



OU Cave Club  
1983 Expda  
Log Book

# The Members

Graham Naylor (Leader)

Steve Gale (Sec)

Ian Haughton (Sec)

Phil Rose

Pave Rose

Andy Riley

Paul Cooper (Trainer)

Richard Grayson

Sara Wibley

Kathy Pritchard-Jones

Iestyn Walters

George Hartforth

Marin Hols

John Singleton

William Stead

Mark Willbourn

Kevin Westforth

Steve Mayers

Colin Nichols

John Hutchinson

Jan Manning

Steve Roberts

Ukie Callie

Chris Danilewicz

Sean Scully

Stephan Grimmer

Tony Ward

Ray Lyons

Andrew Goring

Antony Swithenbank

Michael England

## The Journey Out.

### i) In the van.

An incredible pile of gear was assembled outside the hut, which miraculously fitted into the van with a couple of inches of airspace for the two in the back. Despite everyone's scepticism as to the roadworthiness of the van, it ran very well through France. That was until Phil drove into the ditch just south of Bordeaux  
--- Ohh Fuck!!!!

### ii) [X] The Invalides. (Dave + Iestyn.) By Dave.

Iestyn + I were lying on top of the gear (by now about 18" airspace) in the back. A lot of stuff to be crushed by if the van had turned over. It didn't. Instead, it went bump bump bump BUMP BUMP CRASH BANG AARRR when are we going to stop KERRANG!!

The engine was still running + The others piled out to the sound of the still-running cassette player which had smashed the windscreen. I turned off the ~~car~~ engine and realized that blood was pouring out of my nose. Iestyn was in worse shape with a deep cut in his knee, exposing the patella. Philip wandered around in a daze looking as if he was about to puke + some French samaritans stopped to help us, calling the police + ambulance in the growing dusk + leaving someone to give me a cigarette.

~~But~~ ~~was~~ Fortunately, this was the only stretch of this particular ~~no~~ stretch of road with no trees on the side.

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The ambulance arrived + Lestyn + I got in, to be taken to Bordeaux General Hospital, a very modern, efficient + enormous edifice well, the building + air-conditioning was efficient. Not to the student doctor who sewed up Lestyn, sweating profusely + shaking and feeling ineffectually with the local anesthetic while Lestyn doted his interest in various conversational topics. It all took about 2 hours; the others hadn't phoned + so I lay down on hard plastic seats in the waiting room + Lestyn was given a trolley for what remained of the night.

Next morning Lestyn stayed on the trolley. I offered to take him to our car but he said he didn't want to.

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I wish we hadn't had a pass since  
much time. The day before I was impressed  
by his splinters. I went ~~back~~ out for  
coffee + croissant + found the others  
on the plane when I got back at  
great cost restyn + I took a taxi  
to join them in a lovely garage  
at a place called Le Barp.

[1] (A) The rest of us (Steve, Phil + Graham) were left stuck  
on the side of the road surrounded by packets of five plants  
and ritz cheese crackers, which we munched nervously while  
waiting for the gendarmes. One van of gendarmes arrived  
and to our pleasant surprise were very helpful except we  
had to wait for another van of gendarmes from the next  
parish as their area ended just 100m up the road. Several  
hours ~~later~~ and a thousand mosquito bites later, the second  
van of gendarmes arrived. We had half emptied the van.

by this point to lighten the van to aid extraction from the ditch. They told us we might as well load it back in to keep everything together, the pick up they were sending for would be big enough. It finally arrived at just after midnight - and what a monster it was! The van leapt up out of the ditch and loloped pathetically behind as the <sup>le</sup>dépanneur drove off down the road. We spent ~~the~~ <sup>the same</sup> night by the van at a place called Le Barp (consistent with Dave's version - wow!). The following morning we were ~~not~~ rejoined by Dave and Iestyn and emptied and repacked the van again. The van showed itself a true houbre by starting first time and after a bit of fashing of the front right wheel arch it drove around. We decided then we might as well drive on. Without a windscreen would be alright, we thought, as long as it didn't rain. Guess what, .. it rained. Steve drove with belstaff and spectacles, I put on a petzyl suit & Dave had his cog on crawling out of the windscreen at parrens by which must have disturbed them a little since they would have been expecting him to drive.

We had to drive all the way to Santander before being able to get a new windscreen (after doing a runner at the campsite there). Santander has the largest Ford dealer in Spain and did not show much hope of us getting one the right size. After searching through their back rooms they found one and the girl said ~~it~~ we would have to come back at 6pm, ~~we~~ Phil pleaded with her saying it was urgent. Meanwhile 4 Spaniards in greasy overalls were leaping all over the van thumping a new windscreen into place. We got up to legs that evening - a day and a half late, to find Dani and his chaps flat on their backs totally out of their heads with wine and problems with the ICONA wooden with camping permission. We would have to drive to Oviedo the following day to sort it out and look for the others that we were supposed to have met in Arrionday a couple of days previous.

The plan to make a grand entry to the strains of 'Cell Block No. 9' failed owing to aforementioned absence of people.



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Mon 4. July.

While Graham + others pitched camp & walked  
to Arto. V. snowy. Walked back.

~~Mon 4~~ Tue. 5. July. Dave R., ~~Dr~~ Nazi, Steve Roberts.

A cold, long, somewhat lost walk to FUGG campsite,  
via Arto where stuff was picked up. Rain intermittently;  
the landscape slopes grey + depressing with huge  
snowfields interspersed that we've never seen before.  
Wor + fear confirmed by the entrance of FUGG:  
last year's sloping scree chute was full almost  
to the top with snow. We belayed a rope  
and I abseiled down a narrow pit where the  
pitch had been in 1982. About 80-60' down  
a solid blockage. I sat there for a long  
time, pitifully kicking at the floor of

snow + stones: thinking this was the end of  
 the expedition, Prussitted down + off to  
 Ario where Alvaro offered us a spade.

Wed 6 July

Andy + Dave got depressed + tried to  
 find an alternative entrance. Phil, Steve R,  
 Steve M + Steve G dug at the snow,  
 finding after a few feet a spot where  
 the snow seemed to fall down below  
 into a cavity. Still feeling depressed,  
 Andy + Dave went back to Ario  
 promising themselves that they would  
 go for ice on the morrow.

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Photo 7 July

Steve + Al Dave dug. I (Dave) had Alvaro's  
big + spade - and very soon it looked as  
if a breakthrough might be imminent. Steve  
shovelled off the snow I hacked out  
from a growing cavity emitting a draught.  
Soon I poked my feet + then my head  
in - euphoric: I could see all the way down  
the pit to the blue line left last year + into  
the rift before is necessary. Dementedly I  
abested down the whole way, whooping  
with delight. On the way out I massively  
enlarged the hole.

Back on the surface it seemed appropriate  
to go caving. Steve + I appropriately rigged as far  
as Mistral 2, where we turned back owing to  
bad rock bolts.

Fri 8 July

Steve Mayer, Dave R.

Rigged to last bathroom step. Better + cleaner  
 rig on several pitches (5 bolts in) especially on walk  
 on the wild side. Cave v. wet from snow melt.  
 4 tackle bags carried in.

Sat 10 - Sun 11 July

Sun 10 - Mon 11

Steve M, Dave R.

Mega rigging / pushing trip — all pitches from  
 Bathroom step → wallop. ~~Then~~ Then, a quiver  
 with that juvenile excitement so akin to the  
 tremor of passion which a teenager feels on  
 a first foray into French kissing, we  
 marched boldly where no man had gone