

July '98

Ario Log Book

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If found in Spain, please return me to

Los Espeleólogos Ingleses
c/o Arco Refugio.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY
CAVE CLUB
LIBRARY

If found in Britain, please return me to

Steve Roberts
143 Godstowe Rd.
Wolvercote
Oxford

"In Oxford, we don't have enough slow cavers"

"THE MISSING PAGES"

PATRICK
CHRISTIAN
NANCY
ADAM

O'DONNELL
STAUNTON
SERRANO

CHRISTIAN "Friend of Christian Staunton"

DE ETTO
STAUNTON

NATHANIEL
TIM
LOU
Duo-Boy

MURFORD
GUILFORD
MORRICE

ARIO LOGBOOK JULY 2010

OXFORD UNIVERSITY
CAVE CLUB
LIBRARY

(2)

Expedition Members

Jo "I don't mind ironing men's shirts"	"Whistler"
Richard	Doyle
Alison	Waterfall
Flour "4 tacklebags"	"Loveridge"
Rhys "Optional sausages"	William's
Jonathan "I'm not coming out"	"Cooper"
Huw	Jones
Pat "carefully planned schedule"	Man
Lynn "I wish I could put my hands round something warm"	Mullely
Ler "Choco-light-feature"	Bickley
Martin	Smith
Namie "Mr Alderson has now left the building"	Alderson
Pete	Hartley
Alex	Hartley
Keith "I think I twisted my nob over 1000 times"	Hyams
BILL (with glasses)	"FORD-SMITH"
"Mad" John "oldest of old lags"	WILCOCK
Bourry	Halls
John	Sherry
Tom	Toomey
Harvey (Harve) "One crawler is as good as the rest"	Smith
Martin "hairiest of old lags"	Larney
Lerick	Sayno
Tony "flipper" "Not a matter, just methodical"	Seddon
Gavin	Lowe
Boris "Menthol-flavoured"	Meta Menardii
Dave	Lacey
Rob "fluorescent gear shit"	Garrett
Neil	Pacey
Kate	Lane
Chris "Oh my bum muscles" "Cares for both sides"	Densham
Morris "The Mouse"	Mouse
Beeka	Howson

(3)

Wed 8th July

After a surprisingly early start (given the amount drunk in the bar the night before) large amounts of gear were carried up by Hull, Rhys, JC, Lynn, Richard, Pete, Paul, Fleur, Lev & Jo, leaving Alison to guard base camp. Camp was set up at Ario & a kitchen constructed by ~~some~~ Paul in a tumbledown hut. Jo stupidly decided to do another carry & Alison joined her, everyone except Rich having gone down to base camp. Walked over a ridge to see the moon rising above a very red central massif. Lower down the path we had seen Paul who had told us we might not have any dinner because there were no lighters for the stove. After a few minutes of panic, Alison remembered she had got a lighter. However, we were expecting to have to cook dinner when we arrived at Ario. When we arrived, Richard (who is now my hero) had managed to cook us dinner. Ingeniously, he had used the spark created by short-circuiting a battery to ~~light~~ light a gas stove, & then used that to light the petrol stove. Clever or what? Who needs ~~techno~~ techno-dweebs when you have a practical man?

Jo

P.S. The wonderful dinner Rich cooked us had the disadvantage that the beans were crunchy. He hadn't realised that you're supposed to soak them for hours & then cook them for ages. ~~At the time~~ I'm not sure whether it was due to the ~~nutritious~~ beans, but the next morning (5:30am → 9:30am) I had the worst case of the shits I have ever experienced. Bring back the technodweebs!

Friday 10th July (The First Trip)

This report is written from the point of view of a novice caver - apparently it will do me good to write up the trip (?!)

We had a fairly late start, mainly because a lot of gear had to be sorted for the rigging. While Fleur, Lev & Paul were sorting this out I hung off Lev's new Sky hook sorting out my SRT kit. It's all brand new since I've never done any underground SRT so most lengths needed changing.

Paul started down 2/7 at about 4 o'clock while we chatted on the surface. Richard and Rhys had helped us carry up the gear and then gone onto the 'starb' to see what was left.

After a while Lev also disappeared as well.

Eventually I was sent down my first descent underground. I had to take a bit of a deep breath to go over the edge but basically it was pretty good. At the end of this ~8m pitch I clipped into a traverse line on a ~~scree~~ scree slope leading down to the 40m pitch to 7th Heaven Squeeze. Fleur followed me down then I had to go over the edge again, this time with a rope hanging off my belt. I didn't notice it on the way down and it made me feel less of a useless hanger on. When I got down to the bottom, into a pit before 7th Heaven, Paul was just squeezing back out. The bottom of his carbide generator had fallen off, onto the only ledge on the next pitch. His back-up was a bit intermittent so Lev went through

the squeeze to finish the rigging of that pitch. When Flew got down we munched on a bit of fudge and chocolate and then she followed Lew with the 4 tackle bags. 2 were left hanging off the rebelay and the others taken down to the bottom. While she was down there I thought it would be a good idea to try the squeeze so I wouldn't be dreading it on my next trip. It took a bit of wiggling and resting I got down to the rebelay and up again fairly happily. The ascent was very long and very bouncy. I spent a lot of time at the rebelay prussiking without actually going anywhere, but I got to the top eventually. Paul followed me up and then I headed for daylight. We sat and admired the view across the mountains as Flew and Lew came up.

As far as I am concerned it was a perfect grip!

Lynn

11/7 Ritts rigged to ~~the~~ Graham's Toggles.

- Gear in the cave
- 1 bag rigging gear + ladder } Mr Gripper
- 1 bag 2 x 15m rope
- 1 30m rope loop } Mr Gripper.
- 1 bag 1x10m, 1x5m } → PBBW P.D.

Next trip need tapes, mailbags, rope for Pestimists, Sing to Paul & the Bulls

DOYLE'S FIRST TRIP IN 2/7 MARK ✓

When I tell you about 2/7, you can forget the depth. You can forget about pushing choke Egbert or rigging details. Forget maillons and thimbles and carbide etc. etc... I'm not talking about the answers, I'm talking about the questions. So here we are in the Cave of the Witches Eye, where the questions get bigger and bigger, and the answers fade out obsolete.

The cave is alive with emotion and feeling. As soon as you step through it's entrance it engulfs you with it's power. JC, Huw and myself, and Jo, had already had a taste of this power when we peered through the eyehole above the cave's entrance. Something deep within was stirring. Something dark and unnerving. *

The first few pitches provided my first SRT experience underground. I felt as though I was lowering myself into the pits of Hell. After the 7th Heaven squeeze I foolishly dropped my stop down the next pitch. Whoops. Huw was kind enough to retrieve it for me, but JC almost ended the trip there. Fortunately, he gave me another chance.

The rift contained more squeezes and passages, and my light grew dimmer and dimmer. After realising that I'd flooded the generator, I switched to electric for the rest of the trip. JC would rig whilst (helped by Huw), whilst I sat, still, dreaming away. We turned back at the top of Graham's Todger Pitch, and as I prussiked back to reality my awe and respect for the cave grew. I had under-estimated it's seriousness, and whether or not I have the determination to probe it's soul deeper, time will only tell....

Rich (in a dreamy mood!)

* (Mamfakes)

7

12/7/98

Shaft Bashing Around Curicante

JC + Fleur

The aim was to look for entrances on Curicante, as little has been done before and to pop down 48/7, 19/9 and 21/9 which ~~was~~ were all undercanded. After picking up casing gear from The 2/7 entrance we headed up The Tutuayu - Curicante ridge. We found 48/7 without too much difficulty:

48/7

bearings 083 to Tutuayu
006 to Refugio @ Arica

⊗

Slightly restricted shaft, ~~is~~ balls out into chamber. Pitch is only about ~10m, not the 20-30m in shaft bashing guide. No way on at The bottom.

Next we headed up onto The peak of Curicante, a steep and 'interesting climb'. I decided not to go to the very top as it was all exceedingly exposed. However a lovely view down to Caim. But we could find no caves on Curicante itself. So we headed for the Curicante - Verdabuenaga ridge, by an even more interesting route. Very steep. Horrible traverse over big drop. Bigger than I first thought in fact as JC later said we were directly over the deep shaft 9/7. We padded on, but were pretty exhausted so decided to head back. Stepping on the way out:

Un-numbered Entrance

Bottom of small boulder filled gully, to the true right of 3/9. Gaps between boulders lead to small chamber with no way on. Completely choked.

3/9

bearings 020 → Aric
130 → Curcunte

Originally numbered 28/5.

Two shafts adjacent to one another. The lower is deepest, as described in shaft bashing guide. We did not enter this. The higher shaft may be descended for ~ 7m and is a blind shaft. No way on.

Then we staggered back to camp to collapse exhausted + dehydrated. I think spring canyoning is a much safer option. FAL

12/7/98

Returning Casers: A two course meal is excellent.

- 1. Cabbage Soup ~ Surprisingly Young
- 2. Lentil + Potatoe Dahl → Also Young

We've gone to the refugio. See you later.

Muchas Gracias, Rhy

Jonathan,

We have taken the ropes to rig down to Rosy Crucifixion. Please bring the ropes for Cemetery Gates onwards. There is 100m of new rope in a tackle bag.

G.

(9)

Lynn to Tony about the meal he'd just cooked.

"Is that the sauce or washing up?"

Ropes in 2/7 at Lead of Pessimists
20, 10, 30, 100 : To rig down to Just Above.

14/7/98 Porting Ropes through Riffs J.C., ~~Bill~~ Doug

Followed the deep rigging team with 2 bags of 100m rope. ^{Doug} ~~Bill~~ cope admirably with the riffs. I sorted out Paradise. ^{Bill} ~~Bill~~ was keen to do down Pessimists, so but I was ^{Doug} ~~Bill~~ less interested. Nice tourist trip.

TONY

Garvin has rigged to top of ROSE CRUCIFIXION. ~~PLEASE~~ HE STILL HAS 100m of rope left. + 1 ladder!

15/7/98:

BILL: "DO WE KNOW WHO THESE IRISH PEOPLE ARE?"

ALISON: "I'VE MET THEM ONCE; THEY'RE SOME PEOPLE FROM IRELAND"

14/7/98 Garvin, Fleur, Martiz S.

Continued rigging the cave from Pessimists onwards to the top of Rose Crucifixion. 100M of rope, some rigging gear & a ladder left at the top of the pitch. In at 10 A.M. out at 12/01 A.M. (a minute late for our ETO (!!!)). This was my first trip into the cave & I was impressed with it's lack of mucky bits (so far) & in general, loose rock. This pitches are also rigged excellently which is a great help as you don't want to be

going deep & worrying about rubs etc on the way out. As we were getting deeper & deeper into the cave I was becoming more concerned about the severity of the return journey through the "tight bits" at Paradise, The Heaven & hole for idiotic anorexic whippets (something like that). I found that it was difficult but would become easier with practice & a certain re-arrangement of ~~the~~ kit, at one point I thought it might be a bit beyond me but maybe a 500M acclimatisation trip is fairly severe? I look forward to the next trip, Marti S.

15/7/98 JC, Lynn, Keith
Street Area 9 Shell Bash / Skash Carry

There are skylights into the main La Jagada rift, landing on boulders for the S end. I doubt that anyone has ever descended them, just looked from below

Beautiful day for finding caves. We were aiming for some un-descended shells between Covicentre + La Verdunilhange, 19/97 21/98. Climbed on ridge above La Jagada post 2 obvious deep shells which we presumed dropped into La Jagada (Does anyone know if this is the case?) Then onto the rocky ridge above. Started on the left-hand side where most things seemed to end then Lynn + Keith went left (East) and I went West.

I found a small creek amongst rocks which dropped for about 15 ft. Climb down revealed this to be checked at the bottom.

Bearings Aris 3rd, Covicentre 112°. Named 23/98 but not tagged.

untagged

24/98 - A small vertical entrance that looked like it opened up after a squeeze. Keith didn't fancy the look of it so I climbed down. I managed to get most of my body past the squeeze but there wasn't actually anywhere to go. I could feel all the walls and floor with my feet and there were no obvious holes. As I moved around there were sounds of rocks falling a short distance below me.
Lynn

Location 037 Aris, 114 Covicentre (S Peak) Below ridge on shellfall plate.