

1986

ASE

AMP

1986

BASE

Day 1 : 6th July: 1986

Van breaks down before we reach motorway.
Big ends gone. Rattle Rattle Bang Bang Couch.

When tweetle Beetles Battle

When tweetle beetles battle
it's called a tweetle beetle battle

When tweetle beetles battle in a puddle
it's called a tweetle beetle puddle battle

When tweetle beetles battle in a puddle with a paddle
it's called a tweetle beetle paddle puddle battle

When tweetle beetles battle in a puddle in a bottle with a paddle
it's called a tweetle beetle bottle puddle paddle battle.

When tweetle beetles battle in a puddle in a bottle with a paddle
or a puddle eating noodles
it's called a tweetle beetle noodle puddle bottle puddle
paddle battle.

Heaven knows I'm miserable now!

8th July. ~~Misty~~ Misty.

So much for the 8th July. Why does the
anonymous author of "Misty" (2 Pulitzer Prizes)
hold document the ~~heroic~~ overing of the tent, the fine
links from the lower bar. The pit of hear about
the Santanah ferry terminal, the enormous negotiations
for transport at least to Covadonga, our eventual

acquisition of an 80 seater luxury coach to
Los Lagos. The hair raising journey up? Perhaps
we shall never know. The driver certainly earned
too 30,000 Pesetas. Most amusing event - the
young people of Santula talking to all our gear
just to see what had to Plymouth. (They meant
the pallets actually).

Alas for the teller Van! No stereo - Slating
year - crumpling mega trips to the Canyons
Pinta desella.

Steve Robert

9th July

An early start for Martin & Fred who undertake
a bus journey to Orinda to get a camping
permit.

For the rest of us it was the first onslaught
on Top Camp. After brief organization, left
at ten past nine. Walk to the top of 'Sod 2'
was ok, plenty of cloud to keep us cool. Climbed
Sod 2 in mist & then broke out into the heat.

Not quite so fun now in the intense sultry heat,
especially when we left the path & picked
our way up thro' the x-valley & across to the camp.

Bloody good feeling getting to top camp, very
impressive backdrop. Set the tents up - order
outside than in & then ate a bit of now & most
& we descended back to base camp. Unavoidable
descent of apart from chatting to Spanish tourists
in French.

& so at last the wandering explorers returned
to the Maria Rosa, peeled off their bright blue cagoules
(OK, that was only me but I didn't want to get my comms

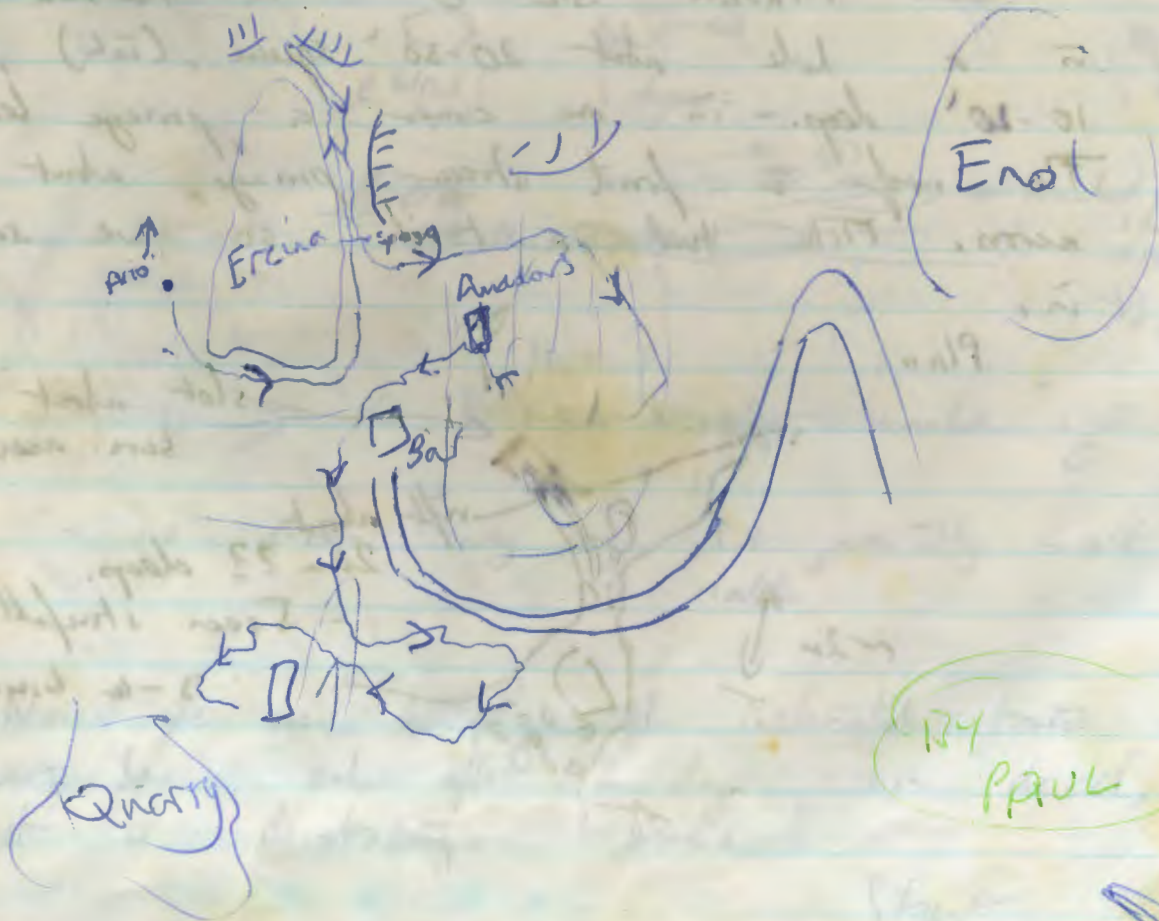
Burnt) & slowly their aching limbs, sunbroke, numbness,
& general feeling of fatigue faded into the sunset. (Sorry,
grey, cold, mist)

Apologies for the long account, but not an awful lot
happened today, apart from the mind boggling scenery.

Jan

9th July: Aster guarding camp Dan came
down early to relieve me so I could get to
Top Camp.

Up to top camp in ~3 hours. On the way
down it got ^{dark} just after Bobias. I managed
to get to the rock where the path starts
to climb (with Arco →) It was over an
hour before I found Base camp. Below
gives some idea of where I went.



12/1/88. Saturday.

Mike, Steve, Phil, Mel, Roy
walk down in mist + passing rain. On the
way down the X-valley we meet Martin,
Dan + John-C. Further on, we strike across
the wastes to the Arvo path.

We find caves!!

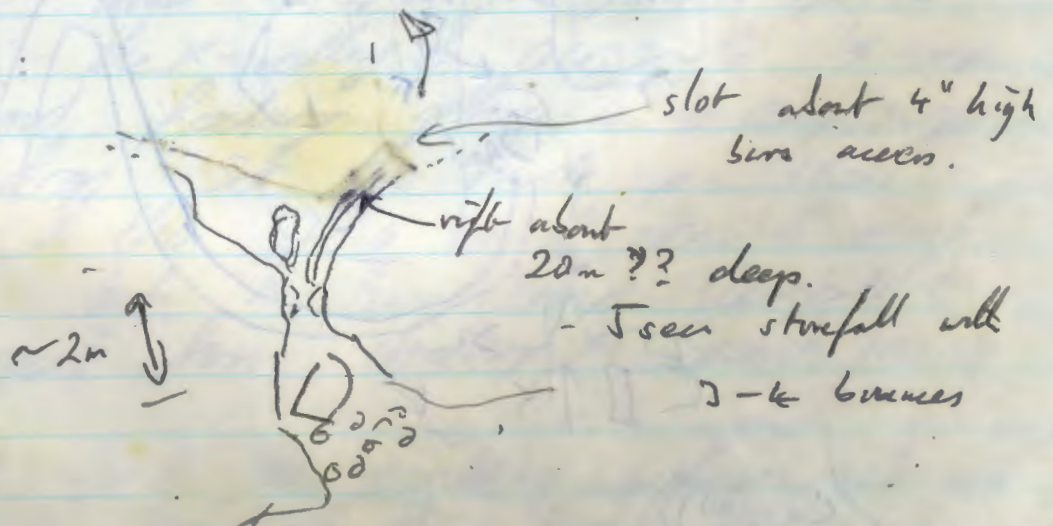
No. 1. a shaft, about 30' deep, with
jagged sides. A loony could possibly free-
climb it, but we desist. A spiky cairn
was put up nearby.

This cave looked so promising that
we put a (spiky) cairn up nearby. We then
decided to go on a bearing of 30° until we
struck the Arvo path, to fix the cave's location
a bit. Immediately we found ---

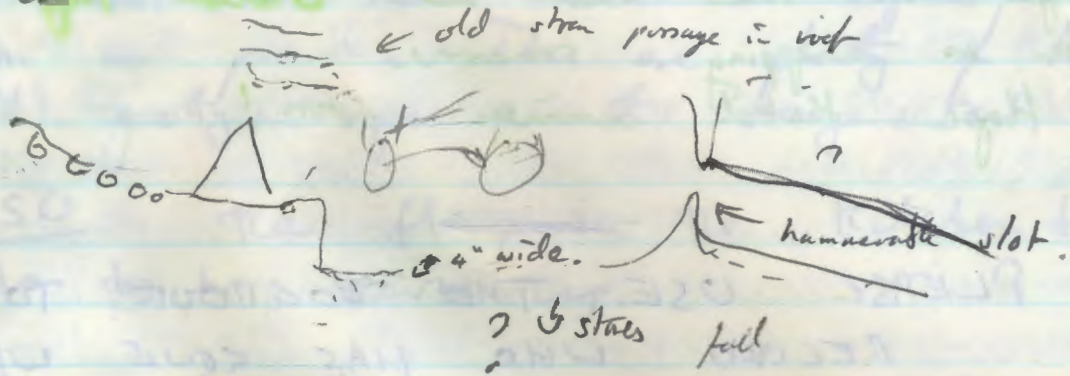
No. 2

Marked "SIE 0" in red, this
is a hole about 20-30' square, (ish), about
10-12' deep. - in one corner a passage leads off.
The roof is frost stream passage, about 8-10"
across. Mike had a torch so we scrambled
in.

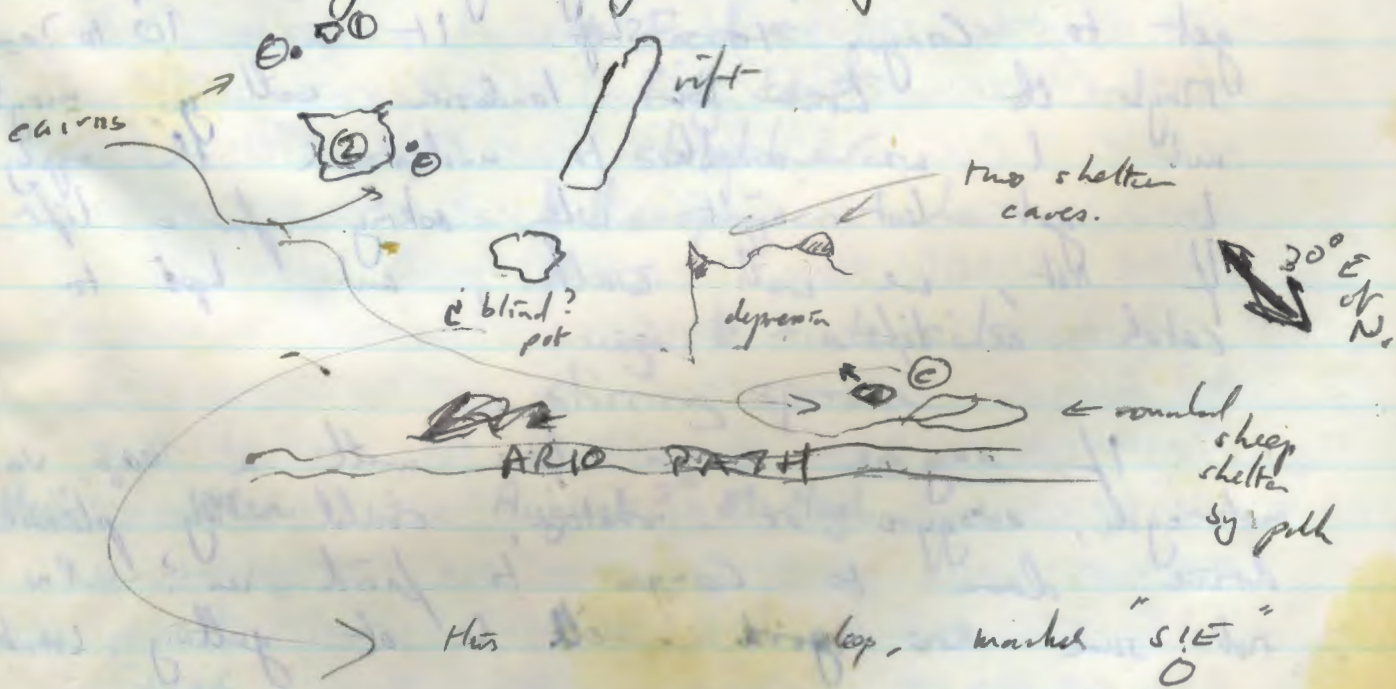
Plan:



Elatol



Elatol by our find, and wanting to return with big hammers, we continued on 30°. Next was a huge rift, then two ^(cave) sheep shelters, then the Aris path. We put a cairn by the path with a stone pointing at the caves, which are about 200 yards ± 300 yards away.



- no down way in, but possibly worth a look

Now we are hitting the inebriated forces in the lower bar, and after 2 days, sin deool, the effect is devastating - Whence!

Stave.

(6)

We now face the ordeal of making the
people at the lower bar (letter High) take us shopping tomorrow.
Hope Hubert arrives soon!

PLEASE USE THE LOGBOOK TO
RECORD WHO HAS GONE WHERE,
WHY, + CARRYING WHAT!

else it's very difficult to plan things
properly!!

13/7 Sunday

Steve + Phil are going to attempt to
get to Canyon to ship. It is 10 to 7am.
Maybe the lower bar landover will go maybe
not. I was unable to understand the reply
I got last night when asking for a lift.
If not, we will walk, and hope to
catch a lift.

If anyone arrives here with a car, van,
motorcycle, autogyro or whatever, could they please
drive down to Canyon to find us? I'm
not sure how good we'll be at getting back!

-Fast it Big + Fast it Loud
Yes I'm Flatulent + I'm proud!



I think the tent should be roped down as soon as possible. There are plenty of lower-
(said) grotty ropes in the orange tent.

ALSO the flap in the kitchen tent needs to be sewn up.

Also Also - if the sun comes out (he!) could the things of mine in the orange tent be hung up to dry? T.

Essentials for top camp:

- Gas + petrol
- * Food *
- Big tent
- stretcher
- full ~~empty~~ carbide
- pens
- knives & utensils
- stirring spoon

"Neil?" "When is August?" McHugh

They were
took
they were
top
well
there was
more
a

(8)
Orledo. 9th July Fred + Martin.

We had fixed up a lift from the lower bar between 7:00 and 7:30 so we dragged ourselves up at 6:00 in the dark and impenetrable mist and tramped up to the ~~lower~~ upper bar. At 7:05 there was the ominous sound of a Land Rover pulling away from the lower bar. At 7:45 we wearily scudded down to Corredouga.

We eventually marched down in under 2 hours, meeting a pastor on the way. As we waited for the bus whose time of departure seemed uncertain we tried vainly to get lifts of the passing cars. A rather flashy red Mercedes came round the corner with 4 people. "Oh well, give it a try!" To our amazement it stopped and Martin and I piled in with our rucksacks.

They were an Argentinian family and the father apologized for Maradona's first goal that knocked us out of the World ~~cup~~ cup. We accelerated suddenly past all the cars that had not given us lifts down to the main road. They were not going to Lengas, but they took us there anyway. In my boots they made up for Maradona's goal.

We did a little shopping and then got on the bus to Añonas. We changed at Añonas for Orledo. There was an appalling video which watched as we sat in an appalling traffic jam.

10th July - Arrival of the Garcia Brothers

When we got to Orsiedo we went into a bar and Martin to the loo while I asked the way to the place we had the address of. "It's much too complicated for me to explain" said the girl, ~~and~~ "I'll take you there." We climbed into another much bigger Mercedes and shot across town to the offices of ICONA. Unfortunately they turned out to be at the other end of a one way street. Martin and I prepared to get out, but oh no. Instead we reversed down the street dodging the oncoming traffic.

We went upstairs to the office and asked for the guy that we had been told to see. "Oh no he's in the National Park." "Which National Park?" "Covadonga." "Oh my God! We've just spent seven hours traveling from the Covadonga National Park!"

Anyway we managed to sort everything out. Apparently they had changed address, and had not been getting our letters. We wrote a letter applying for permission to camp, and they gave us a permit on the spot.

We walked here to the bus station, had another apricot juice and the girl who had given us a lift talked to me about South American literature. We got the bus back to Cangas, did some shopping and I hitchhiked back to camp in another Mercedes.

15th July.

Things to take up

- Medium knives
- hadders
- Meat
- Bread
- Tomatoes
- Milk
- Mom Flakes
- Stodge
- Bag roll
- Greenies
- Petrol

Die tracing (heroically)

Paul + Dan

Hoya la Madre

Marti + Ray

Rio Pomper + Rio la Beigera.

Camp tending

Fred

Hoya la Madre

- where the detectors are

