

OXFORD UNIVERSITY  
CAVE CLUB  
LIBRARY

Base Camp Log  
Book 1991



①


The people who came on this expedition:

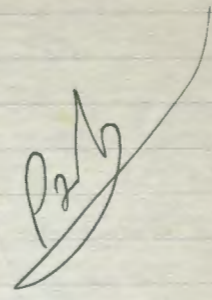
Dana

Dave

Dave

Sean

Tony 



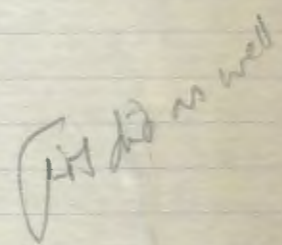
Moh.

Q

Steve



Dave

P.



Chris

Joanie Hello!

 <sup>WHOOSH!</sup> 

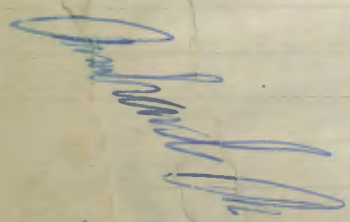
Michelle

Jenny


(and Bob came too)

Birk

William



WNS

 Gerhard

Ewald



27 June 1991

The expedition has arrived at Los Lagos. The clag is down, but we are all O.K., sitting in the big tent having eaten a presentable meal made of very little other than lentils. Dave B's car has no handbrake (and is thus at Covadonga), the Yellow van is occasionally misfiring due to a leak in the petrol pump, and we as yet have no permission to go camping or carving or anything. Other than this, however, things look rosy.

David

I would like to make the following points known:

- ① Last year expedition lost three (3) rolls of slide film. If you find them in a BDH container somewhere, they are mine (well, ours actually)
- ② Having reviewed the extent of the expedition library and found it to be very extensive, I would like to suggest that if you read any of the expedition library books you consider writing a review of it in this logbook. This is a good idea, or so it seems to me, and it will provide harmless entertainment for those who have not read the books under review. If you disagree, I don't mind
- ③ there is a kitty book for you to write kitty transactions in. It is currently missing, and until it is found you can write the transactions in the back of the logbook. No this logbook, not the Anio one (idiot!)
- ④ Mr Bell has a limerick he wants to put into the logbook later.
- ⑤ Read Gavin's Rescue Book.
- ⑥ There is a shopping list book to write shopping lists in.
- ⑦ No more points.
- ⑧ Even no more points.

David

The limerick packs laughs atomical  
 Into space that is quite economical  
 But the good ones I've seen  
 So seldom are clean  
 And the clean ones so seldom are comical

Pave



(9)

28 June 1991

Dave B, Sean & David at Base. We have decided to write a plan of attack on 2/7. We are going to make a decision ...

		<del>SH</del>	DM	DB	DL	PR	ADS	MC
Friday	B		DM	DB	DL	PR	ADS	MC
night	A	SH(u)			<del>DL</del>		<del>ADS</del>	
Saturday	B					PR(uD?)		MC(uD?)
night	A	SH(Du)	DM(uDu)	DB(uDu)	DL(uDu)		ADS(uDu)	
Sunday	B				DL			
night	A	DM(Du)		DB(Du)	PR(u <del>DL</del> )			
Monday	B							
night	A				DL		ADS	MC

- everyone except Sean sleeps at Base tonight
- Pauline or mark sleeps at Base on Saturday
- ~~Tony~~ everyone else sleeps at Ario
- Tony, Sean & Dave ! go caring on Sunday

Dave's saying of the day :

Life is brutal ,  
but full of cerveza's



Later

— Mark, Pauline, Dave L & David at Base in the clog. We have all done one carry and are all feeling the effects. Well I hope that is the reason for the general indolence. The walk up was the same as ever except that there is a lot of snow around. This is the first time that I have seen snow on the path to Ario (at around the level of Sod 4). There is also lots of snow on the scree slope that makes up part of the path to 27. Enough, this is stuff for the Ario log book.

There was a shopping trip today, but it arrived at Cangas just as all the shops were closing, so did not get any onion or stuff like that. We are huddled around a bubbling pot of courgette and red peppers in onion soup. Oh the joys of expedition cuisine.

To Mr. Bell's comment of the previous evening I will add:

The Limerick's are an art form complex,  
Whose contents run chiefly to sex,  
It's famous for virgins  
and masculine urgings  
and sundry erotic effects.

Unlike Mr Bell, however, I can quote mine from memory and do not need a book to help me.

David

A Notice (another one as well)

- ① There is an Ammo box marked "Lamps". This contains odds and ends of spares for the stinkies and also some flat packs\*. These belong to the kitty - if you want ~~see~~ something from this box help yourself, but write it down in the kitty book/back of the log book. Do not pay for your purchase until I have discussed a suitable price with you.
- ② If anyone from ICONA comes round asking for "permissio" ask them to write down (in Spanish if need be) in the log book what they want. If it seems to be urgent make sure that someone in authority (ie me!) knows as soon as possible. Be polite, SMILE, and make sure that they leave happy.

David

Dave L now has control of the flat packs (500 pts)



## A Guide to Rucksack Load optimisation

The question of how to carry the most load to Ario for the expenditure of as little time as possible is a complex one. There are various different ways of looking at the problem. :-

### ① The English Students View

Weight is a psychological concept and time is infinite so it doesn't matter.

### ② The Civil Engineers View

The cost of constructing a 2 lane road from Los Lagos to Ario is too much and the environmentalists would have a field day therefore the project is a waste of time and no load can be moved.

### ③ The PPE ists View

The opportunity cost of carrying a rucksack to Ario is great. The best option available is to hire a horse or pony and send the load up on that allowing the pony to sit in the bar, or on the beach or sleep or whatever, incidentally this also injects foreign capital into an otherwise depressed local industry.

### ④ The Metallurgists View

By using latest casting techniques it should be possible to construct a metal beamed catapult to transport loads to Ario, this is the most effective method available.

### ⑤ The Mechanized Engineers View

Assume

- ① load constant with time
- ② Proportional relationship
- ③ Even gradient  $\theta$

Conduct experiments to find various values of  $t$  for load  $L$

Differentiate to find the maximum optimal load

Assume

- ① This answer to be correct
- ② Errors to be negligible.



### ⑥ The Mathematicians View

Let there be a load  $X$  for which the time taken to go to Aris is  $T_0$   
 $X$  being the largest load carriageable without a rest.

If load is  $Z$  then  $Y (= Z - X)$  is the extra load  
The effect of  $Y$  is to create  $N$  rest periods of length  $R$   
and a turn-around time of  $T_T$ . Thus rest time  $T_R (= NR)$   
plus  $T_T$  equals the extra time needed to carry  $Y$

NB:  $N$  is proportional to  $Y (= KY)$  where  $K$  is the load capacity coefficient.  
 $K = f(\text{Temperature, Number of previous carries, Last meal time, blood sugar level etc.})$

Thus by experimentation  $K$  for each individual can be determined.

$$KY = N$$

$R$  can be determined by observation over a long period but is given  $R = g(\text{Temperature, Number of previous carries, last meal time, blood sugar level etc.})$

$$RN = T_R \quad T_T = h(\text{Temperature, Number of previous carries, last meal time, blood sugar level, amount of water at Aris etc.})$$

$$T_A \text{ being total additional time taken} = T_R + T_T = KYR + T_T$$

Temperature will effect  $f, g, h$  by proportional changes with respect to  $K$

Number of carries will effect  $f, g, h$  in an exponential decline

Last meal will have differing effects depending upon next meal location etc.

In this way the kilos per hour can be maximised for each individual.

NB: by adding additional information the kilos per calorie could also be determined thus maximising kitty expenditure.

Pine



(7)

From the crypt of the Church at St Giles  
Came a scream that could be heard\* for miles  
The Verger said 'Gracious,  
Has Father Ignatious  
Forgotten the Bishop has Piles.'

Dave

30 June 1991

A message for Monday's Shoppers:

Please try to phone U.K. and ask them to bring out  
the shaft bushing kits, rigging guides and Kitty book. These  
are in my room at 22 Harley Road in a pair of paper  
document wallets.

Use the chump of boxes opposite the Rio Grande. The  
phone numbers to try are:

Harley	071	<sup>wait 'til tone changes</sup> 44	865	+	241078	22 Harley Road
	-	"			271271	Jenny at work
	-	"			273700	Dept of Materials (ask for Steve)

Also write a letter/postcard to "22 Harley Road, Oxford, OX2 0HR  
INALATERRA" and tell them about the missing  
documents.

Good luck

David

The Limerick, peculiar to English  
Is an art form that's hard to extinguish  
Once Congress in session  
Declared its suppression  
But people got around this by writing the  
Last line with no rhyme or meter.

2/7

Dave

Well the weather forecast that we mentioned between ourselves  
earlier was correct. David, Pauline and I correctly forecast  
the arrival of the front and the rain. We now reckon that  
it will be sunny tomorrow - afternoon probably.

Dave

\* If you're going to copy these out of your book, try to get the scansion  
right. "could be heard" doesn't scan - try "resounded"



(8)

the fact that the date today is 2/7 in the year ~~1991~~ 1991 should surely be significant! P.

It wasn't significant last year - see relevant log books! Daniel

3/7 I'm heere! Super-wimp to the rescue!

Competition for non-cover of the year's a bit of a foregone conclusion really.

Q xxx

Later...

further to Mr Bell's weather forecasting ~~it~~ it is now 1930 hours and it is still wet, damp, muggy, claggy, miserable and f\*\*\*ing cold.

AQB has brought a paper with him which shows the front that we mentioned. It is apparently heading North, which is in direct contradiction of what we have seen here.

AQB has lost his sleeping bag on the coach to Amandas.

AQB wishes henceforth to be known as "Q". In that case I am "M" and Mr. Lacey is 007. It follows that Pauline is a "Bond Girl" and everyone else is the horde of evil heavies who will be dispatched by Mr. Lacey's pump action jumar just before the Intermittia and icecream. My knee still hurts. I intend to complete my session as sub-deputy Jefe by leading from my convalescent home at Los Lagos.

ICONA have still not paid us a visit. Is this a good thing or not?

Daniel\*

\* cold and bored.

P.S. A good way to heat up the tent is to close the doors and light the big gas lamp. Take care that you don't asphyxiate yourself though!

There was a young lady called Yoda,  
who built an erotic pagoda.

The walls of its halls  
were bestrewed with the balls  
and the tools of the gods who bestrode her.

Daniel



④  
Il y avait une jeune fille de Fréjus,  
Qui allait à la messe les seins nus,  
"Si même bronze les siens  
À la plage Juan Les Pins  
Pourquoi êtes vous toutes si émues?"

---

### A Book Review

"God is an executioner" - Tom Barling.

"he hammered a crampion, looped a rope over it and absceded down". This will give you the general idea, the book is Kerap, and hardly worth the paper it is written on. Students on English will enjoy spotting the typos with which the text abounds. Students of mindless violence will enjoy the body count: vietcong are napalmed and knifed, sundry innocents are gunned down in Belfast and various American cities. A colony of bikers is blasted out of an underground bunker, a colony of Hare Krishnas is blasted out of another underground bunker and our hero, Sergeant Pepper walks out of the book clutching his son having survived several attempts on his life by, among others, a helicopter with heat sensitive, side-mounted gatling guns, a Japanese martial arts expert [yes, there is and "i" between the r & the t] and a religious ~~sect~~ <sup>sect</sup> intent on crippling him.

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### Another Book Review

"A Vet in harness" - James Keirist

What is there to say? He doesn't wear rubber gloves, but most of the book seems to be devoted to doing unspeakable things to the tender parts of various animals. This book deserves an (18) certificate, suitable only for those who are into animal abuse of the worst kind.

David

Mark is cooking. I am bored, hence the above. It will cease now.



# The tale of 3 Superheroes... (in serial form)

## Part 1

David Moralfibermon, Tony Safety and Dave Laxative were ready and waiting for the call to action. But these were no ordinary Superheroes. For a start each had their own secret weapon. David Moralfibermon had a unlimited supply of IOWA SHIT BISCUITS, Tony Safety had miles and miles of TROLL SAFETY TAPE and numerous other safety gadgets on his secret SAFETY BELT and Dave Laxative had a vast supply of various differing ~~shit~~ SHIT DRUGS and other such substances.

Together these 3 Superheroes are out to fight whatever needs to be fought.

Suddenly the telephone rings...

To be continued...

5/7 00-38

Sean + Q up to

Ario.

Have fun

+ lots of love

+ f f f...



5/7 (11)

SO IS THE SPELLING

Two cripples and Mark at Lagos. Weather is still appalling and you cannot see the Scouts blue tents although you can hear them strumming their guitar and singing occasionally. The brake lights on the van have packed up again and I will have to fix them later. There is a British Bedford Cooper Van on the field presumably with British occupants - perhaps they know about Bedford brake lights.

Sean and Cubie must be completely out of their respective trees to walk up to Eric in the middle of the night pissed as newts and with any luck will have had a bad experience to teach them a lesson that this is NOT a good thing to do.

Apart from that they have wrecked this page in the log book by writing in marker pen previously. David has just finished the washing up and Mark is just about to eat Mornflakes with sugar and Greenogge shine. The spicards have stopped singing, a cow is mooing and the weather is still crap.

88.00 F1?

st qu P + road

A Notice

The chopping boards now have an officious message on one side saying - 'This side down. Do not chop on this side. Please follow this instruction.'

oira

not with

and for 2nd +

7/7/7



5 July 1991 18:00

We have had a visit from ICONA.

Someone must go to Cangas de Onis on Monday 8 July 1991! They must visit the office of the Parque Nacional in Cangas and collect our camping permit.

Beforehand

Some tents must be erected at Anio so that we have sufficient sleeping space for all members of the expedition to stay at Anio if need be.

Later

The Spaniards have been singing all day - they appear only to know 3 songs but have successfully managed to sing all day. The rain has been raining all day - except when it was hail stinging.

(It was snowing up top!!)

Big Whotsit doesn't leak, but the groundsheet does. This is due to the holes that Holslag put in it with the chair legs.

The Blue gear tent is not water tight at all. The tent was pitched in a puddle and the puddle rose and spilled over into the groundsheet, and the sides, although proofed 3 times since last year, atomise the water on contact due to mist.

Thus the Chocomte Tent has been erected for personal gear and the Blue tent will be removed and replaced tomorrow.

I have made lots of bits of rope for Parkys Dicks for Tacklelogs. David tried to mend tacklelogs but it rained so much.

Incidentally Q and Sean arrived at Anio at 07:48, a 7 hour 10 minute carry, having got lost at the bottom of SOD 3. This proved to be a suitably bad experience. They have subsequently wasted a whole day at Anio doing nothing.

It is now 22:58 and we are all going to bed.

Dave

6 July '91

Well, I'm here. I shouldn't be, but for an engineer a 25% error is as good as exact. Yes, I counted 4 weeks back from 4 August instead of 3 weeks when booking my flight. O.K. 33% error then. For a BA, wouldn't let me change my flight time & ACCESS wouldn't let me pretend my card had been stolen. So I'm here in time to carry up some gear - Balls. Chris



(13)

7 July 1991 (Sunday)

Today lots of people are doing carries:  
To go up and stay

Dave + Pauline

Dave B

To go up and come back

Mark

AQB

Chris

To stay here

Me.

In the future

Monday - Tony, Dave L & Dave B will rig to Just Awesome.

Tuesday - " " " will get out.

- A portering trip will carry gear to the end of the rifts

Wednesday - A camp will go down (4 people)

- A portering trip will go down with them to Just Awesome.  
(this will allow a maximum of 16 bags to reach J.A.)

Thursday - day of rest for some.

There was some reason why we can't send the camp down on Wednesday, but I have forgotten it.

The was a young maid from Aberystwyth  
who took corn to the mill to get grist with

But the millers son Jack

Laid her down on her back

And united the organs they pissed with

"Subjects of conversation is order of occurrence"

① Dave + Pauline have beaten the weather & by  
② nestling down in the van.

① The van had to have new springs.

③ Aren't the courgettes big + wide in Spain -

④ Donkey's Dicks.

⑤ Dave Lacey is the facklemaster

⑥ Dave H wants to know how its done + why.



8 July 1991

- Mark, Joan, AQB, David

We went to Cangas today.

- ① Carbide will be available "mañana"
- ② Our permit will be available from the ICONA office on Wednesday. Someone must go to collect it
- ③ AQB needs to go to the Oficina de Turismo to get his sleeping bag back.
- ④ We did some shopping

David

P.S. The van was a bit poorly. Sean heretically lay on his back in the mud and put some more gunk on the fuel pump. It helped, but some more permanent solution is derivable. Some gunk which sets in presence of petrol is probly a good idea.

This is Monday p.m. comment from Joan.

"If the van packs in altogether lach a couple of queso di Cabrales on the back. The smell emanating will disturb the air in a swiftable fashion to cause a forward motion of the van".

Queso di Cabrales is not a thing to share the back of a VERY HOT VERY YELLOW VAN with.

(David's) Jamboanga



A NEW PAGE OF WHAT IS WHERE

AT BIG LEDGE

- 1 SMAN billy & lid
- 1 large billy & lid
- 2 1/2 used epigas
- 5 spoons
- 4 bowls
- 4 mugs
- 2 cups
- 1 tin pineapple (?)
- 1 roll toilet paper
- 3 packets instant soup (?)

AT PRIMVA POINT

- 3 1/2 KARRIMATS
- 1 BDH (large) carbide
- 1 Daven Drum
- GREEN ORTHIEB water canner
- Plastic bags (assorted)
- 1 washing up brush
- pad
- betadine
- 4 Bog rolls in M/F tins
- 6 herbal teabags
- 2 unknown dried stems
- 1/3 Jar marmite
- 3 forks
- 2 plates
- 1 bowl
- 1 tin opener
- 2 Square billies
- 1 spoon
- 2 250ml gas canisters
- 1 M/F tin Salt
- 1 unopened bag vermicelli
- small amt macarari
- bags raven macarari
- 7 rice
- 1 M/F tin coffee
- 2 tins oats
- 1 Set nesting billies & lid
- 4 raven potato mix

- 1 yeoman potato mix
- 1 cm permatrace
- 2 x 250 gas cans
- 1 spoon
- 2 Sam splints
- 1 bag small bags
- 1 square billy
- 300g fisma base
- blue orthieb water canner
- plastic beaker
- 2 M/F tins bogroll

medical kit

- Scissors
- 2x 1/2 roll ZNO tape
- 3 bottles Haemecel
- 2 giving sets
- 10x Codene phosphate 30mg
- Sarlon concentrate 2
- Cannula 3
- Scrog thermometer
- steric dressing 3
- 2x6 sutures
- Swabs
- airway
- razor
- 20 septin
- 10 feldene
- lignocaine (1/2 used)
- roll bandage
- lypail



- ~~5 gas canisters~~
- ~~8 veg stew~~
- ~~8 veg curry~~
- ~~20 pasta~~
- ~~12 plates~~

there was some more, but it may not be real.

also in cave beyond camp:

- 1 long wire
- 1 bolt kit - hammer & driver
- 21 anchors & 8 wedges
- 10 tapes
- 2 survival bags.

- 150m x 9mm Edelrid
- 10m 10mm Edelrid
- 15 \_\_\_\_\_
- 15 \_\_\_\_\_
- 40m? \_\_\_\_\_

- Dave H: soon suit
- 1 Sigg bottle
- 1 rope protector

Under Big Jane  
: Lots of smelly mud

9/7/91  
(Tuesday)

### The plan:

Steve + Michelle to go to Canga to  
buy: Carside  
Gas (we are out of cooking gas)  
get permits, etc etc

### The result:

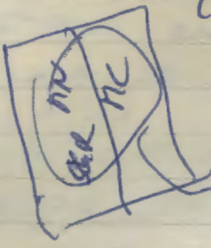
- 1) Steve filled up by removing the van's fuel tank to fix the proxy leaking fuel line (fixed, 1 hour)
- 2) Shift everybody else bloody sweaty from pushing the fe---king thing round & round to start fire
- 3) Two flat batteries.  
Proxy electronic ignition!



START  
COR RATHER  
FAIL TO START  
HERE

MUD

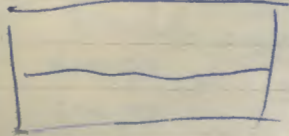
BLOODY  
SWEAT  
HILL



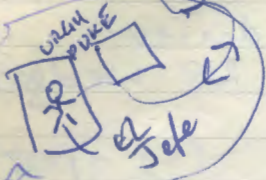
ELANK  
ELANK  
CURSE  
ELANK

PUSH  
MUD

GASP  
GASP



D.H.  
+  
S.F.



MUD

GASP  
PANT  
GASP

MUD

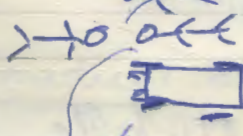
SPUDGE  
SPLOT  
SPUDGE

SILENCE

"The Tale  
of the  
Dead Van"

URGH  
GASP  
URGH

MUD



DEAD

in pitchers so's  
~~ilut~~ ~~iluta~~ ~~ellit~~  
people who can't read can  
follow it. And preferably  
PUSH IT.

MARIA  
ROSA

GLUG  
GLUG  
GLUG.

MADANA  
SOL  
(PLEASE)

FINISH  
HERE



Recipes Dedicated to Pasta Mañana

Pasta in mayonnaise pancakes a la Lacey.

Good version

Get everyone to give you a hand to :-

Bad Version

Ask Dave to do it.

- ① Boil Pasta in preboiling water  
Drain when soft.  
Add mayo, a little mustard + pepper.

- ② Pancakes :-  
Mix eggs, milk + flour to batter.  
Fry with a little very hot oil.

- ③ put pasta in pancakes  
Serve with herby tomato sauce with fried onions.

- ① Soak the pasta overnight in cold water with no salt
- ② Just before boiling add 1/2 teaspoon jar per person of mayo.
- ③ Boil gently until pasta is completely dissolved.
- ④ Take eggs + milk, discard flour.
- ⑤ Beat thoroughly for 20 minutes
- ⑥ Put on a pan of boiling water to make tea to keep calm in this crucial moment
- ⑦ Heat oil in frying pan. Fry your one letter pancakes.
- ⑧ Float the pancakes on the pasta. Serve with a whort of cream shake of dried milk and a song of thyre.

Dave M to Dave L "Is that a Honky in your shorts, or are you just pleased to see me?"



10 July '91

Well - to start, let me say HI!

HI!

More strangely & importantly, I've just been approached by a nice gentleman from ICONA (locking me, and I'm legal now / eat your heart out I can).

But there's more to it than that!  
We had a conversation - nearly. (But even so I've forgotten his name - and it isn't even morning yet.)

I have 2 interpretations of what he was saying.  
(translated:)

- 1) "You speak English only, not French?"  
- boring, & unlikely interpretation
- 2) "You English care - permit for English covers,  
- but French, No! You have no permit for French covers. Do not allow them to care."  
- more likely, and far more exciting interpretation

So if you get approached by a Frenchman,  
wanting to plunge a hole,

**JUST SAY NO!**

(you've got the ICONA behind you!!?)

Did you know that Engray 294024 is Paul's Home No.?  
Did you know that Oxford 294024 is the STD clinic?

Dave L to Pauline "It's still fairly stiff, but it needs oiling"



11<sup>th</sup> July '91

A day of tent rotations and a total eclipse of the sun. But only by clouds. Joan mended bookbags, jackets, cooking lots of food. then it was shift tent, drink beer, shift tent, drink beer, fester, fester, fester.

12/7 the shopping trip Pauline, Sean  
Steve, Michelle

"during which we spend an hour ~~was~~ staring at the Cathedral while Michelle sketches it, for want of anything better to do."

We did a massive shop given that we only had 20 minutes in which to do it; the journey down the hill takes a long time in the clag. Then we realise that we have forgotten things (as well as forgetting the shopping list) so we wait for the shops to open again. ~~what~~ At 4 o'clock we buy them from a supermarket that is open all day.

We now have "permission".

The conditions are

- 1) No dye except Fluorescein. Tell the wardens when you do so
- 2) Don't paint signs anywhere
- 3) Take rubbish to the bins at Lorges
- 4) Obey all these rules
- 5) Obey the rules on the notice boards
- 6) Be nice to park wardens
- 7) Send in a report at the end
- 8) Obey the rules or we'll lose our permission

Dave M to Joan "Why were you washing Dave L's socks, Pauline should be washing those!"



(2)

Dave is chasing Joan. Now there's a town up for the books!

17 July 1991

El Jeffrey has returned from on high and has noticed that nothing much has been written in here since he was last here, nearly a week ago. This is because nothing has happened.

NOTHING?

well, nearly nothing. The following have, however, taken place.

- ① Dr Hawley sliced my foot open and thus confined me to Base for a few days.
- ② A nice lady from ICONA gave me a set of rules for conservation and safety in the National Park.
- ③ A nice lady went round the other end of the tent and gave Tony a set of rules for conservation and safety, AND a list of guided walks AND a bin bag.
- ④ Another nice lady gave me a bin bag AND a set of rules for conservation and safety in the National Park AND a list of guided walks. Some duplication of effort here surely?
- ⑤ I did some laundry.
- ⑥ I read lots of books, all of them trash. for some reason they all involved J. Edgar Hoover.

David

## IMPORTANT

The next shopping trip (Friday) MUST tell ICONA that we are going to put a quantity of Fluorocin into La Jayada on Friday, in an effort to get a trace to ZTF.

Well the 19th dawned bright but hazy. It was one of THOSE HAZES which come before

THE STORM.



So the morning was spent sorting out the van stereo to keep the shoppers happy and in washing socks and mending tents so that they may be truly battered down. And HERE IT COMES - the clag moves in, the scouts around the back sit down on the grass in the open to have their lunch. Quietly a few splots of rain test out a good spot to get wet. This is noted by O.U.C.C. who now have a camp well battered down for THE STORM. The scouts lunch on.

2 mins later the heavens open + O.U.C.C. lets down the last flap + waddles in to sit it out. The shopping trip returns + rushes in for chai until the rain stops. The scouts throw up hands in horror, scream + yell and huddle in one small tent in a right mess with the mesas. They really are completely hopeless.

The storm is very entertaining. We don waterproof and stand in the rain to be entertained by the sight of a direct hit on the mountain over the back with an enormous red glow @ the bottom of a stick that lasted a second - we decide that El Xito is not a place to go to, and the lightning has been seen gambling on Sod 2.

After a while a deep glag slithers into camp across the lake and away again onto the mud-slides, rolling gently over the rocky sharp cliff faces.

But gentle reader let us float back about 24 hours to the blazing sun of yester-evening... (Misty pictures and funny BBC electronic fx noises)...

~~House~~ Cast of Characters :-

House of O.U.C.C.

Dave Ludita Bell (Macthe knife... watch out for your canvas' also known as...)

Dave Lax (I can make pasta, I can make pasta' (pasta...))

Barline (very short...)

Paul the... (is for sex).

Chris El... A Hero of the Hour. He is NOT going bald.

Joan The... "let the eat... les" THE VACCINATOR

House of Scouts

Diverse scoutlets...

One Leader. El Gamle's

Another Leader, El Missing at the vital hour

youthful leader. El Crew cut which feels nice.



(23)

The House of Cows

Nº. 174 "I'm NOT a number, I am a free cow"  
NCC 4701 "I am an enterprising cow"

Guest Characters

A Hammer (Mallett type) = bread was not quite yet hard enough.  
A bunch of lily lined spaniards with tent poles + no guts.  
A Quog. [masquerading as a patch of grass].  
A poorly disguised bag of apples, one pretending to be a bowling ball.

On Lookers

The Yellow Van.

All on the campsite.

Act I Scene 1

The campsite above the squalid quarry. Blue sky, tankatanka noises.  
Enter Nº. 174 :-

"Moo!"

"Moo, Moo!"

Enter NCC 4701 "Moooooh!" "Sniff, sniff, munch"

Act I Scene 2.

The cows approach the pile of poorly protected food and A BAG OF APPLES which have a tent over only slung over them. Following translation of cow-chat :-

174 "Isn't it amazing that these scots have pissed off for a swim and been 'well-prepared' to leave their muckies out on the grass"

4701 "Stunning, one tray flip of the horn under the edge of that tent-fly and we're in for a lovely buffet for a 174".  
Yes I must say the last time I had such luck was when Los Loco In the night from the old blue tent with back in '89. Its been a while."

4701 "True, Free, lets find our old friend we may find some apples".

174 "I do hope so!"

Interlude

Act 2 Scene 1

A small area of tent adjacent to the home of the C



friend A-bag-of-Apples. Evening chatter + banter + witty repartee.  
Present - All of the House of OUEC and the Yellow Van as onlooker.

Paul the Perv " Well just know this that I'm only going for anal sex for 1/2 million fs, I'm not cheap you know"

Joan the Cow Catcher " Oh Paul, I have 1/2 million but its no good, I'm incapable"

[General Laughter ensues] as Paul is also incapable.

Dave the Laxative " Oh look at the scots next door, there's 2 cows sniffing under that tent - fly where the scots have just dumped their food"

Chris El-T " Where are the doggy buggers?"

Dave the Laxative " Well, their not here, and the Cow's are!"

Small interlude :-

Act 2 Scene 2

The cows approach the fly sheet + foss the corner back in front of the onlookers All-on-the-campsite. They discover A-bag-of-apples.

174 " Oh 4701 what pleasure, my darling, should we fetch Daisy?"

4701 " No there's only a few kilos, lets be naughty!"

174 " Mmm!, Mmm! Munch, chomp, munch, chomp, oosh fresh veg too"

4701 " This just goes to show that a little enterprize goes a long way! If we'd walked past this fly-sheet we'd have missed such a treat - by the way have you noticed our audience of spineless Spaniards and Los Locos Ingles?"

174 Gulp " Mmm! I have indeed, do you know one of the spineless Spaniards very kindly just got a scratch going on a little itch I had. Used a tent pole I think. He kept his distance on the well which is odd, I almost had the idea that he was after the apples too. Some people have no manners!"

4701 " So long as we get a good feed, Munch, Munch, stop, slobber"

Act 3 Scene 1 Take 4.

Los Locos Inglesas, i.e. the house of OUEC and A-Hammer with his friend a-small-piece-of-wood-skewer.



Joan "I suppose we ought to go and help the stupid Scots by getting rid of the cows, they don't deserve it, but you can't encourage the cows a lot!"

Chris "Well I suppose so, but we're eating our own dinner"

Dave "Should we bother at all?"

Joan "Oh well here we go, lets show the spineless tent-pole spariards how to do it"

Exeunts to Scot area clapping hands to no effect. Stands firm and grabs an apple (half chewed) and bowls it towards a car with lamentably good paintwork. Cow runs after apple to good peal of laughter. Joan returns to OUCC area followed by cows.

Chris "Here you are I'll help!"

Exeunts to bash cow butt with small piece of ~~wood~~ wood to great effect. Returns to OUCC area.

Cows return.

Joan + Chris return to Cows with loud whoops. Chris now wealds A-Manner (mallet-type). and pursues the 4701 around the back of the tents onto a small patch of grass.

Act 4 Scene 1

174 "Oh 4701, how alarming these Locos Ingles are, a quite chomp on apples and they go mad. The lily livered tent pole spariards are so much nicer!"

4701 "Yes I do agree, this spindly little white specimen is quite benetic with his big tool!"

174 "Lets leave, the company here is so poor."

4701 goes around the back of a tent to A-Poog"

4701 "Oh 174, Oh my dear, I've forgotten that this bit of sweet grass is a poog, oh I can't get my f at all!"

174 "Darling keep your feet moving or you're lost, and all for a goe full of apples."

4701 "Oh I'm out and running again, we'll set off for the



sweet green meadows by the lake, I never want to eat apples again, fancy being chased by a Mallet wheeling spectre; Still I'm sure we can have a good laugh about it now and later."  
 Exeunt both cows.

Chris "Oh did you see that amazing cow-in-a-quog, if we'd had to pull it out that would have been a right job."

Joan "Well they've gone, we're the heroes of the hour!"

Exeunt all.

Act 4 Scene 2

@ the home of Oucc. all chatter and laugh as Chas and Joan return

All "Hail Heroes! Los Toreadores Magnif-cos"

Enter The House of Scots for their swimming escapade full of well-preparedness!

El Gormless "Ayee ayee woe is me, ayy shall die, my Manzana are gobbled on and chewed"

El Missing "How can this happen we are always well prepared. we have only been swimming whilst leaving our food out in the open."

Youtful Crew Cut "Oh so what will we feed the figeros scots?"

Sprinkle Spanishard "The cows have eaten your apples, but Los Ingles fores tried to drown them in A-Quog but failed. The first Ingles bowled the apples as the Spanish armada of cows sallied in to the Channel between the tents."

El Gormless "well I will not say thank-you to the House of Oucc as the diverse scottlets of varying sex will know how stupid we were. Let us cook their dinner slowly so that we feed them at 10.30 pm."

Final Scene

The House of Oucc.

Passive "Let us all from this story know that he who laughs last is not an apple eating scot, but a long-laughing cow."



(27)

DEAR GUYS + GALS :-

We must not put our camping permission and the environment at risk by washing by the Fuente @ Los Lagos.\*

It is a nuisance to frog water around but TOUGH LUCK,

NO GOOD BEHAVIOUR (however tedious) = NO RETURN TO LOS LAGOS.

Love

Your nagging Joanie..

19 June 1991 23 17 hrs.

I am sitting here listening to the din of lots and lots and lots of happy spaniards. Worst of all, however, is a tape recorder playing what ~~app~~ sounds like a tape of a man singing through a kazo while being hit over the head with a guitar. The best way out of this problem seems to be in the hands of a quietly spoken man with hard eyes, wearing a black boiler suit and carrying a silenced uzi with at least 10 spare magazines. Alternatively a World War I design Lewis gun with a lot of ammunition would be nice. Donations to our fighting/assassination fund gratefully accepted.

David<sup>†</sup>

This is not acceptable. We can only egotistically preen our feathers and feel like superior-camping-county-enjoying beings if the worst-Spaniard-like-element exists. And if we converted them they'd all walk to Ario... Best solution = set up a burger bar in the depths of the quarry with an eucles-cake stand containing real flies; thereby native + the environment could take its natural recourse and cure the whole problem.

† normally I'm a nice quiet chap, but in the presence of bawling foreigners something just has to give.  
\* See one of the rules for conservation & safety, which specifically bans soap & detergent from use near the lakes.



20/7/90.

Joan is off to Ario + may be back here later. She's taken the red canister of paraffin, bread, Vajilla + Cebella to appease the anger of the upper Gods.  
Looks like rain later. Be good little chickens.  
p. xxx

P.S. Will someone PLEASE keep the Markite out of my reach. Ta Joan.

The Tale of 3 Superheroes Part 2

Abruptly the rigging stops, Dave Laxative had answered it, 'Bugger off' rang his dulcet Brunnie Accent.  
It was, QB their boss, 'I've got a special assignment for you' he said.  
The two evil animal doctors, Dr Horse and Dr Goldfish are upto their evil plans again, go and stop them.  
The 3 Superheroes disgorged themselves into their special Superhero Yellow Van and chugged off at a sedate pace.  
Upon arriving at the office of the department of Superheroes they went up to door and rang the bell.  
'Yes' snapped a voice from inside  
'We want to come in' said Tony Safety  
The door opened to reveal Mark Crosseyes the butler.  
'Come in' he said, 'and go up to the bosses office'.  
They went up, opened the door, and went in.  
QB was sitting behind his enormous oak panelled desk smoking an enormous 10 inch long cigar.  
'lets do it to them before they do it to us' he said.  
They left and drove off in a gust of smoke from the exhaust of the van.

To be continued...

The was a bold caver called Tone  
And cave rigging he'd do on his own  
But he left no slack  
So when they come back  
All the other cavers would moan



28

20 July 1991

I've been doing the kitty accounts.  
first I used the kitty book, and found a 30000pta deficit of cash from the box.  
I did them again using the till receipts and reduced the deficit to 3000ptas.

MORALS

- ① Someone has paid 3000ptas less than they thought for their kitty contributions. Was it you??
- ② Several people have failed to write their shopping trips in the kitty book. PLEASE remember to do this, it makes my life easier.
- ③ Please keep your till receipts and put them in the kitty box so that if you do forget re moral ② above I can tidy up the mess behind you.

Remember to write every transaction in the kitty book.

David

p.s. I'll do personal accounts soon as well, but if you think you owe the kitty money why not pay it off without me having to chase you for it.

Q - "I wish that dangly thing would it swell up, it doesn't happen that often, in fact this is only the third time."

Dore Bell "I haven't got one, I had mine amputated when I was younger... it has absolutely no use whatsoever"

Dore Bell (to Q) "You need something for a snoker thingy"

Q "Yes, a three year old girl"

Dore Bell "You need it chopped off"

Q "The last time I had any it was in a old green and yellow bottle"



21<sup>st</sup> July

(20)

Some people for the Federation Asturiana called around, but neither my French nor my Spanish was up to a conversation.

Dave

A cool day of 25/7/91

LOST MONEY CHANGING! -

For those changing money the banco de credito (Arriondas branch used) did not rip me off. They gave 184+ pts to the £ and charged only 250 pts for the job.

24/7/91

The veg lady in the ALDI supermarket got hit by surprise when TEAM LOCUST YELLOW VAN hit the park square in Arriondas.

Joan (with smile) "Tres Kilos de calabacin por favore"  
Lady (with smile) "Si, tres calab... - TRES KILOS di calabacin?!!?" (with alarm)  
Joan (with apologetic smile) "Si, tres KILOS di calabacin."  
Lady (with shock) "Gulp, si"  
MEASURES calabacin.

Joan (with grateful smile) "Gracias"  
Lady (with amazed smile) "De Nada"

Lady turns to next customer and exclaims something involving the words TRES KILOS DI CALABACIN!!  
Team Locust moves off to the ferret shop to buy out the hawvers.  
9A.

25/7/91

The Asturians are packing their singing. Do we have some spare Tergesic for them? I'm agony hardly bears description.

25/7/91

I have chocolate bars, tinned fruit, tinned syrup, hammer, 2 chisels, dextro energy tablets, several packs dried instant soup mix to Anjo  
Ricardo took bread, fruit, veg, .



(31)  
25/7/91

## A CAVE SHANTY

Tony was a young man ~~who~~  
who thought he'd done the rigging well -  
Way haul away, we'll haul away, Tone!

But all the relays were tight  
and everyone cried 'frigg'ing hell!'  
Way haul away, in the dark on your own!

Way haul away, ~~with~~ our arms ~~and~~  
feel bent & battered!  
Way haul away, we'll haul away, Tone  
Way haul away, till we're completely shattered!  
Way haul away, in the dark, on your own!

I'm swinging for a relay,  
The situation's comical -

Way haul away, we'll haul away, Tone!

Putting down with arms and teeth,  
a force quite astronomical!

Way haul away, in the dark in your own

Way haul away, our muscles knarled & mangled!

Way haul away, we'll haul away Tone!

Way haul away, the hours were ~~so~~  
cursed & daugled!

Way haul away, in the dark on your own!



25/7

## Yellow Van Faults

Page B

32

The tool box in the Yellow Van has for years carried spare parts. Spare Spark Plugs, HT leads, Distributor Caps, Coils, Pockets, Bulbs etc. Some of the spares were scrap - ie bulbs that were blown or the wrong type but most were usable second-hand parts - having been removed from the van previously before failure.

The reason for this was that spares are NOT available for Bedford Vans in Spain as Bedford Vans have never been sold in Spain.

This year when I turned over the Van to the Expedition Committee it contained the usual range of spares. These I assumed would remain in the van as nobody ever bothers checking through the box. Contained within were a brand new unused Distributor Cap and a used but serviceable Roto Arm.

'You can't bring those - they weigh too much' was the cry of the committee who without consultation removed the spares from the box in the back when tidying up. Leaving the 'essensial tools' (in their opinion), 1/2 litres of Brake fluid, but removing the oil and the spares.

We go to Spain.

Later in Spain, chugg chugg bong. The Van is bugged. Fault - cracked roto arm, damaged Distributor Cap, spokes weak and intermittent under load conditions.

Solution - replace Roto Arm with Spare, replace Distributor Cap with Spare.

Problem - spares removed from the van at Hovey Rd. No longer in van in Spain, location unknown.

Result - No Van.

Luckily as Steve Michelle Jan are going home on Sunday and Q is returning here next Wednesday there is just time to arrange a swap and supply new components from UK.

Had this not been the case we would be bugged.



(33)

25/7/01

VAN CLEAN UP

We found all kinds of stuff including

- a mangled premer cardide (Tony's)
- a knashed tent
- a good tent
- several pens
- a levid pair of shorts (Tony's)
- a Bright red pair of Dalenear long jolins (Tony's?)
- groundsheet (sugared)
- Tent poles for about 3 tents
- a Dalenear jacket (Tony's)
- some nasty old clothes (Tony's?)
- Some tapes (Tony's)
- RUBBISH
- An ascender (Tony's)
- A spare tyre. - not mine, I carry it around with me...
- Bivvy bags
- Bags for bivvy bags
- Empty bottles
- DUST

All the stuff considered by an impartial Jerry to belong to ADS is in a Red Impet bag at the right back of the Choc mint Tent

S/



26 July 1991

Look, I don't want to labour the point, but the Kitty book is not being filled in adequately or accurately. Please write explicitly, IN THE KITTY BOOK the transaction,

- eg: ① "Shopping 24173"  
 ② "Joan owes 27000 ptas for food bought with kitty money"  
 ③ "Chris put in 14000 ptas to pay for food bought with kitty money".

My job is hard enough without having to struggle to decipher messages covered with crossings out and additions up. Try to make the entries in the book as clear and concise as possible. Please put the date on too.

David

I have done the personal Kitty accounts. The list of debtors is as follows:

Tony	6545
Pauline	500
Dave B	22128
Chris	1052
Joan	172
Steve	3389
Michelle	500
Paul	2500
Tim	2650
Jenny	12560
Dirk	500
William	4050
Richard	<u>3000</u>
	59546 ~ £340

Please pay up.

It now transpires that Dave Bell has paid 21000 ptas. ~~Since the Kitty accounts only showed a small deposit surplus of income or expenditure.~~ The accounts were only out of balance by a small amount, and I was happy, but they are now out of balance by 24000 ptas (~£130) and I am now NOT happy.

Rack your brains. Look through the Kitty book and ~~change~~ check that you have recorded all expenditure of Kitty money.



David said ~~more~~ about Dave L.

"Lets hold him down and do it".

is this ↑ professional jealousy?

David

27  
28 July 1991

It is not.

Dave and Pauline have escaped from Los Lagos and are hitching back to Blighty. They were not as clean as they might have been, and I don't rate their chances of getting beyond Cangas de Onis as very high.

We, Dave B & Tony and I have been making chips and fried onion rings and things. It is very bad for us, but very nice.

David

27/7/91

@ 6.30 I was going to resolutely shake Gavi's hand and leave Ario. I had to greedily soak up another sight of the bowl. If I could see this every day of my life it would never fall. So @ 6.40 I shook Gavi's hand [someone I should have given a cuddle to instead - thanks for all the hard work Gavi] and dragged myself out onto the track on the Mirador. I waited for 10 mins to breathe in this vast expanse of beauty distorted only by the sad emotional tears welling up. Is this really goodbye for another year? Look at the slopes backing away into the hazy evening mists imping the weakness of memory. A slow plod down, four and short stops to watch Tortayo's great armchair back disappearing off into the misty blue of evening. A pastor was strolling along whistling slowly. Each tramping footstep passing the glorious tiny lilac crowns of sweet mountain thyme. The tiny mountain pink also lends scent. A flailing beetle caught hopelessly on its back is set to rights and goes about his way. Everything is as splendid as it can be. I've had 3 weeks of the most delightful company giving great happiness to me, I hope I gave a little back. After crossing the gentle little river to the melodic strains of yet another pastor, perhaps just of the same joy-de-vivre that I was, I enjoyed the trip past the beech tree. Met Dave Bell - what a happy face to meet, and plodded to Bobias. I am taking home 1 litre of that lovely fluid, and next week I shall toast your healths with it. So onward to Sod!



and after a bit the lake gently reflecting the silent white limestone and the gently green lush slopes, with only the traces left by the coot. My feet hurt, but I don't care. *Joan!* to the Pastor. Smile to the gentle pink of the evening mist resting between the mountains. Feel the grass beneath my feet. My soul is full, I'm happy + deeply in friend with everyone. These are our heady days of wine + roses that fend off those distant winters of discontent.

Good luck all. My especial thanks again to El Jeffrey (do look after yourself Gavin, let yourself go + be pampered to!) and to the rest of the committee + expedition. So Adios + see you back in Oxford / England!

♡ Joan x → El Jeff  
xxx → committee  
xxxxx → exped.

There was a young girl of Asturias

Whose temper was frantic + furious -

she threw soft-boiled eggs

at her grandmother's legs -

a habit unpleasant, though curious.

C2H5OH  
↓ speaks!

Dustbin Lacey - you ate my dinner you ~~BASTARD~~  
Well sod you, I'd like to wipe the Joan  
rest of the bloody mayonnaise

over your face + glasses with the  
dead remnants after passing them lightly over carpets

I hope there's a dung beetle in your stew, you  
hollow legged miserable bleeder.

You are the winter of my stomach's discontent.

I must stop now  
for Swine

Embociano



(37)

## SITUATION VACANT

There is a vacancy with a large financial organisation for a SKIRVY (Class 1).

Duties to include Making tea and porridge in the morning  
Light laundry  
Heavy rucksacks up and down the hill  
Other menial domestic chores.  
Having piss taken

Previous experience essential.

Salary - Negotiable K, to include benefits commensurate with the post and large employer.

Our client aims to be an equal opportunity employer, but no [redacted]s, [redacted], [redacted] or [redacted] need apply.

Apply to D. Monaghan, Chief Executive, Expedition Employment Agency, The Big Tent, Los Lagos, Enclosing full curriculum vitae and the names of two referees.

Pantine "If I'm going to be tied up I want to be comfy" Righty

David to Pantine "Now just flip a leg round his and  
kneel on the ground straight  
away"

31<sup>st</sup> July 1991.

Tim is going away now, and is sad to leave you all (Cares and Carees).  
I had a thoroughly nice, and pleasant. I say with care, Thanks for  
that wonderful deviation we shared in route 06 (but, I still  
think you should seriously consider getting the petbe safety tested...)  
Sorry you lost optimistic. Joan, you're a star, but you'll be pleased  
to learn that Dirk still manages to eat as much and do as little  
in your absence. Thanks to the "Depth-through-sitting-around-at-  
-Camp" crew (They'll know who they are...) for keeping my morale up  
by making me feel like a real Caree. Thanks to Richard G  
for keeping us all amused (and cheering gamin up) by finding  
2/10 again, and for generating such enthusiasm for "This is  
the big one" and for ~~the~~ letting me join the ~~car~~ historic



trip that pushed where no person had ever been known to tread for at least two years. Steve, thanks for such an education - particularly in how to fight fires at underground level. € (and not least for the graphic demonstration of how to put a <sup>fire</sup> ~~fire~~ <sup>intensity</sup> ~~head~~ bodily into pyrethrum steamway or Denton's burning Denator. (Chris, for which, thanks - you really too). Dave, thanks for giving me confidence that it's not the most inefficient DIY car owner on earth. Thanks to the yellow van for proving that something at least goes more slowly and with more difficulty than either 53/5 or 66/5. And thanks to Tony for being enthusiastic about the insignificant bits of care he spent most of my summer on, and against such odds, Tony, against such odds... Thanks to Jenny for proving that psychoproteogenesis is a heap of crock, unless, that is, you sleep with your head down hill. Do you really think 66/5 heard me crying? And to Sean, thanks for stopping me from mumbling up my tube at 5am at the flying Rebels. Thanks also to Michelle for proving that 2/7 can be done without night and with one anti-~~ant~~ butler. And, of course, thanks to El Jefe for organizing it all, <sup>for</sup> telling me to shut up when I start talking about money, and for helping me develop my love of tight scrupulous gravel. And Egbert? Well, just you Egbert. I'll be back.

Ⓢ The Kebab  
Round the next corner, to the terraced dog.

Unit XX

Two pieces of good advice from Jenny.

- ① Don't drink the Aris or Lago water without boiling/chlorine-ing it, unless you want to risk a horrid stomach upset. For the past 48 hours I have been weak from shitting + vomiting repeatedly, and the general consensus is that it is caused by a bacteria in the water.
- ② If you feel dirty, tired and in need of a change of scene and a wash, go down to



(2)

Cangas with a shopping trip and spend the pic evening exploring the town. Then find a cheap hotel room (3000 pts) with an en-suite BATH, SHOWER, SINK + TOILET and spend the night there.

Hitch back up to Lagos next morning in time to start the day (ie I arrived back by 10am).

Jenny.

2 Aug '91

Am now festering, having escaped from Ario <sup>yesterday</sup> after about 6 days' caving on the trot. The weather cleared up just about the time I arrived, enabling me to have a wash (!). The next job is laundry. Jenny has now deserted me for Ario. So I must wait for someone to come down or the Germans to come up. Pleasantly relaxed for the moment. I wonder how long before I get bored.

P.S. Went back in Amador's last night as the lower bar <sup>William</sup> was closed.

P.P.S. I can't pay my kitty debts until I can get some bank which means someone else has to be here.

Dirk,

I've put your washing in a labelled box in the yellow van.

~~Am now festering~~

Gerhard, Ewald + Beinhart turned up shortly before 10pm.

Holders of a <sup>full</sup> British ~~to~~ driving license are insured to drive my car (Renault Diesel ~~UWZ~~ 6859) if necessary. Car papers & Green Card are kept in a safe place, as are the keys - see Base Camp warden. William is instructed about how the controls work - see Bill. Be prepared to explain to a policeman why you're driving a German car ~~thru Spain~~...

-There should be about 200km in the tank still.

Gerhard



P.S. When you have used my car, take the little brown book from the shelflet below the steering wheel, open it where the pen is, and put on the left-hand pages (cf. previous pages for samples): the date, where to e.g. "⇒ Cango", who drove, and the kilometers reading. If you've been to a Diesel station, put amount & kilometer reading & date to, onto the right-hand page. If tank is really full, reset the trip metre.

Thanks ———— Uly.

3/8/91.

We had a visit from Juan Jose Gonzalez Suarez (He clearly thinks that we're the bees' knees) because of our continuity! He told us.

- 1). There will be a congress in October in Oriedo & he would like 2 of us to go & give a talk about Oxford's explorations (with Top Camp 2/7). There may be help with expenses.
- 2). Could we send him some pictures (see prints) + surveys c. A4 size of the more major caves so that he can mount these together for demo's at that congress
- 3). Could we send him at least a preliminary report of this year's expedition before asking permission for next year?
- 4). The congress is to commemorate 30 years of caving in the Picos & will include all types of Spanish French + Polish caves. Language will be Spanish or French or English. Note that the first exploration 30 years ago that they are commemorating was OUCE.
- 5). He is trying to assemble a complete liturgy of caves in the Picos & trying to make the Oriedo conference a regular event every 3-4 years.

PS: I think we should try to encourage Martin Lavelly to go Richard



3 Aug

The Lower Bar is now open again. The man who runs it explained the tragic circumstances. One of the girls who works there (? part of the family) was run over & killed a couple of days ago. Richard expressed our sympathies. It's not the first accident on the Los Lagos road.

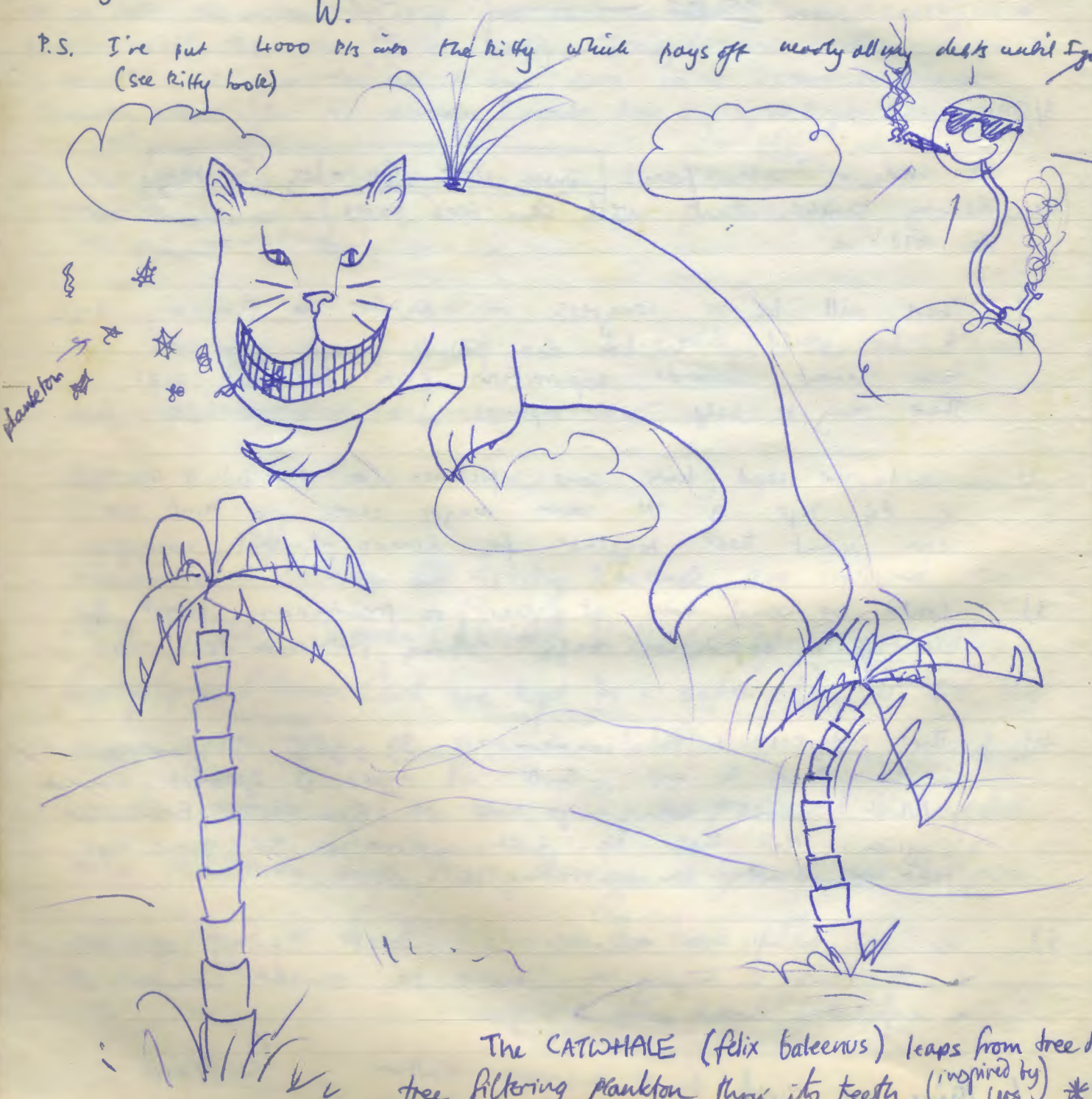
W.

4 Aug

Richard's farewell dinner last night at Amador's, then drove down in Gerhard's car to Coyas this morning for the bus to Oriedo. Did some shopping for bread & vegetables at Sebastian de la Fuente which is open on Sunday mornings.

W.

P.S. I've put 4000 Bs into the kitty which pays off nearly all my debts until I go (see Kitty book)



The CATWHALE (*Felix baleonus*) leaps from tree to tree filtering plankton thru its teeth. (inspired by) W.S. \*



There was a young chappie called Dave  
Who knew impecably how to behave  
But he was heard to swear  
So you must beware  
You'll find out he's not so naive

\* Dirk: "Urs, why does your T-shirt say Feline  
if it has whales on it?"  
(Lifeline)

4.8.91


Urs, Mike, Sherry, Mark, Dave H. turn up to Lagos  
unrecognisable in the day once again and get  
motherless in the Hoveer Bar (once again).

All day hangover following day must be attributable  
to either the tomato or the peanuts I had that day,  
'cos I didn't have anything else apart from gin  
and beer and Soly Sombre and Brotsch and a cup of  
coffee with oil instead of milk.

Paul Mann's politics suck.

6.8.91.

Am going away again after my flying visit. Hope de-rigging  
goes well & you all get back safely. Great to  
see everyone & the proc B is wonderful... a thing of beauty...  
a joy forever etc etc.

lots of love Sherry  
(& Mark too) 

6/8

We have just collected a letter from the Post Office in  
Corgas with the following address on it.

Jennifer G Vernon  
The Oxford University Cave Club  
c/o Mr. Listade Correous  
Corgas De Onis  
Asturias, Northern Spain

Needless to say its from an American, who lives at  
34 1/2 Clarkson, Rifle, USA  
Wierd !!



(13)

I can't find a kitty book on the dosh tin  
so I suspect both have gone down to Cangas  
with Gerhard. I have put 3000 ptas in the  
postcards box. Someone sort it out.  
love & kisses

Uno

11 Aug. 91.

I can't bear it at Lagos - hot, smelly  
and noisy. I'll have a cup of tea and  
then walk straight back up to Ario

Jenny

An admonition for all caves;

'Hige xéal þe heardra, hearte þe cénre  
móð xéal þe máre þe úre nægen lýklað.'

[Maldon]

( Our <sup>naves</sup> ~~spirits~~ shall be the harder, hearts the sterner  
spirit shall be the greater as our strength grows less )

David " I'll open wide and you shove it in " Monaghan

12 August 1991

Nobody has written anything in the log book for a long time  
We have all finished our carries, so Ario is now detacked.  
Dave B, Jenny, AQB & Tony\* have gone to Carma Meira to look at the  
Sorge.

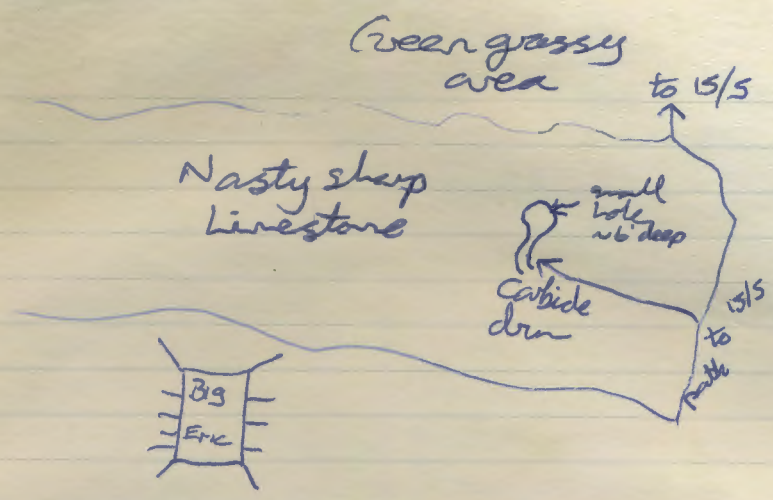
Grain, Dave L, Ewald and Me are sitting at Base amid the crowds  
Pauline and Gerhard are missing, presumed in the quarry.

David

\* Dirk has also gone to Camarneira but he doesn't count.



File  
and



Here is a map to locate the carbide drum. It is probably inaccurate and incomprehensible, but then I will probably be here next year anyway so it doesn't matter.

Dave L.