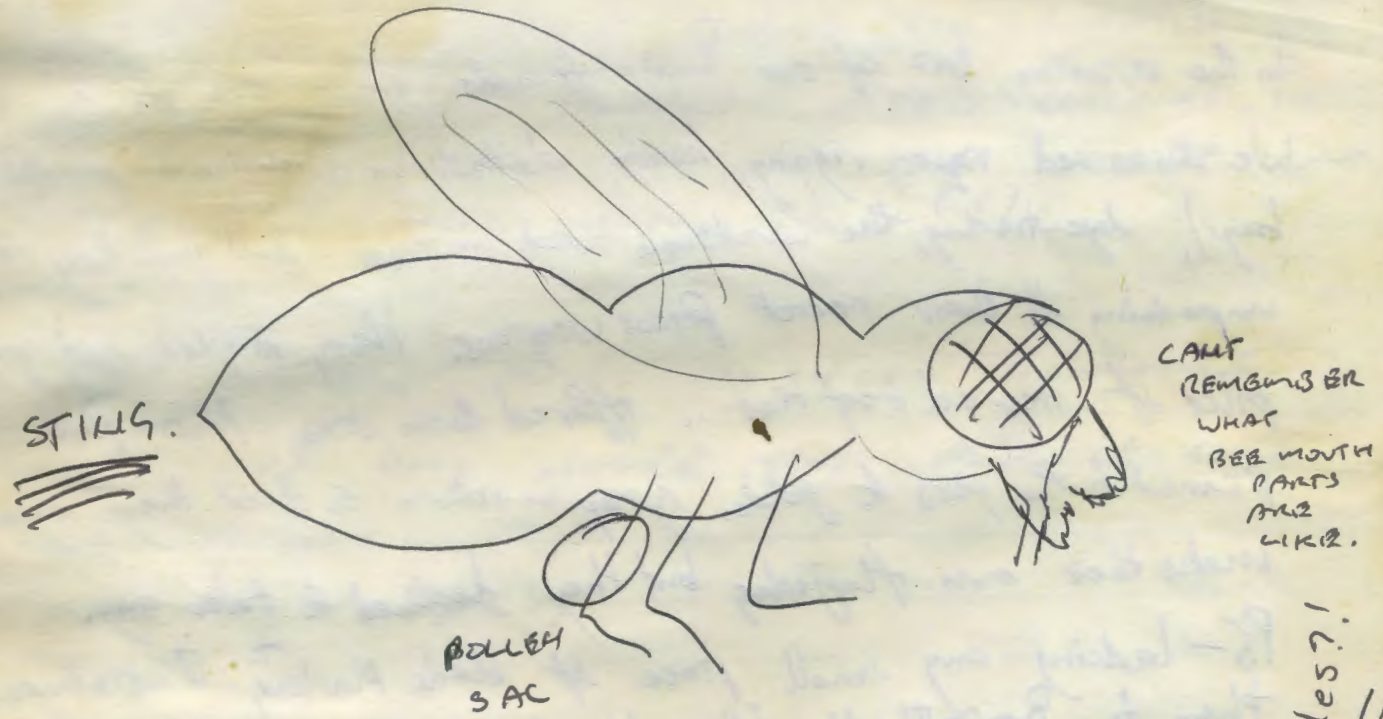
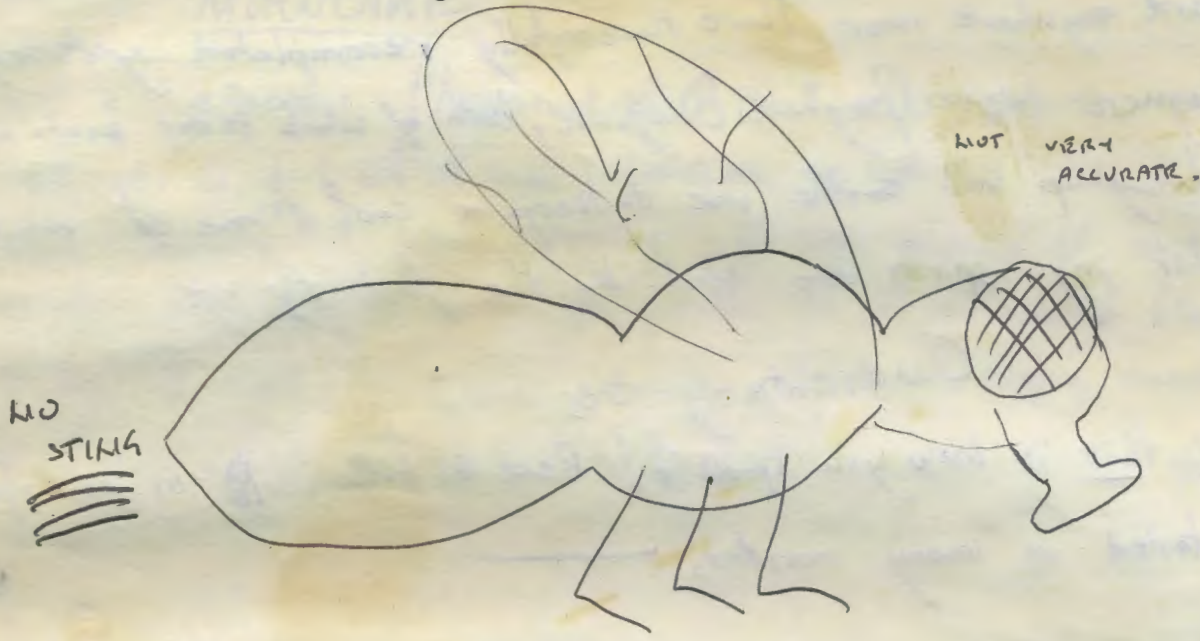


The difference between Hoverfly (Eristalis hennard) and the honey bee (Apis something labialis).



i.e. NOT MUCH

or the males? sit.

Actually, the most readily noticeable difference between hoverflies and bees (before you're stung) is that with the former (as with most flies) the eyes touch on the forehead

whereas with bees they're well separate. (Also hoverflies normally sport brighter colours since they're pretending to be wasps, not bees.)

(62) 13/8/87 Lonely day at base camp. Only 200 cars, half a dozen coaches, Lower Bar buzzing with comercio, and no ICONA guard anywhere near. Have successfully recompleted yesterday's Bolognese into Spaghetti Bolognese, both of which tastes quite nice. Washing up will enable me to keep a cool frame of mind, whilst my spirits are lifted by the first sip of

Cuarenta-y-tres

(yes this is how you spell it! Read the bottle... ~~it~~ - or learn Spanish) I've tasted in many months. _____

gwl

In the evening, two of our Polish friends came over for a visit. We discussed ropes, rigging, knots, detackeling (chalking vs. powdering with bags), dye tracing, the Covadonga blood miracle... and then they started unpacking all their secret Picos weapons: Ham, pickled red peppers, piles of stewed beef tins... offered them some Mornflake tins, peanut butter jars & golden syrup in return so that they could make their own flapjacks, but they declined to take any.

PS - lading any small piece of blade Marlow^{or}, I introduced them to Boris The Man Himself, along with the story of how he got his name.

(more precisely, not being able to recognize one dusty piece for what it was in the poor light of a headtorch)

gwl

Care - the left ring of the left stove has a tendency to leak unless you turn it off very firmly.

19/8/87

This morning's recipe, while waiting for the Lower Bar jeep to return with fresh bread:

63

MORNCAKE

Heat a generous (!) amount of oil in a frying pan - molten marg will also do, but oil is nicer. Crack an egg into it and immediately start scrambling it whilst pouring $1\frac{1}{2}$ egg's volumes of mornflakes into it. (You want to have opened the tin in advance.) Keep stirring, it won't stick together anyway. Add salt, pepper, smooth peanut butter and Polish tomato puree to taste!

U.W.

14th

I had to happen - now the bronish Super-weapon is release: VIDEO cameras in our toilet - now get your own instant tape of nature's most basic self!!!

If any one finds my Cosic Thermometer wotth at base, could they put it some-where obvious.

Tom D

A Tip for the training of next years novices - knot ^{change overs} ~~to~~ as from the looks of the ropes down so far the longest length we will have is 15m!

8:30 One of the Uona guard with a gun just came out asked me some questions in Spanish - I looked blank and now hes gone off - am?

Dave "you screw them in to turn them on"

1-5 / 81 '87 Calicutro via Trea Path & Cain Steve R., Paul C., Dan, William

As all the gear had been carried down from the caves we decided to have a "day off" with a relaxing stroll down to Trea. Left at about eleven in humid haze & began the long tramp down, & down, down a bit more, slip scramble. The path was usually fairly obvious, we've copied the Aro map into the front of this book. At Trea we found the dye detector had been burst & so was pretty useless. Picked gathered some algae from resurgence in the hope that it may have absorbed dye. Met Thomas plus other Germans who told us of ~~the~~ dye trails of small insects that dropped from the trees & burrowed into you. Paul reassuringly told us that they caused no harm if they burrowed into the guts but could cause blindness if they didn't.

Those of us who had them (P & W) donned bracknit trousers, the rest of us resolutely pulled up our socks & we carried on down. Luckily we weren't attacked by the insects & made it darn to the Care's path safely... well almost. I managed to bust my ankle badly about 20 yds from the gorge path; ~~but~~ the rest of the party escaped unscathed.

Walked upstream to Cain, pausing only to dunk our heads in the stream to the amusement of the Spanish tourists. Went for a "quick" bite at the bar at Cain. We were there for 2 hours, 90 minutes waiting to be served. This place is

not worth visiting - particularly on a bank holiday!
Raced back down the gorge to Culambo for
a quick look round:-

We only had 2 hours, so, forcing William
(in retreat) through the canal first. In fact the canal
is a doddle in a ferry - retreats, neoprene boots, etc
not required. The pretty bits are good! - It is a
good job the entrance isn't Swiss, and it is guarded
from gookles by the canal, or the formation would
have suffered by Sally by now. We headed on in,
up a climb where I had to search hard for
enough bottle to go up (down was easier).
until we found a - sample or two (not the Swiss
soup). Had fun recognizing the photo's bits.

Avoiding a greasy climb on the way back,
I performed a greasy traverse above (I thought)
2-3 feet of flintstone. Just as I was noting that
the last handheld was mad, Paul said "I wonder
if you would fit down that hole?" "Hmmm??",
I replied pre-occupied with my position, then
whoosh! Experiment proved that

- (a) the floor was further than 3 feet down
 - (b) muddy handheld fell off
 - (c) I wouldn't quite fit through the hole.
- "I am as long as you from a place of safety," I thought.
But could only go out in order to enquire as to my
position as it was breaking in half that was
preventing me slipping through --- the stocian? 50' below??
I was fished out & it was observed that
my toes must have been virtually touching the floor of the
pot. Good job I didn't fall in head-first.
I also fell off the path down to the
resurgence.

As William had typed the dye down 2/7, he was persuaded (with no difficulty) to guard the gear while Paul, Steve & I descended down to the resurgence. We found the detector in the resurgence without too much hassle - Steve, Paul took some photos of Steve naked, jumping the detector. I wonder if he has stole him?

The detector upstream proved more difficult as it involved swimming for several yards in the icy water. As I supposedly knew where it was, I had the pleasure of an evening dip - the water's lovely once you're in!! No sign of detector so had a new one on to an obvious toy & swim back to the others. A brisk walk up to the path warmed me up, returned to find WILLIAM HADN'T EATEN

Att THE CHOCOLATE!
By now it was nine o'clock, & as we'd arranged to meet the others at Cama Meña at nine we left at high speed. 100 minutes to the bar. I was v. slow walking down the steep bits as by my ankle didn't like being on ~~the~~ ground that wasn't totally flat.

Dave & JC, (who had driven the van round to meet us) had been in the bar since three (it was about 11:30 when we arrived.) Our hearts bled for them - unfortunately it had been too hot to do anything but sit in the bar and eat & drink!

Surv.

18/8/87

(67) end

F - 2" and Counting

The previous days frantic carries bring almost everything down. As many people arrive after dark, and as we all go to the main house (with live guitarist; for once, quite nice music even if the lyrics remain mysterious) the campsite this morning looks like the entire contents of an army surplus store have been dropped at random over muddy grass. YUK!

The smell in the kitchen tent has got worse.

STOP

