

Since Martin etc departed, I've been alone (ie no Brits), so whilst arduously stitching pins in my flies (what a dirty mind you've got), I decided to make friends with the cows. They really do appreciate a nice soft vocal like this where nobody dares them away. At one stage I had 5 returned in the shade of the yellow van with tourists taking pictures of them. ~~off~~ They seem especially attracted by the luscious grass round the tents, and in this situation it is especially important to be gentle and understanding with them else one side of the tent loses its guy ropes in their bulking escape reaction, conditional by the nasty Spaniard who ^{throw} rocks at dumb animals. In fact most of the trouble stems from 5-year-old budding matadors who get kicks out of chasing these big docile creatures into a corner where the only way out is through a tent. Cutest of all are two ^{male} young calves, a he and her, who stand around together. What really grabs me is the way they sit down + get up on their elbows. They do look so cuddly!

SO PLEASE BE NICE TO THE COWS,
THEY ARE MY FRIENDS.

Yes, I did have a brochilla de terrosa for lunch.

Anybody seen any entomological pens?

I've just tidied up the green tent looking for them. I midwife, tool found. All other loose items are in a serge high cardboard box on your right

LOOSE EQPT IN STORE
TENT

New horizons in expedition cuisine as Phil discovers
TOAST!!!
 yum yum.

SUNDAY Aug 11th

Margot + me (PMS) down from TC. bringing Dave's tent (fucked by wind - it's all those chick peas), 3½ hours, getting this walk well known now. Met PD on the way. Appreciate the nice tidy stove tent.

RAIN GAGE \leftrightarrow ALIO \rightarrow 1.10 mm \leftarrow brought down in (damp, shaken) water bottle + measured at Lagos.

We found Belay listening to Bruce Springsteen and sorted my Vango #4 for him to take to top camp.

Sympathetic until the dreaded mist appeared, which did have the pleasant effect of chasing away the spanish grockles with their barbecues & tables & chairs. -hooray!

Both of us had just had a total body wash (it is Sunday after all!) when we were greeted by two old Lags. I'll leave them to add their bit now.

*

Nostalgia isn't what it used to be but the weather up at the lakes doesn't seem to have changed much since 1973-76. (also 77, 79, 81, 83). Mike Cowlishaw and Bill Collis of ex OCCC expeditions fame still cannot resist the lure of spanish limestone. 2. cavers aren't capable of megagalactic discoveries but interesting points are as follows:-

In 1975 OUCC applied for permission to explore caves of the Latarma valley .. Astoria / Santander. Permission for the Santander part was not very forthcoming due to various misunderstandings and OUCC did no more than walk up the valley one afternoon. However Bill & Mike, never accepting no for an answer did some surreptitious exploration of their own whilst badgering SESS for a regular permit.

To cut a long story short the Comaria & Toyu caves were surveyed in 1979-1983. Cabañuca in near Suvias was surveyed in 1975. The spanish group STD surveyed La Huerta and Torca del hoyo las Muñecas 1981-1985. The latter is 223 m deep and over 4km long. See enclosed survey of Toyu and read Proc OUCC 8.

A good thru trip is to be had in Buesca Puroa cave (El cueron dela Purneda) (Proc OUCC 6). Nice big walking cave with 2 pitches (doubled 30m ^{SRT} rope useful) lots of cascades and pools. Wet suit essential. Exit from lower entrance through steep bracken and gorse rather unpleasant.

They had never heard of Manflake Oats !!!!

They conveyed the useful information that GINGER is a good accompaniment for chickpeas.

It's really nice to be clean again, even if it is all claggy

here - cold etc. Extremely Lagosish.
 Bill & Mike say that electric fence jobs are
 for sale "everywhere". Perhaps we should investigate this
 *ie. Cangas.

Excellent chickpea veggie ^{curry} steers - thank you Phil D.
 for leaving them soaked (& part cooked).

Monday 12 August

07-55 It is now 30 minutes since Margot woke the entire
 to campsite; running around stark naked, screaming. But I will
 let her tell her own story...

Fucking bastard shitty sodding 'orrible bloody cow!
 For the third time tonight, the same dull brown cow
 th no bell, had walked straight into the kitchen
 out. The first time, I managed to persuade it to
 come out the way it had gone in. The second time
 the sight of Phil, naked except for wellies, was
 obviously too terrifying (maybe it was a sheep in a
 former life), so it took the short cut straight
 out the back left hand corner, bending the corner
 en route. By the third time it knew it didn't need
 the door, & went straight for the back, it was at
 this point that I ran around shouting, & so did
 Phil, which awoke the entire campsite, who all
 got up, to watch two english eccentrics running
 naked round their tents in some obscure dawn
 ritual, screeching "oh god, oh jesus" "Fuck" etc...
 Then, ably abbetted by two nearby spaniards' dog
 we rounded all the cows up & drove them
 away (after pausing to put a few clothes on!). Damage to
 tent & contents is surprisingly little, BUT how many
 nights of this can it take? As I'm going shopping today
 I think I may well buy some grenades, or the Cong

desired elect - 'nice!

eggs. ^{red} hickpeas intact. ^{boiled} Spuds ok (drained).
Total Damage (apart from tax) 1 copy 2000 KD (trod on), 1
gas cooker (parts rearranged).

The guilty cow is, as I said before a dull fawn - not pretty like some - has no bell, & is not scared of people as much as the others, it is also fatter. John Huteh may think it is friendly, compared to the others it probably is, as it isn't frightened, but PLEASE do not encourage the beast. Once cows realise that they are 10x bigger & stronger than people, we're out a loser.

Mashed Gaz stove with wellie + powerful fingers. Made & Ate tortillas. Margot gave shopping. Place infested with calves. Yesterday I found an expln Tstiv (Red, L) & Sweatstiv (grey) with a pie midden ~~and~~ obiv. Have hung up in mess tent.
Calf now eating guyrope.



Cartback address for Bill + Mike in back of book -
TODAYS RECIPE.

Take 2 eggs, sake figante, pepper, salt and umflakes, a little
mtd. Mix up sufficient HF. to make something that resembles food dye.
Inji diu ! (Bevoe ^{green} green).

MARROT RETURNS:

POSTCARDS now 35pts (2x17pts)

On the way down from Top Camp I stumbled across 4/9 marked this year with 2 green splotches and a boulder worth of writing. Last year Ingahe was very insistent that the rocks not be painted ~~and~~ and I must say that this ~~is~~ really was an eyesore ~~is~~ and on the main path between the two local Refugios. The purpose of the marking should not be to help you find some worthless hole in the mist ~~to~~ (which paint isn't very good at doing anyway), but to stop you wasting further time exploring a hole that goes nowhere. May I suggest therefore that:

- 1) The writing be made smaller. This may mean you have to use stencils rather than freehand with ~~spraying~~ - or even a brush.
- 2) The writing be put ^{just} into the cave so that it cannot easily be seen ^{by the casual walker} ~~from above~~ but is immediately apparent to anyone ~~even~~ peering down.

butts

I quite agree - this paint, though, needs some time to get used to. At my third inscription I still made a splashy mess of my hands, waterproof & miscac. Yaw,

Definitely!
Mrs.

Bury afternoon. Sealed up low's entrance to tent & wrote NO VACCAS outside. unbent the bent poles & re-pitched tent. Bought a cow bell in Cangas to act as a burglar alarm in front of tent at night. Had a visit from some Spanish eaves from Valencia, don't know what we talked about but it seemed quite interesting at the time! They gave us a VERY Posh Joun.

Mon 11/8/85 G.W. down from Top (got very lost in drizzly mist, visibility 20m most of the way) with the intention of carrying up duracells, lamp spores, pulleys & food. Won't make it to Top tonight though, - going to stay at Arvo overnight. Found no duracells at all.

To be (bought and) taken up to Top:

- BDH - cont. full of $CaCl_2$ sitting next to the ton
- fresh veg.
- eggs
- tinned fish & calamaries (lots) x15
- chocolate (lots) Nestlé
- cinnamon
- jam & marg.
- any pulleys & duracells (i.e. unused ones) that turn up anywhere!!
- some tinned meat might still be nice, also tinned mangoes & grapefruit segments - the latter aren't desperate yet.
- Stevens & Leffold Wine & Dine bags
- Some loo paper
- chocolate spread
- lemon juice
- Teak coffee bag
- Motico (another ~~big~~ big tin)
- more bread
- possibly a couple of (decent!) saddlebags

'OUR' cow.

FAT BELLY

muddy colour (v. pretty!)

TAIL SLUNG CASUALLY OVER RUMP.

If you see this cow, tie a bell on it, with a very distinctive note for instant identification.

NO BELL



Dumped rubbish, filled watercontainers. (One has hole, row in Morochal too)

Sent GN. cpts Ario carrying a vast quantity of stuff.
Then sent (sequel in next year's Base Camp logbook!)

Who said guarding base camp was boring? This morning not only did 'our cow' keep us occupied again at 7.45 am (near entry this time avoiding the trap wire to the buzzer alarm), but later the bulls kindly put on a show. The events were announced by a loud bellowing accompanied by the bull energetically pawing the ground near the phuser dome. At this time it was walking directly towards me in the cab of the van and I was vaguely wondering why ~~the~~ a bull should think a yellow van to be another bull worth chasing when it trotted swiftly past towards the other performer a more solid less agile beast with a big black eye. A bit more clearing of the ground and then whomph as horn met horn and they staggered all over the campsite, locked in combat, earth flying from their hooves. By this time they were encircled by a ring of Spanish & German photographers. The ring was wisely a long way away from the bulls. As if a bit self-conscious about this voyeurism the bulls then ceased to engage in head to head combat but ~~near~~ merely jostled for position in a side on posture. Very very timidly the boy from the bear, armed with a stick, gently persuaded the pair to drift up the hill their bellows echoing round the mountains for long afterwards.



Are people aware that quite close to at the end of the Vega Almeida there is a cave marked in the Lueje map as Cueva los Pedices?

We changed the ~~name~~ name of FUS6 so may I suggest that we change our name for this cave also to avoid mega-confusion. As far as I know the name has not yet been published in a Proc. *Yes it has in Proc 11!*

Went shopping. The Garz/bluet van does not arrive on a Tuesday until 10:15 or so, so despite being in Cangas at 0850, we did not get an early start.

Clay down at Lagos, lunch + Mazot kipped for 90 mins. Now to Top Camp! Mazot with v. light sack to encourage speed... [16:25 PMS]

Thu 15-8-85

Talking up to Top: about 20 tins Mandarin Orange Segments

9 bags 7-minutes-ready-dishes (Berens & Lofield = Wine & Dine)

1 smallish tin of Matico

lots of eggs (at least they're still egg-shaped at the moment...)

Yerba

or so I thought...

Song

To the tune of '10 green bottles'

One Brandy bottle sitting on a bench

One Brandy bottle sitting on a bench

But if that brandy bottle should accidentally fall

Then 5 english caves will laugh forever more!

Raced off with this not too heavy load at 6^{pm}. Had I been heading for Aris I would have made it in less than 2½ hours my second best time so far. But fate would have it otherwise. At 8^{pm} I was just below the Aris Met. station, took out my compass and

veered off into the mist, gently meandering between S and W. My bearing should have taken me to the Vega de Miseda (or across some known point before) within 1 1/2 hours, even walking slowly through the gathering gloom, but half past ten I still hadn't ~~seen~~ caught a glimpse of any familiar landmark. I called the trip off and had a rest (and one tin of mandarin orange segments - my stomach was getting rebellious) and even in the sheltered corner where I was sitting I was shortly convinced that I had little chance to survive a night sitting in the wind. So I shouldered my pack again, settled for NE ~~and~~ and stuck to this stubbornly, unless the landscape left me no choice but to detour. At midnight my headtorch went out. This at least had been foreseen and I fumbled about to get ~~to~~ my last Duracell into place. Several ups and downs later and after a frightening appearance of a glowworm-like Jupiter through the receding cloud I finally hit the Lagos path again. It was 2:30 am and I was just above the "junction", not far from Sod 2 - much lower than I would have thought possible. By the way, the double arrow at the junction has been rebuilt and is now 2 pebbles longer than before. The top of the cloud ^(had followed me down to) ~~was~~ ^{this} level and there it stayed.

I decided that knocking at the door of the Refugio at 3:30 am and waking everybody up wasn't on, and ^{so} turned downhill. Below Bobias the path is a revolting slimy slippery mess of quicksand plus cowshit and I nearly fell into this several times. (Haven't checked yet how many of the eggs have survived the trip.) Arrived at the Camp, navigating across from the foot of the path by mere guessing, at 4:15 and found: food tent open, store tent open, bread and nonempty billy sitting in the kitchen tent - obviously to attract the cows. You're doing really everything to make their life easy!! Decided to play cow myself and finish the stew off, starved as I ~~was~~ ^{was}. Net result: lovely 10 hrs walk, about a dozen stars sighted, my burden relieved by the contents of two fruit tins and one (self-sponsored) Marathon bar; knees and ankles benumbed, back aching - and if I hadn't felt ill to begin with.

I should've listened to you and ~~stayed~~ ^{stayed till} the morning. Well "wer nicht hore will, muß fühlen" ...

Fri 16 Aug: - PMS.

Down first yesterday from TC \Rightarrow Cangas to get line for carlette technique on Fred's folly; but it was 1578/85!! (TFOTAOT/VM). Will use the green washing line instead (bought by Margot for route finding in F20). John (who was running a slight fever) & myself tried to measure this & got into a hopeless tangle: Between 100m & 200m long I think. Fred + Ukey took it up. Then got drunk with the rest of the bunch.

12:40 This morning I moved the kitchen (a "navis" tent) out of the swamp & began washing up. John is in one of the "small caves near Osta" - see Proc. 9. - callout for him midnight tonight. A small pupper has stolen one of our greasies!

14:30 Wow. What a day. The most exciting thing I did was to watch the lentils boil. Wowie. Humah. Ho hum. serves you right, you should have gone caving.
John came back. we ate lentils. We went to bed.

SAT 17 AUG 1985 - PMS.

Con. 0700. Went back to sleep. 0900: John goes off bug hunting in Vega la Camera in the Renault. The arrangement is that he gets back by 1300, then I dash up to TC to do a carry down of gear - or, I will go up as soon as anyone else comes down to relieve me.

Nothing to do. Camp tidy after yesterday's blitz. Fiddish Medikit a bit. Bright sun, clear sky, perfect visibility, quite unlike yesterday.

JUAN JOSE GONZALEZ SUAREZ called:

People in team: 550m single shaft of \sim 330m at bottom of
: PORN de OLISEDA
3, 8m above lake to snow (250m pitch) Now Madrid' owned now 703m deep
This is one of Juan's, now the property of Madrid!

Juan was very complimentary about Oxford in general. They are constructing a database or a catalogue of all the 3000 Pico caves

and he would like very much full sets of our Proc's (letters already sent to SFR). I gave him Urs's address as exp'd secretary as well, just in case anything got lost in the Metallurgy portal system.

He said that YUCC + Madrid are currently working near Carband, but he does not know the dates. He was on the Eric Vogel rescue, and he said Manchester (Trevio) gave a hand, but only 4 of them could do SET. (whoops).

He was interested in 3/5 (Caracots) connection and very much would like a full survey with the 12/5 entrance as it too. I told him all about Steve Gale being in Cambridge, not Oxford, and said that was why things were slow.

I forgot to ask him about The World Congress next year - but his English is very good. He is currently fully involved with some project in the central Proc's over the next couple of weekends, and works during the week.

He was worried about the OUCC/SIE "border" because it is set in a lot of very old letters and is somewhat fuzzy - he would like it "tightened up" somehow - maybe we should shaft back a surface survey along it? (my idea).

He was very pleased that we had 2 r600 in deep pots and was doing such good work, even though we had such a small area this year (about which he felt a little guilty?). He was extremely complimentary about our precise surveys.

He wants us to contact all old Oxford logs to dredge up all possible info. for his computer database. I gave him Mike Conlisk's address (he remembered the name too).

He said that BEIDGE CAVE was ours and that he was telling 'Leon' to keep their paws off it.

We discussed the Perdies / Hoya de Budo dye trace with scepticism.

Perhaps we should send him a letter at the end of the exptn listing our discoveries?

He said people from Leon had found a 330 m single shaft at Pozo de Oliseda (bottomed at -550 m) this Summer. This is now the largest single shaft in the picos (he said the largest pitch in Cabeza Muxa was only 220 m - surely it could be rigged larger?)

I told him about 3/5 and how we pushed it beyond SIE, and he said it was a 'real English Cave' then. I also described the rift in F20 to him.

~~F20~~ Upon his seeing ~~his~~ my butterfly net I had a laborious session with ① a park warden ② his ~~job~~ ^{job} summoned by walking talkie and ③ his teenage daughter who spoke a little English. The trouble was that instead of meekly accepting the handout handed out to people with butterfly nets, I proudly, almost smugly, produced my authorisation. But the eagle-eyed fellow noticed that it was dated 1984. Apparently I needed a new one for 1985. I am ~~not~~ ^{not} miffed of O'neils etc. Surely that I hadn't applied this year because this year I was letting everything go (I hoped he wouldn't look in my knapsack at the rows of tubes of struggling insects). But in the end thanks to his charming daughter, and ^{perhaps} my ~~the~~ address including 'B.A' and 'University of' he wrote ~~the~~ ^{out} the necessary

addendum ~~to~~ to the authorization and it all ended in much hand shaking and smiles and 'buono's etc. They were obviously nice people but their attitude did rather remind me of the 'more than my jobsworth' librarian who is more interested in ~~the~~ the interests of the books than the readers. One might suppose they would welcome ~~an~~ entomologists willing to work on their wretched fauna! As it is permission, if sought through the official channels, takes ~~over~~ 2 months to arrive.

Thought for the day 19/8/85

"The trouble is, if you're constipated, it makes your knees ache." Margot

Tue 20/8/85 Hoyo la Madre, Dye Detecting, 4th of last time this year

This time my "guest" was John Hutchinson, who found a real paradise - from Belbin onwards there was nothing that could have stopped his enthusiasm. In the gorge the by now well-established BST* was again applied, though by me less successfully than last time - I hit a pebble rather too violently & now my left buttock is hurting badly.

Found all 'ectors, including the YUCPC one, in place - decided that the York people must be leaving soon or have left already and probably have tried in vain to find their thing. So we took it out to have it brought or mailed to them later. It's in the dye 'testing box now.

Please keep it upright if at all possible.

I left JH down there at half past three with a view on making it back in time for a swim in Enol, but ended up festering at the campsite. Oh me dirt...

Y.W.

* Bum Sliding Technique

20.8.85 COULIEMBRO

Phil R., Duncan, Fred, Ukey. 4 hours.

Well, we found the dye detector a good foot above the water, and a lot of rhodamine lingering in static pools which would have been upstream of the detector if the sump had been flowing (if it's a rising sump as P.R. thinks). The quantities of dye about were unrightly and must surely have been unnecessary. We also found a raggedy old detector washed up on the edge - could this be the missing one from '83

After a lot of grovelling around finding loops and different ways to get to the same places, and after everyone except Phil had had a good go at falling down something (Duncan dented his leg) we found the cordelette climber up. As it was quite late (we didn't get underground till about 6.00 p.m., for a number of reasons including the late return the previous night of Phil & Fred from their second carry of the day) we didn't go on up. The cordelette was twisted and jammed so we left the rope (15m PMI) in place for next year: it should survive the winter OK.

Out quickly to a wonderful warm scented night, & back to the van by about midnight. We even found ourselves a café to sell us coffees, beers and casadillas at quarter to one in the morning!

Gerhard says that a ten foot hole is no good because you can't see it growing.



Best wishes for the rest of the

Expedition.

to Plymouth

Go Deep Omega's!

BRITTANY FERRIES

M.V. QUIBERON

Longueur 129m. largeur 21,06m. vitesse 20 noeuds

Nombre de passagers 1143

Length 129m. width 21,06m. speed 20 knots

number of passengers 1143

Dear Carers,

We have been having a great time eating our way across the Bay of Biscay & the English Channel. Tried to sleep out on deck but had to move in at 3a.m. when it started raining. Reelling in the luxury of meals with knives and forks; water at the turn of a tap and showers with real hot water & soap. Quite a good way of easing you back into civilisation really...

The horrors of work & social behaviour are beginning to dawn on the 3d w though which is appalling but... we will manage it somehow. Quite a good idea to have a cabin for one, and all the others can then use the showers, etc.

William, Nicole, & John

John (thanks for putting up with me - I've enjoyed it immensely, think I was useful in a small way, and have profound respect for everyone)



Editions d'Art "JACK" 22700 Louanneq mobile deposit - production in circuit

Ursula Collie,
O.U.C.C. Expedition Jefa,
Lista de Correos,
Cangas de Onis,
ASTURIAS,
ESPAÑA.

DEPTH THROUGH THOUGHT de