

(14)
the yellow van set out across the vast regions of space known as the Picos de Europa, in good spirits on the afternoon of ~~the~~ a sunny day having fortified themselves on the aliens larger (full guarantee to make you visit the quarry).

With suspicious ease the relevant gorge was located but upon attempting to penetrate down into the ~~the~~ depths ~~whereupon~~ wherein the water flowed they were attacked not only by sharp rocks, stinging nettles & thistles but the long wet grass upon the steep slopes ensured that the well padded bums were put to good use.

Eventually the resurgence reached and bombs deposited the final onslaught to reach the cave caused the hikers to tremble as they navigated their ways up & down sheer slopes with large drops below.

At this point, the world through which they trekked determined to seek its revenge and surrounded the hikers in thick mist. Immediate return to the yellow van was imperative so they zipped up to the top of the valley, panting & trying not to look down too often and then used a piece of straw (and not a bootlace) to set them off in the right direction through the mist. (They had foolishly forgotten a seemingly useless item, that consists of an oscillating pointer, usually known as a compass). At long last a pasteur's hut was stumbled upon & the direction of home enquired. After seemingly being directed through an angle of 90° , it gradually transpired that they were retracing their steps. By the luck of the yellow van another two pasteurs turned up & more incomprehensible directions given as well as a brief escort. ~~up~~ The hikers were no longer surprised when yet another pasteur's hut appeared as if by magic out of the mist & ^{after} a further arm waving & much relief the path

home discovered.

Other useful items required:

- pasteur homing in device, saddle to encourage donkeys to take you home, Bonis to lessen the pain of climbing down & then back up.

Summary

Went to Hoya de la Madre & got lost coming home.

ILLUSTRATION



The 15th July

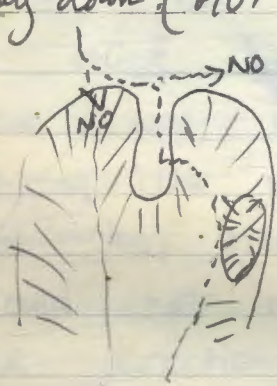
(17) Martin L., Philip S. & Graham N. Walked down the

Caral de Trea successfully in 2 1/2 hours to the Caves Gorge path, (20 minutes from Cain). Of that 2 1/2, 1/2 was spent looking for caves. The route is very simple but all the critical junctions are unmarked. Margaret picked us up in Casmanena after a few jobs with Dani, Chalkey, Mike, Dave, Graham & Prindle.

SILVIA G.P. ^{may be} is not coming directly to Lagos from the Caves when the NPC expedition finishes, he may walk up to the village Bulnes first.

CRITICAL POINTS ON TREA PATH (NB the Fuente is 2/3 of the way down)

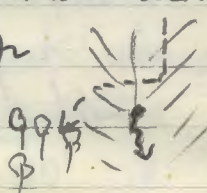
- (1) walk nearly to Jaltayan from Arico along the yellow dots, turn left when you see an arrow pointing back to ARICO (labelled ARICO) just at the foot of Jaltayan.
- (2) Go down not across at the top of the Trea Valley, at SECOND NOT the FIRST way down (MUY PELEGRINO)



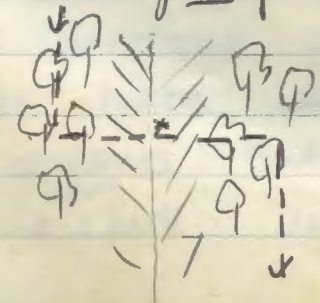
Adalberto writes:
 The woods above Cain contain, by report, many little black burning insects. These are best avoided, not least because, for obscure reasons related to cell mediated immunity, they (also!) can make you go blind.

John

- (3) Don't go down to the Fuente, the path crosses across the TOP of the fuente, about 20m above it. (~~Marked by yellow dots?~~)
 Do NOT follow the streambed AT ALL.

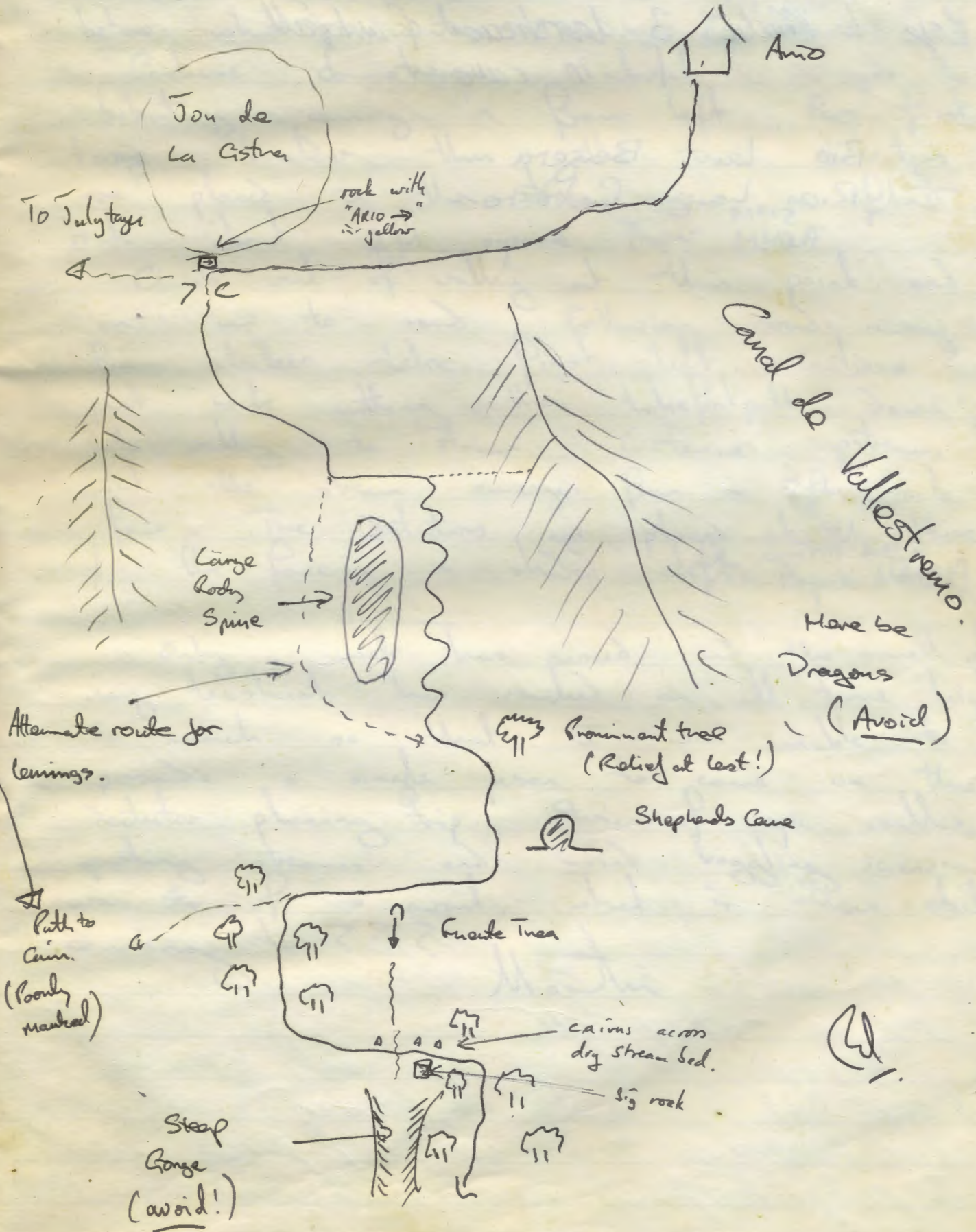
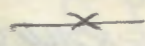


- (4) This path immediately goes into a wood. Take the left fork; the right fork leads to a poor path directly to Cain.



- (5) Path crosses stream from one wood to the other. Crossing at stream marked by small cairn.

The path is earthy rather than rocky for nearly all its length, so in wet weather it is VERY slippery & tiring. It is unbelievably steep.



Canal de Vallestromo.

Have be Dragons (Avoid)

Alternate route for leavings.

Prominent tree (Relief at least!)

Shepherds Cave

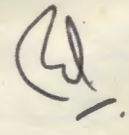
Path to Cairn (poorly marked)

Fractal Trees

cairns across dry stream bed.

big rock

Steep Gorge (avoid!)



(15)

DYE DETECTORS - CONTROLS SUMMARY

- I Cubemtro. 2 in resurgence
 2 upstream of resurgence

- II Hoya La Madre 3 downstream of waterfall
 1 in cave.

- III Rio La Beyerera
 Rio La Calderon

Dye Detectors

Wed. 15th July

Follow Rio la Beyera from top end of
 huge Enol to first large tree. Both detectors
 are about 30 feet downstream of tree just
 below where water resurges. ^{control} MM1
^{Proper} MM1A

Continue downstream about 70 yds to
 tributary coming in from left. Pass first
 large boulder then the two detectors
 are placed in the stream near ^{control} MM2
 rock about 2ft square. ^{Proper} MM2A

Climb out of valley at this point and
 on up to road. Following road away
 from lakes take first left. Continue
 past rock cutting then take first path down
 into valley to stream. Continue upstream
 until the stream emerges from a 7ft rock
 face. The detectors are placed at the base
 of the face in a shaded cleft. ^{control} MM3
^{Proper} MM3A

Only a week has passed and the smell of
 my tee shirts has reached an all time high.
 So much so that I was unable to
 persuade a single person to come on this
 detector placing trip. Stories of epic walks,
 sporting streams and mind boggling scenery
 was ~~the~~ of no avail, what is this club
 coming to ????

Martin

(17)
15 July ICONVA CONTINUED.

A couple of the guardias forestal came poking around the camp & found Jonathan's net that they didn't like. I explained that we did have a permit for it although it was probably at Aho. I suggest we leave the net unmade in the green tent. Then they came & said we had too many tents so after a brief discussion I hitched down to Covadonga to show ICONVA. Got a lift in a dormobile at End. Bouncing around ~~in~~ on a mattress in the back of a van with about 2' vertical room while accelerating down to Covadonga is exciting in any the least. Actually got through to ICONVA & made myself understood. I spoke to the fluent french speaker & we should have permission for 8 tents here although she didn't think it necessary to send ^{us} a new permit, so I said she would inform the guardias forestal of the changes. Hopefully this is the last draught of the permit saga, altho' somehow I think it may not be.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR NEXT YEARS APPLICATION.

- ① Calculate exactly what date you'll arrive in Spain & ~~state~~ tell them a week earlier than that. ICONVA claim they post permits to arrive just before we leave & on the 1987 prospectus, I gave 13th July as starting date.
- ② Estimate n^o of tents you're likely to need at each ~~camp~~ camp. Add 2. Double the number. On our permits, we have permission for the number of people requested but only half the number of tents requested.

(18)

15 July 1987 CANGAS

Met Mr. Mornflake in Cangas with the YUCPC Landrover he gave us instructions to find the YORK composite. Currently they have just got down to the main campsite at -740m in M2 and are setting it up for an 8-person campsite. The limit of exploration last year was at -940m (and they are thinking about having a 2-man advance pushing camp too). At -900m it suddenly goes Big as opposed to small & gribbly for the ~~rest~~ way down there.

Here are the instructions for the YUCPC surface base:

- ① Go to Cangas
- ② Turn left just before the bridge, the road to RIANO
- ③ Go 30km along this road, turn LEFT towards SOTO DE SAHAMBRE
- ④ Go through village (lots of zigzags)
- ⑤ In village take WOODEN SIGNPOSTED DIRECTION TO VAGABANO
- ⑥ This is an 8km distance, poor road, very slow
- ⑦ Go through forest; when reach fields at top go STRAIGHT (~~as~~ main track goes right)
- ⑧ At next fork go flat & to the ~~left~~ right a bit through lots of yellow flowering bushes. After 200 yards you find YUCPC camp.
- ⑨ Show walk to YUCPC top camp.

16th + 17th July.

It rained a lot. Mel walked to Covadonga, 2 Yorkies came by (inc. Kev Senior). They haven't reached last year's limit yet ^{in M2.}
It rained but not quite as much on 18th July.
Mel a nice Scottish girl
Lanth...

P.S. It did rain just as much on the 19th
Notes for survival at base.

The air beds are now ~~an~~ imperative for use at night as the tents are about to sink in the water - always check you know where the distress stores are

19th

(19)

July: Domingo Sol.

Awoke at Ario to rather a shock, there were no clouds & there was the fondly remembered Sun. The result of this was a mass attack of sunstroke & everyone decided they had to go to Cangas for lunch to celebrate. This was very fortuitous for Phil, Manuel & I who needed Sherpas to bring our stuff down 'cos we've got to go tomorrow, so the three of us are now drying out base camp, boots & clothing. Lagos is not as crowded as most Sundays & I can't hear a single radio.

See you all at the 'reunion' on 1st Aug 2000
8pm at The Kro Grande. p.s. Bring your children!
grand

20th July

Quote - says Margot to the squeals + giggles coming from Martin (Mays) + Lynus tent "It's easier if you're both in the same sleeping bag."

Last night Simon the cyclist (one of the two who taught us zank on the ferry) arrived. Many frobees were thrown (& missed) much vino tinto + gaseosa was drunk, much zank was played (we got pinned wet fell over we crawled into ~~out~~ our pits & didn't reappear for many hours.) Simon left to cycle 100 miles to Santander this morning - I don't know if the hangover will help, but I'm sure the morn'flakes did.

(20)

A Walk on the Dark Side

It was a dark and misty evening, (especially dark). Eleven shadowy figures left the Maria Rosa, stumbling & staggering through the quarry. People slipped into the mud, people fell into the quarry, people crawled over each other in the slime, slipping and slipping their way back to the tents (or at least where they thought the tents might be). Sherry, having been ~~roughly~~ ^{bravely} tackled brought down by a particularly filthy Paul, began to sputter profanity. Pesetas bickered over the muddy field. "I've lost everything, I've lost everything" she spluttered through the mud.

Only 'surefoot' Graham made it back to camp, without incident and was soon rounding up the mud encrusted covers, valiantly battling his way through the swamp, picking up vital items and guiding people back from the quarry.

Eventually eleven wet, filthy, slimy creatures made the tents, crawling up from the pools of water, and climbing up out of the quarry. Graham, ever the conscientious one, threw water over everyone, before they slowly fell into a deep ~~sleep~~ coma.

Addendum: Dan was completely pissed and the above account is a travesty of justice. Dan lead most of the party into the quarry displaying a complete lack of direction and common sense. Even Muriel novice expeditioneer