

OUCC

Las

Brujas

☺ '88

Base Camp

Log

(2)

The Witches & Wizards of Ollas Brujas 1988 Expedition

Martin Hicks

Serdan

Alan
David Maraghan

Robert Guelmer

Liquid

Martin Laverty

Hitighe

Stuart Strathdee

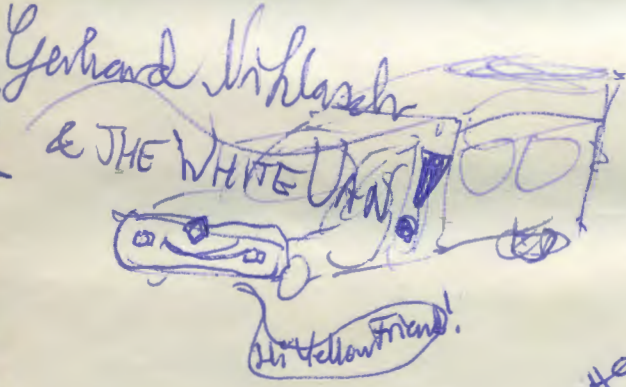
Vete bebele

William Stead

P. Barron
also known as

Paul. Jon
After
for the first
Perhaps the last
time
I'm in los lagos.
(after \$55 has on
the road).

and
Markus
Nickel
"Days must be in a lead
My gift must not be lead"



Pita New

Steve
Robert

Ku loss

Nick Cunniff

David

Sonathan
Cooper

SPECIAL GUEST:
WŁODEK "NIE MA PROBLEMU"
SZYMANOWSKI

IN THE BEGGINING

(3) There was the spelling mistake

There was the first page

Sunday 3rd(?) July

P.T.O.

Hey Sol! for the first time in the morning since we arrived on Thursday, hopefully it'll last long enough for us to dry out base a little. With only 8 of us here out at the start its been pretty hard work to set up the two camps: Two carry's for most of us yesterday. The weather, on the whole has been particularly foul with Lynn + Dan setting up camp in a torrential downpour when they first arrived at Los Lagos. Most of us are pretty knackered but hopefully some of us will go carving today

↑
Why does Roberts speak English so well?

Thursday 30th June

Almost hot in Santander, but weather slowly deteriorated as we drove West. We even had to sit inside the car at San Antonio. It rained down at Las Lagos. It rained down at Coradonga. It rained so much again at Las Lagos that we (Dan & Sherry) were forced to take shelter in the Manu forest where Cinebras and locos were forced down us. The rain having stopped we put up the giant tent. Everything is wet. Bloody typical.

The next few days have been better. Camp looks like a fortified kraal with a cow fence. Ditta's wall & loads of rope everywhere. Everyone is enthusiastically carrying up to And.

(2) (4)

Tuesday 5th July - and the Maggot morning.

Yesterday it rained & rained & poured in the afternoon forcing Dave H to walk up the hill in the hope of better weather at Ario & totally disgusted by the rain rendering ^{one of} his 2 achievements of the morning worthless - namely drying out base camp. His other achievement (excepting finishing his 3rd book of expedition) was however notable - ~~was~~ ^{despite} ~~being~~ ^{being} threatened with a hug if he shaved & forcefully persuaded to do, ~~has~~ he shaved whilst Roy & I (Lynn) went shopping in Cangas, thereby causing me to lose a bottle of beer in a bet with Roy. Even the stubbly mess that Dave had made without a mirror was, however, worth losing the bet for.

Yesterday evening Roy & I collapsed exhausted at about 10 to go to sleep in the Orange tent, determined to spend a warm comfortable night. I crept inside a furry bag & Dave's sleeping bag on top of one of the few inflated air beds. 2 secs later I felt rain on my nose (only part exposed) and yes, it was still raining outside & also inside.

We woke up this morning thinking: "It must have rained all it possibly can for the next week." And sure enough it was approximately dry. We started tidying & drying camp. URR - I found maggots in the kitchen tent & persuaded a winging Roy to move them for me. Shortly afterwards he discovered maggots by the million infesting the sleeping tent. There followed huge maggot pick ups, squashings and sawtoning of ground sheets, digging up of cow pats in a tent stinking of dead rotting maggots. It was the most disgusting job but eventually we were relieved to

finish & since the sun had come out for the first time, thought we could adjourn to the bar to wait for things to dry. Unfortunately in the time it took Roy to turn towards the counter at the bar & order a beer, the mist had come up. Minutes later it pised down again & everything that was carefully drying in camp got soaked. Why didn't we stay in our pits this morning?

Louise :- just managed to say I don't like rain to him in Spanish - non gusta lluvia or something like that. Wow.

Roy has just walked into the bar and confessed to digging up half the remaining turf in the camp site to fill in the holes in the sleeping tent - ooops.

I would like to add that Roy picked up and removed about 30 times more maggots than Lynn, who is far too much of a girl for such things. Too right! Roy is too much of a mug to force me to pick them up.!! What are leaders' perks anyway?!

→ A bit of a ranty, as you've discovered!

(6) RESULTS TRIP

Tuesday 5th May After a quick trip down 2/7, Ditta & I walked through the rain to Base camp to find devastation. Everything was wet, the ground was inches deep in mud; Lynn was obviously at breaking point and ranted on about maggots and yet more maggots. After a quick life we went down in the pouring rain to Nalanda. I have never known Base camp quite so squelchy. As we drove down in the rain through the down pour all I could think about was "What the hell am I doing here? - Why aren't I somewhere warm, dry, maggot free."

Ditta & I left the van bedrugged & dispirited. I rang Mum first & could tell she was pleased as soon as she answered the phone. I was pretty happy too. Ditta rang Phil, and as he was talking the sun came out, & lit up the pink clouds steaming up from the ridges. We bounced up to the van & drove up the hill in sunshine, stopping to admire the fantastic sunshine on the melting clouds. We reached the bar just before the mist arrived, and Lynn joined us for café & 43. An hour or so later, Spang staggered in having heard about the disgusting mess at base. After a few celebratory drinks we slipped back down to base to what Larry says. Fearful of the maggots we slipped in the yellow slush. A brilliant end to a very wet day.

Dan.

PS. I got a Post. (what a surprise)

(7) (8)

Thursday 7th July

I've just been left on my own in swampland. It looks as if it might rain in a very few minutes but then again one never knows. After hopeless attempts to dry out yesterday Lynn, Dan, Sherry and me retired to the bar and after the former two had trodded up the mountain Sherry and I retired to the yellow Van for the night, since the camp was completely flooded. Gave up reading around 10:00 pm and were just about to snooze off when a car arrived — "What an odd time for a grovel to arrive" I thought when suddenly the back of the yellow Van was opened — Steward and Kate had arrived. They piled in the yellow Van with great noise and even brought a bottle of wine which was quickly consumed. Somehow Sherry and I had really been looking forward to visitors all day long and suddenly there they were. It didn't rain too much last night but the camp is still knee deep in brown slightly stinking gunge. Weather looks threatening but might stay dry. Pretty cold though.

Dita.

Having constant battle with broken kilos but are losing so far.

Could whoever goes on the next shop buy some Airmail letters/envelopes and for find out the postal rates for Canada, (please), and tell Jonathan.

Thank you in advance.

Friday 8th July

The story continues. After letting Jonathan guard camp for about 6h I came back down to guard the swamp for the rest of the night while Jon quickly vanished in the distance. After suffering another serious loss on the kilo front and doing my washing I retired to the yellow Van. I originally thought of taking a knife to defend myself against intruding grovels but forgot it.

(6)

Suddenly in the middle of the night the van door was opened. Help! There appeared one petzel headlamp and an ever so English sounding voice - it was just after midnight. It was Gavin who had spend the last 1½ h trying to find us - freshly imported from the Pyrenees.

Ditto.

Saturday 9th July. At last reinforcements have finally arrived! But does this mean that the original eight can finally relax & contemplate ~~the~~ life?...? Well sort of. Dave, Dan & Roy went to Cangas & did loads of shopping; we tried to buy unusual vegetables but ~~we~~ and went to all kinds of supermarkets but only found beans, peppers, carrots, tomatoes, onions, potatoes etc. Back up the hill we spent a lazy day reading, talking about, going swimming, making flapjacks & generally festering.

The only event of ~~any~~ note was the sad loss of Boris. After much debate it was decided to cut him into two rather ~~many~~ ^{big} Borrettes, a 70 & a 130. Unfortunately we found a little rubette, caused by a mailon. (don't buy them mailons any more please, the ropes don't like them). This was approximately 100m down the rope so we now have a 90m & a 100m length of black marlowe.

The cutting of Boris was performed in a sober & solemn fashion by Mr D. Horsley and witnessed by Mr D. Mace and Mistress L. Smith. The event was photographed so that future generations may be reminded of this sad event. A short & simple

memorial service was held afterwards. The reading of the will will take place on Tuesday twelve o'clock sharp. (Sorry about the two wills)

Sunday 10th - lots of sun.

Monday 11th - More Sun - phew!

Solo trip to Cangas for spanner, airmail letters, post page, gas cylinder + bottle. Equipped with only a Spanish dictionary and no confidence in my pronunciation, I set off early (9ish) for Cangas. No one took the bait for half an hour. Then an automobile containing a German couple was lured. The bloke immediately set off down the hill on a mountain bike, which looked fantastic, with his girlfriend and I in hot pursuit.

We caught up with him at Lomdenza, and gawped at the Fuente and Cathedral, then I was confined to the boys with the dog (a 9 year old bitch which was a cross between a sheep dog and some sort of retriever).

The lady with a poor talent for Lipstick was incredibly unhelpful, ^{SEE PAGE 11} but I managed to get our letters out of her and convince her I wanted some airmail letters. Met an American in the Spar who helped explain what these non-Spaniards whom descend every summer upon the sheep like manna from heaven to the owner. Decided not to bless the Rio Grande with my custom after being ripped off by the Forsteria.

On the way back I was picked up by a Spanish family in a traffic jam, waited patiently in the traffic jam for the hour then was driven for all of 500 yards. The thoughts then worked wonders as I got a lift from a lovely Spanish

with bigger - all English. He was persuaded to drive me all the way up to Erina. I thankfully bought him a beer and escaped to the safety of the campsite because I thought he was some sort of post.

Mon. 11th July: Phil R. arrives via plane and Martin H., Martin L and Paul arrive through France in the car (54 hrs). Everyone immediately disappears to ~~the~~ Aris. (Do we have B.O or something else equally nasty).

Tue 12th July.

Oh to be back in the Picas again! As I watch the misty clag swirling about base camp I hardly feel like I have ever been away. Last night was exciting as usual. First waken up by squeaky cow chomping next to my ear - oh well she's only eating the rubbish. Perhaps she'll get some nasty disease and cause trouble us again - (has anyone got any aids infected syringes to loan for the cows?! - but worse was to come. I forgot that we had left an unfinished use pon in the cooking tub - sadly excellent cow bait. True to form the baine took her way in there but I couldn't chase her out (I was my birthday suit) before she had covered all over the floor - but the poor old red stone (up again) ad ripped the tent. Oh suit has Lagos just the most glorious place on earth!

Phil R.