

1986

ASE

AMP

1986

BASE

Day 1 : 6th July: 1986

Van breaks down before we reach motorway.
Big ends gone. Rattle Rattle Bang Bang Couch.

When tweetle Beetles Battle

When tweetle beetles battle
it's called a tweetle beetle battle

When tweetle beetles battle in a puddle
it's called a tweetle beetle puddle battle

When tweetle beetles battle in a puddle with a paddle
it's called a tweetle beetle paddle puddle battle

When tweetle beetles battle in a puddle in a bottle with a paddle
it's called a tweetle beetle bottle puddle paddle battle.

When tweetle beetles battle in a puddle in a bottle with a paddle
or a puddle eating noodles
it's called a tweetle beetle noodle puddle bottle puddle
paddle battle.

Heaven knows I'm miserable now!

8th July. ~~Misty~~ Misty.

So much for the 8th July. Why does the
anonymous author of "Misty" (2 Pulitzer Prizes)
hold document the ~~heroic~~ over-swing of the tent, the fine
links from the lower bar. The pit of heat above
the Santamberry ferry terminal, the enormous negotiations
for transport at least to Covadonga, our eventual

acquisition of an 80 seater luxury coach to
Los Lagos. The hair raising journey up? Perhaps
we shall never know. The driver certainly earned
too 30,000 Pesetas. Most amusing event - the
young people of Santula talking to all our gear
just to see what had to Plymouth. (They meant
the pallets actually).

Alas for the teller Van! No stereo - Slating
year - crunching meya trips to the Canyons
Pitadesella.

Steve Robert

9th July

An early start for Martin & Fred who undertake
a bus journey to Oviedo to get a camping
permit.

For the rest of us it was the first onslaught
on Top Camp. After brief organization, left
at ten past nine. Walk to the top of 'Sod 2'
was ok, plenty of cloud to keep us cool. Climbed
Sod 2 in mist & then broke out into the heat.

Not quite so fun now in the intense sultry heat,
especially when we left the path & picked
our way up thro' the x-valley & across to the camp.

Bloody good feeling getting to top camp, very
impressive backdrop. Set the tents up - order
outside than in & then ate a bit of now & most
& we descended back to base camp. Unavoidable
descent of apart from chatting to Spanish tourists
in French.

& so at last the wandering explorers returned
to the Maria Rosa, peeled off their bright blue goggles
(OK, that was only me but I didn't want to get my comms

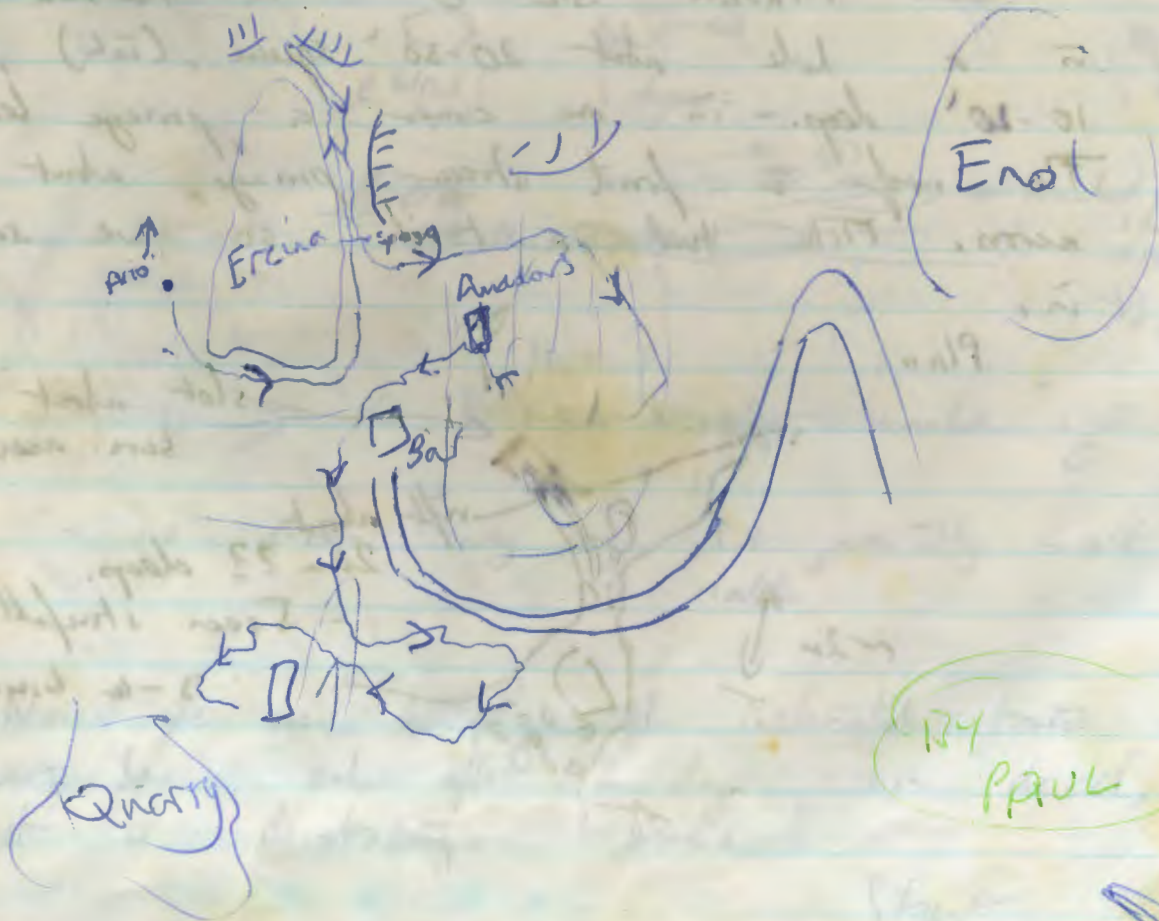
Burnt) & slowly their aching limbs, sunstroke, numbness,
& general feeling of fatigue faded into the sunset. (Sorry,
grey, cold, mist)

Apologies for the long account, but not an awful lot
happened today, apart from the mind boggling scenery.

Jan

9th July: Aster guarding camp Dan came
down early to relieve me so I could get to
Top Camp.

Up to top camp in ~3 hours. On the way
down it got ^{dark} just after Bobias. I managed
to get to the rock where the path starts
to climb (with Arco →) It was over an
hour before I found Base camp. Below
gives some idea of where I went.



12/1/86. Saturday.

Mike, Steve, Phil, Mel, Roy
walk down in mist + passing rain. On the
way down the X-valley we meet Martin,
Dan + John-C. Further on, we strike across
the wastes to the Arvo path.

We find caves!!

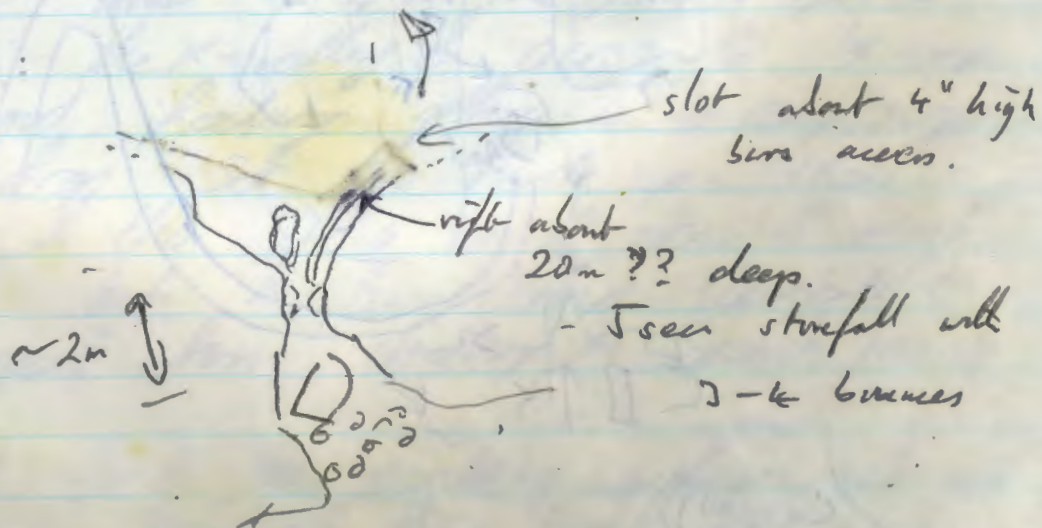
No. 1. a shaft, about 30' deep, with
jagged sides. A loony could possibly free-
climb it, but we desist. A spiky cairn
was put up nearby.

This cave looked so promising that
we put a (spiky) cairn up nearby. We then
decided to go on a bearing of 30° until we
struck the Arvo path, to fix the cave's location
a bit. Immediately we found ---

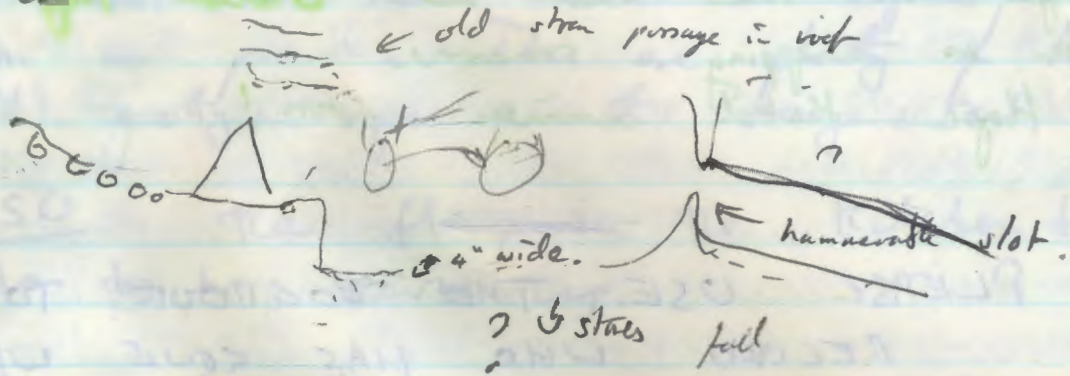
No. 2

Marked "SIE 0" in red, this
is a hole about 20-30' square, (ish), about
10-12' deep. - in one corner a passage leads off.
The roof is frost stream passage, about 8-10"
across. Mike had a torch so we scrambled
in.

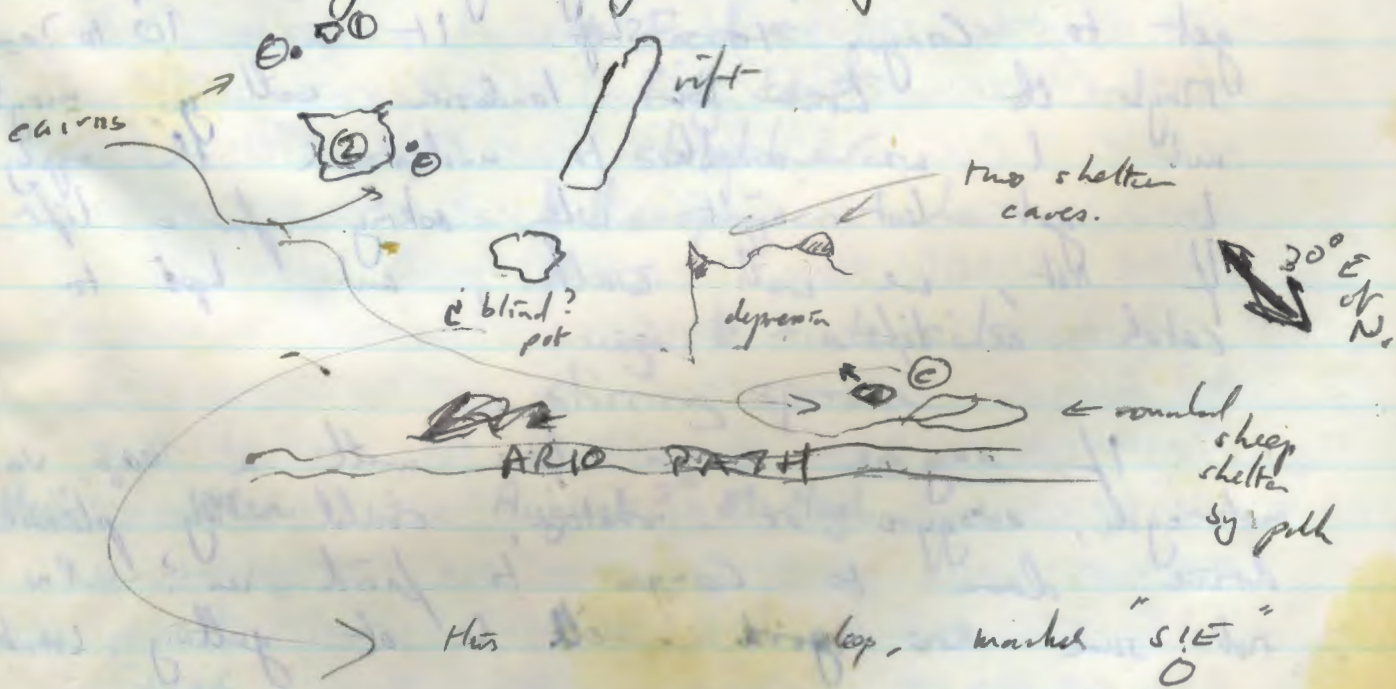
Plan:



Elatol



Elatol by our find, and wanting to return with big hammers, we continued on 30°. Next was a huge rift, then two (large) sheep shelters, then the Aris path. We put a cairn by the path with a stone pointing at the caves, which are about 200 yards - 300 yards away.



This is a deep, marked "SIE"
 - no down way in, but possibly worth a look

Now we are hitting the inebriated horses in the lower bar, and after 2 days, sin deool, the effect is devastating - Whence!

Stave.

(6)

We now face the ordeal of making the
people at the lower bar (letter High) take us shopping tomorrow.
Hope Hubert arrives soon!

PLEASE USE THE LOGBOOK TO
RECORD WHO HAS GONE WHERE,
WHY, + CARRYING WHAT!

else it's very difficult to plan things
properly!!

13/7 Sunday

Steve + Phil are going to attempt to
get to Canyon to ship. It is 10 to 7am.
Maybe the lower bar landover will go maybe
not. I was unable to understand the reply
I got last night when asking for a lift.
If not, we will walk, and hope to
catch a lift.

If anyone arrives here with a car, van,
motorcycle, autogyro or whatever, could they please
drive down to Canyon to find us? I'm
not sure how good we'll be at getting back!

-Fast it Big + Fast it Loud
Yes I'm Flatulent + I'm proud!



I think the tent should be roped down as soon as possible. There are plenty of lower-
(said) grotty ropes in the orange tent.

ALSO the flap in the kitchen tent needs to be sewn up.

Also Also - if the sun comes out (he!) could the things of mine in the orange tent be hung up to dry? T.

Essentials for top camp:

Gas + petrol

* Food *

Big tent

stretcher

full ~~empty~~ carbide

pens

knives & utensils

stirring spoon

"Neil?" "When is August?" McHugh

They were
took
they were
top
well
there was
more
a boiling

(8)
Orledo. 9th July Fred + Martin.

We had fixed up a lift from the lower bar between 7:00 and 7:30 so we dragged ourselves up at 6:00 in the dark and impenetrable mist and tramped up to the ~~lower~~ upper bar. At 7:05 there was the ominous sound of a Land Rover pulling away from the lower bar. At 7:45 we wearily scudded down to Corredouga.

We eventually marched down in under 2 hours, meeting a pastor on the way. As we waited for the bus whose time of departure seemed uncertain we tried vainly to get lifts of the passing cars. A rather flashy red Mercedes came round the corner with 4 people. "Oh well, give it a try!" To our amazement it stopped and Martin and I piled in with our rucksacks.

They were an Argentinian family and the father apologized for Maradona's first goal that knocked us out of the World ~~cup~~ cup. We accelerated suddenly past all the cars that had not given us lifts down to the main road. They were not going to Lengas, but they took us there anyway. In my boots they made up for Maradona's goal.

We did a little shopping and then got on the bus to Añonas. We changed at Añonas for Orledo. There was an appalling video which watched as we sat in an appalling traffic jam.

10th July - Arrival of the Garcia Brothers

When we got to Orsiedo we went into a bar and Martin to the loo while I asked the way to the place we had the address of. "It's much too complicated for me to explain" said the girl, ~~and~~ "I'll take you there." We climbed into another much bigger Mercedes and shot across town to the offices of ICONA. Unfortunately they turned out to be at the other end of a one way street. Martin and I prepared to get out, but oh no. Instead we reversed down the street dodging the oncoming traffic.

We went upstairs to the office and asked for the guy that we had been told to see. "Oh no he's in the National Park." "Which National Park?" "Covadonga."

"Oh my God! We've just spent seven hours traveling from the Covadonga National Park!"

Anyway we managed to sort everything out. Apparently they had changed address, and had not been getting our letters. We wrote a letter applying for permission to camp, and they gave us a permit on the spot.

We walked here to the bus station, had another apricot juice and the girl who had given us a lift talked to me about South American literature. We got the bus back to Cangas, did some shopping and I hitchhiked back to camp in another Mercedes.

15th July.

Things to take up

- Medium knives
- hadders
- Meat
- Bread
- Tomatoes
- Milk
- Mom Flakes
- Stodge
- Bag roll
- Greenies
- Petrol

Die tracing (heroically)

Paul + Dan

Hoya la Madre

Marti + Ray

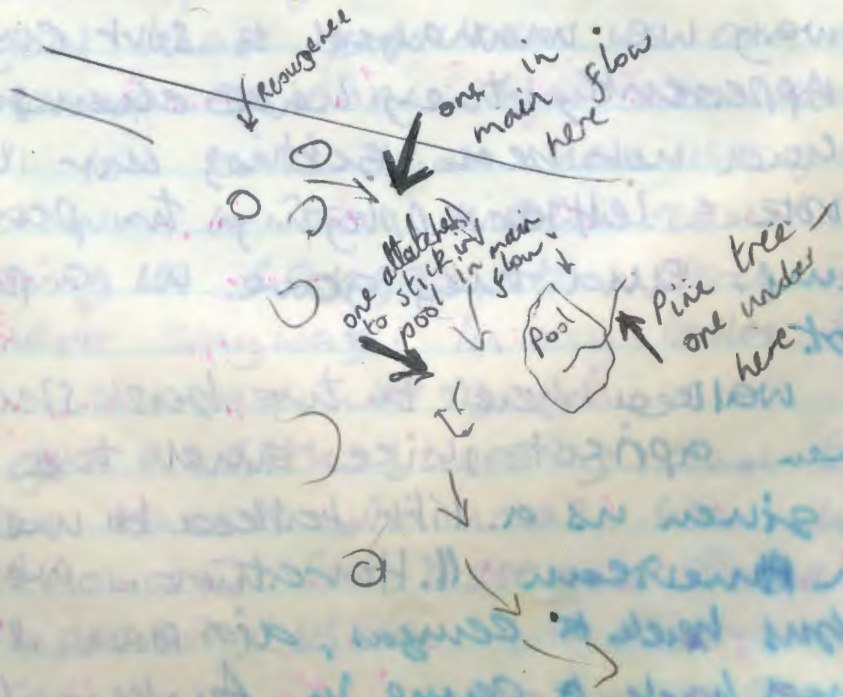
Rio Pomper + Rio la Beigera.

Camp tending

Fred

Hoya la Madre

- where the detectors are



15th July - Arrival of the German Brigade
(Gerhard, Chief Wombot) courtesy of Franzjörg
Krieg & Barbel & Hannah & Babystler Barbel, after a
4 days drive from the ^(heart of the) good old Continent & several
beach stops & a visit to LOURDES. In spite of my
forceful attempts to break the VW minibus under the weight
of my gear it did make it up to Lagos without pushing.
¡Hola Picos! and a wonderful welcome with the
peaks all tinged with orange..

✱

NOW ON SALE FROM THE KITTY :

Expedition Viewcards

showing "Sima Conjunta" (entrance & Dancing)
price 60ptas each — limited stock — only 3
to be sold to any one Expedition member!

¡Write home to a friend!

G.W.

Expedition Hatching Tales no. 2.

Our sleeping & trip to Cangas (Phil D. +
Sally) walked what I tried (see earlier) to
ask for Montaña left to Cangas at the time
when it is not understood the reply. Nevertheless,
my trip is at last...
got up at 7.30, waited. At 7.30,
no landman had left. Started to walk.
As we passed the spring to Lago Esc. we
were... leave the trail delayed. Lraa

up the hill. I was wearing "warm for eating" gear so I got rather hot - I ran. I ran. I got to the turning, waving frantically at the only car to go to Cangas that early. They stopped at me in a hostile manner as they turned up to Lago Encinas. So I did it.

We continued walking. A bus-over passed. We thought at it. The made obscure gestures, waltz down the road 100 yards, followed by a galloping dog, did a 3-point turn, and waltz back up. A lot of trouble to go to, to avoid giving us a lift.

We continued walking. The upper La Landia came by & gave us a lift to about 2 mi from Cangas. We walked the rest of the way, admiring the houses & scenery, that when driving oneself, we have no time for.

To the Rio Grande - Café & Tortilla. Aha! a sign over the door "Tourist Information," new since last year. Phil goes over - "Open 10 till 2", says he. We stay in the bar. Come till 10 pm. As I go up the stairs in the Palacio de Justicia, I see "Cerrado los Domingos".

OK. To the Spar, and Two Radice (Spar). They are impressed by our hand-drawn maps, and tell us a bus goes to Covadonga. So we go. We get on, and thanks to a lift from an immense Dutch guy & party in the van, we are not bad by. To the bank, and...

up the hill. I was wearing
breakfast at 6:30 in the mist
I got rather hot - I ran. I ran.
the turning, waving frantically at the only
car to go to Cargas that early. They stand at
me in a hostile manner as they turned up to
Lago Encino. So it.

We continued walking. A boat-over passed.
We thought at it. He made obscure gestures,
went down the road 100 yards, followed by a
galloping dog, did a 3-point turn, and went back
up. A lot of trouble to go to, to avoid giving
us a lift.

We continued walking. The upper La Landa came
by & gave us a lift to about 2 km from Cargas.
We walked the rest of the way, admiring the
houses & scenery, that when driving oneself, one
has no time for.

To the Rio Grande - Café & Tortilla.
Aha! a sign over the door "Tourist
Information," new since last year. Phil goes
over - "Open 10 till 2", says he. We
stay in the house until 10 pm. As I go
up the stairs in the Palacio de Justicia, I
see "Cerrado los Domingos".

OK. To the Spar, and Two Radice (Siga) 2.
They are impressed by our hand-drawn maps
tell us a bus goes to Covadonga. To the north.
We got on, and thanks to a lift from
an immense Dutch guy & party in the van, we
are back by 12 noon. The bus was full of
To the bank group at 12 noon.

- 15/7/88. Sat (7th week) down from Top Camp meeting
- 1) ... (Vaya Atseda)
- 2) ... Phil D., John C., ?? (100y to further)
- 3) ... (Secret Valley)
- 4) Steve B., Fred, Ray. (And Path)
- 5) ... Pauls B & Coyle (")

All of them were told off of the pissal-
 A-ven at Top Camp owing to no carries
 of gear or food & lack of enthusiasm for
 carrying. I went progressively of the lack of
 work.

Down to the San Juan Lea, Boca de
 Queso & Vino!
 2 hours, including jogging on the And
 Path

[Signature]

[scribble] working with Paul [By Dan]

After meeting down the mountain with shoulders rather
 sore, we proceeded of a short walk to
 'Edinayo' (and madre) & back seemed very appealing
 ... better. Walking down to the
 ... no rendering about
 ... the dye detector in the stream
 ... at the cave. Scrambled up
 ... for photos
 ... of the most
 ... We then carried

on up the 'hill', (well sheer cliff) to the ^{start} of the hill. Much easier said than done! that slope was bloody steep, & we reeled ^{downwards} & gorse for too much. At the top we ^{found} both gill being wrecked & it took several kilos of ^{it} ^{to} ^{be} ^{able} ^{to} ^{stand} ^{on} ^{the} ^{edge}. I take photos of what we'd just climbed. Hopefully I can take Paul's final words as we reached the top: "That will be the most dangerous thing you do on expedition" as true.

Strolled back to base camp & recounted our tales of adventure. Oh, by the way, there were a couple of small entrances half way up the hill, one of which might have gone, perhaps ???

Dan

Just a brief note on how to get to York base camp if you are lucky enough to have a vehicle handy.

Go to Congo and turn left opposite the Camp. Continue down this road for a mile. Past the turning for Arrière the gorge gets progressively more spectacular - it's a ^{real} ^{gem} ^{of} ^a ^{place} ^{and} ^{the} ^{scenery} ^{is} ^{just} ^{what} ^{you} ^{need} ^{for} ^a ^{clear} ^{day}. Go on past the border with Leon & eventually there is a ^{turning} ^{for} ^{Soto}. This road is single track but tarmac'd and ^{is} ^{quite} ^{wide} ^{and} ^{well} ^{maintained} ^{for} ^{ages}, with magnificent views to Soto. Go through Soto (The bar Pena Santa will direct you if you get lost) and branch right at the end over a bridge ^{of} ^{concrete} ^{and} ^{stone} ^{over} ^a ^{gorge} ^{of} ^a ^{few} ^{yards} ^{until} ^{the} ^{road} ^{looks} ^{as} ^{though} ^{it} ^{ends}. Here there is a sign pointing to a mission and the ^{place} ^{is} ^{called} ^{'Refugio de Eyabana'}. The route is the next 2 or 3 miles and ^{is} ^{as} ^{easy} ^{as} ^{you} ^{get} ^{but} ^{there} ^{is} ^{always} ^a ^{lay} ^{of} ^{rain} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{air} ^{and} ^{the} ^{water} ^{is} ^{not} ^{good} ^{at} ^{all}.

has to be taken 1st gear and with a great deal of caution avoid the occasional pothole. Don't be tempted by the occasional back off in the forest and keep to the main track. After ~~the~~ you come out into a grassy alp continue for just a bit more to reach the hut and the York Camp.

Journey time from Cangas is about 1 1/2 hrs. It's very spectacular, certainly just as much as here and well worth doing. If you want to walk back, it's 3 hrs to York top camp and about 2 hrs further to our top camp.

Wednesday, 16/7/86.

I sit with a bottle of cider contemplating last Sunday's Observer - "Cabinet desert Thatcher", and a truly awful look about naval death & destruction by Douglas Riesenhuber. Hat (Seleira) belongs to our Jefe.

Evergas, Sab evergas, also is at Top Camp. What they aim to achieve up there is such vast numbers I know not. Maybe some of them will come back down & brighten my day. I suppose I should do the washing-up but inspiration is lacking. Slow, slow expedition. Slow.

Steve

Bigger of Steve

(16)

Things we need - next shipping trip.

A "slice" for frying eggs.

Some wooden spoons + large spoons for serving up

Top/Box camp stove.

Some salt

We meet the Yugoslav cavers!

Their address:

SPELEOLOG → SPELEOLOŠKI ODSJEK "P.D. 'ŽELJEZNIČAR'"

TRNJANSKA 5₁, 41000 ZAGREB, YUGOSLAVIA

→ HUDEC SVJETLAN, ČAČMANSKA 2 41000 ZAGREB, YU

KOMISIJA ZA SPELEOLOGIJU PLANINARSKOG SAVEZA HRVATSKE

→ KOZARČEVA 22, 41000 ZAGREB, YU

Commission for Caving in Croatia

the leader of ---

the club

And get pissed!

Wed 16 July - Franzjög & Martin May from Base to Top to Ridge Cave to top of Fred 17
Flintstone and back in reverse order. Both arrive thoroughly satisfied and just a wee bit knackered.

Gerhard carrying 25+15+10m rope + personal gear to Top Camp (6 hrs...) returning 9³⁰ pm.
Among the things encountered en route, apart from millions of grasshoppers/termites & the like, were one rebecca and 9/9, as well as Blas & his mate.

T.C. wants BOG ROLLS! (So does Base!)



There are people who walk around Camp on bare feet.

There are also people who pick up metal rubbish (bottle lids &c.), bend it to little sharp-edged sculptures, and then throw these somewhere into the grass.

Our medics will be happy about the consequences...

17 July - Franzjög drives Fred, Martin & Paul C to an X-ray doctor at Arriandias & possibly to hospital at Oriedo; off 1^{pm}.
Gerhard down to Cangas with them. Got BOG ROLLS & wooden & serving spoons &c., no "egg slice" unfortunately. Got a lift back up to Covadonga by a nice history teacher from Santander, then WALKED ^{up} 40 minutes, watching hundreds of cars driving down in the mist and five going up (four of which full and the fifth a sod, the driver grinning at me and then driving past) before a very nice elderly Dutch couple stopped and took me up. Visibility being down to nil we invited them to a cup of tea and I walked to Lago Ercina, with them...

Gerhard

5³⁰ pm all fogged up - Joany T & Gerhard setting out for Top Camp with the remaining Aquaguard, Bog Rolls, Salt, Maltol, 1 wooden spoon, margarine, & a few more ropes & ladders.

We arrived after a lovely 4 hrs walk, the clouds remaining around us all the time. Unpacked the main food dump from last year! Dave H not coming down unless desperately

⑦ needed - Left T.C. 10^{pm} with rubbish & one empty
Sigg bottle, to be refilled with petrol and taken up a.s.a.p.

Other things needed at Top are:

Phil D's set of nesting bilites (from the store tent)

pens

fresh vegetables (tomatoes, ^(red) peppers, spuds, &c &c, & fruit)

Iodine

pepper (i.e. the spice) & herbs if pass.

also, some fresh
bread would be
a very good idea.

Had a lovely 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ hrs walk down in ever stronger rain. Encountered
two bright glow-worms & one enormous toad. Got lost
quite a bit between Sod 2 & Sod 1 - never has the Fuente at
Las Bobrias tasted so sweet! Down 12⁰ am ...

& Tomorrow Pushing Trip in F20! * * * * *

Welcome Ian Houghton - thank goodness we have another
White & driver...

Fred is in hospital at Oviedo, under observation for one
night, hopefully to be picked up tomorrow.

Gerhard

PS A soaked Melanie arrives 1³⁰ am having failed to find
Base Camp for about 3 hours!

15/1/86 (a) Dye Detectors (controls) at ...

① ... 11.30 a.m. 15/1/86

② ... 2.30 p.m. 15/1/86

① ... RLB ... to ... end ... walk to the campsite. At the end of the valley pass through some huts and down the river valley. Follow by stream bed to just beyond large tree where the water resurges. The detectors are placed one on the right and one on the centre of the stream facing downstream.

② ... R.P. ... facing downstream climb the left bank up to the road. Follow this and take the left hand path. About 200 yards along this there is a path to the right leading down to the stream. Walk upstream until you reach the stagnant pool. The detectors are below the first stagnant pool where the water comes out from under the rocks.

The trip to put in the Dye Detectors - Roy & Martin. Having put the first set of detectors at RLB on Hutch's suggestion for a "nice day walk" we start down hoping to get to where RLB a R.P. nest. This was so that we could note any more resurgences. It all started off fine but as we went further downstream we soon found that the gentle valley became a gorge and the streambed turned into a series of waterfalls. At first there was no problem since the falls were either climbable or old trees had fallen down the waterfall and these could be climbed down. When the gorge narrowed, we

(20)

managed to bridge (at some) of the spots (at one stage my fell in up to his neck). Onwards we passed wondering why hutch had sent us here, getting days of walks path. Soon we were traversing along oxbow walks then leaping off to boulders, using logs to aid climbing and basically getting very wet in the process. Some pools we just had to wade across which meant water, ice cold water, up to the armpits. Soon I was just wandering about in just my socks and shoes, this being the most practical dressing. Eventually we came to something we decided not to climb down and the return was made to rejoin the easy route back to R.P.

Did we gain anything from this exercise except a brilliant days fun. Well we found that the stream sinks below the cascades with a small amount continuing down the cascades.

It then re-emerges downstream from a series of cracks in one wall of the gorge. Some of the water jets out about 3ft horizontally. Not as impressive as Haysla Mine but still pretty good. An approximation of the amount of water flowing is five to ten buckets fully turned on.

There is a "blue grey" water of Hadri. It is a most beautiful color... the water is... a small yellow step... for some... the water is... it is... the water is...

17/7/66

Hospital trip.

Fred injured last night - and needing his cut lip sutured. After a few hours rest Fred + P.C. walked down & drove down to Amudelas. Hospital in Amudelas was closed with no sign of life. Saw local G.P. who told us to go to Oviedo. There are various hospitals in Oviedo - we went to 3! The first was an experimental attempt to find what turned out to be a psychiatric hospital - this is the first "Hospital" sign on the way into town. We then went to an "outpatients" hospital in the centre of town where a Dr Blanco Quiros stitched the lip very efficiently - but he had no X-ray; so he sent us to the main hospital. This is where we should have gone first. The accident & emergency facilities are at a large hospital complex on the far side of town near the bull ring. It is clearly marked as such on the street map of Oviedo. Accident dept is called "Urgencias"

Fred had jaw bones X-rayed - all okay but by now effects of 20hrs camp, 600mg barbiturate and little sleep had caught up with him & was considered concussed, therefore detained.

Paul

ies we were pretty fortunate that Francisco was able to help us out by driving us all the way to Oviedo and back. His car proved invaluable as Fred was able to lie down to sleep whilst we were traveling. Got back at about 10 p.m. Feeling much happier about things

Datin

ps. 2 night of saving routine.

(22)

17/7/96

Schmalen Manti + Manti to Top Camp.

We are carrying 200 m Sit Rope (Lyon).

3x 10m ropes.

6x hangers

2 ladders

remaining fresh food.

Few tins cornflakes.

Petrol

Iodine.

P Ancars Billies.

5 Loaves Bread.

+ 1 Manti Laverty → (It does take one Manti May to carry one Manti Laverty, does it?)

Shopping List:

Large tent pegs (for use with the hawser-laid ropes), lots of these! & before the first storm

Small tin openers for underground use (a dozen or so)

gloves (gantes de goma industrialles) (a dozen pairs)

cereal to be mixed with cornflakes (de cinnamon)

"slice" for frying eggs?

~~jam, honey, 'noelba'?~~

(cave food (fish tins etc.))

envelopes, stamps, postcards; pens

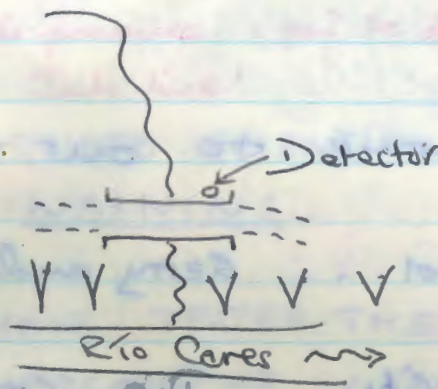
17 July 1986

Stephen Gale, Hilary Winchester

Location of dye detectors along Rio Ceres

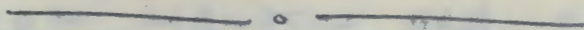
1. Canal: detector in first sighting of canal on walk out from Camarmeria. Detector attached to metal pipe by ACUA NO POTABLE graffito.

2. Stream: about halfway to Culiembro is the only place where a left bank stream crosses the path. Detector attached to boulder near gorge side of bridge



3. Fuente Culiembro

4. Fuente Puente "Bolin"



Gerhardt's Postcards are

now 60 pts

A big welcome to our new visitors!!!

From Liverpool... Gerry and the Pacemakers!!!

From Kansas City... The Count Basie Orchestra!!
(Caving as rope of 23)

From Newport, Tenn... Ian Houghton!!!

From somewhere... Donovan!!! (solo)

From London... The Dave Clarke Rise + minder
(rope of 6)

* * * * *
Atmospheric Pressure Readings: * * * * *
* * * * *

July	10	2.3 rems/ins ²
	11	439° x 10 ⁻⁷ Becquerels/gramme
	12	01-278-2332 ext 3306
	13	No air today aargh
	14	" " " "
	15	NO ₂ only. Steve being v. acid.
	16	Phaw. Some Oxygen. 31 millibars, rising.
	17	Uiking, Cronartius, Dogger. storm force 10, imminent
	18	One bee. Two ants. Both dead from radiation.
	19	2 1/2" rain today. Obscured atmosphere.
Red Letter Day	20	Too much pressure... goi' be dread beat + blood in Babylon. Tah live!

WE INTERRUPT THESE SCIENTIFIC READINGS TO BRING YOU A WARNING.

OUR ANALYSTS HAVE TESTED THE TUNA FROM THE SOCIAL SUPERMERCADO AT CANGAS AND SAMPLES HAVE EXCEEDED THE EEC ACTION LEVEL OF 600 BECQUERELS PER GRAMME.

THIS MEANS THE TUNA IS SAFE TO EAT ONLY AT DEPTHS GREATER THAN -650M. ALL EXPEDITION MEMBERS ARE ADVISED TO CHECK ALTIMETERS BEFORE TUCKING IN.

THE CHICKPEAS, TOMATOES, CHORIZO, BOCADILLOS DE JAMON (AMADOR'S BAR - LOWER BAR NOT TESTED) AND MORNING FOODS OATS ARE SAFE.

ESPECIALLY THE OATS.

BY ORDER.

(26)

Getting bashed in the face. By Fred. 18/1/86

(Not getting bashed in the face by Fred)

We had had a pretty good trip. Mike and I had gone down to "Fred's folly." I got about half way, and then fell off. Mike did the rest. Steve Meyers joined us, and we rigged to the "Big Beluga" no problems. I think that we need a line through the bouldery bit, but I expect that Steve has written all the technical stuff down at top camp. We looked around in "Big Beluga". We found a ~~note~~ note that we could put a ladder down and climbed down to stand in the Ridge Streamway again. The stream drops through some loose boulders and down a pitch. ~~At~~ This is not the best way down. There is another gash from the "Big Beluga" that leads into the streamway below the pitch. We didn't have any rope to rig this.

We headed out, with a food stop in the "Big Crunch".

I was in front and going a bit faster than Mike. I waited at "Norek's" camp to show him the way. As we reached to top of the ~~weather~~ Borboriguy ~~stair~~ I actually went up the short ditch. Meanwhile Mike went the wrong way, following the rope up.

I went back to show him the way. He told me to get out of the way as there was a loose rock up there. I thought that I was out of the way, but it rolled down a ledge before falling, and hit me in the face. It knocked out one of my front teeth and cut a large hole in my lip. It didn't hurt much, and my immediate reaction was to get out of the cave as fast as I could before it started hurting, and get to top camp where Paul Cooper could give me some pain killers. I spat out the bits of tooth, wiped off the blood and set off out, crawling at a pretty frantic pace. I got to the entrance, took off all my gear and left it there and headed back to top camp. I got rather hysterical on the way back, tearing up the hill, and screaming at the people outside F20 who weren't moving. I must have been in a bit of a state when I got to Top camp, hysterical, knocked over, crying and covered in blood.

Paul C, Paul B. and Dave H. cleaned me up, gave me lots of pain killers and put me in a sleeping bag. I went to sleep.

I woke up at around 8:30 feeling a bit woozy. ~~However~~ I couldn't open my mouth as it was covered in blood, and they painstakingly wiped it off. I ~~hadn't~~ ~~yet~~ only eaten

a few bits of carne food in the last 24 hours, so I thought that I had better eat something. Peanut butter and jam, near were a bit difficult, so I settled for 3 tins of mandarin oranges, after which I felt a bit sick.

Paul got me moving and I walked down feeling dreadful. I felt as if I was about to faint all the time. We struggled down, resting whenever we got to a convenient bit of shade.

Eventually we got to base camp. Franzjörg said that he would take us to Arica so me, Paul, Martin, Franzjörg ~~settled~~ for Arica. I lay down in the back of the VW van and went to sleep. We went to the hospital but it was closed. We saw the G.P., who told us to go to Oriedo. I slept again until we got to the hospital.

We walked in and went up to the reception desk. Immediately we were led to an immaculate room, where immaculate nurses immediately started painstakingly cleaning my face. The doctor seemed to do a pretty neat job stitching me up, and then sent us to another hospital for a jaw X-ray.

I sat around a while in the dentist's waiting room which was exactly like you would expect the waiting room for a Spanish dentist to be like. It was full of people either holding their

women with looks of anguish on their faces, moaning every now and then, or looking very pale and staring into the distance in fearful anticipation of the agonizing ordeal awaiting them.

They took some X-rays which were OK, and then I had to sit around while every now and then they asked me if I felt dizzy, until I ~~did~~ feel dizzy. I felt rather faint and woozy again, so they told me to stay the night.

It was quite reassuring to be in a comfortable hospital bed, with clean pajamas, good food, and nurses & nurses taking my blood pressure, taking my pulse, and ^{gazing} ~~looking~~ meaningfully into my eyes (to see whether my pupils were dilating).

I slept most of the time.

Next morning Dave R came. We picked up some pills and went back to ~~Top Camp~~ Base Camp via the Puerto Romani.

John

(30)

Two beers & two gins down:

"I am a very moral person" says SGR. "I set a very high moral standard".

19/9/86 Shopping at Camps - lots of stamps, postcards, envelopes, tent pegs...

ON SALE FROM THE BASE CAMP KITTY NOW:

'Guañtes de gome'

Tin Openers

for 250 ptas/pair and 75 ptas/t.o. (approximately, check price with Fred!).

WALKED back to COVADONZA as none of the 10^3 cars stopped - must have been doing something wrong. Perhaps I shouldn't have been standing on my head & sticking my tongue out...

Then got a lift by a National Park warden driving his Landrover up like hell. Back 3³⁰ pm

Off to D.C. soon afterwards, carrying pens & one 'egg slice' & one MYSTERY...

*

Please rope the tents down! There are now

rope and strong pegs awaiting use.

Gerhard

20/7/86 SUNDAY.

get up at 7.30 to shop = Cargos. We fly down the upper San just as last week. Walk the last 2 km, just as last week, and are joined by several of the identical cars to those last week. To the Rio Grande (Cafés + Tortilla) to the Spar, amazing then yet again walk what we can get into 2 rucksacs. Their daughter has grown up a lot. We purchase some dangerous cheese + a little of Siglo before catching the 11.30 bus to Los Lagos. Steamy hot day.

Notes - Sundays: Buses

10.30	→	STAS
Cargos	→	Coradunga → Los Lagos
11.30	→	12.00 → 1.00
16.30	→	??

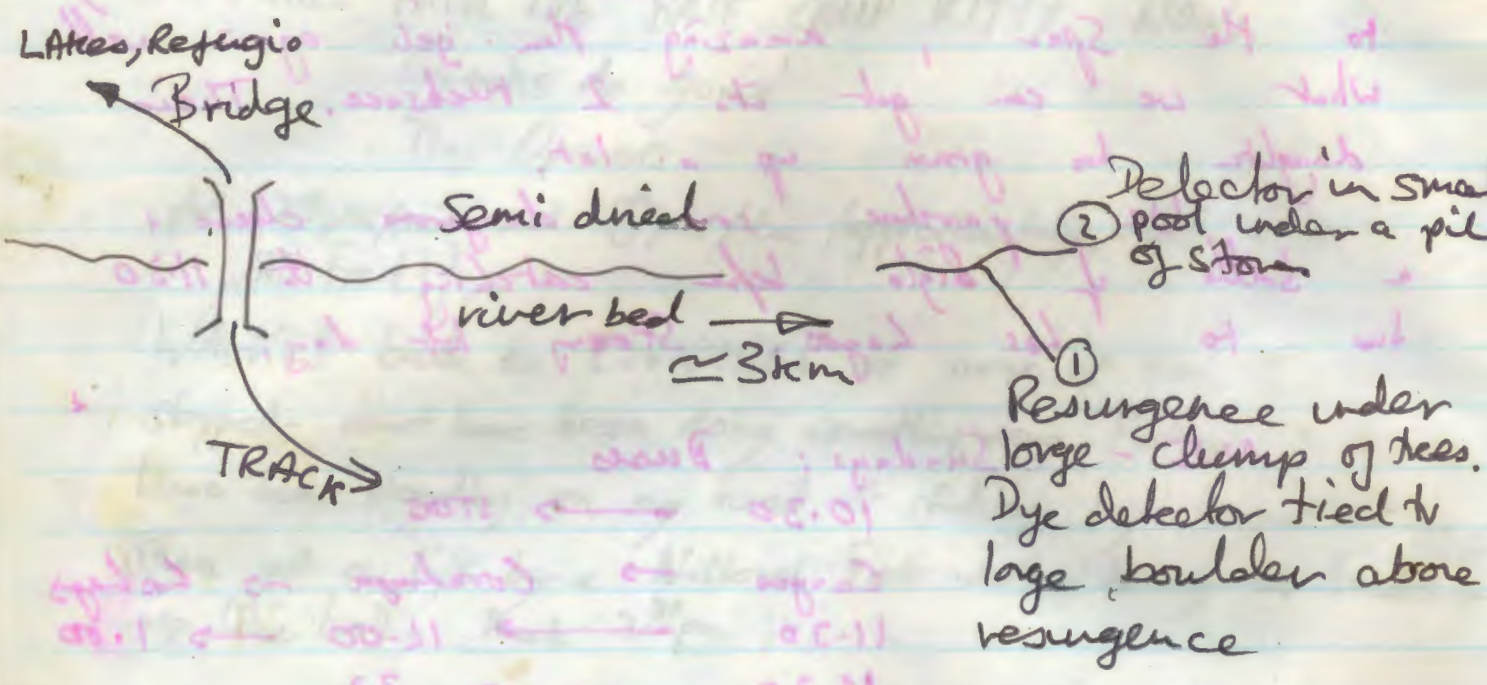
Also - next shopping trip take a Gerhard Postcard for the Spar people. Probably worth a little of fuss.

on the next shopping trip buy some 'AA' size batteries??

20/7/86 21/7/86

Dye Detectors. P.D. 21/7/86.

2 detectors placed in resurgences above the bridge on the Rio Pampeiro.



23rd July.
Steve Cole, Hilary, Mark...

* see 25/7 - Pillock!

Went pushing thermometers up resurgences and estimating discharge from ~~the~~ ^{above} orifices. Left camp in thick, creeping mist which gradually lifted but leaked more rain in the process. Route via fuente to Las Reblagas polje, & over to Vega la Cueva resurgence, passing a ~~water~~ stream sinking into boulders somewhere N. of Palomera. On to resurgence below bridge on Rio Pampeiro, which was much wetter than S&H's previous visit & frustrated Steve's pedantic measuring techniques with a large ^{sewer} cauldron & stop watch (estimate 30 l sec⁻¹ at least). Returned via similar route, noticing a barbed wire enclosures near Palomera, apparently for botanical research into grazing effects (which seem quite significant from the difference in growth & out of the plots). Fuente ~~that~~ Erana discharge increased 4 fold between 11am & 4:30pm.

S&H then departed for Oseja & Pogrenera hoping to dump ⁴ 1/2 kg of rhodamine in Orandi & detectors at G Remera & Coudinga this. Any birds or a mischievous appearance of

23rd [unclear] [unclear] of [unclear] [unclear]
Paul Cooper's birthday [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
[unclear] [unclear] [unclear] of Fergus.

[unclear] Sgt. Houghton (driver); Troopers Cooper (patman),
[unclear] (Slobin) and Brennan.

The objective was to persuade a series of native
women to assist in the scientific research into
their nocturnal dream patterns: ie ratio of
rem to deep wave sleep, amount of movement etc.

Sgt. H. drove the foraging party first to Cangas.

No women there at all except some mentally
handicapped / brain damaged pre-pubes who pointed
excitedly at us through the windows of the Rio
grande. True, Fred was with us at this point
+ sucking ~~the~~ tortilla through the gap in
his incisors but it did not look that odd,
really. After 3 tortillas each we passed on.

Liba da ella was as wet as everywhere.

The search continued at Cueva 7 to Bustillo
[unclear] older specimen of the day's quarry
[unclear] party that 600 had already gone
[unclear] no more were allowed.

"[unclear] to cash in on the wave of
pro-[unclear] sentiment evoked by the reports
of [unclear] price and [unclear] Fergie,
we [unclear] sure of the tourist information,
[unclear] all requirements, with
[unclear] we moved in for the big
[unclear] (abduction) but she said
[unclear] [unclear] swimming after
work at 7 [unclear] [unclear] this foray was
far from [unclear] [unclear] presented the team

with a number of informative and pleasing little
kaffee in full colour.

It was on her recommendations that we
took the road to Lastres, a fishing village.
No specimens here, only fish. All the party
ate several, except Pvt. Bannan. He ate some
bread, and later an ice. (Ice is the 1960s
pedant's way of describing ice cream, y'know; ref. E. W. Smith,
A. Murphy etc.) Houghton swam; others dived from car.

Back then to camp; only rain + catfish. Not
mixed. Then Lagoa. Mike has v. worried: non-
appearance of ~~the~~ Uruba from F20. Many
specimens in lower bar, some very young
indeed. Slawered, sang, drank wine, had
specimens (who were most appreciative) in
company singing: "My name is Von Spero." Lusitano.
Young, very young fish, exposed to from the
bottom of the lake. Lowing night + calves;
bare shoulders hunched at the deeper roundnesses
below. One snag. All members of movement
founded by ~~the~~ that damned cad and
sportsport, Baden-Powell: bus arrived to smother
them in wave. Last play faded into
"Tenemos nubes espaciales en sus misteriosas
tierras. Porque no pasais la noche, ¿eh?"
Rigoberto were exposed with admirable and
adolescent politeness. It was time to go
soup + fabada and discussion of our
communications systems under optimal conditions.

The consensus ~~is~~ viewpoint that
an experiment with ~~the~~ ~~un~~ ~~der~~ ~~ived~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~
pay ~~did~~ ~~not~~ ~~work~~; a ~~single~~ ~~idea~~ ~~down~~
The cave, each ~~is~~ ~~very~~ ~~resistant~~ ~~to~~ ~~stomach~~
Rose 349 761 A, ~~bottom~~ ~~way~~ ~~not~~

Bar Maria Rosa Speleological Research Committee Minutes 23/7/86.

1. It was proposed that research be pursued into:

1.1. Microwave techniques

1.1.1. Dave Rose proposed relays of ovens.

1.1.2. Someone else proposed dishes.

AGREED that a combination of cookers & dishes be set up, the best sites being identified as RELAIS SPELEOS with an appropriate red & blue sign. A survey of such sites could be instituted by Egan Roney, or speleo of suitable gastronomic standing.

1.2. The elimination of sumps.

1.2.1. The possibility of adapting heat exchangers to freeze static sumps seemed sound. It could also help with the re-warming of a hypothermia case resulting.

1.2.2. The assistance of Messrs Chivers & Co should be requested with the intention of securing a source of supply for the jellification (& hence jollification) of sumps. Plastic buckets & spades should suffice for digging when ~~the~~ the appetite or supply of hungry caves fails.

1.2.3. The possibility of boiling sumps away was thought to be the result of someone talking a lot of hot air, but the use of ~~swelled~~ bloated tea bags as dams could not be dismissed so easily.

Meeting went inoperative when refreshments ran out.

the Mayor

24/7/86 John Wilcock & Graham ~~Parker~~ arrived in John's van via Santander ferry. Brought from Oxford:

Graham

3 Boxes John West

1 Box Morafakes

Large box of rope & other Lyon Caving gear

— this was immediately set upon, measured and ferried up to top camp by Graham, Ian, Dave & Fred.

Also bought in Spar at Cangas — bread, pasta, olives, onions, potatoes, peaches, soups, tomatoes, peppers, rice.

Also visited Bar Rio Grande for wine + tortillas, and visited the

(36)

Information Centre. On way up to Lagos in the mist met five buses coming down, all at the most awkward constricted parts of the road. They did not, however, succeed in forcing us off the road & into the abyss.

24/7/86, Bar Maria Rosa -

Steve "I'm attempting not to seduce virgins" Roberts
Jonathan "I'd rather like a bunch of flowers" Cooper
(Steve had fed Jonny a sugar cube...)

NEXT SHOPPING TRIP NEEDS :-

BOG ROLL

OIL + VINEGAR

MOLICO

POTATOES

A Broom

Some things for scrubbing pans.

Margarine -

Jams

Cave Choc + Fish
+ other Cave Food

25/7/86.

Another soggy day. Fiesta del Pastor - a good substitute for a web bank holiday at Shegness. We resolve not to visit it even at the cost of not getting tortilla. I sort out the food but got despair

of the kitchen. DANIEL & the divers arrive. They
go to Amadas bar. follow.

Steve

24th July: After a 29 hr "trip" down F20, what could be better than to stagger back to base camp & sleep for a day? Well, the answer to this question is to watch the game of croquet played by Steve R & Dave R in the middle of base camp. After setting up a course with staves, tent pegs & wine bottles, the two opponents selected their balls. Steve went for the orange, and after some hesitation, Dave exchanged his potato for the somewhat more aerodynamic orange. The game was a fierce battle, but eventually Steve won.

After a rather unsuccessful attempt at Golf (20 attempts to hit the orange resulted in about the knocking of over of several tent pegs & the displacement of alot of air - but the orange remained stubbornly on the tee.)

& so finally the more mature members of the group entered the welly whanging competition, whilst the more naive members drank lots of wine & took lots of blurred photographs of flying wellies. Ian Houghton took the distance record, Dave Rose the 'how to make yourself look totally ridiculous when hurling a wellie' record, & Neil the "throw the wellie at your own leg" record.

I think we amused some of the onlooking Spaniards - at least those that weren't in the welly throwing target area.

I still can't write very easily.

S.L.

25.7.86

Gerhard has gone to Top and has taken :

1 B&W Hammer

Some hangers

5 tins pineapple

7 plates paella

11 ladies dancing

and a partridge in a pear tree

(delete as inapplicable).

25/7/86

Fiesta day up here so I wait 5 hrs at Coradanya before the Police would let me up ~~to~~ ^{into} Lago. Why not have a look at the cave + resurgence then? Oh how pretty! Fancy them turning it red for the tourists at Fiesta time. The pictures will give the impression of having been taken on infra red film as the water ~~into~~ ^{from} the resurgence and all the way down to Cangas is bright blood red (earliest sighting by me c. 200 pm). Good thing it was nothing to do with us. Spanish tourists seemed quite happy drinking concentrated Casuoyen (more cancers than Chernobyl?) and were even bottling the stuff. I merely surreptitiously oreaked out a couple of sample tubes of the stuff and even that thickness of solution is a very noticable pink!

Dye tracing by York ~~for~~ party for Oxford.

- 1) Walked down at river level from Cain to Culimbro (wet suits essential for swimming certain sections - rope needed only to pass ~~to~~ ~~along~~ ~~the~~ rucksacs along the sections. Swimming with rucksacs on the bank leads to a drowning sensation). The only resurgence that is ~~is~~ ^{is} likely to be anything ~~or~~ ^{other} than surface runoff is Culimbro itself ~~is~~ and none of the caves at river level go. There is also a ~~possible~~ ^{possible} resurgence a few km above Cain directly below York top camp.
- 2) Walked down from ~~York~~ Vegabanja (York base camp) to Amira along the Dosa. More than one stream disappears completely under rubble. One resurgence after such a stretch is a particularly beautiful pool crystal clear 15 ft deep and extending sideways underwater. The ~~bottom~~ ^{bottom} section. A lot of the ~~river~~ ^{river} is flooded as a result of the dam. One or two ~~extra~~ ^{extra} ~~at~~ ^{possible} ~~entrances~~ ^{entrances} that go nowhere ~~and~~ but no ~~possible~~ ^{possible} ~~resurgences~~ ^{resurgences} on the ~~the~~ ^{the} eastern side.

but there is quite a probability that water resurges ^{into the river} underground or under the lake caused by the dam. In fact we did find one impressive resurgence $\frac{1}{4} - \frac{1}{2}$ m³ sec⁻¹. This is up a valley where Cuera Ognia and Fuente Calda are marked on the map. The water cascaded down a 30ft waterfall, north from the dirt track. Estimated height is 780m. There are two dry detectors put on here. Perhaps York will replace them ~~with~~ ^{as} ~~the~~ ^{as} ~~controls~~. ~~Otherwise~~ you can do it as well! Anyway York will remove them if they are still there at the end of the expedition.

Do not write above line

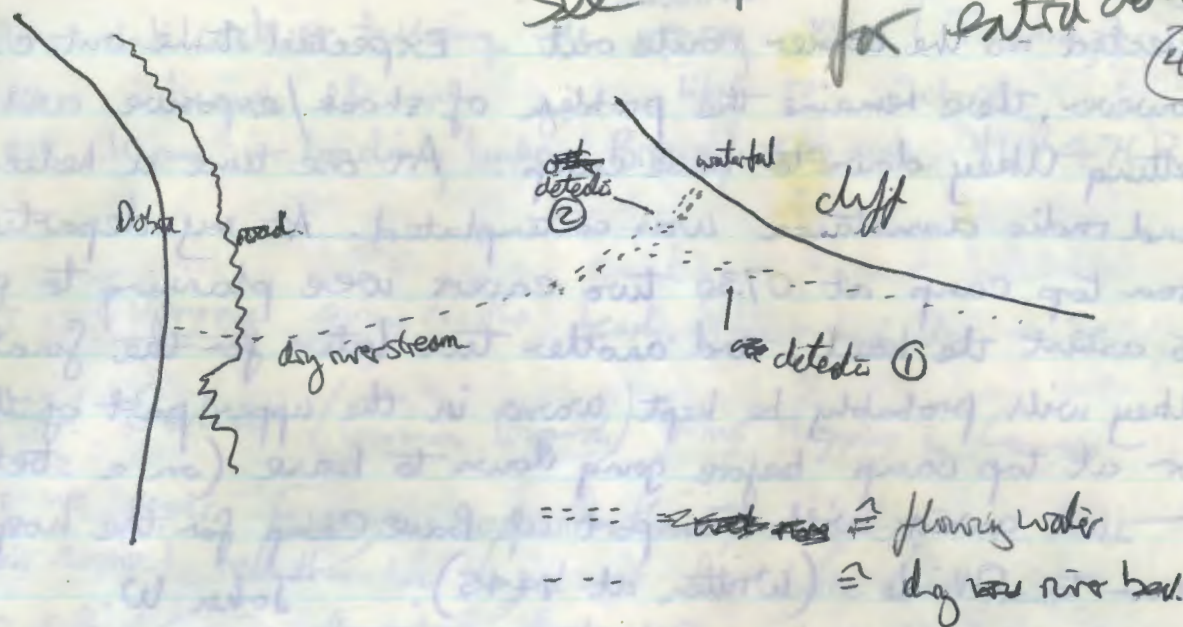
25/7/80

Thick F---wit Cale has found
the Holy Resurgence of Cavad Ognia
BRIGHT RED
WHAT A TIT!

1 over 1 clean dry T-shirt - Mike

See a few persons
for extra detectors

(41)



Detector ① is c. 50 yds from the waterfall up the other stream
position marked by a cairn
Detector ② is level with the last low ~~rock~~ rockfall
beside the stream.

Top Camp Needs

Bread & Jam
Tomatoes → Box for tomatoes
Green & red peppers
Malico
Scrubbers

28/7 Came down early because of the happenings in the night.
Ukey fell at the bottom of Ridge Cave (now connected to 2/6
at Dinosaur Beach) and got concussion & damaged her arm
and hearing on one side; ~~message~~ message was brought out about
midnight 27/28.7. Richard had just walked up in the dark, so
immediately went down as doctor. The next positive news was at
7.0 am. Apart from selected rescue teams the rest of us had gone
to bed to be fresh for action on the morrow. At 7.0 am Fred
emerged to give the news that Ukey was managing to climb
with assistance and was half-way up 2/6, this having been

(42)

selected as the easier route out. Expected time out c. 11 am. However, there remains the problem of shock/exposure and of getting Ukey down to base camp. At one time a helicopter and radio assistance was contemplated. At my departure from top camp at 0730 two cavers were planning to go in to assist the haul, and another two later for the final stages. Ukey will probably be kept warm in the upper part of the cave or at top camp before going down to base (on a stretcher?) — we await with transport at Base Camp for the hospital run to Oviedo. (Written at 1445). John W.

28/7 1330 Markus arrives with survey gear (conventional theodolite [not laser/electronic system], measuring staff, tripod, arrows, surveyor's staffs with tripod mounts). All this will be heavy to carry to top camp. Markus was advised to pitch his tent at Base Camp to await the rescue developments at top camp, and expressed his intention to visit the Minas de Buffavera this afternoon — he is interested in Mines.

28/7 Phil & Marti - L. went shopping in Cangas - mainly for gas & petrol as cooking fuel was v. low - & found 1. YUCRF shopping after a day at seaside 2. Shops close on Mondays in Cangas.

Proceeded to obtain gas in Arriadas.

Phil tidied camp in preparation for possible influx of people after rescue

John W. wanted to become an ambulance man. Paul took fuel, chocolate, stores and chocolate (6) up mountain in 4 pm.

Coffee, more chocolate & fruit probably required for next coming up. ...

John Wilcock is taking the ^{Santander} ferry on (Tuesday) 12th August & can give lifts to Oxford. Meet 10am in loading lines. Brown/white van YUY476R.

Tue 29 July: Everyone going to the beach. The remainder - ie. Marcus & Gerhard (German Brands) going shopping in Cangas where we meet Everyone opposite the post office, and (much to their surprise) tell them how to get at the Lista de correos. Phil D. & Paul C. are after 'preventive' stuff - whom for, I wonder? - but I leave this responsibility with the doctors... Pay a visit to the Santa Cueva de cathedral of Covadonga on the way back. The pool is still an unhealthy red all over! - Divers are guarding camp, for which many thanks

Taking up to T.C.: Jam, sugar, some loo paper, Carbide (^{small} BDA), oil (1 bottle) Nescafe, 2x marg, noolla, 5 loaves bread, apples & oranges. Also another MYSTERY. Bloody heavy pack. Off 5pm-ish.

FRED: Kerry now owes me ^{568g} ~~300g~~ ^{300g} more for food, loo paper etc; ~~there's mail for John Hutch & Phil Duncan~~ ^{there's mail for John Hutch & Phil Duncan}

BRING TO T.C. TOMORROW PLEASE:
(or whenever you go)

Marcus owes him ^{300g} 300g for week 4 & 3 pencils.

more margarine, vegetables, oil, loo paper, molizo, 30 eggs ^(readily packed), soups, John West stuff & Morniflakes & cave food, fuel, carbide; Marcus' surveying gear (if you can manage some of it) - JA

PAUL COOPER: Peter reflector is in log book plastic bag!

Marcus & Gerhard

29/7

Yesterday brought Ukey out of Ridge Cave via 2/6. Rescue was started at approx 11⁴⁵ pm 27/7 by Dan. He estimated time of accident as approx 7⁰⁰ pm. Ukey was climbing in a rift and fell backwards striking her head. Dan said she had difficulty hearing in her left ear and difficulty using her left arm. Rescue team consisted of Paul & Richard (going down 2/6 = medical gear and Martin & Johnathan who went in via Ridge. Entered cave at approx 11 01³⁰ am. We met Ukey and Fred, closely followed by Neil, at Pinesum Beach at 3 am.

At that time Ukey was fully conscious and helping herself slowly out of the cave. She was very tired and was suffering intermittent attacks of dizziness.

Brief formal testing showed no objective hearing loss and no diplopia nor nystagmus.

We continued slowly and uneventfully out of the cave. Ukey went up the pitches in tandem = Richard who helped her with change-overs. We came out at about midday. That afternoon I carefully examined her again. All cranial nerves were intact with no discharge from her ear and no hearing loss. She had some bruising over her left eye with local tenderness but no apparent bony injury. Richard and I agreed that she should rest and that immediate further examination was unnecessary. We left Top Camp at 5 pm with instructions to check on her regularly.

29/7 Beach trip to Ribadesella in John's van. Everybody seemed glad of a rest after exertions, and it was a very pleasant day apart from the end (see below). Went to Covadonga to see the still red pool. At Cangas visited Bar Rio Grande (closed) — and we couldn't get tortillas anywhere else, but we did have coffee & pastries. Post office, bank, watch shop (John bought new watch). Ribadesella — couldn't get into Cueva Tito Bustillo since 400 limit had been exceeded. Beach until 3.0 pm (much wall-climbing and surfing), then a very excellent meal of fish soup, fabada with potatoes and fried fish + apple and coffee at the Bar del Puerto. Returned to beach for second session. Unfortunately the van was broken into in our absence and some money and cameras to the total of about £800 were taken. We therefore spent until about 8 pm explaining this to the Guardia Civil and filling in forms to show to insurance people — but the annoying thing is the loss of irreplaceable Rollei cameras and of course the films inside them. Insurance will, however, cover the monetary loss (but not the sentimental loss. It was interesting to see the inside of the Guardia Civil premises — most depressing, and not changed essentially since Franco's time except for the King's portrait. We saw some wanted photographs of drug smugglers and ETA activists. Returned in a depressed state to Lagos, but this mood was partially dispelled by a visit to the lower bar. Nobody, however, went up to top camp, despite previous good intentions.

A psychological study of why people climb walls might prove interesting.

30/7 John leaves early for the Barcelona congress. Returning from Santander ^{by ferry} on Tuesday 12th August. Anybody is welcome to meet in loading lines at 10.0 am latest for lift to Oxford. Don't forget your passenger ticket. Brown/white van YUY476R.

(46) COUNCIL DEBTOR

- DUNCAN GILCHRIST 19.20
- GEOFF HOGAN 5.00
- GRAHAM MAYLOR 15.00
- DAVE ROSE 14.20
- PHIL ROSE 2.55
- PHIL DUNNAN 7.50
- MARTIN LAVERTY 8.55 paid

Please Give Cheques to
 Paul Brennan Rest of
 Luck for rest of expedition
 See or contacting

Paul

from 26th March on Tuesday 1st August. Anybody is welcome
 to meet in working hours at 10.0 am later for lift to Oxford. Don't forget
 new passport test. From White for YUATIR.

At last its time to say "Adios" to base camp here (See top camp log 2 days ago). Waiting for the arrival of Hatch's car gives me time to reflect on the happy memories I will take away with me and stoned until the next gear club meeting I've tempted to walk up the Arco path for old times sake, but delving into a smiley face bowl of Morn flakes serves the nostalgia equally well. Hope nothing more goes drastically wrong on the expedition and P20 turns into a pleasant one. Take care now

Saralham

P.S. Martin, when you get a form from BSCRA insurance for your tent, could you also get a form for me for my tent.

P.P.S. If anyone sees a yellow van S-shirts in large size - ITS MINE and I want it back.

RECIPE of the DAY. 10099 sic!

- Smiley Face Bowl of Morn flakes
- Ingredients - Morn flakes
- Sugar
- "Molico" milk powder
- NB Five phls, or coffee tsp will NOT do
- Water
- Jam - e.g. Marmelada de Fresa
- Melancia de

- Serves 1

(48)

5. Place waffle flakes in bowl, not plate as water (add later) will flow over. Sprinkle 2 tablespoons full of sugar over waffle flakes. Sprinkle 4 tablespoons full of molasses over waffle flakes & sugar. Leave for 5 minutes and put one large cup with water. Pour cupful of water over waffle flakes, sugar & molasses, stir with metal spoon until whole bowlful reaches starchy consistency. Using spoon apply juice to base waffle flakes, sugar, molasses & water according to pattern below.

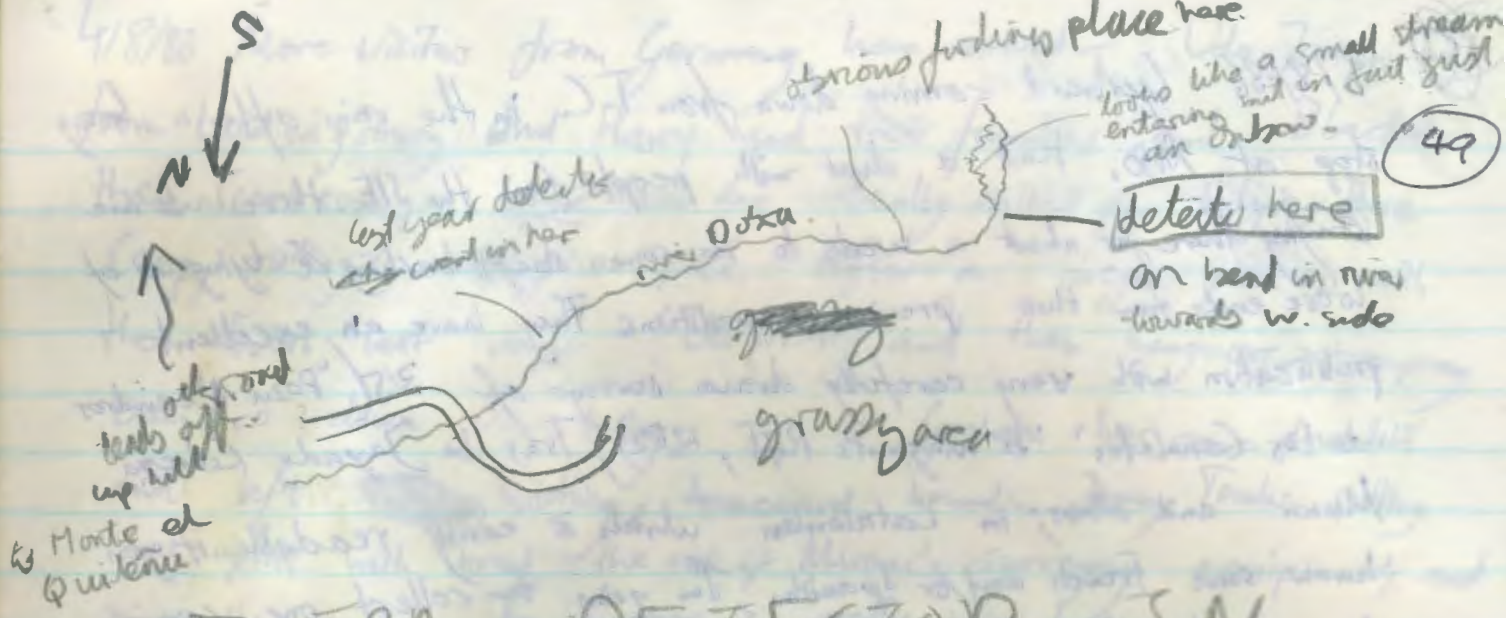


- The dish is now ready for eating.

Next Year's recipe

- The Grumpy face bowl of Waffle flakes

(This has to go into the PROC !!!)



EXTRA DETECTOR IN DOBRA

you may have trouble finding it, (I didn't put it in)

Hubb

~~Hubb~~

(59) 3/8/86 Gerhard coming down from T.C. in the rain after a long stop at Arid. Had a chat with people from the SIE there who are staying there for about a week to do some shaft bashing & tying up of loose ends from their previous expeditions. They have an excellent publication with very carefully drawn surveys of 3/5 ("Poza Meandros de los Canales" to Wagnit's Rift, 1982), Tras la Jayada, Cabeza Muxa and others in Catalan which is easily readable if you know some French and/or Spanish. I'm going to collect one copy of these when they leave Arid ~~and~~ for the OUC library (and have copies made for myself and for VHM !!). In turn we ought to send a free copy of Proc 12 to: (possibly a Proc 4, too if they don't have one yet)

SECCIÓ D' INVESTIGACIONS ESPELEOLÒGIQUES
DEL CENTRE EXCURSIONISTA ÀLIGA

calle Viladomat 152
Barcelona 15
Catalunya
Espanya

If you want to write to Blas & Julia during the winter (and send them pictures, perhaps?) you may use the following address (Julia's parents):

JULIA DIAZ ORTEGA
calle RAFAEL DEL RIEGO 3-2º 120.
LA VEGUINA - TURÓN
Paseo de ASTURIAS
Espanya

Gerhard

4/8/86 More visitors from Germany have arrived - Udo Jansen (51) from Ludwigsbury and Harry and their families and Bladere the Score cow, a huge black dog ideally suited for tidying Base Camp, sitting/sleeping on, etc. After a mega-piss-up with the divers last night Udo, Harry and their hangovers accompany Dan & Co down Osu today. - Graham has come downhill and left ~~with~~ hitching, homeward bound. Jonny Tombs setting out uphill with bread the rest of Marcus' surveying equipment, and some other goodies. The weather is pretty inconclusive...

8pm have compressed the camp & am zipping off to Amador's with the other Germans to celebrate my birthday. Have fun here & have some chorted (dangling above the stove)

Welcome Phil Rose! G.

5/8/86 'On the futility of eating'

Woke up at 6 am-ish in lovely sunshine and had just enough time & wits left to put on underwear & shoes & get out of my tent before I threw up most of what I'd eaten yesterday evening. The rest left via the more normal exit three hours later. Argh. - The food tent was found to be inhabited by a mouse this morning.

G.

Could someone going to Cangas these days please buy a toothbrush for Phil Rose - TA. G.

Duncan Goldmist has arrived - Welcome! & walked up to Top in the early afternoon with personal stuff & some veg. No-one coming down. -

G.

(52) 6/8/86 Mega-food carry uphill

Gerhard taking: carbide, gas (lots), ~~canes~~ ^{may}, sawlog, tomatoes, molize, flamed cane food (nut) (some).

7/8/86 left in dinner to catch the bus.

Good evening & see you all at BCRA

Ed

Andy's address in Geneva: from \approx early Sept. 1986.

No 2

~~Rue~~ Rue du Centenaire,
1227 Carouges,
Geneve

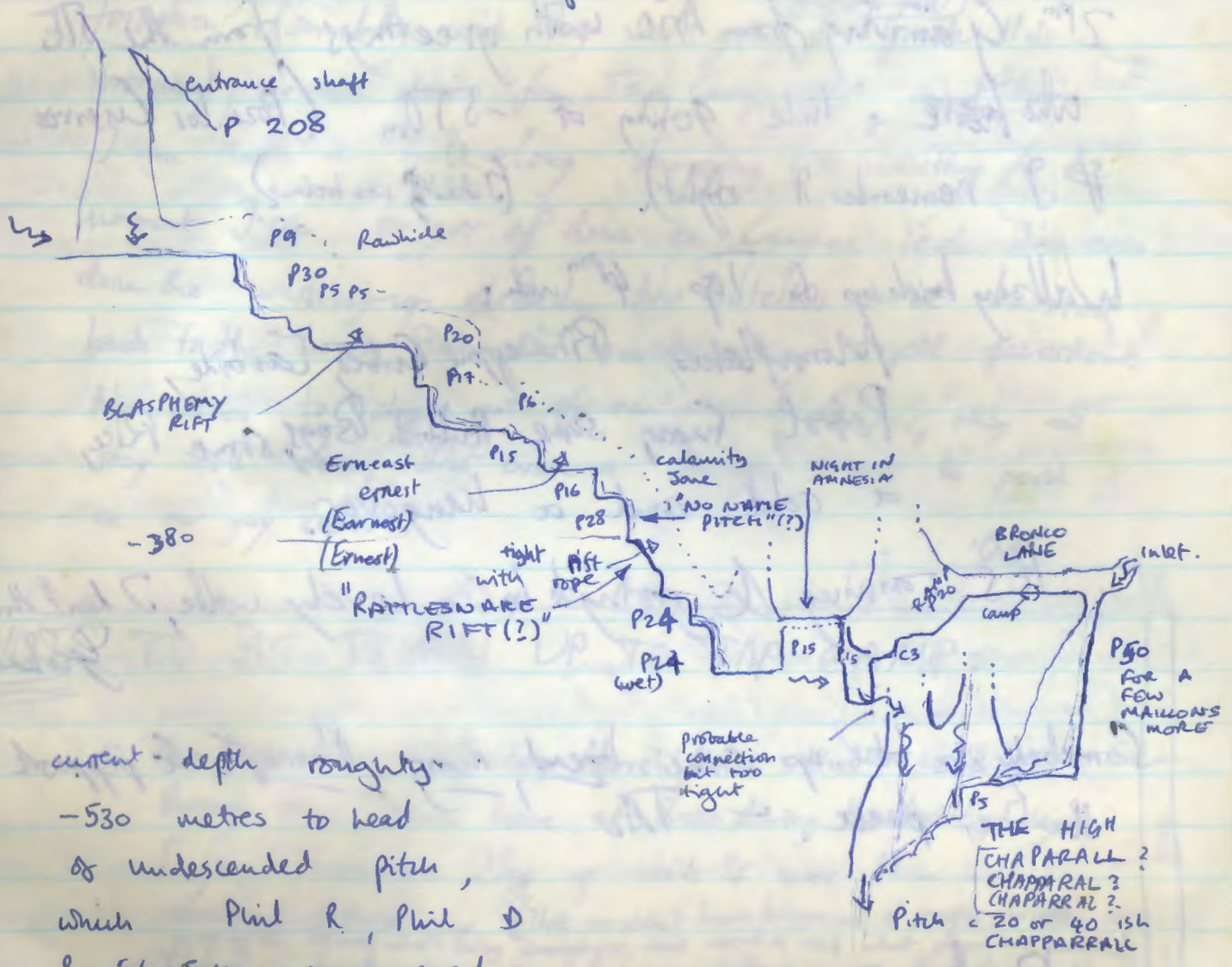
Book your skiing hol's ~~now~~ now!

2/8/86: PB down to Cangas. Picked up "Lista" with letters for:

- Phil D (1)
- Dave H (1)
- Fred (1)
- Marcus (1)
- Gerhard (~ 10)

(I found 5, in fact, 4)

F20 as it stands 8th August:



current depth roughly:

-530 metres to head of undescended pitch, which Phil R, Phil D & El Jefe are supposed

to be pushing down today: the cave must either have stopped or broken the 2,000 feet mark.

(Final depth ~ 585m - sump level within a few metres of that of Psycho killer)

(54)

10 August:

2^{pm} G arriving from Ario with greetings from the STE who have a hole going at -550m (Pozo los Cuerrros if I remember it right). (I didn't see below)

Walking back up to Top from with:

Moonflakes, Pineapple Cubes, Carbide, Petrol, Sugar, some Rubber Bags, some Rice, a cold and a hangover.

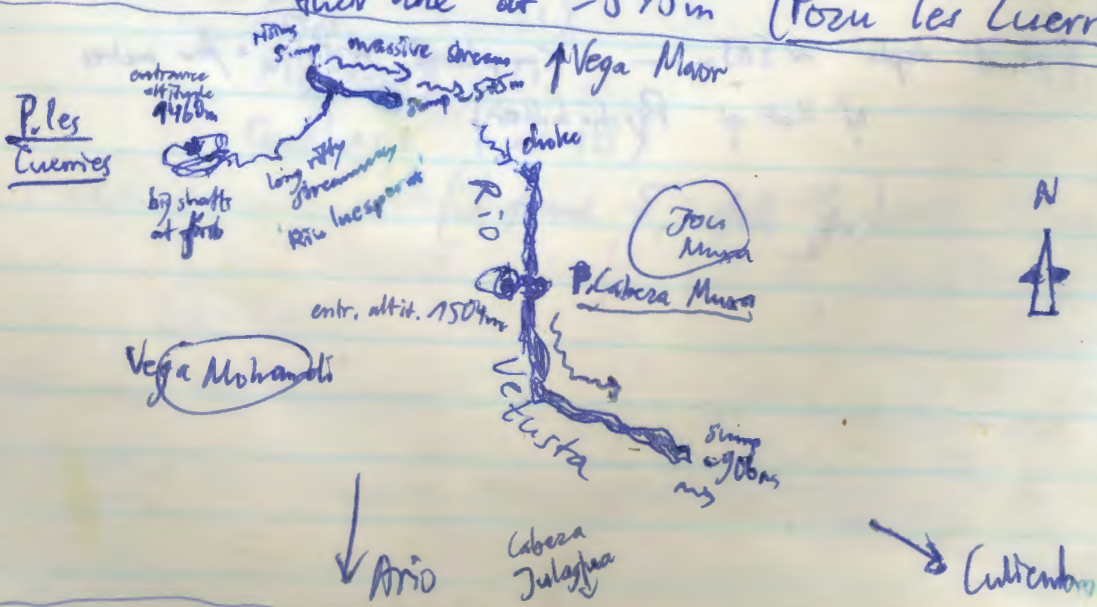
It's raining & going to be a lovely walk, I don't think Gerhard

Somebody else take up some bread, orange, Nescafe & peppercorn like, please. - TAC

12 August:

3^{pm} G arriving from Ario with more greetings from the STE who've bottomed their hole at -575m (Pozo los Cuerrros).

SKETCH MAP & PLAN:



13 August — Oh Jim so lonely. The divers' tents forsaken (somebody said they were going to ^(return and) pack this morning), no one down from Top Camp yet, and here I am with a mile-long shopping list waiting for the moment I can bugger off down to Cangas. Yeah I've even done the washing up already. No botellas to be carried back to the Lower Bar. No tourists asking stupid questions. No vacos to chase out of our sacred fences, they all stay well clear. Not even a drough wants to perch on our guy ropes...

Y/N

NOT TO BE TAKEN UP TO TOP CAMP:

- The remaining 7-odd Moren'flake tins - we'll get through these down here at Base during the last Exp. days.
- Sugar. There are 2kg up which is more than we'll manage between us. (This wouldn't have happened if people wrote up in the logbook what's being carried up, and cared to read what others have carried.)
- Petrol - for the moment. It were walked up on Sunday and these should last us at least a week from now.
- Rice and Pasta - tons of these are in the Top food tent and they can't be buried for next year. (Well you can bury them but they won't do you any good in '87...)
- 206 Bleuett gaz cylinders. Half a dozen waiting at Top - use the ones here for the lanterns.
- any kind of tackle, obviously.

Also, when you're carrying up half a ton of fresh veg, it's a good idea to leave one each tomato, pepper, onion, spud, orange, lentil, chick pea, green bean or what have you behind so that the poor chap having to guard Base the following night can cook himself a nice dinner. TA.

Gabard

(56) A Poem for Gerhard by two friends from university at Munich,
Die Höhlenforscher

Fast täglich suchen sie nach Spalten,
um sich im Dunkeln aufzuhalten.
Dort hängen sie dann oft am Seil,
denn manche Spalte ist gar steil!

Nach während sie den Boden suchen,
-man hört sie manchmal leise fluchen-
vermessen sie, wie sich's gehört,
die Höhle ziemlich ungestört.

Nur mühsam kann in engen Gängen
der Dünnste sich noch vorwärts zwingen,
Und braucht er auch Geduld und Kraft,
wie glücklich ist er, wenn er's schafft.

Dann heißt es, sich zurück zu winden,
um den andern zu verkünden,
daß es nichts zu sehen gibt,
wenn man nicht nen Fels verschiebt.

Sichermaßen man belehrt
macht die ganze Gruppe kehrt,
sucht nach einem andern Gang,
hofft, der sei besonders lang.

Eine edle Forscherseele
trotzt auch einer wassen Höhle!
Ist der Gummizug dicht,
scheut sie auch das Schwimmen nicht.

Wenn man heimkehrt, wird beschrieben,
wann man wo wie lang geblieben.
Fotos sind von großem Wert,
sie zu machen, ist erschwert:

Dafür braucht der Forscher Licht,
doch das gibt's in Höhlen nicht.
Ein Behelf ist hier nicht dumm:
Blitzlicht mit Magnesium!

Oh die Sache funktioniert?
Hast Du das schon ausprobiert?
Wir wünschen Dir dazu viel Glück!
Und komm bald wieder heil zurück!

Annettes & Johannes Schwaiger
July 1986

translated (not too well) by G. on 12 August whilst guarding Base Camp.)

The Cave Explorers.

(57)

They look for cracks 'bout ev'ry day,
so that they may in darkness stay.
It oft takes ropes to go down deep,
for many cracks are rather steep!

The floor unseen still, God knows where,
- you sometimes hear them softly swear -
they start (they know how to behave)
surveying properly the cave.

Low is the roof, the rift is tight,
even the thinnest has to fight.
Patience is needed much and strength,
but happy who gets through at length.

Then 'outward' is the way to choose
and back to Camp, to spread the news
that ev'rywhere the view is block'd
unless you try to shift a rock.

Thus enlightened with surprises
the whole group at once arises:
down the next route in a throng,
hoping it will turn out long.

A true caver remains brave
even in the wettest cave!
With a good web suit, yes my dear,
- a swim is all enjoyment sheer.

Write up when you return, don't lie,
who was where, ^{for} how long, and why.
Pictures a good impression make
although they're somewhat hard to take.

For these the caver needs much light,
alas, the cave's as dark as night!
Chemistry helps you in this fix:
Just fire a magnesium mix.

Whether this will work alright?
Goshard, we wonder, have you tried?
We wish you luck there all around!
And come back home soon, safe and sound!

* * *



(58)

PS: I always find myself monopolizing the logbooks around this time of the year - not that I intended to, but apparently everybody else's motivation just peters out in early August, and the logs not even being read.

(Any exceptions to the last assertion please make yourselves known belows

M. MOUSE

(that's what I thought!)

O. Duck

G. Duck

TA.)

ly.

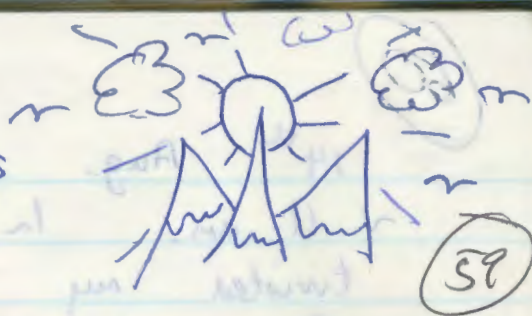
13 August 10 am

Cops - these divers have fooled me. They're all in their tents, snoring - only now one has stuck his nose out. When they got in last night I don't know - either they've been sleeping all afternoon or they came home quietly after 10 pm...

Anyway off to Langas now & double quick. Hope to be back before 1 pm. (Making along the big kitty money but not the kitty bag.)

13th later in the day.

Cheers for the Moonshades bags
lot of love & explicit sex
"The shoring drawers"



There's mail for Roy (2), Martin et jeff & Fred (1),
(2, 1 of them old!) (1)

5 PM (!) back from epic shopping trip. Spent 1 hour walking &
waiting for a lift down, and 2 1/2 hrs walking/waiting for a lift up.
Even so I had to walk the finish from Enrol.

7:30 pm setting out for TL. Carrying:

5 loaves bread, 27 eggs, marg, jam, honey, nocilla, some rubbish bags,
some soups, some herbs & spices, some olives, peppers, tomatoes, a few apples,
sour drops. Also one anchor grease syringe, and cotton wool for the
first-aid kit. Clouds gathering now over the path, think I'll
want my compass hanging ~~around~~ my neck.

As a change from G some left hard drinkable
Phil W. left for top camp at some early hour
(hardly light I believe, but then I didn't open my
eyes. As it is at last sunny I have
opened up the tents to dry and washed my socks!
I would go for a swim in enal but I guess
I can't leave camp unattended. We have had two
groups of visitors today, the S.I.P. have given us
their 'pos' and an english couple - I can't remember
names, are heavy and may visit top camp.

14th Aug. PB. Set off from T.C. at
~ 11 am. In the X-valley I slipped and
twisted my ankle. I hopped to Airo where
Blas bandaged me up and sent me on my
way. Got down at ~ 4pm with no
pack, it is still in the valley below 5/8
I hope someone comes down before I run
out of water as I can't make it over
to the spring and back.

QUOTE OF THE DAY (Tu 19/8/86)

Dave "I'm too honest"
"Too fucking honest"
"I'm not honest that way" Horley