

U.B.S.S.

NEWSLETTER

NEW SERIES

No. 17



EDITORIAL

Again I have to start with an apology as to the late appearance of this edition. But as usual with no articles, need I say more.

Some of the eagle eyed members might have noticed that the numberings on the last two issues was the wrong way round i.e. 15 was 16 etc. so please amend your copies.

For the active members some information. The fixed aids in G.B. have been overhauled. The ladder up to the bottom of the Ooze passage has been removed, since it is unlikely that this passage, blocked in the 1969 floods, will be reopened. The chain on the Devils Elbow was unsafe, and has been removed. It may be replaced later, but at present it is advisable to take a short rope for that climb.

A new chain has been placed on Ladder Dig Climb, and access is now by lassoing the ring-bolt on the face, and then krabbing in to the chain. Alternatively, 2 standard Troll bolts may be used for access to the ring-bolt. The ladder in the wet way is in the process of being repaired, and should be used with caution.
(correspondent AB)

COMMITTEE 1982

Hon Sec's:-	Steve McArdle Nick Patrick
Student Treas.	Tim Barton
Sales.	Karen Lewis
Tackle.	Chris Shirt
Other's.	Katie Bolt Mick McHale S A Moore Linda Wilson
Senior Treas.	Oliver
Librarian.	Tony Boycott
Ass. Librarian.	Katie Bolt
Rescue.	Dave Maser/Chris Pepper
Hut Warden.	Chris Pepper
Museum Curator.	Chris Hawkes

STOCK MARKET LATEST

HARVEY'S down 200

Forecast.....No dividends

LEGAL BULLITIN

Court of appeal Civil Div.
A Pregnant woman has no Male equivalent.

Euro. Court of Justice
The Banana is a Banana, not a fruit.

International Law
The average Mediterranean fisherman contains enough mercury to kill an average cat.

AND NOW....the latest in our series of Intrepid Caving Trips of January 1982....

.....THE THROUGH TRIP OF THE RICKFORD MASTER CAVE.

January 1982 was a month to be remembered on Mendip; the snow fell relentlessly, inch upon inch; foot upon foot, but by Sunday 17th it had all melted. But just imagine the scene, the meltwater from feet, or even meters, of snow, merely a fraction of a degree above freezing, forming a roaring, raging torrent past the front of the Plume.

Our heroes spared it not a thought. We were happily sitting behind pints inside the pub.

Then Mike (Norbert) Martin threw out the ultimate challenge... "I'll wade through the ford if you will Janet", I glanced down at my feet, they were safely enclosed in my kinky green wellies, I had no choice, I accepted the challenge.

Well we finished our pints, and went out to the ford. I waded in, and in no time at all was through. It was nothing really, a few green slimy slippery rocks, and that near freezing water within manometres of the top of my wellies, afterwards i was left with the feeling, and Mike was in agreement, that this was nowhere near intrepid enough for a UBSS Sunday Trip.

So we racked our brains, what could we do to really stretch ourselves to the limits of human endurance?

Was it Graham or Tony who had the brilliant idea, it matters not, the suggestion was.... a through trip of the Rickford Footbridge!!!

Mike and I could hardly wait to plunge in, fortunately good sense got the better of us at this stage - we decided to take (most of) our clothes off first. For the sake of the local residents (My Great Aunt lives but 2 miles away!) we thought we had better martyr ourselves and leave the bare essentials on. However it appeared at this stage that we failed in our attempts to maintain standards, one

of the younger local residents approached, then saw us and rushed away apparently shocked and horrified.

We were ready

We plunged into the icy torrent. I took the left hand route, Mike the right. I entered the culvert, the ice cold water took my breath away, but what use was breath in a culvert filled within millimetres of the top. I preserved, I could see daylight ahead, the water was turning red with blood, my blood, my knees were cut to shreds, but there was no pain, they were numb with the cold. And then.... ecstasy....

I was out, the luxuries of light, air and warmth. It was all too much.... we both succumbed to a masochistic urge to indulge in the return trip - knowing it would be EVEN WORSE as this time we would be battling against the current.

I shudder to recount the details, suffice to say we emerged in one piece (except for blood loss and if you've got a magnifying glass Mike will show you his scars) [not a pretty sight Ed].

The relief was enormous, and then a further relief to discover that we hadn't corrupted the youth of Burrington, the young man in question had rushed off, only to reappear bringing all his friends to watch the spectacle.

My relief was short lived. I realised the worst was yet to come...all I had to dry myself with was Tony's caving towel...I shall say no more,

but that I have survived to tell the tale, and that it was worse still for Mike who had to dry himself on his UBSS T shirt..ugh!! At this stage it seemed sensible to leave off the (damp) bare essentials when getting dress, little did we know that this would put us at a distinct disadvantage (I twice as much as Mike) before the afternoon was out... but that's another story.

J.A.C.

*****NEWS FLASH*****

Cavers asked to undermine Argentine Junta

A RUN DOWN ON STUDENT CAVING

The year has certainly been active in terms of Students underground, this years freshers are so keen, they are even inspiring the old lads to go underground. AB MHW and SMcA started the year off in Pridonsleish, aim of trip - to rid ourselves of a New Years Hangover. The prettiest Man in the Club burst into the S.R.T scene a couple of weeks later down Eldon, Rowton and Nettle Pot all in the same weekend. MMcH and MHW went along to watch the ropes sweat as he prussiked up them... Then of course there was the trip where Dave Maser not only lost the Minibus keys (he left them in an ashtray which was emptied into the fire by the Landlord), but the prop shaft dropped off the Minibus on the way home.

McMH, CJS and MHW spent a romantic day down Eastwater - what a Valentine! CJS crosses the blackhole unaided on by SMcA MM does yet another round trip in Swildons.

And now follows Yorkshire - Caving including Juniper Gulf with Scenic walk to Horton-in-Ribblesdale, Sunset Hole (dare I mention it) and Sill Gill - This expedition notable for the number of non-cavers that went!... The night of March 10th next springs to mind - Some of us found ourselves suspended on the local Very free hanging pitch, while other members went Mining near Bath, where it is rumoured that JAC and MM took their clothes off and went swimming in a handy pool (I don't believe this of course!).

Caving was interrupted by the Annual Dinner though a couple of Hero's slipped into Cwm Dur earlier in the day (and came out without a ladder).

Lastly I reach the end of term S.Wales trip. The few went to Smiths Armoury the rest followed SMcA around the uplands near Pant Mawr for a few hours before going down it. SMcA has managed to prove to NP, CJS, MHW and MMcH that one does not need darkness + mist to get lost - All one needs is a map, compass and light.

p.s. On the same day an ex hon sec got caught near the Columns - it must be wrong to say it was the official open day!

MHW

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

On two recent occasions i have been surprised by the unusual behaviour of members of your club.

On the first such occasion I was cycling through the quiet Somerset village of Rickford, when to my complete dismay, as I approached the ford, I was faced with the sight of two young people (of opposite sexes), dripping wet and without their clothes. Need I describe my amazement, especially as it was Sunday!

It was not my original intention to draw this matter to your attention, but when some weeks

later during a mid week excursion to a mine near Bath, I was confronted with an almost identical scene of wanton behaviour. A young woman lay draped on a ladder over a pool of water, whilst her companion, wearing nothing but a hat (which was most certainly not on his head) posed for photographs.

Their audience, a motley crowd who seemed only to have recently left a local hostelry, watched with varying degrees of surprise or indifference. I watched more closely and recognised the pair before me, recognition was aided by the now familiar sight of two piles of clothing nearby.

I was able to trace these activities to members of your club, through the number plate of a car seen in the vicinity on both occasions, HFB 513X.

Should another such scene be contemplated, I'm afraid I must insist on prior warnings, as sophisticated photographic equipment takes some time to set up.

Name and address withheld.

Sir,

As a founder member of the UBSSS, I feel obliged to protest in the strongest possible terms (and as often as possible) about the impertinent suggestion made by C.A.Self (EsC) that he had been invited to join this august body.

Never in the field of human endeavour.....
(whoops, wrong letter!)

It must be made perfectly clear that the aforementioned ~~Gentleman~~ person has never been invited to participate in any of our gatherings

Yours faithfully

Major General Sir Titfield Thunderbolt
CJP,LJW,GJM,JAC,AB,MM,TB,LOONY & BAR

Sir,

My husband and I wish to point out that we have never had and never intend to have any connection with the UBSS. However we cannot speak for our son and his new wife.

E.R.

Sir,

I wish to draw your attention to the strange sleeping habits of one of your members. He is (when at home) known to sleep with a bitch named Gwen.

Yours faithfully
K.9.(Mr)



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

From: Rear-Admiral Sir Hugh Janion KCVO

16th October 1981

Dear Miss Cooper,

The Princess of Wales has asked me to send you and the Members of the University of Bristol Spelaeological Society her sincere thanks for the attractive and unusual Tee-Shirt and also for your good wishes.

Her Royal Highness much appreciates your kind thought in sending this gift and asks me to thank you most warmly.

Yours Sincerely
Hugh Janion

Miss J. Cooper.

County Clare.....Easter 82.

A small party of UBSS and Cerberus SS members went to Clare for two weeks over Easter.

Pete & Angie Glanvill

Tony Boycott AB

Janet Cooper JAC

Liz Price EP

Unbelievably, we had only one days rain in the two weeks, and most days the sky was almost cloudless. Despite, or perhaps because of this we went caving most days. The Three Cerberus members had not been to Clare before, and because of this we did most of the major tourist trips, including St Catherines to Fisherstreet through trip, Coolagh River Cave, Polnagollum- Branch Passage Gallery to Shatt Gallery, Poll an Ionain, and Cullaun 5.

We also had a look at the parts of Ailwee beyond the show cave, with the permission of the management. The show cave now extends to the start of the Highway, so the only place we had to crawl was in the canal near the end. There is a promising dig here, in a sandy passage to the left of the terminal sump, which may be worth investigating. Pete Glanvill took a lot of photographs, of which we will hopefully obtain copies.

AB (with help from JAC and EP) dived both sumps in Faunarooska. The sump at the bottom of the dry pitch consists of 2ft of water over 2ft of moonmilk, which made for zero visibility, and chokes after 10ft. The sump at the bottom of the wet pitch descends in a rift to 10ft depth, where an eyehole too small to get through leads to a parallel rift- very frustrating.

We also had a closer look at the vanishing rivers in the Gort area. AB dived the resurgence of the Cannahowna river.(Pollduagh Cave) upstream. The passage is large(6m by 3m) and still going, with no air surface, but I ran out of line after 100m at 12m depth. The sink for this cave is at Blackwater, about 1 km away. Here the river rises, flows along a 20m deep ravine for 300m, and sinks again. Both sumps look very uninviting, dark and peaty. However, halfway along on the right bank, the main flow goes underground in an oxbow which we named Blackwater Oxbow Cave. The passage is 2m high, 1m wide and 1m deep in fast flowing water, and is passable for about 30m to a sump, through which the glow of daylight can be seen. This is about 2m long, but we did not freedive it because of the flow rate. There are also a few small holes at the head of Blackwater which we looked at - one contains a partially calcified fox skeleton on a ledge about 2m above the water surface. This area is

definitely worth a closer look, although the chances of finding large unflooded caves must be low.

We were also persuaded by Charlie to survey the first few feet of Bullock Pot, to see whether or not it goes under the road. We surveyed the first 50m to the duck. Afterwards pushed Crageagh Road Swallet past the squeeze reached in 1980 to a small (1½m by 1m) chamber. The way on is a canyon passage 1m high but impassably obstructed by rock flakes.

After the Glanvills had returned to England, AB, JAC, and EP went down the Fergus River Cave 'to see if it was still there'. Route finding in the bedding plane was relatively easy, but a compass is definitely recommended for reassurance. There have been some fresh rock falls in the Stack Room, and the squeeze from the bedding cave into the end of the cave is tighter than I remember it. I am fairly sure that a boulder fall has occurred here, and it has certainly silted up a bit. The terminal sump was pooled up to 30m back up the main passage, but the 2m straws in No Mercy Oxbow are well worth the trip.

AE

EASTER IN YORKSHIRE, 1982

Our parties began arriving on the Thursday and leaving on the Monday but at full strength numbered about 16 members and guests. We did the following caves: Tatham Wife Hole, Roaring Hole, Rift Pot, Marble Sink, Disappointment Pot, Gaping Gill to Bar or Dis., and Outsleets Beck Cave.

The weather was fine but very cold. On Friday I noted snow and ice on the top of Ingleborough, but I also noted that the Early Purple Saxifrage was in full bloom on the Main Limestone near the top, just as it is on Penyghent.

We all enjoyed our caving and our surface work and there cannot be said to have been anything specially memorable about our trips, except that one member sprained his ankle down Outsleets Beck Cave and the leader of the party took a lot of trouble to make sure that the injured subject surfaced without further damage. Oh yes, and some of our members need to remember that in SRT work you do not remove the rope protectors on the way down, otherwise you cut off your line of retreat.

Oliver.

CHARTERHOUSE CAVING COMMITTEE

The formal business of the A.G.M. held on 27.3.82 was soon disposed of and was followed by a long discussion about what to do about G.B. Cave access. Tim Large was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer. The sub is being held at £5. Finances are in good order with balances totalling £130. The Mendip Exploration Group was admitted to full membership by 4 votes to 3, bringing the total up to ten clubs.

Regarding G.B. Cave, the aggro seems to be shared by the Charterhouse Caving Committee and the Bristol Waterworks Co. They are very concerned about unauthorized access to the cave. To obtain authorized access it is necessary for all cavers in the party to have permits and to obtain a key from one of the Member Clubs or from the Hon. Secretary. This is not being observed. Parties often exceed six cavers, include novices, enter with a rogue key or by the open shakehole and do not have permits. The B.W.W. has recently refenced the shakehole but is not amused to see their nice new posts being used as ladder belay points. It is belived that rogues use this entry carrying hacksaws, whenever they wish to remove the lock, a practice which is becoming rather frequent. True, the locks are easy to replace but this argument carries little weight.

The following schemes are being acted upon. The B.W.W. is being asked to close the shakehole entrance. It is suggested that Paul Hodge, their representative, ask Glyn Bolt to engineer this. The idea of filling the shaft with old cars was not favoured.

The U.B.S.S. Committee has been asked and has agreed to close the door with a security lock, such as 'Ingersol'. The old Library lock has been offered to Tim Large for this purpose, and if it proves suitable it will save the Society a lot of money.

It was agreed to put a notice inside the entrance detailing the more important regulations. It was also agreed that "novices should not be introduced to caving in the Charterhouse controlled caves." It is proposed to republish the rules.

It was agreed that nobody should put any fixed aids (including bolts) into the Charterhouse Caves without the permission of the Committee. As far as G.B. Cave is concerned, this is controlled by the U.B.S.S. Committee, of course.

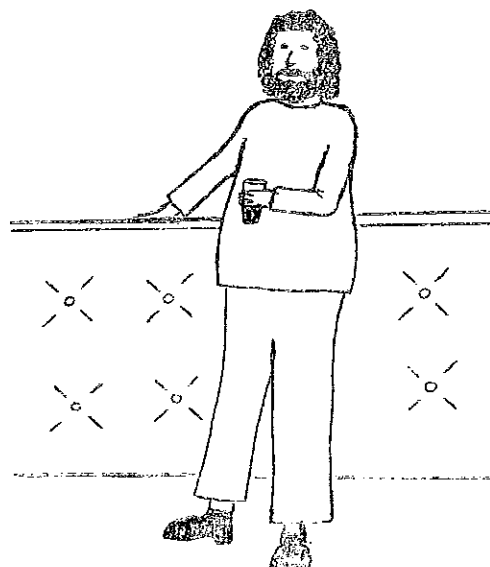
Tim Large and Phil Romford will be bolting Rhino Rift.

Finally the question of closing West Twin Brook Adit was raised. This is a tunnel 190m long driven into the shales and sandstones of Black Down by the B.W.W. in 1941. They now want to close it but Paul Hodge has asked Tim Large of the C.C.C. would like to control access to it. It is of course outside the Charterhouse area and so Tim is going into the matter and will bring it back to the Committee.

Oliver.

Cave Bores (3) : The Pot Basher

"Yorkshire. That's the place to go caving. You can keep your Mendips and your South Wales. Where else but in the Dales can you go out for a couple of years doing hard trips every weekend and still have plenty left to do? There's nothing quite like a good hard Grade Five in the middle of winter, your fingers frozen to the tackle and it's blowing half a gale as you struggle across the fell through the snow looking for the entrance. Have you ever done Juniper Gulf when it's been really wet?....."



Yet another PRIVATEER quiz

So great was the response to last issue's quiz that another has been organised, with real prizes this time! All you have to do is guess who said the following quotes and who (or what) they were talking about.

"You've got a foot if you go straight"

"It's taken me 20 years and n days to work out that one line of bullshit"

"I always take a witness with me"

"I didn't come here to enjoy myself, I came to go caving"

"Janet, I might scream in a minute"

"Have you ever seen me this drunk before?"

"He's very pretty, but is he an object of physical desire?"

Charlie and Graham are offering an evening of drunkenness in their company and at their expense to whoever gets the most correct answers. Replies, in writing please, to Privateer.

COMING SOON

.....

What Katy Did

by Bill Cream

The story of how a young girl found fun and friends when she joined a student spelaeological society.

WARNING

Reading Privateer may seriously damage your self-esteem.

Toblerone Warr's Diary

Friday

Tonight there is a barn dance at Ham Green Hospital and a selection of spotty youths from the student body are in attendance. For some reason they all stand bunched together in a corner by the bar with woebegone expressions on their faces. When asked what is the matter they complain that there are no nurses for them to dance with. Quite the contrary! But should I have to explain to them that nurses only wear uniforms when they are on duty?

Saturday

Bad news from north of the border. My old friend Dave Waddington, dogged by a series of injuries in recent years, has decided to give up all rough and tumble sports and has taken up birdwatching. I shall wear a black armband for a week.

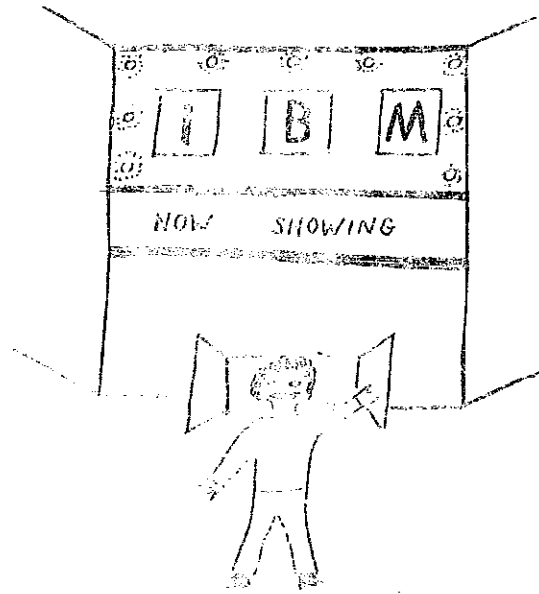
Sunday

How nice it would be if everyone knew how to be appropriate. Perhaps we should take lessons from my tame Socialist, Sally Britton, who is something of an expert.

Last autumn there was an overnight party at the club hut at Harrington, so Sally drove out in the Volkswagen Golf GTI that I lent her when I am abroad. However she was expected back in Bristol the next morning to attend some "waifs and strays, relief of hardship" meeting or other, what was she to do? It's obvious, really. She drove home, changed cars and used her own beaten-up old banger to attend the meeting. Now that's style!

Monday

Imagine my surprise today when I paid a visit to the IBM centre in Bristol and found that "Spotty Dick" Willis was giving a lecture about caving in New Guinea to the staff. It seems that IBM have a policy of foreign exchanges within the company and these foreign company-persons need to be entertained by guest



speakers. I must pay a visit to the local IBM building when I return to Paris. Perhaps I shall meet Marbach, or even Dobrilla.

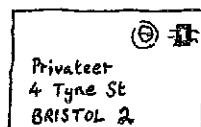
Tuesday

At long last I can go to Crockers without feeling embarrassed by the company. Michael Martin has given up all aspiration of playing stand-in for Worzelgumidge. I believe Janet and Linda were the ones who persuaded him to buy a new tee-shirt and new jeans, but who lent him the razor? Step forward, young man, and let me buy you a drink.

Wednesday

There is noandler sight in all the world than that of a young man suffering from the pangs of unrequited love. Our hero is called Norbert and the object of his desire is the irrepressible Janet. Norbert, poor fellow, has travelled the country to proclaim his love and, one morning, even hitch-hiked to London to fetch his beloved a shopping bag from Harrods. His latest ploy is somewhat peculiar. He has taken upon himself the role of chaperone. I think he should try his luck elsewhere.

Letters



HOPEFUL

Dear Editor,

Congratulations! Privateer is the best thing to come out of the UBSS since Bullock Pot was discovered or since the Ivy Bower explored with a surfeit of carbide (of what?).

My solicitors have also advised me to point out that not all ex Hon Secs have to worry about bizarre photos with Ms Cooper. Not yet anyway.

Yours,

ex 1965-8

(name and address not supplied)

WHO?

Dear Charlie,

I'm not sure whether this will do for the under-half; it is not malicious.

Fundamental caving problems do not change with the times. The other day a former Spelaeo, now nudging 81, told me that the last time she went down Goatchurch was when she was a medical student here. In the middle of the "drainpipe" her courage failed her and she could go neither forward nor backward.

"What did you do?" I asked.

"I pulled myself together!" she replied.

Yours,

Oliver

Withey House, Withey Close West, Bristol

THERE'S NO SMOKE.

We (Chris Shirt and Martin Warren) entered the spelaeo rooms in the basement of the Geography Dept. We unlocked the outer and inner doors and went into the tackle room to return some gear (including tethers) which we had been using in the Avon Gorge earlier on the Saturday. We entered the building at about 8pm and left by about 8.15pm. We locked both doors (and the tackle room door) before leaving. We saw and heard nothing unusual while in the building.

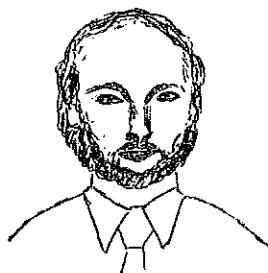
M.H. Warren

Poetry Corner

And did those feet in ancient times
Walk under England's mountains green
And was the Oldham Lamp and Clog
'Neath England's pleasant pastures seen
And was his countenance sublime
As he set forth o'er clouded hills
And was Jerusalem shrouded here
Among those dark satanic ghylls

Buy me a pint of foaming ale
Sit me beside a blazing fire
Pull up a chair and I'll unfold
A story that is long and dire
I shall not cease my endless strive
To find a cave both hard and grand
And I shall seek Jerusalem
'Neath England's green and pleasant land

(This poem is dedicated to ex-CUCC)



EXPOSURE

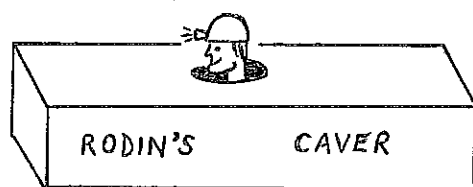
A.B. Doctor writes

Exposure, or exposé inflagranté to give it its proper name, is one of a wide range of minor social disorders. We doctors deal with this sort of thing all the time. Though rarely dangerous, it can be highly embarrassing for the individual concerned so if you think you have been exposed you should consult your doctor at once.

The delectable Miss Janet Cooper complains that I have painted her biography in far too garish colours. I am forced to agree when I overhear one of our younger members refusing to travel in a car with her without a chaperone. My most humble apologies.

● Cec Haines certainly doesn't let the grass grow under her feet. I would be a rotter to say more.

Why has Chris Shirt not got a girlfriend? Suave, good-looking and with just a hint of a northern accent even "Pretty Boy" Mick Mc Hale sees him as a potential rival in the eligible batchelor stakes. Won't some nice girl please put him out of his misery?



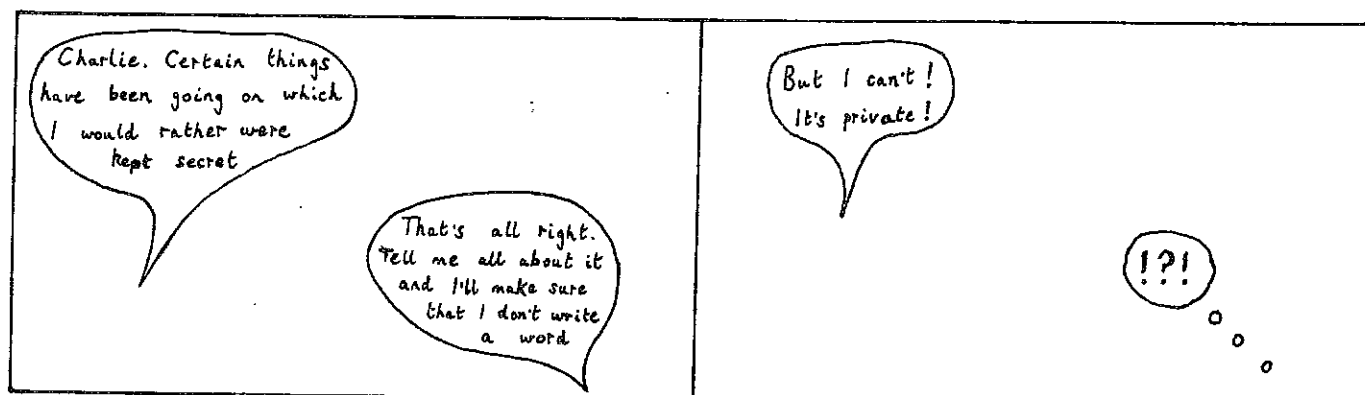
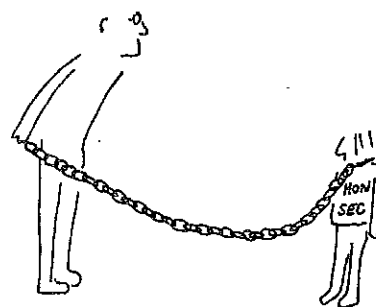
● Have you ever heard of a climb in the Avon Gorge called "Peril"? It is graded Hard Extreme. If you are practising your abseiling and happen to cross paths with a climber just say "Good morning", or "Good afternoon" if you prefer. Don't ask him if he could move along a bit. Students, please note.

A reported sighting of the Bristol Cyclops turns out to be none other than Tony Boycott learning to ice-skate. The good Doctor found the experience rather frightening and kept one eye closed.

I see Oliver is sporting a new pair of jeans. Thank God for the New Year sales.

● I have just received an invitation to join a rather select group within the club - the Strip Mastermind set. I have to refuse, even though Linda and Janet are bound to be disappointed.

HON. SEC.



Maxim



Gravel

I fear I must repudiate in the strongest possible terms a suggestion that my conduct in the port of Bristol has alienated the inhabitants of that fair city. Relations with my fellow Bristolians have never been at a better pitch and I can only presume that this scandalous lie originates within my own crew. Perhaps some silly AS doesn't realise how well-off he is on half rations in the winter time, when supplies for my vessel are always hard to come by.

From the landward only one petty criticism has ever been levelled at me, when in a public house I was described as "like a shark among minnows, basking in bilge". The speaker obviously had literary hopes far greater than his ability could realise, so I ignored him.

No such luck for that liar of a lower deck swab. I shall tie him to the taffrail when she's yard arm under.

R. Matey
pp Captain Maxim
1 Pariah Place
COVENTRY
Leics.

CURRENT AFFAIRS

On the advice of my Life Insurance agent this article has been withdrawn.

Ed.

A strange thing happens when a man marries. Before he is wed he will squabble with his friends over any woman. Afterwards he fights his wife. Some even take it a stage further, like poor old Graham Mullen who has taken to dropping rocks from clifftops onto his spouse. He will have to improve his aim if he wants her to take him seriously. His only strike so far has been Nick's ammunition box.

• Some of the youngsters in the club have devised a new game. It is called "Baiting the Hon Sec". The way it is played is like this. Two or more people go into a huddle just within earshot of their victim and mutter "Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb, Mike". Naturally I would not expect any of my readers to copy this silly trick.

Cries of "cad" and "bounder" ring around the ears of Steve "Doubrie" McArdle, the other Hon Sec. Last term, when down Goatchurch with a young girl on her first caving trip, he turned off her light and then his own - to give her "an experience of total darkness". My spy could not see what happened next, but Doubrie is now her constant companion.

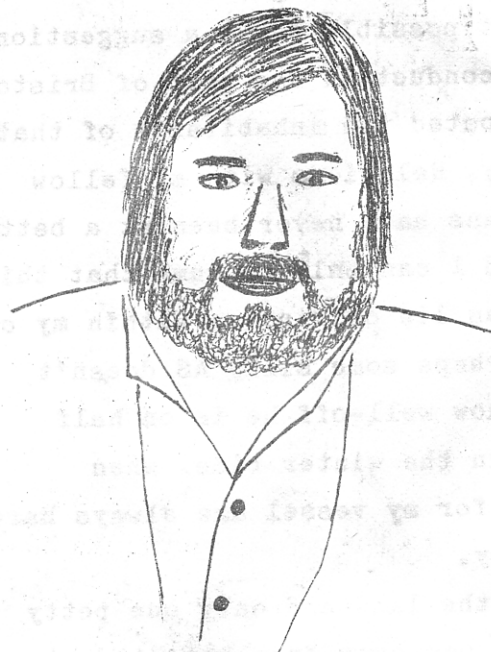
• By a unanimous verdict, the Shites Club title of "Wit of the year 1981" has been awarded to Charlie "Arbuthnott" Self for his splendid effort in producing 'Privateer'. The only other serious contender was "Norbert" Martin, the funniest Hon Sec the club has had for years. Unfortunately for Michael, when it came to the vote the judges decided that wit rather than its amusing converse should be the criterion for the award.

PRIVATEER

No 3



Charlie.
Have you noticed
that no-one speaks
to you any more ?



----- cut here -----

PRIVATEER FAN CLUB - Introductory Offer

* delete as appropriate

I am male/female* over/under* 18/16* years old and wish to join the crew of Privateer. I agree to abide by the rules, as set out below.

Rules : (1) The Captain shall be addressed as "Captain"
(2) The Rules are the rules

I understand my name will appear in the next issue of Privateer.

NAME
ADDRESS
SIGNATURE
DATE

Post today to Charlie Self, 4 Tyne Street, Bristol 2.

Join NOW! It's FREE!

And now it's Privateermania