

DUKE
LIBRARY

1987

BASE

OVCC
CUNVICENTE
EXPEDITION
1987

BASE CAMP
LOG

1987

WE WERE :-

OXFORD UNIVERSITY
CAVE CLUB
LIBRARY

Smith
14
2
moby

Sonathu Coop :-

~~John~~

~~John~~
~~Paul~~

~~John~~

Wald Biersack

~~Neil~~

Munel Egerton

~~Neil~~

~~Neil~~

Mike Benn - Lee

Phil Sargent

Yago Sargent

Martin Hod

~~John~~

William Stead

Martin Lacey

Graham Naylor

~~Dave~~

~~Simon~~

~~Steve~~

~~Tom~~

Silvia

Graham Ponder

~~Mike~~

Graham W. K. ...

WED. 8 July '87

Dan & the Van & JC went to Oviedo to do Official Things, and to Cayas to fill our 5 empty Gaz-Containers.

The day dawned wet & claggy just like yesterday, but after a while the dim silhouette of the Upper Bar could be seen - better than when we arrived when even the Maria Rosa was lost to view.

A day spent taking nearly everything up to Ario.

Lots of people did lots of carries ^{ie} up the mountain today, though I'm the path.

What's the Use of Wearing Demart Cags and mocs you buy in K-mart
Gortex sox are just for Piss-Farts!
Better far is SKIN!

Expose it on the mountain

Dip it in the fountain

Burn it to

A darker hue

By marching in the sun until you're fainting

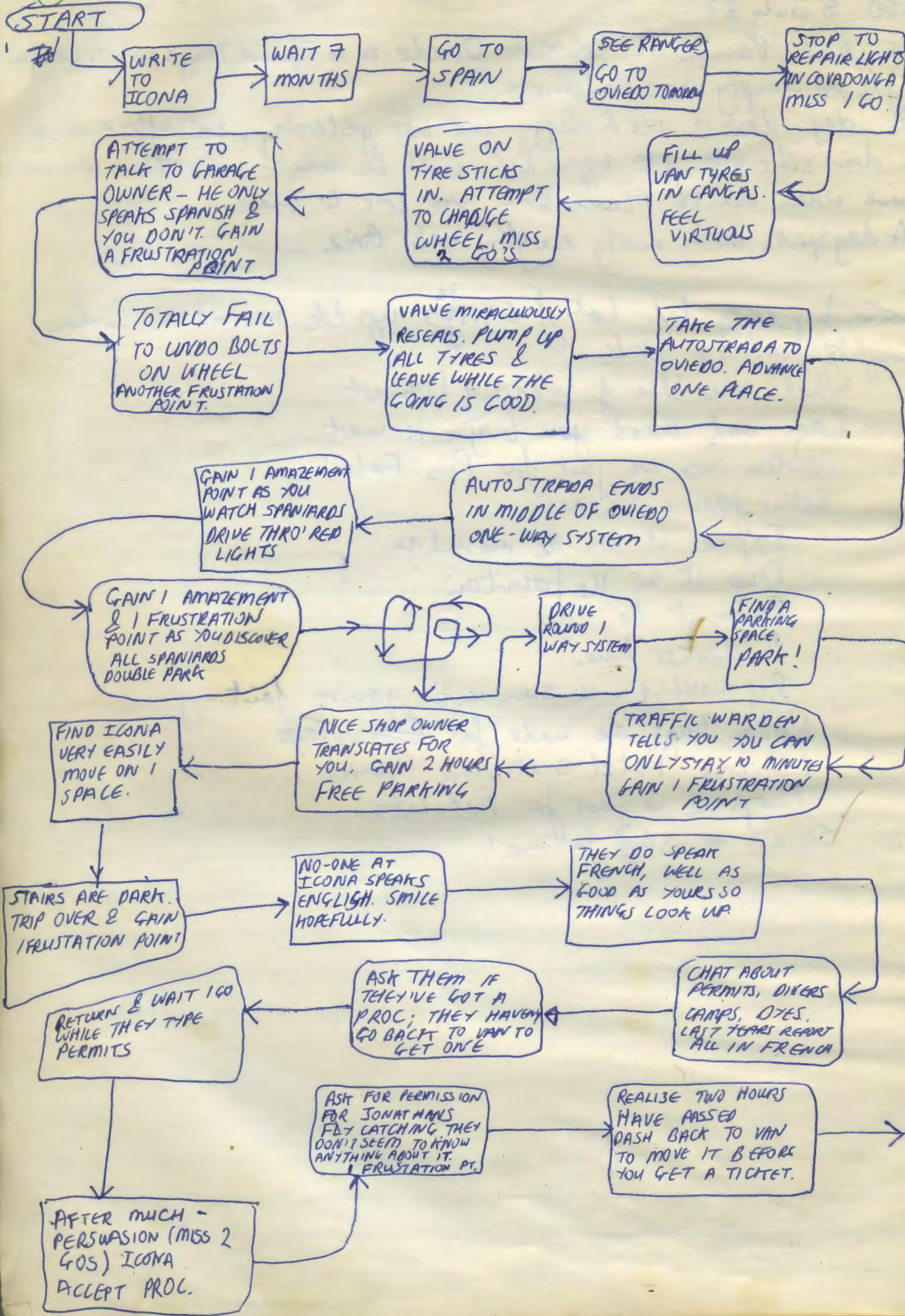
Rohai bags are made for Sissies Fags

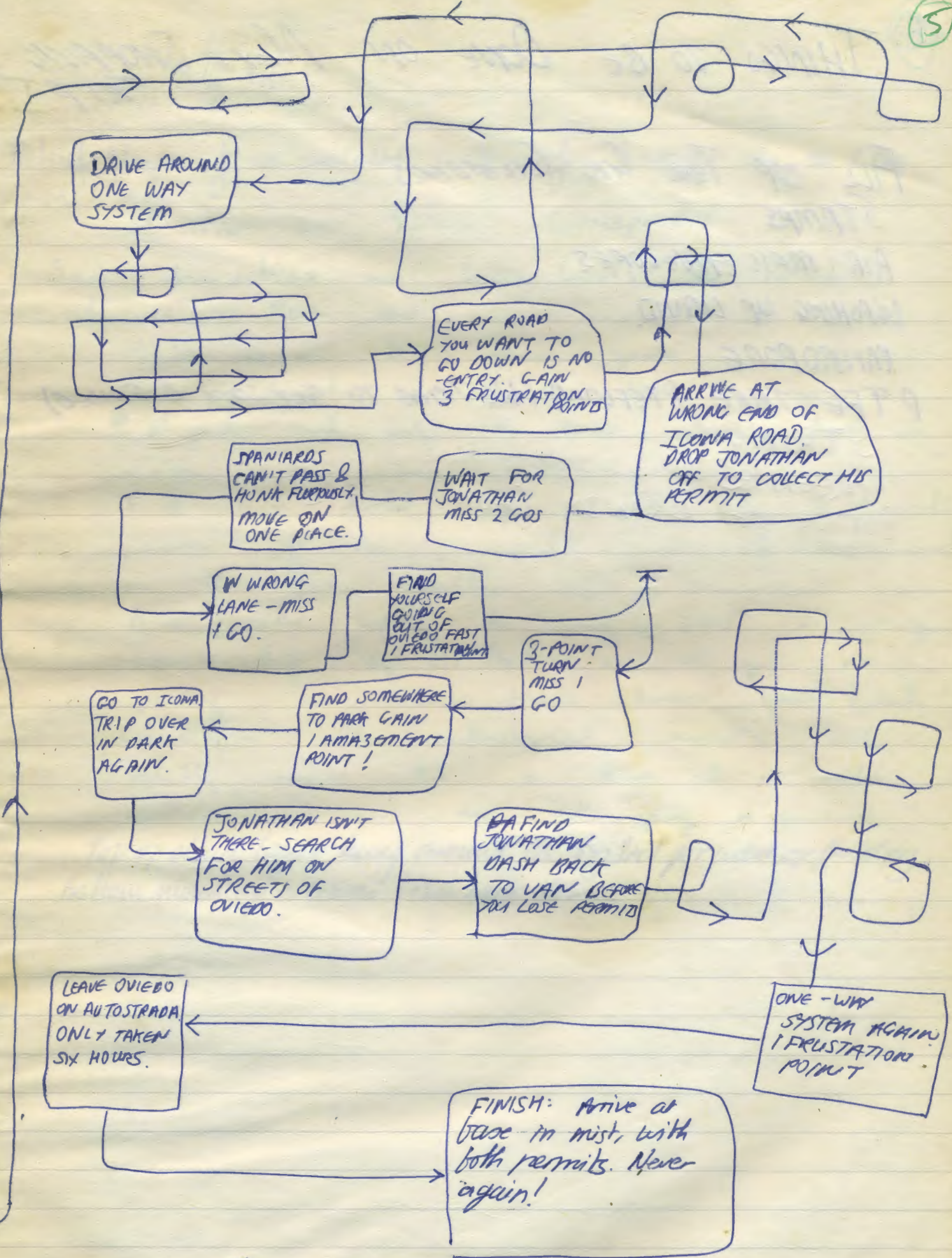
Likewise Petzl suits and Funnis

Neoprene is just for Fetishists!

SKIN's the stuff for me!

THE ICONA GAME





Jan & Jonathan.

⑥ THINGS TO BE DONE ON NEXT SHOPPING TRIP I

FILL UP TWO GAS CYLINDERS.

STAMPS

AIR-MAIL ENVELOPES

WASHING UP LIQUID.

MICROPORE.

P TFE TAPE (TEFLON) (WE TRIED TO GET SOME & FAILED)

STRING

GREENIES

BOTTLE OF BRANDY (FOR NEIL)

Thursday July 9th.

A brief glimpse of the snow clad peaks before breakfast when the Clay moved in again
From our Science Correspondent.

Some observations on Snow levels. for future reference ~ From our

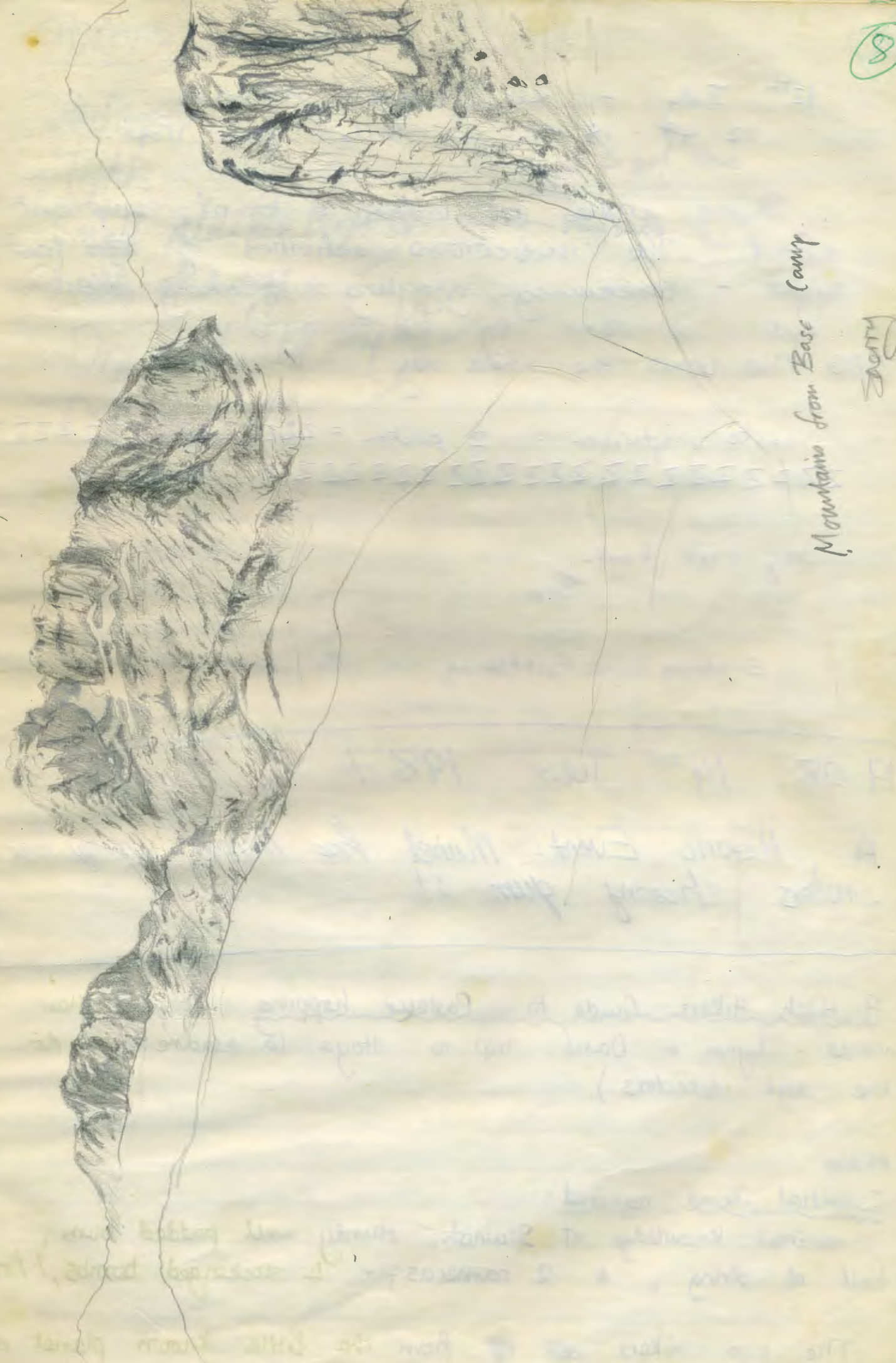
1987 is a low snow year

The W shaped snow field above top camp is shaped and only the snow above F20 is visible from any distance.

F 38 has dried up with only 2 small pieces of ice, a puddle at the bottom and on the far wall.

Arctic water supply is very slow, so may even dry up (!) And as of yet no promising new snow fields have been found. Consultation with meteorological experts will probably reveal this is due to a mild winter or a very hot spring + summer.

Top of cloud layer hung around the Bigsod for most of the day. Bottom moved up to Bobras & then back down.



Mountains from Base Camp

Scott

19

12th July - Los Lagos, Asturias
12:49:18:- Hello from Paul.

Sherry wishes to lodge a formal complaint about the indecorous activities of ~~the~~ last night - screaming, giggling + streaking (Martin got a 2.0 by the way!)
(P.S This covers the whole day).

late afternoon: 2 pirton = 2222222222222222
22222222222222222222222222 + hangover.

My Feet hurt.
Son.

Evening: Frisbeeing in the mist.

19:08 14th JULY 1987.

A Historic Event: Muriel has thrown away her smokers chewing gum !!

A Hitch Hikers Guide to Pasteur hopping: (or in other words - Lynn + Dan's trip to Hoya le Madne to do the dye detectors).

Mission

Essential items required:

- minimal knowledge of Spanish, sturdy well padded bum, ball of string, 2 cameras, 4 stockinged bombs, 1 knife

The two hikers ~~set off~~ from the little known planet of

SHOPPING LIST. II

Washing up bowl ✓

Tights X

Small plastic bags X

Loads of veg. ✓

Dry stuff (eg pasta) ✓

Anything else. ✓

Need to get these
→ very small.

(14)
the yellow van set out across the vast regions of space known as the Picos de Europa, in good spirits on the afternoon of ~~the~~ a sunny day having fortified themselves on the aliens larger (full guarantee to make you visit the quarry).

With suspicious ease the relevant gorge was located but upon attempting to penetrate down into the ~~the~~ depths ~~whereupon~~ wherein the water flowed they were attacked not only by sharp rocks, stinging nettles & thistles but the long wet grass upon the steep slopes ensured that the well padded bums were put to good use.

Eventually the resurgence reached and bombs deposited the final onslaught to reach the cave caused the hikers to tremble as they navigated their ways up & down sheer slopes with large drops below.

At this point, the world through which they trekked determined to seek its revenge and surrounded the hikers in thick mist. Immediate return to the yellow van was imperative so they zipped up to the top of the valley, panting & trying not to look down too often and then used a piece of straw (and not a bootlace) to set them off in the right direction through the mist. (They had foolishly forgotten a seemingly useless item, that consists of an oscillating pointer, usually known as a compass). At long last a pasteur's hut was stumbled upon & the direction of home enquired. After seemingly being directed through an angle of 90° , it gradually transpired that they were retracing their steps. By the luck of the yellow van another two pasteurs turned up & more incomprehensible directions given as well as a brief escort. ~~up~~ The hikers were no longer surprised when yet another pasteur's hut appeared as if by magic out of the mist & ^{after} a further arm waving & much relief the path

home discovered.

Other useful items required:

- pasteur homing in device, saddle to encourage donkeys to take you home, Bonis to lessen the pain of climbing down & then back up.

Summary

Went to Hoya de la Madre & got lost coming home.

ILLUSTRATION



The 15th July

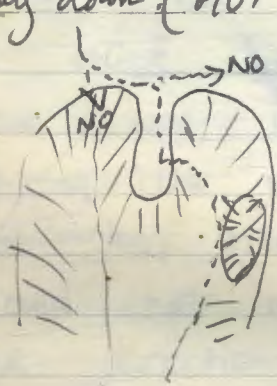
(17) Martin L., Philip S. & Graham N. Walked down the

Caral de Trea successfully in 2 1/2 hours to the Caves Gorge path, (20 minutes from Cain). Of that 2 1/2, 1/2 was spent looking for caves. The route is very simple but all the critical junctions are unmarked. Margaret picked us up in Casmanena after a few jobs with Dani, Chalkey, Mike, Dave, Graham & Prudence.

SILVIA G.P. ^{may be} is not coming directly to Lagos from the Caves when the NPC expedition finishes, he may walk up to the village Bulnes first.

CRITICAL POINTS ON TREA PATH (NB the Fuente is 2/3 of the way down)

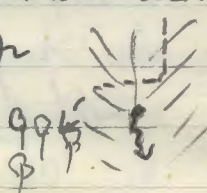
- (1) walk nearly to Jaltayan from Arico along the yellow dots, turn left when you see an arrow pointing back to ARICO (labelled ARICO) just at the foot of Jaltayan.
- (2) Go down not across at the top of the Trea Valley, at SECOND NOT the FIRST way down (MUY PELEGRINO)



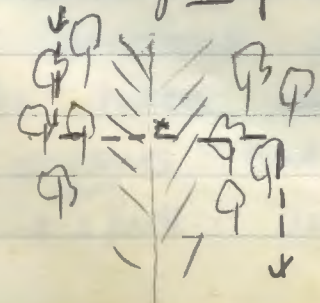
Adalberto writes:
 The woods above Cain contain, by report, many little black burning insects. These are best avoided, not least because, for obscure reasons related to cell mediated immunity, they (also!) can make you go blind.

John

- (3) Don't go down to the Fuente, the path crosses across the TOP of the fuente, about 20m above it. (~~Marked by yellow dots?~~)
 Do NOT follow the streambed AT ALL.

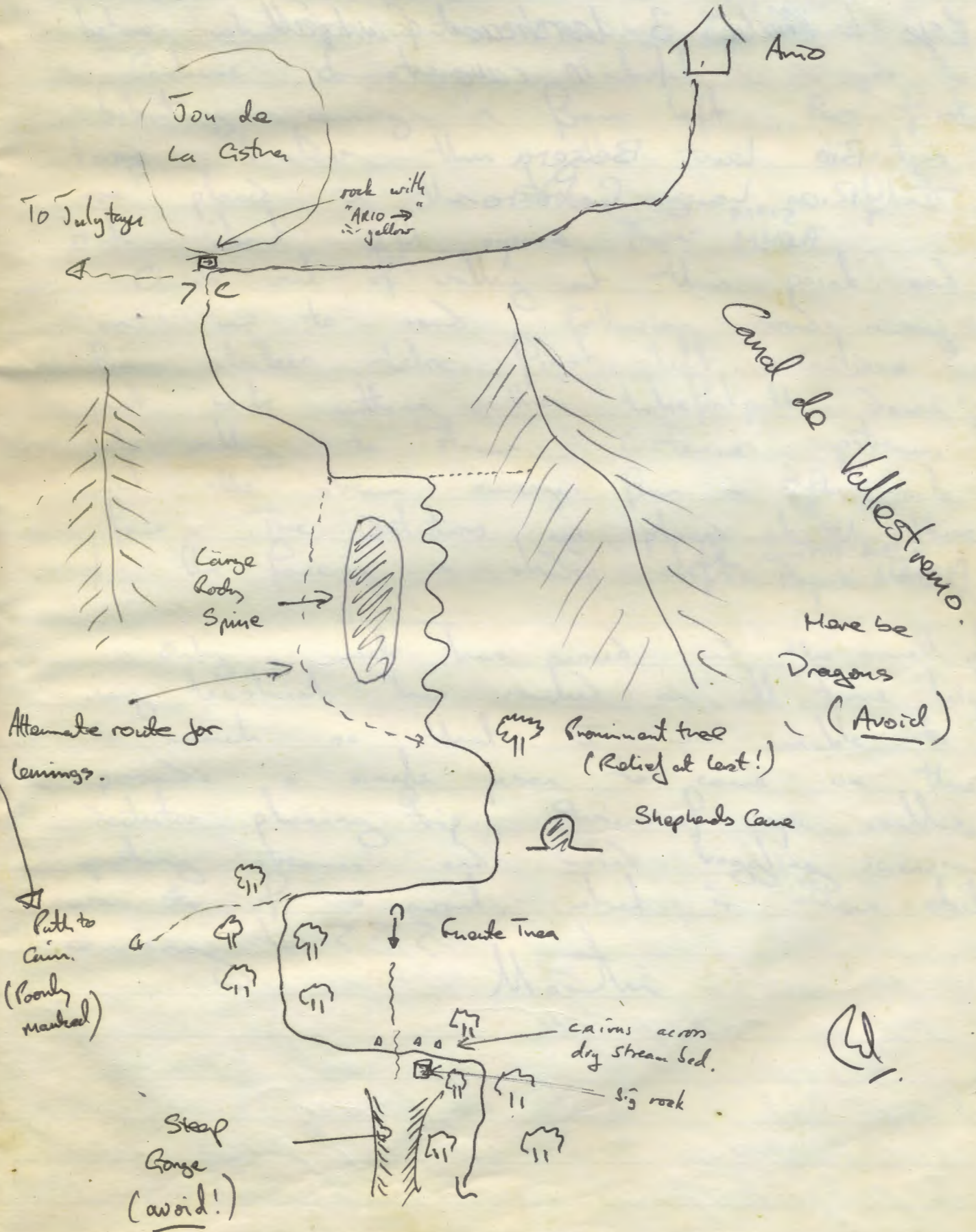
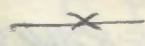


- (4) This path immediately goes into a wood. Take the left fork; the right fork leads to a poor path directly to Cain.



- (5) Path crosses stream from one wood to the other. Crossing at stream marked by small cairn.

The path is earthy rather than rocky for nearly all its length, so in wet weather it is VERY slippery & tiring. It is unbelievably steep.



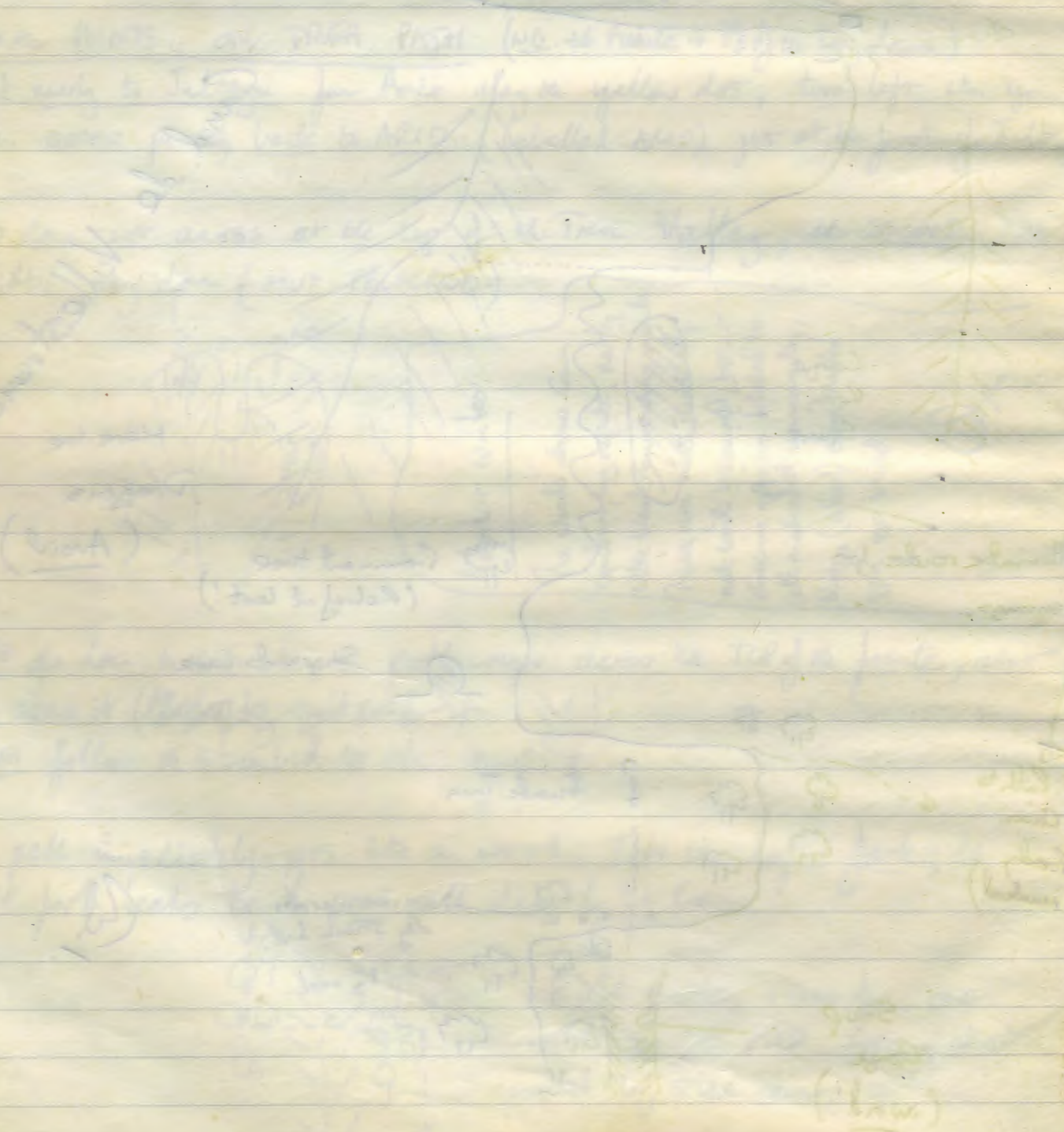
(15)

DYE DETECTORS - CONTROLS SUMMARY

- I Cubemtro. 2 in resurgence
 2 upstream of resurgence

- II Hoya La Madre 3 downstream of waterfall
 1 in cave.

- III Rio La Beyerera
 Rio La Calderon



Dye Detectors

Wed. 15th July

Follow Rio la Beysa from top end of
 huge Enol to first large tree. Both detectors
 are about 30 feet downstream of tree just
 below where water resurges. ^{control} MM1
^{Proper} MM1A

Continue downstream about 70 yds to
 tributary coming in from left. Pass first
 large boulder then the two detectors
 are placed in the stream near MM2
 rock about 2ft square. ^{control} MM2A
^{Proper} MM2A

Climb out of valley at this point and
 on up to road. Following road away
 from lakes take first left. Continue
 past rock cutting then take first path down
 into valley to stream. Continue upstream
 until the stream emerges from a 7ft rock
 face. The detectors are placed at the base
 of the face in a shaded cleft. ^{control} MM3
^{Proper} MM3A

Only a week has passed and the smell of
 my tee shirts has reached an all time high.
 So much so that I was unable to
 persuade a single person to come on this
 detector placing trip. Stories of epic walks,
 sporting streams and mind boggling scenery
 was ~~the~~ of no avail, what is this club
 coming to ???

Martin

(17)
15 July ICONA CONTINUED.

A couple of the guards forestal came poking around the camp & found Jonathan's net that they didn't like. I explained that we did have a permit for it although it was probably at Aho. I suggest we leave the net unmade in the green tent. Then they came & said we had too many tents so after a brief discussion I hitched down to Covadonga to show ICONA. Got a lift in a dormobile at End. Bouncing around ~~in~~ on a mattress in the back of a van with about 2' vertical room while accelerating down to Covadonga is exciting in any the least. Actually got through to ICONA & made myself understood. I spoke to the fluent french speaker & we should have permission for 8 tents here although she didn't think it necessary to send ^{us} a new permit, so I said she would inform the guards forestal of the changes. Hopefully this is the last draught of the permit saga, altho' somehow I think it may not be.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR NEXT YEARS APPLICATION.

- ① Calculate exactly what date you'll arrive in Spain & ~~state~~ tell them a week earlier than that. ICONA claim they post permits to arrive just before we leave & on the 1987 prospectus, I gave 13th July as starting date.
- ② Estimate n^o of tents you're likely to need at each ~~camp~~ camp. Add 2. Double the number. On our permits, we have permission for the number of people requested but only half the number of tents requested.

(18)

15 July 1987 CANGAS

Met Mr. Mornflake in Cangas with the YUCPC Landrover he gave us instructions to find the YORK composite. Currently they have just got down to the main campsite at -740m in M2 and are setting it up for an 8-person campsite. The limit of exploration last year was at -940m (and they are thinking about having a 2-man advance pushing camp too). At -900m it suddenly goes Big as opposed to small & gribbly for the ~~rest~~ way down there.

Here are the instructions for the YUCPC surface base:

- ① Go to Cangas
- ② Turn left just before the bridge, the road to RIANO
- ③ Go 30km along this road, turn LEFT towards SOTO DE SAHAMBRE
- ④ Go through village (lots of zigzags)
- ⑤ In village take WOODEN SIGNPOSTED DIRECTION TO VAGABANO
- ⑥ This is an 8km distance, poor road, very slow
- ⑦ Go through forest; when reach fields at top go STRAIGHT (~~as~~ main track goes right)
- ⑧ At next fork go flat & to the ~~left~~ right a bit through lots of yellow flowering bushes. After 200 yards you find YUCPC camp.
- ⑨ Show walk to YUCPC top camp.

16th + 17th July.

It rained a lot. Mel walked to Covadonga, 2 Yorkies came by (inc. Kev Senior). They haven't reached last year's limit yet ^{in M2.}
It rained but not quite as much on 18th July.
Mel a nice Scottish girl
Lanth...

P.S. It did rain just as much on the 19th
Notes for survival at base.

The air beds are now ~~an~~ imperative for use at night as the tents are about to sink in the water - always check you know where the distress stores are

19th

(19)

July: Domingo Sol.

Awoke at Ario to rather a shock, there were no clouds & there was the fondly remembered Sun. The result of this was a mass attack of sunstroke & everyone decided they had to go to Cangas for lunch to celebrate. This was very fortuitous for Phil, Manuel & I who needed Sherpas to bring our stuff down 'cos we've got to go tomorrow, so the three of us are now drying out base camp, boots & clothing. Lagos is not as crowded as most Sundays & I can't hear a single radio.

See you all at the 'reunion' on 1st Aug 2000
8pm at The Kro Grande. p.s. Bring your children!
grand

20th July

Quote - says Margot to the squeals + giggles coming from Martin (Mays) + Lynus tent "It's easier if you're both in the same sleeping bag."

Last night Simon the cyclist (one of the two who taught us zank on the ferry) arrived. Many frobees were thrown (& missed) much vino tinto + gaseosa was drunk, much zank was played (we got pined we fell over we crawled into ~~our~~ our pits & didn't reappear for many hours.) Simon left to cycle 100 miles to Santander this morning - I don't know if the hangover will help, but I'm sure the morn'flakes did.

(20)

A Walk on the Dark Side

It was a dark and misty evening, (especially dark). Eleven shadowy figures left the Maria Rosa, stumbling & staggering through the quarry. People slipped into the mud, people fell into the quarry, people crawled over each other in the slime, slipping and slipping their way back to the tents (or at least where they thought the tents might be). Sherry, having been ~~roughly~~ ^{bravely} tackled brought down by a particularly filthy Paul, began to sputter profanity. Pesetas bickered over the muddy field. "I've lost everything, I've lost everything" she spluttered through the mud.

Only 'surefoot' Graham made it back to camp, without incident and was soon rounding up the mud encrusted covers, valiantly battling his way through the swamp, picking up vital items and guiding people back from the quarry.

Eventually eleven wet, filthy, slimy creatures made the tents, crawling up from the pools of water, and climbing up out of the quarry. Graham, ever the conscientious one, threw water over everyone, before they slowly fell into a deep ~~sleep~~ coma.

Addendum: Dan was completely pissed and the above account is a travesty of justice. Dan lead most of the party into the quarry displaying a complete lack of direction and common sense. Even Muriel novice expeditioneer

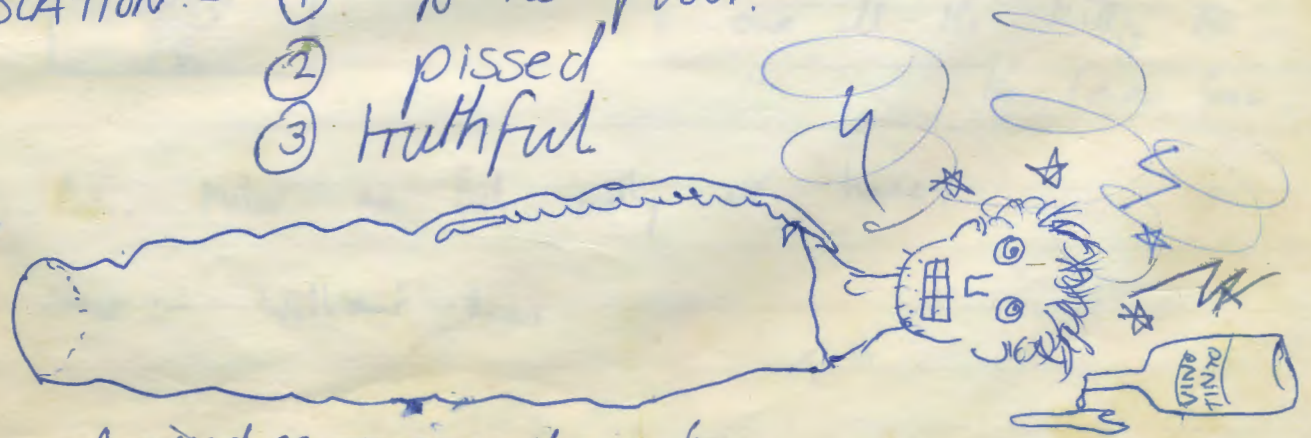
knew which way camp was and tried to point ^{out} the correct direction to the drunken Dan. Dan expedition leader extraordinaire knows everything and so ignored Muriel's pleas and they both plunged to their almost death as they fell into the quarry.

P.S. I was helping Sherry back to the tents when she stumbled and pushed me over and then fell on top of me. After picking myself up and then dragging Sherry to her feet ① we spent 5 minutes desperately trying to stay on our feet in the quagmire till Graham arrived with a light.

P.P.S. I was completely sober ② and the above is an entirely truthful ③ account.

PPPS He was entirely pissed and the above is an entirely truthful account

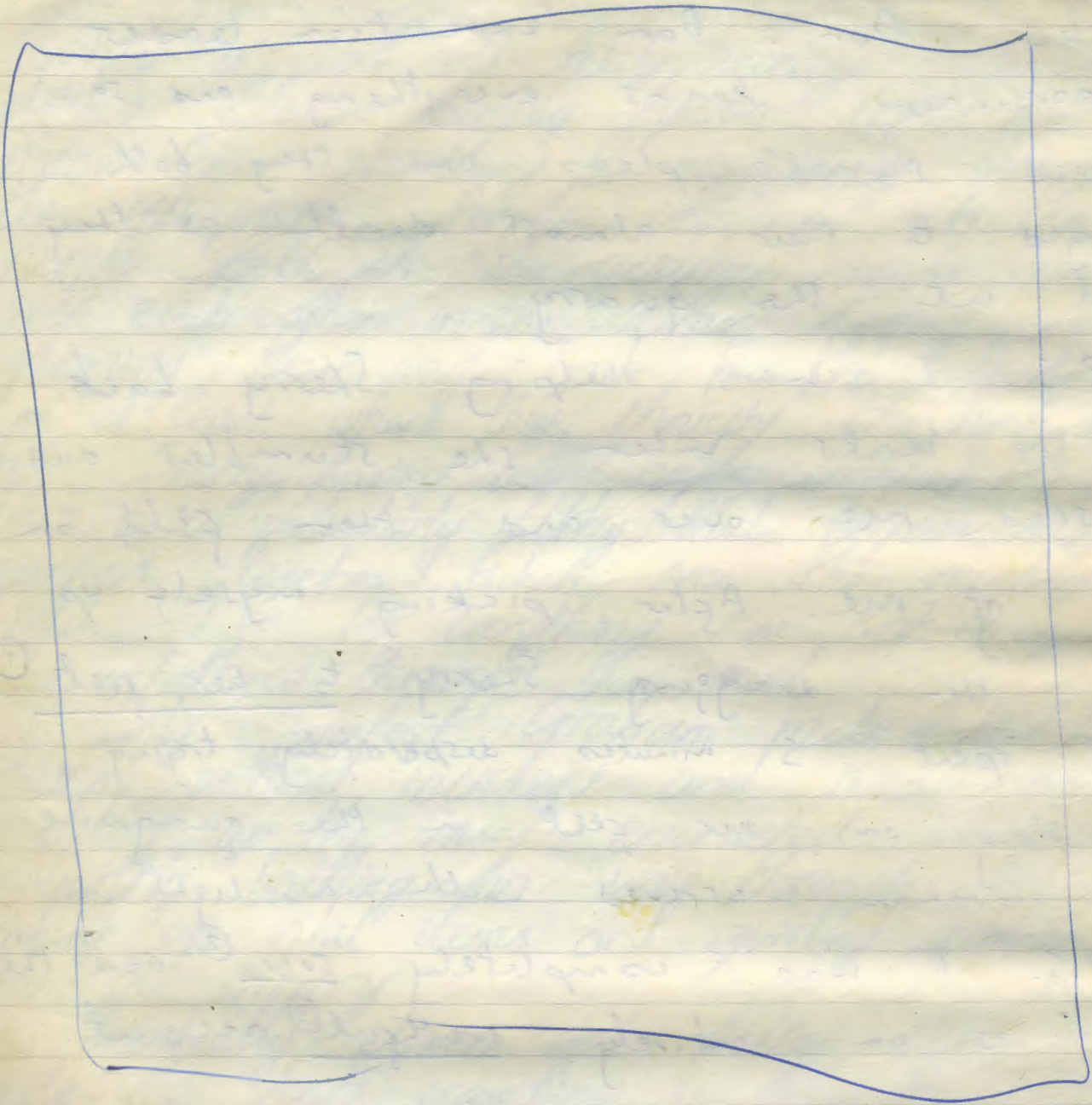
TRANSLATION:- ① to the floor.
② pissed
③ truthful



A pissed cover on a sleeping bag - Any resemblance to any persons living or dead is ~~not~~ purely intentional.

22

A Short Interlude:



23/7/87

MIKE, HARRY, TOM, BILL ARRIVE!

GRAND expectations of caving deep --
 no go - climb high - whats left to do?
 Wonder about feeling like you want something to do -
 beers + brandy + beards - I hate the beards - There is
 a reason to do Naraujo - we want to do something
 We spent 2 day to get here - with minor interruptions
 it was un-impressive. There we 2 weeks in sick to
do something. There are reasons 2 go beyond the
 redactions. Fuck there's nothing like excitement.

Harry "Honking on Wobblies" Moss

I expect to go easy and what do I get?



Another day older +
deeper in ~~debt~~ debt

Dan don't you ask me to
walk too far

I owe all the kitty to
the love bar...

Aah. Make me feel really at home,

Next :- Williams' knees.

T.H.

MOAN, MOAN MOAN ...

Enclosure

Yes ... its the moment you've all (not) been waiting for... my food moans have finally made it into print.

① I am still alarmed at the rate we're getting thro' sponsorship cave food. I don't think this is very fair on those folk coming out for the end of expedition.

To alleviate the problem, I've taken a little under half the remaining cave food at base (so there is still loads at base & at Aro) and put it in two bags, the first to be opened on/after 1st August, the second to be opened on/after ninth August.

② Kellogg's Cornflakes & Rice Krispies. As far as I'm concerned, anyone can eat these anywhere provided they've checked with the first. These are bus bread, pasta, mamflakes etc so he may eat rather alot of them.

cos they taste bloody

Why anyone isn't head over heels with the taste of Mamflakes I don't know.....

③ Thank for your co-operation in matters above!!

~~Where~~ Where hides the sun?
Dew drop on maple leaf
Reminds tree
Of thy mothers grief

A. Allen @ 2/7

A note on explanation for those who can be bothered. This kikau (6, 4, 6), written in the mist, concerns the metamorphosis from damp to dry, and is

blatant plagiarism of Blake's 'The caterpillar on the cabbage leaf', reminds all of the mother's grief. which balks of the transition between caterpillar and butterfly, via the short lived stage of pupation (mist → sun). (25)

25th July: Manolo is pissed as a fart and bought us all drinks in the bar.

A Night at the Opera:

One may not realize this but O.U.C.C. is a pretty keen club and the idea of spending even one evening not at Ario or Top camp appeals most members. And so, it ~~was~~ came to pass in the year 1989 that almost all of the expedition members were at Lagos, ^{but} ~~and~~ this unusual event was only a prelude to an incredible series of events, only some of which can now be told.

At 6pm the 20 members climbed aboard the yellow van and drove slowly towards Grijon. On arrival all the members changed into evening dress. The men ^{were} resplendent in their spotlessly clean and superbly ironed D.J's. The ladies looked stunningly beautiful in their Bruce Oldfield designed dresses. The one blemish to their immaculate

awful.
No they don't...

turn out ~~not~~ was old lag Martin May who

(26) ~~only had to ~~be~~ had ~~some~~ dressed us as pirates complete with~~

was dressed as Long John Silver complete with parrot. The American Express cards were flourished and the party filed into the best seats in the house and sat down to listen to a performance of La Boheme. As the opera was approaching the climax of the 2nd act ^{most} of the audience disappeared into a vast abyss where once the rear stalls had been. The performance continued undisturbed but the attention of the ~~ranked~~ masses of O.U.C.C. could not resist the possibility of rescue. By throwing the theatre manager over the edge the pitch was revealed to have a seven second drop and ~~soon~~ Martin M. dashed out to fetch Boris. The rapid departure of MM left the parrot with no place to perch and it alighted on Monsieur Laverty's beard and promptly started nest building. On Martin's return Boris was belayed to a seat with ~~was~~ a tapeⁿ back up round an ~~was~~ wicket, and thrown down the pitch in the same old lag Dan "No good, phase. We're cavers" Mall claimed first descent and ~~drops~~ changed quickly into his dry cleaned or SRT gear. A few minutes after going over

The edge, a torrent of abuse emerged from the pit as Dan tried to release his bow-tie which was jammed in the rock. After jettisoning the bow-tie Dan continued down and reached the bottom after free hanging descent of 170m. The floor ^{of the} shaft consisted of small angular rocks sloping down to a too tight rift. After relaying this information ~~to those above~~ via his personal walkie-talkie to those above, ~~and~~ Dan attached his pre-motorized ascenders and reached the top 2 minutes later. Dan quickly disrobed his SRT gear and returned to his seat to enjoy the rest of the performance. While Dan had been down the shaft the other members were unpacking the surveying droid which was ^{then} thrown down the shaft. After impact the recall button on the control box was pressed and the droid returned safely 5 minutes later.

Once the performance was over all the expeditioners rushed down to the river to submerge ^{and tulipan} into each other's hair and to indulge in weird party games with an emphasis on the sadomasochism.

The mad
Cave

(28)

The Tale of Manolo - The Poor Peasant Boy.

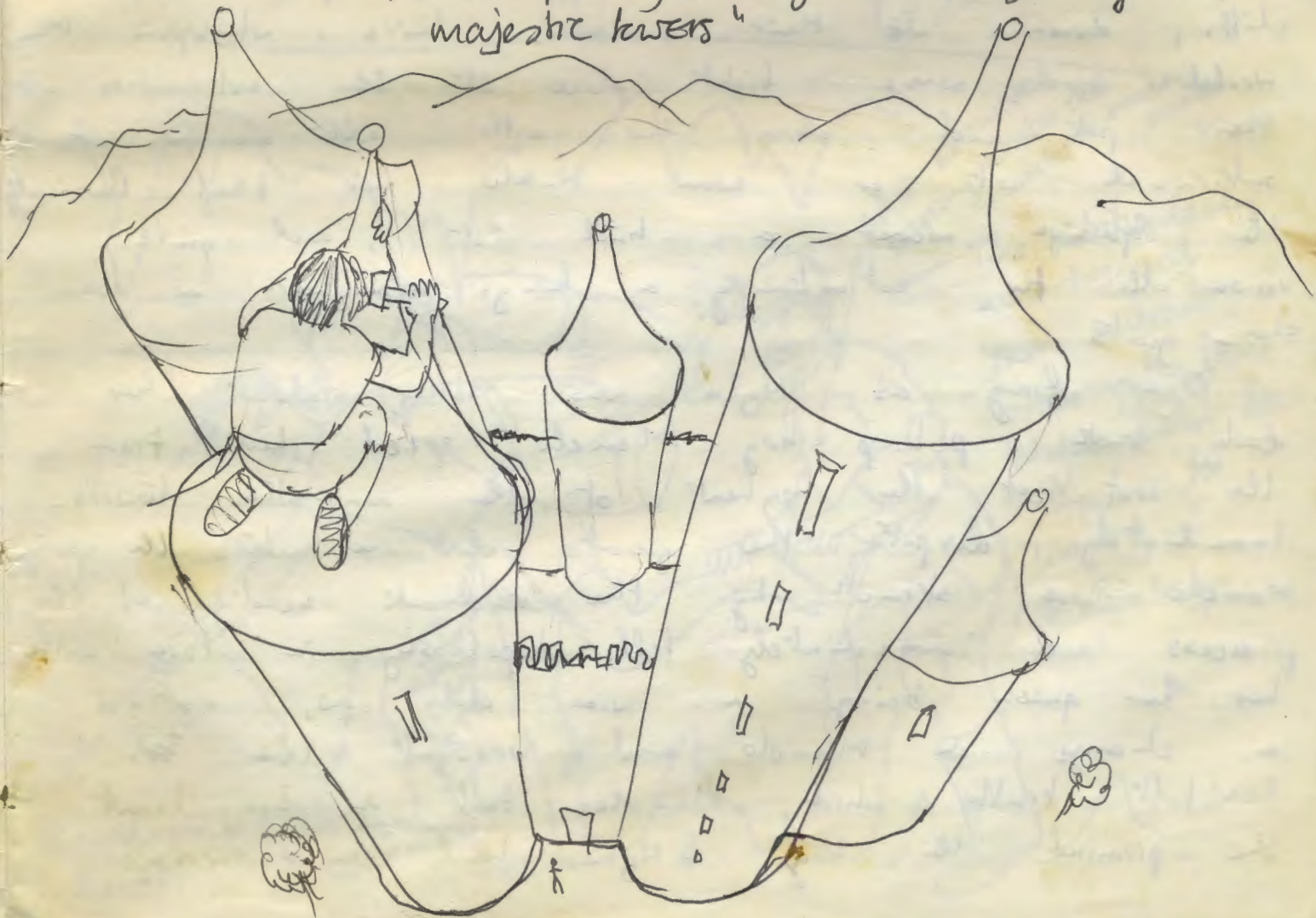
Once upon a time, a long time ago, there lived in the kingdom of Pastaricos, a humble peasant boy, whose name was Manolo. He lived with his mother and his father and his goat, Jose, in a humble peasant cottage near the coast of the kingdom, a small humble peasant village called Wibadisella. One day tragedy struck when Manolo's poor humble peasant father was taken away for non-payment of taxes by the king's men (really it was for being caught committing unnatural acts with Jose) so poor, short, humble peasant boy Manolo had to support his poor humble peasant (from now on p.h.p.) mother by going away to the king's city of Vlasio up in the high mountains. There he would bring in the bacon mending the roof of the king's palace, for p.h.p. Manolo was skilled with his hands.

The boy Manolo was sharp and quick witted and soon won the trust of the king Solius and his good wife Ariadne, such that they allowed him to sleep within the palace's walls. But the palace was a sad place for the king's only daughter, Nyla had been taken hostage by a ragged band of ill repute who lived down the mountain side. This ragged band of ill repute spent all their time in dark, dank, wet places, where they would creep around on all fours and sleep with buffaloes. They had hard heads with a single eye in the centre, and emitted fire and noxious fumes, so could be smelt for miles around. Their skin was hairless

"Mando the Jolly
Pleasant Boy with
Jose the bugged
Goat"



"Mando repairing the roof on the highest of the
majestic towers"



(20)

and of a texture akin to plastic, and they had thick rubbery lower limbs, which ~~is~~ featured their one distinguishing characteristic a red Dunlop emblem. These strange creatures described as Spelios would haunt the king and queen by sending Nyln to within sight of the high, majestic towers of Vlaris to fetch water from the mighty spring which flowed from a copper pipe. So she would not escape she ~~so~~ she was bound hand and foot with a strange secretion proposed by the Spelios called Bluewater. When they felt they had not water to satisfy their drooping, slobbering throats, or just to amuse themselves they would drag her back, down the bouldery mountain slope, down through all manner of unpleasant waste products left by the herds of domestic animals which floundered around the palace city, down sheer slopes and precipitous cliffs, down into their cavernous lairs, whereupon they would find some tight place at the extremities of their pits and abuse her with all-manner of satirical wit or even tickle her feet. Basically the Spelios were a bad lot, and quite unsuitable for entertaining a king's daughter or even she-goats.

One day as Nyln was setting about her daily task, p.h.p boy Manolo spied her from the roof of the highest of the majestic towers. Immediately, despite the great distance to the spring, Manolo was stricken by the radiant beauty of the princess and immediately fell hopelessly in love with her. The queen, being a wise old cow, noticed a change in Manolo and wrought the first heartfelt truth which Manolo tells in his heart. She promised the boy to Nyln hand in marriage

"Manda having his sex
fair knocked off by
the radiant beauty of
the fair Nylu"



Radiant
Beauty

Nylu bowed
under the weight
of the water

Manda atop
his majestic
tower spies
the fair Nylu



Note extensive
scarring on outer skin
- this is one mean
spelo

The particularly
evil + squat
Yam Nitram
torturing the fair
Nylu whilst forc-
ing her to
carry 6
tacklebags

Nylu forced
to wear
DIRTY
shorts

* Apologies to Lynn from
Sherry.

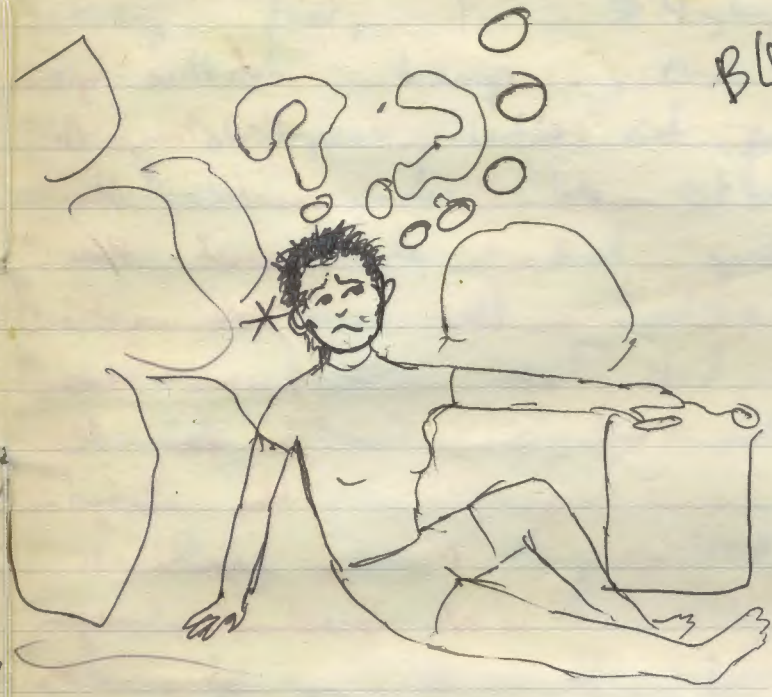
should be he able to trick the Spelios into returning the fair Nylm.

So armed with only his quick wit and a rope protection Mando ventured into the Spelios territory. As it was day he was quite safe to approach the spring since the dark, smelly Spelios feared the bright light of the sun, or more usually the mystical aura of the Pastirius mist, as these were known for their cleansing properties. There he waited for the fair princess, who duly turned up with the orange and blue water containers. Fearing the worst he spoke to her in his native tongue, but which produced a response of pure confusion in the fair Nylm. Being sharp-witted he realised that she had spent so long in the presence of the Spelios that she no longer understood her own language. Their gruff talk and exceptional use of short, ugly words, especially by the hardened female of the band Merys

still being quick-witted he realised the only way to effectively communicate with the fair princess was using the pretty alpine flowers of the region. Despite her orders or dead Nylm gruffed. The meaning of this single gesture "I am a prat", and by means of sign language a bond of trust and friendship quickly developed between the p.h.p Mando and the fair Nylm.

Meanwhile on a group of travelling rogues had returned from rape and pillage in the neighbouring kingdoms, including the raketich Nirad and the terrible Nitram twins. Their return heralded a split in the ranks in the Spelios as they had returned to find that their younger brother Yam Nitram had been deposed by the hated Ecom Nad, a particularly shaggy example of the species, known now only as Mad

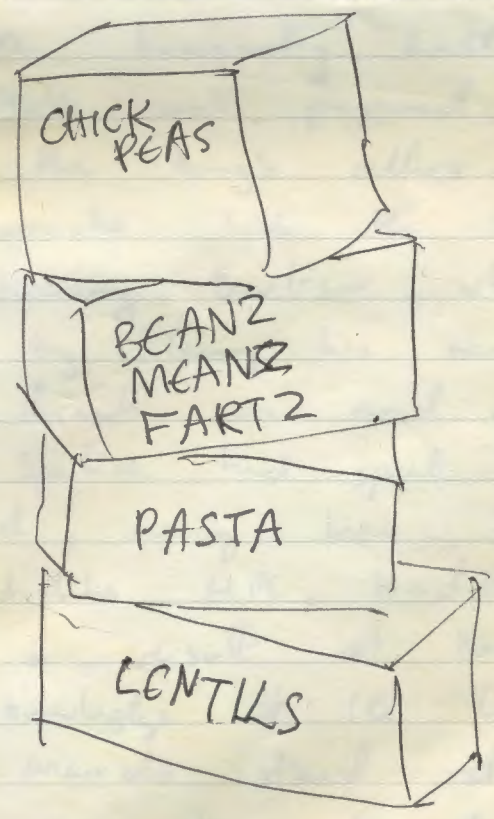
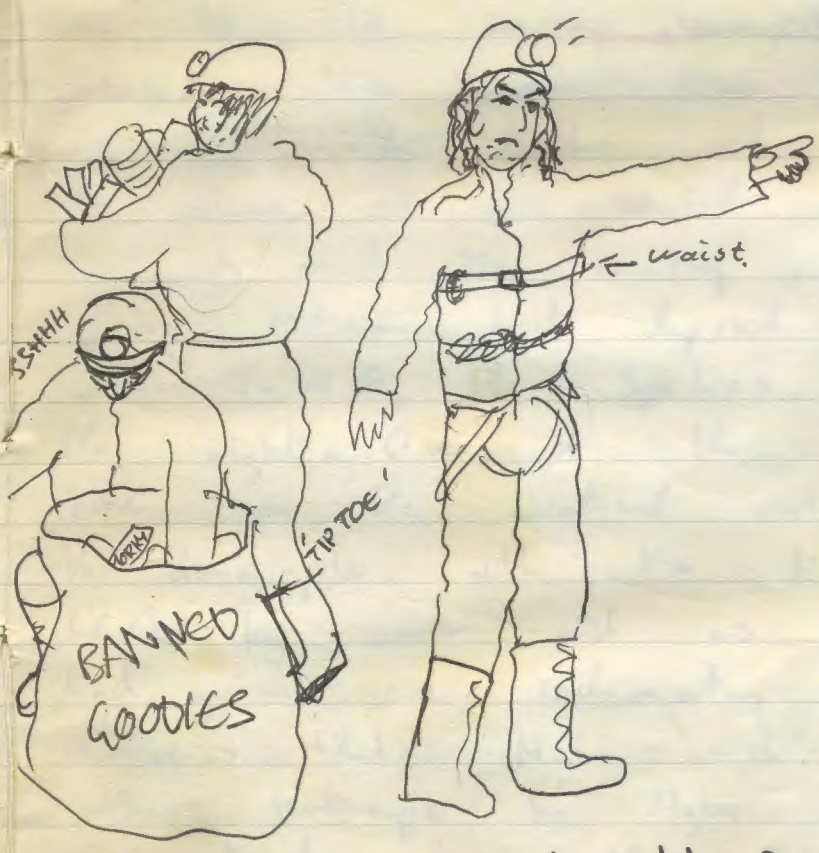
WOT A COMPLETE PRAT!



BLAH BLAH
BLAH BLAH



* - even more apologies to Lynn from Sherry



"The New Mad Nad directives"

Nad. This heurpde of a spetio had been mercilessly abusing poor, fair Hgln, even more than slowly dim-witted Lamp. Mad Nad who lived exclusively on chickpeas, lentils and ~~pot~~ rice, expected the poor creatures under his influence to do similar. This mean attitude had given rise to dissent in the lower orders of Spetios who looked up to Yam Nitram however Mad Nad quelled such murmurings by shredding their plastic outer skins especially around the huns.

Being very sharp-witted in deed, p. h. p. boy Mando realized the only way to break the Spetios into giving up the fair Hgln was to dull their senses with copious amounts of alcohol. Not only was wine they were used with their food but also with their money so Mando would have to use his last potato to bring this about. He invited them to the massive, majestic banquet hall of Vlassio where much vino tinto was prepared, brought up from the depths of the king's cellars. Despite the absence of gin-soaked wrecks like the the Sone's Songerg's and the ranting, fuming Bert-ser, whom the young Nitram had deposed by lacing his neat meals with T.M.F., the Spetios drank on and on through the night. One of the Spetios had spent some time on the avatrad world, moving from dung-pile to dung-pile with the fish-like HPC, Maddy the Levix by name and as a result of these excursions had gained some rudimentary knowledge of the language of lastirius. Whilst Hgln and Mando stared at each others knees, for Hgln was not allowed to raise her head above the table, he would grant these messages between them. Mando told her of his plans for her escape, his unending love for her,

the heat of her eyes and her cheeks. However he was not quite sharp-witted enough to spot the flaw in his plan since ^{Nadadi} ~~he~~ was not translating word for word; and ^{was} relaying the escape plan to that Mad Mad. For example when talking of her rosy cheeks Nadadi would tell Nylu of his unbridled passion for hamsters, or the interesting way in which his testicles were lob-sided.

As dawn broke and the last Spelios crept away dragging Nylu down to their daytime lair's for more abuse of a sarcastic nature, Mando searched his pockets for his last potatoe and paid off the bill. Still he was separated from his beloved Nylu, still he would spend sleepless nights worrying about her fate, still his love would be unrequited, still Nylu would think him a complete prat.

How will Mando make her understand?

How will Nylu escape the grips of the dreadful Spelios?

Why does Paul B bother coming to Spain?

To be continued in

A reply from fair Nylu?

277 - - Names conceived whilst pissed

36

← P12

← P40

Chokes

Dig

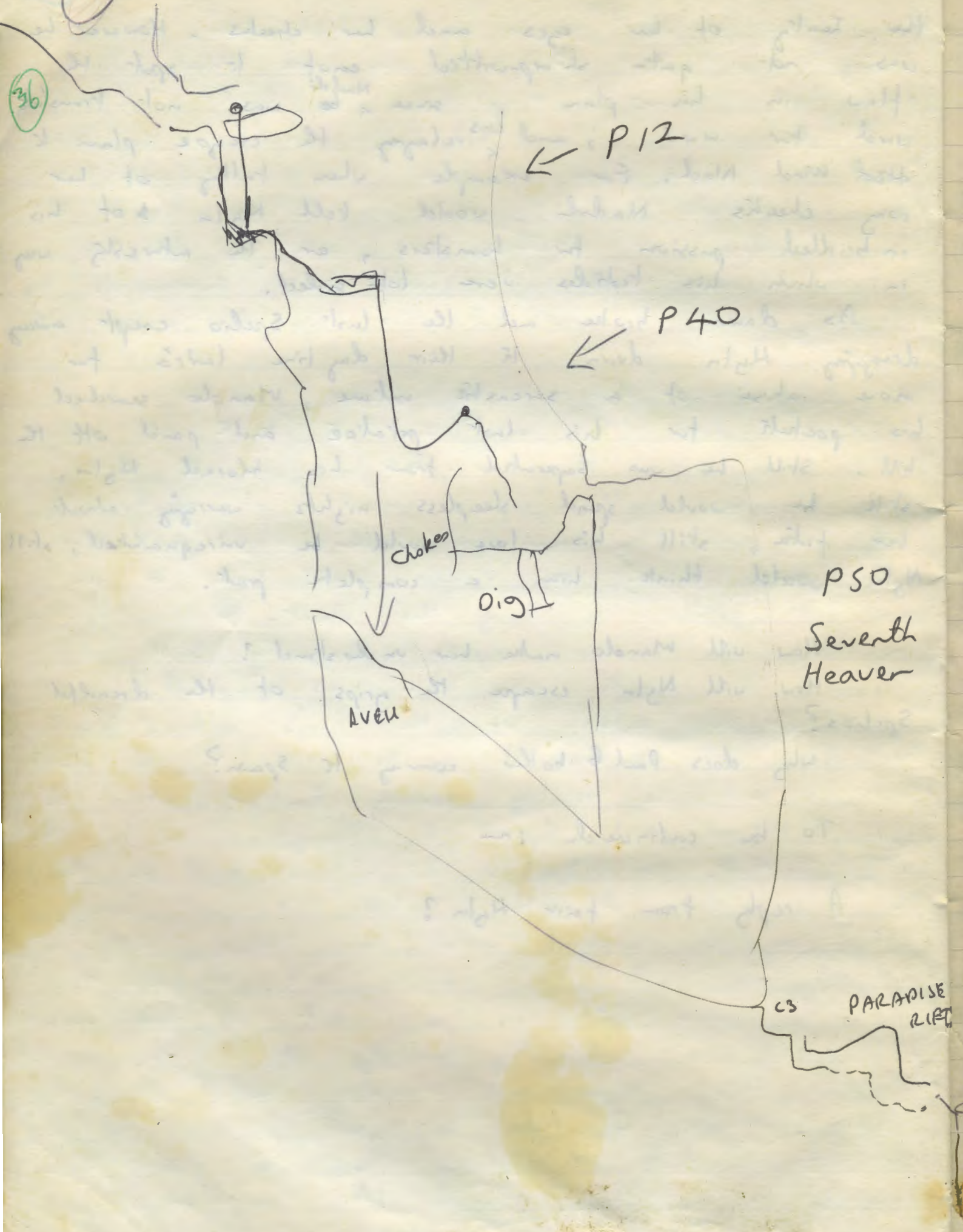
P50

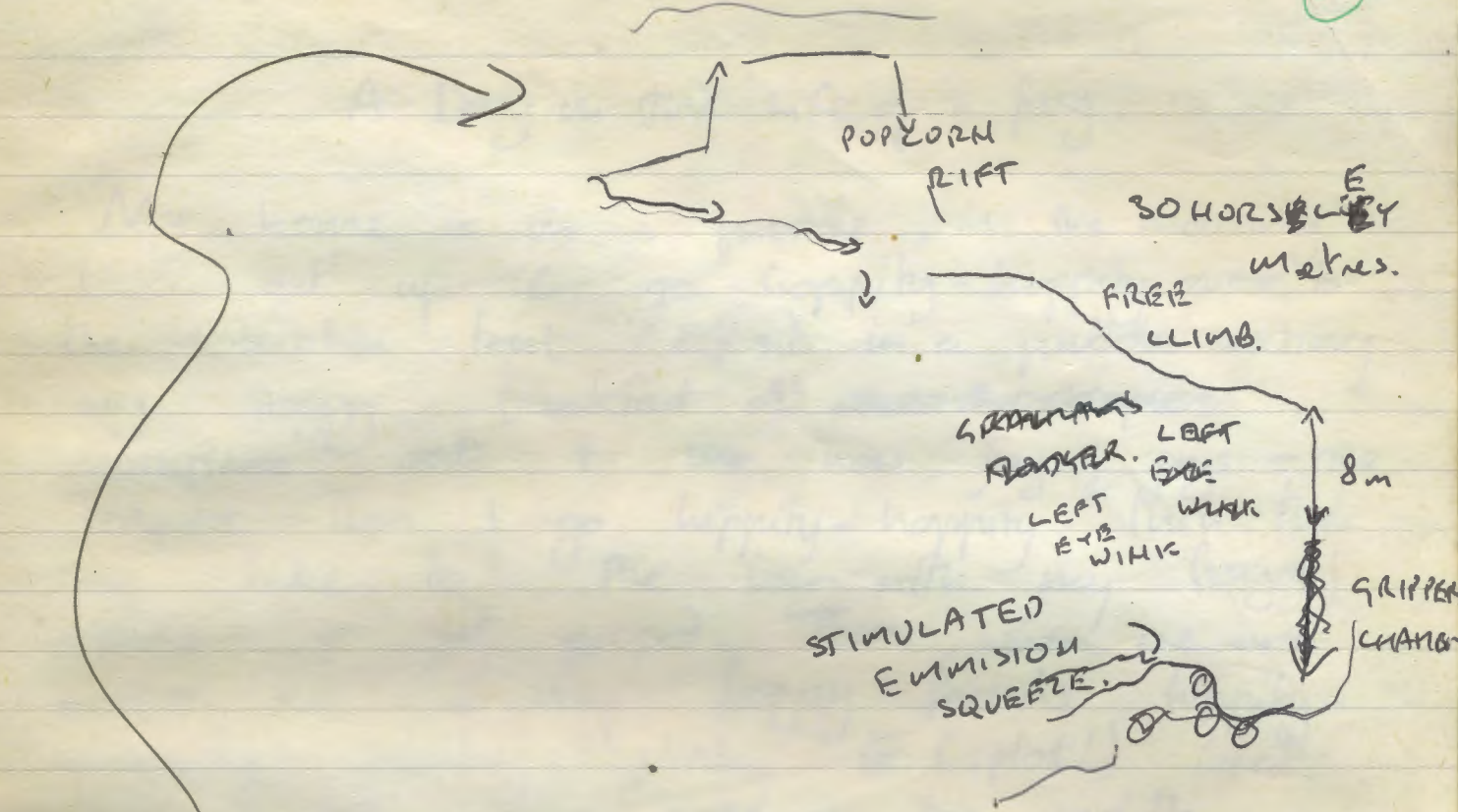
Seventh
Heaven

AVEN

C3

PARADISE
RIFT





p.s. What happened
 to Graham's
 Todger pitch
 = The Next pitch.

P20

A Day in the life of a frog.

My home is in a puddle, in the morning I get up & go hoppity-hoppity over to the kitchen tent & sit in a puddle eating my froggy breakfast of ~~oats & crisps~~ morflake oats + ~~crisps~~ now, joy of joys - rice crisps. Then I go hippity-hoppity thru' the big lake to the bar with my froggy friends & get pissed. Then, when we are pissed me & my froggy friends hippity-hoppity splashy splosky (& splat!) back to our home in the puddle.

But this morning was different, a great yellow orb rose in the sky - It was froggy - friend - Lynns birthday & we will all go hippity hoppity into the yellow frogmobile to the big puddle by the coast.

But terrible things were happening the sun was drying out our puddles - how could we survive after so long wading in the mud - adapted perfectly to aquatic life.

Actually the moral of this story is fun totally fucked off with all this rain!



← The exceedingly rare yellow-Van-Speleo Frog - perfectly adapted for life in wet camp sites

Thanks for a brill, fantastic, wonderful, ... etc
mushroom & red bits omelette this morning (Martin).

SHOPPING LIST IV

- Envelopes.
- Jackplug.
- TDA 2030 ?
- Sticky tape for blasters.
- Plasters.
- Cras. (Refill bottles).

oops!
 ↓
 you illetéramte Sagger

28/7 : Oū ^{sont} ~~est~~ Monsieur le Cratchetty
 et Mademoiselle Squik squik.

28/7 Here! 6pm Saturday
 → 12.00 Tuesday.

Is this a record?
 12 hrs = Paris,
 12 hrs = Casidonga
 A long time look at Ivun.

"M le C" ?

Modern Classics of Science Fiction presents:-

Vacher Attack.

Earthman Cooper had been guarding the command module of Space station "Base Camp" against the dangerous aliens of the planet Picos, the bipedal humanoid Spaniards, and the aggressive Vachers. The Spaniards were a docile lot who would keep their distance from the intrepid Earth man (+ earthwomen), and were no problem unless provoked, as happened when the Starfighter class ship "Yellow Van", collided with one of their family cruisers whilst entering hyperdrive on the hair-raising Picos No Los Lagos Run.

The Vachers were a different proposition, these two headed beasts had antisocial tendencies. They would lumber around the command module, bellowing & clanking and terrorizing the earth colonists. They were mischievous and would often leave foot-prints in the Base space station and steal or mindlessly vandalize the stores and equipment.

Space Navigator Cooper had been charged with a nerve-racking task, to prevent the alien invasion whilst the remaining colonists, those which had not disappeared in the night of the planet Picos, hoped to find a suitable region for habitable, near the new landing bay at Aris. After bolting down all the hatches and a brief tour of the module to check for alien activity he retired to his bunk.

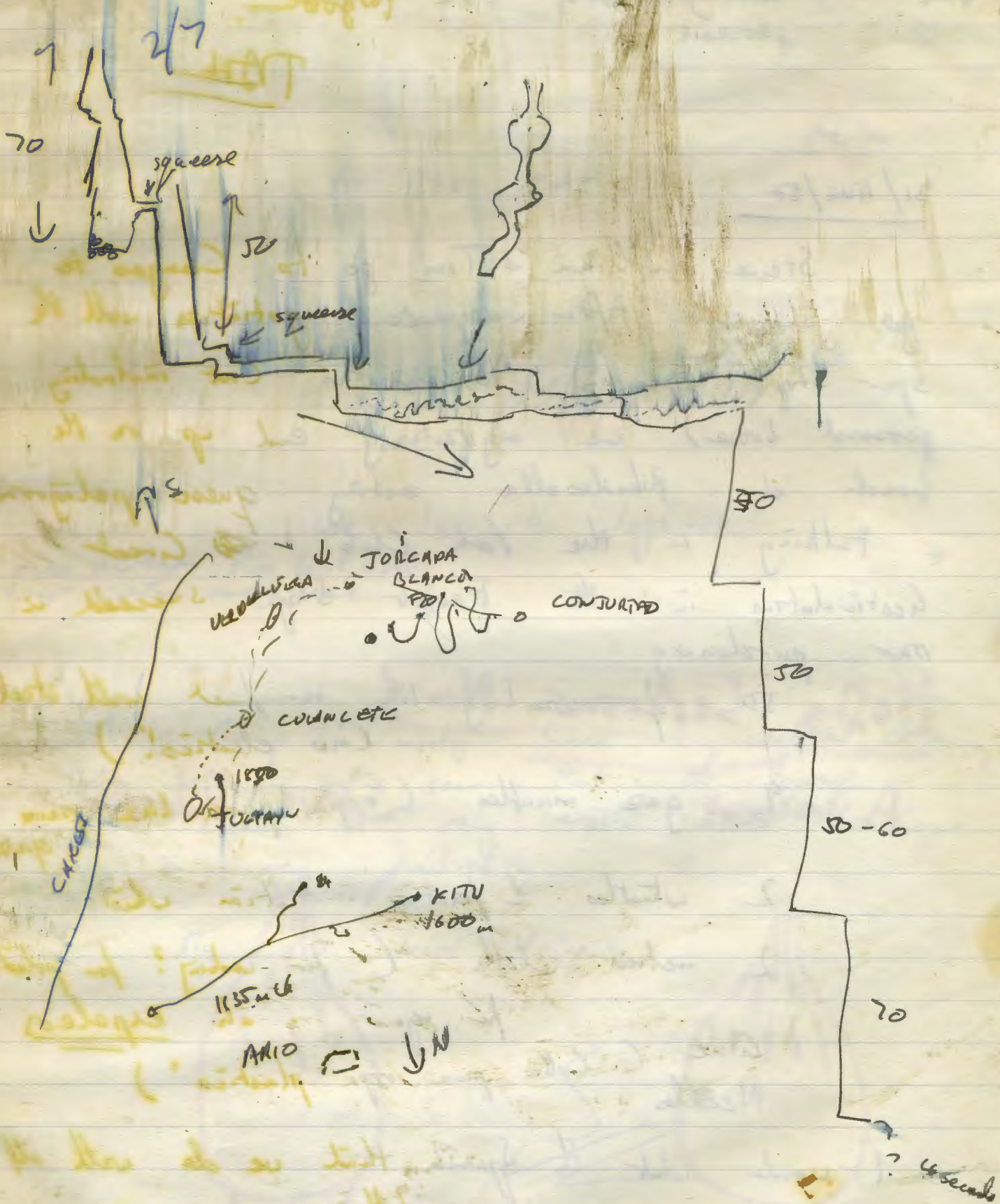
Next morning he awoke suspecting nothing out of the ordinary. A heavy layer of space cloud had enclosed the space station, so at first he had difficulty finding his bearings. The food

(x1)
boy was intact, so relieved he ~~went~~ ^{to} ~~went~~ ^{to} the
kitchen quarters to prepare a breakfast of ^{fried} ~~of~~ ^{space}
eggs on space bread. To his ~~horror~~ ^{horror} he saw the
huge gash which had been rent in the 2m thick
alloy wall. The Vachers though simple most know how
to operate titanium lasers, for nothing except a
titanium laser would break down the amazing
molecular construction of the kitchen's outer
shell. Fortunately the kitchen only held non-Vacherite
supplies such as Marflake Oats + eggs, however
they had reeked merry havoc as they sought
they were suitable to their palates. The refuse
receptacle had been discharged all over the floor
and several chairs broken into. The Vacher had
however found what these curious alien ~~with~~ ^{found}
crave most for, the last loaf of bread - the
process and heat its reek.

And the boy sat in the doorway.

J.C. P

A Sketch for the benefit of the Polish Visitors



73

now know the point for "Dove Cave"
and "Catering", only I've forgotten.
CATERING

TAA

July!

31/AUG/87

Steve William & Tom go to Cangas to go 'shopping'. After desperate negotiations with the Spar Shop, spending 16,000 ptas (not including personal booze) we mysteriously end up on the beach at Ribadesella eating queso petigrosso & talking to the Lark Club. Great Gesticulations in the Ferret Shop succeed in our purchasing:

50m of washing line reinforced with steel ("no elastico!")

9 gas mantles ("ropa para luz para gas")

2 whistles (frantic imitation whistling)

2 metres cloth ("for washing? for potida")

Glue. ("Cola para ropa plastico")
Needles

1 wonder what the Spaniards think we do with all this clutter?

Steve

York News - M2 Sotted at 980 metres!

A BIG GAP

In which we move the campsite
Jon's ribs don't get much better.
We survey + photograph 2/7

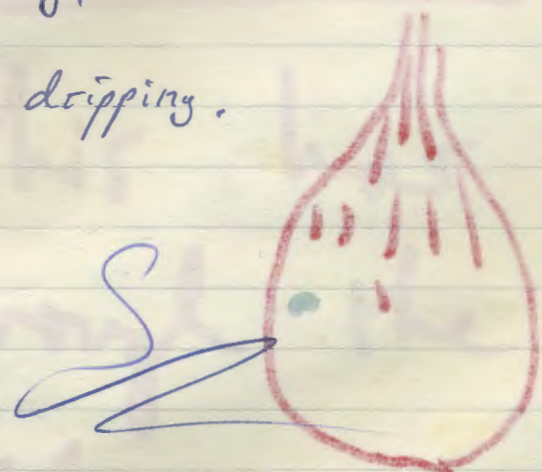
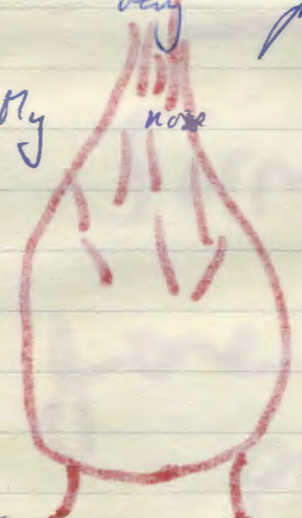
We lose the logbook!

Jon fixes airbeds, stove tent, lighters
and hangs lighters everywhere.

4/8/87

Camp is misty. Since I walked down
this a.m. I saw that the top of
the cloud is only 20m above the
the is very frustrating.

My nose keeps dripping.



Jon attempts to salt stone, applies to
those who find him in the top mountains
etc. Jon has an

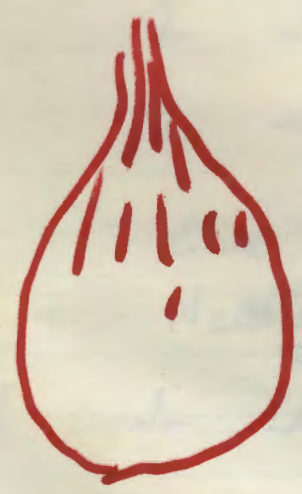
(16) Anyone who wants to continue the fixing of airbeds + testing in end can borrow my snoring gear from the gear green tent in the blue boot bag - anything lost (slipper sink) shall have to be replaced!

A Dragon by Paul (aged 2 1/2)

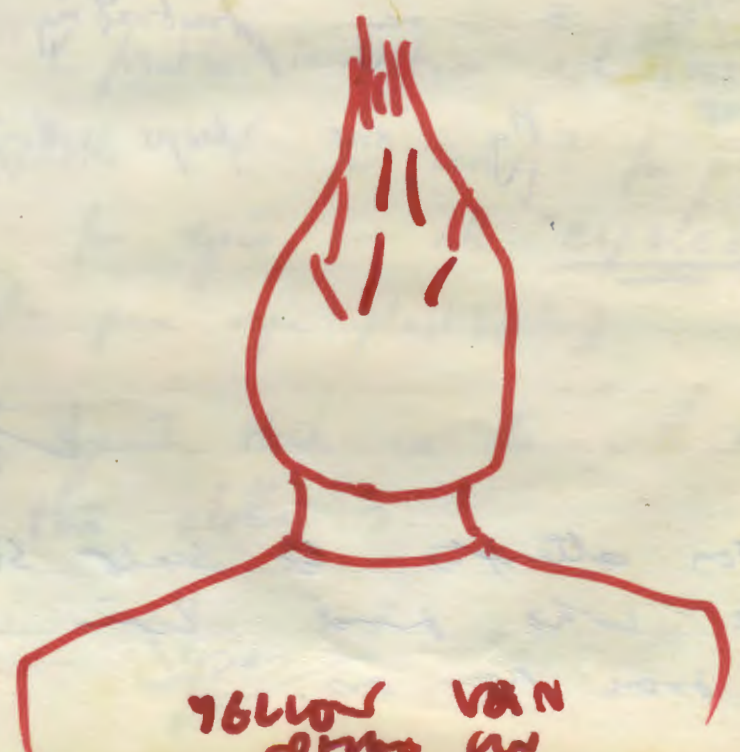


Nashy Cartoons No 1

A Coconut



Steve Roberts



YELLOW VAN
COTTON W

Steve "haircut" Roberts wanted me to write that I've put the 92-octane petrol from my fuel can into -

-@. the Yellow Van spare can

- (b). a Sigg bottle.

Thank you.

T.A. Houghton.

p.s. Sorry this has gone through the page.

Paul is a complete wassock and has lost / mislaid / misplaced the following items

~~My camera (Practica) with 35mm lens~~
My petal zoom (not marked / grubby / green straps)

probably in the back of tent.

A red cervicente T shirt

A new style yellow van T shirt

A white handkerchief (v. grubby)

Lots of pairs of socks (about 3 1/2)

A couple of pairs of shreddier

and his checkbook etc which is still in green tent!!

As above but Neilr Gear:-

One 2nd edition Yellow Van Speleo T shirt

One thick loop knitted blue sock

One thin light brown sock

One pair size 6 wellies cut off - if these dont turn up could someone put a pair in

All gear to go in large pink inferspart bag now in gear tent.

748

~~_____~~

O. H.

Who the hell is R. C. Rinne
and why did he owe the
Expedition \$39.48 ???

HELP!

Jon T.

I've worked it out now!!
(how you?)

7th August '87

9am Attempted to start Yellow Van to take Lynn & sherry to Arica. Failed miserably & Klaus used Ewald nobly came to the rescue in his car. Duty saw them off, bus now to Headage now at 11am & running late. Stop on way back & bought Bunniken, flashlight batteries + 50 Kg Carbide, considerably improving the Kitty (No more big shops for a while.) Bought food for Los Lagos & put it in wooden boxes. DO NOT TAKE FOOD FROM THESE BOXES TO ARIO.

After lunch jump-started yellow van from Ewald's car. Leads proved dodgy & were re-crimped by J.T. Raa engine hard ^(cist) for 15 mins to recharge battery somewhat. Will try to drive down hill once to charge properly one road clears. Until this has been done DO NOT USE STEREO. (Be very careful switching off stereo anyway - this was probably the cause of the flat battery.)

William

Yeah, the yellow van strikes again. At 11.30pm yesterday Steve, Dave & I set out from the bottom of 2/7 after a jolly good survey trip. Thoughts of tortilla and beer at the Rio Grande spurred me on. 300m down and the saliva was already beginning to run, yam yam my turn thought. 6.45 and we were on the surface to a beautiful foggy morning. Just after 7am I started down, autopilot was on and by 8.20 I finally staggered into the food tent at Los Lagos for refuelling. I had done it. Bottom of 2/7 to Los Lagos in 8 hours fifty mins and the Rio Grande well within my sights within the next few hours. Then that yellow heap of a vehicle which I'm sure has a personal grudge against ~~me~~ me refused to start. Ewald's car came to the rescue but you guessed it not enough room

(50)

ever for this shattered wreck of a person.
One day I will get my revenge on
that car but for the moment I
shall just have to be satisfied with
trying to rust it, by pissing up its wheels.

Harbin.

8/8/87 Saturday

PISSING DOWN

We are in the Maria Room
Eggs Chips YUM YUM.

+ Beer

+ Brandy

+ More Brandy

- Coffee

+ it's STILL PISSING DOWN

So web we drove to the bar in the

Yellow Sun.

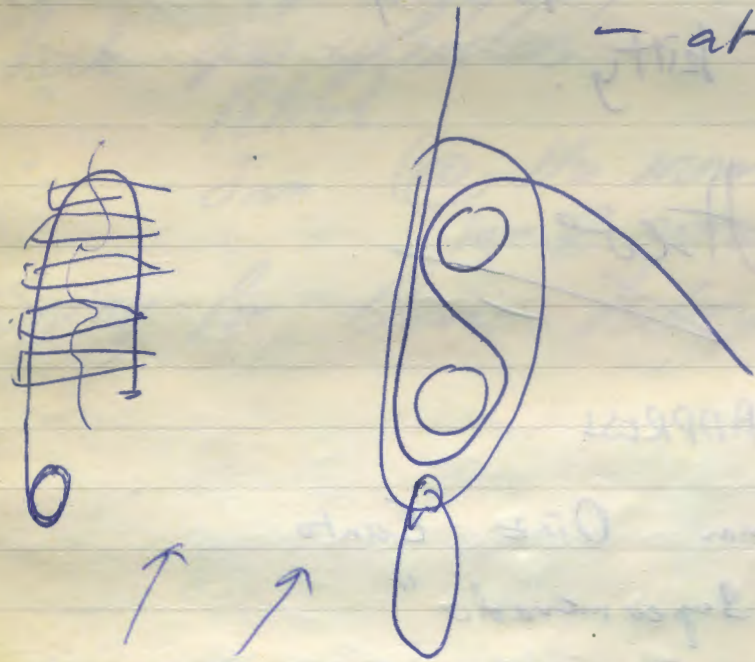
Quote from Dan

"What Beautiful eyes you've got."

To what was he speaking? A clue, he also said 'what floppy ears.'

Give up?? Another clue: It was not on Martin's lap. & he was stroking it!

It's so sad the car has just switched its electric lights on - at 3:30 pm!!

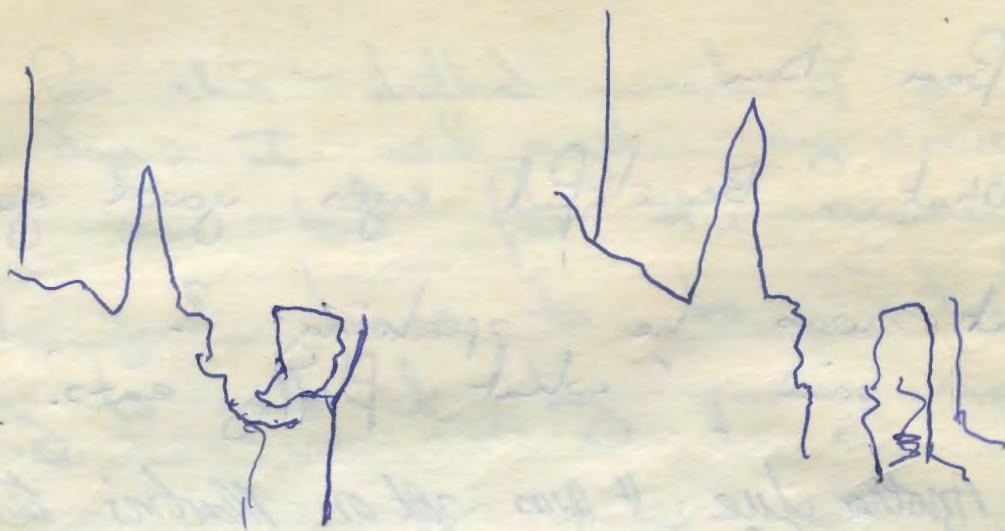


Which descender lasts longer down 2/6 2/7?

Answers as a postcard to F. Petal, 2, rue de Crottes, Grenoble

16:10 & it's still raining water pouring down the inside of the sheeting of the Maria Rosa. Thunder roars. More beer, forget the mud!

52



Please Stamp & Post These Letters

wrap. (No stamps left!)
+ I will owe kitty.

Ave

SPAR SHOP'S ADDRESS

Sr. D. Ramm Díaz Canto

"Spar^a Supermercado"

[The Square]

Cayas de Oros

etc.

Owing to weight of rucksack, I have not taken up a bottle of gas. ∴ The one that I took up today is the only active one. Can next carry up take up a spare bottle?

S/

Next Shoppers - 17 one envelopes!!

SHOPPING LIST V (carry it's a rather large one)

- Envelopes.
- Tea? (if cheapish)
- Check gas cylinders
- " Petrol

Jam (@ the moment theres loads at top & some @ base)

Spring for Davie's helmet (light set.)

all (II)

(54)

9th August 1987.

About 8am, I was slowly waking up from a rather long sleep. In fact I'd been asleep since 5pm the previous day. Somebody snuffled next to me. Strange, no-one had come down from Top Camp yesterday. I rolled over and tried to go back to sleep. Whoever it was had a very bad cold & sniffed closer and closer to me. Finally they came and licked my face. ~~I was brought out of~~ I leapt out of sleep and found myself face to face with a small white & brown dog. He jumped round & round. Barked a couple of times & then curled up next to me.

(exit one fantasy)

9th August.

Back at Los Leaps again. Very stupidly I have ~~just~~ wrecked my head on a non-fluke tin probably wrecking the last pushing trip. What a pratt I feel. El doctor Paul has bandaged me up but I'm sure I shall die. I have my meccano set to the engineering department, my cuddly toys to the generation game, all my tee-shirts to Dan (on request), all other belongings may be auctioned on behalf of the 1988, we're going below 2k exp! (It may buy them a model or two).

! IMPORTANT NOTICE !

55

- ① I have lost my keys.
- ② They are on a "silver" dippy keyring
- ③ There is £10 worth of ^{reward for} ~~deposit~~ keys ~~on it~~.
- ④ I ~~would~~ will be eternally grateful if they are found.

Dan.

9th. Decided to visit the poles at their base camp. Dave and Tony had taken up the horizontal position so I ventured out into the fog on my own. After getting lost a few times I eventually reached their circle of tents. Three poles were home plus a German they had met. Yes, this is yet another German from Munich!! That makes four Munich persons here that we know of, has Gaeohart set up a tent, is the morphogenetic field getting so strong the pics will be swamped every year by the citizens from Munich, who can tell, it's another mystery of the unexplained.

When I got to the poles camp they all grinned at me, kept patting me on the back and calling me "killer". Apparently they were impressed by my guided tour of the pics and work was totally crashed the next day. For your information

the day in question it had been agreed - that I would walk with one of the poles from the lower lake up to their top camp, then across the pass Juan Gonzalez to our top camp, down to Arica and from there back to the lakes. On a search of a day this was a pretty brilliant walk.

But to the present, needless to say the poles gave me supper and I got mildly unsteady on the foot so fishing my way home was more fun than getting there. At 12.30 the bar was still open so I bought some milk which was duly drunk before going to bed.

Note to Dan! The poles buy rock anchors from the petrol factory at cheaper prices than we buy them so if they need some they will be very happy to return them next year. Their cave is now 500m deep but has landed in a very large, unstable, boulder chamber so they are not sure if they need them but will tell us if they do.

10th

A new creature is on the brink of discovery in the quarry at Los Lagos. It's strange deep throaty call has been heard for many weeks. Young Spanish ladies had to be escorted to the quarry by their men for fear of this creature. Now in hope of catching a glimpse of this creature cameras are also taken into the quarry. Unfortunately as they near the scene of the calls an Englishman appears having obviously frightened away the animal, ruining the chance of getting a good photo. The hopes of many a would be nature lover has had his hopes dashed by these clumsy ingleses.

The moral is "beware, not only are young couples wandering through the quarry deeply gazing into each others eyes but now the job of having a job is made harder by them bringing their telephotos into the quarry to record the beautiful scenery!!"

12:42 Pedro's owner arrives, but where the fuck is Pedro now!!

Man attempt to rid himself of the smell which follows him down the hill J.T. washes self and, armpits and T-shirts, on detaching notes the smell still follows. Hence one rucksack drying on washing line!

58

later with

York arrives;

Martin arrives;

Pedro arrives;

Martin takes Pedro to bog

York go shopping in cages

Tom drinks left over wine and gets
nosed.

Rules of his Lager Campsite

1) On arrival, all campers will be
interrogated for 90 mins by a parkie.

2) On successful completion of forms in
quintuplicate, all campers will be
issued with:

a) A permit to camp for 48:00 hrs

b) A cassette. This must be
played continuously from 8am to 2am.
This year, campers can choose between

i) Dire Straits Live

ii) Supertramp

iii) White Oldfield.

Playing of any other music, apart
from out-of-tune guitars, is
strictly forbidden.

FUCK OFF STEVE

ICOMIT

Shopping list

Tea.

Stamps

Decent

Coffee

Spam

MBL

Spring

Dum! Flat.

Fresh

Fruit. + Veg.

Envelopes

Zumix.

(+ nuts)

Nice Sa of chocolate + a $\frac{1}{4}$ kg of Cabrelos for Steve
(he will pay)

Bread

Jam.

Other Staff. / A.O.B

Silvia "Oh dear, trapped again!" Dacre

Martin "Better a bang than a fall" May

Tuesday evening.

After everyone left for And I found ~~some money~~ ^{some money} on the grass outside the orange tent. It is now in a yellow tubigrip box in one of the plastic bags in the kitchen tent.

(60)

Staff list

Dr. [unclear]
[unclear]
[unclear]

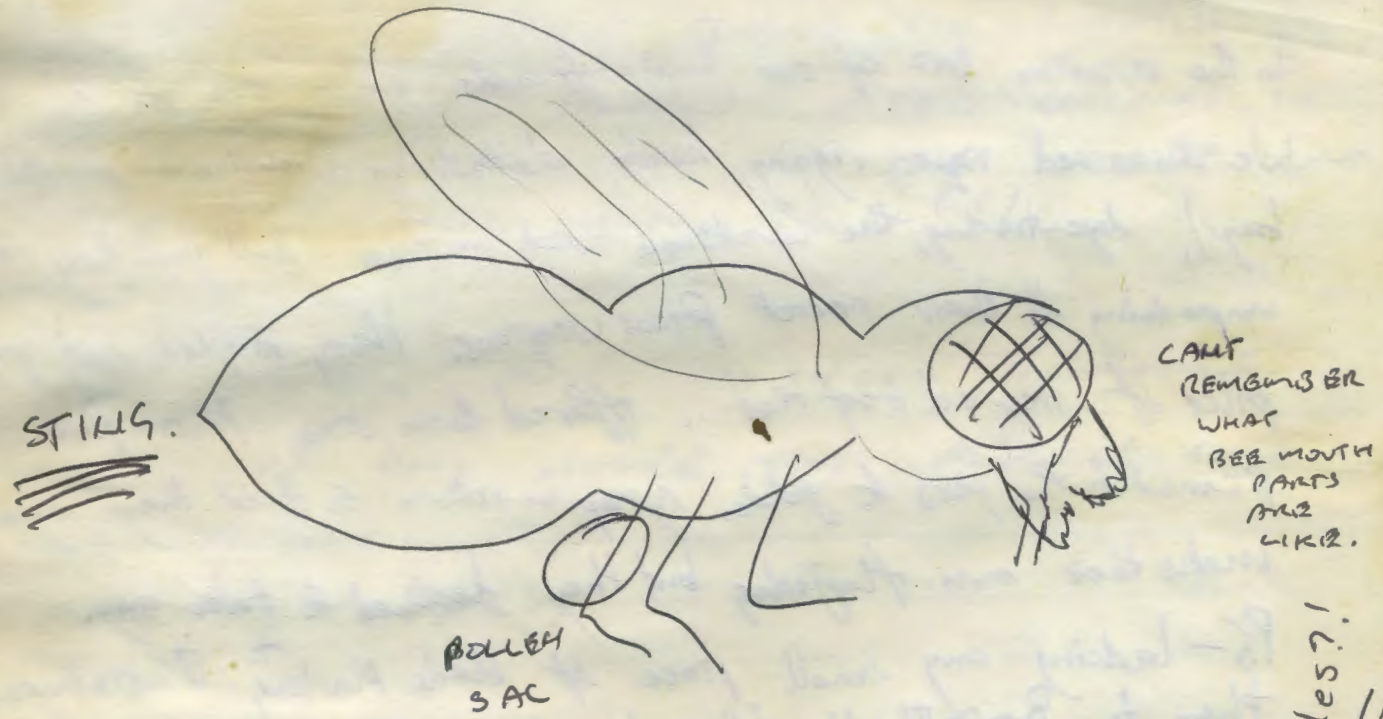
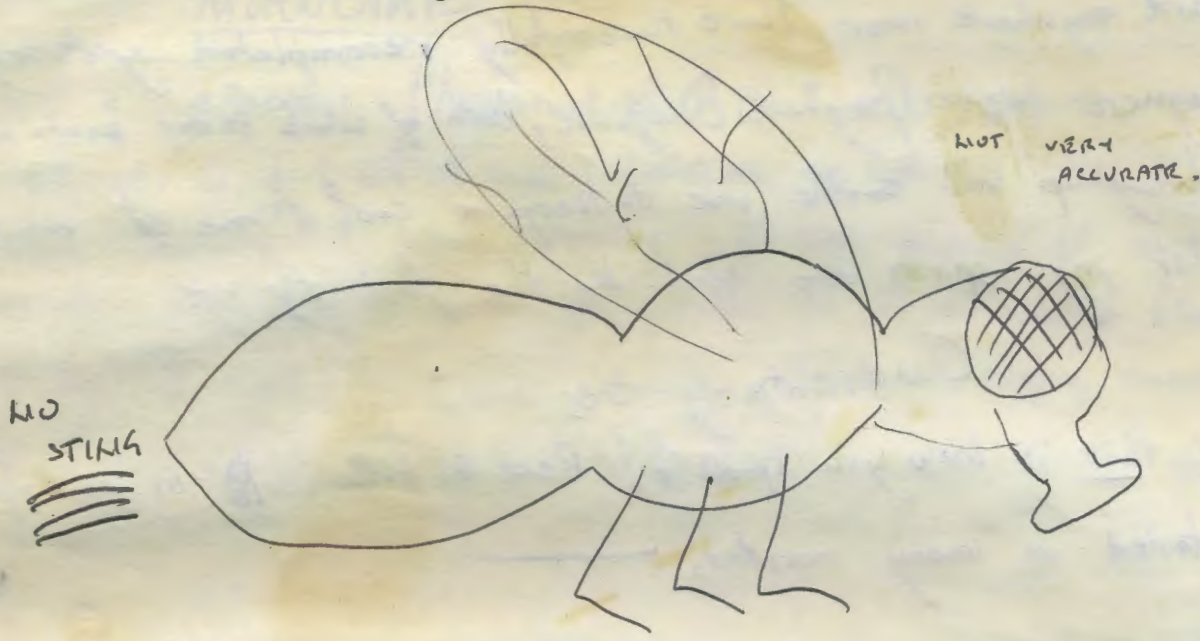
Dear Gerhard,

Most of your comments are complete crap. An amateur naturalist with a small amount of knowledge is likely to rarely if ever accurate and in this case has made 4 major errors.

Smallman

The difference between Hoverfly (Eristalis hennard) and the honey bee (Apis something labialis).

61



i.e. NOT MUCH

or the males? sit.

Actually, the most readily noticeable difference between hoverflies and bees (before you're stung) is that with the former (as with most flies) the eyes touch on the forehead

whereas with bees they're well separate. (Also hoverflies normally sport brighter colours since they're pretending to be wasps, not bees.)

(62) 13/8/87 Lonely day at base camp. Only 200 cars, half a dozen coaches, Lower Bar buzzing with comercio, and no ICONA guard anywhere near. Have successfully recompleted yesterday's Bolognese into Spaghetti Bolognese, both of which tastes quite nice. Washing up will enable me to keep a cool frame of mind, whilst my spirits are lifted by the first sip of

Cuarenta-y-tres

(yes this is how you spell it! Read the bottle... ~~or~~ -or learn Spanish) I've fasted in many months. _____

gwl

In the evening, two of our Polish friends came over for a visit. We discussed ropes, rigging, knots, detackeling (chalking vs. powdering with bags), dye tracing, the Covadonga blood miracle... and then they started unpacking all their secret Picos weapons: Ham, pickled red peppers, piles of stewed beef tins... offered them some Mornflake tins, peanut butter jars & golden syrup in return so that they could make their own flapjacks, but they declined to take any.

PS - lading any small piece of blade Marlow^{or}, I introduced them to Boris The Man Himself, along with the story of how he got his name.

(more precisely, not being able to recognize one dusty piece for what it was in the poor light of a headtorch)

gwl

Care - the left ring of the left stove has a tendency to leak unless you turn it off very firmly.

19/8/87

This morning's recipe, while waiting for the Lower Bar jeep to return with fresh bread:

63

MORNCAKE

Heat a generous (!) amount of oil in a frying pan - molten margarine will also do, but oil is nicer. Crack an egg into it and immediately start scrambling it whilst pouring $1\frac{1}{2}$ egg's volumes of mornflakes into it. (You want to have opened the tin in advance.) Keep stirring, it won't stick together anyway. Add salt, pepper, smooth peanut butter and Polish tomato puree to taste!

U.W.

14th

I had to happen - now the bronish super-weapon is release: VIDEO cameras in our toilet - now get your own instant tape of nature's most basic self!!!

If anyone finds my Cosic Thermometer north at base, could they put it somewhere obvious.

Tom T

A Tip for the training of next years novices - knot ^{change overs} ~~to~~ as from the looks of the ropes down so far the longest length we will have is 15m!

8:30 One of the Uona guard with a gun just came out asked me some questions in Spanish - I looked blank and now hes gone off - am?

Dave "you screw them in to turn them on"

1-5 / 81 '87 Calicumbro via Trea, Pat & Cain Steve R., Paul C., Dan, William

As all the gear had been carried down from the caves we decided to have a "day off" with a relaxing stroll down to Trea. Left at about eleven in humid haze & began the long tramp down, & down, down a bit more, slip scramble. The path was usually fairly obvious, we've copied the Aro map into the front of this book. At Trea we found the dye detector had been burst & so was pretty useless. Picked gathered some algae from resurgence in the hope that it may have absorbed dye. Met Thomas plus other Germans who told us of ~~the~~ dye trails of small insects that dropped from the trees & burrowed into you. Paul reassuringly told us that they caused no harm if they burrowed into the guts but could cause blindness if they didn't.

Those of us who had them (P & W) donned bracknit trousers, the rest of us resolutely pulled up our socks & we carried on down. Luckily we weren't attacked by the insects & made it darn to the Cares path safely... well almost. I managed to bust my ankle badly about 20 yds from the gorge path; ~~but~~ the rest of the party escaped unscathed.

Walked upstream to Cain, pausing only to dunk our heads in the stream to the amusement of the Spanish tourists. Went for a "quick" bite at the bar at Cain. We were there for 2 hours, 90 minutes waiting to be served. This place is

not worth visiting - particularly on a bank holiday!
Raced back down the gorge to Culambo for
a quick look round:-

We only had 2 hours, so, forcing William
(in retreat) through the canal first. In fact the canal
is a doddle in a ferry - retreats, neoprene boots, etc
not required. The pretty bits are good! - It is a
good job the entrance isn't Swiss, and it is guarded
from gookles by the canal, or the formation would
have suffered by Sally by now. We headed on in,
up a climb where I had to search hard for
enough bottle to go up (down was easier).
until we found a - sample or two (not the Swiss
soup). Had fun recognizing the photo's bits.

Avoiding a greasy climb on the way back,
I performed a greasy traverse above (I thought)
2-3 feet of flintstone. Just as I was noting that
the last handheld was mad, Paul said "I wonder
if you would fit down that hole ?? " "Hmmm ??",
I replied pre-occupied with my position, then
whoosh! Experiment proved that

- (a) the floor was further than 3 feet down
 - (b) muddy handheld fell off
 - (c) I wouldn't quite fit through the hole.
- "I am as long as you from a place of safety," (I thought).
But could only go out in order to enquire as to my
position as it was breaking in half that was
preventing me slipping through --- the stocian? 50' below??
I was fished out - it was observed that
my toes must have of virtually touching the floor of the
pot. Good job I didn't fall in head-first.
I also fell off the path down to the
resurgence.

As William had typed the dye down 2/7, he was persuaded (with no difficulty) to guard the gear while Paul, Steve & I descended down to the resurgence. We found the detector in the resurgence without too much hassle - Steve, Paul took some photos of Steve naked, jumping the detector. I wonder if he has stole him?

The detector upstream proved more difficult as it involved swimming for several yards in the icy water. As I supposedly knew where it was, I had the pleasure of an evening dip - the water's lovely once you're in!! No sign of detector so had a new one on to an obvious toy & swim back to the others. A brisk walk up to the path warmed me up, returned to find WILLIAM HADN'T EATEN

Att THE CHOCOLATE!
By now it was nine o'clock, & as we'd arranged to meet the others at Cama Meña at nine we left at high speed. 100 minutes to the bar. I was v. slow walking down the steep bits as by my ankle didn't like being on ~~the~~ ground that wasn't totally flat.

Dave & JC, (who had driven the van round to meet us) had been in the bar since three (it was about 11:30 when we arrived.) Our hearts bled for them - unfortunately it had been too hot to do anything but sit in the bar and eat & drink!

Surv.

18/8/87

(67) end

F - 2" and Counting

The previous days frantic carries bring almost everything down. As many people arrive after dark, and as we all go to the main house (with live guitarist; for once, quite nice music even if the lyrics remain mysterious) the campsite this morning looks like the entire contents of an army surplus store have been dropped at random over meadow grass. YUK!

The smell in the kitchen tent has got worse.

STOP

