

Sorry about the washing up <sup>Dave.</sup>

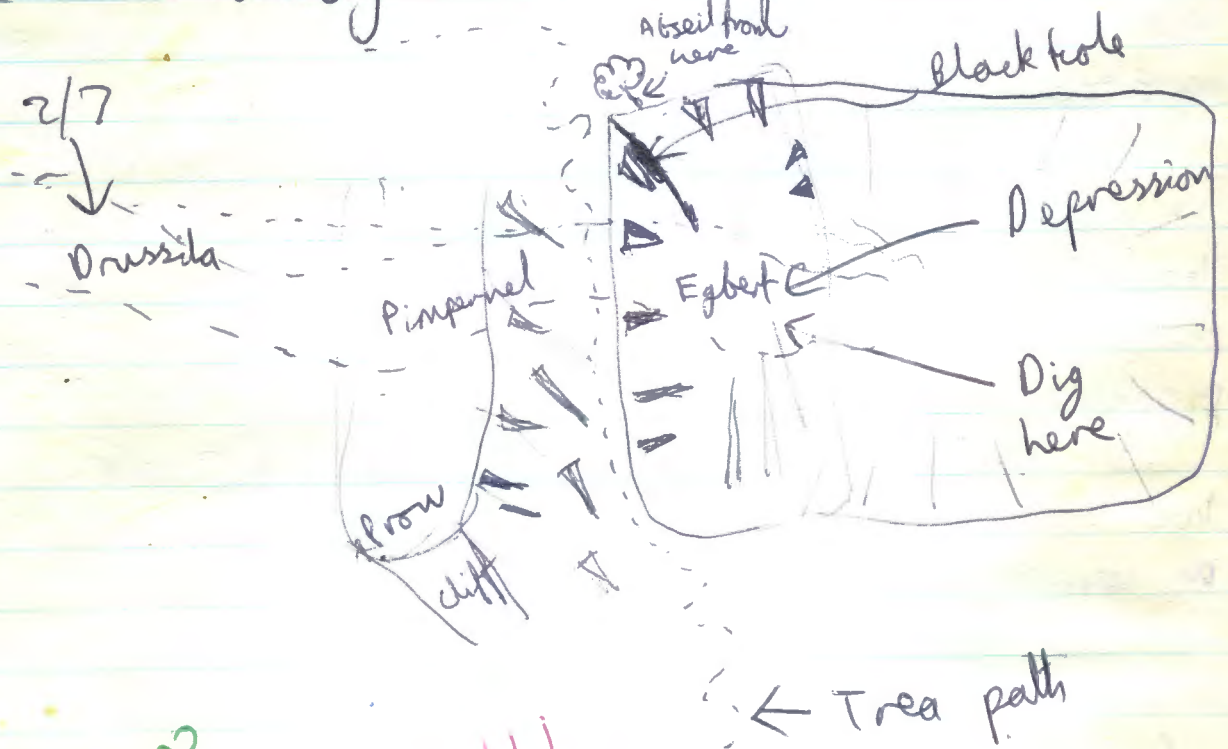
24-7-90

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

oagshh!  
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 <sup>with</sup> 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.

jsa

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 <sup>TRUE</sup> 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, <sup>as she was very weary</sup> 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 <sup>KISSING</sup> the local frogs." And so they lived very happily everafter.

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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 Pinnula 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 access to 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 care),  
with the rest of the composite until 1 am.  
("serves the spic's 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 undressing  
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  
of 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 on 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 coos 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

Jo  
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