

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! & alcohol
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. Adjourn 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 bridges"
 Paul "Stop pulling my skin off".

Hoyo la Madre Trip 21/7/88

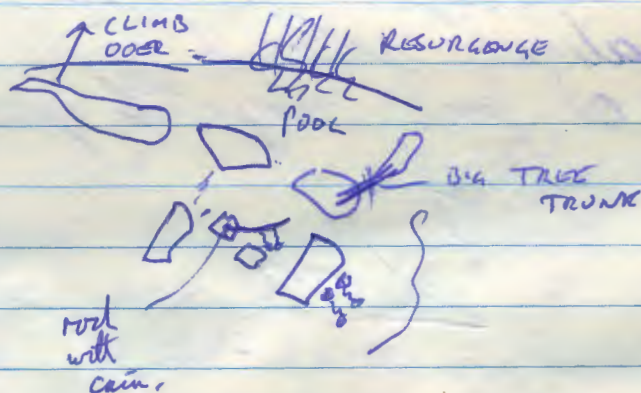
Paul + Steve

Objectives:

- 1) To put dye detectors in H.C.N.
- 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 whis 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.