

P.S. An N.B. about this trip is: DONT DRIVE THE VAN AROUND THIS TRACK, or spend  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr beforehand filling in the 9 inch potholes on the piece of road that overhangs the lake. At the moment it beats any ride on the fairground. (R)

5. 3 sites above the Refugio (see Mike 19.7)

All replaced where they were before.

After spending the late morning in Amalons drinking Pouches ~~and~~ it was decided that a late start would be a good idea. In fact it wasn't decided at all, it just worked out that way.

The trip began stunningly uninspiringly with only 2 of Solms 5 dog detectors recovered. Mike's (mine) were easily found which is hardly surprising since 1 (Mike) was in the party.

On the way back we started off discussing littering, critics and posers but ended up ranting on about food until we were drawing at the mouth.

Saturday 28<sup>th</sup>..

Base Camp a busy place... Care down from Arjo thinking I may be needed to guard camp leaving <sup>God knows why I thought that!</sup> Silora + Caraham to go down 12/5 + Phil to show them where the cave actually was. Dave, Mike + Mike used vast quantities of ice cream but still not enough to keep cool, a feeling only left by when a mega washing / swimming trip was undertaken (what was thought to be a ton washed off on receiving its first taste of soap for... well, a long time). Tied in up to Top Camp for fun... 1 hr 41 mins meeting Ukey + Mike on their way up to Top Camp + Nicola on her way back (again!) to Arjo to collect camping gear. Hope Mike + Ukey got up OK... it was getting darkest when I got to Arjo!

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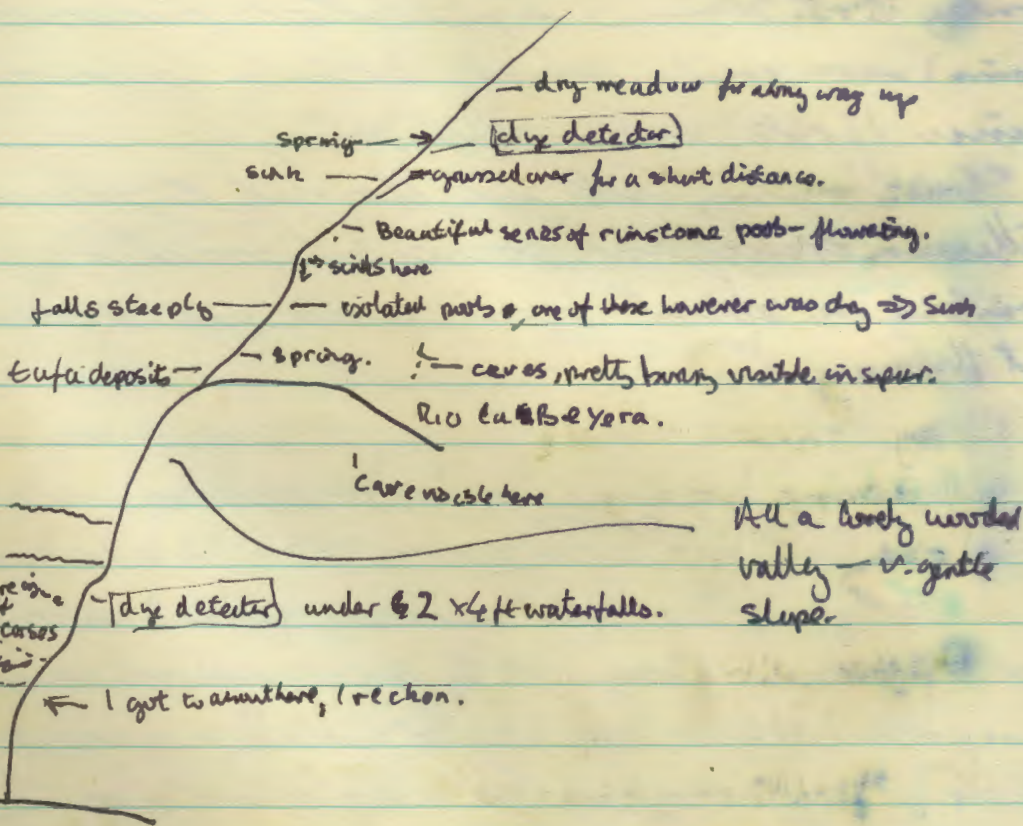
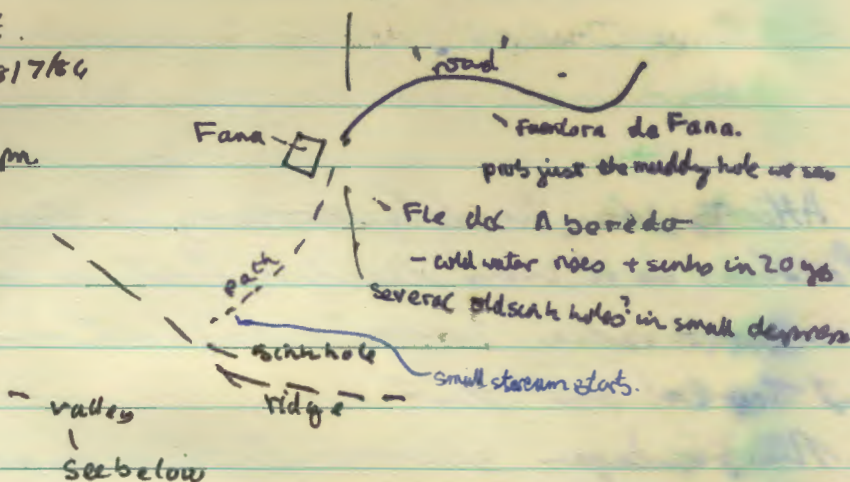
Phil Sargent.

23.1 butch. 28/7/66

Got ~~to~~ last one in by 4 pm

Out by about 8 pm

The fountain marked here  
could easily not be near fountain



No resurgence by enough like resurgence from Comeyu  
seen although in total flow the 0 sea river is biggest.

July Sunday

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Top Camp Altimeter Measurement 29/7/84  
 Feet.

Position	Altimeter Reading	Time	Minutes After 4:57
Enciema	4476'	4:07	0
Top Camp	7040'	5:52	<del>105</del> 105
Top camp	7040'	6:47	160
Enciema	4464'	9:12.	305

Since the top camp readings are both the same I shall take the mean time. I shall also assume that the pressure is varying uniformly. This would seem to be inconsistent with the two identical top camp readings but the inconsistency is only 2'.

$$2559 \text{ ft} = 780 \text{ m}$$

∴ Top Camp Cairn at

$$\text{Height difference to then } 1108 + 780 = 1888 \text{ m}$$

$$7040 - \left[ 4476 + \left( 12 \times \frac{265/2}{305} \right) \right]$$

$$= 2569' \text{ calculation way} = 2559 \text{ ft}$$

If consistent fall in height (ie 12 ft in 305 min = 0.0393442 ft min<sup>-1</sup>), then fall of 4.15 ft in 105 min, and fall of 6.30 ft in 160 min. This gives corrected height differences of 2560 ft and 2558 ft.

SUNDAY (cont.)

734 Dave, Fred + Nicola (just!) go off to collect large Hamburgs. John goes by the lake and Riley arrives & consumes two loaves immediately - he has cut his hand. Perdices, followed 40 minutes later by Martin with a small achilles tander - we all down steak. Andy go off to Congo for tortillas.

John acquires a 'helpful' 7 year old Spanish his rot. & to watch him strike bugs.

A lazy, hot day. Not as hot as yesterday, but down hot.

I do the washing up.

John goes off down Ossu expecting to be 22.00 (this is at 17.00) and asks for leave him some food this evening.

I read back proc.s.

I am very hot. It rains (too briefly).

Still too hot. The most interesting thing I was sorting dead matches out of the match tin...

Sunday 29<sup>th</sup> ...

He Hurlled down the last half of the Arco path on a bugged foot just in time to catch the car before it departed for Congo with Fred and Dave (next time I'll leave myself enough time for a leisurely walk down from Arco!) Congo packed... stopped and then into the Rio Grande for Tortillas and a

drink. Declined Dave's invitation for me to drive the van having seen it  
 conk out with sight of the camp last night and so he had the pleasurable  
 task of parking in Ariandas on fiesta day. Armed with a bottle of absolutely  
 disgusting white vinegar we then rooted ourselves outside a convenient cafe  
 and sat and waited for the bus bearing les Membres to roll in. Time  $\approx$  2:20 ish  
 Mucho vino later and the carnival procession passed - headed by a totally legless  
 Asturian band who'd spent the early afternoon traoping in + out of all the bars in  
 the High Street. All very Spanish and colourful - bongos going off everywhere and  
 Asturian bagpipes. Power-mod policemen had great fun organising traffic and  
 people once the carnival had passed. By this stage Ian + Martin had appeared  
 and the pile of coffee mugs on the table rose higher still. ~~.....~~ Towards 7  
 the travel weary Membres appeared - Jon, Dave R, Testyn + Steve Roberts  
 leaving the Spanish to their drinking (one hell of a lot of people in Corgos  
 are going to have a hangover tomorrow) we frogged off for some of our own over a  
 meal at Almodors before more vino in the back of the van as the first real  
 rain for 2 weeks appeared. Mucho enthusiasm for Dave + Steve R for 12/5  
 which they're going to home away at tomorrow. Dave H + Phil S had by  
 this stage left for the same destination. Andy, Motin + Nicola going to Corgos  
 tomorrow morning. Fred doing on the carry. The Keenness. ....!

(26)

Monday morning - and it felt like one.

Woken up too early after the night before. A Canyon tour and all the new "blood" going up the hill left me all alone - o.

Now there had been a little bit of snow during the night - that's what woke me up - but it really was quite a nice day when they left. I was just about to write some post cards when

WHAM!

The tarpaulin over the equipment flew off, the little bags inside scattering down to the quarry. ~~Because~~ I scrambled after them but could make no attempt to put back the tarpaulin. It was just at this point that it blew me over.

Naturally enough nearly all the tents were open with lots of sodies drying outside and all the guy ropes loose after a  $\frac{3}{2}$  week stay. ~~Almost every~~ <sup>nearly</sup> ~~every~~ ~~except~~ ~~one~~ ~~tent~~ was facing into the wind.  $\frac{3}{2}$

I did what I could ~~but~~ <sup>getting</sup> ~~up~~ ~~tents~~, tightening guy ropes, putting new guy ropes in and eventually securing the tarpaulin. ~~At~~ At the end of 10 hectic minutes the

- Score was: Big green tent <sup>flysheet</sup> ripped at back post
- Stephen Gale's tent - flysheet ripped, inside suspender broken
- Another gas mantle broken when the lamp crashed off the kitchen tent
- Steven Roberts tent - flattened

A few coils of rope kept the latter in place. Meanwhile the big green equipment tent looked in a worse state

than the butcher tent. So each morning the van round in front of the latter seemed sensible. Where were the keys? - inside Steve Rober's tent - starkly near the entrance. Eventually the wind ~~stop~~ died down. A few vultures flew over and the stampede of cows <sup>was</sup> diverted. When Martin finally rolled in not a breath of breeze blew and all was sunny. They wondered why the van was parked in an almost unobstructed position and one tent flattened.

Andy revels in situations ~~like~~ like this. The Roberts tent ~~was~~ was packed up and its scrupulous contents transferred to bin-liners. He new group for the big green tent and off with the flysheet when he then proceeded to mend utilizing the nurse's uniform.

Two points about the one fatality: ① It was the one tent facing the right way ② Steve had re-rigged it this morning. The poles were bent at right angles and the flysheet rippled so I guess its approaching a write-off. We ~~was~~ were aware with edge anticipation news from top camp and have been keeping an eye skyward for advance notice in the form of plates, water containers and tents floating merrily by. We have also discovered today how the rubbish is removed from the campsite.

(53)

Tuesday 31 July '84

Steve R. Made A Lot Of Fuss because there was no food. Steve fried eggs for people but ate His in His Alpen. Then SGR & D.R. went to shop in Cangas & to take Steve to Arriadas for their bus. But Silvia had forgotten her passport. Jan guarded camp.

Sean + Phil D. went up to top camp.

Coffee, shopping & tortillas later, team Cangas returned to camp. Then THE ACCIDENT :-

¡¿DÓNDE ESTÁN LOS NIÑOS MUERTOS?!

in which SGR hits a car & La Mujer calls in the Traffic Police from Ribasella. The van is chased back to the lagoon by the hit car. SGR + DR get dragged off to Cangas by the fuzzi. Dave freaks them out with his idiomatic grasp of the local insults.

Dave H. & Phil S. came down from Ario to see Steve + Dave consoling themselves (w/ Silvia + Graham) with an enormous loaf, a VAST charico & an immense lump of processed cheese. Suitably rehydrated, Dave R. + Steve R. take one 50lb tackle bag of food and one 40lb <sup>inckone</sup> ~~bag~~ of rope + ladders for a mega-packing trip in 12/5. We laugh.

\* grazes.



NO PROBS LAOS (SCR)

see Aris (log book) pushed 3 pitches.

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We still don't think Steve, let alone Dave, can get through the Naat.

We decide to eat - since Steve has gone to Aris we have a vegetarian meal of chickpea curry. (?) Graham & Silvia go to bed and Dave + Philip wait up for the others to come back. Dave goes to bed. Philip sits drinking coffee & wondering if the others will turn up before 10pm or not.

Plan for the morrow: Philip, Graham + Silvia get up at 07-45 & drive to Arandas in Marti's car to catch bus. Philip buys milk powder + more tin liners on way back.  
02-05 Philip S. crashes out in Phil. Duncan's Silver Speedster.

Tuesday 31<sup>st</sup> - Camp aroused early to get Silvia + Graham to Arandas in time for their bus. Miserable morning. Chucked it down all night. Everything dripping wet in the morning. Silvia + Graham disappeared off in the yellow monstrosity with Dave R + Steve eager to get their hands on the luddy money and a mountain of food followed shortly by the Culcembra team in Martin's car (Martin, Leslyn, John, Nicola and Andy) in hot pursuit of John's kit still in the yellow monster. Met up in Cangas, retrieved John's kit and after coffee + tortillas it was off to the Gorge. Mindblowing! Superb gorge - gorgeous sunny weather. John had great fun chasing insects (doomed to be spreadeagled on a curry tray) and Martin sending Leslyn back to precipitous <sup>ices</sup> (cliff) or something) to peer ~~over~~ <sup>over</sup> the edge and become immortalised on 3-D photos. Cave itself really good. Gorgeous formations.

(40)

Iestyn & John disappeared up a climb into the unknown whilst Martin carried Andy and Nicola into passing for pickies and holding flash guns. A reel of film and Yarkie bar later photographic team Culembro emerged (not via the mega cold way ~~the~~ - one swim each way's enough in that water!) - Andy and Nicola to krog off down to the resurgence to muck around in the water in the comfort of wetsuits and Martin to change and appear at the resurgence to take more pickies. Confident team exploration would be OK. The three returned to the lower Bar, urged along the path by the prospect of beers and bacs and sitting down to rest a culmination of gammy feet / aches / tendons etc... Well worth it once we did get to the bar. John & Iestyn appearing 2 beers later. Stomachs fuller we returned to Base Camp. Arriving sometime around 12. All in all a really enjoyable day.

1st August 1984

With Iestyn and Dave H. waving goodbye, Phil drives off taking Silvia & Grahame to their bus in Arica. This time I actually saw them sitting in the bus - after several coffees & sticky buns and lots of loo visits. Even then it seems that Silvia had forgotten her sleeping bag.

Back in the campsite 6 people are leisurely drying their gear and getting ready to go down Osu in slow motion. Maybe it's the sun. Nice.

Last night a cow got at the rubbish just inside the stockade causing Andy & Phil to rocket out of their tents waving their arms like windmills -