

U B S S



NEWSLETTER Volume 2 No. 2

EDITORIAL Newsletter Vol.2 No.2 Autumn 1983
Chris Pepper

For a change I didn't have to pester people for articles, in fact there are more in this issue than usual. We also have more news on the latest finds in the Mendips, even on our own doorstep in Burrington. It would be nice to be able to report that the UBSS had made some of the new ground on Mendip, but our main site (G.B.) is still holding us back, not for the lack of effort by the dedicated few. As can be seen from Linda's article.

The club is about to reorder T shirts and sweatshirts, but we still have some of the old stock left as follows:-

T Shirts 2.30

Small: White 1 Red 1

Sweatshirts 4.60

Small: Red 1 Black 1 Light Blue 1 Maroon 1
Navy 1

Medium: Black 6

Anyone interested please contact one of the secretaries.

Any opinions expressed in this Journal are those of the Author and not necessarily those of the Editor or the University of Bristol Speleological Society.

c U.B.S.S. 1983

DIARY

New Years Eve Dinner.

Are you coming, please inform Oliver A.S.A.P. If you've never been before we have a dinner every year at the Hut on Burrington, Roast Turkey with all the trimmings. A most excellent evening.

A.G.M.

To be held at 16.30hrs. on Saturday 17th March, in the Grad Club.

Dinner.

Also on Saturday 17th at 19.30hrs, we shall be dining at 20.00hrs. Venue Graduate Club, bookable through the secretaries.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The lock on the HUT is to be changed for a security type on or about the 1st of January 1984. If you have need of a key please write to the secretary.. There will only be one issue of keys which will remain the property of the society at all times, and thus can be withdrawn if the need arises. Each key will be numbered and cannot be copied. The cost has not been decided yet, but will be in the order of five pounds. This will be refundable if the key is returned for any reason.

OCCUPIER'S LIABILITY BILL

Due to lobbying, discussions and consultation, the Government agreed earlier this year to introduce a Bill to ammend legislation in respect of Landowner's Liability when their land is used for recreational purposes. The Occupier's Liability Bill 1983 was introduced in the House of Lords in July and received an unopposed second reading. Lord Hunt was one of the speakers and both caving and mountaineering were mentioned.

Under the original Occupier's Liability Act 1957 and the Unfair Contract Terms Act 1978, the responsibility was left with the landowner. Resulting in the increase in access problems of the past few years. Essentially the new Bill will expect landowners to owe a duty of reasonable care to persons on their land if a danger is known to exist and it is one which can be reasonably protected against. However, a landowner will be able to discharge responsibility if a warning is given and the risks are willingly accepted. This should solve many of the existing access problems for caves, but will not affect Mines etc.

FAFFY 1983 Steve McArdle

This strange and secretive ritual took place again this year and a few of us actually witnessed it. The preparations for new keen hard cavers were precisely planned and calculated in the pub hours before the actual event had completely finished.....

Linda compiled the booklet for us again this year and made sure it was printed on-time, and some preparations were made for the first weekend. The Westbury contingent booked lamps etc and the Clifton group went out to the hut to cut wood for the fire and the new poll. A couple from West Park even went out again to put the floor on the poll and air the bedding (evicting a rat in the process).

Faffy itself arrived and a few of the committee joined a couple of active members on wednesday night to set up shop before retiring to the bar. Thursday and Friday passed quietly by with most of the active students spending a couple of hours on the stall, OCL was the most permanent fixture. The grand (?) total of students this year was 64, some 28 of whom were first years. Despite the low haul it seems that we have quite a few enthusiasts and so far none of the first years has been outstandingly inept.

The first weekend began as usual outside the union too early in the morning. All the freshers were inspired to visit Burrington by the slide sound sequence of the night before.

The cars and minibus were soon parked at the top of the scramble up to the Hut and bewildered freshers were parcelled off to leaders.

We filled up Swildons which was otherwise empty. Graham and Janet took a group, Ken Miller took a couple to sump 2 and Steve and Mike took a couple, Clive and Kirsten went as well but the freshers had run out by then.

Rich Barker and Erica took a recruit of last year down

G.B. and then he went home - I wonder what they did?

Paul and Martin were persuaded to take a few unfortunates down Nine Barrows and Sludge Pit by the Burrington Cavers and dragged Nick along as well. Martin was not impressed by the caves and, according to reliable sources, said so in several different ways. One fresher lost his bag (it was later caught hitching through Burrington) and went home while the others went down G.B. with Nick to see a cave.

Linda took A.B(Dr) Ian and a fresher down her special set "Eight of the best caves in Burrington Combe".

Saturday night was of course extremely good and even Martin cheered up (although a fight nearly occurred between us and a few music lovers in the next room); A rowdy bus was crammed to bugling and careered up to the hut via the ford with the door held shut by some of the less drunken passengers.

A late night with light relief provided by Phil (the bucket) Baker and Chris (Graham and Linda having retired to their tent early) was followed by a late morning.

Sundays caving was a drastic cure for hangovers, Ken Miller took two of his Saturday cavers on a round trip (without bailing the Ducks!). Nick took a couple of Nine Barrows veterans down to sump 2.

Chris and a hard fresher went with Bob Peat down to the West End extension of Eastwater, and a few went down GB, MM got lost and led a CSS trip instead.

After packing up the tent palace, the temporary cover for the poll (now garnished by a "mega doody shute" courtesy of SAM) we carted our knacked freshers back to hall and MM took Ken Millers car keys back to Swildons so Ken could get changed.

DEVON WEEKEND Nick Patrick

This years trip to Devon was a few weeks earlier in the term than in previous years, to try and encourage the large numbers of new members, who are arround at the begining of term to venture a little further from Bristol, to see what a real caving weekend is about. Unfortunately only a few first years (well one) dared to visit Devon's exciting caves.

Not to be put off by this, a reasonably full mini-bus left Bristol and arrived a few hours later at "The Water-mans" the favoured pub in Buckfastleigh. After deciding the rain wasn't going to stop, we drove up to the Pengelly Centre (our home for the weekend) to change for a trip down Prid.

We split into two groups, once inside the cave and set off to explore all the muddy holes we could find, many of which we found several times. Unfortunately we were unable to swim in the lake as there were people diving, but we did wallow in most of the muddy pools Prid has to offer.

Half of the cavers returned to the Centre in good time and cooked tea. Steve McArdle's party decided to spend their time exploring all the passages off the first junction (just inside the entrance) several times until they found their way out, adding another hour to their trip.

Two different caves were visited on Sunday: Martin Warrin lead a trip around Afton Rift for those keen on greasy traverses and bat watching, he managed to find his way around

the "round trip" this year and Alison managed to stay on the traverse, much to her relief.

The rest went down Bakers Pit with Nick Patrick who this year managed, with the help of Ian (our first year), to visit a part of the cave he had not been in before. Unfortunately they were unable to proceed with the exploration as a ladder was needed to descend a pitch they found. The rest of their time was spent grotting in and around the boulders and the small stream until they got bored. Then they all went for a swim in the river Dart to wash off and cool down.

GUINNESS, POTATOES AND BEANS?

Steve McArdle

This years expedition to the Burren consisted of Herbivores Ken Harold, Tim Barton and Karen Lewis and the Carnivores Steve McArdle and Oliver Lloyd. We stayed in Lisdoonvarna at the cottage which use to have a green roof and floorboards.

We eventually assembled in Lisdoonvarna having traveled by car, bus and hitching, needing to recover from the trip we spent the first day swimming and sightseeing around Kilcorney.

The drought continued to the second day so we made for the Fergus River Cave, collecting Karens left luggage on the way. We sweated around the overgroth, undergroth and a fair bit of throughgroth in wetsuits till we found the entrance. Lots of fairly small passages with a strong outward draught led into the larger passages and some interesting boulder chokes. We got to gurgle chamber but had to come out as Ken was blinded in a mud fight (1066 and all that). We spent a fun time trying to get out of the entrance, lots of exits but only one passable (the draught was less useful here).

The next day Karen stayed in the sun and the speleologists went down Callaun 2, to see if an aven off year passage went to the surface, near the main entrance (as stated in CofCC). We found the climb impossibly slippery so put in one bolt and came out because of the time.

The sun was still unobscured so the next day Oliver decided to take us on his tour of the Burren, Joe Kean came with us and a fun time was had finding flowers and killing horseflies, the drought had only reduced the flowers. The afternoon was spent in the sea.

Back to some serious speleology again and the third attempt to radiolocate a point in Doolin Smithy with the surface. Not only did that-bloody-machine work this time but we surveyed the aven streamway connection we found last year.

Another day of speleology in Callaun 2, Ken put in a bolt while Steve and Karen did the cave, then Karen left and Steve finished the climb standing on slings. In the passage Steve placed a bolt for descent and further access, then went up the passage (1m x 1.5m) for some distance with no sign of an entrance before coming back again because of time. The rope was left for another trip.

Two days caving was enough, so we spent a day on Inisheer finding some wierd plants and swimming.

For the third time Callaun 2 was visited and Ken and Steve found the passage ended just round the corner at a hole to the surface, not at C2, but at C2b. The survey was abandoned

because of boredom and short legs (the surveys, not Kens). A surface survey was done and the other passage at C2b pushed by Steve with no sign of diminishing for over 100m. Jim and Karen spent the day looking at C5.

We finally got into Kilcorney Cave next day and climbed to the top of the aven in the lower main series found at Easter. A bolt was placed and the overhang climbed by Ken using the bolt, wires and Steve for aid. He turned back shortly at a rift which he said had footprints on. We then raced down to Gour passage extensions as far as 36B squeeze and then came out (I'm 42A anyway), well overdue and too late for a swim.

The next day the enthusiasts went looking for ferns and mending wetsuits, Steve took Joe Kean down Poulna gollum. Joe made it to Poulelva and back in three hours, an impressive first trip.

Lamps and enthusiasm recharged the lads returned to Kilcorney for our last days caving. We laddered Ken's overhang and fell down his rift, then a series of bouldery rifts were followed down into some cross passages until we found the lower part of Gour passage extensions at the oft Frog. After a trip to the sump we surveyed out as far as possible before lamps began to fail and then hurried out.

We had met Martin Farr a couple of times and been swapping finds, this being a series he had found from the other end a couple of days earlier. The size nine mud prints were his (M.F. was not Man Friday after all).

Getting the glutinous K1 mud off tackle and survey gear took the next day before we split up to go home. There were a few clouds appearing as we left so it has probably rained by now.

DOSSERS IN THE DALES Steve McArdle

This summer saw the club involved in three major speleological undertakings, the traditional Guinness and Potatoes trip which found a few caves and lots of flowers, the Westbury contingents 'Ultimate Burrington experience' and the semiofficial 'Dossers in the Dales expedition'.

The Dossers in the Dales was decided upon when we realised that we could not afford to go abroad, we had not done much in the Dales and wanted SRT practice. We recieved a generous grant from the Trautman fund when we explained how useful our experience in SRT (and getting lost in Easegill) would be to the club.

The intrepid three were those well known students Martin-bender-Warren, Nick-headcold-Patrick and Steve-whereami-McArdle. We took Nick 'cos he's got a caravan.

Nick arrived with the caravan at Little Stainforth a few days ahead of Steve and Martin, maybe the department of stealth are more efficient in Wakefield. For the first few days we were joined by Steve-Carlsberg-Perry and Entrance-finder-Lloyd. Nick managed to sneak in a trip down Lost Johns with Steve P for a look at the master cave before the rest of us arrived. (This we did in MEDIS NOCTE without bicycle clips)

The first trip was a carry for Steve Perry down Thorns Gill so he could dive in the Dub, we all went for a swim in the pool and did some ledge diving. We had a Notts Pot permit for the glorious 12th so we decided that as arabs

can't tell cavers from grise we would go on the 11th. we got caught at this so we went down Big Meanie, well actually Steve Perry and Martin did, Steve M couldn't get into the pitch and Nick couldn't face Steves rigging.

Steve Perry left and missed a glorious Notts Pot trip down the left hand route, with some amusing rebelay. Nick missed out on a Long Kin West trip as he had to fetch the car, this was a shame as there were some very sick sheep at the bottom of the entrance pitch (300'). By this time the heat was getting to us; beating sun; hillwalking with 70lbs of gear and salty orange squash were wearing us down, possibly an acclimatisation period in Derbyshire would be a good idea. Because of this, and because Oliver had gone home, Sunday was spent in the New Inn at Clapham and walking up Ingleborough. We couldn't have done GG main shaft anyway as there was a winch meet. Monday we used our Lancaster permit to find our way around a bit, Steve managed to forget most of his SRT gear, but its only a short drop anyway. Good tourist trip including Wilf Taylors passage and the streamway from the sump to Stake Pot collapse.

Early next morning it rained, and it carried on raining, 2" by lunchtime at the Hill Inn and more at Hawes a little later. It was market day and all day opening, so we did some shopping and had some decent beer and bought some indecent cheese.

On Wednesday it was still to wet to go caving so Martin and Steve did the the three peaks, all of which look very similar in the mist, to walk in their new boots. After strolling into Horton we spent a few pints waiting for Nick who was in the other bar.

Thursday saw the complete sabotage of timing and organisation:- Mick-prettyboy-Mchale arrived with his woman/chauffer Jill and John-the-wimp of BUCC fresh from the grade II caves with Grange Field Centre. After hanging around (and even a little festering) we drove over to Bull Pot Farm, Mick and his woman arrived later having apparently been up on Leck Fell? Mick took his trib in County so we went in Top, with the guide book and got very confused when we penetrated an impenetrable bedding plane. Found Easter Grotto and came out to find that every Ants Nest on the moor had swarmed, Martin ran back to the car. Mick met us in the pub.

Friday we nearly did Meregill, Mick was in fine form, starting so late the bank had closed for lunch, got to the cave at about 3pm. Mick was sent down Aven entrance but could find no belay (it was there really) so then we lifelined him down to the Mere but he couldn't find the way on, Steve went down and found it, full of water. Then we came down again. Jill was as frustrated as the rest of us.

the next day early thunderstorms made Meregill less appealing. We phoned Wernside Manor from the Hill Inn for a weather report but they wouldn't take us seriously, so we decided on Swinsto. An epic trip - Mick did some small pitches FIRST! (but very slowly).. We met Dave Churcher taking the shady route down from Rowten through Simpsons, he did not come through Philosophers crawl.

The last trip of the expedition was to SRT Rowten Pot, Steve outdid his Lancaster performance and carried only the rope up from the car, so he did Rowten Holes instead. Everyone else was impressed by the shaft.

Finally packing up and drifting back to Bristol via Wakefield to sign on (and do Pink Wall again), Great trip but what now, we've done Yorkshire?

RECENT FINDS IN THE BURRINGTON AREA

This area used to be the exclusive preserve of the UBSS: however, in recent years several other clubs have been granted permission to dig, and as a result several new finds have been forthcoming.

The South Bristol Spelaeological Society, who have been digging in East Twin Swallet for several years, made an interesting breakthrough in June when a passage on the right of their main dig was connected with Spar Pot. This cave was last entered in 1972 when the entrance was closed on the landowners orders, as it was - quite literally - a "tourist trap". (The entrance was unfortunately right in the middle of the main path up East Twin valley). Spar Pot can now be entered via East Twin Swallet through a rather tight squeeze, which has so far defeated anyone with a chest larger than 42 inches. The total length of the system is now around 1000ft, and there is a possibility of further extension as a smoke connection has been made with Lionels Hole from near the breakthrough point.

The Wessex Cave Club, ie Pete & Alison Moody and others, whilst prospecting for likely looking sites in this area, noticed a strong draught from Pierres' Pot, and after some persuasion the surrounding rock yielded to their efforts and revealed a couple of hundred feet of varied and interesting passage. Unfortunately, prospects here are less promising, as the lower passages appear hopelessly choked with boulders. The walls of this cave are covered in moonmilk, which is typical of the more recently discovered Burrington caves.

Two separate teams, from Sidcot School and the Cerberus, were granted permission to dig in Reads Cavern. Mark Lumley and the Cerebos people are making good progress in the Browne-Stewart series; they have found about 300ft of tight descending passage, ending in a sump which has been dived, but is too tight. A side passage in the new series emits a strong draught and numerous bats, and is being pushed.

Graham Mullan

TOO TIGHT

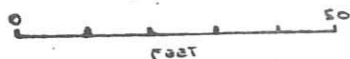
TOP CHAMBER

DIG

SPAR POT
ENTRANCE
(BLOCKED)

BREAKTHROUGH
SQUEEZE

EAST TWIN
ENTRANCE



SKETCH SURVEY OF
EAST TWIN SWALLET / SPAR POT
(BASED ON UBSS, ACG SURVEYS)

NEWS FROM GB

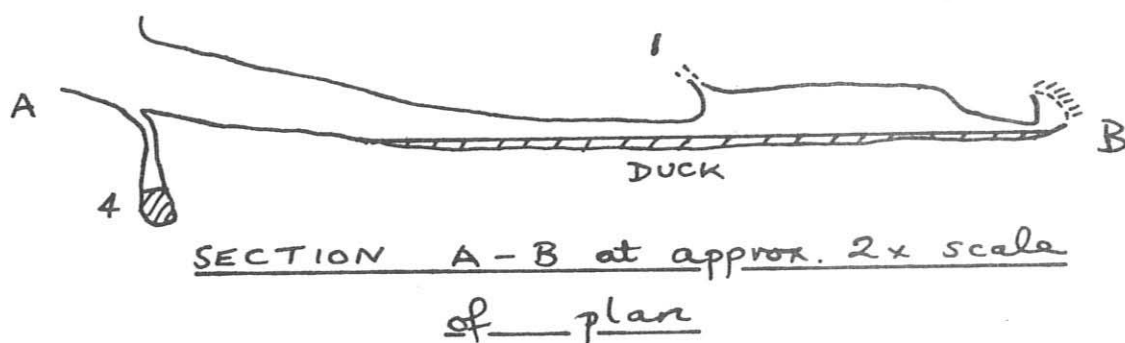
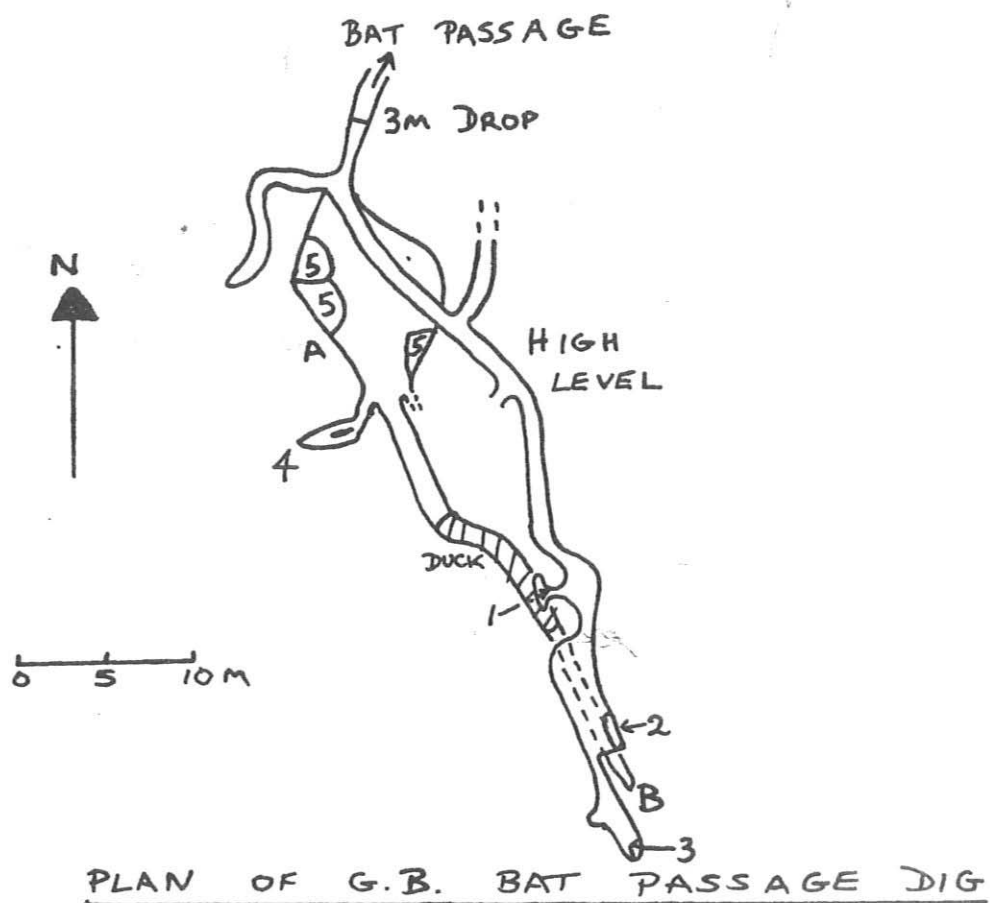
During the past year, GB has been the scene of a fair amount of activity mostly centering on the Bat Passage Dig. A couple of trips were made early in the year in an attempt to ensure that the syphoning system was in decent working order. It seemed to be alright at the time, but unfortunately the best laid plans of mice, men and digging teams often get c****ked up. To our irritation, the pump was particularly prone to the malign interference of a dig-gremlin, and has had to be removed on more than one occasion for major rebuilding. How efficient it is now remains to be seen.

We have also had a slight problem getting hold of new buckets for spoil removal. Local supplies seemed to have dried up, so Graham asked the friendly owners of our local Chinese Chippy. They promised to save us one of their oil containers, and when Graham collected it the lady behind the counter asked "You use it for camping?" He meekly agreed with her, and later said he hadn't the heart to tell her the truth, ie "No, actually we cut the side out, take it underground, fill it with mud, and eventually break it and throw it away." He thought this might have sounded rather ungrateful. We found a good source of supply from my father, who prides himself on being able to get hold of most things from somewhere or other. The trouble is he keeps loading us up with the wretched things every time we go home.

Having overcome these initial technical problems, a reasonably concerted effort has been made since Easter. Several people have put in a fair amount of work, particularly Graham and Tony, who were at one time averaging a couple of trips per week. The dig has been surveyed, and in the past year, about 35ft of progress has been made. The digging face is now beyond the end of the second high level rift, and on the last trip the roof is rising and the passage widening out. There is a small trickle of water running down the face, which has recently halted work by completely flooding the dig, and water is flowing out of the dig and down the side rift which is now too full of water to allow the syphon to be started. We have had to call a reluctant halt to digging trips during the winter, unless a change in water conditions occurs.

It is also unfortunately necessary to add a warning about the state of the boulder choke on the route to Bat Passage. What used to be thought of as solid wall on the right hand side of the passage is now fracturing, and the whole area from the grovel at the end of Ladder Dig to the start of Bat Passage is unpleasantly unstable. On several recent trips we have ^{noticed} changes that had taken place in the previous couple of days, ie scratch marks from falling rocks, shattered rock and fractured stal formations. In view of this the whole area should be treated with the utmost caution.

PS. Thanks are due to Graham Wilton-Jones and Jane Clarke (BEC) who recently made a trip down GB to clean some of the formations in Bat Passage.



LEGEND

- B Digging face, September 1983
- 1, 2, 3 High Level Rifts
- 4 Flooded Rift, used for bailing and syphoning
- 5 Spoil Tips

MORE LOCAL NEWS

Eastwater Cavern - West End Series

In May the BEC found about 2000ft of new passage after digging in a choked tube in Ifold series, at the bottom of Dolphin Pot. The dig went after 6 hours, but it was later discovered that the extensions had always been open via a tight rift. The new passages consist of steeply inclined tight bedding planes and canyons with connecting cross tubes - typical Eastwater passage. One of the larger passages (Regent Street) contains very fine formations; much friable powdery calcite and some spectacular curtains. A deep pool at the end of this passage (The Serpentine) has been dived and is blind. A tight squeeze at the lowest part of the series leads to two pitches of 25' and 50' down to a muddy, frequently sumped passage which is probably deeper than other known parts of Eastwater. Work continues.

Cuckoo Cleeves

The cave is now open after having been closed by the farmer. The lock must be replaced on entry and exit, as any further problems will result in permanent closure.

Bat Products

Following the closure of Rocksport, Phil and Lil Romford have opened a new caving shop in Wells. They also do mail order and have a lamp hire service.

Bat Products
8 Tucker St
Wells
Tel (0749) 76771

Tony Boycott

Box Stone Mines

Quarry entrance is now completely blocked by rubble deposited there by the quarry company. The open entrances are as follows:-

Clift Entrance - located behind a house next to the A4.

Jacks Entrance and Lady Hamiltons Hole II - both to be found in a wood which appears to form part of a municipal rubbish tip. It seems possible that these entrances might suffer the same fate as Quarry entrance fairly soon.

Backdoor - behind a house called "Tanglewood" in a row of cottages near the quarry. As this entrance is on private land it is sensible, as well as polite, to ask the owners permission before crossing his property.

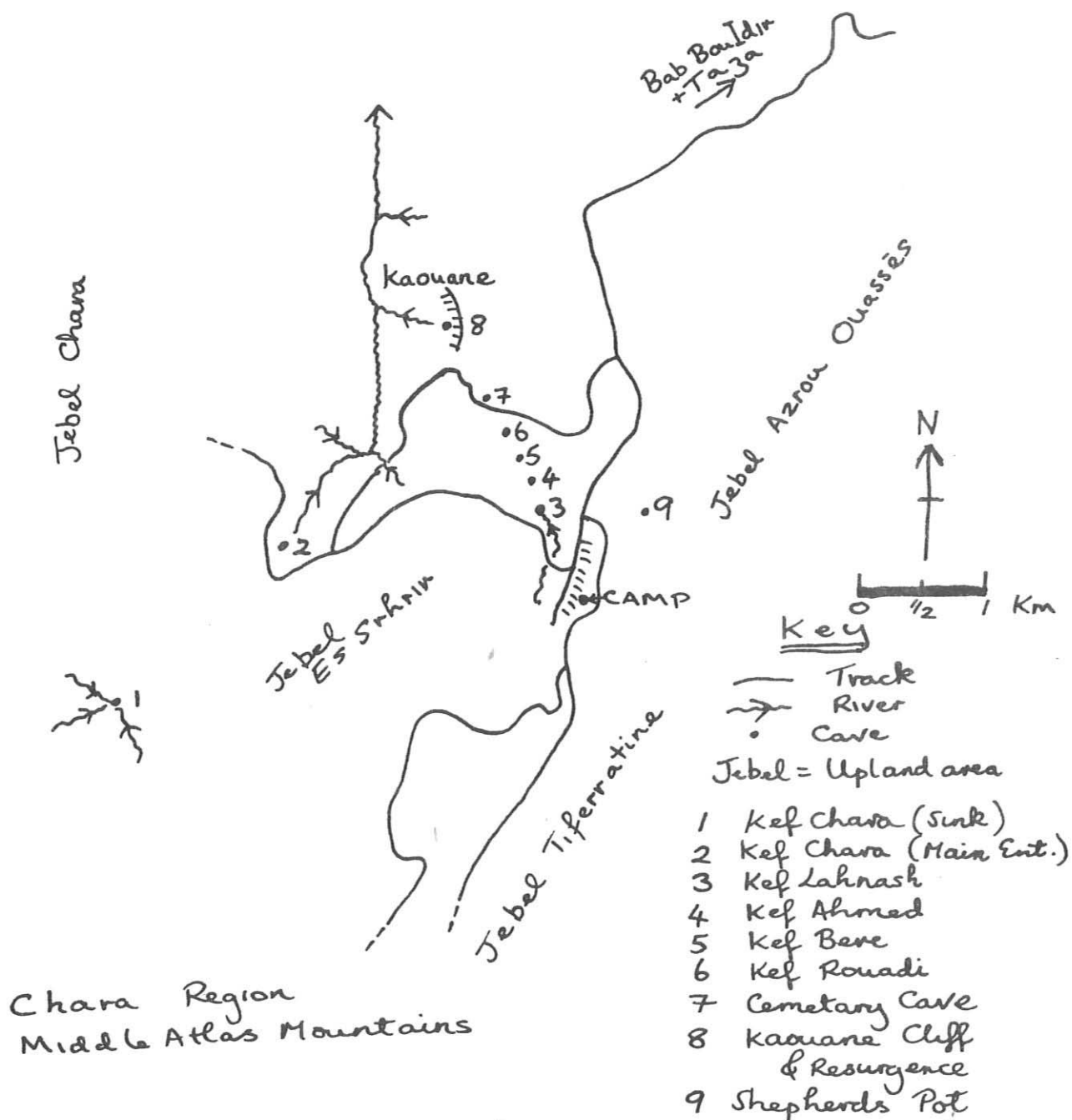
There have been several recent rock falls in various areas of the mine, in particular around the AO route near Cathedral and Backdoor, so take care!

Linda Wilson

The 1983 Cerberus Spelaeological Society Expedition to Morocco

by Tony Boycott

In 1981, I joined the Cerberus expedition to the Merhraoune area of the Middle Atlas Mountains in Morocco (See UBSS newsletter no. 15 and CSS journal vol 12 nos 5 & 6). The main object of this expedition was to continue the exploration of two sites; Kef Chara, which had been previously explored by French cavers, but not surveyed accurately, and Kef Lahnash which was found by CSS on a previous expedition in 1979. In 1981 Kef Lahnash was extended by diving the terminal sump, and 300m of passage found. Two further short sumps were passed to sump 4 which it was not possible to find a way through. The upstream sump in Kef Chara was also dived to two more sumps, and the way on was still open. The Chara system was fully surveyed. During this expedition we also found a number of new sites in the valley between Kef Lahnash and the presumed resurgence at Kaouane 2km away. (See map).



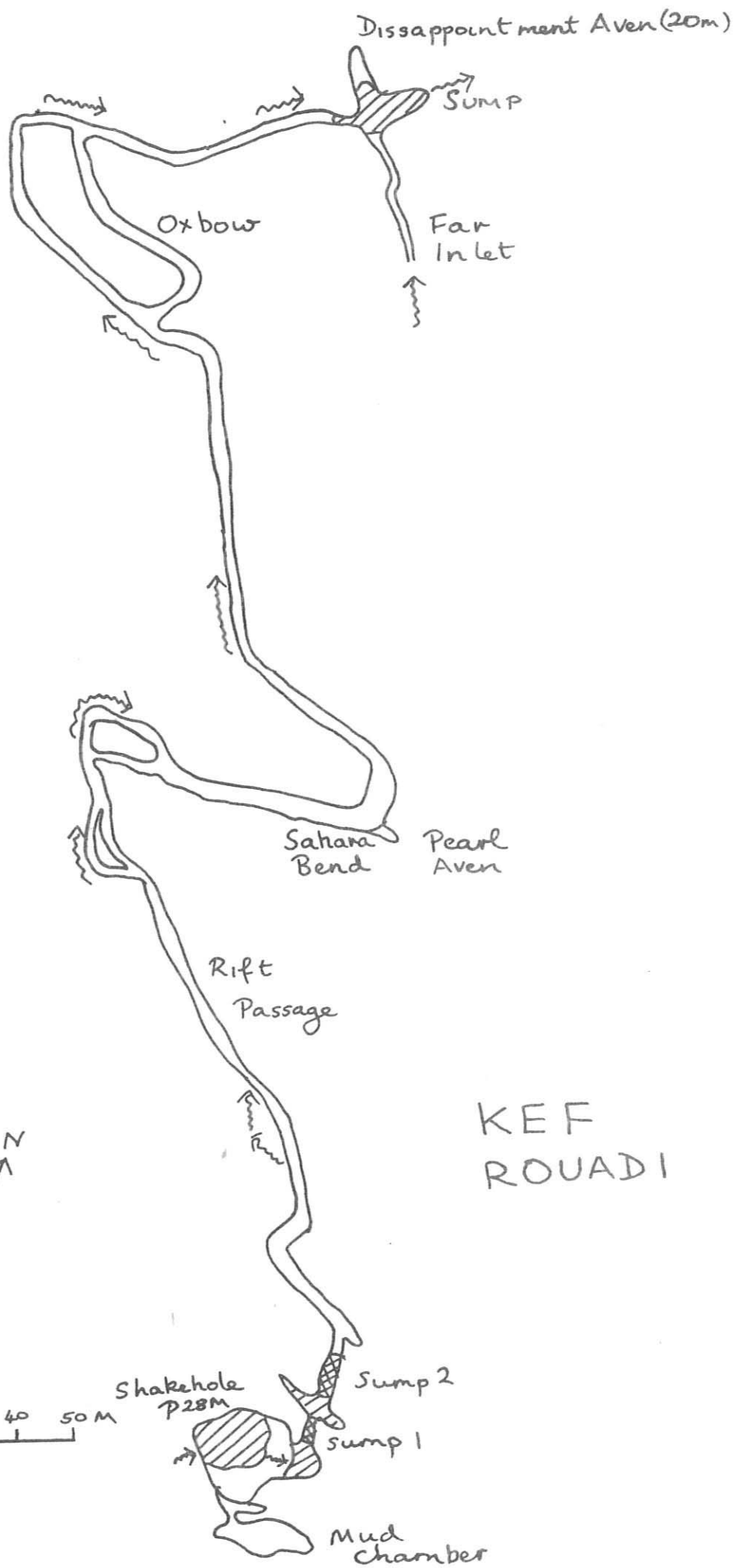
The main aims of the 1983 expedition were to examine these sites more closely, and also explore the plateau to the east of Kef Lahnash looking for shafts. With this in mind a preliminary party left the UK in July to search the hills, but they were not equipped for any heroic caving.

The main party consisted of 9 people including myself in the CSS converted forward control landrover, and 3 in a short wheel base landrover. We started in the first week of August and this time travelled from Dover to Boulogne and drove down via Bordeaux, Madrid and Algeceiras, then took the ferry to Ceuta and drove via Ouezzane and Fez to our previous campsite, about 15 miles along a rough track above Taza. This was cheaper than taking the ferry to Santander as we did in 1981, but infinitely more tiring. After 4 days driving, during which we nearly succeeded in killing ourselves only once when an offside front tyre blew and we swerved in front of a juggernaut to stop a few inches from a 10 foot drop, and again managed to stop in a brothel thinking it was a bar, we arrived at camp.

The advance party had failed to find any holes of interest on the plateau, and this was confirmed on further searching. The 30m shaft found on the last day in 1981 (Shepherds Pot), turned out to be 18m deep and choked, as were 2 or 3 other similar holes. The most promising sites in the valley were Kef Bere about 500m North of Kef Lahnash, which in 1981 was a rift which dropped into a 100m muddy crawl ending in a duck, and Kef Rouadi, an 18m shaft 200m North of Kef Bere, with a stream running across the bottom.

The duck in Kef Bere was passed and a few feet further on two well-decorated chambers found. A muddy tube at the far end of these was dug out and followed to 300m of large canyon passage ending in a muddy pitch with a crystal clear sump at the bottom. This was dived but proved too tight. A series of inlet passages on the west side of the cave intrigued us, because the first party found footprints and directional arrows in the mud. Because we had to dig our way in, we were reasonably certain that no one else had used our entrance, but we were completely unable to find another entrance to the system, presumably up a 20m aven at the end of the inlets which we were unable to climb. None of the locals knew of any other recent caving parties in the region.

The downstream sump in Kef Rouadi, which Pete Glanvill had dived in 1981 with no success, was passed after 20m of murky diving to a rift passage 15m high and 4m wide, which we followed into 500m of large stream passage, well decorated, and with many oxbows. At the end of the cave the stream sumps in a large lake which had too strong a current in it to be safely divable. An inlet passage next to the sump carries a stream which is five times the



KEF
ROUADI

0 10 20 30 40 50 M

size of the stream in the main passage, and is obviously a misfit. It is possible that the stream has been diverted down a new shakehole by agricultural activities in the region, as many of the shakeholes have been blocked up and streams diverted for irrigation purposes. We estimate from the survey that the end of the cave is halfway to the resurgence at Kaquane and only a few metres above it; however it only contains about half the volume of water. It passes directly beneath Cemetary cave, a short choked shakehole which could be dug given enough time. There were only three cave divers with the party, and the rest of the cavers were very irate at not being able to see Kef Rouadi, which turned out to be our most major find, so Pete and I spent a day trying to lower the sump by digging a trench in the floor of the stream - unsuccessfully. A small high-level chamber on the south side of the Rouadi shakehole was dug into, but no way into the upstream series could be found.

Pete also made another attempt on the terminal sump in Kef Lahnash, but with no success. We ran out of time and enthusiasm to dive the end of Kef Chara again, although a number of photographic trips were done.

The journey back home was enlivened by our mechanic breaking a half-shaft on the large landrover as we were leaving camp (no spare). This meant that we had to disengage the rear differential and travel back in "front-wheel four wheel drive" at a maximum speed of 40 mph, 7 days driving to get home. We narrowly missed being stuck in the severe flooding on the French/Spanish border, and were searched twice by customs: once leaving Spain by a young customs man who was most intrigued by our powdered milk, and once 10 miles outside Poulougne by the French who were more interested in our ground cumin. A highly entertaining holiday (whoops! expedition) which suffered mainly from lack of serious caving for the non-divers to do.

FROM THE LOGS:-

Sunday 1st Jan 1950

Members awoke early with no appreciable hangovers (one exception!)

Finding considerable quantities of liquor left over, breakfast consisted of Hot Gin and Orange, Sherry and Beer. Got quite merry and ate at noon.

Noel and Johnny left by 1.00 hours.

Saturday 6th Oct 1962

A mob of about 40 cavers including an unknown number of freshers visited GB cave. It is believed that none were left behind.

O.C.L.

4.2.67.

C.H., E.W., M.L., S.M.J., Swildons 4(?).

Expand this account !

OK then

C . H . , E . W . , M . L . , S . M . J . , S w i l d o
n s 4 (?)

13.2.78. CAS MJS GJM Pen Park Hole

About 2hrs underground. CAS did not get caught by the police,
MJS wishes to make a statement:

PENPARKHOLEHITSANICECAVEISNTITGRAHAMCLOSEDDID
YOUSAYOHIDIDNTKNOWITWASCLOSEDDIDYOUKNOWITWASCLOSEDGRAHAMWELLITSOPENNOWTHERE'S
APIGHOLETHEREANDITSALWAYSLESSCROWDEDUNDERGROUNDATTHREETHIRTYINTHEMORNINGMUCH
MOREPLEASANTDONTYOU THINKANDYOUWANTALOOKINOURTACKLEBAGSALRIGHTTHERECATCHOHSORRY
NEVERMINDUNIFORMSDRYCLEANEASILYANDANYWAYITWASNTMEITWASGRAHAM'SIDEAANDIMONLYAMIS
LEDMISGUIDEDTEENAGER, OFFICER .

A PEACEFUL LUNCHTIME DRINK?

Last Sunday, Tony Boycott, Graham Mullan and myself decided against
going caving as the weather was far too nice. We drove out to Mendip, and to
our amazement found ourselves outside the Hunters. We weren't surprised to
discover that the place was heaving with people, as just about everyone
seemed to have the same idea.

We settled down for a peaceful drink, unfortunately this was disturbed
by several things, not least of which was Pete Glanvill emptying a container
full of arrowroot over his faggots and peas, thinking it was salt, and stating
authoratively "It's not french chalk! " Why there was a salt pot full of arrow-
root in the Hunters remains a mystery. We settled down with our drinks again
but a few minutes later Brian Prewer wandered in announcing that there was a
possibility that two kids were lost down a storm drain in Frome. Graham and I
quickly came to the conclusion that having the only medical warden with caving
kit travelling in our car, was not necessarily a sensible idea....it was such
a nice afternoon..... We did think of auctioning a set of caving kit and
giving a doctor away free with it, but no one seemed interested.....I wonder
why!

Fortunately the stand-by was cancelled, and Prewer let everyone go off
for a walk, or another drink etc. etc. We wandered off to Upper Pitts, and then
the Belfry, followed by a disembodied voice coming out of the MRO radios in
each hut "Hunter 6 to Hunter 3...Glyn are you there?...." After hearing this
for the unteenth time I was dying to say "No he's not, go away Brian!"
Eventually, Brian Prewer and his wife set off home. We all went for a walk in
Burrington.....Not long afterward someone fell and broke a leg on the
entrance ladder in Sludge Pit. I would have liked to have seen Erian's face when
the police told him.....!

Linda Wilson ,

TREASURER'S NOTE

Student members not in their first year are reminded that they should renew their subscriptions before the end of 1983, otherwise their membership of the U.B.S.S. will automatically cease. The rate for student members is 80p for a year and should be paid to one of the treasurers (Oliver Lloyd or Tim Barton). Students in their final year may continue their membership, provided they write to the Hon. Secretaries saying that they wish to do so. They may purchase Proceedings at the student rate, which is usually half the published price. Their subscription of £5 for 1984 becomes due on 1.3.84.

Oliver

EDITOR'S NOTE

The Proceedings of the U.B.S.S., Vol 16 No.3 for 1983 will be published about the beginning of December. Here is a note about some of the papers it will contain. The price will be £3.

Gilbertson and Hawkins have been studying pleistocene deposits revealed by motorway construction near Bristol. They make interesting comparison with similar deposits from caves.

Stanton has been studying lime and grit plugs in shotholes in Mendip mines. At first it seemed that this might have been an example of lime blasting, but closer inspection showed that it was tamping for gunpowder blasting.

Ellis has identified a snail from the lowest deposits in Sun Hole, which shows that these layers are much older than had previously been supposed, making it the only extant Hoxnian site on Mendip.

Stack and Coles have found a very high proportion of lead in human teeth from the fourth chamber of Wookey Hole. It is concluded that the lead is derived from their surroundings, which are also lead rich.

Chapman studying species diversity in tropical caves concludes that this is only seriously affected by flooding.

Boycott, Mullan and Wilson have described the extensions to the Cave of the Wild Horses, Kilcorney, which were discovered at Easter 1983.

Cave notes for County Clare have been compiled from various sources and help to bring up to date our knowledge of recent discoveries.

Four reviews are published on archaeological subjects, including the Archaeology of Somerset by Aston and Burrow.

Oliver.

PLEA FROM THE LIBRARIAN

We are about to move the library from our temporary storage in Inner Court to more permanent accomodation, although exactly where has not been finalised yet. When this has been done, the Library will need recataloguing. Could members please return all books and journals as soon as possible, or failing this let me know exactly what they have.

If anyone knows the whereabouts of the first UBSS Eristol log (November 1965 - January 1969) could they please let me know. It has been missing for about 5 years.

Tony Boycott

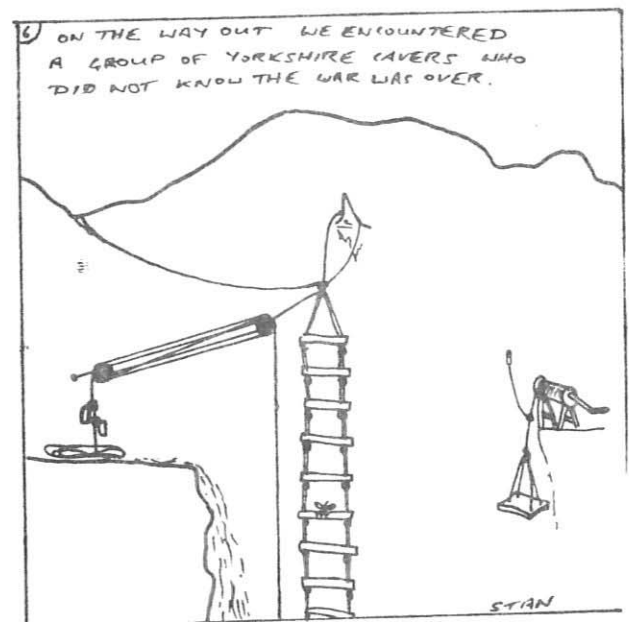
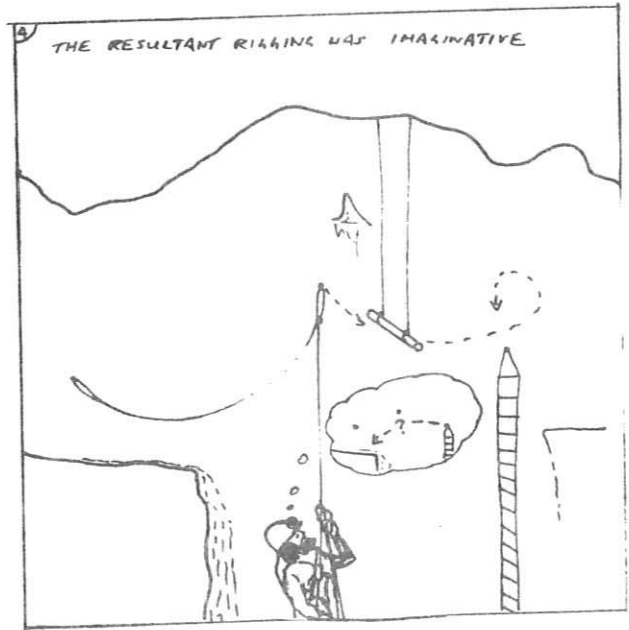
ADDITIONS TO LIBRARY 1982/3

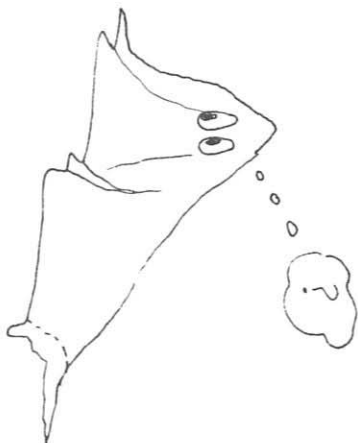
Aston, M & Burrow, I	The Archaeology of Somerset	Somerset County Council	1982
Academia Praha	Caves & Chasms in Czechoslovakia		1981
Bögli, Alfred	Karst Hydrology & Physical Speleology (English)		1980
Culver, D.C.	Cave Life, Evolution and Ecology	Harvard U P	1982
Bildatlas Spezial	Höhlen in Deutschland		
Martel, F.A.	La France Ignorée 1928 - 1930	Lafitte reprint	1978
	2 vols: Sud- est de la France		
	Des Ardennes aux Pyrénées		
Ransome, R.	The Greater Horseshoe Pat	Blandford press	1980
Societe Speleolgique de Wallonie	Inventaire Speleologique de la Belgique		1982
Stuart, A.J.	Pleistocene Vertebrates in the British Isles	Longman	1982
Yalden, D.W. & Morris, P.A.	The Lives of Bats	Demeter press	1975
Northern Caves	Vol 4A Scales Moor & Kingsdale		1983
Northern Caves	Vol 4B Leck & Casterton Fells		1983
E.G. Holland	Coniston Copper Mines, A Field Guide		1981
W.T. Shaw	Mining in the Lake Counties		1983

New Exchanges

Somerset Mines Research Group Journal Vol 1 Nos 1-4, Vol 2 No 1
and newsletter

FROM THE LOG BOOK. - CAMPING, HYPOTHERMIA, BERNIES AND....



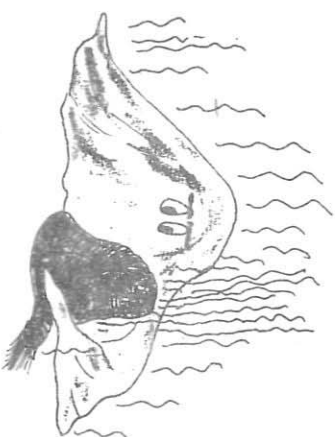
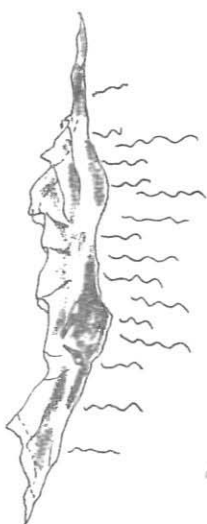
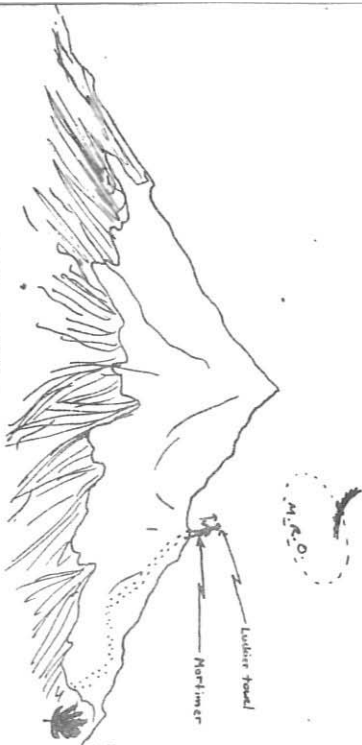


Once upon a time there was a clean
towel called Mortimer

Mortimer was given to Arbutnott
a sweet, though somewhat scrappy child,
as an exorcism present. Mortimer was
a very innocent towel and didn't understand
the things that humans did to towels.

Mortimer had a fairly normal
early towelhood and soon learned
to cope with foulish things.

As Arbutnott grew older Mortimer
matured. Mortimer's ambition was to move
on to a full size body when the chance
came. Arbutnott became a Mendip Caver
and Mortimer was asked to cope with
actions beyond the call of duty.



As a treat Arbutnott took Mortimer on an
expedition. For a kushy Flat tip the were lots
of hills.

After the expedition Mortimer
was abandoned in a dark
damp polybag for several
years.

Deeply affected by his incarceration
Mortimer emerged to shock an
unsuspecting world in early 1983.

Fortunately for life as we know it
Mortimer at last found
contentment. Whilst lurking
odourously in Lunsford House
he was inadvertently put into
a Fiesta with loose wing
mirrors. There he met Cathy
a mature scary. They fell wack
over weave in love and lived
happily ever after.

Toblerone Warr's Diary

Monday

I suffered a very unpleasant experience today when I realised that it was my thirtieth birthday. Always before birthdays have been joyous occasions but this latest had a quite painful undertone. Perhaps I should have taken Charlie Self's advice and thrown an impromptu "21st birthday" party. He tells me there is no such thing as middle-age if you only admit to being 21.

An interesting idea and one that has obviously worked well for Ken Baker who celebrated in September his twenty first 21st. But what can he do next year? He can't have a twenty second 21st - that would be absurd. Come on you mathematicians! The secret of eternal youth will be yours (and Ken's) if you can find an answer.

Tuesday

More gossip concerning the love life of Kate Thomas, who tells me she now has plans for a wedding. Not to the shy lad of whom mention was made in the last Privateer - he sought refuge in religion! Her new empassion is called Byron (yes, that is his christian name) and for some reason he wants to hold the ceremony in Nepal. Katy has set her heart on an English wedding and I quite agree with her. Gold rings should be worn on the third finger of the left hand, not through the side of the nose!

Wednesday

I always thought it was a terrible waste that such a lovely girl as Jane Lolly should be going out with such a bounder as Steve "the shuffler" Perry. I am pleased to be able to inform my readers that I am now her escort.

Thursday

Having heard that the Ivy Bower, our old toilet at the hut at Burrington, had been filled in I decided to pay a visit to Mendip to choose the site for a replacement. I was too late. The job had already been done and a new hole, for some mysterious reason called "the Poll", dug to a depth of 25 feet. I settled down to pay my respects and found it a most satisfying drop.

Not wishing to hurry myself, a disquieting thought occurred to me. The next hole to be dug, in perhaps another 10 years time, will almost certainly be to metric standards. The extra distance involved in digging down to 10 metres could be dangerous if the facility is used by a visitor with a weak constitution. One does tend to hold one's breath, you know.

Friday

An extraordinary outburst of militarism is sweeping through the club. Martin Warren has joined the TA and Steve McArdle has decided to follow suit in the New Year. Meanwhile, Alison Newey and Chris Shirt have taken the Queen's shilling with the OTC. With the return of regular army Captain Clive Owen to Bristol we have the entertaining prospect of seeing the traditional army game of "saluting the officer" played on Sunday nights in Crockers.

• OUR CLUB •



NEEDS

YOU

For
FAFFY?

A
recruitment
poster?

You're
kidding!

SMALL ADS

Lonely Hearts

Very pretty young man wishes to be an object of physical desire to a nice girl with small breasts. Genuine replies only. BOX 21.

Liverpool, Sunday

I AM JAVA MAN

ASTONISHING
NEW CLAIM

Cavers from all over the country were stunned today when a man walked into the BCRA Conference claiming to be "that missing link of creation's chain desiderated by the late ingenious Mr Darwin". Unlike James Joyce's original specimen, who spoke with a Dublin accent and was named Costello, this latest apparition from a prehistoric past bears a fleeting resemblance, at least of voice, to a well known basement dweller from Clifton. Though such an analogy would in some quarters be considered libellous, I am in no way suggesting that Dick Willis and this so-called "Java Man" are in any way related. Rather, I am struggling to find an adjective to adequately describe the coarse timbre of a primitive voice, much as I would struggle to describe the red of a poppy without naming the flower.

JAVA MAN - AND NOW MRS JAVA MAN !

A report from our Welsh Borders correspondent, which was at first discounted because of its seemingly fanciful nature, suggests that there may be several of these so-called "Java Men" now in the country.

Last Saturday a pair of the creatures were spotted in the front room of a house near Malvern, wearing pyjamas and shallow conical hats. They were found by the householder, a Dr Miguel O'Shirtensbore, during the course of his fancy dress birthday party. He describes the incident thus - "Yer wott!! Somethin' funny goin' on in 'ere. Yer Wott!!"

Dr Bertenshaw is 31.

Our ornithology correspondent writes

To have the exotic homo sapiens javensis visiting our shores is a very exiting development and I think the RSPB (RGS surely - Ed.) can be very proud of their record of providing such excellent facilities for summer migrants.

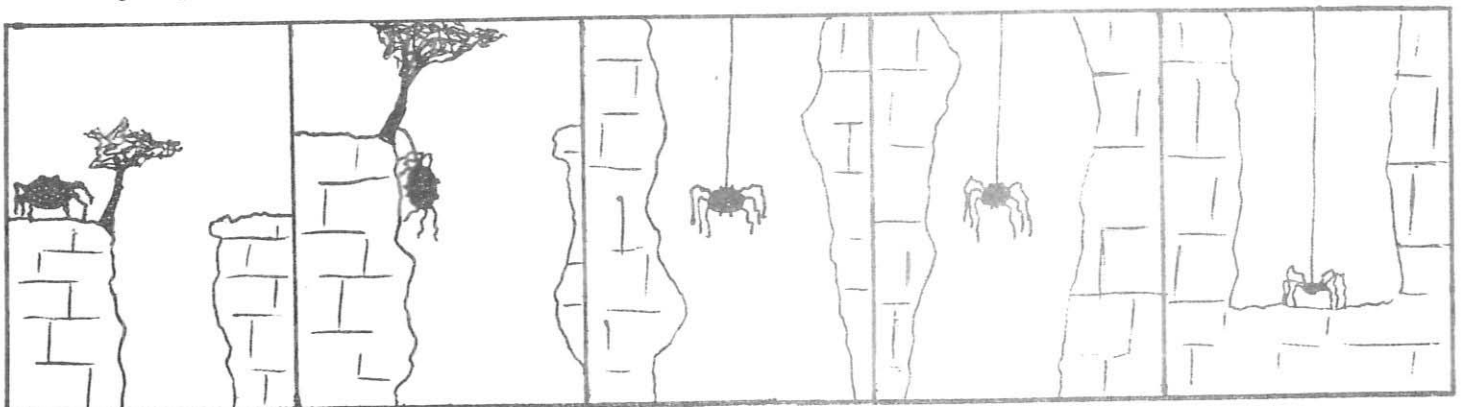
Possible migration routes

p 21

Nesting basement spotted in Clifton

p 22

Troglodyte



I hear that Mick McHale has got himself a job at Whernside Manor. For a chap who has the unenviable reputation for saying "after you" at pitch heads one can merely speculate on his duties.

Introducing our new Mr Wandering Hands. Ben van Millingen has had his wrist slapped by a stripper at Vicky's Club. Well done, sir! Old traditions never die, they just get new exponents.

Trust Dick Willis to have a good time on holiday. While the rest of the Java Expedition were finding 11 kms of new cave, our representative was off "gone fishing". But catching cave fish, even if they are new to science, by torchlight sounds more the action of a poacher than a fisherman to me.

Question : what goes £761, £762, £763
.....?

Answer : the talking clock on Ken Baker's oil rig.

POSTSCRIPT : the clock has just stopped, again.

Where is Chris Shirt holding his 21st birthday party? In a slit trench on Salisbury Plain. How many guests has he invited? None. For shame!

Watch With Mother BBC TV 2.15 pm

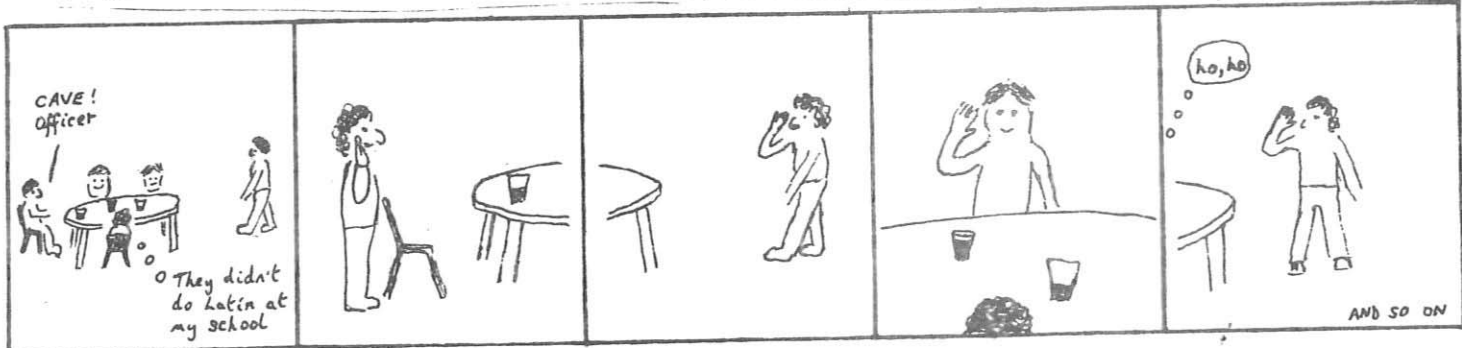
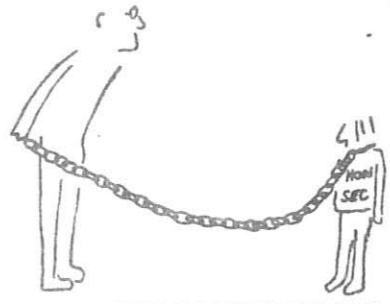


So Tim Barton and Ken Harold have retired from caving for the challenge and excitement of watching cacti grow. In the old days we used to grow cannabis - and it never interfered with our caving.

The New Inn at Priddy used to be a somewhat mediocre public house. Now it is a rather trendy licensed restaurant and the Westbury Set have managed to get themselves banned. For anyone else who wants a "Banned from the New Inn" badge, the trick is to complain when after an hour the food still hasn't arrived.



HON. SEC.



Maxim

I am very pleased to be able to announce the return to active service of two of my most trusted servants - ship's Master Seedy and Martinet the boatsun's mate.

Their absence this past year was for entirely personal and private reasons and not, as reported elsewhere, as a result of any legal constraint. The suggestion that the interests of Her Majesty were in any way involved will, of course, be summarily dealt with if voiced aloud.

My first mate, Toblerone, will also be returning next week, having found tax exile on Treasure Island to be insufferably dull.

The return of these seasoned campaigners should enliven that scurvy rabble of a crew that I sail with. They have been getting far too lazy of late.

R. Matey

pp Captain Maxim

Alexandra Rest Home

Bristol 8

♦♦♦

Congratulations to Dr Kirsten Hopkins and her new "shiteing grice" accent. Though I thought her original voice charming it could have proved awkward in a hospital environment. Some patients would be sure to know of the Glaswegian's penchant for the knife.



Gravel

A pleasant evening spent in the pub with Tim Lyons and Clive Owen and an extraordinary item of gossip. They say they are off to run a half-marathon in the morning. Why? To escape from their usual Sunday morning exercise, as demanded by their lady partners!

I am delighted to be able to present the "Privateer Beautiful Loser Award" this year to Flt Ltn Ian Cassely. This special accolade is an annual event and is presented to whoever schemes the most cunning and witty plot, whose very sophistication dooms it to failure. The story deserves some elaboration.

Ian Cassely, the ink hardly dry on his marriage certificate, found himself with a young wife keen, indeed eager, to start a family. Not wishing the responsibilities of marriage to press so heavily or so soon upon his shoulders he gave his spouse a kitten and a puppy dog, thinking that this would sublimate her maternal instincts. An excellent scheme.

Postscript : mother, daughter, kitten and puppy dog are all doing very well.

For entirely corrupt reasons I have withdrawn an article entitled "fun in the fjords, love behind the fish factory". Corrupt? But of course! I expect one of the Hon Secs will wish to ply me with alcohol.

PRIVATEER

No 6



WHAT THE WELL DRESSED
SPELEO WILL BE WEARING
IN

1984



Combat
jacket

(why wait for
the pub to
open?)

Better than
stalagmites!

Helmet

Webbing
belt

(why wait for a
caving trip?)

(The Imperial War Museum)

Army boots
(why buy them secondhand?)