

1990

BASE
CAMP
LOG

OU Cave Club

1990 Expedn

Base Camp Log

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Subway '90 -
Staming

~~Search by~~

David Maragham

David Bell

Paul May
7/27

Tom

~~Dave Hacey~~

Savin

DIRK

~~Clare Linden~~

Graham

Dave Wood

Southern
passed.

Jenny

Joanie
Hello there
me hearties!

And the guest star...
Wrodek...

OVCC Jultayu 90 Expedition

Base Camp Log

28/6/90

Dave Lacey "I'm looking forward to expedition, 7 weeks of drinking beer + lying in the sun can't be bad!"
Gavin "Whats that got to do with expedition?!"

We've arrived at los lagos in the CLAG. Team speleo are sitting in 'Big Jane' ^{bookening} + making the dinner. OH MY GOD IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME!!!

- Base Camp ankle deep in mud
- Shoes + sox that are never dry
- Nightly food raids by vacas
- clag clag & MORE CLAG!

On the other hand....

- Wonderful views at Anio
- Ice carving
- Cerveza's in the Bar

yeah yeah yeah maybe its not so bad!

Sherryxxx

(3)

Note: when it rains, make sure the groundsheet is folded back inside the tent, or else it will funnel water in.

Caving gear gone to Aino: everything to rig down to Flying Rebell's

Needed at Aino - ~~Brillou~~ pad bread

Washing up liquid

Tent pegs

No more Marmalades!

Guy ropes

Some cave food

Every ones done lots of carries & is knackered (or at least bits of them ~~are~~ are) - wot heros/ines. Why does no one write anything in here except officious messages.

Helpful Hint #1: Don't put tons & tons in your muscles cos you get **KNACKERED** 😊

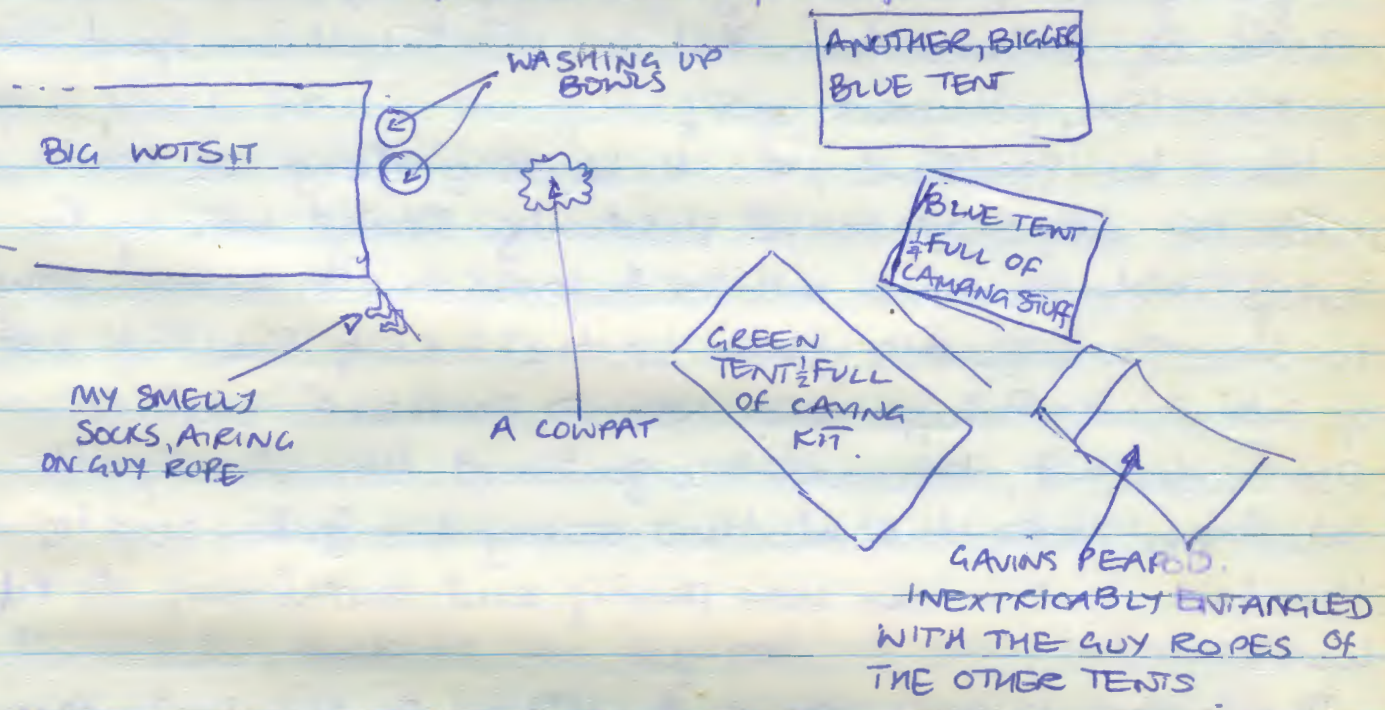
Another officious message:

Guide to the tents of base camp

- Big Jane - for food, cooking + general festering
- Nighr (big green one) - caving tackle
- Large blue tent - personal kit
- Smaller blue tent, with sawn in ground sheet - general camping stuff - more tents, mallets, unidentified objects

It is the 29 June, following on from the comments of our Glorious Leader I feel obliged to write something in the log book.

Basecamp is still very civilized. The groundsheet in big wotsit is clean, and big wotsit is tidy. There are several people sitting around looking civilized. Dave L is reading a book, Shemy is writing some more great thoughts [soon to be published in Shemy's Little Red Book], Tony is washing up by zoom light, and Gavin is picking his feet. As our Glorious Leader pointed out we are all knackered. This is partly because we have been walking up and down the hill a lot, and partly because we have been pitching lots of tents. Basecamp is now very civilized, with lots of little tents full of kit:



30 6 90

I see no one has written anything in here since I last wrote. This is not a deliberate decision on my part to be the only person to write anything in here. Anyway, let me recount a series of events which amused Gann, Dave B and me while we ate our supper.

It all started when a shepherd/goatherd appeared round the corner of the road from Eñol at the rear of a small herd of goats. The gentleman in question had a white handkerchief knotted on his head, despite the fact that Lagos is embedded in clay. He ~~had~~ carried ~~an~~ an umbrella, which was rolled up, despite the fact that Lagos is embedded in clay. He had a dog, which trotted obediently behind him, but did not help him herd the goats in any coherent way.

When the goatherd was half way along the road with his pile of goats he suddenly started waving his arms and yelling in a violent fashion. In this way he drove the herd of goats up the side of the hill and off the road. Perhaps this was to enable a car to pass. Obviously not, because the goatherd then dived ~~with~~ head first into the heather among the goats, despite the fact that no car was passing and threatening to kill him.

The goatherd stood up, and watched as the goats ran further up the hill to Anador's. He chased them down towards the road and then dived full length into their midst for a second time. The reason for these mad dives was soon revealed, as he picked himself out of the heather with a goat held by one leg.

The goat was not too impressed with this, and struggled violently as it was dragged back down to the road.

Once at the roadside the goatherd produced a piece of string, which one end of which he attached to the struggling goat. He held the other end, and it seemed as if he was about to take the goat for a walk. This seemed to the collected bystanders to be a somewhat ambitious desire, because the goat was bucking and jumping in a way that would have suggested to an innocent observer that the bit of string to which it was attached was in fact a National Grid power cable carrying about 10^6 volts.

The idea The goatherd had also apparently realised the futility of his plan. He proceeded to look for a convenient place to tie the goat. The only upright and relatively immobile object available was a post, at the top of which was a triangular sign warning motorists that the corner they could see before them was indeed a corner. The goat was tied to the sign post, around which it bucked and jumped in the same way as before.

The goatherd then started chasing the goats round the hillside. There was much waving of arms and shouting, and the goats ran hither and thither. The goat dog watched from a safe distance, but made no effort to help.

Meanwhile, back at the signpost. A cow, innocently wandering around, found what appeared to be a goat tied to a signpost. It was quite surprised by this, and peered intently at the goat. It was interrupted by a man who came screaming along, and was driven off. This man was the goatherd. The frightened cow ran into the midst of the goats and drove them into the quarry. The shepherd/goatherd ran after them. His dog watched obediently from a safe distance.

The cow brought its friends to look at the goat tied

(7)

to the sign post. The goatherd ran round and round in pursuit of the goats, who eventually got tired of the game and retreated along the road to Eñol.

Sheep Goatherd returned to signpost, and chased away the sizeable herd of cows surrounding it. He untied the goat, and dragged it, bleating plaintively, to the Lower Bar. Here it disappeared around the back. Garin who went a bit pale at this point, and I would suggest that the result of this trip to the bar was not a gin all round, but will nevertheless mean that the bocadillo de goat at the Maria Rosa will be very fresh for the foreseeable future.

David

2-7-90 An auspicious date?

Spent all yesterday at Lagos, where it was hot and sunny and crowded with frockles. I was entertained by being the centre of a small war. The armies in the war were made up from Spanish kiddies, none greater than three feet tall, and were armed with a variety of weapons including self-loading umbrellas and sawn pump-action walking sticks. I digress, the war raged around me all day, as people dived for cover behind tents and threw themselves into ditches. The yellow Vain was blown up at least 23 times. The odd thing about this war, however, was that the soldiers not only provided the sound effects for their weapons, but also added an important additional noise - the backing music. Camp yesterday was like being in the middle of a second rate war film. I'm sure ^{that} if the combatants had had helmets they would have left the chinstraps undone.

Paul M & Tary dropped in.

I tried proofing a tent, it being the ideal weather for that sort of thing. Something is wrong with the sprayer, for liquid comes out of every orifice except the nozzle. As soon as the whole campsite except the tents was saturated with proofing solution I decided that this was not a very profitable pastime.

David

P.S If you use the Kitty or the Expedition money for anything, please do not write anything in my brown book. Instead write me a note in the back of this log book saying who you are, what you did and when you did it. Thank you.

Arrived 10am today 2-7. Dirk.
(arrived Gatwick 5.15pm. Plane due to leave 5.15pm but fortunately was delayed. Arrived Bilbao 10pm. No hassles after that)

2 7 90

A very auspicious day! The Yellow Van refused to start, the battery sounded flat, and I wanted to get the shopping done, so Dave L, Claire and Tony tried hitching, in a two and one person group. Well, they were picked up first, but I'm here ~~ate~~ at the Rio Grande with a tortilla, having seen them last at Covadonga, and they aren't here yet. Perhaps I'll have another cerveza while I wait...

Well we're here now. It's gone 2pm and Tony has gone off to find out if any shops are open, leaving Dave L + myself ~~eat~~ eating tortillas at the Rio Grande, such a hardship.

Well Tony's back now and it looks as if we'll have to stay here for another 2 hours or so as most of the shops are closed. I think we deserve it as we did walk quite a way before we got a lift (also I went caving yesterday so I'm knackered)

love Clare xxx

Who are Dave L & Tony?

(9)

Dave "I like a good brise or two" Lacey

TONY: "You wouldn't want to know what he wearing under these trousers."

CLARE: "Whatever it is Paul would probably toss it around in his teeth."

TONY (horrified): "I sincerely hope not." :-)

Helpful Hint #2: don't believe Tony when he suggests that you try some Callos

Dave "Maybe vegetarian stew isn't that bad" Lacey

The greakles have arrived! 50 loud Spanish teenagers have just camped ten yards from Big Jane. I'm off back to Ario

4/7/95

well, what a nice morning. The sun is shining, the birds singing, its 9am - nobody else on the field is awake yet (or at least not showing signs of life yet), the cows are munching grass (but not near us) and the Spanish greakles (who stayed up until 1am last night) are all asleep still - the tent nearest Big Jane is issuing smoky noise which I mistook for an attacking cow earlier. As soon as Sherry arrives down we shall drive to Oviedo to get permission to go going here (as we have been distracted to by some Spanish covers). By the way there was nothing wrong with the Van battery yesterday - it was the fuel pump

which had emptied ad edges cages to fill
 Solution - got a free tank from the bar ladder.
 Cure - start run for 5 minutes each day to
 keep pump full of petrol.

Well some other people have just emerged from their tents across the hollow at the far end of the field, so I will start doing some useful work now, eg. last nights washing up.

The people have now started playing music on a tape-player, which I can hear quite clearly over here!

Dave B.

How Spanish Teenagers impress others ad cows

Currently there are 3 Spanish Teenagers standing in a row in front of a Brown Cow who is watching them intently.

They are throwing a knife about - with a 6" blade by the look of it. None of them will dare to catch the knife or to approach the cow.

They are throwing the knife toward each other, into the ground or at the cow - they then appear terrified to fetch it. The cow is steadily watching their antics very intently ignoring everything.

Very impressive...