

1990

BASE
CAMP
LOG

OU Cave Club

1990 Expedn

Base Camp Log

①

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 Mornflakes!

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** 😊

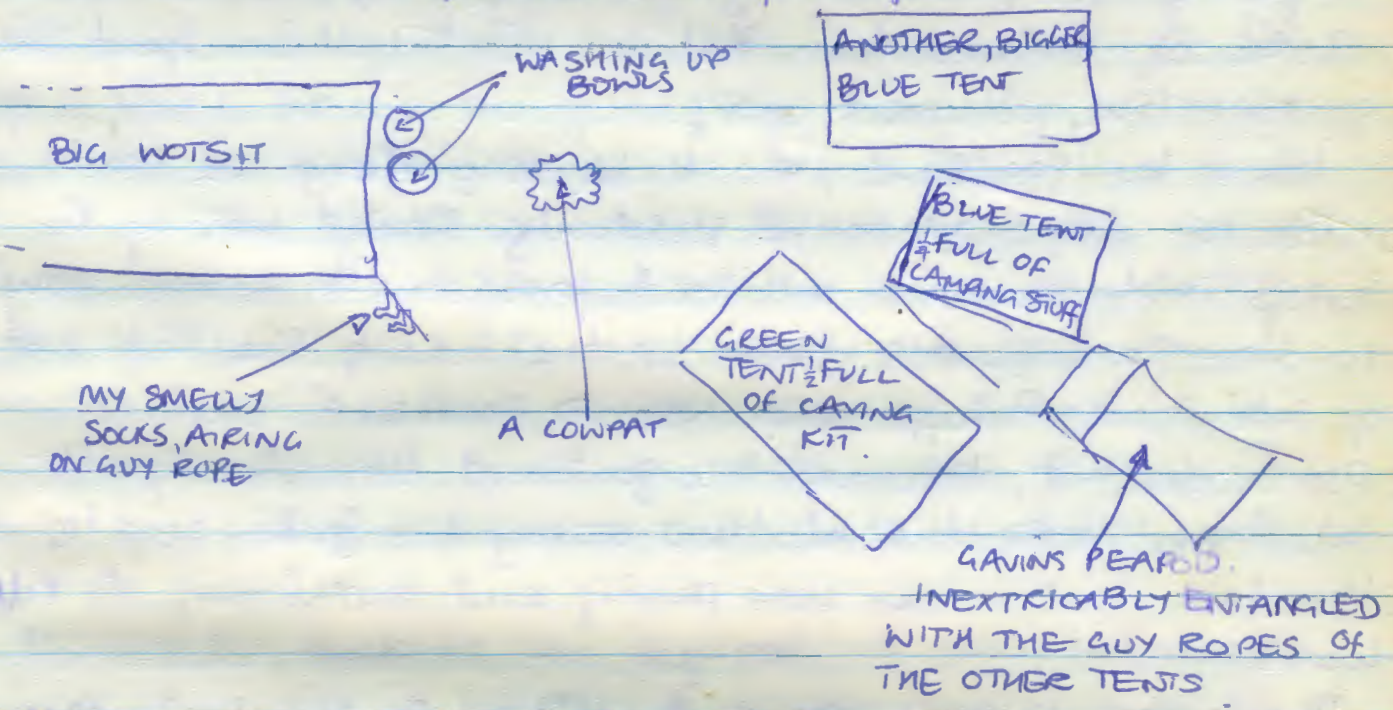
Another officious message:

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 ~~is~~ 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 ~~full~~ 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 & Tony 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...

(11)

4/7/90

I have just had a thought. It is, I know, an unusual occurrence. The thought I have had is not even a very great thought - unlike those of our glorious leader. The thought is this:

BUYING FRESH TOMATOES IS NOT A GOOD IDEA UNLESS THEY ARE FOR IMMEDIATE (AND I MEAN IMMEDIATE) CONSUMPTION. This is because fresh tomatoes contain a great deal of fresh tomato juice, so when they burst in the veg box they spread tomato juice everywhere. I know this because I have just spent a happy afternoon removing a quantity of rotten tomato juice from the veg box.

David.

Later...

Why do Spanish teenagers SING so much. Not only do they sing a lot, but they do it in unison and in tune. I am surrounded by hordes of singing Spanish teenagers

David (too)

Later still...

They are now playing bagpipes and dancing. Is there no peace.

Even later (and this is really quite late)

Sherry and Dave B returned from Oriedo. Our glorious leader was looking a bit frayed, since she had had her ear bent by ICONA. The conclusions of this ear-bending are

1) We are on our best behaviour

a) thus no litter is to be left ANYWHERE

b) no rocks are to be moved from ANYWHERE

c) tents must be moved regularly

d) no roof timbers to be left at Ario

1, d) is quite an obscure request. We are not entirely sure

what this means, but ans is not to reason why. David,

I now hand over to our glorious leader...

Urgh, urgh, "Deberis limpios!", "Esta una parque nacional no una parque municipal!" "No podeis los cansuras en las cuevas".... etc.

It went on & on. The guy did give me our permit eventually but only after an earful about keeping the national park tidy. The bin bags of equipment left ~~to~~ in the national park ~~over~~ last year (in the cheese cave) were thought to be rubbish & made ICONA v. pissed off! As a result I think we shouldn't leave anything behind this year & if that means cleaning someone else's rubbish out of the cheese cave too then so be it.

As usual all carbide & bin bags should be brought to Lagos. The rocks around the tents should be moved out of the 'squares' they are left in when we pack up & the tents should be removed regularly, & since ^{tent} marks ~~is~~ remained from last year, at Ano this year. We have been limited to one big tent & ~~6~~ 6 little tents at ano - i.e. no more tents ~~more~~ than we have there already.

The Matienzo cavers lost their permits this year, I don't know if this means that the Spanish are getting pissed of with foreign cavers generally, but if it does then we must give them no excuse to get rid of us.

Anyway, I've got to go to Cangas to the local I.C.O.N.A. office tomorrow, probably to get another ear bashing... have some gin ready when I come back.

Sherry

The Matienzo crew were pirating a cave. This is from the horse's mouth - I had a chat with Lynn who sends her love to all.

(13)

A single minded, uniquely motivated speleological machine.

Dave Lacey is: **ROGUE CAVER**

OBEY ORDERS. CAVE HARD. DIE WELL.

The slag is down, the stopping done, and most the expedition is sitting here at base. Dirk guards Arno; Gavin, Dave & David rig the pit. None of us want to stay here tonight - a committee decision decides Dirk will do that job, so someone must go and fetch him down while we eat lunch. This task falls to our disillusioned leader, weak in mind after another Gastap ~~er~~ basting this morning. She leaves, "I may be some time", she's under the impression she's going to phone her mother. But no sooner than she's outside the tent & around the corner, she's swallowed by the mire. We are doomed - God have mercy on our souls!
AHH!!!...

Camping gear gone to Arno

2 Inners, 2 outers, 1 bivvy bag, 3 stores,
2 water bags, kitchen sink, PHTs, gear,
underground book, survey gear.

To go - 1 pit, 2 bivvies



(13)

9/7/90

How to get the batteries recharged.

- i) Have some drinks at the bar.
- ii) Es posible cargar estas pilas eléctricas por favor.

10/7/90

Dave is here!!! and joins the Professor's in the bar (Sirke & Dave) with Clare.

11/7/90

The weather is nice & sunny!!!

10/7/90

Please note that Dave Horsley did some washing-up today. - Congratulations. I'm sure you'll do lots more in the future

Clare

12/7/90

It has been hot and sticky here today. Most people went to campos (James H, L & B, Sherry, Clare) They claim to have been busy, but Mr. Lacey's behaviour suggests that they spent most of the time sitting in the bar. I washed up, cleaned up & did my laundry. Then when the shoppers returned, they drank a cup of tea each then got into fester mode.

Fester mode involves tormenting Sir Horsley while he read a book about abseiling on crampens. Attempts were made to draw on the soles of his feet, to set bar the hair on his legs afire and (and only one, drunken, attempt was made in

\$ \$
£ £
pence

£ £ (16)
\$ \$
pence

this final category) to break both his ankles,
David

Tristan K arrived with BACON - sunny
Friday the thirteenth.

A full (well, fullish) english breakfast was served today.
We were woken by Sur Hersley, who provided us with tea.

Sheny then set to with bacon and eggs, and we rounded off
the meal with Oxford Marmalade. A cup of tea was then
made, and we feasted cheerfully in the heat.

Friday the thirteenth Part Two.

Sorry, I couldn't resist this.

David,

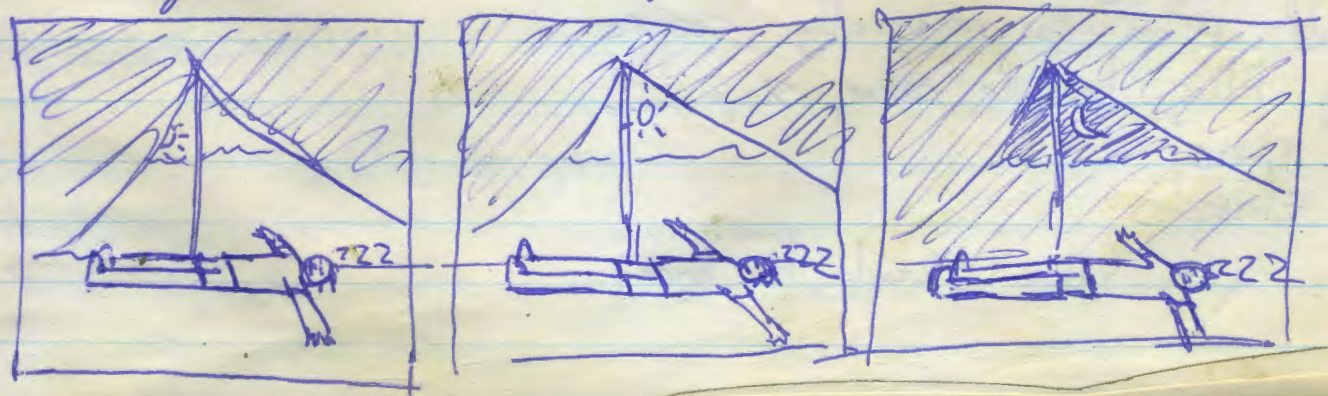
Mad dogs & Englishmen go out in the midday sun.

Ugh - heat - flies - dogs - sleeping covers - humidity 100%

The men aren't bearing up too well, Ginger
has gone heat crazy & thinks he's on the pier at Brighton
Where's that bulldog spirit gone that saw us through
in the Hindu Kush? - we'll soon be behaving
like Johnny - Spaniard & sleeping in the afternoon -
dash it all where's my pith helmet? Got
to keep up standards y'know - full dress uniform parade
at two o'clock!

Colonel Blashford - Mayo

Cartoon of a Cover at Los Lagos



Well, we have just had our festering interrupted by lots of black cloud pouring down the mountains, lots of thunder claps and increasingly wind. This prompted actions on our part, I secured my tent and gear and hammered home the pegs, then helped Sherry secure Big Jane. David removed all the personal gear from the blue tent to the van and we generally got things ship shape and Bristol fashion.

We await the storm. David, Sherry and I have to go to Ario tonight anyway as we are going camping tomorrow - the clouds look black up there.

Soon later

Clay has just started to flurry up from the sea-direction. Clouds flurry down from Ario. Thunder on each side of us. Its just started to rain.

!!!
ooo
Should we repair to the Bar?

Soon later

Its raining says Dave L.
Yes, say we, it has been for some time.
Big Jane is fully secure
Niger is fully secure
Small Blue is reasonably secure
Big Blue has no door zip !!!
It rains
It thunders
We wait, (Dave L Reads his books)



Soon later

It has stopped raining

Its sunny

It thunders

The storm has past over says Dave L.

No, say we, it cant have - look outside

Black clouds and thunder still approach from North

We wait (Dave L. reads his book)

Soon later

It is raining

It is claggy

More thunder

Heavy rain

We move inside

We are listening to Beethoven 7th.

We are making Cauliflower Cheese and Mashud Potatoes.

Soon later

It has just rained hard

Now it has sort of eased off

We have chucked Beethoven in favor of New World Symphony

We cook (Dave L. reads his book)

Soon later

Sun is out, Clag is gone

Road is steaming

Small infrequent dips of rain

Sky clearing

(14)

Tents steaming

Sun hot

Humidity high

On to second mountain of N.W.S.

We cook (Dave L. reads his book)

Soon later

Clouds are forcing their way up the valley and will be with us soon

Sun gone

Its cooler

Thunder

Clag, but sun is still shining weakly through.

Visibility down to 20 yards

We cook (Dave L. has got up said "Its a much nicer temperature, rain down and is reading his book).

Soon later

Weather has settled down

Clag is on

Visibility 30 yards

Cold

No thunder

No rain

Air damp

We eat

Soon later

Same

We have eaten (very nice), (Dave L reads his book)

Sunday. 18/7/90

Oh! A horrendous journey which started @ 12^{pm} on Friday has ended (11.30 Sunday am) 48 hours of sheer dodge travelling. Oxford was @ melt-down point 94° + outrageous humidity, not a breath of air. Passed Steve flaked out in a haze of sweat from going running @ mid-day (= very stupid). Also met lots of people that I hadn't seen in yonks. Also Graham Stone + Rosie send best wishes. Also Steve send regards + best wishes. Paul B sends the same + requests (as many have) that it's back to 2/7 without fail next year. Anyway back to journey = to Victoria, no good reading matter around @ all = book in for coach = load baggage on coach speaking French to French driver. Sit in long queues + arrive 1 minute after ferry departs + wait 1 1/2 hr for next one. Despite pleading in best French to driver we're all kept on the coach WHICH HAS NO TOILET. Get on ferry, do a deal with nice chef in restaurant for vegie meal - he was a man with a fine sense of humour + a delicate touch with vegies - the man of my dreams. Begin to feel like holiday has started as no longer speaking English even though boat still tied up @ Dover harbour. Treat self to lots of excellent coffee etc. Get back on wretched coach WITH NO TOILET, luckily have 2 seats to self + therefore get a bit of (broken) shut eye during early hours. Get out to stretch legs in French backwater village, cannot face bartering for coffee - too tired. Return to coach + catnap sitting up, the net result of this was that I started snoring + then dribbling onto my shirt. Oh God, my life, my times. Cross Spanish/French border. Passport inspector looks into coach + ~~a~~ vile crew of (by now very) cross legged passengers + shows mercy by waving us on. Stopped in basic border town (IRUN) for lunch. IRUN smells of piss everywhere except in the

public loos which were (to my surprise) spotless. Obtained
 locker in Supermercados. Yon, Yon. Brown bread + cheese. Final stop
 to Santander passing most excellent bays. Straight through
 the various arr-pit towns. Arrived @ Santander 3/4 hr after
 Ariondas bus had gone. For your future information the
 lady who runs the INFORMACION @ the bus station is
 USELESS, ask @ the various different company counters when they
 are open. 'Ariondas' is run by Turystans. I got a bus @
 1.30 in the morning after getting nicely drunk on
 wonderful cervezas in Santander with 2 English blokes -
 lots good conversation. Was also right about where
 the industrial keret shop is which sells road signs +
 tapes etc in Santander. Anyway got to Ariondas propertine
 of 3/4 hours kip on park bench only to find they were having
 an all-night hoolie that finally shut down @ 5.30. Got
 10mins sleep + walked to Cagass. So sleep deprived that I
 started hallucinating about cows wandering on the road
 in front of me. Collapsed @ river bank in Cagass + spent
 1 1/2 hrs in blissful unconsciousness. Walked nearly all
 the way to Coradonga before getting left direct to
 Lago Enol. Oh what joy to walk the last mile
 in cool mist + to round the corner + see the van + the
 tents + be greeted by smiling faces (Gavin, Paul + Claire).
 Even got a good old cup of char. I tell you, for f115
 the coach journey is cheap but serious hassle. Never
 mind - I've got the other 1/2 of the f115 worth to come in 3
 weeks - Oh joy. Oh bliss.

Joanie x

P.S. its wonderful to be here.

I have gone to Bordeaux to the IUCr XV
International Union of Crystallography
Conference no 25
My registration no is 626

University address

University of Bordeaux I
Faculté de Droit et Sciences Economiques
Domaine Universitaire
Avenue Léon Duguit
PESSAC

My accomodation is at

Village N° 2

Domaine Universitaire

33405 TALENCE

Tel: (33) 56 04 01 30

Sherry

- Back ~~to~~ in about 1 week - 24 July
- ish



(23)

Clare and Dave catch a bus to Bilbao

I got up very early to drive Clare + Dave & to Arriondas to catch a bus to Bilbao. Got there with a few minutes to spare. Had a coffee + the bus arrived. Dave + Clare picked up their rucksacks, and started to cross the road. The bus driver saw that there was none actually waiting at the bus stop, so decided not to bother stopping, and sped off into the distance. A quick panic was resolved when Dave found out that there was another bus at 11.25 which would get them there in plenty of time (so we could have had an extra couple of hours in bed). Loads of time to waste, so we had some more coffee, and did some shopping (got a very funny look in the shop where we bought 7 tubs of Tulipan, and nothing else). 15 minutes before the bus was due, Clare decided she wanted to visit the bank. Returned a few minutes later to collect her ~~pass~~ passport, and disappeared again. 5 minutes before the bus was due, she still hadn't returned, so I walked up + down the high street, looking in all the banks. Still no sign of her, and the bus was due any second. I had visions of her missing the bus, and my having to chase after it in the yellow van, hoping to intercept it somewhere. Fortunately the bus was late, and she turned up in time, so finally got them loaded safely on board. But will they catch their bus in Bilbao. Answer in thirteen days time, when they return.

Menu del Dia

Sopa de Ajo / Sopa Crema de Espárragos

Ensalada de Pasta

Tortilla

Naranja sucré (crystallized oranges)

Chocolate a la Tarza

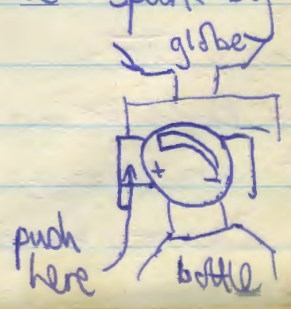
5 courses. Is this a record?

Crystallized oranges: this is a good way of using up ranky looking oranges that nobody will eat otherwise.

- 1) chop up the oranges into fairly small pieces
- 2) Melt ~1 desertspoonful / orange of syrup
- 3) Add the oranges
- 4) Simmer for ~10 mins until it all goes gooey
- 5) Allow to cool a bit
- 6) Eat

Warning: syrup gets very hot so my step 5 is important.

Gas lamp in Big Tyme: I think I've just fixed this IF it doesn't work (ie the piezo doesn't create a spark), try pushing the whole knob in and trying again. IF this doesn't work, you can normally get a spark by pushing on the bit of metal just to the left of the knob, with something like a screwdriver.



21/7 Dirk walks up to Ario with a hangover so the three up there can all go cavity but arriving too late (11am) so did not have to go after all (2 were cavity)

Sabado 21/7/10

26

Shopping Trip to Congas de Onis. Joan strides across the elysian fields of Lago Encina, van keys in hand. Purposefully she unlocks the van with the explicit purpose of gaining entry. She lets Paul Mann in via the passenger door. With a deft flick of the wrist the key is inserted into the ignition & smoothly the engine is kicked over. Check ignition, check oil, check fuel, all O.K. Check nerves. ALERT, ALERT, OVERDRIVE, TEMPERATURE RISING.

Turn on personal cooling system. Calmly leave van to discover why the window wash doesn't work, check under bonnet, plenty of water found, return to van cab, discover that incorrect lever is being used and driver has been 'flashing' the cows of the picos and the moorhens of the lake. Dust windscreen, start to drive away van, stop, send out trusty helper Mann to check tyres - look O.K.

Proceed nervously onwards VERY SLOWLY, and nearly all the way down the hill in 2nd sweating + cursing. Check nerves. RED ALERT, RED ALERT, OVERHEATED, SEARCH MEMORY

BANKS FOR HELPFUL INFO TO ASSIST DANGEROUS DESCENT, COME UP WITH THE STORY OF STEVE + THE GLAZED BRAKES ABOUT TO MEET THEIR RESPECTIVE MAKERS. Switch off nerves... all burnt out, brain on denial-drive, "This cannot be happening, I cannot possibly have come to the point where I have to drive the van down the hill" Aaaagh!!!

as that I am

It is only now, no longer a virgin of driving the van up the hill, that I see the pleasure of it. That is that I was concentrating so hard that I didn't look down into Covadonga and want to instantly throw up with vertigo.

Back @ camp we have taken down a tent as we can manage without it. We have brought lots of unnecessary crap PTO

(27)

In 1991 we should make a very solid effort to get the van sorted earlier + get people to put a day in their diaries for loading it. Also label everything that SHOULD NOT GO with a small red sticker to help the loaders/unloaders.

We haven't moved the big wot his name as the ground under it is desperate + baking it in this heat wouldn't be good.

Joan.

Paul "I don't find Steve at all attractive" Mann.

22-7-90

Jonathan & Sue suddenly appeared. They ate supper (mainly garlic) and we went to the bar.

for the third time I got served a ponche when I asked for "la Quenta".

moan: don't get me to ask for the bill unless you want another drink.

↳ Dave - it's obvious that even the bar staff, as well as O'UCC, are desperate to get you drunk for the hell of it sometime. One day... one day.

Meanwhile on with the Dramamine.

→ we are lines but don't make it so obvious
Thanks B.S. &

Lunes 22nd Julio 1990.

Suburbs of Oxford visited by members of the
Euliembro (sky?) diving team.

Dave Whoreslay - Where were you?

1 POT OF O.B.A. (BOBBLE PACKED)

1 BDH OF FLUORESCEN (POWDER, OPEN IN STIFF BREEZE)

1 BDH OF LIQUID RHODAMINE

PLEASE LET US KNOW EXACT TIME OF TEST.
→ TO NEAREST 1/4 OF HOUR + DAY!

WATER SAMPLER IN OPERATION FROM NOON TUESDAY
(24th JULY) SEE YOU IN PONCEBOS ON SATURDAY.

IF YOU DO NOT USE RHODAMINE BRING IT WITH YOU
ALSO MEASURE FLOW RATE. PLEASE

11pm 25/7
JUST below composite (before Drusilla)

A brief but jolly
lunch time visit from
the divers.

Advertiserent Break Time here @ Lagos.

"Do you have any itchy back? Do you get those nagging
itching sunburn sensations when you haven't been in the
sun?" [Q. picture of tired but happy caver, with 'clean
& respectable stubble on chin, smiling {omit stubble if lady
caver}. Caver nods]

"What you have is rappy rash / prickly heat"
[caver smiles happy now that he has the knowledge of
how his predicament has come about] "You've been
carrying your pack around in the hot sun with a
mucky t-shirt for too long" [caver admits this with
share for smile] "Never fear tho' folks, the remedy
is simple. - Have a wash + change your shirt more
often."

Seriously tho' → wash your t-shirt, rinse over your back
with a bit of water with bicarb + USE THIS TO SPONGE

OFF THE BACK OF YOUR ROCKSACK as its probably full of uric acid by now. Apply prickly heat powder to back. ~~Relief~~ Relief should be fairly swift.

Mr Squeaky - Clean, yes ME, was the subject of the advertisement above. He has nappy rash, but do not worry, it is not transferrable, so you cannot blame any mysterious rashes you may have on him. You must have caught them from someone else

David

Today was also the day of the great goat rescue.

A small goat kid had spent the whole day stuck on a pinnacle of rock in the quarry. It had been bleating pitifully for most of the day, and annoying us. (Joan and me). Its mother had been bleating pitifully in return, although after a bit she got fed up and wandered off.

By evening, and under a steadily darkening sky, lit occasionally by flashes of lightning, it was obvious that the goat needed rescuing. A small party of Dutch people were wandering aimlessly around on a ledge above the goat. "No es possible" they said.

I replied in English, because ALL dutch people speak English. These ones didn't, so my intention was not made clear, although with a bit of mime the message got across. The word is "rappel"

Then Graham appeared from Aris. He agreed that the goat rescue was a good idea. Rope and harnesses were soon procured, and a rope was thrown down to the goat. The goat responded by eating some grass, then moving very close to the perilous chasm beneath it.

Graham moved carefully round and shepherded it away from the drop. He then leapt upon it, ready to protect himself from the flying hooves and sharp horns. The goat ignored him, and reached for a tasty morsel of

J.C + Sue should be back by
Sunday 29/7/90 (30)

herbiage.

The same cannot be said for our human audience. A family had sat on the fans to watch, and from across the valley came the incoherent yodellings of a pastor. It was completely impossible to tell whether he was pleased at our assistance or not. Joan shouted "Soy Inglaze" and "No entyendo". He yelled some more then, realizing it wouldn't help, stood and watched.

Graham, meanwhile, still had the goat in an amorous embrace. It made ^{no} attempts to help or hinder him as he put a tape round its middle and tied it to the rope. We pulled from above, and the goat left the ground.

It rose smoothly up, until it came to a halt, wedged under an overhang. We pulled valiantly - muscles bulging, eyes popping, the goat did not move. It also made no effort to help us, engaged as it was, in the consumption of a tasty piece of greenery that it had seen.

By devious manoeuvres we got the goat free of the overhang and winched it ~~over~~ up to us, on our ledge. ~~It stood~~ A faint ripple of applause reached us from the campsite. We untied the goat, and it promptly climbed onto another precarious ledge.

We packed up our kit and left it ^{*}to die. We have either vast improved pastor ^{-oucc} goat relations, or irreparably destroyed them.

Who ya gonna call?

Goat Busters - Joan, Graham and me:

Later - a thunderstorm - little rain, but spectacular
son et lumière effects.

Later on Jenny arrived

* the goat, stupid.

Sorry about the washing up ^{Dave.}

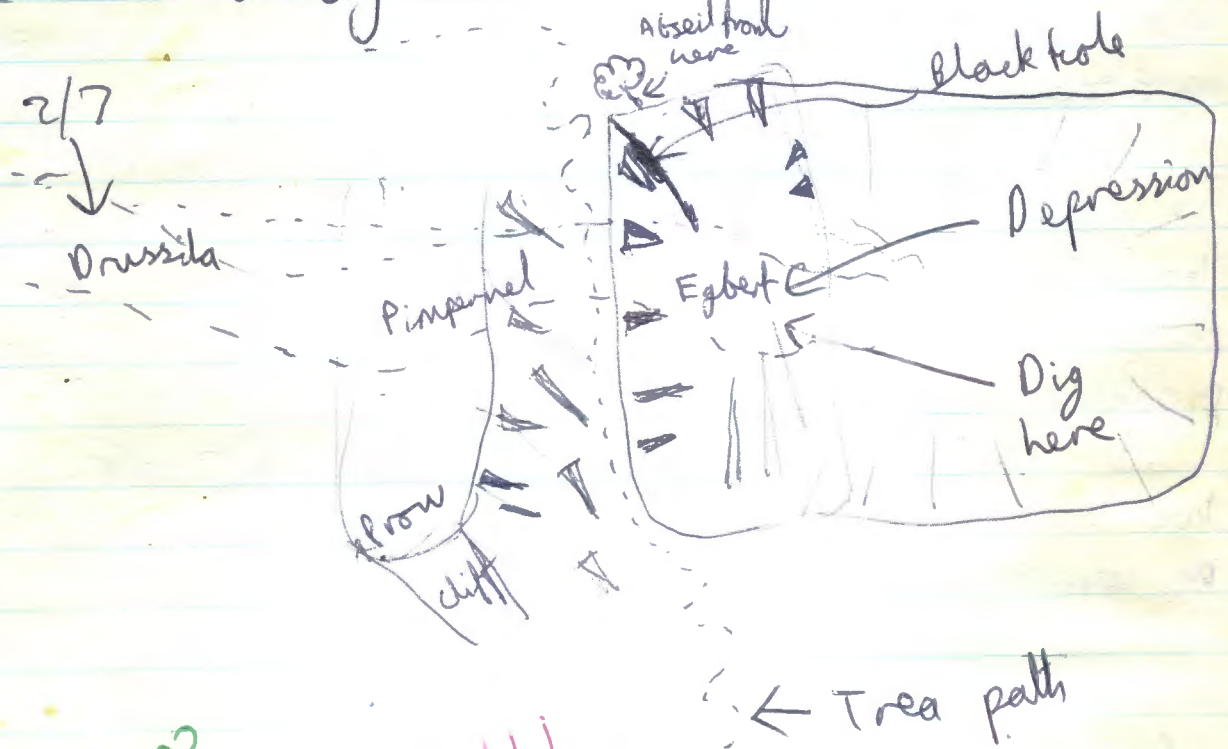
24-7-90

Joan, Jenny & Graham go to Cangas, leaving me with an impressive mountain of washing-up (the result of lots of meals at various times last night, as well as some impressive fluorescent green curried rice which we had for breakfast)

→ Damn, where's the fluorescence?
ok, we'll dye trace with curry powder instead

Just after they left Tony appeared from above, followed by Wlodek and then Gavin. A mega poster is now taking place. Presumably something will be achieved later.
Dave

An 'artist's' impression of the depression in the Trea valley with respect to 2/7



don't go and you were wrong!!
me

oogshh!
person talking off path

J-C + Sue should
be back by 29/7/90
Sunday

Thursday.

Dave Lacey is sitting in the tent late this night. To amuse us he has removed the dead cylinder from the light + given it to Tony. Tony has lit the remaining kerosene casually from the candle, but it did not explode, so we are not yet in space. How lucky, however, not appeased ^{with} the ~~explosion~~ incendiary effect so far, Dave Lacey is now setting light to the hair on his legs. WHY? why is he getting the hair off his legs, who is he hoping to impress? Does he have a hairy chest, a medallion? At any rate I think it shows a great sensitivity to sexism for a man to "shave" his legs. He'll probably wax his armpits tomorrow.

Jwa

Tony "Dave H is going to have an upside down head isn't he?"

PS I got oedema in my hands on the way down from Aris. I noticed it 1st @ the bottom of Sod3 when I went to pick up some litter carelessly left by other trippers, and was quite amazed to find how swollen my hands were. Why is this happening? Any suggestions please. You normally get oedema when you go to altitudes of over 12000'

15/5 (a double page pull-out with scratch + sniff) especially for Coprophiles, is coming soon. "Takes over where the Quarry leaves off."

The Story of Dave H and the label on the Karimatt } get a bit mixed up
 The story of the ^{TRUE} Princess + the pea

One day a beautiful young maiden who was growing a gorgeous set of whiskers found a great Castle called 'Big Jane'. This beautiful Castle of earthen brown with soaring turrets was a cheering sight as this poor young maiden was very tired. She had walked many miles through the hills and mountains having left her home as her wicked uncle would beat her and make her go caving which got lots of mud in her lovely curls + moustache + beard. And so she arrived by the crystal waters of the lake and found the castle. She went to the door of the castle which was made of a wonderful material strong that could be pinned back to let the soft beams of the evening glow enter the hallowed walls.

Gently with light + delicate step she placed her dainty foot with size 11 trainers ~~on~~ onto the doorstep. Then she saw how lovely was the castle within. Food a-plenty, oats fit for a horse and mashed peanuts in jars and jars of green slime gently fluorescing, awaited some sumptuous feast. But she was weary. Strangely there was no-one to be seen in the castle except one weary little thin man with round glasses and a thin moustache, whose name was Lacey the Butler.

Lacey the Butler explained to the young maiden that all in the castle were in mourning as a TRUE PRINCESS could not be found to marry their TRUE PRINCE. Many pretenders had come, but they were not real princesses and had to leave the castle to go home to their wicked Uncles/Aunts + Caves. However, ^{as she was very weary} he showed her to a bed chamber with a bed made of 100 mattresses and a long ladder. She climbed the ladder thinking what a strange bed this was as she twirled

her moustache + took off her John Lennon glasses. Suddenly she awoke finding that she had just nodded off. She tossed + turned but kept feeling a lump in the mattress. In the morning Lacey returned. He enquired after her sleep. She told him of the lumpy mattress. "Ah" said Lacey "I am sorry there was one small pea under the bottom mattress. Truly, you may be a TRUE PRINCESS and may marry the handsome TRUE PRINCE, you must stay another night". The next night she slept in a small room on a thin mattress only 4" thick. The mattress was a mean looking article, it was too narrow for comfort, and too short for commodity. Slowly the maiden unplaited her tiny pig tail + straightened the few locks left on the crown of her head. She stroked her beard. She combed her moustache. She wiped down her glasses - + carefully placed them in the box. At last she had to use the sad, mean mattress.

All night she tossed and turned + turned + tossed. In the morning her bald patches were wrinkled + weary, Lacey the Butler came + asked after her night's sleep.

"Oh kind Sir" she said in her soft baritone with it's northern accent, "All night have I tossed + turned and no rest could I have. The night before last did I do the same as there was a pea beneath the 100 mattresses. And this night no solace did I find."

"But why is this so?" said Lacey "For the magic Karimat is as good as 100 mattresses!"

"Oh but Sir, there was still the thinnest paper label on the Karimat and it did bruise my bones most sore, as if I had been to underground camp for 2 weeks"

"Truly" said Lacey "you are a TRUE PRINCESS, and I am the TRUE PRINCE, not a humble butler. You will marry me + we will live happily everafter, unless you'd like to try your luck with ^{KISSING} the local frogs." And so they lived very happily everafter.

35

The need for trip with the Yellow Van.


- ① Battery getting low - WE MUST SORT THE ALTERNATOR.
- ② PETROL PUMP ALLOWS PETROL TO SEEP OUT OF THE GLASS BUBBLE → FIX THIS DIRECTLY ON RETURN.
- ③ Get new jubilee clip or? new tube to connect Air filter to 'bellows unit' [Basically the bloody enormous air tube leading out of the air filter]
- ④ Sort out fuel indicator but pronto.
- ⑤ Does Temp. gauge work @ all????
- ⑥ Radiator is full of brown sludgy water - is this indicative of impending trouble? better to 'Radweld' now rather than later.
- ⑦ Is there any chance of learning how to turn the van over more easily? *
- ⑧ Cured the problem with the rear indicators by judicious kicking. recured by Dave the next day by judicious contact cleaning.

And then we can get on with the gaskets @ the oil sump/gear box, the differential, removing the left front brake shoe to clean it out, clean the chassis. Sort out the earth contacts @ the rear of the van.

Can we get the passenger floor jitted up so that we can flap it up to get @ the spark plugs?

EVENTUALLY BRAVE TONY GOT THE BAR FOLK TO TOW THE VAN TO GET IT GOING. THIS IS THE 2ND TIME. OH RATS OH RATS OH RATS. WE OWE THEM!!

Moral → Start the van each day. Always leave the van where it can be pushed!

For Tony 

To the tune 'THE MANCHESTER RAMBLER'
Manchester

"I'm a shagger, I'm a shagger from Manchester way
I get all my pleasures the sheep shagging way
I may be a wage slave on Monday
But I'll shag a whole flock - full on Sunday

Ⓞ Ⓞ ← Flossie
(Her Mark)

Dave H "There's nothing odd about our Tony - he only -----s the ewes"

Went to Carmareña to see the Divers - we didn't have much to say + it's possible that the sampling machine (looks like a milking machine for a cow with 2 teats) has been drowned/lost without trace. Most of the road, as far as Poo de Cabrales (you may snigger if you wish) is new + very whizz!

Dave H "A Bird is something that has 2 legs, 2 wings + flies"

Yes: fill it with gear and drive it down the mountain very fast.

[Dye in at 23:00 on 25/7/90]

29/7/90

Had an interesting walk down.

① Met a man carrying an ice axe. I didn't have sufficient Spanish to break the news to him that the only place he could use it would be in Thougn Shit Pit.

② followed a family of cows (perhaps 'harem' would be more appropriate) down from top of Sed 1. I didn't want to overtake because the owner of the harem was present



FOUR STIFF STANDERS
FOUR DILLY DANDERS
TWO LOOKERS
TWO CROOKERS
AND A WIG-WAG.

30/7/90

Day of festering interrupted by Danny & diverse divers. They inform us that I must add N.C. to my initials:

DAVID "NORBERT CASTERET" MONAGHAN.

Apparently the ~5kg of fluorescein* I tipped into 2/7 had produced a "visible trace" at Culembro. They gleefully inform us that Rio Cares is bright green, and that I have reduced vis. in their Sump from ∞ to 4m. I shall now retreat to Ario, and thence to Pinula Point, where I shall be available for interview by ICONA if they are interested. I will not return from there until I am sure that IT IS ALL OVER.

David

30/7/90

Day of festering interrupted by Danny & the divers. They went to bar, with myself & Dirk. 4 bottles of wine, and a fair bit of gas (at various times) later, We return. I'd ensured I'd had none from my store of the wine, leaving the gas for those less worried by the fact the world might end soon. Dirk & Dave disappear for evening walk to Ario (was Dirk really as jober as a sudge as claimed.)

I spent an enjoyable evening with our German neighbor (don't mention Nicolas Ridley - I did once, but I think I got

* How DO you spell this?

38 J.C. + Sue
back by 29/7/90
Sunday

away with it!) - and we drank the best part of
3 bottles of wine between three of us. We share
our mutual interest in good music (ie Cave),
with the rest of the composite until 1 am.
("serves the spics right" - N.R.) when I decided
to retire to bed with a glass of water. En-route,
I fall into quarry. I also loose watch while making
in tent. - If anyone finds it at 11 am (when the alarm
goes off,) - please return it to me, unsmashed.

31/7/90 No hangover! - Conclusion - Vino tinto
del Bar Maria Rosa non-mas rough as vino tinto
Ario - can probably be used safely in yellow van's
radiator without corroding it.

Spent a day festering, Kate & Friends from
Manchester arrive, as to Steve Giv & friend Peter. - Oops - nearly
forgot - shopping trip to Congo - explained to Roberto
& Icons about the dye (or Joa did - she was quite taken
by him). It appears that someone else has also been
using Flowascien, it was noted at Cain on the 21/7.

We met Tim & companion in Bar Rio Grande, and gave
a lift up the hill, being the kind souls we are.

The coming caribgeny walked up the hill, Jim
left at base for night 3.

1/8/90 Waken by the dawn cow attack, then
by Stuart Pate of a an alpine start. Made
trifile - sponge, 1/3 litre of brandy & 2 pinks jelly.
Mid afternoon, get visited by Liverpool P.C.C.,
cups of tea, normal talk of cave not going fast
enough. They crashed their vehicle near Bover,
driving the wrong side on a bend at 3 am. -
A.A. 5 Star to rescue, they're now trashing hire cars.

(39)

They disappeared in the hope of finding 2 cameras left several days before, and I'm left to fester yet again. 4.30 ish - Shery & Graham appear from hills, followed at 4.32 ish by Peter & Steve. 5.10 ish - leave again for wash in lake & more mapping respectively. Now more festering.

O.K. its Friday - Home day. 3/8/90.

Yesterday evening I batted down to base from Aris after trying (again unsuccessfully) to pass the first damn relay in 2/7. Never mind, I could see Tim sat @ 7th Heaven, and it was fun just to get in a bit of prossicking.

I'd spent a bit of the afternoon, waiting for Tim, Jenny & David to re-emerge, by sitting on the edge of the shakehole & whistling to get the lovely echo up there. I watched the distant mountains in a soft bed of cloud, listened to the birds, watched the vultures wheeling gracefully overhead & the butterflies that came & sat on me. There was a lovely gentle cooling breeze rustling amongst the grasses & the mountain thyme. I could tell that for my last evening the Picos was going to do its best.

So after hugs and a firm handshake for David in thanks for the months of determination & enthusiasm he's had & the time he's taken to get me down 2/7, for which I am very, very grateful, it was time to go. From the Mirador it was time for one last glance @ the little array of tents; from the top of Soddle time to look again @ the immense rise of the Massivo Central; from the Soddling upper wasteland I could see Soddle and Toltays with a huge translucent moon hanging

just above them. By that time the limestone had started to loose its bleached look and was the colour of butter.

At Sod 3 I was truly delighted to see that there was some haze down in the valleys. The sun's glow in these hazes makes the mountains seem to float such as they seem to in the long Chinese landscape paintings. So I sat down for a couple of minutes to soak in this loveliness.

From the top of Sod 2 the river in the valley looked like a streak of silver, the breeze started to give out + the two small groups of pastor's huts were slowly being enveloped in a light mist. Then the last drink @ Bobias; I spent quite a while there taking in the gentle sound of the cowbells.

At Sod 1 the sun was red and the grassy slopes seemed to glow themselves. One last look back to Sod 4 now pink and green, looking cool + almost welcoming. The view of Eraina was almost the best bit.

The sky was full of wispy clouds with a few small billowing cumuli, all soft scarlet from the sunset. Way below there was scarcely a ripple on the surface of the lake, a few lines made by the coots swimming that was all. What a scene of peace + tranquility.

The moon was already casting a shadow on the rocks as I tramped into Base Camp. Gamped @ by everyone else, I couldn't give a toss, I'd spent 2 hours in Heaven. I dumped my pack, turned tail + headed for the bar + the companionship of good friends.

Much laughter, too much drink, much happiness.

Thanks everyone, be careful + hope all goes well

joe
XXXXXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXXXXX

Recipe for Fudge.

- Two ~~more~~ ~~more~~ cans of sugar
- For coffee flavour = 1 pudding type spoon of coffee powder.
- Two tablespoons of ~~to~~ ~~lipan~~ (big pudding spoons, well heaped)
- One ~~one~~ tablespoon of water.

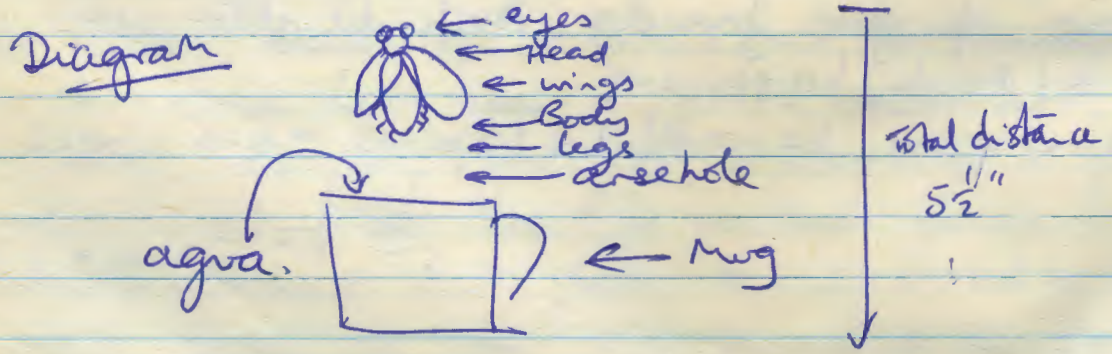
Boil all until it starts to get thicker (difficult to tell) or for 10mins. Put in a lightly greased container. Allow it to cool a bit before cutting. Allow to cool completely before eating. You may need to adjust this a bit.

It's not Thornton, but it's sweet & full of energy anyway.

A Small Thesis on the Differential Learning Ability of Species.

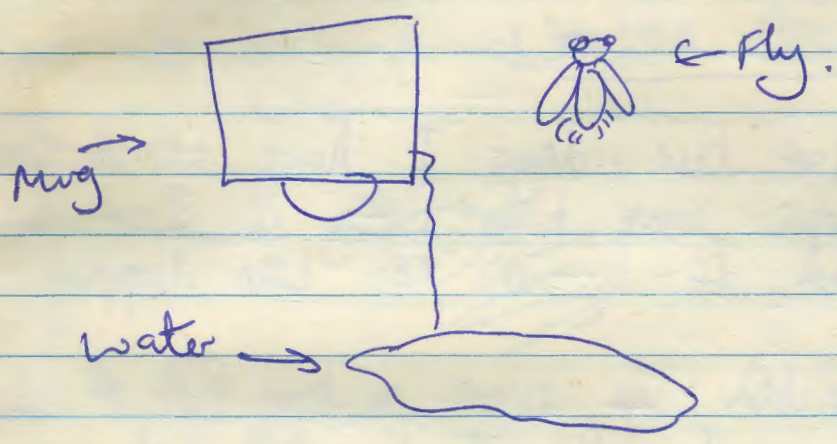
THICK Dave H said that you can catch flies by putting a mug of water under them. Apparently the flies drop a couple of inches before flying and thus they would hit the water before flight began.

EXPERIMENT In a closely controlled experiment a mug of water was ~~run~~ in a proximal position to a flies arsehole.



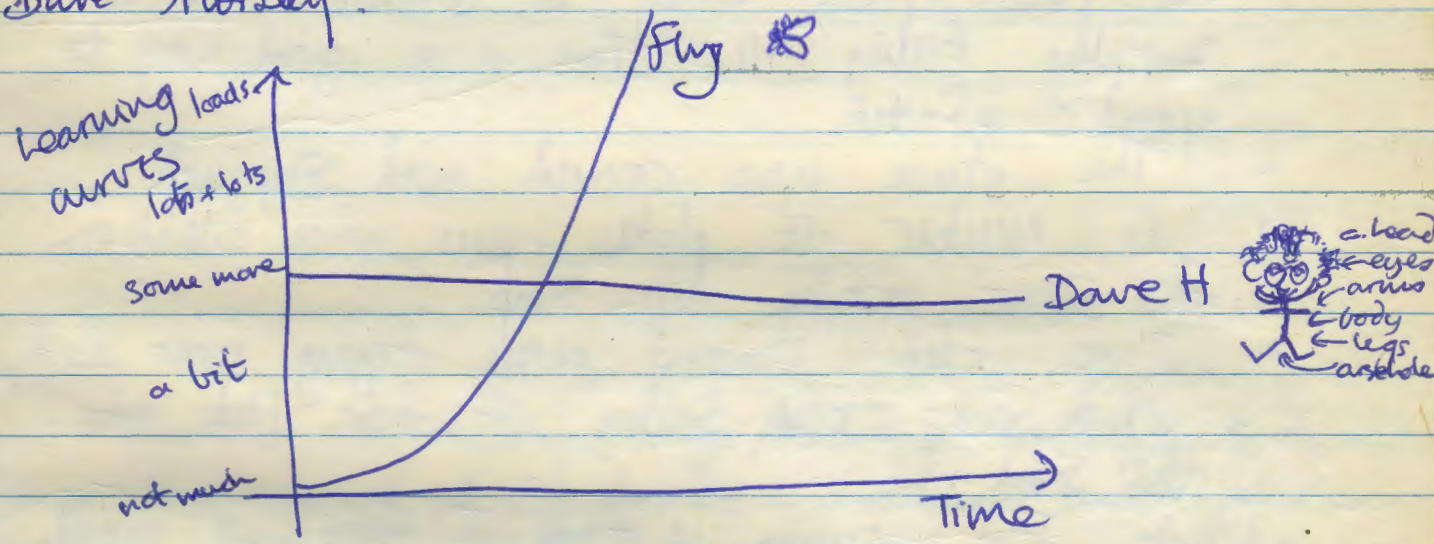
After several attempts it was discovered that the flies had learnt to fly away SIDWAYS.

A second experiment was then carried out which was inconclusive :-



CONCLUSION

However the following conclusion has been drawn -
The learning curve of the fly is steeper than that of Dave Horsley.



(43)

Dear Tony, tiny writing is a sign of a deranged psychotic.

Yet another officious message

In the last few days I have noticed that a number of people have been feeling ill. I've also noticed the standard of hygiene has been dropping.

For example

- Today I picked up over a bag full of rubbish from the floor of Big Jane, which had been dropped ~~by~~ by people who couldn't be bothered to find a new bin bag
- I also found a pair of underpants near the food. These belong to someone who is currently feeling ill. This is a good way to spread infection
- The stove was covered with Slapjack
- A number of plates & pans were sitting on the floor, picking up crap
- I've seen various people stepping over food, which risks crap falling off their feet, onto the food.

What I'm saying is that I think we should make an effort to be more hygienic, otherwise everyone is going to be going down with the shits.

Ok, end of lecture.

* don't know about the shits but I think someone needs a po

4/8/90

Today Dave L was mounted by a rampant cow which completely flattened him. This happened just after we'd been swimming.

RS As the cow was mounting Dave Tony slapped it on the backside causing it to shit over my shorts & shoes.

Dave
→

Tony "I seduce Appjack" Seddon

Tony "I'm not a ^{or} Appjack's rapist" Seddon.

5/8/90

Anton is very ill yet again!!!

6/8/90

Another marvelous day's festering. Can't quite equal Dave H's record of 3 1/2 books in one day but I did complete one whole epic tome. Gavin has taken Dave H and Gwaha to Arriondas to dispose of them. Sherry has gone to wave goodbye to Gwaha. Dave has gone to get some money (and probably spend it). Paul got as far as the car but was informed by Gavin that the car wouldn't like the extra load so back came Paul looking slightly miffed. The merry bunch who did get further than the car park took with them four empty gas bottles which urgently require filling. They also intended to do some shopping. However the kitty box is still sitting on the table in Big Jare. Fortunately Dave took Paul's

cashcard so there shouldn't be any problem. Bad luck Paul. Early this afternoon Fred arrived from Aris and despite the fact that it's one of the coldest, daggier, most miserable days we've had for about a month he announced his intention of going for a swim. Receiving no enthusiastic chorus of approval he went alone and returned about an hour later looking refreshed.

Well it's colder and daggier now than at any other time today, but they need Mornflakes at Aris so I'd better go and pack my rucksack. Oh well, Life is Brutal.

Dave L.

— not quite as happy as usual.

I came off the hill after a hard daggung trip* I was DISGUSTED with the state of the tent. ~~There is~~ It is especially sad that the tent was filthy and untidy because of the fact that (a) People are ill and (b) ~~the~~ Gavin complained about the mess a couple of days ago.

Of all the points that Gavin raised not are had been dealt with, or if they had been then conditions have been allowed to return to their former ~~cond~~ state. There was lots of rubbish on the floor, there was bog roll (a roll currently in use) around the food, the stove had not been cleaned and there was washing up lying about.

Those who have been down at Lagos for the last few days should be ASHAMED of themselves.

* This is irrelevant, although it may explain why I am in the mood for a nag

David

Friday 10/8/90 ⁽⁴⁶⁾ and

Tomorrow I am going to walk from here
to Vega Redonda and then to Vega Beño.
On Sunday I plan to walk to Vega Aneta
and then to Aro. If it is cloudy I will
come back here instead of going to Aro.
&

IF I AM NOT BACK AT EITHER CAMP BY
TUESDAY PLEASE COME AND LOOK FOR
ME.

Love
Fred xxx.