

Ferella : ' There's a difference between hygiene & cleanliness... '

Oly : ' ~~It~~ all came out at once '

Conversations overheard between Jo & Keith :

Jo : ' ... I've got a condom if you want it ... '

Keith : ' I'm not sure that would be much use, actually. '

Will : " Has someone taken some oil for Gavin? "

Jo " ~~That's~~ I think I'd have a bottom - fishing expedition ... '

10/7/99. Rude Awakenings.

No, the Park Warden didn't care what Nobby's bank balance is. Neither was he going to be palmed off with a letter from Dingo explaining what he's done to the trailer.

Having roused, partially clad, around camp followed by bemused Warden I eventually located Doc's Box at bottom of trailer. I failed to find permit however, muppet that I am. Vaguely remembering the permit being for 25 people and 7 tents I carefully explained this to him. It fell apart a little when he asked (I think) how 24 people fit in 2 tents at top camp!

He will return Manana to see the permit and hopefully hear a more convincing explanation.

Wasn't amused by Max. Coherence either - I denied all knowledge.

Will.



(12)

10/7/97

Things I think we need up the mountain soon:

- i) the rest of C4 rope
- ii) cave tags etc for shaft bashing
- iii) more rigging gear & spare rope
- iv) odd stuff from rigging box like big hammers / chisels etc.
- v) more food of any description esp. bread
- vi) guitar (of course); tape player(?); Boris (??)
- vii) the new bolt kit
- viii) more booze
- ix) the boat
- x) Kev's big light (in the library) - be careful with this - I'll bring the <sup>spare</sup> bulbs separately
- xi) ziplocks
- xii) Hawaiian lunch before everyone else gets here.
- xiii) carbide containers
- xiv) taracle bags
- xv) survey tapes
- xvi) PVC adhesive
- xvii) more covers ...

El Jefe (Arbol)

11/7/97

Grawn + Fenella have taken up:

- 2 ladders
- rope protectors
- climbing rope
- 70m / 40m ish / long m ropes for C4
- some rigging gear & spreader

Please bring up more rope, the pile of rigging gear, boat + 1 foot pump, food. Please bring up

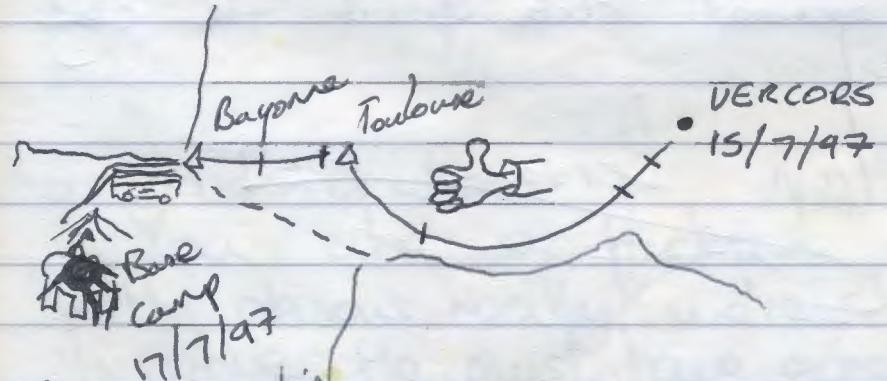


bolt bit (can you find a better driver for Gavin?).

More wine.

17/7/97 AM Personne à "Base Camp" depuis 6 jours... Que pasa? Déjà à -1000? Arrivé tard dans la nuit à Cangas je n'ai pu monter que ce matin en stop. J'hésite à prendre le chemin vers "Top Camp" (un peu fatigué), mais compte trier le matos ce matin et monter en debut d'après-midi. Quel plaisir d'être de retour dans (Je promets qu'une fois que j'aurai couru un peu d'anglais je ferai un effort pour écrire dans la langue de notre chère reine, sa Majesté Queen Elizabeth II). "los Picos de Europa", pas trop envie de faire de la spétéo, plutôt d'aller passer quelques semaines à la plage avec un peu de canyon à côté, mais bon on verra ça...

Matos à monter < 60m, 20m, 7m : 10 plaquettes + 10 gros faders: troussa à spiter un rechaud Epigas et le reste de mon matos Parro.



En six jours vous aurez eu le temps d'équiper jusqu'à -600m au moins!

"poches pas trop pleines, kit plein de corde, tête pleine d'idées sur le jeunes filles espagnoles."

PM bien mangé, bien dormi bien la bien regardé les J.F.'s c'est bon j'y vais



Friday 19/02/97

Splendid cycle in warm sunny weather over from Santander. Camped in Cads valley by "MOP Gauging station # 276", must find out if MOP (whoever they are) can give us any data for Rio Cares catchment area to put our hydrological work in perspective.

Just arrived at the camp in 100% clag above 750m, to find it deserted. Report to bar, and St Miguel. The bike ride up from Covadonga gave me a thirst all right, quite pleased with  $\approx$  1 hour 40 mins. I'm sure Miguel Indurain could do it better ~~on~~ my mum's bike (a Raleigh 20 shopper), nevertheless, when the SRT kit, bolts and bosch drill are out of the panniers I'll not be worried about taking a ride down to the bottom + back sometime.

Can't wait till the solar panels arrive with Al: + C<sup>o</sup>, another maximal cock up if the clag stays in!

Ian Berran

"Maximum metal for greater exhaustion"





exchange between Alison & Oly:

Alison: "Well, it would take me twice as long to walk up if I left now than if I left in half an hour"

Oly: "... eh? That doesn't make sense."

Alison: "no."

20/7

## Last Day at Base Camp

Seem to be leaving just as everyone else arrives.

At least there's still be more room at Top Camp and Will can find someone else to sleep in the puddles in the Force 10. Glad I finally got to the lake in CA and managed to do the Direct Route at least once without having to ask a Pastor for directions. Spending my last evening drinking vino bianco and reading "The Incredible Melting Man". Quality...  
 "Maximum carrying for greater indirectness"

Feela

who said of whom:

"You are a fuckwit"

pretty obvious really, we're still waiting for him to arrive. He must have gone to look for the rope



(16)

Rob " It's contiguous ...  
I meant contiguous and I know because  
I'm a pedant "

## Revenge of the Ario Path God part II

Not content with his previous efforts  
to disrupt the smooth & pleasurable  
flow of my life cycle, the ~~Ario~~  
god of the Ario path struck me down  
once more on my last and heaviest  
carry so far down to base camp on the  
way to Nigeria (via Bilbao, Brussels, & Mandesky).

I left top camp a bit after 10pm with  
new batteries for my torch & arrived  
at Bobby's Home at 1am after taking  
a rather 'long' route to the Ario path,  
unable to <sup>attack</sup> a now marginally improved sense of



direction, & unable to flatten my both batteries due to  
 to my precariously proper planning & preparation,  
 he smote the bulb of my mini maglite  
 with his great & mighty, but rather wrinkly  
 hand. Alone & without a spare bulb or light,  
 I figured never mind, I can still just about see by  
 the moonlight. But then the god of the Ario path  
 struck again & ~~sent~~ within seconds sent a great  
~~cloud~~ cloud from the East to obscure all  
 vision. And as this is a Keith story there  
 ought to be, and indeed there are, animals  
 involved. For the Ario path god sent a  
 great Bull to hover around the Bobby House.  
 And it was indeed a Bull & not a cow,  
 for ~~the~~ the same lonesome traveller had  
~~but~~ a few days ago been faced with the  
 same Bull walking towards him on the path  
 not showing any signs of wanting to move.  
 And yet more animals did the Ario path god  
 send, for he sent dogs, to bark loudly  
 & wake up Spanish farmers. But the lonesome  
 traveller went boldly onwards to ~~face~~ confront  
 the god of the Ario path, his mighty  
 Bull & his jumped up dogs. And, though  
 he was as good as blind in the night  
 fog, the lonesome traveller showed his dominance  
 over & defeated once & for all the god of  
 the Ario path, arriving at base camp at 2:20 am.  
 The muddy bits ~~left~~ after sod 1 were  
 quite 'fun'!

Keith.



Bye Bye everybody!

Kate

25/7: New Intake, Rhys, Williams, Ben Lovell, Tim J.C.

It all looked so easy in the beginning. Ben had persuaded Rhys to take his van up to the Divos, then Tim decisively decided <sup>(12 hrs. prep. to splitting)</sup> he'd like to come, and finally I begged a lift because I thought it would be more fun. We made our introductions in Poole, packed all the gear including the roof-rack, solar panels and fuel tank in the back and then headed onto the ferry, having solicited some interest from the local flock, whose compiler claimed Rhys's van was currently lying abandoned in Swansea. That's like our faces.

France failed to enthrall us. We slept amongst the birds in a delightful spanish ched-and-gable, spitting shooting stars. The drive was smooth if uninspiring but things picked up towards the border. We sampled the local culture in Carols Orca dis. (The spanish on holiday are pretty cool & drinking rigia wearing a fedora with worn bisje. Found a bivy somewhere in the mountains which was great til the local booby shouted "It is day" in Spanish a lot at 7.

The rest of the drive was superb. The doors slowly closed and as we drove into Carcots we could see the whole



of the Western and Central Rivers (which is rare).  
 Fortified around in Ganges for news, business, ~~and~~  
 cervezas and football and on to the Los Lagos in  
 glorious sunshine. His goal to be back.  
 J.C.





(20)

25/7/97 - Short walk up from Cain to deliver a Thankyou letter to OACC at Top Camp then down to Los Lagos for a last supper (My contribution to the kitty allowing me at least one?) and a bottle of cider. Cangas tomorrow and H. Massif still for another week. Please don't hate me,

Adieu Nico

25/7/97 Fiesta! - Will, Huw, Lou, Adi, Gavin, Tim, JC, Rhys, Ben, Jo.

Went down to Arriondas rather too early for the official fiesta, but after something to ~~eat~~ eat & a few beers we were in the mood for a mad night out. Everyone went to the little fairground & had loads of gas on the dodgems. Excellent fun! Next came the kiddies playground where Gavin & others had a great time wobbling about on a fish. Then we had the climbing frame squeeze & the "see how many people will fit on the top beam of the climbing frame" (ans = 10!). Last of all we had a couple drinks at the temporary bar which had been set up next to the band. We said goodbye to Will & Gavin drove us back to base camp (thank you, Gavin) then followed some rather lovely single malt whisky. . . .

Jo