

So now Gavin has to find somewhere else.  
Oh dear.  
Oh dear.

Steve

I didn't say hello, but I'll say goodbye.  
A good time!  
Tara everyone, good luck, have deep ones.

Tony  
Z

3/8/93

- 1 Large Green Tent with poles and pegs
- 1 Large Stewpot
- 2 Chopping Boards
- 1 Metal Shelf Rack
- 1 Metal Colander
- 1 Small Milk Pan
- 1 Folding Shovel
- 1 Pick shaped digging tool
- Some primus bits
- Innumerable bits of cutlery and sharp knives and utensils

I would like to apologise for an inconvenience I have caused to William, Steve, Gavin and Tony\* - the people who have not yet done anything to upset me. I am sorry that my antics had no effect on the people who started this, but thats life...

\* and Jim

Dave

3/8/93

Well, what can I say to prevail this logbook being one of the shortest in the club's collection despite the events of the last few days?

The list on the previous page is stuff Dave Bell reckons is his that he ~~wants~~ wants back when we get back to England. Dave & Sean left this morning, Dave is a bit mollified but still as pissed off with the expedition as a whole as some of the expeditions with him (i.e. Sean).

The I didn't get here till a week ago. I don't like the campsite looking like nobody's done anything for days. The place was a complete pit. Also basically I guess I'm an expo-luddite, and all the Sean & Dave techno-stuff does nothing for me at all, especially as it doesn't work.

Nothing so queer as folk.

German Band (Jeka & Gerhard) arrive 0<sup>30</sup> am. 5/8/89 (23)

(Uneventful journey apart from a broken exhaust pipe...)

P.S.1 This campsite is tidy. Remarkably tidy. Unbelievably tidy. Unrecognizably tidy. Great job Steve & co!

P.P.S.1 It's so tidy I can't find the kitty....

P.S.2 We now have a British Base Camp (co-)manned by 5 people none of whom is British.

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Steve " Paul, I've known girls with skulls tits  
than yours"

Paul " Oh, like having a wash on an  
ironing board"

Gavin " I've never tried it on an ironing  
board..."

6/8/93.

Steve, Gavin, Chris & myself went to Cangas on a shopping/  
ticket exchanging & buying trip.

Unfortunately Gavin couldn't change the ticket however I  
managed to book a ticket for the Santander ferry. The lady  
was most bemused when she asked me for my phone  
number in Spain. -

R- 'I haven't got me'

L- 'But you must!'

R- 'I'm camping'

L- 'The campsite must have a number'

R- 'I'm camping on a mountain'

L- 'Oh!'

We did some shopping, walked over the Roman Bridge  
and then visited the Covadonga resurgence on the way back.

26 Departures

Chris V is leaving on Wednesday 11<sup>th</sup> August  
 Steve + William are leaving Friday 13<sup>th</sup> August.  
 Gavin is leaving Saturday 14<sup>th</sup> August.  
 Richard is leaving Monday 16<sup>th</sup> August.  
 Hungarians are leaving Saturday 14<sup>th</sup> August.  
 Top cars departed by Wednesday 11<sup>th</sup> August  
 Ario cars departed by Friday 13<sup>th</sup> August  
 Everything done till by evening Sunday 15<sup>th</sup> August  
 Beach? / Trailer done till Monday 16<sup>th</sup> August  
 Leave Tuesday 17<sup>th</sup> August  
 Ferry San Friday 20<sup>th</sup> August

Chinese Babberes

What was I thinking?  
- it should be Whisipes!

Paul; '... Beans, Green beans, like runner beans;  
they'll have to go to Ario ~~and~~ before they go  
rotten.'

Steve; 'Dreams, Dreams, Dreams; lay running dreams;  
I'll have to go to Ario before they turn erotic.'

7/8/43

WHO:

- tears his hair out rather than comb it
- puts off rubber gloves for games with sheep
- puts out fires with paraffin
- throws up in moment of sexual tension?

Yes, it is all the same person.

Rising descent on Los Lagos a bit misty thickens & stays. Can we shake off 'bare camp latitude'?

Sam's only solution is to eat eat eat eat.

7/8/93 WHO: Pat & Steve

Where: Ceres & the lakes

Why: Collecting dye detectors

Observations

- 1: We picked up many useful things in Ceres,
  - i) Rope marking tape (but we used none of it)
  - ii) PVC adhesive, in a tube
  - iii) Gas
  - iv) Tearing paper - the nearest thing to 'Permatrace' or even grease proof paper, Ceres has to offer
  - v) A liter liter - but we let him go again.

2: Our first detector (a bridge between Molina & Carrera de Corales was here this time, but the charcoal dropped out as we raised the detector. We retained the fabric.

3: The detector at Anzós de Cibriles was fine

4: The bar at Carmameo doesn't sell Bocadillos

5: The chance of the ~~detector~~ <sup>detector</sup>  $10^8$  kg <sup>between oversteering the pool</sup> <sub>collapsing as you pass underneath is  $1:10^6$</sub>

6: The lower gorge path is good untl it runs out.

7: It is possible to climb to the main gorge path slightly after the lower path runs out.

This is not recommended for the elderly, the pregnant, those with a heart condition, those with a severe physical handicap, or young children. Steve & I persevered anyway.

8: The downstream Cautiembra detector was high and dry, its resting in streets, (as was the control, but that was in the stream), but the charcoal made a neat pile next to it. (Co ↓)

9: Several inches away, there was another downstream Cautiembra dye detector - this one rest in bushes, but simply a hole worn in its bottom. Charcoal was piled next to it. (Co ↓ 2). ~~etc~~

10: This is odd as we only placed one detector here.

11: The upstream Cautiembra detector could not be found, <sup>even</sup> ~~remains~~ <sup>spring</sup>.

12: The chances of the <sup>rather (or upstream)</sup> detector being flooded away, and coming to rest adjacent to the former (or downstream) detector through natural fluvial processes probably exceed  $1:10^6$

13: The chances of ~~both~~ detector <sup>either</sup> wearing to the point of dumping its charcoal, and then the charcoal not being washed away (ie flood waters / destructive forces wearing just as the detector wears out) is slim. This happened twice?

14: The laws of 'Phillips Lady's Law' (2) would force us to favour non-accidental behaviour of some semi-ordered & rational system (eg human?) as the possible agent

n this otherwise unlikely occlusion of events.

15: The water of Coutinho is appealing to those with piscinomy intentions.

16: The water is cold.

17: The water is even colder when you swim back into the resurgence pool.

18: I know this is advanced, so let Steve do the swimming.

19: The path back to the lower pool is easy, if you take the

correct one - and it saves climbing up hills of assorted pebbles falling! Underneath the bushes we were narrowly missed by about 10' of assorted pebbles falling!

20: Assuming equally assorted & separate units, the 13/2/10's date of this occurring.

21: There were many British Cobras in the gorge on this particular day, some of them undoubtedly mad.

22: There were 2 inhabitants of Arenas de Cobras.

23: There were 2 of Steve's friends a mile up the road.

24: It was lucky there weren't any more, as we're only covered for 6 people in the van.

25: But we could have fitted another in, but only if one of them were a sheep.

26: Or goat.

27: They didn't really want to go to Moulina, so we let them go again.

28: Moulina is still pretty, but they're doing something to the edge of their dusty brooks, with caecrebe.

29: The dye detector here was also worn out.

30: Luckily it was also in a muddy pool, as was all the charcoal.

31: This suggests the waterlevel was ~ 3 feet higher recently, other evidence suggested this also.

32: Human interference need not be evoked in this case.

33: We placed love ones <sup>from</sup> ~~from~~ Covadonga.

34: We came up the hill bloody fast as it was dark.

35: I felt truckered after relaxing with a beer.

21½: Alternatively, taking each single rock on the same slope just below the bushes as a single entity, and then placing a goat on this same slope causes the probability of at least one stone falling to approach unity. *Pg*

(28)

Mon 9 Aug: Richard, the train ticket is in the kitty box.

William

10-12 Aug didn't happen at Laps.... Gavin was left guarding Base for 2 nights running, & now is bouncing up & down the hill with the sudden release of energy.

Thursday night 12 Aug: Farewell Party at the Bar Maria Rosa

Friday morning: El Van Rouge + 6 travellers + one set of keys (13 Aug) leave for Arriondas; Paul goes up to Arrio to kick up some enthusiasm there for detaching Xitu & (maybe) Optimista.

8<sup>00</sup> am, fair weather at Base, fair share of festering tourists walking through the middle of our settlement, fair heap of washing-up awaiting us, & the water container is almost empty though Steve had filled it last night. In other words, Base is in fair shape. Gonna start by having a shave. Gerhard

14 Aug

Thus begins a day of many canes. However nobody apart from Gavin + myself are awake.

It's druggy and everyone was kept awake by a load of Spanish who were partying to melt after 2 in the morning!

Now another lot are playing Abba loudly. God, the Spanish are inconsiderate.



Sunday 15 Aug.

This book just doesn't want to fill...


Julia & I came down from Oriz ~ 20<sup>45</sup> last night, had some chili & rice & lentil burgers, and CASADIELLES & COLACAO & 43 at the nearly empty bar, in the drizzlin' rain. Just as well so we had a quiet night here despite it's weekend.

Cook's note: Why do lentils take on that revolting grey-green colour...? Like somebody's been sick on the frying pan. The remedy is to ~~get~~ get the pH into the acid range. A few drops of lemon juice, or vinegar, and the lentils acquire a healthy brown tan (it also taste a lot nicer).

P.S. At the Fuente "los Ingleses", the KONA have put up a sign (again) loudly saying AGUA NO POTABLE accompanied by a ~~brief~~ <sup>brief</sup> lab analysis. Lots of COLIFORMES FECALES. Right then, lets have a well-boiled E. coli stew...

**THE PROPHECY**

— The following lines are strictly non-fiction.

1994, and another expedition arrives at Los Lagos. The usual well-mixed bunch of novices and old hands. The former press their noses up against the windows to get a view of the magnificent peaks through the gaps in the cloud. Sam drives El Van past Lago Enol and then turns LEFT where the  road sign is pointing.

"Uhm, wait a minute, why are you turning off here?" says William. "Because this is where Base Camp is supposed to be, as of this year." Soon they turn another corner, and ahead lies the new camping

(20) site LOS UEGOS/BUFERRERAS. A neat stone wall around it to keep the cows out (or in - at least one is strolling already past the caravans). No less than three neat brick buildings containing the "facilities". Level ground, were it not for the deep grooves that some campomobiles have already etched into the grass, two months after this site had been inaugurated in the presence of some members of the Royal Family (of Spain).

The path to ~~the~~ Ario, the old legs realize, has grown ~~to~~ a quarter mile longer. No more stamping to the Frente at the side of Ercina in the morning, the water now comes from the tap, and there are mains outlets everywhere, nicely supplemented by the TV aerials atop many a caravan. Sure enough, even without a satellite dish - in fact without a tuner - you can listen to a couple dozen stations simultaneously, just by sitting there. "----", says Graham Naylor, and with this (who else could run it up so nicely?) the old hands walks off in direction Bar Maria Rosa, followed by curious glances from the Freshers.

But what is this? Where's the Bar gone? The place is empty, desolate - only a couple of rusted vending machines tell of its history...

They look around, and discover el' Luis grinning at them from the NEW Bar, at the edge of the camping ground. A sigh of relief - shiny and wholesome (unwholesomely wholesome) is this place looks, they haven't given up the habit of pouring sidra from over their heads, and the floor tiles look no less messy than the old concrete slabs used to. Also, the old putrid smell is still wafting through the air. And the cloud is spilling over from the north, bringing a cold

drizzle. "They can't destroy everything," William mutters under his breath. Three or four choughs rise, shrieking, and fly off into the mist. (31)

It is true, the new generation will never be able to understand fully what their elders are ranting on about, calling it "the squalour and splendour of Lagos in the old days". It's just a campsite like a thousand others in the southern countries of Europe, except for its unusually large share of clouds and precipitation. As they walk up the new wooden "staircase" steps of what William says used to be "God 2", they ponder the craded wandering meanders of the former path, and look back onto the sea of clouds. This at least, they realize, had been like it is now for ages before people from afar arrived to walk up these mountains, and it will stay like this for ages to come.

Kitty contributions, on the other hand, have gone up quite a bit, and the lad in charge keeps complaining about the administrative hassle of having to sign on and off every person arriving or leaving with the campsite office. And one car ~~driving~~ driving up from France arriving at 1<sup>am</sup> one morning finds the car down, and no-one to let them in...

Going to take some pics of the site under construction.  
You have been warned.

P.S., You can't actually see any Picos peaks whatsoever from the new ground - it's in a big hollow, and the start of the future Ardo path passes through two of the old mine tunnels.

(2)

After this nightmare story, some more "tore-à-torre" remarks as the French would say:

1. This is my second expedition to Lagos with the OUEC, and I still don't have an expedition T/sweat shirt because there weren't any last year, neither this year. I'm very disappointed there about, since by looking around you will see that they are just a part of the expedition as the lentil burgers or flapjacks or cows/goats/black birds etc etc pp are. So for next year, I'd propose to make one, perhaps with a nice drawing of the ice column in 157, on it for change, always supposing of course the photos we took <sup>of it</sup> aren't too bad.
2. Two days before the end of the exp., I'm here at Base camp with a tremendous amount of tinned tomatoes. So for next year's shopping list, I'd propose to buy ~~some~~ one in a while tinned ~~corn~~ <sup>sweetcorn</sup> instead of in addition to tinned tomatoes:
  - a) It makes fine salads with rice/pasta/vegetables ...
  - b) It's a good starch supply but changes from pasta (lentils);
  - c) it's as cheap and as easy/difficult to carry up the hill as other stuff in tins is.
3. Though it was probably already said lots of time, I'll repeat it once more (for nostalgia or newcomers, as you prefer): there has to be lots of young ~~men~~ strong men with too much energy here around <sup>because some do not</sup> ~~before it was ~~rather~~ dismantled~~ stop carrying things to top camp <sup>which are completely</sup> useless up there. What are you supposed to do with chickpeas up there unless a profession cooker is carried up there? So before going to T.C.,
  - a) revise the (cooking) facilities in your head
  - b) try to find someone who has been to T.C. recently and ask him/her what is needed up thereThis is not too difficult and would make things lots easier and save energy.

STATE OF THE CLUB

4. Don't throw things away carelessly! What happened at T.C. is a broken electric cooker, instead of being taken away (put in the rubbish bin), was just thrown away out of the back of the "kitchen". Someone coming up hill found it and put it in the kitchen. There we found it, put a new cartridge on it since the old one was empty for an obvious reason, and in less than 5 minutes the new one was as empty as the old one without cooking anything. One cartridge carried up and wasted just for nothing!

"Nias für unguat", Ilka.

P.S. A couple of useful things to keep in kitchen tents:

- (a) - kitchen rolls. OK so you can use bog-roll as an alternative although it tends to be too soft & tears as soon as it's used. Use to wipe out a pan or a washing-bowl from time to time. Other uses come to mind easily...
- (b) - general purpose broth, in cubes (like Boveril) or as powder in a jar. Can be used for most soups & sauces. Can also be used to make a cup or two of hot savoury beverage if you're not feeling attracted to tea or coffee at the minute.

Oh yes, and (c) — we used to have cinnamon (CANELA), to go with moonflakes, flapjack, jam...

15<sup>50</sup> — Five with poles arrive from Arrio which "doesn't exist any more." Apart from numbers, they look much like the Ghostbusters...

34  
end

# STATE OF THE CLUB.

- (a) I've got to write down the Oxford Aving Song yet again because nobody can remember where they put the lyrics last time.
- (b) Nobody knows for sure who is the Loris at the moment.

Some debilitating disease has been spreading --- ?