

(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 Oiedo. 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 <sup>tent</sup> marks ~~is~~ remained from last year, at Oros this year. We have been limited to one big tent & ~~6~~ 6 little tents at aro - 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

2/15/58



(13)

9/7/90

How to get the batteries recharged.

- i) Have some drinks at the bar.
- ii) Es possible 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,

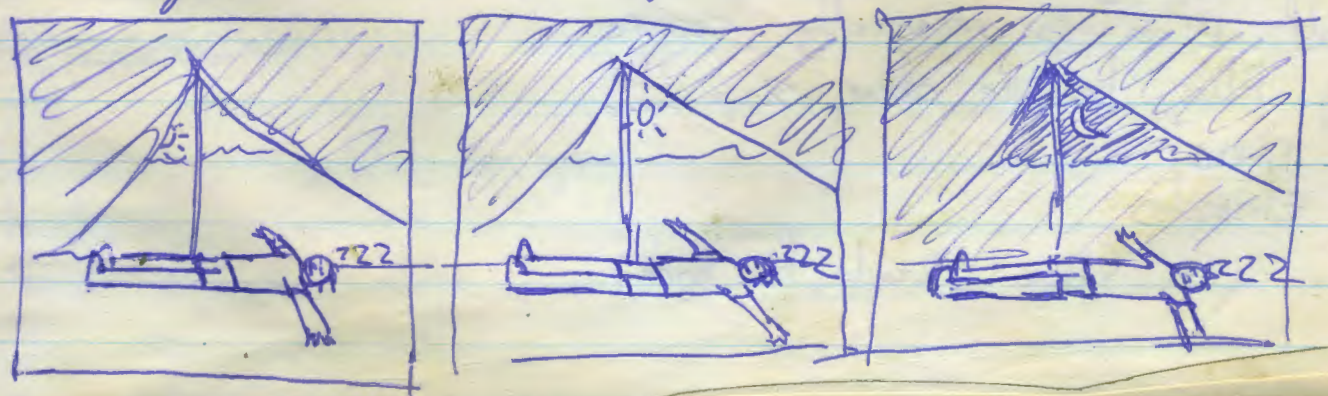
Mad dogs & Englishmen go out in the midday sun.

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 were inside

We are listening to Beethoven 7th.

We are making Cauliflower Cheese and Mashed 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



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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<sup>pm</sup> 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