

OUCC

Las

Brujas

☺ '88

Base Camp

Log

(2)

The Witches & Wizards of Ollas Brujas 1988 Expedition

Martin Hicks

Serdan

Alan
David Maraghan

Robert Guelmer

Whitney

Liquid

Martin Laverty

Stuart Strathdee

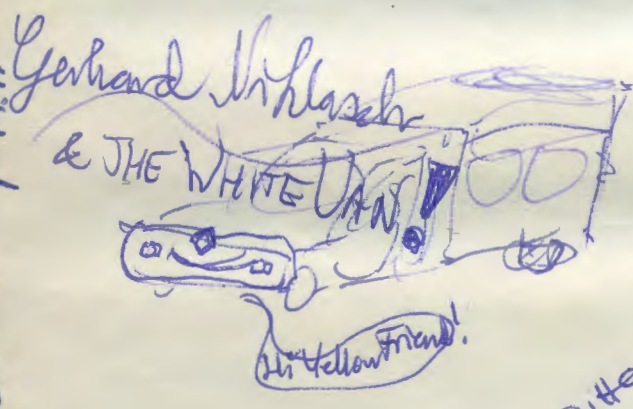
Vete Verdele

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 golf must not lead"



Pita New

Steve
Robert

Ku loss

Nick Comment

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 Mapa 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 I carry boys. 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 ~~small~~ ^{large} Correttes, a 70 & a 130. Unfortunately we found a little rubette, caused by a maillon. (don't buy them maillons 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 Comandaga, 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 Forasteros.

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.

Thursday 14th July.

(11)

Sony - you can't expect poetry about Los Lagos from me yet. I'm uninspired. We went to Cangde de Oro today!! we did. We bring Don, Lynn, Sherry, Paul, Dave M. We did all the usual Cangde things, Correos, Ferret food, Via Grande - their ~~chocolate~~ chocolate is excellent. Then we went & did seal/whale impressions on the rocks by the Puente Romano before Paul & I went for a brief dip and did Sella trout impressions. Tiring of animal impressions we drove back to ~~Cangde de Oro~~ Lagos giving a lift to a couple of spaniards - I think they appreciated it although they could have got a lift in a much nicer vehicle had they waited for a few more minutes. Lagos is misty. I wrote letters. Lynn & Sherry cooked excellent rot & marsh. Tummy,

Jan

* I wish to disagree with J.C.'s description of "the lady with a poor talent for Epiphic" who was "incredibly unhelpful." Whilst I agree that her use of Epiphic and eye makeup is excessive, and ~~as~~ I have always found her most helpful, in spite of the handicaps of having to deal with dirty caves who speak almost none of her mother tongue, and who merely demand "Correas Inflexes" with a "por favor" added if she's lucky. This poor woman, in her high pressure position does not need abuse of this kind. (possibly it is our rudeness and the complications that ~~add~~ add to her life that have driven her "chittle" around ~~the world~~ - sufficient to

affect her makeup (she is makeup) | I will hear
no more criticism of her.

Oh all right then.

"Speed Bonnie boat like a bird o' the wing,
Carry me back to Spain,
Carry me back to the land that I love
Over the sea to Spain."

13 July: Sigrid & Gerhard arrive in the White Van from Munich

14 July: Carry personal tents & stores & a few bits & pieces to TOP CAMP.

Water supply (from snow) needs to be sorted out.

— & Then to the Bar...

Paul "I just felt like making an omelette" Brennan

Saturday

Friday 16 July

Further reinforcements (?) in the form of William, Johnny
Toombs & two ad hoc party of two Cabeza Muxa divers. Sun! & alighted
at the Maria Rosa.

P.s. Maria Hicks left his wallet in the Rio Grande & drove down the hill
for it. This was followed by Johnny discovering he'd left his wallet by the road
between Cangas & Covadonga.

Sunday 17th July

Martin H. & Phil, went up early to do a carry, Johnny
T. down to No Cangas to find his wallet. Sherry appeared, took stuff
to set up a shaft-basking camp at Top Camp & disappeared. Meanwhile
opened up kitchen tent, rears put groundsheet to dry & picked up a further
half-dozen maggots. It's getting very hot.

8^{pm}: Gerhard leaving again upright carrying (amongst other things) the big
washing bowl. I'm told Martin H. has bought a large funnel but
as I can't see it anywhere I assume it's making its own way.

DING BAT

STEVE!

21/7/88

Steve arrives in 785 FKH.

We need some strong thread & needles to fix tents with - next Shopping trip please note.

21/7/88

There have been complaints that not enough has been written in this log book. Well, I shall now attempt to rectify this terrible deficit.

Today we shifted camp. We didn't really mean to, ~~or~~ but the smell of silage wafting across the tent at first light made us realise that something must be done. So we began by moving the gear tent, so that there was enough room to shift the orange tent. The orange tent was duly moved & its disquieting ground sheet removed & hung up to dry. Next contest we dried out the kitchen tent, made the food tent & disinfected it with paulon having removed all the muggbots. We had a quick apple flapjack break before continuing by moving another gear tent so there was room to put up the food tent. This completed we decided to move the scout tent for dessert. Finally the finishing touches were added, a washing line, cow fence, tables, fitted kitchen, sauna, etc etc. Adjoin to bar for congratulatory gins.

Also on 2/7/88. Dan & Sherry go hitchhiking. Having almost run out of gas we nobly decided to go & get some more. Being too pissed (drunk as well as pimed off with) to drive the 4V. we hitched down with a couple of faith restoring Germans and generally enjoyed the civilization of Cangas D'Oris. The return journey was not so easy - we were taken to Covadonga in a 2CV run by a Spaniard who appeared to be running a taxi service for tourists. After a couple of stops for glue we made it to the cathedral. We then began to walk up to Las Lagoas with a decided lack of ascending vehicles. Several cars passed ~~by~~ the cars that are completely full contain happy smiling people who would love to give you a lift but unfortunately (luckily) they can't. The cars that are almost empty whizz straight past and take straight through you as if you don't exist. The worst cars are those that contain other hitch-hiking couples (eg Roy!!) using your valuable hitching space. The cars that stop don't appear until almost the sharp bend ^{3/4} road walk from Covadonga - but the feeling of relief is almost worth it.

Salad at base camp ^{was} good - especially the potatoes.

Dan

Sherry "I'm too knackered for a mass orgy"
 Jim "Everyone has disgusting things underneath
 their bidders"
 Paul "Stop pulling my skin off".

Hoyo la Madre Trip 21/7/88

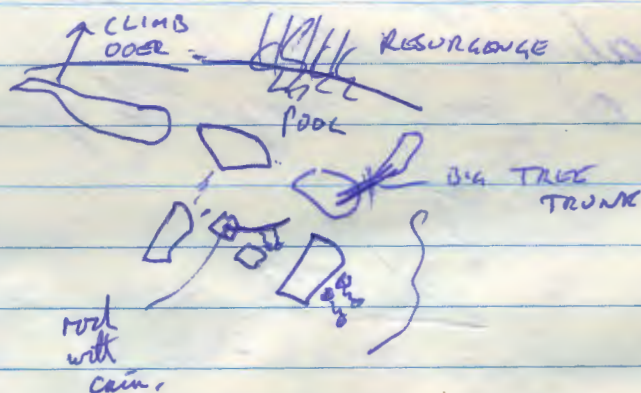
Paul + Steve

Objectives:

- 1) To put dye detectors in H.C.M.
- 2) To get Steve fit again.

Rather a longer walk than I expected.
 I settled out on the last part of the climb
 up to the cave: - the sit climbing on a
 sit of tree root was quite un-nerving
 enough.

Four detectors put in, in the stream
 just below the diff resurgence. Two are
 on a stick, jammed in at a boulder -
 There is a small ~~gap~~ cairn on the
 boulder. In a pool below this the other
 two are tied to rocks just above the
 water.



The walk up is rather illegitimate.
 I were not done in

Steve

23 - July - 1988.

~12:30. An ICOMA guard warns us of an approaching storm. Visions of the camp becoming a wreck of twisted metal and flipped canvas spur us into action. The washing line is repositioned for guy lines. Gerhard abandons plans to go ~~down~~ to Top Camp. The tents are pegged down, an air of quiet readiness settles on the camp.

~13:00. We adjourn to the bar for a café before the onslaught. I buy 6 eggs and some chocolate to make a chocolate mousse.

13:42. Bill arrives. The weather is icily calm. The sun is trying to break through. The camp is quiet - even the sounds of chattering cyrocles and tinkling bells is hushed.

13:49. The first egg for the chocolate mousse is cracked. A faint breeze whips across the camp.

14:02. The last egg is successfully separated. Whipping commences.

14:18. Whipping ceases. The egg whites are stiff and will peak. The weather is calm.

14:22. Melting of the chocolate begins.

14:35 Disaster strikes. The chocolate pan, held onto the water pan by a mole grip, falls into the boiling water and is ruined. The chocolate immediately sets and is saved for later use.

14:40 Fresh chocolate is melted on a plate that cannot possibly be fall into the water. I must apologize for this write up at this point. If you were expecting a graphic account of the wrath of the storm then unfortunately you cannot expect one yet. The weather is remaining stubbornly calm and peaceful. Hence I am forced to continue my account of mouse making.

14:42. The egg yolks are beaten.

14:55. Sherry arrives. We finish off the apple flapjack. Weather is calm to the point of boredom. Have all our preparations been in vain.

14:56. The egg yolks are added to the chocolate and this mélange is ~~folded~~ has egg whites folded into it. This mixture is poured into bowls and chilled (ie left) before serving.

15:02. We start the washing up. Will the storm ever arrive. Gerhard & Sherry go and fetch water.

15:22. ~~At~~ Enyanki, from ICOVA, informs us of
200 kilometre/hour winds and 1200 cc m^{-2} of
rain (whatever that means) This sounds fun!!

15:43 The rain starts

15:44. All the food is bagged and waterproofed.
The kitchen tent is made ready for collapse.
All movable objects are stowed. Batten down
the hatches me' hearties.

15:55 Calm. The rain stops.

16:04. We enter the orange tent. Who knows what the
world will look like when... if we emerge.
A strange silence descends, broken only by the start
of the rain and the flapping of a tent.
The wind at last melts. [Obviously from this
last sentence you can see the mental pressure we
are under.]

16:13. The rain beats down harder & harder.
Lightning flashes. We eat chocolate and write our
journals.

16:17. The first gusts start. We ~~move our~~ take
up positions.

16:20. ~~The~~ One of the hatches comes
unbattened. I venture out into the maelstrom of
water. Rain is pummeling down
thunder and gusts. Hell on earth.

16:31. Thunder rumbles around us. We continue to hold up the tent and the drops of rain still pour down. An impressive lake has formed outside the door. A rousing chorus of Jerusalem 'caring version' brings hope & warmth to our hearts. The rain is still very heavy.

16:40. The rain continues. We crack open the wine. Things are getting desperate. The canvas in ~~front~~ of the outer tent is now acting as quite an effective water filter - it only lets through the finest droplets.

16:45. Rising Dump rises. A large pool has appeared beneath the groundsheet. We cheer ourselves up with a rousing song - 'The hard cover'.

17:06. A slight calm. We're joined by one of the ~~to~~ NPC. Outside it looks calm. Then the wind starts again. We grab our poles.

17:09. The pools below the groundsheet are disappearing. It's still raining. We talk of 2/7.

17:30 We eat the mouse. Tummy. Even tho' it hasn't set.

[At this point the atomic bomb dropped]

In memory of 24th July Sunday by Sherry...
All together now.....

OOOH I shovel shit
Shit shovel I
'cos I'm a shit-shovel speleo

Pick up a maggot
Look it in the eye
I'm a shit-shovel speleo

Chorus - ~~S~~ Squatting in the food tent
Chomping maggots round + round
Chucking out the rubbish
Digging Cawshit from the ground

I dig up crap
crap dig up I
'cos I'm a crap digging speleo

Maggots wriggle round
Die buggers DIE!
I'm a crap digging speleo



24

24/7/88.

SUNDAY -

And yea! After a night sheltering from the rain in the Y.V. EL SOL!!

We spend the morning clearing the camp.

Smell smell damp damp.

The van is converted into a drying rack

DAMI arrives - ...

Phit Rose arrives with wild improbable but

TRUE tales of 2/7. Over to Phit as
OH SO TRUE.

We are in the bar and I can no longer

control my pen.

Steve

Yes the cave is BIG. Stream is OFD in high water HELP. I'm going home so I won't go down wet pitches.

POSSIBLY THE DEEPEST CAVE IN THE WORLD.

(PS. I have begun a new bobbin cable in the few trips!!!).

Philip Rose
his mark

25/7/88.

Morning's ride
 To the clear skies of a
 Sharp light to a Pico's side
 Prospects d-new.
 To the Largas zoo!
 Legs to find, the heat to mind
 And all of Spain on a hill.

29/7/88

ARRIVAL OF TEAM YUPPIE :-

- HARRY MOSS
- WINNIE GREGSON
- GRAHAM NAYLOR
- SARA GREGSON

WE ARE THE SOFT MEN...
 THAT'S HOW THE WORLD ENDS - NOT
 WITH A BANG, BUT A WIMPY.

[CAME VIA FRANCE WHERE WE DID ABÏME DE BETKANKA N THE
 IYRANERS. V. NERT.]

A Flashback Friday 22nd July

"El Turismo!" Dan, Sherry, Bill.

Went to Candeo. Inadvertently saw the abattoir on a short cut back to the van. Fortunately the doors were closed so we didn't see anything too awful - if you want to avoid it don't take shortcuts down small backroads near the river.

Then off to Cueva del Buzo that was closed - the sign says closed between 12 & 4, but Richard has since told me that it's always closed.

So off to Covadonga, papery and plastic. Tuteful chapel to the left, awful statues on the right. Sixteen confessional boxes, someone did alot of sinning. Santa Cueva wet & humid, with loads of candles, and a service with serious priest and core congregation, ogling tourists wander in and out enjoying the spectacle. Down to the gift shops, the brash shops, the poison shops for a quick beer, the cheapest pen is 120 ptas.

Back to Las Lagos knackered. That's turismo for you.

Dan
=

26th July A trip down to Coyas de Oms.

you can see how shocked Dave is he isn't even ^{even} ~~celebrating~~

Dave it was requested by me & loan for - to drive down to Coyas to pick up Nick & Robert from the San Valleys Club. Arrived Coyas & hit the Rio Grande for cakes & tortilla. I then went off to buy myself a botas as my gas bottles down the cave. Back to the Rio Grande for more tortilla & then at 5pm Nick & co arrived less Kev O'Sullivan. No sign of Kev by 6pm & Nick said he hadn't seen him on the boat, so we left Co-Lagos.

The weather was wet & the road very slippery - causing ^{one} ~~the~~ wheels to spin occasionally when cornering producing a horrible judding. On one corner we were going round very slowly like a car coming down the hill braked hard and skidded straight in to the car with a roaring bang. Tony tried to get out but couldn't. Fringing ^{for} my side we found a badly dented passenger door and damaged sill. Tony checked the suspension & steering which seemed OK.

Viewing the other of car, what a mess! a total write off, smashed windscreen both headlights crumpled wing & bonnet, front seats have twisted suspension ^{pushed} back steering higgled. Fortunately all the passengers ok.

I asked the driver in Spanish if he spoke English not realising he was French. Tony found the insurance documents & we started filling out the forms. The other driver was very good about it admitting it was his fault on the documents. Eventually I drove

back up the hill very carefully. Phil checked with the bar who said that as no one was injured we didn't need to inform the police.

Dave H, he was very shaken & will not drive the yellow van up & down the hill ever again.

Don't try to open the passenger door, the hinges are well rotted back, and it may never close again! the broken sill needs knocking back from the wheel, J.T.

26-27. 7. 88 A night to remember

So its my last night here again and Lays has come up with the goods draping us in impenetrable clag. At least I want to go home.

Chop up the vegetables cook a nice stew then get completely ratted in the bar. "Help! Phil I've been bugged by a Frenchman in the van!" - 15

That really what Dave meant Oh no it was just some grotto had decided to pry his brand new car into the yellow van's passenger door.

This put a bit of a doper on the proceedings in the bar but we had to go home to find out if we needed to inform the Trafficos (I think fully apparently not necessary!).

I was knocked out to sleep only night and good kip in the orange dent. Did the food's out of sight? Yes. Good - off to bed!

Snooze -- 43!! Muck Muck Muck Muck oh my god its a vase attack.

Ditta pokes her head out of doors and
 the Joking partition has crumbled under
 the Vacca onslaught. Much... Much Much
 Much "Piss off you bastards!" Thwack!!
 Ditta throws a shoe and the cow makes
 moves off at least he's gone.

Snore Snore Snore Much Much Much
 Oh my god the cows back again.
 I poke my head out and see outside
 the most bollocks naked "Piss off you
 great fat cow" thwack! Again the cow
 shambles away from her devastation.

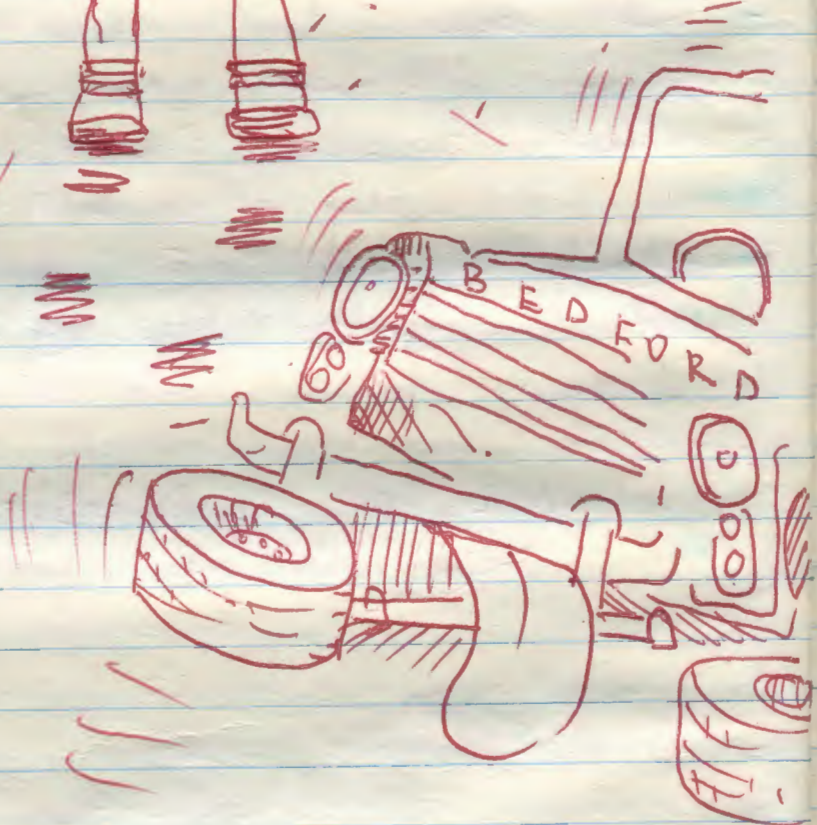
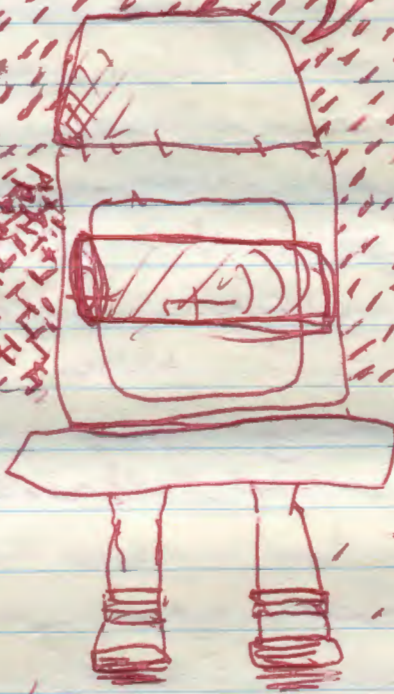
This carries on through out the night.
 This cow has a muffled bell just to make
 matters more sporting they will be denizens
 muffled marching next.

Casualties of Vacca attack - one
 straw pole, 5 packets of pasta and
 all the fresh veg. I only hope she ate some
 of the beans and so will be farting for the
 next week.

I LOVE LAGOS - Goodbye!

The Severn Valley Two arrive

The rain in Spain...



27/7/88 Again. The one advantage that we have here over Scott on his way to the Antarctic is that it is not cold. Otherwise there is a distinct possibility of terminal boredom. The weather has been keeping us entertained by changing from rain to drizzle almost constantly. There ought to be more words in the English language to describe rain as the Eskimos reportedly have to describe snow - but there again we are in Spain. Eliza Doolittle told me that 'the rain in Spain falls mainly on the plain' - If I ever catch hold of the little bitch I'll throttle her. We had a game of I spy earlier but the letter F for fog got tedious after ten or more goes. There was a brief flurry of excitement when the poppets from ~~top~~ Ario arrived - we made them coffee and then they went off again and left us. . . . Yesterday was much more exciting, we were in a motor accident you know. I've always fancied a Citroen BX, but they seem to crumple up as soon as look at you. Perhaps a Massey Ferguson would be more like it. I got so bored today that I repacked my rucksack twice! Yes twice! I still can't get it all in. If it stopped raining we could work the tents dry! You know those chappies from Ario went into town with over 15 loaves of bread! I suppose they thought that Nicholas and I would eat all of the nocilla ~~on~~ sandwiches - but it tastes just as yummy without bread. Well you're probably just as bored as I am by now so happy
 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2

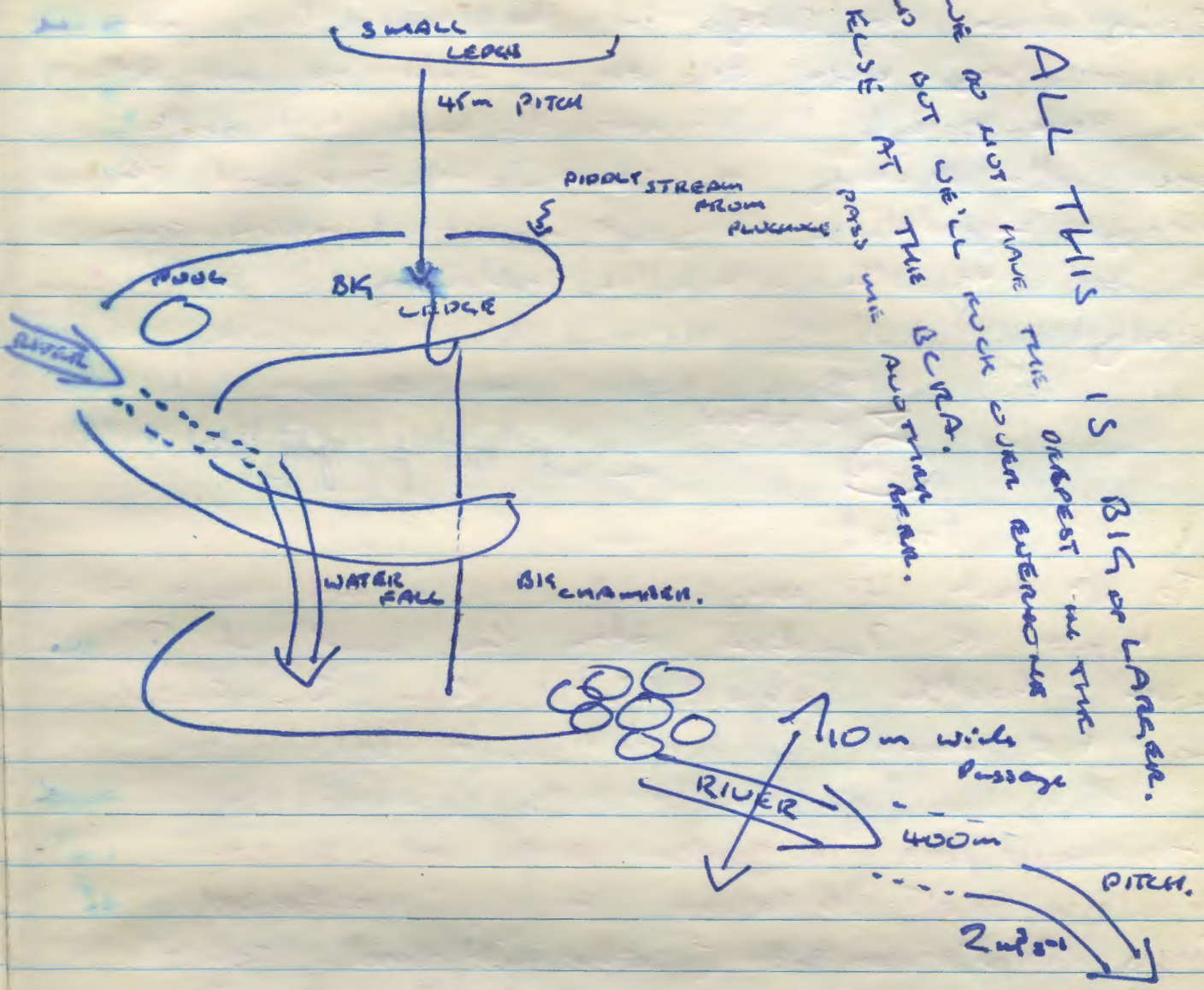
It's probably not kosher to write about the
 cases in the base camp log, preserved for history,
 weather and shopping trips, but so be it! The case
 is fucking enormous, so the base camp log
 is going to see a piece of the action. We
 thought the shaft series was big stuff, but
 we were wrong. This is it, this is the
 shaft, which puts even 300 → 400 on a
 shaft series in the pale.

I had a dream last night that we
 had in fact dropped the Cabeza Morsa and
 found the food dumps, foot prints and half-
 dotted bolts, and was very worried that this
 in fact had happened during the 2 days
 underground. Independent witnesses support the dream
 hypothesis.

Back to the boring stuff. Weather fine. Moved
 the beds again. Saw some maggots again. Lit up
 the Al-powered stereo. Read log books. Fiddled
 the kitty. Had a drink in the bar. Washed
 my hair and shaved. Yawned a lot.

Next Shopping Trip :- We NEED Carbide. There is
 only a few inches left in the drum.

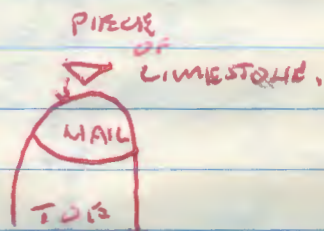
The Cave



ALL THIS IS BIG OF LARVAE.
 WE DO NOT HAVE THE DEEPEST IN THE BUT WE'LL ROCK UP ENOUGH
 WORDS PASS ME AND TRAMP AROUND.
 KELSI AT THIS SCRA.

View From the Rear.

Going down to Cangas in the van. Have given up on long cave trip for a while as my little toe feels poorly. I thought it was still quite sore after kicking a rock at Ario and this morning extracted a long piece of limestone from the end of the little toe, allowing it to bleed profusely.



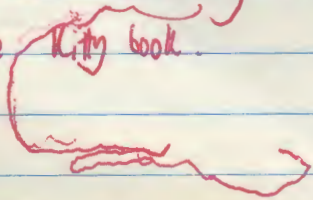
← isn't this frightfully painful?

To get back into easy mode I shall look for a bypass to Paradise along the wall at 7th Heaven boulder slope. Until then Rio Grande here I come.

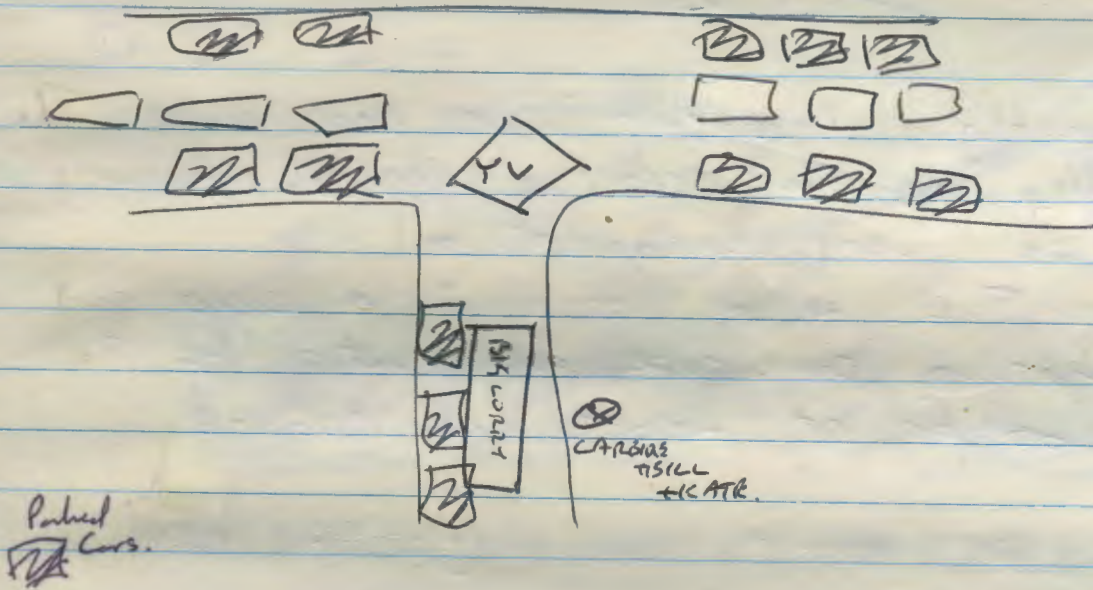
Have swapped places with Jonathan in the back of the van. (he's now in the front). Had a truly (seriously) wonderful time in Cangas. Failed to understand Jonathan's hand signals. I thought he wanted us to move the carbide we had just bought, to the end of the road where it could be picked up in the van but in fact he wanted us to tell him how many cars there were behind him. Oh well. I'll know next time.

We had ~~lots~~ lots of potato tortillas in Rio Grande. Manolo joined us and later 3 poles. We conversed (~~the~~ William did, at least) in Spanish. It was a bit stilted.

I wish there was something to read in here other than Jonathan's address book ~~and the~~ ^{and the} Kitty book.



William may have had a great time but Paul did not. First he wandered around the Supermarkets in a store and had to get out the \$15 throw up in the river. After struggling back with the shop we picked up the article. Bill and Kate sat outside the Farrell shop while we negotiated the traffic. Everything was OK until we turned onto the Farrell shop road. We were faced by a single lane, fully occupied by a large timber lorry. So we were put way in and had to get out. Unfortunately both lanes of the main road were blocked so we were completely trapped.



I could not get out to drive Paul back west, so got round to the others to come and help. For some unexplained reason Bill started to roll the article down in our direction as some irate spaniards blasted away. We became annoyed, and got out by the thickness of a coat of paint. Walk down a side road to turn round and calm down only to be again trapped by some complete dickhead who parked about 5 ft. from the kerb. There was to an inch to

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spine as we navigated those narrows. The next problem was another Spanish who stopped too close to his mate, but by now we were wise to the random movements of Spanish drivers, not prepared to be distracted by by rules of the highway, politeness or good sense, so this was only a firing war. Reached to seat everyone else and pushed in the middle of the road to park up the vehicle. Paul treated himself to some well earned goodies and the rest of us had a retreat to the Rio Grande. All 3 Poles and William conversed in local Spanish whilst the bar staff tried to impress us with bad English. Guess that Mandol turned up and managed to buy the Poles a round.

J.C.

Honestly, I wasn't in a bad mood. The stupidity of the assorted Spanish drivers can be very exasperating!

Is J.C. going staging a coup and attempting to take over control of the log books at Lagos and Aris.

Paul.

Last night we met the man himself Juan Jose. Having gone up with the intention of getting well pissed, some Spaniard turned up and introduced himself in very good English. We immediately tried to protest to the other, with little success. He seemed pleased to chat to us and we cracked a few pounds ^{some} over beers. There has been some sort of wrangling between the local and national saving organisations, however once come out of this quite well, so long as we keep him well informed of our intentions and of what we have achieved. The promised is a detailed map of the area so we can be completely sure of what we are pishing (217 is OK). The other gave us a long letter in Spanish which was pretty untranslatable.

Sat. 30th, 22:10



DOGS MUST BE ON A LEAD. MY CAR MUST NOT

(After 2½ hours of looking for ~~un~~ unLEADED gasoline in S. Sebastien [the next day back to France] and 3 days of driving, Markus and his GOLF reached Los Lagos.) (M.N.)

3/7/88.

Next stop get ÷ bin liners

top left corner of orange tent
food.

Love gas.

WHEN YOU BOY BROWN etc DO NOT
TAKE IT ALL TO ALIC. Believe it and -
people at Los Lagos need to eat too.

In the words of Mr. Micawber "I am arrived" Jan 31st July 1988.

1/7/88

Dave Honley.

"It's amazing how many of these independent
islands there are - and such is the most amazing"

another niggle.

"The van has good suspension for the newly-weds" Cooper

someone else said this. You have the wrong man.

2/8/88

Another mighty Pico storm & practically every tent in the camp site is battered including every OVEC tent except the one force ten.

Here I am sitting in the back of the van hoping that it'll remain upright unlike the tents. The major problem is that the van's side on to the wind, unfortunately having no ignition keys that actually work I can't do anything about this.

And now the wind has lifted the green tarpaulin roof off the bar.

2-3/8/88 Spectacular electrical effects & very heavy rain followed the return of the 2 Martins after leaving Steve to catch the 9.15 am flight from Bilbao. (7.30 am - 11.25 pm all in 'ria meals in Bilbao & the Rio Grande).

Woke to find the orange tent collapsed but, surprisingly, cooking tent as intact as could be expected. Rain persisted so people drifted or swam or paddled across to Maria Rosa for extended breakfast.

Things cleared up in the afternoon so some semblance of order was restored to camp while others removed the steering lock from the van and removed the need for an ignition key - a screwdriver is now required.

Then Lynn came down & revealed that she had a hell, working set of van keys...

4-5 Harry, Sarah & Richard, & Graham leave, but Roy's friend is still here I cannot envisage him ever returning, especially after the curry we created specifically to blow him away.

The small alsation puppy is now a permanent feature.

5th - very hot & sunny. Yesterday (Thursday) saw a population explosion, with the tourists backing up to the first bank trying to find a parking, and now they are back.

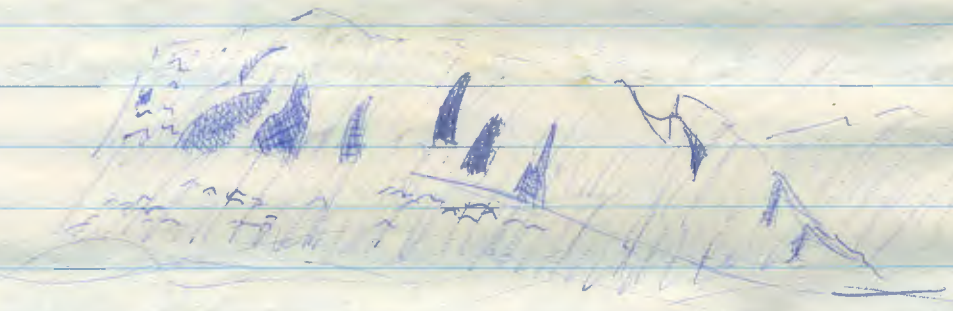
With the storm ended the spring when the pipes ruptured, so water was obtained from the Spring at Lago Enol. However the Spanish section it is "No potable" due to

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1.5 mg/l of $AlMnO_4$. I've been drinking it for 2 days.
No ill effects yet, - in my opinion. KOB

Fri Evening - 5th Aug.

This evening I wish that I could draw well for you the picture of the deep heat-haze whiteness that has slowly swallowed the mountains. The shadows of the rocks appear as dark sails floating in thick heat-soaked air.



Sean + friends, Giles + Luis, arrive Sea day visitor J.C., Kate + Kenic depart for the fresher air of Ario. Base Camp has been awash with Tourists all today.

NO PAN at Bar Maria Rosa. Rats.

A plague of frogs has visited the strange architectural wonder of the yellow tent, now a local frog tourist attraction.

Cangas de Onís is very busy. I'm not sure that I like it that much. ~~A~~. Wish my Rice was better. Martin suggests trip to Trombio - looks like plenty ready to do Cueva Culiembro. Wouldn't mind a trip down Cueva del Oso. But no time. J.A.

It's very peaceful down here tonight on my own, if not a little lonely. I can picture a quiet trek to the Refugio for a variable rather over a shared ^{with} ~~into~~ da Montebro ~~into~~. Good Music here tho'.

Why does white Spanish rice appear to contain rice Krispies when boiled?

6th Aug. Jon T and Paul come down the hill and drive to Congas. The sounds worked well and we ^{happily} sang our way down the hill ignoring impatient Spanish drivers. On arrival in Congas we had an efficient shop including getting solder and flux for mending electric. A slightly less efficient trip to the Rio Grande followed ~~and was~~ ~~rounded off~~ by ice creams next door. We drove back up in the wonderful cool evening sunshine and stopped for a dip into Lago Enol on the way. A great trip! 4 hrs. Grade II. No ~~any~~ danger involved.

7th Aug. INCLUDES A CAUTIONARY NOTE

Rats - update at Ario; after 10 before arriving here at Los Lagos, so no chance of returning pre this p.m. Rats
 The few hardy souls that are left out here are working just so hard. They scarcely have a chance to get out of the cave ~~on~~ duty to derigging calls then back. There are a couple of not-entirely well souls around too. There appear to have been a couple of infections floating around. We need to step up the use of dettol-type stuff on the whole. A bit in the people-washing bowls would possibly help a lot too. There also seems to be the back-lash of drugs like Lomoxol + Irodium around. They are very effective against diarrhoea, but its tempting to keep at it too long with then and constipation then ensues. Are people drinking enough water / fluids? This is very important, and tho' its difficult its just essential esp., if you're not well +/or have diarrhoea or constipation. Walks to Ario in the heat of the day would be a lot kinder on the body. with more than one giant guzzle at Bobias. small amounts frequently are by far the best.
 So in conclusion: ① Drink as much as pass anyway! ② If you're not well drink as much as pass w/ with rehydrat if you've

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got bad diarrhea b) if you're constipated at all (3) Take it easy on the Lomotil. (4) A good glug of olive oil (+ that means lots) is supposed to be as good as castor oil was in days past at 'helping things along, if you can't go'. Be kind to your bowels + your kidneys, or pay the cost at a later date!!

If there's no Rehydrat - Pot enough salt + some sugar in tepid water (well not freezing cold) until it tastes a bit like tears - not so good, but better than a slap on the face with a wet fish.

More doggy fun - tales.

We've had a Lago Enol doggy at Ario - she pushed on to Trea with some Spanish

We've had a Pastor's dog take time out for a social-session at Ario

We've had a Pastor's (Bobias) dog here at Lago Encina having a holiday for days.

Yesterday I met a guy ~~just~~ on the Ario path, just out of sight of Encina. He wasn't well, could I do something about the 2

dogs that were following him down from the 'huts'? Sure!

100yds later, oh no, 2 puppies with legs about 2" long

panting like crazy, desperately trying to follow their new

friend. Solution? Pack one pup under one arm, the other under

the other arm + give a pair of very sweet free-loaders

a hip up sod 1 of the lower wilderness to Bobias. Throw

lots of water over these dogs if they follow right as far

as the Spring, it's cruel, but the only way to get them to stay

at the huts. It's quite possible that the bitch down here at

Encina is their ma. J.A.

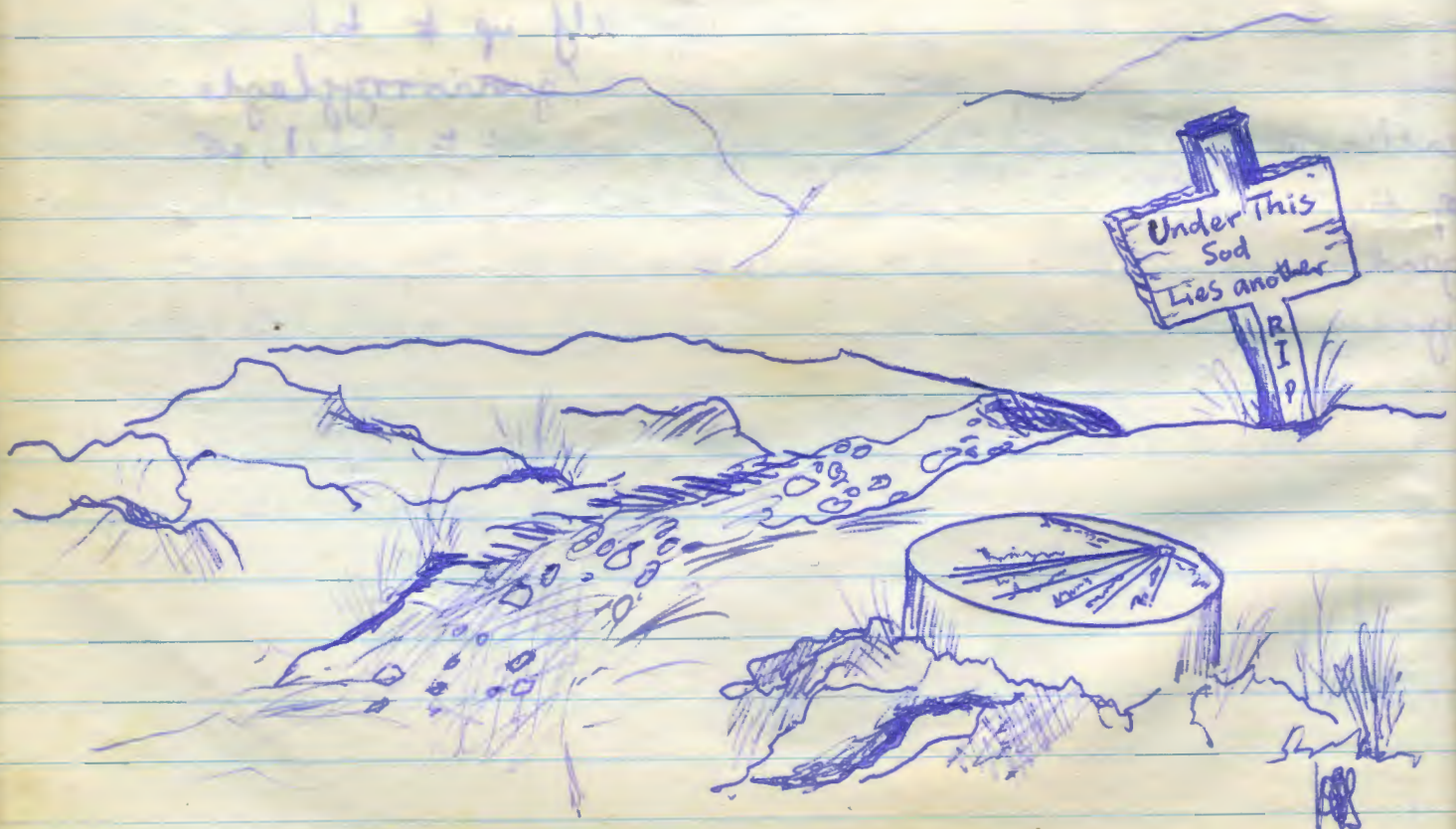
Lynn actually came down to Base camp - things must be going well - she don't 'all look worn-out tho'.

The

The state of the van 4/8/88

I have put the lock back on the Van, it is only held on with one (not quiet fitting) bolt, but the steering lock now works. Till the real keys turn up here, the spare set now work but I slightly over-filled the keys so don't push it in all the way, the lock will be stiffer than before as I have had to file a new connector between the lock and switch, which is a bit tight, but ~~then~~ then I never saw the original, so what do you expect from guess work?

N.



Cullinbro 11/8/88

Kevin O, Dan, Kate, Joan, J.C.

Firstly the Carmentina die-test was successfully retrieved, but I'm too shagged to write any more.

Treen Walks I have known and loved, or how to get lost in the Dark.

Cullinbro was fun, the walk up however was dull, so even though it was late 8.30 went off to fetch the remaining Gorge edge detestors. Had lots of food and a bivy bag so was not affected at all by the rain.

At Cullin bro by 9.10 and left at 9.45 having found $\frac{2}{3}$ at the resurgence, $\frac{1}{2}$ upstream + $\frac{1}{2}$ opposite bar and taken water samples from each. Had a crap in the bar (toilet thereof) to suit myself up for the slog up.

Reached Treen path at 10.10, and walked without light, with few root finding problems. In the knees started going uphill too quickly so contoured round and walked up streambed. At resurgence had a look for edge detestors, then a scuff and another look. No sign. I had intended to bivy there if I found no detestors, but a boom is as good as daylight and it was only 11.00. #

Made part of the path was a little difficult as I was not on it, but on a very loose scree slope. Fell over a bit so got out the cheese sandwich which we had found at Cullinbro to eat. This was huge and lasted

46 - end
me until I rebound the path, and through a long
hanging hole in the mist. Out of the cloud I
saw a tiny landmark, in the form of a towering
cliff, so was pretty certain. It was only 11.45 so
had an orange and a drink and phoned on.
Path no problem until it got serious approaching
Soo de la Caba. Saw cairns every now and
again, but meandered between a big budge with
was Sultray and another which was the ridge
around Ario. Two grippy dinks later I hit
the Tree path just to the right of 1215.
No problems up to Ario and in bed by 1.00

Cargas 12th Aug.

The radiantly beautiful daughter of
Spar shop owner has returned. I ventured
into the shop for to purchase a toothbrush
but was immediately struck dumb by this
wonderful creature. When I think of
all the future generations of succ men
who will sit at underground camp having
erotic dreams about this beauty it makes
me shiver. That such perfection ~~could~~
could exist on this earth is really
quite amazing. I successfully bought a
toothbrush ~~for~~ for 100 ptas from
the spotty young kid brother? and left the
shop in a daze.

Paul.