

17/7/66

Hospital trip.

Fred injured last night - and needing his cut lip sutured. After a few hours rest Fred + P.C. walked down & drove down to Amudelas. Hospital in Amudelas was closed with no sign of life. Saw local G.P. who told us to go to Oviedo. There are various hospitals in Oviedo - we went to 3! The first was an experimental attempt to find what turned out to be a psychiatric hospital - this is the first "Hospital" sign on the way into town. We then went to an "outpatients" hospital in the centre of town where a Dr Blanco Quiros stitched the lip very efficiently - but he had no X-ray; so he sent us to the main hospital. This is where we should have gone first. The accident & emergency facilities are at a large hospital complex on the far side of town near the bull ring. It is clearly marked as such on the street map of Oviedo. Accident dept is called "Urgencias"

Fred had jawbones X-rayed - all okay but by now effects of 20hrs camp, 600mg barbiturate and little sleep had caught up with him & was considered concussed, therefore detained.

Paul

ies we were pretty fortunate that Francisco was able to help us out by driving us all the way to Oviedo and back. His car proved invaluable as Fred was able to lie down to sleep whilst we were traveling. Got back at about 10 p.m. Feeling much happier about things

Datin

ps. 2 night of saving routine.

(22)

17/7/96

Schmalen Martini + Martini to Top Camp.

We are carrying 200 m Sit Rope (Lyon).

3x 10m ropes.

6x hangers

2 ladders

remaining fresh food.

Few tins cornflakes.

Petrol

Iodine.

P Ancars Billies.

5 Loaves Bread.

+ 1 Martini Laverty → (It does take one Martini May to carry one Martini Laverty, does it?)

Shopping List:

Large tent pegs (for use with the hawser-laid ropes), lots of these! & before the first storm

Small tin openers for underground use (a dozen or so)

gloves (gantes de goma industrialles) (a dozen pairs)

cereal to be mixed with cornflakes (de cinnamon)

"slice" for frying eggs?

~~jam, honey, 'noelba'?~~

(cave food (fish tins etc.))

envelopes, stamps, postcards; pens

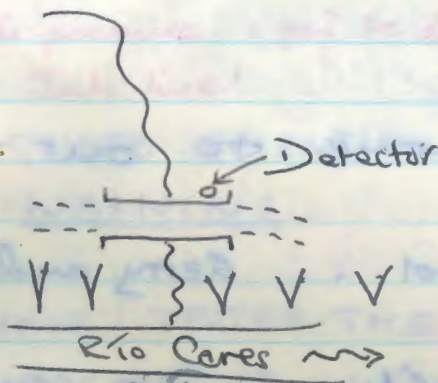
17 July 1986

Stephen Gale, Hilary Winchester

Location of dye detectors along Rio Ceres

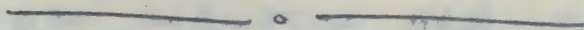
1. Canal: detector in first sighting of canal on walk out from Camarmeria. Detector attached to metal pipe by ACUA NO POTABLE graffito.

2. Stream: about halfway to Culiembro is the only place where a left bank stream crosses the path. Detector attached to boulder near gorge side of bridge



3. Fuente Culiembro

4. Fuente Puente "Bolin"



Gerhardt's Postcards are

now 60 pts

A big welcome to our new visitors!!!

From Liverpool... Gerry and the Pacemakers!!!

From Kansas City... The Count Basie Orchestra!!
(Caving as rope of 23)

From Newport, Tenn... Ian Houghton!!!

From somewhere... Donovan!!! (solo)

From London... The Dave Clarke Rise + minder
(rope of 6)

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Atmospheric Pressure Readings: * * * * *
* * * * *

July	10	2.3 rems/ins ²
	11	439 ⁰ x 10 ⁻⁷ Becquerels/gramme
	12	01-278-2332 ext 3306
	13	No air today aargh
	14	" " " "
	15	NO ₂ only. Steve being v. acid.
	16	Phaw. Some Oxygen. 31 millibars, rising.
	17	Uiking, Cronartius, Dogger. storm force 10, imminent
	18	One bee. Two ants. Both dead from radiation.
	19	2 1/2" rain today. Obscured atmosphere.
Red Letter Day	20	Too much pressure... gon' be dread beat + blood in Babylon. Tah live!

WE INTERRUPT THESE SCIENTIFIC READINGS TO BRING YOU A WARNING.

OUR ANALYSTS HAVE TESTED THE TUNA FROM THE SOCIAL SUPERMERCADO AT CANGAS AND SAMPLES HAVE EXCEEDED THE EEC ACTION LEVEL OF 600 BECQUERELS PER GRAMME.

THIS MEANS THE TUNA IS SAFE TO EAT ONLY AT DEPTHS GREATER THAN -650M. ALL EXPEDITION MEMBERS ARE ADVISED TO CHECK ALTIMETERS BEFORE TUCKING IN.

THE CHICKPEAS, TOMATOES, CHORIZO, BOCADILLOS DE JAMON (AMADOR'S BAR - LOWER BAR NOT TESTED) AND MORNING FOODS OATS ARE SAFE.

ESPECIALLY THE OATS.

BY ORDER.

(26)

Getting bashed in the face. By Fred. 18/1/86

(Not getting bashed in the face by Fred)

We had had a pretty good trip. Mike and I had gone down to "Fred's folly". I got about half way, and then fell off. Mike did the rest. Steve Meyers joined us, and we rigged to the "Big Beluga" no problems. I think that we need a line through the bouldery bit, but I expect that Steve has written all the technical stuff down at top camp. We looked around in "Big Beluga". We found a ~~note~~ note that we could put a ladder down and climbed down to stand in the Ridge Streamway again. The stream drops through some loose boulders and down a pitch. ~~At~~ This is not the best way down. There is another gash from the "Big Beluga" that leads into the streamway below the pitch. We didn't have any rope to rig this.

We headed out, with a food stop in the "Big Crunch".

I was in front and going a bit faster than Mike. I waited at "Noreks" camp to show him the way. As we reached to top of the ~~weather~~ Borboriguy ~~stair~~ I actually went up the short ditch. Meanwhile Mike went the wrong way, following the rope up.

I went back to show him the way. He told me to get out of the way as there was a loose rock up there. I thought that I was out of the way, but it rolled down a ledge before falling, and hit me in the face. It knocked out one of my front teeth and cut a large hole in my lip. It didn't hurt much, and my immediate reaction was to get out of the cave as fast as I could before it started hurting, and get to top camp where Paul Cooper could give me some pain killers. I spat out the bits of tooth, wiped off the blood and set off out, crawling at a pretty frantic pace. I got to the entrance, took off all my gear and left it there and headed back to top camp. I got rather hysterical on the way back, tearing up the hill, and screaming at the people outside F20 who weren't moving. I must have been in a bit of a state when I got to Top camp, hysterical, knocked over, crying and covered in blood.

Paul C, Paul B. and Dave H. cleaned me up, gave me lots of pain killers and put me in a sleeping bag. I went to sleep.

I woke up at around 8:30 feeling a bit woozy. ~~though~~ I couldn't open my mouth as it was covered in blood, and they painstakingly wiped it off. I ~~had~~ ~~the~~ only eaten

a few bits of carne food in the last 24 hours, so I thought that I had better eat something. Peanut butter and jam, near were a bit difficult, so I settled for 3 tins of mandarin oranges, after which I felt a bit sick.

Paul got me moving and I walked down feeling dreadful. I felt as if I was about to faint all the time. We struggled down, resting whenever we got to a convenient bit of shade.

Eventually we got to base camp. Franzjörg said that he would take us to Arica so me, Paul, Martin, Franzjörg ~~settled~~ for Arica. I lay down in the back of the VW van and went to sleep. We went to the hospital but it was closed. We saw the G.P., who told us to go to Oriedo. I slept again until we got to the hospital.

We walked in and went up to the reception desk. Immediately we were led to an immaculate room, where immaculate nurses immediately started painstakingly cleaning my face. The doctor seemed to do a pretty neat job stitching me up, and then sent us to another hospital for a jaw X-ray.

I sat around a while in the dentist's waiting room which was exactly like you would expect the waiting room for a Spanish dentist to be like. It was full of people either holding their

wounded, with looks of anguish on their faces, moaning every now and then, or looking very pale and staring into the distance in fearful anticipation of the agonizing ordeal awaiting them.

They took some X-rays which were OK, and then I had to sit around while every now and then they asked me if I felt dizzy, until I ~~did~~ feel dizzy. I felt rather faint and woozy again, so they told me to stay the night.

It was quite reassuring to be in a comfortable hospital bed, with clean pajamas, good food, and nurses & doctors taking my blood pressure, taking my pulse, and ~~gazing~~ ^{gazing} meaningfully into my eyes (to see whether my pupils were dilating).

I slept most of the time.

Next morning Dave R came. We picked up some pills and went back to ~~Top Camp~~ Base Camp via the Puerto Romani.

John

(30)

Two beers & two gins down:

"I am a very moral person" says SGR. "I set a very high moral standard".

19/9/86 Shopping at Camps - lots of stamps, postcards, envelopes, tent pegs...

ON SALE FROM THE BASE CAMP KITTY NOW:

'Guañtes de gome'

Tin Openers

for 250 ptas/pair and 75 ptas/t.o. (approximately, check price with Fred!).

WALKED back to COVADONZA as none of the 10^3 cars stopped - must have been doing something wrong. Perhaps I shouldn't have been standing on my head & sticking my tongue out...

Then got a lift by a National Park warden driving his Landrover up like hell. Back 3³⁰ pm

Off to D.C. soon afterwards, carrying pens & one 'egg slice' & one MYSTERY...

*

Please rope the tents down! There are now

rope and strong pegs awaiting use.

Gerhard