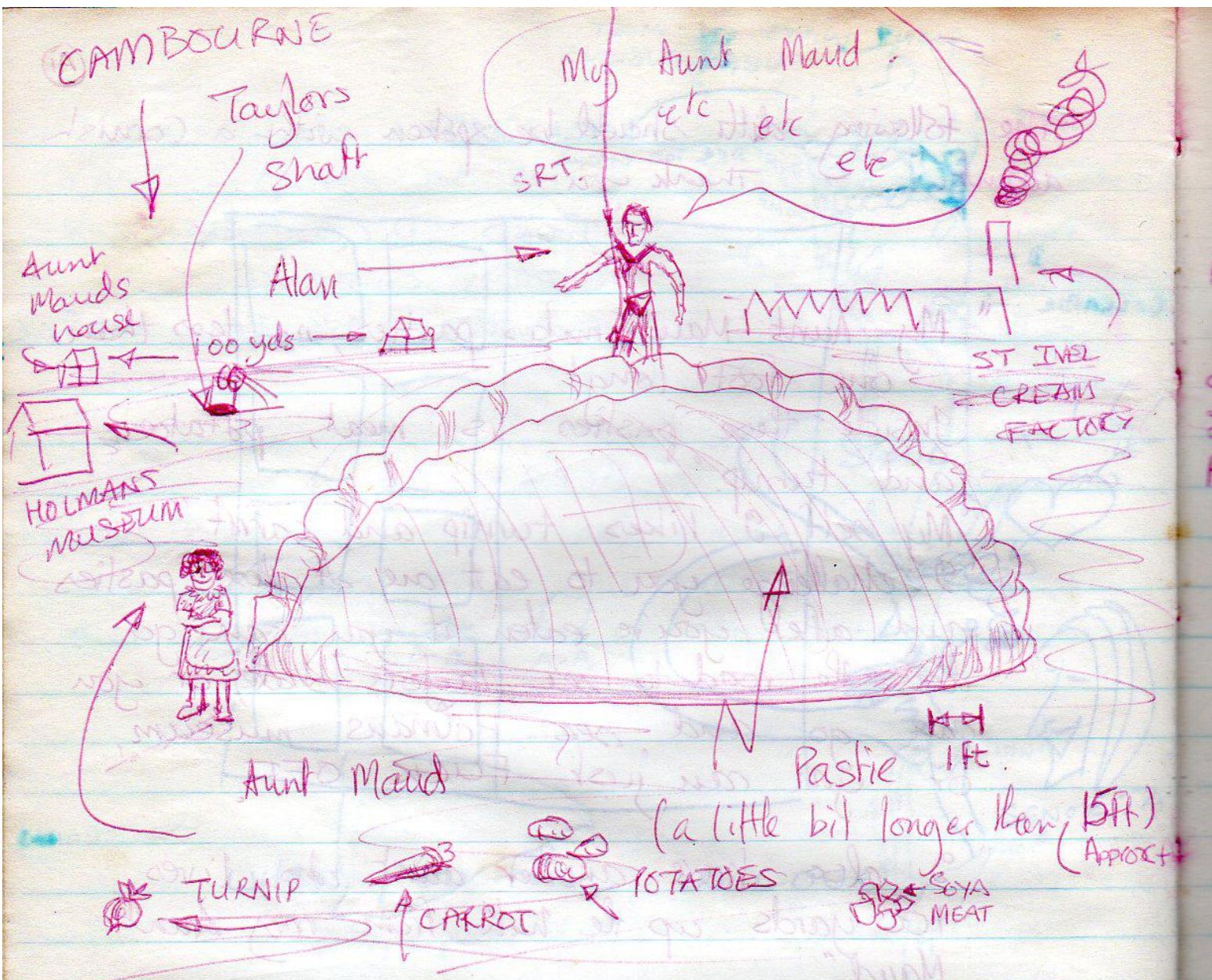
" My self g' likes turnip and carrot."

" g' challenge you to eat one of these pasties and after you've eaten it you can go across the road to see Taylors shaft, or you can go and see Holmans museum, or you can just FUCK OFF."

" g' also have another aunt who lives 100 yards up the hill from my Aunt Maud."

" She is very close to the St Ivel cream factory, and she also can make pasties."

the large passage leading off that was hoped for  
has not materialised. A considerable shaft now exists,  
bearing testimony to the labour put in, but at present  
that is all we have to show. THE DESPERATION sic SPELONC  
CARBONATE ! What we need is a phonix pistol !



MONDAY / 15 AUGUSTO, PHOTOING TRIP

(AB)

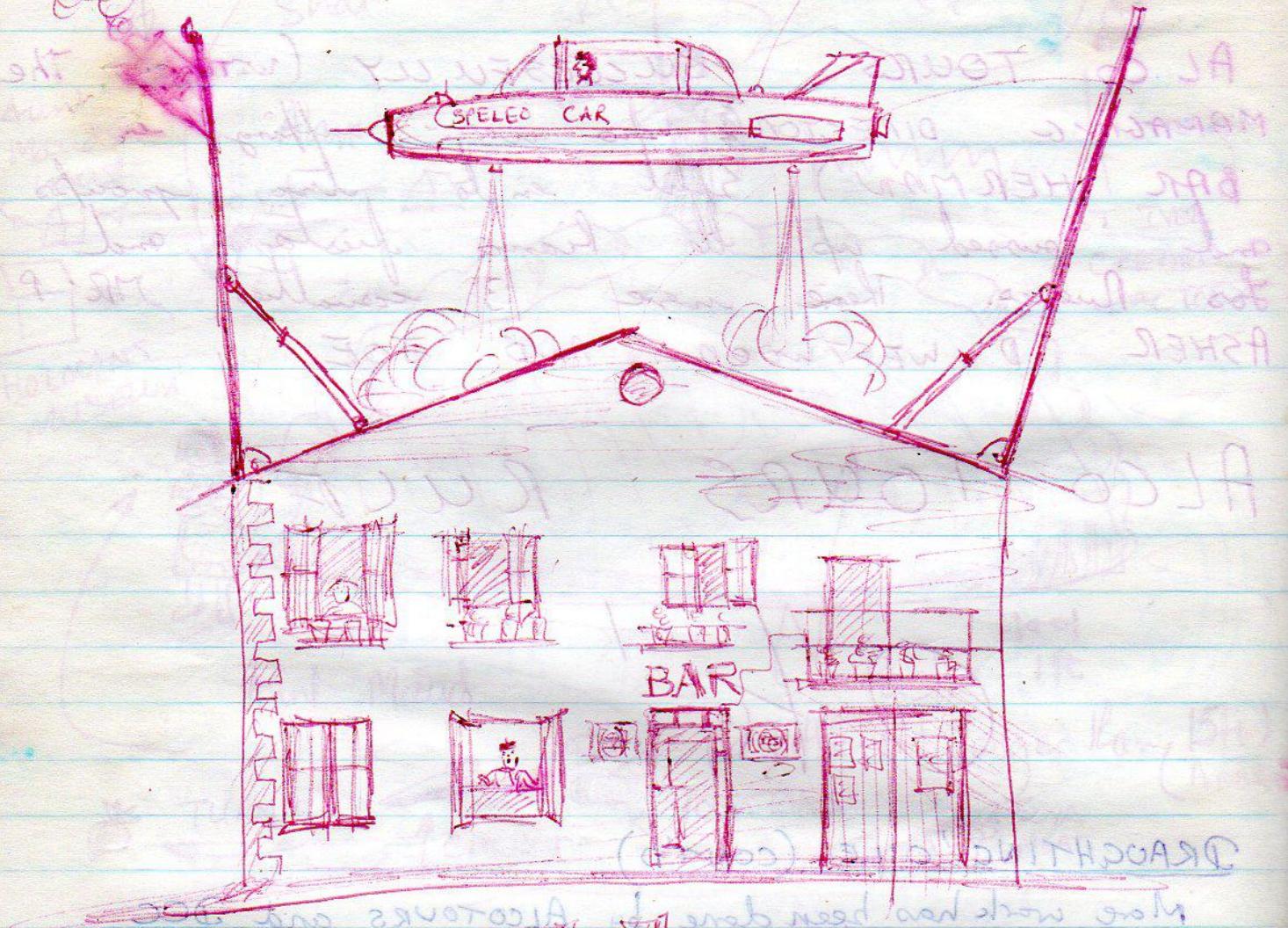
ALCO TOURS successfully (with the  
MANAGING DIRECTOR<sup>3</sup> who was - cuffing  
BAR HERMAN) Split into 2 trip groups  
and passed up the Piano pisto<sup>y</sup> and  
Los Ruines. There were 3 casualties MR P  
ASHER D WESTWOOD AND JOE.

## ALCO TOURS RULE

OK!

### DRAUGHTING 'OILE (CONT'D)

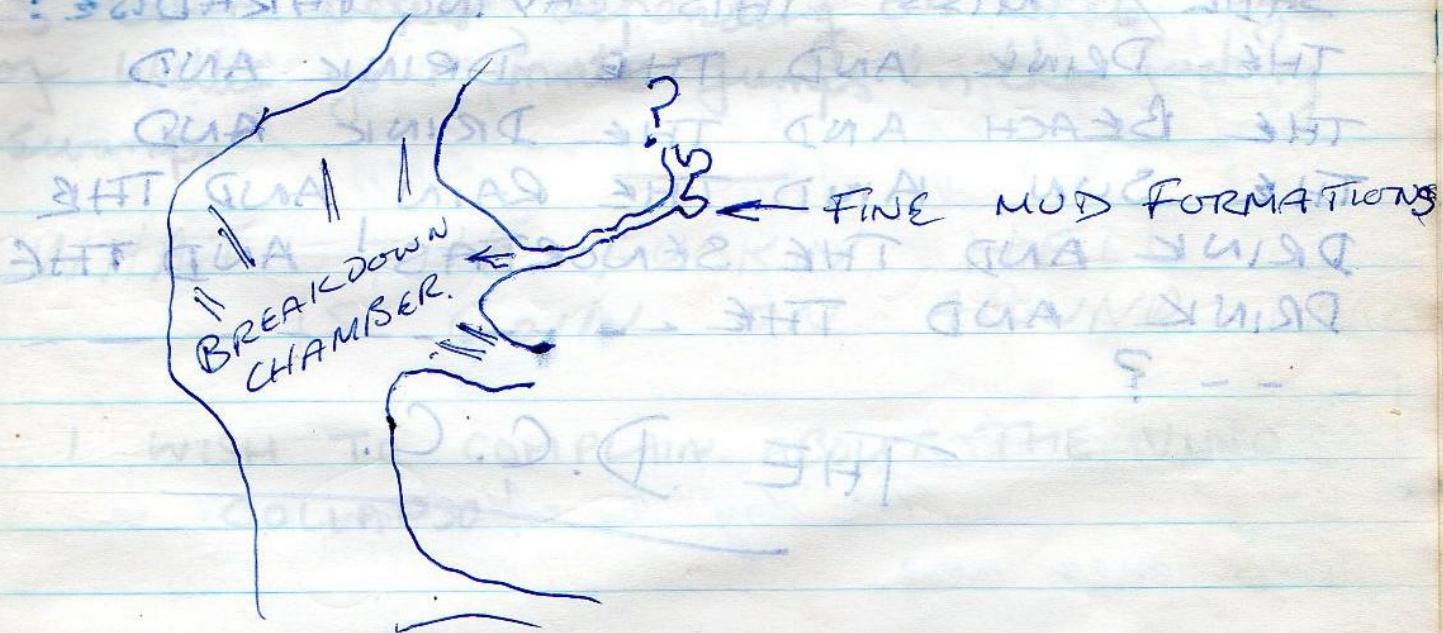
More work has been done by ALCOTOURS and DCC with the aid of a lump hammer and chisel. This kind of "digging" is very satisfying as it appeals to one's destructive instincts, but to date, unfortunately, the large passage leading off that was hoped for has not materialised. A considerable shaft now exists, bearing testimony to the labour put in, but at present that is all we have to show. NIL DESPERANDUM SIC SPELEOS CARBURUNDUM! what we need is a phaser pistol!



more moneys can be made over time  
and the demand goes up. This  
is always to do profits for us "guys" go back  
to the future, the old abandoned buildings are  
not being used. So the general economy will  
change with these old buildings. A building for us  
means to the us, is the model and a good  
model of ours. On the other hand  
the old buildings have been used !

(AS)

17 / AUG / BASIC RENADA PHOTOING TRIP.  
WENT 2 AS FAR AS IT BREAK DOWN CHAMBER  
WANDERED UP SMALL PASSAGE WITH STREAM  
IN SMALL RIFT, ALTHOUGH WE DID NOT  
REACH IT, IT CONTINUES WINDING ON



DISCOVERED FINE FORMATIONS IN A SMALL  
SIDE CHAMBER. AFTER LOSING GEOFK IN  
STUFFED MONK WE FINALLY EMERGED  
IN THE NIGHT AFTER 5½ HOURS.  
ALAS WE ARE GOING HOME TOMORROW.

PKB  
D.C.

(A)

AFTER SEEING ALL OVERS DRAG OFF  
OBVIOUS FROM THIS DRINKERS PARADISE  
WE BID FAREWELL TO THE SOUND  
OF CHINKING GLASSES AND JOHN DEE'S  
TINNY CLASSICAL MUSIC, WE SHALL  
SADLY MISS THIS CAVING PARADISE!  
THE DRINK AND THE DRINK AND  
THE BEACH AND THE DRINK AND  
THE SUN AND THE RAIN AND THE  
DRINK AND THE SENORITAS! AND THE  
DRINK AND THE - - - - -  
- - - ?

THE D.C.G.

JANE A 19th Aug. QUOTE OF THE DAY

BY DIRTY FRANK

"I ONLY HAVE A 1000 PTS. NOTE LEFT  
AND I'M NOT CHANGING IT FOR 100's  
BECAUSE I WILL GET A LOWER RATE  
OF EXCHANGE".

^ PISS OFF  
JANE!

COMPLAINTS

PAGE for tankas /81

(A7)

321GA

The CGompsite is fantastic, 5 star rating;  
The Showers are fucking fantastic, depending  
under which tree one stands. The BIDET  
is ~~even~~ better, depending on what size  
of wellie your mate jumps in the fucking  
swamp.

WHAT THE FUCKIN HELL  
IS GOIN ON AROUND HERE

I WISH TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE VINO  
COLLAPSO

(A)

18/19<sup>th</sup> Aug.

Went looking at drought holes,  
one of them went - see chif book for money  
& ton (the Australia) for photos. P.S. Salford  
will foul it. Still going a small stream  
crops down from phosphate development up to  
black limestone, hole needs backfilling at  
top of droughting shaft left marked  
by carbide burn. L.W. class V.S.A.

20th August 1977

The day the old team were in  
action once more.

"I ONLY HAVE A 1000 PTS. NOTE LEFT  
AND I AM NOT CHANGING IT FOR 100'S  
BECAUSE IT WILL GET A LOWER RATE  
OF EXCHANGE".



# **MATIENZO CAVES PROJECT**