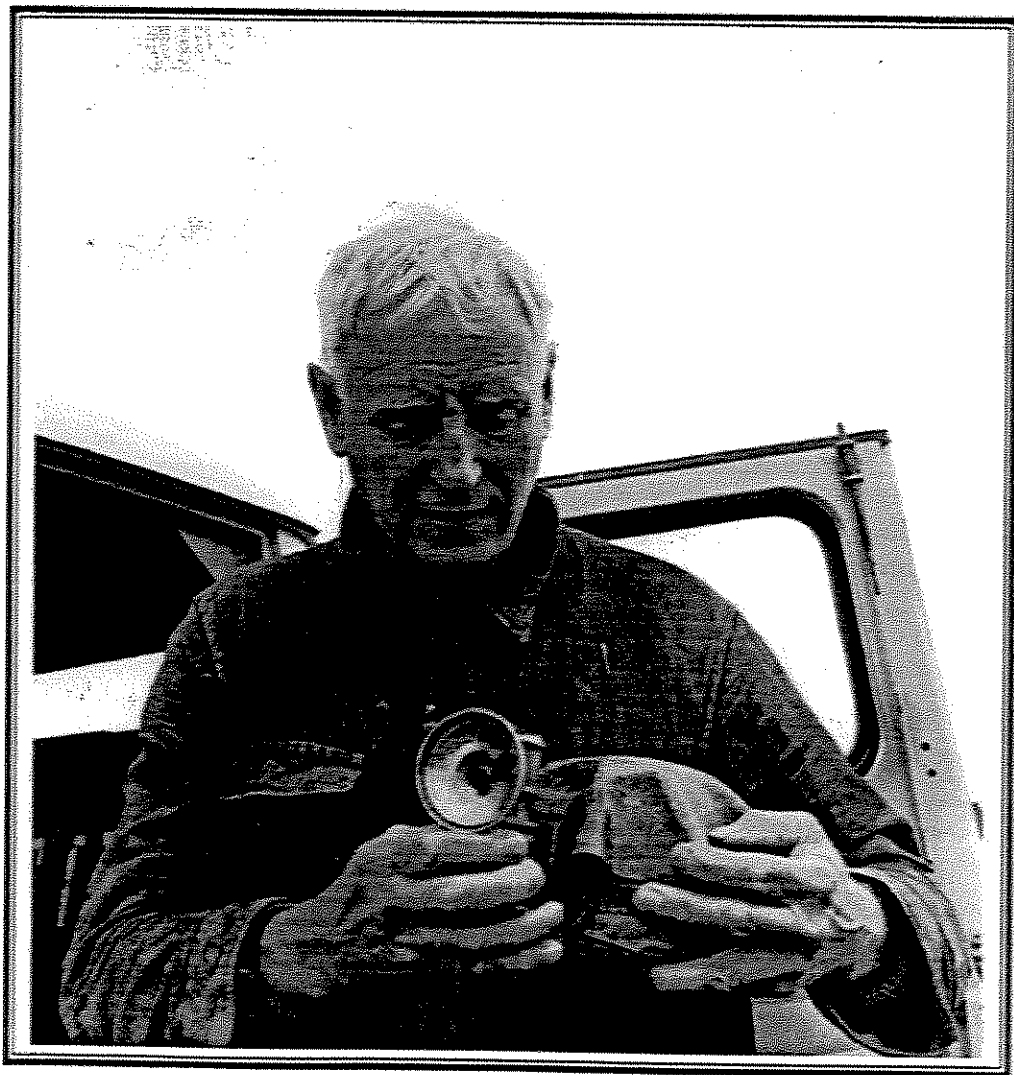


UBSS NEWSLETTER

June 2000

Greetings and welcome to the first edition of the newsletter featuring Christina and Emma as your editors. This month we are presenting a feature on Mr E.K. Tratman – arguably the most important and influential member of the UBSS ever! Sadly it is 22 years since his death, but his influence is still felt within the society. We are also including news from County Clare, and several reports of recent caving trips, including an anonymous contribution from Lesley. We will try to keep you updated on all the official, and more slanderous speleological news and reviews, but if you have any suggestions or contributions for the next newsletter, please let us know.



E.K. Tratman (February 1899- August 1978)

New Year Mallorca 1999-2000

Steve Cottle & Rachel Martin

For a change this year some of the club decided to travel to Mallorca. Andrew, Juliet, Bill and I (Steve) had visited there in February to enjoy some of the caving etc. NOW we had eleven of us all excited by the prospect of caving in foreign lands.

On a sleepy 27th we converged on 31 Priory Av. for psychology tests (ask Becka! (I'm definitely not normal but there again I'm sure you all know that)) then off to Cardiff airport (nowhere near Cardiff!) to check in humungous amounts of rope and suspicious metalwork to head off to Palma.

Arrived, shopped, drove to meet (thankfully) nice English Villa rep. who took us to most amazing Spanish villa with plenty of bedrooms, swimming pool, space and oranges and lemons on tap!

Day 1. (Cova De PESSO)

Set off to find easy cave ONLY 100M UP THE HILSIDE! Discovered the other three caves in the area (including Rachel exploring one full of goat shit!) before finding Cova de Cal PESSO. Nice cave with many pretties (except for Julian caving in his underwear (a wedgie had to be forthcoming here!)). This was a good intro. to Mallorca caves with some warm caving, good formations plus a bit of easy exploring. Exited cave early so that Julian could take us trespassing around the countryside?

Day 2. (Fra Rafeal)

A tad more trespassing courtesy of Julian and Becka to find the open shaft of Fra Rafeal. This had the options of dropping the main shaft to the base and then exploring the further galleries before dropping the latter pitches. However due to Andrew being suspended over boulder alley he declined to bottom the entrance and head for the galleries, which were quite picturesque. Rachel decided though that the quality of rope was dubious, as were the bolts (as were her own SRT skills).

(Ed. She appears to have conquered these in ATLAS!)

Day 3. (Sa Fosca)

Sa Fosca (the dark one) canyon was the call for day three. I had done this in Feb. and thankfully Andy F., Kate and Andy C didn't feel like the full works so we took a car to the bottom of the Parreis Gorge and walked from there (in daylight is so much nicer) to the top. Every one else went down Sa Fosca in two groups. This entails the aqueous canyon that narrows and become so deep that daylight is excluded. Physically a combination of caving and long distance swimming interspersed with many abseils (5 hours)!

This then drops you out in the middle of the Parreis Gorge, with the options of walking steeply uphill for 3 hours or down for 2. As the cars were now at the bottom everyone exited

there but still in darkness finding that the smell of the salt from the sea lashing at the end of the gorge provided instant knowledge that the end of the trip was nigh.

Day 4 (New Years Eve!)

Julian once again decided that trespassing was the order of the day plus a little consecration! As a relaxing day we headed towards Alcudia and a small grotto with a church. Uninspired we split to snorkel (uninspiring) or bird sanctuary. Evening of music, fine wine, crap champers on the veranda plus a superb display of fireworks from the surrounding towns, villages and hills.

Day 5 (Penya Rotja and the 1st cave rescue of the year, oooops!)

Slowly we headed off (without hangover !!!!!!!) to the ridge of Penya Rotja and the very pretty cave that lies at the end of another good walk. This time at least we found the pitches to the prettier lower areas instantly. BUT Steve having descended the larger rift pitch called OK to Andy C to follow. Shucks, the bottom bit was a little bit tight and Andy having forgotten about the weeks excess decided that instead of heading for the wider area headed for the narrowest slot and stopped a mere 4" from the floor! A little over an hours effort and Becka and I released Andy from this predicament by fiddling with his SRT kit, balls and anything else that would try to get him to shift a mere few inches upwards.

Julian, Becka and Rachel went down the final pitch (but didn't actually go to see all the really good bits!) so we all exited having taken a few pictures.

Day 6 (Sa Campagna (NOT) & Cova Sa Cornavaques).

Andy C (Knackered! (all right he had flu!)), Sharon (sprained ankle & Flu) stayed at the villa. Andy A, Juliet and Julian went to find Sa Campagna, one of the deepest caves in Mallorca, but after a few hours of wandering aimlessly around a mountain failed find it. Rachel and I persuaded Bill (at Sharon's relief) to follow us up a 300m hill to find a cave with some 20m high stal. Well, after the customary trespassing through hunting grounds (oops) we gained the 300m height (God knows how long a walk!) we found the very nice cave of Cova Sa Cornavaques. The not mentioned, but taken, hand line was extremely useful in working in our way to the large chamber with 20m stal that had appeared to form over tree roots. Hopefully the photos of this will be good as well!

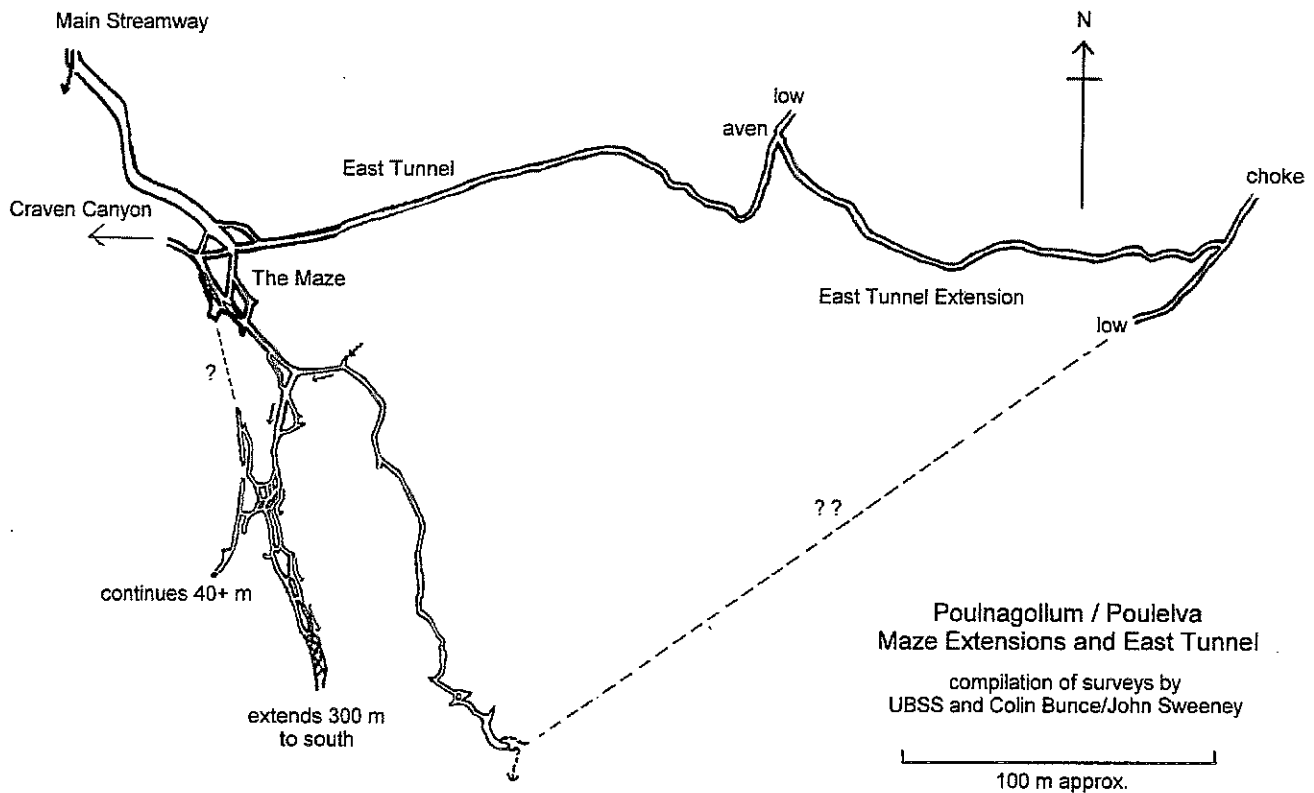
Day 7

Homeward bound!

We probably don't need to thank every one for joining us on the trip, as we are sure that they enjoyed this as much as we did but Thanks to Andy A., Juliet, Bill, Sharon, Julian, Becka, Andy F. & Kate.

NEWS FROM CO. CLARE

Graham Mullan



Way back in 1985, cavers from Cork found a 530 m long extension at the back of the Maze, at the bottom of the Poulmagollum streamway. This was promptly ignored by the rest of the caving world! Last year I heard from Cork that they had even lost their survey data. However, late last year, Colin Bunce noted an apparently unknown walking-size passage leading off from this area and he has thus been forced to re-survey the whole locality. This has thrown up a number of interesting facts and, although Colin has not yet finished the survey work I thought it worth while presenting it now as this very interesting find casts some light (and even more heat) on the geomorphic history of this part of the cave.

The above sketch shows both Colin's and the Cork finds in relation to Julian Walford's survey of the East Tunnel extension. Colin has guessed that his more easterly passage might connect with Julian's terminal passage and then, southerly, to an old high level flood resurgence (code number, F0) in the valley floor north of Killeany Rising.

Of possibly even greater significance is the fact that his central passage, which he is still surveying (this is the one marked as extending a further 300 m to the south) carries a "large active stream" and ends in a sump. The sump is probably no more than a kilometre or so from Killeany and thus probably not worth diving, but the bigger question is where does the water come from? It is not the Main Stream which is 500 m to the west in the Poulelva Streamway (and Bullock Pot), it is too far north to be water from Cullaun One or other sinks on the east side of the valley. So what is it?

In view of previous discussions on this area, I now expect to see many theories/explanations from the more cerebral members of the Society, but especially I anticipate totally opposing views from Andy Farrant and Charlie Self. Over to you, boys.

TREASURER'S REPORT 1999 – 2000

Graham Mullan

Since taking over this job, it has been my practice to publish the annual accounts in the first edition of the N/L to follow the AGM and here they are. I also give a written version of my report, so that those who cannot get to the AGM at least have a chance of understanding what is going on in the Society, financially. However, as per usual, I have forgotten what I said back in March, so apologies to those who thought they had heard it all before.

Receipts and Payments for the year were just about in balance, but this hides the fact that *Proceedings* had not been paid for by the end of the year. This is allowed for by the fact that I transferred £2000 into the Printed Publications Fund to cover that cost (along with a smaller grant from the University which also had not been received - still hasn't, come to that!) You will also see that the Union Capital Account grant had not been received, but note that little of the spending is shown here either. That little bit which is shown balances most of the excess payment seen here. All in all this means that things are mostly in balance and okay.

On the balance sheet, the expenditure shown on the Hut Fund indicates the first stages of a fairly large maintenance operation. More expenditure will be shown in the current year as well. The only other significant figure is the sales income on *Caves of County Clare* was fairly impressive at nearly £2000. It is beginning to look like we may well have sold nearly all of these by the time the new edition is ready, incredible! It has always been difficult to show this account in a meaningful way (it always looks like lots of cash but has no indication of stocks of books) and so with the new edition, I intend to modify the way in which we keep accounts to allow for stock control and valuation.

Finally, I need to remind those people who have yet to pay their subscription for this year that the following sums are due (at least I can collect some of these on the Irish trip this May/June?):

Name	Amount Due	Name	Amount Due
Mike Balister	£12.00	Andy Carrant	£2.00
Adam Goulding	£24.00	Jodie Lewis	£12.00
Tim Lyons	£12.00	Marco Paganuzzi	£24.00
Mike Simms	£12.00	Mike Thompson	£24.00
JD & CM Walford	£6.00	Martin Warren	£24.00

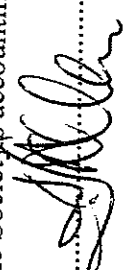
And a reminder that we received £276 from the Inland Revenue last year in tax refunds on covenants. If more of you covenanted, we could get this figure up to £350 - £400. Forms are available from me (by e-mail for the lazy amongst you).

UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL SPELÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY

BALANCE SHEET AT 31 JANUARY 2000

	£	£	£
<u>HUT FUND</u>			
Balance at 1. 2. 99	3828.77		
Less net expenditure	<u>381.97</u>	3446.80	
			17250.00
			<u>1055.99</u>
			18305.99
<u>PRINTED PUBLICATIONS FUND</u>			
Balance at 1. 2. 99	3080.00		
Add transfer from R&P a/c	<u>2000.00</u>		
		5080.00	
<u>LIBRARY FUND</u>			
Balance at 1. 2. 99	730.50		
Add net income	<u>102.49</u>		
			22.80
			<u>20.09</u>
			42.89
<u>EQUIPMENT HIRE ACCOUNT</u>			
Balance at 1. 2. 99	383.92		
Less net expenditure	<u>5.00</u>		
		832.99	
<u>"CAVES OF CO. CLARE" RESERVE FUND</u>			
Advance for Publication	7000.00		
Add surplus balance on sales	<u>1928.26</u>		
		8928.26	
<u>RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS ACCOUNT</u>			
Balance at 1. 2. 99	662.68		
Less net expenditure	<u>87.95</u>		
			574.73
			<u>19241.70</u>
			19241.70

HONORARY AUDITORS REPORT: I have examined the above Receipts and Payment Account for the year ended 31st January 2000, and the attached Balance Sheet as at that date and certify that they are in accordance with the Society's accounting records and explanations provided.

..........

.....D.J. Allen C.I.P.F.A.

UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

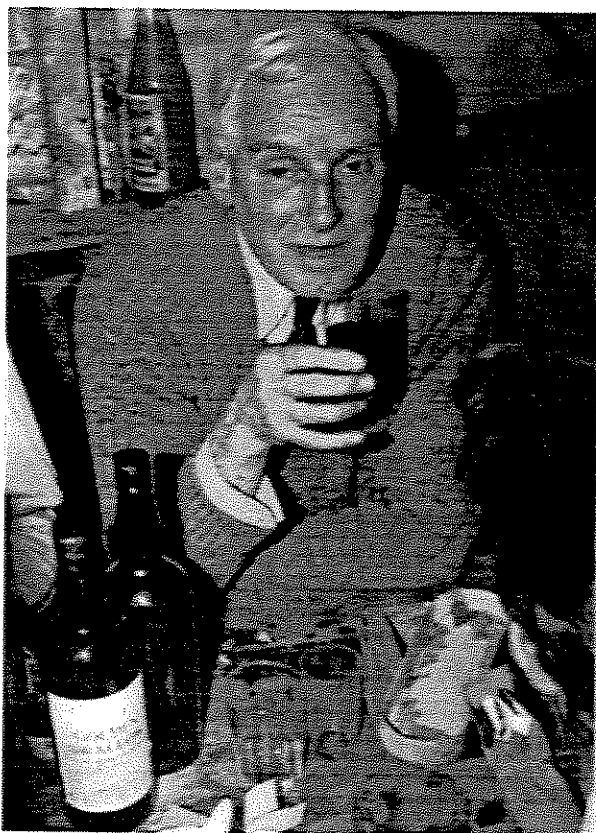
RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS ACCOUNT FOR YEAR ENDING 31ST JANUARY 2000

RECEIPTS	£	£	£	£
Members Subscriptions		1482.00		57.54
Student Members Subscriptions		324.00		210.89
Union Grants: Capital Current	330.00			-
Interest on Investments: Bank N.S.B.	511.96	330.00		5.00
	<u>38.71</u>			153.25
Sales of Publications (not C. of C.C.)		700.39		-
Donations		85.00		222.90
Tax Refund on Covenants		276.00		42.49
Surplus on 1998 Annual Dinner		1.85		
Sale of sweat shirts		15.00		
Treatman Grant for Foreign Travel		800.00		
Grant from Oliver Lloyd Memorial Funds		<u>239.00</u>		
		4803.91		
Excess of Payments over Receipts		<u>87.95</u>	Transfer to Printed Publications Fund	2000.00
		<u>4891.86</u>		
Surplus Balance at 31 January 2000			PUBLISHING ACCOUNT 1999/2000	
			Sales of "Caves of County Clare"	611.50
			Surplus balance at 1 February 1999	<u>1316.76</u>
				<u>1928.26</u>
				<u>4891.86</u>

A tribute to E.K. Tratman

O.B.E., D.Sc.; M.D., F.D.S.R.C.S.; F.S.A.

1899-1978



Edgar Kingsley Tratman was born in 1899 in Cotham Park, Bristol. He was educated at Clifton College and had National Service training before the First World War. He studied as a dental student at the University of Bristol, and was a dental tutor from 1924-1926. At 30 he was appointed to the chair of Dental Surgery in King Edward College of Medicine, Singapore. Professor Tratman built up the dental school from scratch, establishing it as the finest in Southeast Asia. He was responsible for the building of the new Dental School in Singapore, opened in 1938, and was the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine for some years until Singapore fell to the Japanese in 1942. Prof. Tratman was interned until the end of the hostilities, and was released in 1945, when he set about re-equipping the dental school. Within five years it was large and flourishing again. In 1950, Prof. Tratman left Malaya and was awarded an honorary M.D. by the University. He was a

Professor of Dental Surgery at UCL Hospital in London, then served ten years as a clinical teacher in the Dental School of the University of Bristol – publishing over 50 papers in dental journals. His eminence in dentistry was further marked by the awards *honoris causa* of F.D.S.R.C.S., London and Edinburgh.

Prof. Tratman's interest in caving and prehistoric archaeology began as a dental student. He claimed not to be a founder member of the Spelaeological Society, but became a member within a week of its inauguration on 19th March, 1919. He joined the committee in the first year, was secretary 1921-23 and treasurer 1924-29, when he departed for Singapore. He was active throughout the first decade, exploring caves, excavating archaeological sites and recording the findings. He published papers on Read's Cavern and Sun Hole, reports on excavations at King's Weston Hill, and accounts of human remains from Aveline's Hole. It was also during this period that the Spelaeos first began to work in Ireland, and Tratman published a paper on human remains from Kilgreaney, Co. Waterford. During his home leave in the 30s, Prof. Tratman spent much of his time caving and undertook excavations at Backwell cave. In 1933 he was the first person to take ciné photographs in a cave, and in 1937 an ambitious film was made in Lamb Leer Cavern – shown at the 1938 B.S.A conference.

Most archaeological material was destroyed when the museum and library were bombed in 1940 during the Second World War. However, due to Tratman's untiring energy, the museum

was reopened in 1955. Prof. Tratman was elected vice president in 1946 and became president in 1948.

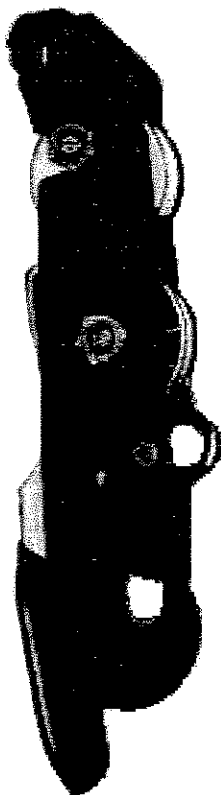
In the post-war period, Tratman's caving activities were concentrated in County Clare, with Poulmagollum, Coolagh River and Cullaun the major cave systems explored. Twenty years of work were recorded in the book *The Caves of Northwest Clare*, which Tratman edited. Cave surveying, cave formation, hydrology and solution of limestones were all subjects upon which Tratman wrote with interest.

On the archaeological side, Tratman published papers on ambers, flints, cave painting, Palaeolithic calculators, Roman roads and human teeth. Major sites that he excavated in the post-war years include Brean Down, Hyaena Den, Picken's Hole, Westury-sub-Mendip and Rhino Hole. He excavated vast quantities of bone and recorded all the finds in a scientific and professional manner. For twenty years he single-handedly edited the *Proceedings*.

As a man, he was kindly, friendly, courteous and considerate. He had infectious enthusiasm for caving and digging, remembering everybody who had caved with him. Tratman was the driving force of the Society for over half a century - dentistry being his profession, but caving his life. His ashes were scattered in the wood behind the hut, where he loved to stroll in peace and quiet.

Emma Todd (Adapted from *Proceedings*, 15, Number 1)

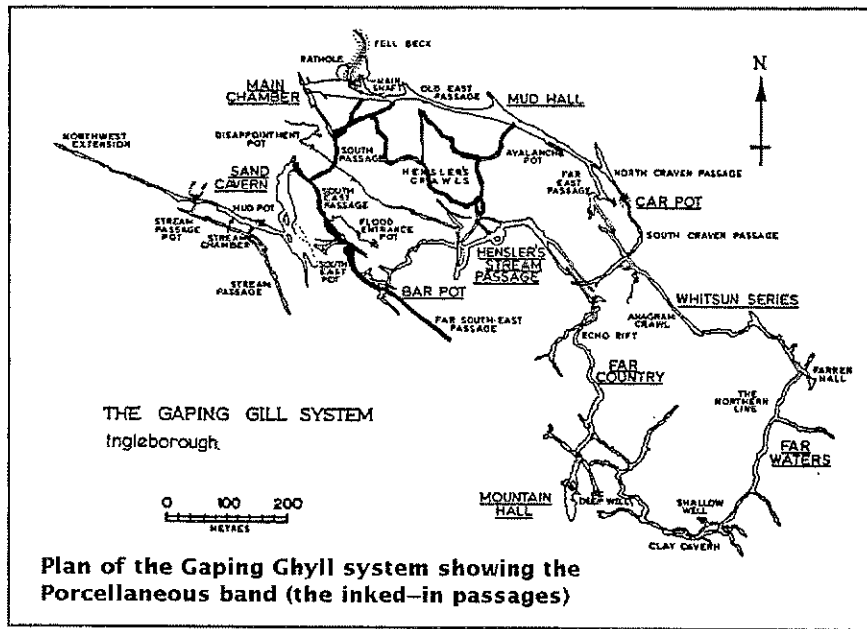
An Introduction to SRT – Gaping Ghyll Yorkshire, 18th-20th February, 2000



I held onto the two knots for dear life – eyes wide, and breathing hard. Below me, a rift in the floor opened up into total blackness. In front of me the sheer wall offered no purchase. “Trust the rope, trust the rope”. I held on tighter and felt my arms beginning to shake. I considered that perhaps caving was not the sport for me, and prayed that I would get the chance to decide. “Trust the rope, trust the rope”. My arms were burning. Utter fear swelled into desperate resolution. I inhaled one last time and let go.

It was my first SRT trip underground. Although everyone agrees that the most difficult manoeuvre ever likely to be encountered is the barrier around the hole on the fourth four of the Union, nothing can quite prepare you for the reality of ropes underground. Standing on the edge of the precipice I recalled my previous experiences of dangling between two floors of the Union, looking towards the Epi and thinking about beer, and tried to put things into perspective. I was about to leap out into oblivion - putting all my trust into a couple of bolts, a length of old rope and some bizarre-looking contraption dangling between my legs. Not to mention the added pleasure of the darkness and the waterfall tumbling over the same

edge I was aiming for. I allowed a tentative image of a pint to form in my mind, but my stomach started to churn. It seemed there was nowhere but down, and so I went.



Surprisingly, everything went fine. I discovered on my second pitch that the best way to approach the problem was not to think, just to do it. It soon became second nature – winding the rope around my descender, clipping and unclipping cowstails and sliding downwards to waiting companions below. I was even quite looking forward to prusiking out of the cave – that is until I was halfway up the first 140ft pitch. It was so long that I could see nothing above me and nothing below me, only the shining walls caught in my light as I spun slowly on the single taught rope. It is a feat of great trust to let go with both your hands and take your eyes off the two little jammers holding you onto the rope to look about you and appreciate where you are. It is also a great relief to reach the top.

Gaping Ghyll was, for me, another case of being thrown in at the deep end, but nothing could beat the feeling of elation when I met fresh air at the surface and thought back on the huge extremes of emotion I had experienced in only a few hours. I went to sleep that night with a smile on my face and an image of a waterfall tumbling through a hole in the roof of the cave – my ears filled with its roaring, my nose flooded with the cold freshness of the air and my face splashed with icy spray.

Emma Todd

Yorkshire

After spending five hours in the car wedged between the ingredients to make 24 fried breakfasts (we got some funny looks in Tesco's!) and several bags of musty caving gear, it was great to arrive at Ingleton. Having successfully navigated the scenic route via a few unexpected road diversions, we finally arrived at the Caravan Park.

Once we had unloaded the car and deliberated at length over which caravan we were going to cook in, who was going to get the double rooms etc, etc, we proceeded down to the infamous Marten Arms, for a relatively quiet evening (Sorry, no amusing events to report on here!)

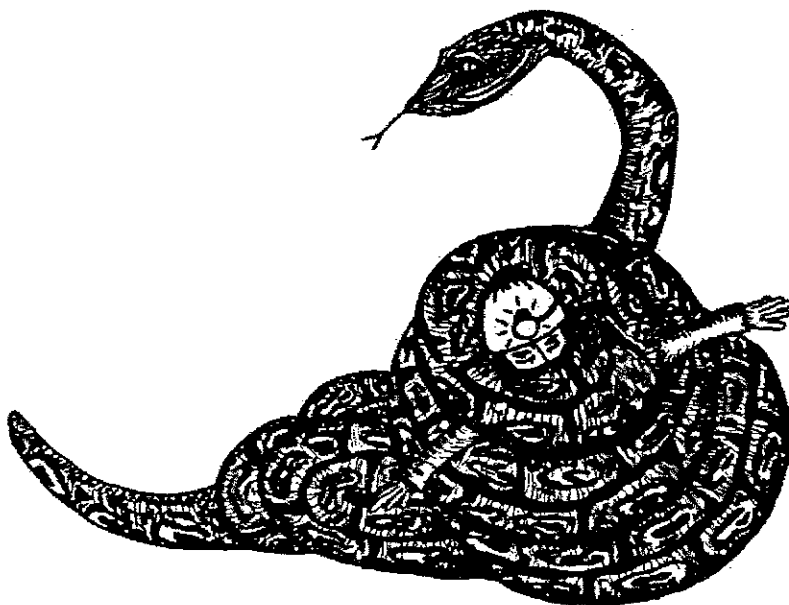
The next morning I was pleasantly surprised by the warmth of the caravan and the glorious sunshine pouring through the window, having heard all the horror stories about waking up to find icicles like stals poised dangerously above you! After breakfast everyone set off on their various trips, with Long Churn the destination for Andy .W., Morven, Ben, Leila and Me.

Walking up to the entrance was unusually, one of the nicest parts of the trip, as we went to look down Alum pot - an oasis in the middle of the Yorkshire landscape. Because of the lovely weather, rays of sunlight streaming down the shaft caught the waterfall and created a rainbow halfway down the pot. After admiring this view for a short time we carried on in an attempt to find the entrance of our cave. This took some time as we examined quite a few holes in the ground before deciding which one was the most likely to be the entrance. Having found the right cave we proceeded to have a great trip, which only involved one 50ft ladder pitch (yeah!) and gave Morven the opportunity to see Diccon's enormous shaft. After negotiating Dr. Bannister's hand basin (and the tackle bag hurtling down it - Andy and Ben!) we surfaced for a short time before going down Wilson's.

This trip was a bit more unusual as it began with having to crawl through water, which when lit up by caving lights looked like blood! (apparently because of the peat in it). Overactive imaginations added to this experience, as Morven and I, having been brought up watching films like Swiss Family Robinson, had visions of huge water snakes writhing in the murky water. As we carried on we realised that we were just under the surface of the limestone pavement, as big holes in the roof of the cave began to appear. It was quite surreal to be caving in daylight, but it made it a really special trip.

On emerging from the cave, hunger directed us to large Yorkshire puddings in Bernie's café, which we washed down with beverages from the Marten Arms. Whilst relaxing in the pub we took the opportunity to catch up on the news from everyone else's trips before retiring to our caravans for a midnight feast of tea and biscuits.

Anonymous



The Magnolia Butterfly within the Creosote Chrysalis – A Tale of Hut Renovation...

One month later and I still can't get rid of the smell of creosote but at least we are on our way to having a five star hut in the countryside. We have still some way to go. The shag pile carpet is on order, the leopard skin upholstery was hard to find but should be arriving in due course and I'm trying to convince Linda to buy one of those sexy Smeg cookers that everyone is raving on about so that Andy trousers can cook even more sausages. I have to admit I was getting somewhat carried away until Linda pointed out to me that I wasn't Lawrence Llewellyn Bowen. Still thanks to the hard and dedicated work of the more sober members of the club (mentioning no names Simon!) I think we can safely say, "Carol Smilie eat your heart out..."

On a more serious note, what has been done should keep the hut in good nick for a few years to come. The interior is now a somewhat more tasteful and inoffensive magnolia and blue and the dreaded ochre nightmare have been vanished to memories of weekends past. There still remains quite a bit to be done although as Linda pointed out to me, as we have no security we can't ever do that much with the place. However I think it is safe to say that another day would be good to get a decent floor down and replace the kitchen worktop. There is also a load of rubbish round the back so if any of you know a man with a van we should probably do something about removing the pollution from the wood before we come back to trash the place as usual. Finally I think Lesley, Morven and Hayley need to do something to overcome their fear of spiders. Give their irrational neurosis, it's probably best if no-one tells them what's lurking down the bottom of GB...

Jeremy Newman

Headline News: Break-in outside G.B.

In early May, Andy Wallace was the victim of a malicious weekend attack outside G.B. Andy, Hayley, Jez and Arg returned from an innocent caving trip to find the back windscreen of Andy's 'new' car smashed and the car ransacked. Amongst those items stolen were Andy's £500 Omega diving watch and mobile phone, half Hayley's wardrobe and all her keys, and Jez's caving pants.

Jez and Andy arrived at Christina's house later that afternoon wearing what appeared to be romper suits with bare feet – sprinkling broken glass all over the carpet. In fact they had been forced to drive home in their furry suits, minus a windscreen and well ventilated.

Everything that was stolen has completely vanished and there are no leads regarding the perpetrators of the crime. Fortunately Andy's gear was covered by his own insurance, and he is currently engaged in a battle for compensation.

The moral of this story is, be careful where you leave your cars and what you leave in them....here's something from Graham....

SAFE(ISH) PARKING ON MENDIP

Elsewhere in this issue there is a report of how Andy Jacket's car was broken into outside G.B. and the aftermath. Sadly, this is not now an uncommon event on the Hill and the possibility of another such event is ever present.

Thankfully, some help is at hand and some places are reasonably secure. For G.B., Charterhouse Cave or Tynings Barrows, the best option is to park in the Tynings Riding Stables. For a very reasonable £1 fee, cars can be left actually in their yard, well off the road, in view of the staff and with the possibility of buying a hot drink afterwards as well. Do not, however, make the cheapskate mistake of parking on the verge outside the stables. There have been several break-ins there. It is also possible, also for £1, to park at Long House Barn farm, immediately east of G.B.

For Longwood, instead of parking by the start of the track up over the field, go further down to the turning circle. This is out of view from the main road and overlooked by the House. The owner is quite happy with this, provided that the access is not obstructed, and has even been known to offer parking in his yard. The important point here is not to obstruct access, this road is used not only by the residents of the house but also by Bristol water staff visiting the pumping station.

The only other helpful resident that I know of is the owner of the Burrington Combe Cafe who will, if asked politely, allow cavers to park close to the cafe of an evening - i.e. when you would not be in the way of his customers but would be most at risk. It is always polite to then stop for a drink or bite to eat afterwards for the sake of goodwill.

Apart from those places mentioned above, nowhere is really safe on Central Mendip. Recently a party had their car broken into at Manor Farm, just a few yards from the farmhouse, and there have been break-ins even on Priddy Green. St Cuthbert's and Eastwater are safe enough, parking at the Farm or at the Belfrey and maybe now is the time to sample the delights (!) of North Swallet, by parking at the WCC Hut, Upper Pitts.

Parking on Western Mendip has always been tricky as although there are fewer cavers there have always been plenty of walkers in this area, Crook's Peak is particularly notorious for car theft. I have little information about Eastern Mendip but believe that there have been incidents at Fairy Cave Quarry already, despite the caves having only recently being reopened.

As to what you do if you want to cave elsewhere, well I once went down Charterhouse with someone who lived in Shipham. We changed at his house, drove up to the cave and left the car empty, unlocked and with the windows open (there is no point in them discovering you have not locked it after they have bricked your window). Alternatively we have used car sitters, at one time we used to take more diggers than we could use at one time and took turns in sitting the cars, this of course only works at surface digs.

Whatever, the most important thing is to never leave anything of value in the car, from your mobile phone to your favourite coat, 'cos it just might not be there a couple of hours later.

Graham Mullan

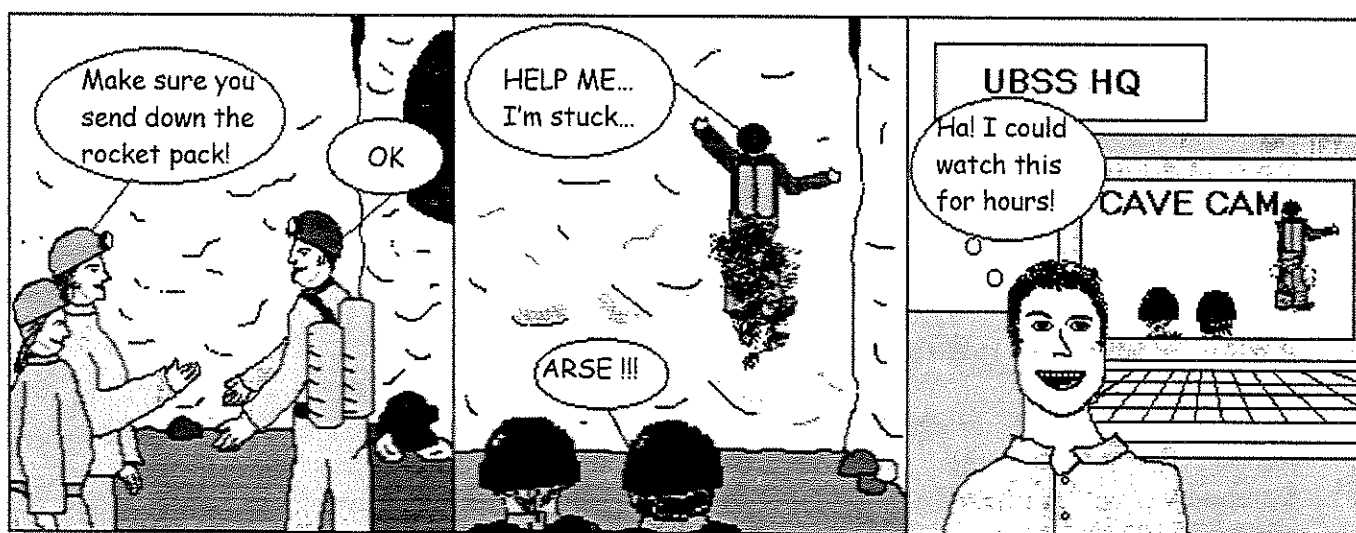
Virtual Caving?

Now at the dawn of the new Millenium, we ask "what is the future of caving?". Rocket packs to replace our trusty SRT kits perhaps, or air-bags in our oversuits in case we fall? What if we could sit quietly at home with our computer and pay a virtual visit to some far-flung cave without ever having to get dirty, wet, bruised or smelly? Of course it would be no fun at all!

We will stick to the old-fashioned ways, but you can catch news and piccies of our antics at the UBSS website, recently adopted and revamped by Simon Lee.

<http://www.bris.ac.uk/Depts/Union/UBSS/Home/Home.htm>

Please send and suggestions or contributions to Simon.Lee@bristol.ac.uk



Note from the editors (Christina Hoskins and Emma Todd)

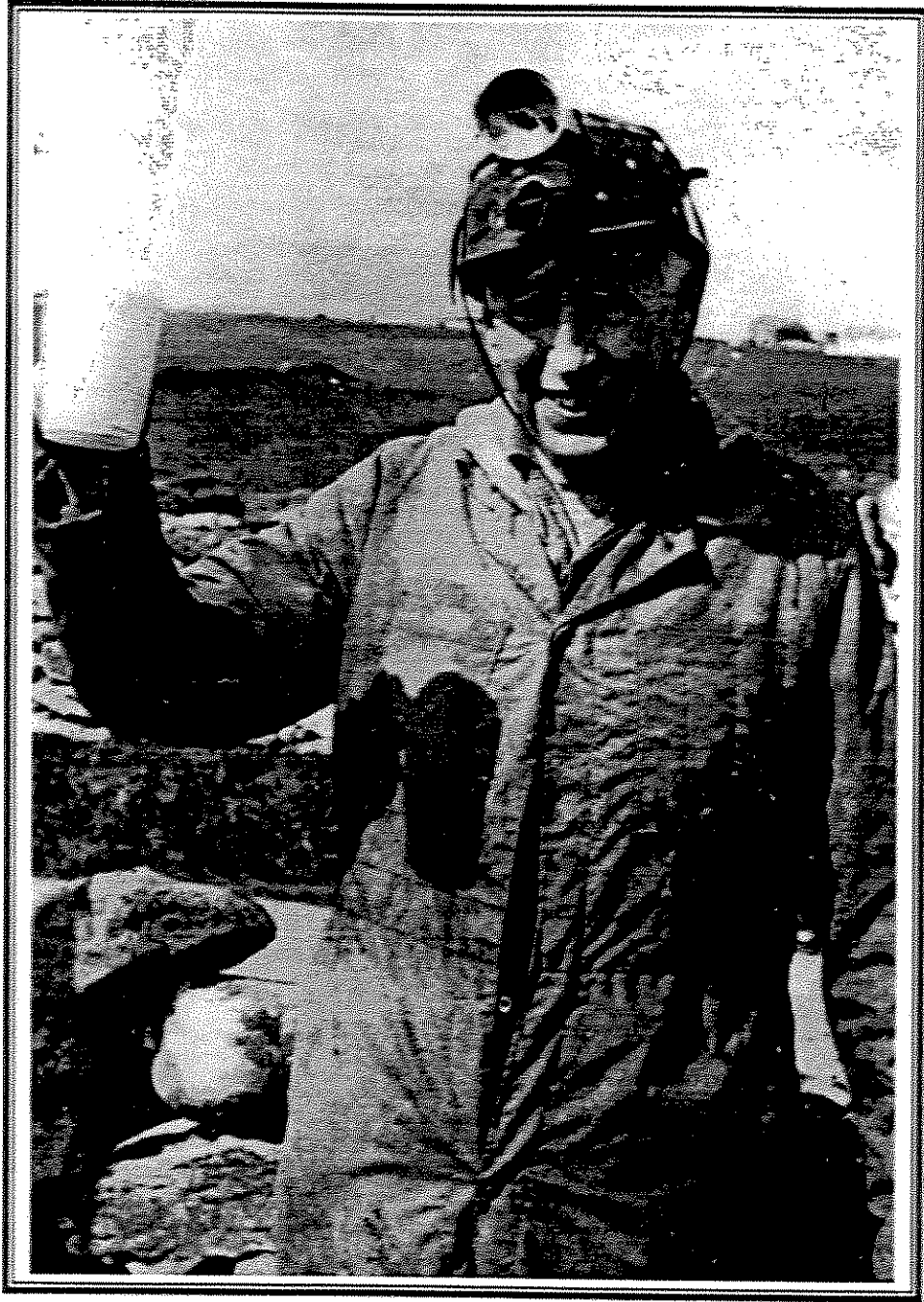
This is the end of the first newsletter from your new editors. We hope it has contained enough slander, along with the usual caving news. We'd like something equally as spicy to welcome new Freshers after the summer (and we mean welcome not frighten away (Andy Jacket)!!!), so hopefully you will all be active over the holidays and will report back to us with tales of your frolics and death-defying feats.

Like all cheesy publications, we feel that our members would benefit from a problem page in which to vent their frustrations. Next season Dickon has promised to fill this vacancy and become our UBSS Agony Uncle, so please send your caving queries, and indeed any niggling personal problems to him at:

dickonbanks@yahoo.co.uk

Mail your newsletter contributions to us at:

ch8914@bristol.ac.uk
E.Todd@bristol.ac.uk



Cheers!

