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NEWSLETTER Volume 2 No. 3

As I am not in a creative mood at the moment, this will be a short editorial, as is the rest of the newsletter. Probably for the same reasons.

Chris Pepper.

SECRETARIES' BIT

Diary Dates

29/30th September	-	B.C.R.A. Conferance	Lancaster
6/7th October	-	Freshers Weekend	Mendip
19th October	-	U.B.S.S. committee meeting	
20/21st October	-	Away Meet	South Wales
24th October	-	Sessional Meeting	Clive Westlake
30th Nov/ 2nd Dec	-	Away Meet	Yorkshire

FOR SALE

MENDIP MAPPES

Mendip Mappes, from the Ashweck Court Rolls - copied and deciphered from the original by J.H.Savory in 1913. The original is in the Wells Museum. Price £2-00 + 30p P+P from the Librarian.

PETERS, Camping, Caving and Diving Gear supplier, have moved in to new premises - only just in time, to judge by the condition of the old building. They are now over the road, about 100 yards away.

His address is:

Peters, Ltd  
52, Old Market Street  
Bristol  
Tel: 299544

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

YORKSHIRE - EASTER '84

This year saw the usual gathering of cavers in Yorkshire for the Easter festival of caving, drinking and, this year, even climbing. Attendance behind the tennis courts at Clapham peaked at 13, with O.C.L., C.D.O., Wanda, M.H.W., N.P., S.McA, K.S.B., Terry, C.A.S., M.J.M., Rich Barker, Ericka and Adrian.

On Friday C.D.O., M.H.W., C.A.S. and S.McA bottomed Gingling Hole which, apart from the fantastic 'Fool's Paradise', has a fine 60m pitch which plunges directly into the terminal sump. We met another party, also intending to do Gingling and, after first ignoring them, as they were pirates, got them to carry most of our gear out in the end.

The rest of our party went walking and plant spotting and, later in the day, the U.B.S.S. flying vet turned up, with his mother's nice clean car, ready to fill it with dirty cavers.

Saturday saw C.D.O., Wanda and A.D. visiting Christmas Pot which they all enjoyed. As the weather was so good the rest of us went to Attermire Scar, where we did several excellent routes on the Barrel Buttress. O.C.L., R.B. and Ericka thoroughly explored nearby Victoria Cave. The day ended in the New Inn with K.S.B. telling all how oil companies treat people badly and how iron bars go thud in the night!

Sunday saw a classic case of badly maintained gear, combined with general incompetence, as Hammer Pot was attempted. In Stemple Rift R.B. and M.J.M. had light failure, and C.A.S. in assisting R.B. managed to drop his helmet and wedge it in the rift below his feet. We then decided to leave and, on counting tackle back at the car, realized that C.A.S. had carefully left a ladder in Hammer Pot, at the bottom of the first pitch, ready for next time. Straws were drawn and, while M.J.M. and C.A.S. returned across the moors for the ladder, R.B. and M.H.W. discussed the evils of caving with certain people.

In the meantime K.S.B., N.P., S.McA and Terry had the much better idea of climbing on Penyghent and, among others, did the classic route 'Red Pencil'.

Monday was going home day but before leaving M.H.W., N.P., S.McA, C.A.S. Terry and Adrian managed to fit in some very enjoyable climbing on Twistleton Scars. In the heat of the afternoon, while the O.C.L. crew returned to Bristol, the N.P. party went to the Hill Inn -- and so ended climbing for that day!

Overall an excellent few days in the rugged north.

M.H.W.

### TREASURER'S NOTES

The long story of our insurance claim, now totalling £6600, is likely to end soon, when Brown has finished the repairs to our furniture. It was their fourth move in February, when the pieces were finally brought to the University Union; and they had suffered. We hoped to get the repair work done before moving in the books and cases from Inner Court, but this was not to be. At the end of March we received a peremptory order from the Deputy Bursar to vacate those premises. I consulted with our Librarian, Tony Boycott, and we decided that the best thing would be to cram the stuff into the middle one of our three rooms, and this we did. It is a marvel to me, but Tony always seems to know where everything is.

The Old Bakery, which will be our Tackle Room, Workshop and Dark Room, is having a new door made into the car park outside. When we have the key to this the inner door will be closed to us, so that we cannot enter the Union Building from the Workshop. In this way we hope to prevent a recurrence of the kind of innuendo from which we suffered after the fire in the Geography Department. The new Dark Room is in a fairly advanced stage of preparation, but progress in the rest of the Old Bakery has been slowed down, due to the difficulty in finding homes for all the bakery equipment; we still have not got rid of the oven in the corner.

The tackle, taken from Lunsford House, is once more 'in care'. We have a new MICTE since March, Martin Warren. Between us we went over all the tackle, catalogued it, and marked the ends of all the ropes. We have seven ladders made before 1981 that are still serviceable. In 1981 we made 13 new ladders. One of these, No. 10, has been destroyed and two are missing, Nos. 1 & 2. I would be most grateful for information as to their whereabouts; they are clearly marked: UBSS 1981 No. 1 (or No. 2). There were also bits for five ladders, which I have since cut up for rung-salvage. Cutting the 1981 wire was hard work, but the 1972 wire was like cheese. This makes me wonder, whether we really ought to wait until we see broken strands, before condemning a ladder. A natural cycle of replacement might be safer. At present we have enough rungs and wire for making another 26 ladders, and we have a second vice, so that two members can work together on trimming ferrules or cutting C-links. We also have a vertical drill for drilling rungs and smoothing their ends. This will be fixed in the new Workshop.

We have 666 m of SRT rope, most of which is due for replacement during the next three years. We have 269 m of nylon life-line in good condition. We are short on belays and will be making some more. We have two sets of survey equipment and five twin battery-chargers.

I went over all our requirements for the next three years very carefully with Martin. We estimated our needs and priced them. We were amazed to find that the total came to over £1200. The Union Treasurer was rather more than amazed. As we had put in for a capital grant of £300 for Library, the total came to £1500. At a meeting of Audit Sub-Committee in May, they cut this to £1200; £120 to come off tackle and £180 off Library. This will have to be made good; we don't ask for money that we don't need. It is not urgent; we have three years to solve the problem.

Various ideas occur to me. We might tap the Library Fund for one thing. For the tackle we can use the £126.60 coming to us from Insurance, on account of a rope that had to be destroyed after the fire. Next year we are due for a rise in subscriptions. Inflation over the four year period, since we raised subscriptions to £5 in 1981, has run at about 11%, 8%, 6% and now  $5\frac{1}{2}\%$ . This would justify a subscription of £6.60. There are still 12 members, who have not yet paid their subscriptions for 1984. Please could I hear from them? The University's grant for Proceedings stands at £600 a year and this might be raised. The Tratman Fund this year is providing £100 for the Easter Irish expedition, £200 for the July Irish and £400 for the August Greek.

#### SESSIONAL MEETINGS

The Society held the first Sessional Meeting of the season in its own rooms in the University Union on May 16th, 1984. Black-out curtains were made for the occasion. The book-cases were empty but shone like chestnuts, due to Brown's new french polishing. Our old premises were too dingey for them to be appreciated.

Pete Glanvill gave us an illustrated talk about Wookey Hole. He used two projectors aligned on one point, so that he could fade one picture out into the next. This was particularly effective where succeeding pictures, all of very high quality, were taken from the same point but differently lit. In this way he conducted us through the divers' cave to Wookey 24.

We took this opportunity of electing Ben van Millingen to outside membership. He comes to Bristol from Cambridge.

The next Sessional Meeting will be on Wednesday, 24th October, 1984, at 8.15 pm. in our rooms, when Clive Westlake will come and talk to us about Peak Cavern. He is an experienced lecturer, a cave diver and has some very good pictures. Later in the term we hope to get Andy Currant to give us a lecture. He is a 'bones-man' and co-authored the latest report on Sun Hole. We have pencilled in the date 21st November for him, subject to confirmation, also in the University Union at 8.15 pm.

Oliver

## THE CAVES OF MOUNT ELGON, KEYNA

### An unusual method of Spelaeogenesis

The forested valleys around Mount Elgon, a large inactive volcano on the Kenya - Uganda border, contain a large number of short horizontal caves. The largest of these is Kitum Cave, one of three open to the public in the Mount Elgon National Park. Ever since their discovery by Joseph Thomson in 1883 various theories on their formation have been put forward. The local rock is a soft volcanic ash, capped by a hard lava layer, and the theories range from wave cutting by a natural lake, gas tunnels from when the volcano was active (unlikely in ash) to man - made mines. The latter is certainly plausible, since until recently some of the caves were inhabited by the Elgon Maasai tribe and also used as cattle stockades. The Maasai also worked the cave walls for supplies of salt, which is deficient in the local diet, having been leached from the soil by the heavy tropical rains, but is found in the volcanic ash as sodium sulphate and natrolite. The local herbivores - buffalo, antelope and elephants, all visit the cave regularly for the same purpose as they would a salt-lick.

In 1980, Ian Redmond, a zoologist on the Kenyan phase of Operation Drake, visited Kitum Cave and monitored its use by animals over several days. The elephants especially would stay in the cave for six hours or more, and fully explore its 160 metre length, far outside the daylight zone. They were filmed underground using infra-red cameras, scraping at the walls with their tusks and eating the debris, presumably to obtain salt.

Elephant dug overhangs in cliffs of salty rock are not unusual, and have been described in other areas of Kenya, and in Sumatra. Usually, however as the cliff is undercut it collapses and the cliff recedes. At Kitum, the roof is a very hard lava layer, and although roof falls have occurred (one was observed and filmed in 1982) the debris is consumed by the elephants and transported out of the cave. It seems likely that the whole cave has been formed by this process. A simple calculation will demonstrate that this is not completely implausible: the volume of Kitum is about  $5 \times 10^6$  litres. Assuming only one litre per week is removed by the elephants, it would take only 100,000 years to excavate a cave the size of Kitum. The elephants have been around for two million years, and the volcano has been inactive far longer than this.

Sources: Ian Redmond The Underground Tusk Force "The Guardian" 26th Jan 84 p20

John Flashford-Snell Mysteries Bodley Head London 1983

Ian Redmond The Salt Mining Elephants of Mt Elgon Wildlife 24(8) p288

Tony Boycott

# LIBRARY NEWS

We have now finally moved into the Union Building, and the Library is at present stacked awaiting the renovation of the bookcases - many panes of glass and shelves became broken during the four or five times they were moved in the last two years, and the glue joints have become loosened by the floodwater. I hope to make a start on re-catalogueing and organising during the summer.

Many thanks to Tony Jarratt and Ray Mansfield for supplying missing back numbers of various journals.

Tony Boycott.

## ADDITIONS TO LIBRARY Summer 1984

Archaeologia	Vol 106 (1979) & Vol 107 (1982)	
Balch, E.S.	Glacieres or freezing caverns	Reprint 1970
Crawford, H.	Subterranean Britain	1979
Chelsea Spelaeological Society	Records 8 - 13	
Exley & Young	N.S.S. Cave Diving Manual	1982
Gebauer, H.D.	Caves of India & Nepal	1982
Green, H.S.	Pontnewydd Cave, the first report.	1984
	National Museum of Wales	
Hill, Carol	Cave Minerals N.S.S.	1976
Jeffreys, A.L.	Scotland Underground	1984
Johnson, P.	A History of Mendip Caving (Replacement copy)	
Judson, D.	Caving Practice and Equipment. B.C.R.A.	1984
Lewis & Stace	Cave Diving in Australia	1982
Mountain and Cave Rescue Handbook	1983 / 4	
Neale & Flenley	The Quaternary in Britain. Pergamon Press	1981
Oldham, A.	Caves of Clydach, Cork, & Camarthen	
Perks, Brooks & Pearce	Bath Stone - A Quarry History	1979
Price, E.	Bath Freestone Workings	1984
Proceedings and guidebooks,	8th International Congress of Speleology,	1981
Shaw, T.R.	History of Cave Science	1979
Somerset Levels Papers	Nos 4 - 10	
Walker, T.A.	The Severn Tunnel 1891	Reprint 1969
Westall, W.	View of the caves near Ingleton, Goredale Scar & Malham Cove in Yorkshire. 1818.	
	Introduction & Reprint. T.R. Shaw	1983
Williams, T.L.	Manual of U.S. Cave Rescue Techniques. NSS.	1982



FROM THE LOGS

Dec 31st 1943

There are 6 unexploded bombs in the swallet third from Mr Young's farm (Lower Farm) Velvet Bottom.

NE

Sun 22nd May 1949

To all using bath:- please do not disturb brood of frogs.

18.6.49. Natural History Note

Most books suggest that glow-worms are exceedingly sensitive to external stimuli. On finding a " " various members tried: high velocity wind tests, low frequency ground vibrations, & artificial precipitation, which all however failed to damp the ardour of the unfortunate insect.

Bed by 12.15 AM (♀) 2.15 (♂)

A ApSimon (mostly)

10/9/53

Observations 1. OCL has lost his key to the hut. Finder will be thanked.

18/9/53

1. As OCL has never asked for a key to the hut & is not entitled to one without such request being approved by committee it will be interesting to know how he came to be in possession of one, now lost.

EKT

16/5/70 At the hut: seen & overheard

Car drives up & parks outside. Girl jumps out and makes for gate. Sees my car & leans on gate. Joined by second girl. Joined by two youths. Detailed inspection made from gate. One girl "I don't think we can go in there today! "

EKT

FROM NSS NEWS Oct 1983

American Caving Accidents 1982

D: Carcass Pit, Indiana

Sept 82

While preparing to ascend the 70 foot pit, a caver was nearly struck by a falling opossum.



### Sundry Musings

Having compiled this issue of Newsletter Chris, our Editor, found that he had a spare page in the middle. So he has commissioned me to fill it.

A perennial topic of pub conservation is the sad state of the club at the moment. I say perennial because it happens every year. Each spring term the club is deemed to be in need of fresh blood and yet always it survives. Always a nucleus remains to meet the freshers in October and take them caving. So if the normal state of affairs is "sad", what has been so very bad this year?

There are a few points that spring readily to mind and top of my list is transport. Minibuses are too expensive to hire without a subsidy from our Travel Grant, which is why we have so few minibus weekends during the year. And those of us who have private cars have sold the club short. We have not been underground very often and we have not made places openly available to the club when we have gone caving.

We also sell our local area short. There has always been a vociferous minority of the "no caves on Mendip" ilk. Some will concede Swildons and GB, but all extol Yorkshire as the place to go caving. Which of course it is, once you have had a year or two's experience, bought a wetsuit and learned to use SRT. But our "heroes" wouldn't dream of taking a novice party down Ireby. They are off doing "decent" trips, leaving the novices with a second-rate feeling.

A variation of the same theme is the middle-aged man with a beard festering in the hut at Burrington in October who, when asked if he is going caving, declares "go caving on the Mendips? Good God, no!" And yet the Swildons Round Trip is one of the best 2 hour trips in the country.

We have here on our doorstep an excellent selection of caves that are not too long and can be done in jumper and jeans. Easy caves are popular with beginners - South Devon weekends are always well subscribed. We have stone mines just the other side of Bath and plenty of good quality easy caves in South Wales (no I don't mean OFD). A novice doesn't become a caver until (s)he feels "I could have led that" after a trip. With only occasional trips on offer, and "good" trips at that, this feeling could take a long time to develop. Maybe the hard men should soften once in a while. Or stop worrying about the "sad" state of the club.

Charlie Self

CAVES OF COUNTY CLARE

Price to members - £7.60 post free

Price to students - £4.75 (collection only)

Proceedings of UBSS

Current issue, vol 16(3)

Price to students £1.50

You've read the book and you've watched the film. Now come to Southmead and see the play.

# Greystoke

Starring ..... Mendip Melon

The touching story of how a young boy comes to Bristol and falls in with a bunch of wild animals who teach him the ways of the jungle. After several years in the company of these "old lags" he eventually meets a girl and a doctor who are shocked to see such a noble creature brought so low. Under their combined tutelage he renounces his brutish ways and is returned to civilisation.

RECOMMENDED



Sampling

ONE BY ONE

The story of how a student vet wanders aimlessly round Bristol late at night looking for foxes, having just come out of a Lager Festival.

after pints.....94

FOCUS ON FACT - The UBSS's least known committee members

<p>No 1</p> <p>Alison Newey</p> <p>1983-4</p>	<p>Alison is studying to be a doctor</p> 	<p>Her address is known to the Hon. Secretaries</p> 
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SHOWBIZ GOSSIP

Since Ken Baker emigrated to a little steel island in the middle of the North Sea his understudy, Martin Warren, has been starring as Jocular Hero in the long-running cabaret "Crookers on a Tuesday and Sunday night". (Is this a farce? - Ed.)

Martin started rather timidly but over the past year his performances have improved dramatically to such an extent that a critical comparison of the two actors is now long overdue.

The most obvious difference of style is in the portrayal of the latent violence in the character. Martin's is, I feel, a little exaggerated at times and I miss the comic nuances which made the Old Master's performances so endearing. However Martin's selective misanthropy is quite brilliant, a significant development from Ken's mere intolerance of wimps. I am particularly impressed by his ruthless command of language, one example being his ability to dismiss half of humanity in the single word "fanny".

This may be the real difference between the two actors, that Martin uses language to actively play for laughs whereas Ken allowed the humour to develop at its own pace from the situation. Curiously, one could say the same of the two James Bonds.

Huddles

# Poetry Corner

Our Charlie went out hiking  
 In the Cairngorms in a blizz.  
 His appearance was not striking:  
 In fact it never is.  
 He had no special equipment,  
 He didn't wear a cap,  
 He didn't have a compass  
 And he didn't have a map.

For what use is a cap  
 When the sun is shining bright.  
 And what use is a compass,  
 Even if you read it right?  
 And what use is a map  
 When the way is clear to see?  
 I'll just go for a saunter, and  
 Be back in time for tea.

But the wind it started howling  
 And the skies went grey and black;  
 Large snowflakes came towards him  
 And settled on his back.

But our Charlie was not daunted.  
 "Where I'm going it looks better."  
 And he drew his coat around him,  
 But got chillier and wetter.  
 The road just simply vanished,  
 As the weather went on snowing.  
 "How very strange", said Charlie,  
 "I don't know where I'm going."

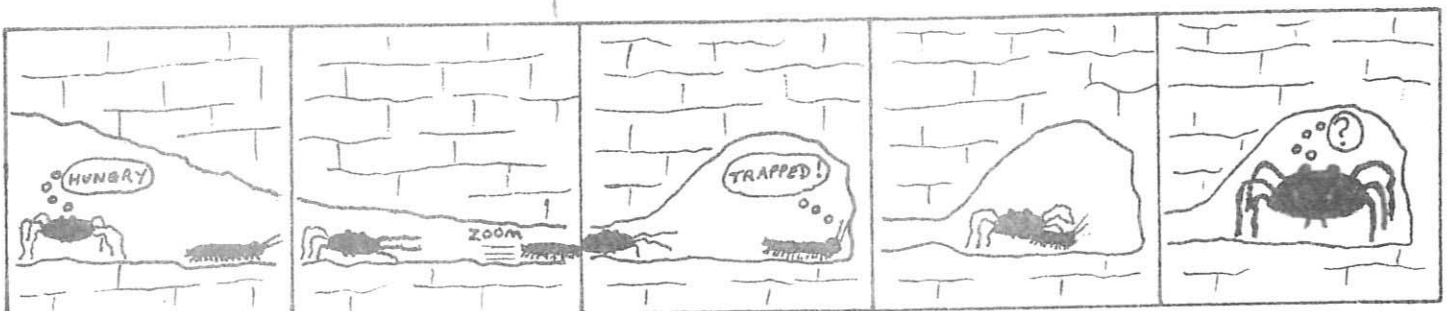
Tea-time came and went  
 And no Charlie did they spy,  
 So they called the Mountain Rescue  
 And this was their reply.  
 "We are the Mountain Rescue,  
 No bloody use are we;  
 The only time you see us  
 Is breakfast, dinner and tea.

"So we'll do some coordination  
 And since you're so far south,  
 We'll send a helicopter  
 To fly from Lossiemouth."  
 Our Charlie plodded straight on,  
 Fifteen miles or more,  
 And after he'd done twenty  
 He came to a front door.

A light was in the window  
 And shone out in a pool;  
 It was the keeper's bothy  
 In lonely Tomintoul.  
 Our Charlie entered boldly.  
 "Can I come in?" He said.  
 The keeper answered sullenly  
 "We thought that you was dead."

The rescue team was furious  
 And thought Charlie a real cad.  
 If only he had perished,  
 They would have been quite glad.  
 Our good old Spelaeo motto  
 Is the thing to think upon.  
 If you are getting lost, why then you  
 GO STRAIGHT ON!

Troglobyte



# Toblerone Warr's Diary

Tuesday

Everyone knows what an amiable chap I am, so no-one should be surprised when I tell that I went round to Nick Patrick's house a few days before the start of his summer exams to offer my best wishes. And everyone knows what sort of chap Patrick is, so no-one should be surprised when I say that I found him brewing beer. Studying? Yes, he was definitely thinking about doing some.

By contemporary standards he may seem a little laid-back, but the lad certainly has style!

Wednesday

Since my last diary an extraordinary outburst of de-militarisation has swept through the club. Martin Warren has defected from the T.A. and joined the C.D.G., Steve Mc Ardle has decided not to enlist with the T.A. but to join the N.U.T., Chris Shirt is staying with the O.T.C. but leaving the club and, if Army support services are privatised, Clive Owen will be back in civvies too.

Unfurl the red flag, comrades!

Thursday

The most terrible news. I have been feeling homesick for some time now and have been pestering my company for a UK posting. At last it has come through but they are sending me to Aberdeen, of all places. At least in Paris I could speak the language.

Friday

One advantage I have found, living in Aberdeen, is that I see more of my old friend Ken Baker. He, too, is now retired from caving, so I suggested he should take up a more up-market sport. I even tried to introduce him

to skiing but a dislocated shoulder may well have put him off. I do hope he finds a new sport soon to supplement that perennial standby, rock climbing, that good old boys and once-upon-a-time hard men always seem to end up doing.

But perhaps I am being too harsh with the Bristol set. They are (again) threatening a revival. The UBSS climbing club is going on a caving expedition to Greece.

Saturday

After the disastrous publicity given to Charlie Self for surviving his Cairngorm "holiday", the leaders of the forthcoming Greece expedition have told him he must keep a low profile. They have helped him in this by taking his name off the expedition prospectus, in case it proves a liability when looking for sponsorship.

I must say I am a little worried. Charlie has a naturally narrow profile which makes him invisible sideways-on. If he perfects the low profile he may disappear altogether.



Sunday

I have just heard that Chris Pepper used an oxy-acetylene torch to mend the broken hinge on the gate of GB Cave, even though he knows that carbide is banned. Head first down the Poll with him!

So Chris "the Wimp" Shirt has resigned from the secretaryship, the Committee and the club. I wonder what has upset him this time?

The "Not the UBSS top secret expedition not to Ireland" led by Linda "two husbands" Wislon was probably a great success.

An extraordinary imbroglio enlivened proceedings at this year's AGM. Unable to find enough students to fill the new committee, our still-student ex-Hon Sec was pressed to retract his resignation from the club and stand for election. According to our rules he could then resign and his place be filled by a co-opted non-student member. The dear boy agreed, God bless him!

Question: What happens on a constricted pitch if your SRT gear is rigged too tight?

Answers should be in pictorial or cartoon form and sent to Martin Warren, 46, Granby Hill, Bristol 8.

From our Motoring Correspondent

Following a forthright suggestion from Martin "Animal" Warren, Oliver has at long last binned the Lloydicle. His new motor is a 2 litre Cortina Mk 5. As yet no-one has dared ask him how fast it goes.

Comment of the week

I suppose you just ripple your stomach muscles and go forward like a centipede.

Ian Butterfield to Charlie Self inside Ogof Rhyd Sych

What news of the greatest living dinosaur? His purchase of a hearing aid has been a somewhat mixed blessing. No longer can he demand at committee meetings "What was that?" (meaning "I don't like what I am hearing.") and embarrass the speaker into repeating an obviously unwelcome proposal. Nowadays the only response from the horrid children is a high-pitched whistling noise, somewhat akin to the feedback frequency of a badly adjusted earpiece.

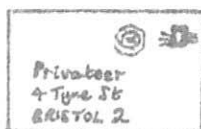
By chance I bumped into "Biggles" Nuttal in the pub last night and found him remarkably unchanged. In all the years since I last saw him the only development of note seems to have been his marriage to Janet, who had been his longstanding girlfriend anyway.

When pressed for an anecdote to fill in the missing years he told me how his cat came to lose his teeth. Apparently Chivers, a ginger tom, was out fighting and sank his teeth into an adversary who promptly ran away, plus teeth.

It really is coming to something when one's pets have more exciting lives than oneself.



# Letters



## SELF PORTRAIT

Have you ever wished  
you were better informed?

Greece ?

Goulfe Berger

Himalaya

Nick Pot

Gingling Hole

Cairngorm

Hammer Pot



To Charles Self

to mark a  
long & illustrious  
career!

Ken XX

SAID ALICE

Dear Charlie,

I thought you might like  
to have this for your upside-down bit.  
It doesn't pretend to be truthful; why  
should it? I don't think it needs a  
signature, but if you insist, just put  
"Alice".

Anyhow, well done!

(name and address supplied)

# TENSION TRAVERSES



A.B. Doctor writes

A young fellow came up to me the  
other day and said "Doctor, I am  
worried about tension traverses."  
This is a perfect example of where  
the patient is his own worst enemy.  
I explained that by worrying he added  
tension to what would otherwise be a  
simple traverse, but I don't think he  
really understood what I was telling  
him. Next patient, please.

Advertisement

HE TOOK ME ABSEILING

HE TOOK ME CLIMBING

Two new novels by

Martine

War and peace

Available next week

mills & boon

# Maxim



## Gravel

Following a series of "incidents" which occurred during the weeks preceeding Christmas a rumour has gone abroad that my vessel, the Privateer, has been sunk with the loss of all hands. This is manifestly not so, though my readers should note that I am obliged to fly under a new flag of convenience.

The broadside that so disturbed my last issuing was successful only in the sinking of the jolly boat "Muppets", which received a direct hit on her maiden voyage and disappeared without trace. I have decided to honour Muppets for her brief but faithful service by commissioning a new jolly boat to be built, as close as possible to the original design and bearing her name.

But what future has Muppets, indeed has Privateer, in this increasingly hostile world? But little, I fear. The free enterprise system to which I subscribe has as an axiom: profit should always outweigh the risk. From this comes a corollary, that in any hazardous venture there comes a time to cut and run. I just hope my spies give me sufficient warning of when my time is due.

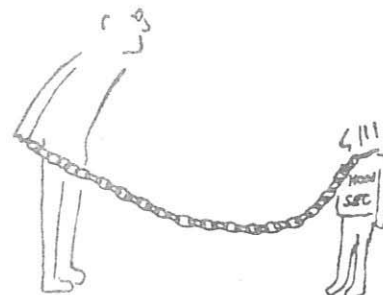
R. Matey  
pp Captain Maxim  
Hotel Lenin  
Odessa

Ken Baker tells me he has sent the man who sacked him a Christmas card, made from a UB 40. On it he wishes him "as good a Christmas as I'll have." Ken's wit has always had a marvellously jugular quality.

I really must tell you the latest "Knock, knock," "Who's there?" joke. Congratulations to Martin Warren on this most excellent contribution.

"Frappe ! Frappe !"  
"Qui est la ?"  
"Loste "  
"Loste qui ?"  
"Oui !"

# HON. SEC.





# ПРИЙВАТЕЙР

7



KNOW YOUR MUPPETS

100  
YEARS  
AGO



Grunt 1

Martin Warren



Grunt 2

Steve McArdle



boy Rupert

Chris shirt



maam

alison newey



Captain

Bob Churcher



Brigadier

Clive Owen



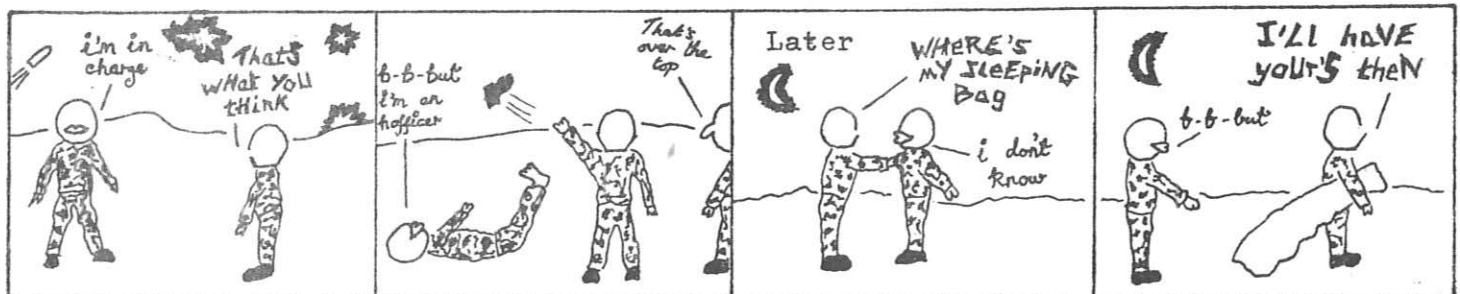
Ace

Pat Cassely



GBH

46, Granby Hill



The muppets

On exercise in South Devon

