

27/7/88 Again. The one advantage that we have here over Scott on his way to the Antarctic is that it is not cold. Otherwise there is a distinct possibility of terminal boredom. The weather has been keeping us entertained by changing from rain to drizzle almost constantly. There ought to be more words in the English language to describe rain as the Eskimos reportedly have to describe snow - but there again we are in Spain. Eliza Doolittle told me that 'the rain in Spain falls mainly on the plain' - If I ever catch hold of the little bitch I'll throttle her. We had a game of I spy earlier but the letter F for fog got tedious after ten or more goes. There was a brief flurry of excitement when the poppets from ~~top~~ Ario arrived - we made them coffee and then they went off again and left us. . . . Yesterday was much more exciting, we were in a motor accident you know. I've always fancied a Citroen BX, but they seem to crumple up as soon as look at you. Perhaps a Massey Ferguson would be more like it. I got so bored today that I repacked my rucksack twice! Yes twice! I still can't get it all in. If it stopped raining we could work the tents dry! You know those chappies from Ario went into town with over 15 loaves of bread! I suppose they thought that Nicholas and I would eat all of the nocilla ~~on~~ sandwiches - but it tastes just as yummy without bread. Well you're probably just as bored as I am by now so happy
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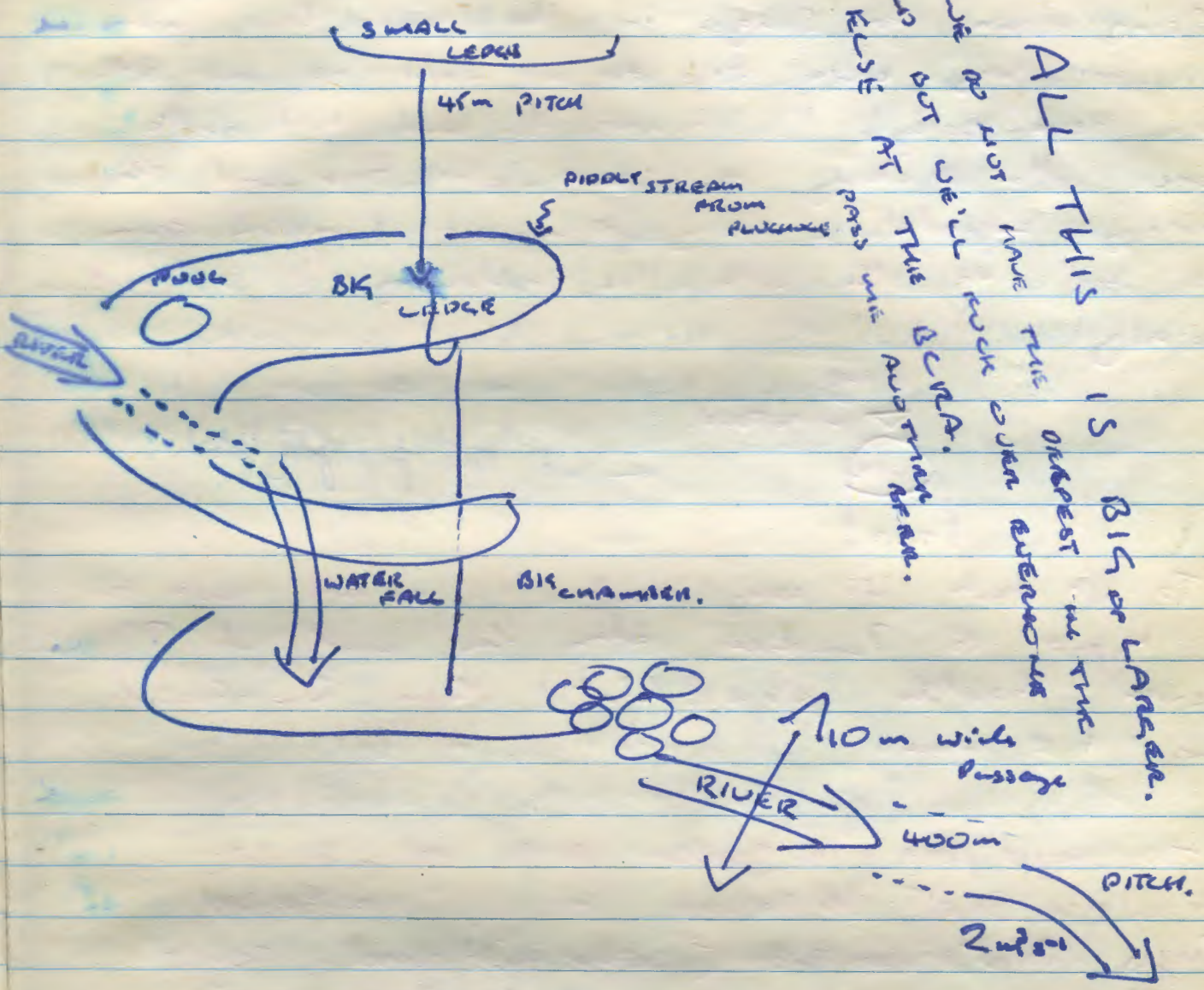
It's probably not kosher to write about the cases in the base camp log, preserved for history, weather and shopping trips, but so be it! The case is fucking enormous, so the base camp log is going to see a piece of the action. We thought the shaft series was big stuff, but we were wrong. This is it, this is the stuff, which puts even 300-400 on a shaft series in the pale.

I had a dream last night that we had in fact dropped the Cabeza Morsa and found the food drops, foot prints and half-dotted bolts, and was very worried that this in fact had happened during the 2 days underground. Independent witnesses support the dream hypothesis.

Back to the boring stuff. Weather fine. Moved the tents again. Saw some maggots again. Lit up the Al-powered stereo. Read log books. Fiddled the kitty. Had a drink in the bar. Washed my hair and shaved. Yawned a lot.

Next Shopping Trip :- We NEED Carbide. There is only a few inches left in the drum.

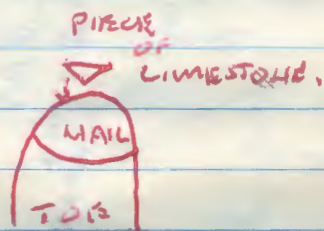
The Cave



ALL THIS IS BIG OF LARVAE.
 WE DO NOT HAVE THE DEEPEST IN THE
 BUT WE'LL ROCK JOHN BERNARD
 KESE AT THE SCRA.
 WORDS PASS ME AND TRAMP AROUND.

View From the Rear.

Going down to Cangas in the van. Have given up on long cave trip for a while as my little toe feels poorly. I thought it was still quite sore after kicking a rock at Ario and this morning extracted a long piece of limestone from the end of the little toe, allowing it to bleed profusely.



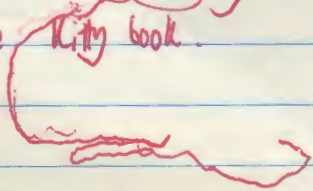
← isn't this frightfully painful?

To get back into easy mode I shall look for a bypass to Paradise along the wall at 7th Heaven boulder slope. Until then Rio Grande here I come.

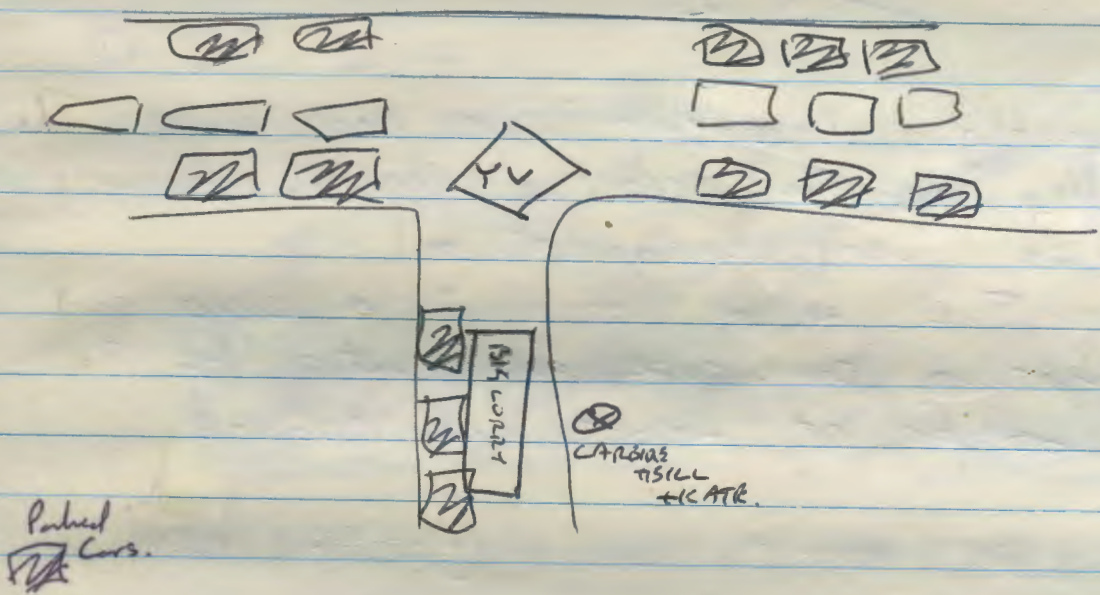
Have swapped places with Jonathan in the back of the van. (he's now in the front). Had a truly (seriously) wonderful time in Cangas. Failed to understand Jonathan's hand signals. I thought he wanted us to move the carbide we had just bought, to the end of the road where it could be picked up in the van but in fact he wanted us to tell him how many cars there were behind him. Oh well. I'll know next time.

We had ~~lots~~ lots of potato tortillas in Rio Grande. Manolo joined us and later 3 poles. We conversed (~~the~~ William did, at least) in Spanish. It was a bit stilted.

I wish there was something to read in here other than Jonathan's address book ~~and the~~ ^{and the} Kitty book.



William may have had a great time but Paul did not. First he wandered around the Supermarkets in a store and had to get out the \$15 throw up in the river. After struggling back with the shop we picked up the trailer. Bill and Kate sat outside the Farrell shop while we negotiated the traffic. Everything was OK until we turned onto the Farrell shop road. We were faced by a single lane, fully occupied by a large timber lorry. So we were put way in and had to get out. Unfortunately both lanes of the main road were blocked so we were completely trapped.



I could not get out to drive Paul back work, so got round to the others to come and help. For some unexplained reason Bill started to roll the trailer down in our direction as two irate spaniards blasted away. We became annoyed, and got out by the thickness of a coat of paint. Walk down a side road to turn round and calm down only to be again trapped by some complete dickhead who parked about 5 ft. from the kerb. There was to an inch to

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spine as we navigated those narrows. The next problem was another Spanish who stopped too close to his mate, but by now we were wise to the random movements of Spanish drivers, not prepared to be distracted by by rules of the highway, politeness or good sense, so this was only a firing war. Reached to seat everyone else and pushed in the middle of the road to park up the vehicle. Paul treated himself to some well earned goodies and the rest of us had a retreat to the Rio Grande. All 3 Poles and William conversed in local Spanish whilst the bar staff tried to impress us with bad English. Guess that Mandol turned up and managed to buy the Poles a round.

J.C.

↑ Honestly, I wasn't in a bad mood. The stupidity of the assorted Spanish drivers can be very exasperating!

Is J.C. going staging a coup and attempting to take over control of the log books at Lagos and Aris.

Paul.

Last night we met the man himself Juan Jose. Having gone up with the intention of getting well pissed, some Spaniard turned up and introduced himself in very good English. We immediately tried to pretend to be other, with little success. He seemed pleased to chat to us and we cracked a few pounds ^{some} over beers. There has been some sort of wrangling between the local and national saving organisations, however once come out of this quite well, so long as we keep him well informed of our intentions and of what we have achieved. The promised is a detailed map of the area so we can be completely sure of what we are pishing (2/7 is OK). The also gave us a long letter in Spanish which was pretty untranslatable.

Sat. 30th, 22:10



DOGS MUST BE ON A LEAD. MY CAR MUST NOT

(After 2½ hours of looking for ~~un~~ unLEADED gasoline in S. Sebastien [the next day back to France] and 3 days of driving, Markus and his GOLF reached Los Lagos.) (M.N.)

3/7/88.

Next stop get ÷ bin liners

top left corner of orange test
food.

Love gas.

WHEN YOU BOY BROWN etc DO NOT
TAKE IT ALL TO ALIC. Believe it and -
people at Los Lagos need to eat too.

In the words of Mr. Micawber "I am arrived" Jan 31st July 1988.

1/7/88

Dave Honley.

"It's amazing how many of these independent
islands there are - and such is the most amazing"

another niggle.

"The van has good suspension for the newly-weds" Cooper

someone else said this. You have the wrong man.

2/8/88

Another mighty Pico storm a practically every tent in the camp site is battered including every OVEC tent except the one force ten.

Here I am sitting in the back of the van hoping that it'll remain upright unlike the tents. The major problem is that the van's side on to the wind, unfortunately having no ignition keys that actually work I can't do anything about this.

And now the wind has lifted the green tarpaulin roof off the bar.

2-3/8/88 Spectacular electrical effects & very heavy rain followed the return of the 2 Martins after leaving Steve to catch the 9:15 am flight from Bilbao. (7:30 am - 11:25 pm all in 'ria meals in Bilbao & the Rio Grande).

Woke to find the orange tent collapsed but, surprisingly, cooking tent as intact as could be expected. Rain persisted so people drifted or swam or paddled across to Maria Rosa for extended breakfast.

Things cleared up in the afternoon so some semblance of order was restored to camp while others removed the steering lock from the van and removed the need for an ignition key - a screwdriver is now required.

Then Lynn came down & revealed that she had a hell, working set of van keys...

4-5 Harry, Sarah & Richard, & Graham leave, but Roy's friend is still here I cannot envisage him ever returning, especially after the curry we created specifically to blow him away.

The small alsation puppy is now a permanent feature.

5th - very hot & sunny. Yesterday (Thursday) saw a population explosion, with the tourists backing up to the first bend trying to find a parking, and now they are back.

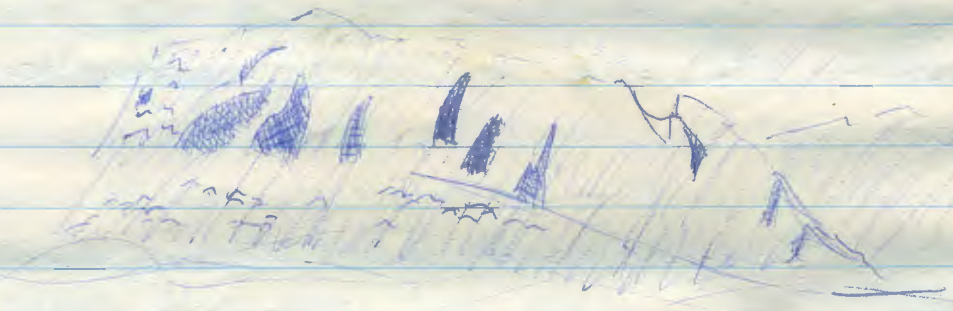
With the storm ended the spring when the pipes ruptured, so water was obtained from the Spring at Lago Enol. However the Spanish section it is "No potable" due to

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1.5 mg/l of $AlMnO_4$. I've been drinking it for 2 days.
No ill effects yet, - in my opinion. KOB

Fri Evening - 5th Aug.

This evening I wish that I could draw well for you the picture of the deep heat-haze whiteness that has slowly swallowed the mountains. The shadows of the rocks appear as dark sails floating in thick heat-sodden air.



Sean + friends, Giles + Luis, arrive Sea day visitor J.C., Kate + Kenic depart for the fresher air of Ario. Base Camp has been awash with Tourists all today.

NO PAN at Bar Maria Rosa. Rats.

A plague of frogs has visited the strange architectural wonder of the yellow tent, now a local frog tourist attraction.

Cangas de Onís is very busy. I'm not sure that I like it that much. ~~A~~. Wish my Rice was better. Martin suggests trip to Trombio - looks like plenty ready to do Cueva Culiembro. Wouldn't mind a trip down Cueva del Oso. But no time. J.A.

It's very peaceful down here tonight on my own, if not a little lonely. I can picture a quiet trek to the Refugio for a variable rather over a shared ^{with} ~~into~~ da Montebro ~~into~~. Good Music here tho'.

Why does white Spanish rice appear to contain rice Krispies when boiled?