

1980

SPANISH EXPEDITION

List of more well known sayings

Simon "I'd like someone to look down William's hole"
 Mike (Marvin) Boase "You bunch of shits"
 Dudley Page "I really don't have an idea about anything"
 Keith Potter "I prefer mine mutilated"
 Bill Stead "But I always wear my pyjamas in bed"
 Keith Potter } after not finishing "I'm quite good at navigation usually"
 Mike } Mike or "You might get locked in my shirt"
 Will } "I say, do you happen to have a large magnet?"
 "I say, is this the master cave?"
 "I don't want a fire hazard in my luggage"

Some ~~of~~ ~~the~~ excuses ~~for~~ for not caring: -

~~"I'm not sure what"~~

Quotation

"I'm not sure my guts are
 OK yet" (Mike)

"My suit's not fit - it's
 got big holes in + it wet
 now - can you glue
 wet neoprene?"

(D. Uglow)

"I think I'd better save
 myself for a really hard
 trip tomorrow." (Keith)

"I'll be back up to Ario in
 a day or so" (Skippy).

Real Meaning

"With a bit of luck if I stall
 long enough all the tips will be
 full + I won't have to go"

"Phew! Chucking my
 websuit out in the rain
 after cutting holes in it
 was a good wheeze! I can
 get pissed with Uale all
 day now!"

"Can jock rot actually
 make you sterile?"

I'll see what Jane (the
 Ayatollah) has to say about
 this.

Thursday 3rd July 1980

① First tackling trip down Xitu Colin, Stephan, Mike Boase, Graham

With a good 11 o'clock start to set off the expedition the pitches were rigged down to the bottom of the 19m pitch. At the end of the entrance rift, the purple belay was still left at the head of the pitch from last year and so was used again, but with a spreader making the take off even more difficult (ie climb half way down the pitch and get onto the ladder). 10m pitches were rigged with ladders and marlow line. Nasty twanging on the 19m noticed if hanging above blind pot, so abseiling and prussiking to the right was necessary. Sit sling and coars. found at the start of the entrance rift. G.N.

(As a fairly typical start to an over expo. we didn't have the required anchors to rig a line through the rift and re-rig various dubious ~~to~~ belays from last year C.N.)

Friday 4th July 1980

② Pozu del Xitu

John, Dudley, Graham, Mike Boase.

After rising at 9-00am to superb Ario weather Graham and John tried to get all the tackle to rig as far as Customs hall together. In the end they discovered that there were only six Troll hangers and no rope protectors and so improvisations with wire belays etc. were planned.

The party got down the cave at 11-30 and the descent was marked by a large crow who followed us through the rift and sat on Mike's head at the top of the 19m pitch. ~~The~~ Graham's by-pass to the next pitch was found to become too tight and so a 5m ladder was belayed to a boulder and descended. At the top of the last Edelweiss pitch, the Troll hanger didn't fit and so one of the wire belays was used to re-hang a 25 foot ladder from a boss. The back-up to the first Bluewater pitch was rigged with a 4m tape sling and then the lack of a wire belay (we found it at the bottom of the 19m pitch) forced us to retire. The crow followed us as far as the top of the 19m pitch and then lost touch. We finally got out at 15-30. JS

④ 8/5 Cheese Cave. Dave U., Trevor, Stephen, Keith & Colin & John

Deciding that 8/5 was a promising possible alternative entrance to Xitu, a surveying/pushing trip was planned with Shippy's sparse description as a guide, we finally descended about 4pm in hot sunshine. Going was slow with John and Stephen nagging ahead, while Colin showed the rest of us how to survey. The cave is a risky, chussy hole. The first pitch is about

(2)

10 metres and just inside the entrance. The top is a slope with lots of loose boulders which easily drop down the pitch. Once over the lip, the pitch is fairly straight forward. The second pitch of 20 metres is immediately after, belayed to two bolts. Apart from a slight rub-point near the top which can be avoided by leaning out on the rope, the pitch is straight forward (two!), and is quite nice, though the walls are sharp. At the bottom a steep down lead to a tricky 4 metre climb which is treated as a chimney. The passage slopes down to a large chamber and a further 5 metre climb down. Here we stopped thinking this was the 45th pitch Shippy had described. O.K. in 4 hours, to return the next day with extra equipment for the pitch.

Saturday 5th July

Pozu del Xitu

(5) Dave, Graham, John,

The party got down at about 12-30 and made a speedy descent to the 1st Bleewater pitch, pausing to re-rig the 25' ladder. Graham banged in a bolt and John used a tape sling and mailon to give a free hang instead of last year's rub point. A small traverse line was also rigged with a long wire belay to a flake up the passage to assist getting to and from the take off point. The second BW pitch was rigged with the same rope rebelayed by a wire belay to a substantial flake. Dave banged in a bolt for a traverse line to the head of the third pitch which he then rigged, using a wire belay and flake as back up. The party got out at ~ 8-00pm.

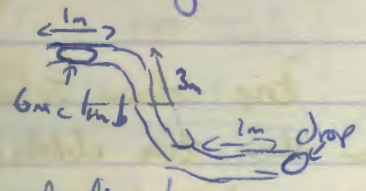
JS

(6) Simon & Stephan spent hours in rift & on some of ~~fast~~ self laid pitches bargaining in bolts galore. Quite fun really, but Stephan got rather cold. Lots of pictures & bug hunting.

SB

Cheese Cove (Trevor's Terror)

Dave U., Russell and Trevor returned to finish off the survey and push the final pitch. Reaching the bottom quickly, Trevor rigged the pitch while Dave and Russell surveyed, adding one extra set of measurements to the top of the pitch. What we had thought was the 45 foot pitch the previous day, and John had decided was not free-climbable, was an easy 6 metre climb in a rift. Trevor descended and walked along the floor which was consisting of small loose boulders. As I walked down, the floor moved under me + the rattle and clattering of rocks going down a large pitch could be heard. What was worse, the 3' x 1' x 1' boulder on which my feet were placed was moving towards the edge. Fortunately, before I realised what was going on, the boulder had jammed in the rift. Slightly worried I beat a hasty retreat. Clearly (i.e. in hindsight) I had nearly fallen down the true 45' pitch, but (which we estimated at 100' by tossing stones), how Shippy had rigged the pitch I dread to think. At the top of the climb it was decided to leave the cave + de-rig.



with shift about 2'
BOTTOM OF 6M CLIMB.

immediately above drop the rift opens out into a fairly sizable chamber which cannot be reached

Sunday 6th July
Poza del Xitu
Keith, John.

Set off at 12-30 with Dave and Mike, who went off pushing the extension Mike and John had gone up in 1979. John descended the last BW pitch and secured the rope to the ledge. Keith followed and the two then rigged the 5m stream pitch. The secondary bolt at Trench I

⑧

was found to be next to a ^{to} ~~near~~-line crack and so a tertiary ^{thread} belay was used just in case. This is located on the extension side of the Trench Pitches. ~~TP~~ TPII was rigged without trouble. However, the anchor in the primary belay on TPIII was rusted and so a ladder was hung from the backup anchor after some trouble. The trouble involved: i) Keith ~~the~~ dropping the hanger down the pitch. ii) The ladder being kicked down the pitch. iii) Keith descending down and tying the ladder to the end of the rope to be pulled up. Pearl Pitch primary anchor was found to be unusable and so the pair exited, meeting Dave and Mike babbling incoherently about "miles" of extension with rifts, shafts chambers etc. at the top of the Trench Pitches. ~~Every~~ These four got out at about 10-30 pm.

⑨ Dave R., Mike Busher - the pushing trip down John's extension followed the rigging of ropes on the two cliffs below Customs Hall - the first with a bolt in calcite! We quickly went past the 'Gold step' which marked the limit of 1979 exploration and pushed on through a boulder choke, which has some rather unstable small bits. Shortly after this, the rift gave way into phreatic passage which has some cave peaks and black gourd pools. The limit of pushing was marked by access to a deeper passage, ~~which~~ the floor of which may be reached by a 5 m climb. A rather hairy traverse route upwards is also a possibility. Total length of extension so far is about 500 m, and a strong draught is rather promising.

M.R.B

(10) Graham, Dave U. & Simon

Supposedly a gentle trip, just pushing upstream with maybe some surveying. Eventually got started (~ 3:00pm!) & eventually reached the streamway. Upstream is proved to be tighter than downstream with more pools to get wet in. After a knee deep pool a short climb leads to ~~the~~ a long narrow section. After an extremely thrillingly loose bit a chamber is reached. The streamway is too tight beyond this but Graham the superhero midget climbed up into what he described as a vertical maze. Further climbing up Christ knows how much risk apparently resulted in Graham emerging ~~last~~ in the middle of Custom Hall. After getting lost, he returned to us via the streamway it not any of the others in the vertical maze! Some unsolicited persuasion from me & got us surveying & we did the worst bit of the passage: Most of it couldn't really be bypassed. Last survey station was by the pool near the aforementioned climb. This leaves about 100' still to be surveyed to ~~reach~~ reach the T-junction with the stream. Slow exit resulted in eventual emergence at the highly uncivilized time of 12:45 am - ugh. Fetched the last remaining nothing out - henceforth known as Xitn & or Percy. &

Monday 7th July
Pozu del Xitn

8/8

(11) Keith, John.

A late start (2:00pm) Keith banged in a bolt at Pearl Pitch but wasn't satisfied and so put in another. After a long debate on rigging, a bolt was put in on the other side of the rock bridge on Chopper Pitch by Keith and a traverse line was rigged between this and last year's Flake belay. Keith and John got out at about 1:00am without much trouble and then proceeded to get lost in the mist, John trying to go to Los Lagos and Keith opting for the Canal de Tres. Both finally got back to camp at ~ 1:30 to Febada and Posta.

- 12 Dave R., Simon, Mike Busheri. A very late start - 14.30 - followed by 2 1/2 hours surveying of the extension, which the romantic Dave insisted on christening the 'Teresa Series'. 41 legs were surveyed, with a total length of about 300 m. We then whisked off, following the draught, to the previous limit of exploration, where Simon and Dave descended to the floor of the passage and came back about 15 min later, in a state of high excitement, with Simon rabbiting on about deep holes and access to new streamways (possibly not active). At 20.05 we started moving out of the extension at high speed and regained the surface by 22.25, which was quite pleasing. Xidu now looks like a much more lengthy and complex system than was expected only a few days ago.

H. R. B.

Tuesday 8th July - Bloody awful weather. Rained continually & heavily from ~ 3pm onwards.

Xidu the Crow-like object has died after ~~not~~ puking up its breakfast etc - possibly slug poisoning. Shit weather & also unfortunate.

- 13 8th July - Xidu Botomung trip - Colin & Marvin.

Started down rather late ~ 1.15, had no trouble worth mentioning and eventually arrived at chopper pitch, ready to bang in the secondary bolt. The take off and access to Kietin's 'super bolt' is amazingly hairy so perched on a pebble suspended above nothing I banged in a bolt. The pitch is a lot better than it was last year with a nice free hang except for a ledge half way down. We then carried on with no probs to Gray Pitch. Well then for the next hour Marvin was hanging around in the water getting drenched. This depressed him somewhat. Having decided there was no better belay we had to belay

EYELESS IN GAZETTE

MUSH ROOMS

TO AD STOOLES

POOLS

11.10.94
7920

⑦

from the top of the pitch. Thus proving that Marvin had wasted his time getting wet, which depressed him. Grey pitch was very wet so we both got soaked. This didn't please Marvin. We ripped on down to the '79 limit of exploration. I followed the large Boulder filled chamber upwards and arrived fairly soon at

13.7.80

16

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Trevor, Dave, John.

which Cheeky Bugger has interrupted me in mid flow?

Down Teresa series for a pushing trip. The pitch reached at last attempt (me, Keith + Trevor 5 days ago) was rigged with 10m ladder + descended to utterly magnificent passage, shaped Π , in clean black rock, 20 feet wide + enormously ^{off to the side} ~~stiles~~ high. After 100 feet a gigantic aven which would be one hell of a pitch if we could find another entrance - this aven is the source of the draught which voraciously wafts + howls through Teresa series. Water coming down here ~~then~~ goes down a narrow rift which doubles back under the main passage; ~~as~~ a narrow 5m chute + soon after it gets too tight.

The main way on is very loose for a while. A hole in the unpleasant floor is head of huge shaft, 20m from top or 10 from ledge reached via 6x6m

The shoulder opposite Grey Pitch. With Hindsight this also to prove typical of my contribution to Kite's Exploration. My way during this time. Moves was refitting the carbide + getting colder and more depressed. So after a quick crawl through the boulders and noting an obviously way on down a ~ 10 m pitch we exited - very slowly. Having finally

②

17 Monday 14th July

Dave, John Bottoming Xitu MKI

The intrepid pair got down the cave at 11-20 only to find that the Edelweiss on the 19m was worn to the core. The trip was abandoned so they had to exit and tell everyone else. Keith and William rigged the pitch using a 50m Bluewater. The rest of the day was spent watching Graham abseil into Graham's Hole, a shaft just above 11/5. It was found to be ~20m deep with a ^{down to the top of a} ~10m deep snowplug. A small hole choked with boulders ~~where~~ where a stream ran down was observed.

15/1

12/7/80

Keith, Graham Bottoming Xitu (Before these D, J Mkx trips)

The day after the snow thaw

Got to the limit of last years exploration in good time in wetsuits to combat the still quite wet conditions. Had a tin of sardines and started looking at all levels in the boulder choke (stream level was very wet & tight). The way on was ahead by a short climb up in the choke. A muddy passage after a short distance is terminated by the plopping sounds of a large sump pool ~30ft down surrounded by vertical muddy walls. I descended on a rope to take a look but let Keith do the getting wet bit (up to your neck feeling for the bottom of the pool). The trip out was lengthy (I had to ascend, wet grey pitch and many of the climbs without light). Keith dragged a tackle bag up to the bottom of ~~choke~~ pool.

(21)

(9)

Tuesday 15th July

Dove, John Bottoming Xitu MKII

Another early start at ~ 11-00 am. Everything went well until Dove started to abseil down the 19m pitch when the primary bolt pulled out of the ^{IFC had been very} ^{glacé} anchor. Dove fell about 2ft. to be held by the secondary belay and managed climb back up. Dove and John then went out and it was decided that they should re-rig the pitch with the secondary ^{bolt} with the previous ladder as back up and then fetch the bolt kit from the top of Trench Pitches. (There were no bolt kits on the surface.) This was done with a little difficulty with lights and ^{jerk} ^{by Dove} abseiling and the bag was tied on the end of the 19m. Simon then hauled it up and rebolted the pitch while Dove and John rehung the 5m ladder just below the 19m, using a long wire belay round a flake. The journey out was uneventful except for John straining an open Maillon which Keith was adjusting on one of the pitches and then losing his piece trying to close it. A frustrating day.

18. 7. 80

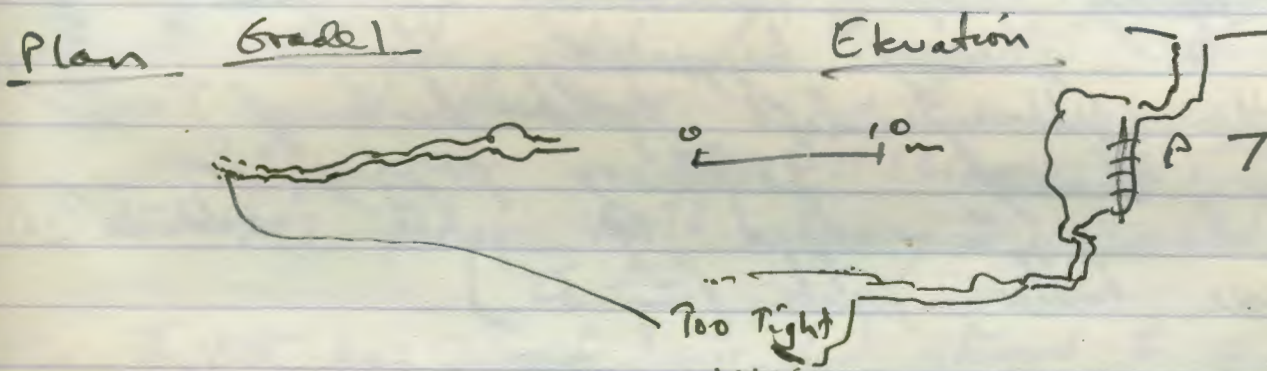
Dave, John, Martin. Bottoming Xita Mk. III

This time we made it, all the way! A 15 hour trip - Martin's Lewis seems too small to take an 11mm rope - but the bottom, including Colin's loop, was surveyed, + Grey Pitch detailed + the cave emptied as far as Chopper. Elements which went to make up an epic were
ci) Dave trying to climb down an overhang onto an impossible pitch instead of traversing + getting 100% soaked in the process, ensuring that any wait over 5 mins. thereafter led to primary hypothermia symptoms,
cii) John almost lobbing off into the foul looking sump when surveying (iii) Martin pouncing way past the takeoff on grey pitch + (iv) a complete lack of hot food, women, alcohol, cabaret items + good music. Beethoven, Be Bach, Cog au Vin or Chateau Mouton Rothschild would all have improved this trip but unfortunately Xita's bathels, concert halls, restaurants + wine merchants were all closed by the time we started coming up. The climbs after Chopper are a little nasty + it's all very wet - really I'm glad it rained; after the lovely Teresa Series it's absolutely sweltering.

Just before the top of Grey pitch, John thrusted into a tight sandy rift. After the first few metres, which Dave had disturbed it was plainly virgin. At about 20m in the floor vanished and ^{Knocked off} footholds fell a long way. The rift belled out here: - does it connect with the oven seen below? A faint noise of water could be heard.

4.7.80

- (3) A related mention of an adventure of Dave, Simon + Russell - TORCA NO MERITA DE TERESA. We in a dry valley after the last big steep bit on the way up from Los Lagos gardening + boulder removal admitted us to a crossy, horrid hotel.



My sweater was ripped to shreds. the v. narrow trench at the end is probably quite deep but I think it unlikely anyone will ever find out how far this hole goes.

Some Notes -

- (i) when in wet weather a huge stream falls down a choked sinkhole with no backup in the valley leading down to Hoyo La Madre before the main steep bit.
- (ii) Near the top of said steep bit Dave Uglow found a 6' deep hole in the path!

(16) 8th July Trevor, Dave, Rose, Keith - 2nd Surveying trip of Terra.
Surveyed 19 lgs of series to S on climb
which was limit of exploration on Mike & Dave's
1st pushing trip. Proceeded to push beyond
point reached by Simon & Dave on 7th
Having briefly looked at 25' pot, they
saw and investigated a right hand limb
of T junction which leads to 20' pot
and chassy rift (traversing over latter
leads to passage bypassing the 12' Overhang)
we then followed left hand limb of T
junction through bouldery passage &
chambers to head of what could be
a nice ladder pit ($\approx 35'$)

(18) 14th July William, Keith 'Pushing trip (so-called)'

(18) 13th July Colin, William, Dave, Uglair
- surveyed Ming Series - all went well
except for some problems with SRT and
self-hanging on the exit.

(19) 13th July Simon, Graham - pushing Ming series
- proceeded the
surveying party into the series
of passages discovered by Colin
- unfortunately, rather than being the whole new
system of passage complete with
vast 'chambers' and fine-improving
subterranean formations that our
two intrepid explorers had anticipated
it turned out to be merely an old, higher
level of the streamway which
ratons to the streamway via a

large chamber & rift chamb just beyond the
Dropping Area. Whilst Graham & the
surveying party thought the passage
quite a nice little crevice, Simon
~~was~~ to who was carrying a rather heavy
very large tackle bag for all the
itches they'd intended to find - as a result
in the course of several hours, he cultivated
a vehement loathing of the passage
& returned that night in less
than good humour.

publish, it really is a bastard of a passage
(SFF (2/3 weeks later))

(20) 14th July William Keith - pushing trip (so-called) of Teresa

On the 13th Dave John & Trevor had returned to camp
after their pushing trip muttering about vast gorges,
the ground and enormous areas in tones of
awe. They intimated that beyond the ladder
in May series heights and widths were
measured in kilometres rather than metres.
They informed us that their limit of exploration
was a 30' ladder pitch with a nice ladder
belays point and they would have descended
had they had another ^{one} belay. Thus it was that
William and I descended with great expectations
and numbers of wire belays, handlines, mauls
and a 40m rope. Our first frustration occurred at
the head of the rift pitch when we met
John & Dave returning from their "bottoming trip"
to the 19m pitch because rope sheath was
sawn through - we returned to surface - cut
the 90m bluewater and redescended &
replaced the rope, before continuing our
trip. Progress was somewhat slowed by the

large amount of tackle earned. We finally reached
 Dave's ladder, belay and pitch and were
 somewhat disturbed by the amount of loose
 boulder inhabiting the head of the pitch. I
 gardened away some small stones before
 realizing that the ladder was going to
 lie over a rather large boulder
 - perched precariously above the pitch.
 If the pitch was used regularly it would
 be bound to fall eventually - its core
 rather sound me (about $4' \times 2' \times 1'$) but it
 had to go so holding on to two other
 boulders I kicked it off - it landed
 below resoundingly but luckily vibrations caused
 no further movements - we put ladder
 down pitch and descended over lip only
 to discover the 30' ladder was 25' from
 the ground on the "30' pitch" - I
 climbed back up and looked around for
 a position for primary belay for a rope
 - all stal flow & choss so went further
 up in boulder choke and found a nice
 oval ~~the~~ aperture in the roof of
 the chamber (- later to be maligned as a
 "cherry little hole") with good solid
 rock on right hand side where I
 stretched a knot - using nicely jammed
 boulder as II^o belay. We returned to
 surface was slow and steady -
 William steady as one might say.
 my delays included ~~balancing~~ William's
 baby stinky leaping off his helmet
 down a pitch - an act completely
 unprovoked by his knocking it off -

the rubbing of torn neoprene against tender crutch skin gave rise to nappy rash resulting in a bow-legged Louis and only light developed a frustrating tendency of imitating a glow worm. However we eventually emerged in the mist and rain after a 12 hr trip and made our way back to camp - via a few deviations, whereupon William opened his tent door and Colin's head fell out and vomitted all over Will's Welches - too much vino - again.

(22) 15th July - Simon, Marvin, Keith - it was supposed to be a pushing trip down Teresa series but before we went underground met John & Dave returning having vandalised the bottles at the 19m pitch - the primary fell out when Dave absided on it and he had the impudence to shocklead the secondary so Simon rebolted the pitch while Marvin and I ate some chocolate.

(24) 18th July William, Simon, Keith 3rd surveying trip of Teresa series - to head of 75' pitch - surveyed 270m of passage - but Simon penchant for record breaking meant he insisted on going on to survey some side passage - so we surveyed 300m - the most passage surveyed in any trip so far (38 legs). Met Graham & Mike returning from their 1st pushing trip on way out - William stayed with them while Simon & I made our burries smell worse than ever by trotting out

18th (10)

(25) Graham, Mike - Tercia snow pushing trip.

I first descended the 75 ft pitch Keith had rigged so nicely a few days before, into a really massive chamber ("Not even a constipated blue whale would have had any trouble here" - John). A further 20' steeper pitch was bolted bringing us to the floor of the chamber. Further down the chamber was a 50' pitch I roughly belayed to a lump and descended (I thought it was only 20'). The bottom half was drippy. At the bottom the chamber extended a little further, but despite all our efforts, appeared to choke completely, so we pissed off out on the off chance it would still be light when we got out.

(26) Keith Graham - Rigging ~~Vieja~~ Vayaya

With a handful of bolts & anchors and crabs whipped from peoples personal supplies, with promise of refund from deig of Xitu (oh yeah!). The day was fine and the arduous climb to the entrance afforded a beautiful view of the Cares gorge, ~~in~~ with cotton wool cloud. We ran a good system of taking turns in putting in a bolt, while the other bathed in the sun outside (more than was good for me in my case). After the sixth bolt was banged home and rigged, the sun had just set so we dashed back to make the refuge before dark.

20/7. After survey drawing / restoring / trying to explain what proteog is (is) to Spaniards, Martin went off & finally had a quick look at entrance to 20/s. This was emitting a warm draught - promising - but had a very chosing & a bit narrow. Looks like ~5m drop which would be OK, with metal support - plus a rope for quick descent?

(27)

20.7.80

Dave + John

Pushing The Choke

Graham mentioned two climbs left alone due to chaos in the choke. Amid pessimism - I got the bloody thing surveyed, photographed + denigged as soon as poss. - we set off on a generally very efficient trip at $\frac{1}{2}$ tuck. Graham's 60' pitch was belayed with one wire round a flake with no backup evinced some horror + we put in a bolt. The scene here is extraordinarily impressive - the 75, 80 + 60 foot pitches descend a vast chamber ~~covered~~ littered with boulders; The top of the choke can be seen + the roof soaring on most "impossible" traverses to climb the pile. We fiddled around a bit in the bottom until with John exiting from a back end I climbed up to the note Graham had seen. I followed it over a ~~bit~~ traverse into a small stal-decorated rift in solid rock! At the end (10 feet or so) was a small note. I poked my head through + - ^{10m!!!} nini ni! Aashh aah aashh nini! 15 ~~to~~ ^{20m!!} down to a ledge + then a wide shaft at least 100 foot deep with roaring water at the bottom! John joined me + collectively + multiply were orgasmed as if we were back in the rift.

Euphoria at this depth is a bit unwise. With intense horror I watched as John slipped * on loose stuff on the climb + ~~lost his~~ ~~the~~ ~~discovered~~ ~~laborat~~ ~~at~~ ~~to~~ ~~all~~ ~~well~~
* My foot hold fell off. actually!

19/7/80

27/5

Dave and John
walked almost to Vago Allisada
then came back over Jaltayu finding:-

A ~~big~~ large doline full of
shattered rock ^{leads to 2} ~~potholes~~ choked holes
emitting a strong draught.

226° to big mt. with snowfield

151.5° to summit of Jaltayu.

28/5

40° to shepherd's huts at Arvo

81.5° " summit of Jaltayu

Head for the large entrance visible
from the viewpoint in orange rock.

On arriving there, take path
nearby in a SEasterly direction.

After a few tens of metres, passing
a large snow plugged hole on the
left, you come to two pots,

the northern most of which
is at least 20m deep (big stones)

Just to the north of the
pots (which ^{to be} appear in a rift) is
a very large depression.

Both entrances are $\sim 3\text{m} \times 1\text{m}$.

38
M
known from that he hadn't broken anything but ~~as~~ as he lifted his face towards me I saw it was covered in blood.

This sort of thing can temper the sternest atheism. I climbed down + dabbed him with a cloth + could see he was more or less ok. A bar of chocolate later he was ready to start prussiking. One does not normally experience strong emotion coming but this was v. intense - from euphoria to almost fearful relief in less than five minutes.

John showed great mental restraint in continuing to hold his own rope on the way out, which was accomplished v. quickly. The whole trip lasted barely more than 7 hours. Back in Refugio euphoria began to reassert itself - XITU GOES! To more than 400m at least...

The reason for my survival was that I chose the softest thing in the area to land on: - my head. Three cheers for Ultimate helmets.

As I hurried to help John came Bedstead's plaintive tones from across the chamber:

"I say, is this the master cave?"

P.S. Keith & I got lost on Tullayen & couldn't find Vayana!

30

21-7-80 Simon & Keith - "Pushing" Vayaya

Having climbed Sullayya for four hours in driving rain, thick swirling cloud and force nine gales yesterday with Ken - today I wanted to find Vayaya. People refuse to believe that the mass of rocks, igneous boulders and porphyries which they call a mountain looks very different in bad weather conditions. I felt it to be incumbent on me to check that I could find the hole myself before leading some other poor soul on a tour of the mountain. Therefore I rose at 6.30 am and set off up Sullayya alone - it was beautiful weather and I quickly found the hole - marked it with a string of the orange contraceptive-like plastic bags and returned to find every other bagger still asleep. Eventually Ollie was roused and fed and I persuaded Simon to accompany me on a hotting trip. I descended the 2 pitches we'd descended 2 days before and then the 3rd pitch which we'd rigged - to ledge 35' down and traversed across to a stacked boulder in rift - Simon followed but decided to perch on a ledge rather than traverse - having observed his antics for several minutes I decided that if I ever came that way again - I'd traverse again. We then examined the situation we were both perched on a ridge between two connecting pots the walls were mainly solid flon - Simon started putting in a bolt - but when it sunk up to its neck it was moonably after about 2 hammer blows - we decided it wasn't such a good idea - so I decided to point the traverse and abseil straight down the first pitch - Simon abseiled down and there appeared to be only 1 sub point 12' from bottom. I returned to surface to get some rope protects top slugs while Simon knocked in a bolt above next pitch - I consumed half a pkt of biscuits while suspended 100' above Simon and the

66 lbs it was fun

descended to the head of Simon's pitch - the imagine the most unpleasant and terrifying pitch head you possibly can and you have an idea of what was there - a hole in boulder floor leads to a crawl in 3" deep gulches which comes out on tons of boulders all resting on one another like a house of cards - if you remove your foot from the floor - it sets up an avalanche tearing down the next pitch - procking hell out of the bolt on the way. When I'd recovered from initial shock symptoms we discussed the situation and found a nice piece of solid limestone giving a foreboding from pitch head that Simon hadn't noticed before - it was covered by a very thin calcite layer but looked good. I slotted the drop and drilled a hole - a nice hole in good hard rock - none of your calcite-like stuff - I put the wedge in and hammered home the anchor - just one more hammer blow - tap - 3 large cracks appeared around the hole - the bottom section of rock fell out and we removed the dome and anchor firmly attached to each other. - the implications of this with respect to other bolts in the cave I could anywhere gradually penetrated our muddled brains - we exited rapidly and climbed Sullayan for some fresh air - we decided to sleep on the problem.

(21)

31 Monday 21-7-80 Dave & Kev pushing Xitu.

Since Keith and I had failed to find Vayeva the previous day because of cloud & Keith's useless memory!... this was my first trip in Spain. And what a classic it turned out to be. Dave spent ages getting ready so we probably didn't get down till about 3pm. We made our way at a fairly sedate pace to Teresa series where we found some previously un-noticed cave pearls and some lovely calcite crystal gours. Unfortunately the gours had been crushed by heavy bodied cavers.

I was suitably impressed with all this - and especially so at the top. At the top of the next - Graham's Pitch - we changed one hanger as we thought the rope did not lie so well & changed the rope protector for my long canvas one. Dave chucked up "John's Facial Rearrangement" and rigged the Wilson - and soon we were at the top of the pitch Dave & John had reached on the previous pushing trip. A look this time suggested the first drop was more than 5 metres - in fact we thought that 10m of ladder would be insufficient. I knocked off some bits of rock to enlarge the pitch head - and Dave descended to a rocky ledge with loose choss. He explored and found a likely hole to rig the next bit of the pitch. I followed and banged in the first bolt. The Dave banged in the second. We tied the BW to the bottom of the ladder so you can use it as a traverse line from the pitch head to the bottom of the ladder. While Dave was bolt-banging we had a conversation on what types of music we enjoyed. I whistled as much of "Rhapsody in Blue" as I could remember and sang a bit of "We're all going on a summer holiday". The awfulness of this probably made Dave bolt faster. As I sat waiting on the chossy ledge below the ladder I had to keep stuffing rocks under my right buttocks to stop myself sliding downwards.

The pitch rigged, Dave descended and and I heard cries of "FXXING HELL... IT'S BLOODY ENORMOUS!!!"

My rather negative mood of earlier, which was brought on by the uncertainty at the bottom of the ladder pitch, evaporated as I descended. That is, below the pitch head you drop from a sort of rift pitch into a huge chamber with water falling down an aven on the right. The water falls into a Lake... well not exactly a lake rather a small pond but I had desisted about finding a pitch with a lake at the bottom so insisted on calling the chamber "Dream Lake Chamber". We climbed over boulders and to our joy found a rather active stream passage which stretched upwards beyond the penetration of our lights. We dragged up some energy from somewhere and hauled off downstream. At one point the water fell down a hole about 20cm in diameter but about 5m further there was a 3m drop with another small stream falling from the left. This was an overhang so we went back to Dream Lake to get some slings. Back at the overhang the belay we wanted to use fell off when Dave kicked it! An alternative belay meant the slings were too short. ~~so~~ We were unable to decide who was to go back again to Dream Lake for more slings so we both returned and told ourselves we might as well go to know 'our' stream passage. On the way back to the overhang I found some lovely rhombohedron (?) calcite crystals which were perfectly clear. I was unable to dislodge



all so we went onwards. Rigged the overhang and I went down - then down another 2m

climb to another 5m drop with a flake making descent difficult. I looked to my left and saw a smooth wall rising upwards into darkness split by a rift. It was as black so I picked up a large rock and threw it through. And waited... and waited.

Boooooom!!! "Oh my God!" I thought. "A bigger!"



I yelled to Dave to follow. I demonstrated the rock lobbing and he reacted in the same way as me ... a mixture of immense excitement and fear. Dave managed to climb down the flake and once he'd shown me how I followed. We reached the rift and Dave dropped a large rock ... "One mississippi ... two mississippi ... six mississippi ... seven ... bang!!" "F***ING HELL!!! SIX SECONDS!!! My god ... even if it is five sec. that is 100m! It could be 180m!! I looked down where Dave was perched somewhat precariously on a shiny sloping rock and saw a rearing trench. Dave dropped another rock immediately below himself. "one, two, three ... six!! oops!" Dave moved back having now realised that he was bridged across a possible 180m shaft!! We were remarkably excited and started trying to calculate the depth of the cave. I did not know the cave so well but Dave insisted that it would be over 500m at the bottom of the next pitch. We had some chocolate then started the long haul act. No real problems were experienced but my lack of sleep recently and general lack of any hard climbing since last year in Spain, meant I got pretty tired by the time we reached the entrance pitches. Exited about 3am after about 12 hours. A hell of a trip! Dave & I both think that it's the best trip we have ever done. And what a cave Xitu is now! Even constipated whale passage is dwarfed by some of the new chambers. H. goes and goes!

Kev.

32 Keith, Dave Thwaites, Martin. 22/7.

Down to top of big pitch. Placed bolts for pitch to large ledge not noted by Kev & Dave in their excitement. Dave got cold in wet suit but all out eventually. ~ 16 hrs. (Dave's 1st trip this year, my 2nd). 12

29

William and Mike 20/7/80

Surveying from 'The Gap' to the Boulder choke

A late start was made even worse by stinkie trouble (William had stuffed a piece of shirt up his gas outlet). The surveying went smoothly enough, but was rather slow as there were only two of us, and also as William is not a quick sketch artist.

The trip out was also a bit slow, firstly because I had to mess around for a while on the 21m pitch, where ^{Dave & John} had left a rope protector about 5m below its rightful place, and got thoroughly soaked, and secondly because there was more stinkie trouble in Teresa series.

We returned to the Refugio at about 23-00, to cries of 'what took you so long?' etc etc.
M.R.B.

28. Daryl & Mike 19/7/80

A trip down Lita entrance series to introduce Daryl to the delights of SRT underground and to do a Grade 2 survey of the hole in Hawell opposite the landing of the last Bluewater pitch. The latter activity established a connection between the branch through Antares Hall and the 'Hole in the Wall' series.

M.R.B.

(33) 20/7/80 Simon & Daryl

Went down to derig from chopper pitch up to the start of the Teresa series. Only thing worth mentioning is that Simon had to derig Pearl Pitch twice because he had left his prussik bag at the bottom.

(36) Dave + Graham

Attempting to
bigging the Big One?

23.7.80

① Pausing to change the hanger on the last
SW pitch in the entrance series + tie some of
the ropes lower down - a nasty rub point on G's pitch -
we advanced to the great shelf. Never have I seen
a more awesome + indeed awful sight underground -
the vastness of the black space evokes terror, delight,
excitement and, as Graham pointed out, ~~waters~~
keeps one on the alert! We descended Keith's
pitch to the ledge with the stream + Graham
tipped in some ~~flu~~ fluorescein; for the next
half hour the water, rope + rock were a lovely
chemical green. We "free climbed" to Keith's
ledge another ~~20~~ ²⁰ foot below + creaked -
we felt like Batman + Robin backs to the wall
at the top of a huge skyscraper having been
dumped there by evil catwoman or someone -
how Keith thought we were going to rig the
pitch via a tension traverse from there (stones
still going for 6 seconds) I don't know. Every
time you knock something off there's this
deadly silence + then ... boom! an ~~echo~~ echoing
crash ~~at~~ which chills the heart. Not only the
heart actually as the whole place seems v. cold
~~even~~ even - bolting water on I felt decidedly
chilly.

Back to the main ledge + down to another
one on the other side ^{via a wire-belay} well away from the
water where prospects for a free hang with
probable re-belay look good. 2 bolts
were put in - one vertically into the ledge
+ the other into the wall above. A rather late
exit ~~was~~ made if you don't do much else can
seem tedious.

35 23-7-80 Simon - Mike & Ken. Surveying to the Great Shaft.

Entered cave at about 2-30pm and proceeded without incident down the entrance shaft - except for excessive steaming of my glasses! Apart from a few squeals from Mike the only major incident of note en-route for the bottom was when the top came of a 5-litre bottle of carbide in my SRT bag. As I lowered myself over the 8' climb in the streamway water got to the carbide - my petey! flame got to the acetylene & wham!! I had the ally centrally heated SRT bag in Spain! The flames were practically beaten out as they threatened to burn away my leg. We dumped the carbide at the top of sandh patches.

The survey proceeded fairly smoothly but the size and complexity of the passage made sketching difficult. We reached the Great Shaft as Dave & Graham were lobbying rocks over the edge from the ledge 50 down. Simon was suitably impressed & Mike wanted to go out.

We decided that Graham's pitch was a terrible pitch for rope. Simon had found that there was a hole leading directly onto the 10m ladder above Dream Lake Pitch so that the horribly tight ledge used by Dave & I on earlier trips was by-passed. We should use a rope here and ladders on Graham's pitch. a fairly rapid to smooth exit at a midday. Ken.

36 23-7-80. Joy, Dave Thwaites.

My first trip down Xitu, in fact down any vertical cave, and I was very impressed by the feeling of being in a fault due to rock movement rather than holes worn by water. SRT proved fun except for the long times I spent trying to detach myself from all my extra safety loops, cow tails, crabs, Dave's crabs etc.

24.7.80

(27)

The search for the cave of the levitating 100-paper (in Spanish 'papiera pour rappel') : a mildly scatological adventure of Dave + Simon under the guidance (!) of Eduardo.

As the day wore on, a long hot day when lifting a can of 'Aguila Negra' was an enervating procedure, the walk to + systematic survey of the ~~En~~ Vega Atischa seemed increasingly unlikely. When Simon ~~suggested~~ had got round to suggesting a departure at 4 ~~pm~~ o'clock, it only needed Eduardo's insistence that ~~as~~ there are no pots there and his other proposal... to persuade us to adopt another plan. is an exaggeration?

'Je connais un poze ou papiera de rappel' when! when!' (indications that it floats upward on the wind emerging from the cave.) ~~He~~ 'A shepherd showed it to me last year and the entrance is as big as the Refugio!' (a rough translation)

At first things went smoothly. Cabera Muxa (Cabera means a small hill, y'know) ~~was found~~ admired, + the doline descended by ~~it at last~~. Though Eduardo wouldn't go down there for all the Peretas in pain. Then we started looking for Pozo del Papiera de Rappel...

When Eduardo insisted on showing us a number of SIE marked choked entrances we began to have our suspicions. 'c'est tres difficile de retrouver la cave.' But there were discussions as we tramped across the boiling karren. ~~et~~ 'c'est plank, c'est pour le the?' I asked him. 'Non, Non! Il fait be maximum merdes! Whish whish whish?' we ~~said~~ making appropriate motions

appropriate to high speed evacuations of the
return, 'c'est --. Laxative! mucho
laxative!'

On went the search. Another SIE pot
was passed - it had a cross inside the
circle so Eduardo boldly advanced despite
loud protestations by some resident crows.
'Do the SIE mark their shafts in red
'cos they're all communists' I asked Eduardo.
'No!' and his reply was really most apt --
'et Oxford - its marquent les caves en
noir - est ce qu'il sont fascistes ...?'

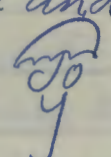
Back + forth across the dirt + grites.
More plants found + identified: a funny
stinky one, + some thyme ('C'est pas
laxative, pas laxative de tout.) Eduardo
told us about the cave of Corrobote,
noted by John and I a few days
ago. 'Aha! c'est pkin, pkin de merde!'
at last ... Ed is on the scent, hot
on the trail! 'Aha! he says, 'Je
connais c'est chemin! muy bueno!'
Then we turned back again in the
opposite direction. 'Aha! Je connais
ces rochers! la cave est tres pres ...'
A final time: 'jai un coup d'oeil!
Oh, c'est si proche ...'

But at last we all sit down
on a lump of limestone + the heat
has become too much. 'On retournera
Ario? c'est juste Never mind. The
shepherd took me down one way +
up another, + he couldn't find this
pot at ~~the~~ fort; explains Eduardo;

I can't ask him where it is now 'cos
he's working in de Ovis. Too bad. The
cave of the irritating too paper will ~~await~~
have to wait another day, + perhaps a
chance discovery by a shy Care there
any?!? Oucc member seeking a really
secluded spot for ~~his~~ his/her ~~room~~
morning crap.

(38)

Dave

24.7.80. Went fishing for crabs in the Rift. Will caught one
over 3" long and there was an even bigger one but it
got away. 

Saturday 26th July

Not sure what the yect is

FUCKING PISSED!

(39) but he did sing Happy Birthday to Theresa!

(40) or

24/JULY/80.

Returned to Arie rather sheepish. A long
trip with seemingly little accomplished. (Will continue
when sober ^{24 hour long trip.})
Head bangers unite!

26 July '80

This is both the cooking & you lot
Leathy (pissed)

Si is talking about his son's death.

26th not sure what
month/year

Bleahhh

24th JULY 1980

The sober version! Returned to refugio ~~with~~ feeling rather sheepish. ^{VIZ} A long trip with seemingly little accomplished. Carrying the plaited 200m Bluewater III proved to be time consuming even with 4 of us, Keith did the lions share.

Partway through the rigging of the big pitch Skippy and John departed*. Keith bainged in the main bolt and I put in the back-up.

Having fed the rope down the pitch belayed to the 2 bolts on the chossy ledge I descended and rebelayed it to the two bolts we had put in at the abrasion point. and Then continued on down FLAT IRON pitch proper. With both Keith and I keeping a careful eye on the rope an abrasion free descent was effected.

The base of the shaft was floored by boulders and within a few metres another pitch was reached, looking out into spacious nothing. It proved to be a 2-2½ second drop. Time was getting on and carbide was low so Keith stayed where he was (shivering) and I ascended.

We exited after 23 hours ~~as~~ underground.

Skunk. (D.C.R.T.)
After leaving at midnight, Skippy and I
* ~~the~~ got out after about 17 hours, Skippy's system
of wheels and gears behaving like a rag with neoprene
glue on it being dragged up the rope (that's what it
felt like anyway). I don't think it's worth recording
that we (4) took only about 2 hours to get the rope
down the entrance series and about 2½ to get the
bloody stuff unplaited at the pitch head

JS.

④ 25th July Friday. Fiesta Day..... Dave & Ken pushing Xitu.

Apologies to Dave cos he wanted to write up this one... but since he has gone to Cangas to please his beloved I fear he will have forgotten it by the time he gets back.

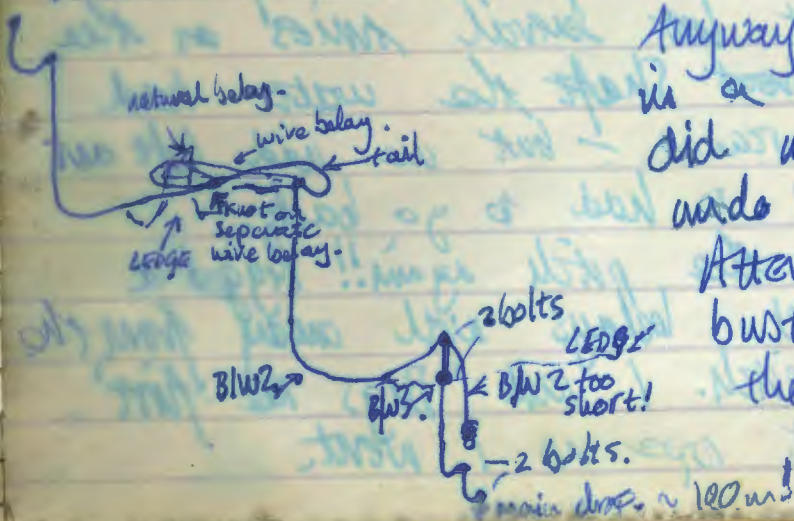
Well - Thursday night I had about 2-3 hrs sleep & felt ~~really~~ awful! I was press-ganged into pushing with Dave... it was only the success of our previous trip and the fact that we seemed to "hit it off" in caving terms that persuaded me to go.

Entered cave at ~ 2.30 with 4 chocolate bars & 2 tins of sandwiches. A fairly rapid descent to the head of the Great Shaft ~~was~~ ~~marked~~ remarkably fast because of continuous talking on various subjects such as caving trips past, cavers we like, cavers we hate and marriage.

We re-rigged Grahams Pitch by putting ^{the} ~~new~~ weight on the wire belay. The rope protector at the top actually does some good now.

And so the Great Shaft. Gulp! Dave went down first. The B/W 2 was too short to be used for ascending to the B/W 3 bolts & the slack in the B/W was ridiculously small. The best way to change to the next bit of rope if you have a rack is to climb to the main bolt, dip in short cow-tail and take weight off rack. In order to get it off the previous rope you un-wrap the rope from the reserve bolt. There. Understood??

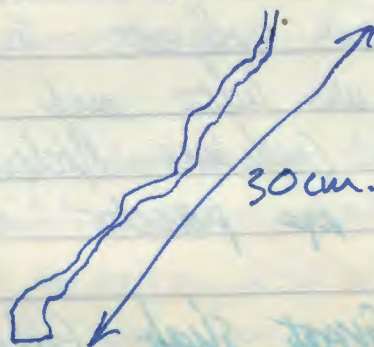
Anyway we got to the ledge. ~~But~~ in a bolt & discovered that we did not leave enough room to undo the driver from the anchor! Attempts to free it resulted in busting the driver off leaving the anchor useless! So we put in another bolt!



(52)
Dave descended and omitted now rather usual cries of
"F***ING ENCOORAMUS!!"

We saw that there was a streamway route & a high-level boulder route. On the streamway we were stopped by a 12' drop with a 3' overhang. Went over the top in boulders & I found a way down to the stream. Dave continued at the high level & we met up later. Next found a 15' slide down a waterfall. This can be climbed down a slot on the left. From here streamway choked so we went up again. A long way over boulders and we gradually dropped to the streamway.

We had passed some wire stal in the boulder chambers but at the streamway we were greeted by some really nice active stal & FABULOUS HELICTITES!



Downwards in the streamway through a lovely chamber with really nice blood-orange stal & helictites, down another 2m drop & a 3m drop into a big 'washing pit'.

The stream goes down with pot holes to the edge of a pitch. We thought we could see the bottom ~ 20m. Although we feared our trip length might be long we decided to try & rig it. Went back to the bottom of Great Shaft to collect the '7pm' B/W. Got lost several times on the way back in boulders. At Great Shaft the water had visibly risen & we got a bit scared - but we had left our SKI gear at the next pitch so had to go back.

Got lost on the way to the pitch again!! Ripped a beautiful hang with natural belays well away from the water at the top of the pitch. I said "Bags are first" and descended - paying out rope as I went.

Unfortunately the last 10m was wet!... very wet! I tried to abail rapidly to get down & out of the water. However a great knot of rope got jammed in my rock & I was suspended under the waterfall. Got bloody soaked.

About 10m further downstream there is another shelf ~ 30m. This looks like presenting rigging problems.

Dave was about to come down & it was only with great difficulty that I managed to tell him not to bother. Got soaked again on the way up. Hopefully a change in the belay will give a dry hang.

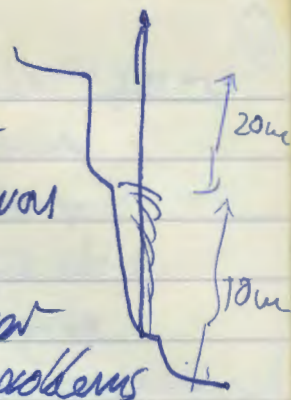
Then we began the long haul out. The 100m(?) drop was just rather long but with plenty of rests it's not too bad. Had all sorts of trouble at the "wire belay" ledge and have rigged a fall to aid future ascents.

Out at ~ 4.45 or 5am. 14 hr trip - 3 chocolate bars & 3 tins of sandwiches! Must be a hard trip!

Estimated total depth now is between 500 & 550m. The question is.. which will run out first? The rope & the descending devices? - which one rapidly getting worn out. My rock is finished after just 3 trips down the cave! Estimated 400 or 500m of new passage.

P.S. / Sorry this is so long.

AV



Daryl

26th July

Due to I'm not quite sure what, ~~Daryl~~ + I were the only people ^{in the stream} down the cave. Started at c. 1pm with an aneroid ^{in the stream} of the entrance series to the inlet where we ate sardines. Spent the next two hours shivering while we surveyed from the upstream ^{in the stream} mouth to the inlet (V right or twisty) and then went to the Teresa series. Refilled ^{with} water at the four pools and descended the hole in the floor shortly afterwards. After a 5m climb, three passages led off, ~~where~~ I chose the one which is an old streamway in a phreatic system, but it chokes almost completely (might just squeeze through) after 30m. The central passage chokes ^{Daryl} in mud almost at once. The right hand passage, which ~~chose~~ ^{Daryl} chose is a phreatic passage, mainly about 6ft across with constrictions & leads along horizontally, then downwards, for about 100m. At this point we came to a pitch, initial 15 feet with perhaps another 25 foot - steep (the stones fall clear). Threw stones down which all rattled for a couple of seconds, none falling cleanly. No natural belays to be seen, although the rock is muddy but probably OK. Went out, via a side passage on the left right (left as you descend) which turns into a tight, 'orrible' narrow trench not worth wasting time over. Along other upward sloping side phreatic side passages remain unexplored. Then we went out, ate some chocolate & changed our bill. Show passage out as ^{Daryl} ~~Daryl~~ had to stop & I forgot to pick up surveying gear at the inlet, Daryl was going back for it. Returned shortly after 11pm.

WJS

(42)

27th

Skunk & Graham

Xitu trip to the big pitch with all the
tackle we could amass

Very late start. - A very bad day for me. By customs hall my prussik back started falling apart. Due to slight delays in route finding in the T.S. and a lot of delay due to the transportation of tackle we decided to avert an exceedingly late exit with little time to push, to leave the ropes food & spare carbide at the big pitch for a more efficient push the next day. On the way out I lobbed off the first climb after $\frac{1}{2}$ a point of contact fell off $2\frac{1}{2}$ points of contact ($\frac{1}{2}$ = crossing handhold). At the top of the B.W. pitches, my foot rope walker ejected two bits down the pitch leaving only the carbide still attached, leaving me to huddle up the 19m

G.N

(26)
(27)

3-7-80 The Transportation of Vagaya - John & Keith - With the Semo-Nose
discovery of the SW-second deep in Xite, excitement
rose to astronomical heights in the refugees - thus it was that
John & I set off with instructions to punch off Vagaya
if possible - but to bring the 200m SW the back is up
we made a late start but got down to
the ledge where Simon & I had lost our way and fled
2 days before. With little time to spare, we decided that it
was best to use the first Simon had put in a
rope even though it involved a long rainy
journey down a mountain of riddle within an
avalanche at every step, (most of the avalanche
making its way from the bouldery ledge to the
bottom with some speed and not a little force. A
description at the level of the upper ledge was used
as a secondary and a rope protector used across a
rather wet cool-looking boulder glued by ...
it or ~~has~~ mud or something - to the side of the shaft.
While John perched himself precariously on relatively
stable ledges ~~to maintain~~ to maintain a state
of suspended animation & this is probably impossible for
a Pilling pathologist but at least he managed to
maintain ~~the~~ himself from falling down on top of me
Meanwhile I climbed down to the bottom under
constant assault from above dislodged by an
unwieldy ~~toothed~~ mouse bag dangling from
my belt. The pitch descended at $\approx 65^\circ$ to
- ~~prone~~ be the Lord - a boulder floor with
- wait for it - no way on.
with ~~down~~ actually it was a really impressive pitch
it ~~flow~~ walls - but there was no
hope of further progress so we removed the rope
having at about ground anchors and started
at about 8:00 having accomplished our
mission successfully at 200m SW

General Character of cave - terrifying; multiply fear experienced on average Rhine rift trip by factor of 6000.

Description - Awkward straddle climb in entrance passage to precarious perch ^{beside} by bolts. - best to use the perch as a ~~base~~ psychologically - reassuring tertiary belay - loosely tied with bouline so that can clip constant into it as it is climbed - guards against tendency to fall off top of perch. 2 closely placed bolts give freehang to mossy ledge, - scramble down to a further slippery ledge while still on rope - don't permit lateral because dangerous rub point introduced. Sporting

POZU DE

VAYAYA

VAYEYA
O' BALLELLA

Grade I Survey

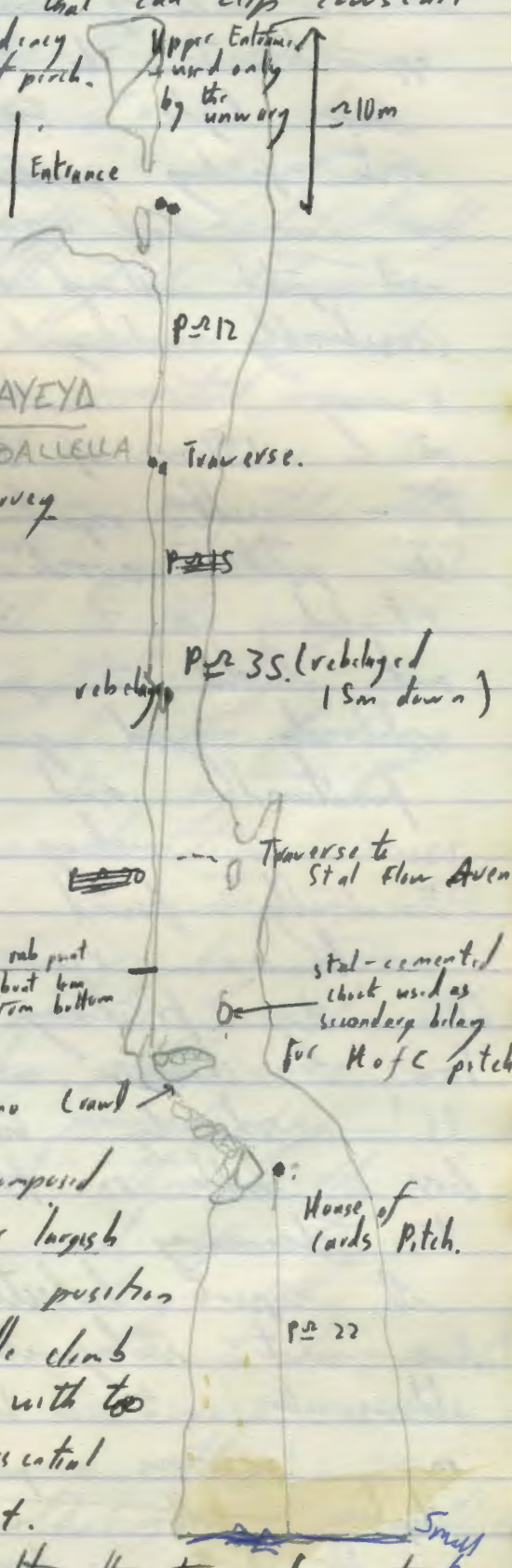
scale 1cm $\equiv$ 3m.

~~transverse~~ At level of ledge, ~~out over~~ sporting ~~transverse~~ straddle transverse to 2 bolts at head of 2nd pitch (35m), rebelayed at ledge 15m down.

10m ^{up from} bottom of pitch, transverse or pendulum is possible to checked boulder and from here exposed climb upwards leads to area with walls of stal - appears to close up after 8 or 9m.

At bottom of 2nd pitch is boulder covered floor - small hole leads to dung-vidden crawl and out ^{onto} steeply sloping ledge composed of boulders - all boulders supported by three largish ones - the fact that the latter remain in position defies all known laws of physics. straddle climb down to next bolt ^{as opposed to redoubtable} avoids bombarding it with too many boulders. Rupto protuber essential on rocky outcrop just below belay point.

Superb pitch with walls of good quality flintstone down to boulders terminal boulder floor - surface of the flintstone heavily pockmarked in places with bang marks resulting from falling rocks.



28-7-80

Shank & Keith - Pushing Xites - Rapid descent to
head of Big Pitch - where we spent some
little time sorting out the tangle of loops of wire that
appeared to be belaying the 20' abseil to the
lower ledge. From bottom of big pitch had some
route-finding problems through boulder rubble as tree
and Dan had warned we would. Journey down to the
next pitch through boulder chambers and streamway was
considerably delayed by 3 or 4 tumble bags. Not
knowing the exact situation with regard to dampness
at bottom of the 100' pitch we decided not to belay
it - ultra-rapid rappel down the last 30' of
the pitch avoided ^{anything} more than a superficial wetting
climbed up to cherty ledge to left of pitch
and decided to put a couple of bolts in some
relatively good quality limestone - unfortunately it
fractured and splintered along tiny calcite
veins making apparent bolting impossible
Eventually found a couple of boulders which
seemed as reasonable natural belays for a
60' dry freehang - but rope protector essential.
From chamber at bottom water shoots down over
15' rock dip but traverse to left assisted by
loose holds on far wall allows freehang down right
to streamway. Stream follows meandering rift
with superb helictites and white stal flow
Nine white stalagmites topped with blood-colored
stal similar to but better than ones found by tree
on previous push. Hours of sporting free
chairs follow which it was an ~~amusing~~
a tremendous feeling exploring this virgin passage.
We just moved along, ~~not~~ stopping momentarily
to yell to each other "Don't look at
that helictite". We Before getting this far used

carefully towed around pools ~~to avoid~~ and edged around
cascades to avoid getting splashed - for now we just
slid down chocks in the middle of the stream.
We didn't give a shot ~~at~~ about
getting wet - We came to the edge of a 30' drop
- I said "we ought to tackle this" - shuck
agreed and then we both half climbed half
slid down right in the middle of the stream.
We were intoxicated by our discoveries - it
was superb. Every corner we rounded, we
passed the cord but it continued - and we were
stopped not by the end of the cone as the others
at camp had predicted but by a pitch. It's
about 45' deep - there's little in the way
of natural anchors - so it looked like a
couple of bolts in some rather dubious looking
limestone. We were both dying to try and
descend it but a sober consideration
of the situation made us agree to return. We
were both thoroughly wet, we'd spent a long time
at the head of the previous pitch, ~~and~~ the
only ~~get~~ only food below the big pitch was
 $\frac{1}{2}$ bar of choc in shuck's messiah bag -
(all my chocolate had fallen out through the
holes in the bottom of mine) and finally
even it was going to take a long time to
try the next pitch - the decision to turn back
though hard to make, was wise under
the circumstances. It means there's
another superb few hours pot-holing left either
for us or for someone else.
Unsuccessful passage out - and at the entrance - ~~even~~ I
couldn't believe it - daylight yet again - 21 hour
trip - I'm beginning to believe that a sort of
Kila Van Winkle phenomenon exists down Xitu.

29/7/80 John - William - Surveying The Big Pitch

After the previous day's abortive attempt, abandoned at the end of the catenary series due to stickie trouble, the party was determined to get off to a good start. Started at noon with the M. Lavery survival kit to be left at the head of The Big Pitch (Soup, Stone, bin bags, ice milk, Cagor etc). No particular problems in descent, refilled stickies near Scordio & on to The Big Pitch. We attempted to open a tin of sardines with an adjustable spanner without success, so ate chocolate instead. Couldn't find Simon's survey station so made our own A on the 1st lip of the first stage, so the ledge can easily be seen. Left Surveyed down to the second ledge & the rebelay point then I descended. I tied one end of the string onto the rebelay point & abseiled down the pitch stopping twice to tie more string, then the end of the tape measure onto the end. (The height is 2 bits of string + 11.55 metres) Then John abseiled down next & found that as he descended, the string got tied in a series of Prussik knots, ^{over the rope} which he spent the next four hours untangling while I shivered, held the ball of string, & tried to keep warm. Conversation restricted until that ran out, sangs all the songs we knew yesterday, and still the tangle remained large as ever. In the end, we cut the string into three lengths, which helped considerably. After this we felt we'd had enough and I ^{sit-stood} ~~Prussiked~~ ^{up} ~~up~~ ^{up} just to the ^{top} ledge & ate chocolate while John ropewalked ^{in c. 25 mins} up. ^{in cismus} ^{leaving his overcoat at every step} After a few minutes' rest, as John had ^{previous} assured me it was safe, I prussiked up the last bit. This was a big mistake as the rope dislodged a couple of large rocks, which fell passed horribly close to John a few seconds later. ("BELOW MY GOD, BELOW!") Everyone MUST wait at the top ledge before descending until the last person has finished. Slowest trip out as my stickie was giving trouble. John had Simon's cold & I was generally knackered. ~~Expt 9~~ in agony from my wet suit rubbing. Exited at 4 am - a 16 hr trip.

WJS.

All my admiration for William's patience - he stood around holding the ball of string for four hours while I prattled around with it - If I'd been in his position I'd have snapped it and prussiked out after about 1/2 an hour! A fitting 13th trip down like this year before.

(44)

28/7/80 John William Dave - Supposedly surveying the Big Pitch
Simon, Kev :- photographing " " "

After waiting for hours and hours to give the pushing party a head start, William Dave and I started down the cove at 2.00, followed closely by Kev and Simon. Morale was low but all seemed to go well until the bottom of the Entrance Series when Dave found that his Petzel carbide generator was leaking at the rubber seal. Simon and Kev joined us from above and Dave and William decided to go out (It was noticeable ^{? surely I mean Dave & I} how they cheered up at this point). I stopped with Kev and Simon who had decided to photograph Customs Hall and then pushed upstream. The first photographs of C.H. were accomplished with ease, yours truly acting as model and trying to act nonchalantly and stand in natural poses. However ^{one beginning of} ~~when~~ trouble occurred when we tried to photograph ^{one beginning of} Ming Series. Kev explained "I'd better have my bulb gun - there's this switch that takes some getting used to." No sooner had he said this than the bulb that he was inserting went off in his hand. He tried again: "Flash" Kev then thrutched back past me and got another bulb and returned to his position. "If this goes off you can both kick me up the arse" he said. Flash! Simon and I rolled around the passage laughing! Yet another two bulbs were wasted as Simon let off his gun accidentally and Kev thought he was taking the his photograph. Kev's photographic frustrations culminated in his dropping his lens cap just out of reach down a tiny vadose trench. As he wriggled around with his arm down the crack he was photographed by Simon and was heard to moan "I'd call you a cunt, Fowler but you're not that useful."

We pushed off upstream, finding a little ~~grotto~~ in one of the high level bits. Eventually all the high level passages emerge in the trench and we traversed

at various levels until another ~~good~~ ^{good} set of formations, this time covered in moon milk was found. The passage here is very slippery and care is needed when traversing. Ken went up a small inlet here which he said eventually degenerated into a tight vadose trench which he thought was an ox bow. Simon went up another inlet a bit further on while I pushed on to find a large ~~ice~~ ^{ice} even at the end of the stream passage. I went back for the others and after admiring the even we exited via the trench in Customs Hall. There was a short pause in the entrance shaft as a photograph of the ladders was taken and we got out at about 8-30 pm. V.S.

(16)

31-7-50

Graham & Keith - Pushing Xitu - 20 hour trip.

Half the expedition had gone off prospecting for copper in a new region i.e. holidaying - as a result Graham and I were the only ones left capable of carrying - and as we trudged off towards Xitu we hindered by wet suits even we didn't feel particularly capable. Master & Dave had made an early start from the refugees that day, i.e. they left about 2.00 pm - they'd intended to go and survey but Dave felt gritty in the entrance series so they called it off. We spent a fair while on the getting down to Camp pitch since we were both sweating like pigs in wet suits & moreover prospector bags kept developing holes and falling apart. However from Camp pitch on was smooth going - we enjoyed a refreshing dousing on the 1st Samaritan pitch and the cascades below the second. We pushed up the tackle bags from the bottom of the 2nd pitch and manoeuvred them with not a little difficulty past the streamway formations and on down the cascades to the 45' pitch which we had found on the previous pushing trip. We knocked a couple of bolts in on the ledge on right - limestone doesn't look too healthy but seemed to drill alright - anyway there's no alternative - I suspect of pitch involves state of dampness transforming to saturation - hence "Dampsturation pitch" from bottom a beautiful bit of marked streamway led off. We'd just started happily logging down the streamway and were looking forward to a nice bit of horizontal development since we reckoned that by now we must be at emergence level. These hopes were frustrated when after about 100' - the floor sloped steeply down for about 20' and the

Stream disappeared over a lip into - yet again - blackness.
 I tossed a couple of stones over but we couldn't hear them
 - presumably because of the noise of the water. Graham
 went back upstream and found a bloody great boulder (about
 1' x 6") which he said he'd roll down onto the ledge above
 me from where I could cop hold of it and drop
 it down pitch. Unfortunately the boulder decided not to
 fall in with our plans having rolled as expected onto ledge
 above me - it took it ~~and~~ ^{it} upon itself to
 continue its track down to my ledge, attempting
 to forcibly persuade me to accompany it from there
 on down. I only just managed to dodge to the side
 as it came past. ~~When~~ It took me a couple of
 seconds to recover from this episode - as I did so I
 realised we still hadn't heard the boulder land - it was a further
 two seconds before it did so. Graham and I
 exchanged glances and then swearwords. - $2\frac{3}{4}$ second drop.
 $\frac{1}{2} \times 32 \text{ ft sec}^{-2} \times (3\frac{1}{2})^2 = 196'$ - more blasphemous and
 foul language of expressing shock and delight.
 We turned up above the pitch found a wealth
 of stones up there and hurled them down one after
 another. When sobriety returned we noticed a wealth
 of natural belays - we rushed back to Daughton
 picked up the tackle bags and returned to head of
 the pitch. ~~A few minutes waste~~ Sorting out tackle
 was only a few minutes work - there was only a
 short wire belay, a long wire belay, a 40m BTW;
 and a 30m 'Mallow'. - Just enough. Graham
 rigged the pitch while I made a mental recap of
 procedure for abseiling past knots - about to
 proceed change over and pushing back up past
 knots. - I was concerned Lady Luck would see fit
 to make the pitch 10' longer than our hotted
 ropes.

I'd started the trip by absorbing the entrance pitches on my
 bobbin - worried by the idea I'd borrowed Martin's rack
 for the big pitch - now looking at them appeared very
 little in the way of bars left so I borrowed Graham's
 rack - it's quite impressive you know - a 3 descender
 saving trip. It was a superb pitch ~~the 180'~~
 the rope went right down on the corner ~~off 180'~~
 of a square-shaped ~~rock~~ rock buttress for
 140' then the last 40' or so was down steep
 slippery rocks into a massive boulder
 channel like the one at the bottom of the big
 pitch. The rock stream poured down a
 rock face losing another 40' of height and then
 huddled itself 50' down a waterfall - I
 avoided these two pitches by chomping down
 between some massive boulders for about 30'
 a short traverse to the right and a series
 of cracks - some rather slippery down to
 stream level. I thought the stream would
 swap or disappear. Sending the ^a chape and I'd just
 come down to check ~~so~~ ^{to avoid Graham} descending the pitch unnecessarily - having got
 down the series of cracks ~~it~~ it still looked as
 if the way would continue just around corner as I went
 on - then around next corner and the next and
 the next. The streamway continued - a fine
 marked streamway on a horizontal level with
 a few pools - down an 8' drop into a
 large round pool then along a
 hairpin-curve right - left inclined at 45° with
 razor sharp protrusions all the way on
 this overcast-shoulder ~~is~~ Xitu's ~~62~~ 62
 it came out in a chamber that
 revealed the old upper stream level.

(10)

returning to the round pool and avoiding the inclined shaft
 from here an pitch shortly followed - estimated
 depth 45' - 50' - plenty of natural belays.
 I returned related to a considerably
 less related Graham who'd got very cold in the passage
 the interim & but soon warmed up on the way
 out. My own passage out was molested by
 Josh not indeed not only the shen around
 the "passage out" but around the whole of me
 crotch. - I'm never going to take the
 piss out of Bedstead and his nappyrash
 again.

(11)

Friday 1st August - Saturday 2nd August John, Dave - Xitu Pushing?
 (for about 20m)

Keith and Graham emerged at around
 11 with Keith muttering "50ft pitch, 180ft pitch, 200m of
 streamway, pitch with natural belays. 000 me balls" and so
 armed with this information we departed for the
 cave at around 12-30. Dave forgot the chocolate
 and by the time I'd walked back to the Refugio
 for it we were thoroughly entangled with the
 surviving party. At the bottom of the entrance Series
 Dave and I led off with a tackle bag
 "full" of kintie, tape and chocolate. The others kept pace
 with us until the bottom of the Big Pitch. After
 the 60ft, we cut the remaining length off
 the Bluewater III (there was no dub rope at all left)
 and stuffed it in the tacklebag. The descent
 to the 120 was uneventful and even entertaining
 as the wet climbs are good fun. At the
 120, we hung the BW III from the secondary
 and Dave abailed down to see if it was
 long enough to replace the knotted ropes.

After getting stuck at the Knot for a while, he relayed the information that the BW III was too short and I dropped it to him. At the bottom, I climbed down a waterfall as far as a pitch like object where Dave traversed across to a pile of boulders. We rigged a traverse line with the handline picked up with the bolt kit and then climbed down to the stream from the boulder pile we had emerged on. As Keith's description had included nothing of this, we thought that somehow we had bypassed his pitch and as it was muddy, we started to think (and hope for) a slump.

Anyway after a bouldery 40° rift, the stream emerges into nice marbled streamway with deep clear pools and some formations. There are also some cascades with a nice ^{dark} green slimy deposit contrasting with the clean limestone and calcite. After ~~the~~ wet overhanging climb, the stream cascades into a tight, sharp rift where it looks still and muddy.

While Dave fiddled with his light, I thrutched through for about 20m and emerged in a boulder filled chamber.

Climbing over the boulders leads down to more marbled streamway. I went back for Dave and advised him to leave the tackle and come and have a look. Five yards beyond where I'd reached, we found a pitch and had to thrutch all the way back to the bags. By this time of course our suits were in tatters. By traversing up over the pitch, the rig was done with a secondary tape round a large calcite projection and a primary tape round an obviously ^{loose} chock. We abscided ^(its about 15m) 20m down. Further on found another pitch which at first Dave tried to free climb. It could be rigged 10m natural belays

(48)
by again traversing up into the roof, to give a free
hang of about 20m. Having no further tackle
we then exited. I slipped while climbing the overhang
and got my sit harness wedged ~~into~~ in the water.
In the end ~~what~~ Dave gave me a hand
and I thrashed out, soaked through. The pitches
soon warmed us both up, although Samartan I
made us think we were both Knackered as
we had been told that it was 100ft when
in fact it's 159 feet! There were two badly
frayed ropes noticed on the way out, one
at the top of the 60ft on the BWIII
which I ~~by-passed~~ re-knotted (it was thought to
be the one) and one on Graham's Balls up at
at the top. We caught the survey party
at the Entrance Series and all got out around
10 o'clock Saturday morning. The soap ~~down~~ at the
top of the Big Pitch is a bloody good idea.

J.S.

FRIDAY AUGUST 1ST.
~~~~~

(49) XITU SURVEYING PARTY: - MARTIN, WILLIAM, SKUNK. TIME 21 Hours.  
~~~~~

Slow descent due to intermingling with the pushing
party. Had some oxo and tea in Brew chambers
in order to allow the pushing party to
descend First Iron pitch and the one beyond
and therefore be out of the way of high
speed flying objects.

The major inlet in Concert Hall was
followed to a conclusion where it became too
narrow. Route-finding and surveying were
straightforward apart from SAMARTAN PITCH ONE
where communications were not desirable, thus

resulting in a
~~and thus a~~ productive trip. viz 50+ stations (leg)
My ascent of the FLAT ROW was slow and
arduous due to the cam of my croll being
absolutely clogged with muck from the 20m
pitch previous. — Concert Haul pitch.

I made a brew of soup whilst Martin
and William ascended. The pushing party
of Sear Face Singleton and Dave Rose caught
up at the bottom of FLAT ROW. Consequently
William's ascent was accompanied by much
singing and harmonica playing.

The rest of the ascent was straightforward
and uneventful. The pushing party caught
us up again at the top of the BLIND POT
in the entrance series.

We exited at 9.30 am.

SATURDAY AUG
MINIMUM

No caving done. Martin drew up the survey
and Pozu del Xiter has now been surveyed
to a depth of 675m. It is now obvious
that it is also the deepest known pot in
the Picos de Europa. Take it well SIE! Helth!
(a left-handed Pestering Kev)

Sunday Aug 3rd

(49) Got down Xiter at 1.15. Gentle descent & alarm at B/W pitches.
Arrived along Teresa series placing smelly chicken baits. Changed rope & on
Graham's balls-up & eventually got the below left the right & the rope protectors
correctly positioned. Arrived at the top of the big pitch — at bit apprehensive.
Slightly messy changing over at Golt — a bit more ~~the~~ slack rope would
help! ~~The~~ The back up on the 20m didn't inspire confidence either ~~was~~: the
core of the BW3 was bulging out. Slight readjustments needed.

(50)

View of Kev & Keith descending the main shaft was bloody impressive. Prepared a brewing site for later & continued the descent.

Wet chinks were rather sporting. Dampuration came soon after - shower bath + gale from an enormous aven make the pitch an atmospheric place.

Bottomed cave with a few more incidents - Kev got rope burns when he started at a 10 ms^{-2} descent after the ~~the~~ knot on the ~~the~~ 200'. Keith took us through the thudding rift by mistake, archulating by dry suit. ^(+ more fall)

Changed the belay on the ~~the~~ last pitch - John's convenient chock was a loose tangle of ~~the~~ pebbles. The ^{very} last pitch was plumbed to a depth of 30m by the changing rack method. Time check - 1 am - up!

Surveying was a bit arduous & wet - took w 8 hrs ~~at~~, but at least Xitn is finished for now. Exit slow but sure (most of the time).

Got very cold had fun on Graham's balls - up - really chronic bit of rigging - ~~he~~ needs a tail at least. Exited at 1.45 after meeting Dave + Skunk in entrance rift. 24½ hrs - a short-lived record.

(50)

Monday 3.8.80 - Tuesday 4.8.80

Dave + Skunk - photos + digging lower series - 28 hours.

Simon looked a little tired when we met him, poor fellow - and after a mere 24½ hours! This expedition has been all about extending psychological barriers, getting used to longer trips. When I think back to Otter in May + the small banquet we all thought necessary for a trip of less than 12 hours!

Started photographing at the Gap - as a slightly chilly model, of needs wearing a wet suit, I was grateful for Skunk's efficiency with camera + guns. We also did GBU pitch, Pilling slip, Dream Lake, FI pitch, the boulder chambers, the helix, the streamway, Samartian pitches, the cascades + the fine marked aven at the top of Dampuration. Left the camera there + regretted it on

finding an incredible forest of upward-climbing, tendril-like helictites in the steamway after Pythagoras Pitch, which itself could have done with photographing - I'd forgotten how nice it is.

Much drier than last time - The waterspout overhang before the inclined rift was a lot easier. We found the bypass to the rift + hence lost the bolt kit - I also forgot that John + I had left it halfway along.

Then detackling. Each pitch a bit more effort than the one before; as the night wore on we got a bit dory + moved quite slowly. But the lower reaches of Xitu are... magnificent, or any other superlative you care to apply. Never have I caved at a level anywhere approaching the last few trips; as we slowly removed the gear I began to feel quite sad that I wouldn't see these wonderful deep places - especially the Samantans, ~~Flat~~ ^{and} Pythagoras + its environs, its superb right angled ~~swell~~ ^{vertical} textures + long slippery slope below, the wind above howling down ~~from the~~ ^{above} the ~~aven~~ ^{aven} above us with the water from the aven above Dampthuration. ~~It is~~ ~~too~~ One feels a dark, exhilarating splendour, + also the gratification of a lot of hard work rewarded.

~~Like~~ Struggling along with two bags each we found the brew gear shortly after Combined Tactis. We made some tea + then + both of us began to ~~little~~ desire a crop intensely - perhaps it was breakfast time? ~~Skunk~~ Skunk had to give in but I, thankfully, held out!

So to Flat Iron Concert Hall + Flat Iron.

(5)

hampered by tackle + camp I found The long truske a bit of a strain. But now at the top had a v. good affect + energy + vitality just seemed to flow back into my veins + from thereon (tackle left behind) our exit was efficient + v. enjoyable.

In the streamway we met Martin, Darryl + Mike. They told us the news - 910 metres! Enormous ~~satisfact~~ pleasure + excitement to have broken Luss by >200 metres!

The scutum bluewater pitch ~~did~~ was safely passed yet again. ~~Scot~~ Through the rift + the sun was streaming down the entrance pitch, about 5-30 pm. I raved up the doline + ripped off my tye by now highly abrasive wetsuit + crashed out on the stone, seeping up the lovely warmth. By the time I had joined me I was fast asleep.

910 metres... ~~to~~ ~~you~~ during the trip I think + I discussed + agreed how well the expedition has been running lately. The feeling of teamwork + camaraderie among the ~~small~~ group who have been involved in the deeper parts of the cave I find very marked; ~~Myself~~ personally, from a feeling of having had enough a short time ago I am ~~an~~ enthusiastic + only instructed that we didn't have a bit more time + rope. We have gained experience that can enable us to tackle just about anything (the deepest solely British exploration ever). I hope v. much indeed that this team can be reassembled for

next year's big, + hopefully conclusive, Big Push!
Dave Rose.

51 Tues. Martin, Mike B, Daryl. Denigging P90 from cross ledge → Pilling Slip.

Explosives deleted - Martin

Pots OVER 1000m. JULIOL 80. CARE OF S.I.E

1. 1410. JEAN BERNARD.
2. 1332 PSM
3. > 1190 S NIEZNAJA. — STILL GOING
4. > 1150 B. IS — — —
5. 1148 BERGER
6. 1111 SCHNEELOCH
7. 1098 GESM
8. 1024 LAMP
9. 1022 HOCHLEKEN - G
10. 1020 LI WITA — HUATLA PLATEAU, MEXICO *
11. 1018 F.T - H.M.

* MAY CONNECT WITH SAN AGUSTIN.

FROM CI. 6+7.

12. CHORUM DES AIGILLES. 980
13. GARMA CIEGA CELAGUA. 970 ?
14. KIEVSKAJA 964
15. ANTRIO DI CORCHIA 950
16. CAMBOU DE LARD 933
17. MICHELE GORTANI. 925
18. MONTE CUCCO. 922
19. FHS. 913
20. XITU. ~~910~~ 859 (506)

34
52

Wed 6th Photographing These series & detackling to the top of the gap.
Simon, Dave T, Keith, Graham

A trip fated not to start till mid afternoon with little enthusiasm and dubiously worthwhile was made more than slightly useful by extending the trip to 11hrs. While Simon & Dave wandered up and down the T.S, forgetting flash bulbs, busting cameras and taking pictures, Keith and I hauled 5 becoming 6 tackle bags from the bottom of Graham's sporting ^{BALLS UP} pitch (badly rigged by some other people) to the top of the gap & derigging. 1 1/2 hrs of savines later, Simon arrived to photograph us in amusing position ~~on~~ on the gap. To make the trip a little longer, and get us out of caving the next day, by doing the next days work, we carried a tackle bag each back to the bottom of the entrance pitches.

P.S. Nasty Keith threw my mothers mole grips down the blind pot.

Skunks address.

MICK CLARKE
79, COURT LANE,
ERDINGTON,
B'HAM,
B23 5RN.
NO TELEPHONE
BATHROOM OR
DRAINS

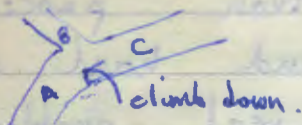
53 Skunk + Dave Thursday 7th August Photos in → the overhang in a little detackling.

As ^{hopes of an} usual early start dissolved fast amid the chaos of breakfast, & despite the easiness of the trip long conversations (with Keith & John at the choke) & lots of photos meant we didn't get out till 1-10 am.

Sites photoed include: the entrance, rift, Customs Hall, Inlet, stream, pebble banks, + very places in Teresa. A new chamber was discovered near the glaustone rift but all ways are choke with mud or silt boulders. Traversing above the first climb we found some beautiful cactus-like stalagmites + a bank of re-eroded glaustone, above which was an inlet explored by various tortuous sharp squeezes to a promising T-junction - work for next year!

54 John + Keith Thursday 2nd August Detackling and pushing William's bit.

In spite of the two "hard men" muttering about early starts we still got down before them at about 12-30. We got to the head of Gap really efficiently (no bloody prusik bags) in around an hour and then serried it and serviced. I took two tackle bags until the 8m climb with Keith carrying the big rucksack and then Keith took the extra one until William's Bit. William's Bit begins with a small climb tacking in handholds down to a three way junction.



A is a vadose trench which leads, after about 30-50m with some traversing to a draughting boulder choke. (possible connection with choke at end of White Nile?) B is a sandy passage which chokes after 5m. C leads off approximately level for ~100m and then plunges off downhill quite steeply over mud, sand and through some grovels under low anchors. After a further 150m a pitch is encountered. A large false floor uphill from the pitch is a good natural belay. After rigging the ladder, I descended to the end in a

④ muddy shaft. About 8m down from the pitch head is a ledge below which are two ways on. The obvious one, a 3m muddy vertical tube (descended by line on the bottom of the ladder) leads to a sump, full of coarse sand. The other, a tight crutchy rift, can be descended to a small chamber with a little ~~trunk~~ rift leading off. I tried to get into this but got stuck. On the way out, a very large, solid foothold fell off and jammed the line, delaying my exit. Keith meanwhile had been off up a rift, which starts about halfway up the ladder. Here's a space for a description if he feels like it:—

One further note: the pitch head is a bit loose and rains rocks on those below. We then got out quickly and resumed our tackle haul, meeting Dave and Skunk just before the boulder ruckle. After a long discussion, we left them a tackle bag and zoomed off to the bottom of the entrance series. Keith then proceeded to demonstrate his hauling system and haul up the 8 tackle bags left there. No real problems occurred except when the hauling line got jammed on the first Bluewater pitch. I agreed to prusik up with a bag, free the line, give Keith the bag, change over and come back down. This worked well except for my prusik bag throwing a tackle bag down the pitch below. Skunk and Dave caught us at the 19m and after Keith had hauled up most of the bags, we each prusiked up with ^{a heavy} one. After leaving the bags at the head of the 19m, we got out at ~ 1300m. ⑤

(55) Friday 8th ^{August} ~~June~~ : - Martin, John, Mike, Dave T- removing the tackle.

After much fussing by me and some tying of Dave into his wetsuit, we got down at about one. The eight tackle bags were hauled out efficiently by using a chain of four people in the rift - one at the bottom hauling using a pulley, one at the top and two in the rift. We got out at around 5, and then proceeded to wash everything. JS

Martin, John, Daryl Helping with derigging.

Dave Rose etc came out of the cave at around 7 seven and so ~~John~~ I rushed down with four knobs and tackle bags, shortly followed by the others. I met Keith and Graham at the head of the pitch above the 19m and a rapid serig followed, using the same rift system as before but with 3 people in the rift. Smaller tackle bags certainly make things easier. We all exited at ~ 9-30 to a superb sunset with 7 tackle bags. A nice ~~ending~~ farewell to Xitn for this year. JS

(56) 8-8-80 - Simon, Graham, Keith.

Having saved for the last 2 days, and ~~not~~ ^{having} sat up talking with Shunk till 3:30 a.m. when I awoke at about 1000 am. I was a little worried when Simon told me he wanted to leave by 11:00 on a photog trip. The party left about 10:00 with Graham and I followed 1/2 hr later. I met Simon & Graham on Teresa's river where we photographed despite the 15' stream pitch and Shunk's bludgeon. We dropped what pitch - not the. Simon passed off out

because he wanted to go down to Lago so he could
go to town next day - he really only wanted to
get anchored at Armando's measurably broken
and I personally and doublehandedly
began dragging ~~Entire~~ pitches - Gordon
was supposed to send the dragging party
down ~~by~~ ^{inches} ~~by~~ ^{by} ~~get~~ ^{expected} ~~out~~ ^{but} ~~he~~ ^{was} ~~got~~ ~~it~~ ~~done~~
~~between~~ ~~slower than~~ ~~expected~~ ~~and~~ ~~so~~ ~~Gordon~~ ~~and~~ ~~I~~ ~~had~~ ~~detailed~~ ~~as~~
~~for~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~last~~ ~~down~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~4~~ ~~I~~ ~~on~~
~~ladders~~ ~~by~~ ~~the~~ ~~time~~ ~~John~~ ~~ward~~ ~~Martin~~ ~~&~~
~~Paryl~~ ~~soon~~ ~~followed~~ ~~and~~ ~~detailed~~ ~~was~~
~~very~~ ~~apparent~~ - Martin's hauling system
~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~4~~ ~~or~~ ~~left~~ ~~ladder~~ ~~was~~ ~~a~~
~~great~~ ~~boom~~ - made ~~things~~ a lot easier than
I'd anticipated - I started last about
9:30 - it was really quite sad having
Xenia for a while year - I'll miss the
old gal. (Are cars possible?)
P.S. Sorry for writing but we're had
a g. breeze / several / bottles / several bottles
of wind.