



UBSS

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EDITORIAL

All views expressed in this newsletter are those of the individuals concerned, and not necessarily those of the club as a whole.

SECRETARY'S BIT

The club is about to start making ladders once more, however these will be of the cork and araldite type rather than the old crimped type as it is felt that these new ladders will be safer. We will be very grateful for any help, ideas etc regarding this matter.

Next years AGM will be on Sat. 15th March and will take place in the Spelaeo Rooms at 4.30 pm, and will be followed by the diner at 8.00pm in one of three venues (Hawthornes , Berkely Brasserie or Pinafores), the cost for which will be between 8 and 10 pounds.

As some of you may know i am doing a PhD at the Geography Dept., and as such I have some work to do down Mangle Hole involving the use of some expensive equipment. I therefore propose to put a gate on Mangle and control access to the cave. Since the cave is only 400 feet long and of little sporting value I see no problem with this, especially as the downstream sump has now been pushed to a conclusion by MRO. If anyone has any particular views on this I would be glad to hear them. Further, it should be stressed that this is a personal project, not a club project and is only being carried out for scientific reasons. Once I am finished the gate will be removed.

Steve Hobbs

CAVING PROGRAMME 1986.

18,19 Jan.....Yorks.
8,9 Feb.....S.Wales.(Ogof Craig ar Ffynnon)
1,2 Mar.....Yorks.
15 Mar.....AGM & Dinner(Venue not yet decided)
Easter.....Yorks,Clapham(Lost Johns)

NEW ADDRESS.

Our new address is:
Speleological Society,
c/o University of Bristol Students Union,
Queens Road,
Clifton,
Bristol 8.

BUYING GEAR.

Several newcomers have inquired about what gear to buy and where to get it cheaply.

Firstly: before buying anything, consult a more experienced caver.

Secondly: if enough people are interested we could put a bulk order into "Inglesport", and get a considerable discount. If anybody in the UBSS is interested please let me know by 30th November so we can get the order in in time for Christmas.

Marco.

ADDITIONS TO LIBRARY: AUTUMN 1985.

Caves of the Southern Outcrop (S. Wales).	A. Oldham.	1985
Cave Geology Vol 1 No 9 Cave and Karst Related Papers in the Mainstream Scientific Literature - A Bibliography.	N.S.S.	1984
"Tanky Elms" - Bath Stone Quarryman.	C.J.Hall	1984
Devon & Somerset Mines: Metalliferous and Associated Minerals 1845 - 1913, Burt, Waite and Burnley, N.M.R.S.		1984
Gouffre Berger: 1 ^{er} - 1000. 20 ans d'exploration. Georges Marny		1977
Underground Britain. Bruce Bedford.	Collins	1985
C.H.Kenny Caving Log 1942 - 1950.	W.C.C. Occ. Pub. 1(3)	1985
De Re Metallica. Agricola. Trans. Hoover.		1950
Karst Processes and Landforms. David Drew. Macmillan Education		1985
Wookey - The Caves Beyond. Martyn Farr. Redcliffe Press		1985
Caves of Mulu '84. Ed. A. Eavis. BCRA		1985
The Blue Holes of the Bahamas. Rob Palmer. Jonathan Cape.		1985
Steve Trudgill. Longman Geomorphology Texts 8: Limestone Geomorphology		1985
Wells, O.C. History of the Exploration of Swildon's Hole. (Replacement photocopy)		1960

Tony Boycott.

TREASURER'S NOTE

Graham Mullan

Trevor Shaw tells me that those people who pay income tax at above the basic rate should definately sign a deed of covenant to the Society. Apparently, if you do, then you gain a small tax advantage as well as the Society. Covenant forms are available from the Hon. Asst. Treas., money from Mr. N. Lawson, 11 Downing St. London.

O.F.D. PERMIT.

Those members of the U.B.S.S. who are not members of the S.W.C.C. will be pleased to know that we now have an annual permit to O.F.D.II. We therefore no longer need to book permits to O.F.D.II, Tunnel Cave, or Pant Mawr Pot beforehand.

Please do not (Self!) abuse this priviledge by getting lost, running out of light etc.

PROCEEDINGS 1985

Proceedings will be a little late this year.

This is in no way due to hiatus between editors. As would be expected, Oliver had matters well in hand before he died, and the new editor was appointed with very little delay. What has caused trouble is a major group of papers on Gough's Cave. Recent studies have meant that much of what has been written in the past now needs extensive revision, and a set of important papers on these aspects has been commissioned. Opportunity has been taken to include the history of the cave and of the excavations there.

It had been intended that all the 14 or so papers would appear together in this year's Proceedings, so that the one issue (and the corresponding offprint) would be an authoritative publication on all aspects of Gough's Cave. Preparation of such a set of papers is governed by the receipt of the latest one, for they need correlating and coordinating, and by the end of August it became clear that many of the archaeology papers were nowhere near completion. In consequence, only 7 of the Gough's papers will appear in the 1985 Proceedings, the remaining 7 or so being held over until next year. Papers on the 1984 U.B.S.S. expedition to Greece, on cave fauna in Hawaii, and on gull caves near Bath will complete the 1985 issue, together with obituaries and book reviews.

Copy is going to the printers later than usual, and publication is expected to be in December or January.

ADRIAN THOMAS

One of Trat's contemporaries is living at Brockley. Adrian Thomas, who is now 84, was an early member of the Society when he and Trat were dental students together. He was, he says, 'in the second party to descend into Swildons in 1921 when the very dry weather enabled us to penetrate further [than the 40ft. Pot]'. A photograph of Adrian Thomas, together with the late Frank Langford and two others in the Hut in 1920, will appear in Proceedings.

'SPELEAN HISTORY AWARD'

Trevor Shaw has been presented with the Peter Hauer Award for 'Spelean History' by the National Speleological Society of U.S.A. He is the first non-American to receive this.

THE FRESHERS WEEKEND ON MENDIP

The 1985 freshers weekend took place during the first Saturday and Sunday of October. The party consisted of about 15 freshers, 3 students and 15 other members of the society, most of whom went up to the hut on Saturday morning in the minibus and by private car.

The first trip of the weekend was led by SLH (accompanied by IGB) who took a large party of freshers down Rods Pot where they a good time in this 'classic' Mendip hole. We were down the cave for about 1.5 hrs. in all with progress from the cave only being delayed by the loss of a lamp down the 40' pot which was bravely recovered in a daring rescue by team leader (who also tells a good yarn - ed). Upon exit we met up with CAS and MP who had been to BAT to hire extra lamps - these two then went off to gather mushrooms for the evening meal, whilst SLH and PH took two trips down GB.

Saturday evening was got off to an excelent start with CAS's stew, after which there was a general flow of people towards The Plume. Meanwhile the minibus returned to Bristol with several freshers and picked NP and Ben Van Milligan (correct spelling Ben ?), before returning to the hut, only just managing to avoid righting off the bus in the process. All then went straight to the pub for some well earned refreshment.

The pub was its usual boisterous self, and even the Westbury set (plus hounds) put in an appearance. Some spectacular squeezes were on order for the evening with the UBSS secretary MP doing his first, and Mark " the rubber man " Owen getting the double (however he was helped by the suggestion of free alcohol upon completion of this task). After much singing and drinking all eventually made it back to the hut where those lucky enough saw a good demonstration by MHW of multiple chucking.

Sunday saw a slow start with three trips eventually getting underway. The first of these was an MHW trip to Swildons, and the second an MP/Ken trip to Longwood, the final trip being an arduos 15 min. trip to bottom Avelines Hole, and even then the party had to turn back because of mud problems. In this latter trip Alison " ahg - crash " Newey followed in the footsteps of MHW by caving with a broken arm.

The weekend finally drew to a close at about 4pm when the hut was tidied and all parties returned to Bristol. Since then we seem to have kept a large body of freshers interested in the sport, 7 of whom came on our weekend to Yorkshire at the end of October.

STEVE HOBBS

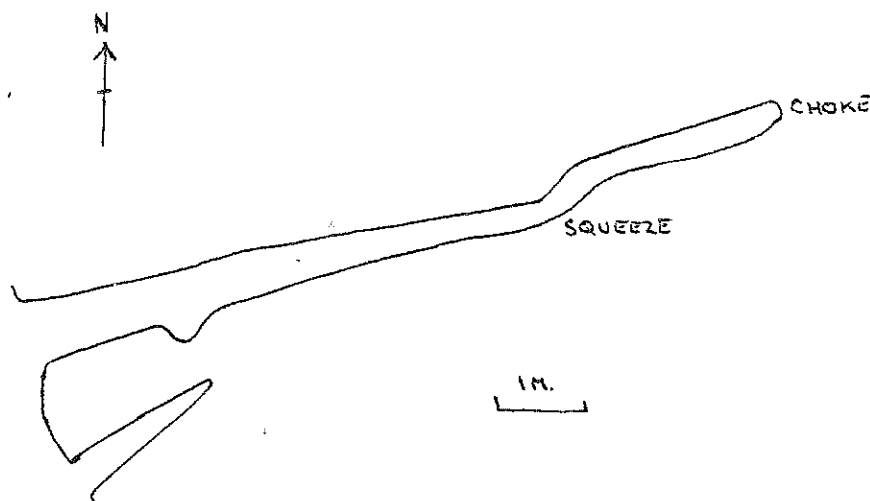
THE MOST NORTHERLY CAVE IN ENGLAND

Graham Mullan

According to 'Northern Caves' the most northerly cave in the country is St. Cuthbert's Cave, the sandstone rock shelter in Northumberland. That site was visited by Linda and myself in 1982 and described in the 'Newsletter' Vol. 2 No. 1. This summer, accompanied by Tony Boycott and two dogs, we returned to the area and discovered a new cave which was not only farther north but much more interesting from a caver's point of view.

The cave is at N.G.R. N.T. 98193677, 20m. downstream of the waterfall marked on the O.S. 1:25000 map, below the track to Routin Lynn, near the cup and ring marked stones. To find it, turn down the track and take the first footpath into the wood on the right. This drops down into a little steep sided valley. Turn upstream and the entrance is found just above the path.

It is a simple oval tube, narrowing from approximately 1m. diameter at the entrance to 0.5m. x 0.3m. at the end and with a slight squeeze 9m. in. The total length is about 12m. The surrounding rock appears to be calcereous sandstone, but the cave appears to be wholly the product of solution. There are signs of scalloping on the walls but they are too poorly preserved to give any indication of the direction of water flow. It ends in an earth choke which would be very easy to dig; but not for residents of Bristol! Permission would presumably need to be sought from the farmer at Routin Lynn.



ROUTIN LYNN CAVE

B.C.R.A. Grade 1

U.B.S.S. FILM COLLECTION

Over the past year the 35mm cine films in the library have been repaired, edited and transferred onto video, thanks to hard work by Chris Howes and friends. The most important of these is the Lamb Leer film made by Prof. Tratman in the 1930's, both versions of which have been put on the same video. Various short films taken by Trat in the 50's and 60's, mostly in Ireland and Manor Farm, have also been combined on a separate video. I have one V.H.S. and one Betamax copy of each, and members are welcome to borrow them for the price of the postage (about £1).

Tony Boycott

Titles from the videos

1.

LAMB LEER CAVERN

In the 1930's the UBSS made the earliest cine films taken under caving conditions in this country, leaving aside some shots in show caves. Indeed it was only the 7th made in the world known at present, the earlier ones being made in America either as newsreels or footage for commercial films, and a single attempt in 1928 by the Czechs.

The problems were many, as E.K. Tratman found out in 1933. Amateur cine was in its infancy; Tratman, the cameraman, used his own Kodak camera with 16mm black and white film. Lighting was provided by large Tilley lamps normally used for illuminating building sites. These were paraffin burners with fragile mantles; filming often stopped while these had to be changed underground. Burns were frequent, for a radiator to expel the excess heat at the back looked just like a carrying handle and many attempts were made to use it as such! Even with two of these lamps though, there was insufficient light, and in the end the film taken in Burrington Combe was shot at half speed to allow more light to expose each frame. This would have resulted in cavers appearing to move at twice the normal speed on screen, so they had to walk at half the normal rate in the cave to compensate. Watch out for jerky walking, and one hapless film star who falls over at double speed!

Tratman's experience in 1933 led him to make this film on Lamb Leer in a combined U.B.S.S. and Wessex Cave Club venture in 1937, the next time that he was home on leave from Singapore. He later wrote, in 1974, "This film depicted the descent into and return from the cave of 'Lamb's Leer'. Nowadays it is good for laughs". It is also a document that shows the techniques in use in 1937; candles with a few carbide lamps for lighting, any convenient hat for a helmet, and thick cumbersome ropes:- a far cry from the equipment of 1984.

One section of interest in the previous film concerns the aerial ropeway across the main chamber. This had been set up in 1933 for the B.S.A. Bristol conference, and used a wooden box suspended by iron stays which was very cramped indeed.

One shot that Tratman made, more of which is seen in the next film, was from the box as he was winched in. The two lights, which were incidentally visible being brought to the surface at the end of the film, had proved insufficient and had been supplemented by a third and a three burner searchlight nicknamed 'Big Bertha'. For his film Tratman suspended one lamp on each side of the cradle, one below, and held the red hot Big Bertha between his knees!

Over twelve visits were needed to complete the filming which explains the varied faces in the film; it was rarely possible to get the same cavers twice in a row. The colouring of the film is due to its having been toned after processing, and fortunately this also helps to preserve the black and white image. Little degradation was found when the film was transferred to video in 1984, although some splices had to be replaced and some shrinkage of the film was present. About 5000 ft of film was shot, edited down to about 500 ft.

In this second version of 'Lamb Leer Cavern' some film was evidently copied from the original to allow some of the better 'out takes' to be used. Note the superb belaying techniques, and the caver who relights his candle on the ladder.

In this final short film Tratman shows some of the delights of staying at the caving hut in 1933, the same year that the original cine experiments in Goatchurch and Read's Cavern took place. The fun involved in cooking over an open fire - even when everything bursts into flames - and eating slowly inside the hut for filming to take place, is obvious.

Of the films taken in 1933, sadly this is the only one still known to exist, although Tratman mentions in a letter in 1974 that some of the early footage was still in his possession at that time. The whereabouts of the underground footage is unknown.

Telecine transfer by Bill Shakespeare

Arrangement and script by Chris Howes

July 1984.

2. U.B.S.S. EIRE EXPEDITIONS; MANOR FARM SWALLET

Film 1. The following films depict some aspects of the UBSS expeditions to Eire, and can best be described as the UBSS 'at play'. Taken on Kodachrome II film by EKT, the first film is labelled 'Eire 1952 or so'.

Film 2. This was also taken in the Burren on Kodachrome II. The cannister was labelled 'Ireland 1963'.

Film 3. To complete Tratman's films of Eire are these three short spools. As before the film is Kodachrome II, but these are unedited and were found on the original Kodak spools in their postal boxes.

Some of these films, as the previous ones, were beginning to suffer from colour shifts due to poor storage, and this was corrected as far as possible during transfer to video. The first was labelled 'Ireland '64' and shows the fixing of a

flow gauge and dye testing.

Film 4. The handwritten label for the next short film reads: 'Co. Clare 1969 OK, also Westbury Quarry, no use.' The latter was restricted to a single shot, while the former shows that the UBSS helped the local farmers between drinking Guinness.

Film 5. In this last of Tratnans' films 'X' was caught breaking in to Tratnan's room according to the caption on the spool.

Film 6. This short length of Kodachrome II is labelled 'Manor Farm 61, 62, 63.' It shows the digging of Manor Farm Swallet from the surface, and the installation of concrete pipes in the shaft.

Film 7. Labelled 'Manor Farm up to July '68'. Early digs in Manor Farm were all afflicted by flooding and collapses. The concrete pipes of the entrance shaft had collapsed due to lack of foundations in 1966, for example, so the UBSS began to blast a new shaft. It was 50' deep when, on 10th July 1968, massive floods opened up a new 60' shaft into the cave. This film represents the shaft before the new entrance opened up.

Film 8. A mixture of locations figure on the final film of this set. These were edited together on a single reel labelled 'Sundries, GG and Maypoling.' The scenes include Yorkshire, Gaping Ghyll, Bos Swallet excavation, Hut Scenes and Maypoling.

Telecine transfer by Bill Shakespier

Transfer arrangements and script by Chris Howes.

SYKES MINE, FOREST OF BOWLAND

Graham Mullan

During September, Tony Boycott and I managed to return to this mine. It was discovered and partially explored by us last year, and partially surveyed by Tony and Linda Wilson at Easter. Our intention was to push the two open passages that I had left before and also to finish the survey. However...

Both passages were pushed, the left hand branch (see survey in Newsletter Vol. 2 No. 4) went for just 15m., including a short side passage, and the right hand branch for a mere 4.5m. We didn't finish the survey either. The water level was over a metre higher than before, the water was very cold, and I was shivering too much to read the compass.

G. F. BROWNE: A nineteenth century spelaeologist.

Even those spelaeos who are not strongly religious (if such there be) should enter Bristol Cathedral next time they are in College Green, to pay homage to the memory of G. F. Browne, an early scientific spelaeologist.

Born in York in 1833, George Forrest Browne went up to St Catherine's College, Cambridge, obtained 2nd class honours in theology in 1857 and was ordained in 1858. After a spell of schoolmastering in Scotland, he returned to his college as a fellow in 1863. He then held various appointments and did a spell as a parish priest. He became a distinguished archaeologist, and was Disney Professor of that subject at Cambridge 1887-92.

Not content with retirement from this prestigious post at age 62, he went on to be Bishop of Stepney in 1895, and Bishop of Bristol in 1897. He remained at Bristol until 1914.

After leaving Bristol Browne went on to publish no less than six more books in his final retirement. He died at Bexhill-on-Sea in 1930. Browne is commemorated in the Cathedral by a fine bronze bust, signed 'K. Scott'. It is to be found in the north choir aisle.

The Browne family was evidently accustomed to spend a summer holiday abroad, and in the summer of 1861 he was with some members of his family at Arzier in the Jura mountains near Geneva. The son of the house, 'an intelligent man' spoke of a glacière not far distant. At first Browne supposed this to be a glacier, but on visiting it with the son, found it to be a limestone cave containing permanent ice. Browne was intrigued to find out how this should come to be, and during the next few years spent part of his holidays visiting a number of these ice caves, mainly in the Jura. Altogether he examined 14 or 15 caves personally, heard accounts of several more which he was unable to visit, and studied what accounts he could find in the literature.

His book, 'Ice-caves of France and Switzerland' was the result of his studies, and was published in 1865. After reviewing previous theories of the origin of the subterranean ice, Browne came to the conclusion that the explanation was simple: provided that the chambers of the cave were below the level of the entrance, cold air would sink into the cave in the winter and be unable to escape; water in the cave would freeze, and would remain as ice provided that the interior was not exposed to direct solar radiation. He reported that all the caves which he had examined fulfilled these necessary conditions.

Although Browne did not make detailed surveys, he gave some measurements, or at least estimates, of size, and described the interiors of the caves in careful detail, despite the fact that his lighting was very primitive - sometimes a candle, sometimes oil lanterns which did not always function properly, with resort to magnesium wire when large chambers had to be illuminated. He gives sketches and plans or sections of some of these.

Browne's descriptions of the caves, with the fantastic ice 'dripstone' formations to be found in some of them, are vivid enough. The most entertaining parts of the book, however - and indeed the greater part of it - are devoted to his experiences reaching the caves themselves. Most of them are, or were in those days, far from any town of any size, and the privations endured were considerable. Although the recital of the difficulties of travel and of finding accommodation perhaps becomes a little repetitive, Browne writes with a graphic turn of phrase and gives a vivid idea of the problems of travelling off the beaten track in the 1860s. Food was often a problem, as in the small town of Die, in

the Dauphiné, where the ravenous Browne, after rejecting various other offerings, faced up to the cold mutton, notwithstanding the footprints of mice in the cold gravy, only to find that it was so strongly flavoured with garlic that he could not eat it. It must not be thought that he was squeamish. He was evidently a well-seasoned traveller, and some of the hardships, such as wearing wet clothes for days on end, are mentioned almost as a matter of course.

After his book had gone to press Browne revisited three ice-caves near Annecy, on this occasion having as companion T. G. Bonney, a geologist who was one of my own predecessors in the Department of Geology at UCL. Finally, he had determined to visit the caves in the winter, and did so in January, 1866 when he managed to revisit two of the caves that he had previously studied. These researches resulted in two more articles (see list below).

Browne does not seem to have undertaken any more spelaeology after 1866, but he was also a keen mountaineer, a founder member of the Alpine Club, and a friend of Charles Hudson, who was killed on the way down from the first ascent of the Matterhorn, and of Edward Whymper, who survived the same expedition. He was President of the Alpine Club in its Jubilee year of 1905.

Browne was involved in the foundation of our own University, in 1909, a confidante of members of the Wills family, whom he persuaded to give large amounts of money. Sadly, the possibility seems remote that those who founded our precursor, the Spelaeological Research Society, in 1914, took the opportunity to visit the Bishop and ask him about his pioneer work of 50 years earlier.

REFERENCES

The following works by Browne include accounts of his ice-cave researches

Ice-caves of France and Switzerland. A narrative of subterranean exploration. London: Longmans, Green & co. x + 315 pp. 8vo. 1865.

Ice-caves of Annecy. 'Good Words'. November 1st, 1866. reprinted in 'Off the mill' (see below), pp. 90-116.

A winter excursion in Switzerland. 'Once a week'. December 22nd, 1866. Reprinted in 'Off the mill', pp. 117-137.

Off the mill. Some occasional papers. London: Smith, Elder & co. viii + 271 pp. 8vo. 1895.

The recollections of a bishop. London: Smith, Elder & co. xii + 427 pp. 1915.

D. T. Donovan

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THE UBSS IN IRELAND

This years trip to Co. Clare consisted of MP, MRO, and SLH (Fiat 1), SPB and NDL (Fiat 2) and SMC (National Bus Co.). The party set off late on thursday 11 July and proceeded to Ireland largely without any problems (except for the cows !). We arrived in not so sunny Ireland at about midday and proceeded to locate our lodgings - The cottage with the not so green roof. On arrival we soon learnt the art of burning peat, something that was especially enjoyed by the more pyromanical types in the party.

The fortnight was started with some leisurly trips including a rapid St. Ctherines l to Fisher Street Pot trip followed of course by a visit to O'Conors Bar. The next day saw a trip to down Poulmagree once more followed by O'Conors Bar where the cave was given a thorough slaging off for being such a dull and tedious place.

Sunday saw the arrival of SMC and thus the serious caving started on Monday with an MP/MRO/SMC through trip from Pollvelva - Pollnagollum with MP demonstrating SRT to Aberystwth C C upon his exit. This latter part of the trip took just as long as the caving itself ! Meanwhile SPB, NDL and SLH had a wander along the coast, with SPB and SLH getting rather wet whilst looking for the Pol Salach resurgence (this latter aspt was frowned upon by the more mature in the party). Once more to O'Conors, but this time hot whiskey was sampled by the resurgence searchers.

Pollballiny was next on the hit list of caves in Clare, thus all bar SPB went underground armed with lump hammer and crow bar in search of a terminal choke to bash. However, lack of enthusiasm by certain members at the squeeze resulted in no choke bashing, but plenty of worn out wet suits and bruised knees. The knee problem led to surface work on the Wednesday, thus the whole party went to Ailwee (Exciting and Spectacular) where we completely failed to get a free trip down the show cave or to find the elusive Jaco's Hole.

Thursday saw another trip into the Pollnagollum system to investigate a sump, which included a free demonstration by SMC of free fall caving. We then proceeded to the sump which MP and MRO proved to be non existant, but the passage choked a short way beyond. SMC managed to limp out unhelped (he even burned off some UBSS members), whilst MP and MRO discussed returning to the choke with a lump hammer and crow bar the next day. Thus on Friday yet another trip down the Pollnagollum system (this time via Poulelva), which resulted in MP and MRO getting no where with the choke, and NDL getting himself wedged in the downstream Poulelva streamway. After some time we exited the cave, got changed and hurled abuse at MP and MRO whilst they prusiked out. All four of us eventually met up with SPB and SMC who had been carrying out surface work (at some of the local watering holes no doubt).

The next trip on the hit list was Cave of the Wild Horses during which MRO, MP and SMC managed to find some leads, but lacking equipment, they had to leave it for another day. Meanwhile SLH, SPB, NDL and Jenifer Keanne drove up to Connemara for the day, and saw some spectacular views,

most of which were hidden by mist. All met up, and after an NDL meal at the cottage, followed by some SLH stoge pudding and custard, we proceeded to O'Conors for some drink and excelent local music.

The following morning after the usual amount of festering around the cottage we contacted Shannon Airport for the weather forcast which was bad and which was reinforced by an ominous black cloud passing over K1. Thus we set off for Doolin Harbour where MP,MRO and SMC went diving, whilst SPB and SLH went swimming. This was followed by a pleasant walk around the spectacular Cliffs of Mohar, and a visit to O'Conors.

Our final day of caving consisted of MP,MRO,SMC and SLH who went down Cave of the Wild Horses to push the earlier leads. After 5 hours of thick and sticky mud, cold draughts ,deep gour pools and no new cave we exited and spent a pleasant few hours clening tackle. Meanwhile a trip down St. Catherines with SPB, NDL, Jenifer, Ken and Hatti was taking a record breaking 6 hours!

The last day was spent cleaning up and packing before saying goodbye to the O'Conors in the traditional way with a round of Guinness on the house. Both cars left and met up again at Rosslare where the children once more showed themselves up with the aid of a tube of toothpaste. The rest of the journey was uneventfull (except for the business with the customs people), and we arrived back in Bristol early Saturday morning.

STEVE HOBBS

SRT.(SOME NOTES ON VARIOUS MANOEUVRES)

PASSING REBELAYS

Going down.

- i)Abseil until level with rebelay.
 - ii)Krab into knot of rebelay with SHORT cowstail.
 - iii)Continue to abseil until cowstail is taking your entire weight.
 - iv)Remove descender from rope and replace on rope below knot(as close as possible to the knot).
 - LOCK OFF descender.
 - v)Stand in loop of rope at rebelay and remove short cowstail.
- Alternatively stand on convenient ledges/footholds;attach hand jammer and stand in footloops;or do a one arm pullup!
- vi)Sit down,unlock descender,and continue descent.

Going up.

- i)Prussik to rebelay.(DO NOT push jammer against the knot or you will not be able to remove it from the rope).
- ii)Attach LONG cowstail to knot of rebelay.
- iii)Stand in footloops and remove chest jammer from rope.Attach chest jammer to rope above rebelay.(IMPORTANT:pull slack rope through chest jammer,particularly if the rope above the rebelay has a lot of stretch in it.)
- iv)Sitting in harness,remove hand jammer from rope and replace onto top rope.
- v)Remove long cowstail and continue ascent.

M.P.

"SELF" ASSESSMENT

Tips from the MAN who introduced SRT to Britain on how to improve your caving technique.

Section 1: Lighting. Your light is the most important piece of your equipment, since without it you cannot see. It is for this reason that I insist on using a buggered NiCad, preferably one that is shorted out.

:Lamp maintenance

Since all lamps are "Self" charging, use of a charger is not necessary.

Section 2: SRT

Always check your equipment before use, even you take no notice of what you find. Use of other peoples equipment, especially if it is in poor repair or ill fitting is recommended.

Section 3: Pitch rigging. Stal on mud makes an ideal belay, as do chock stones which pull out easily.

Section 4: Navigation - (a) Underground. Make sure that the system is wet and complex enough for you and your party to become lost and uncomfortable in.

(b) Above ground Never be a prick on Cairn Tool, leave your map and compass behind so that they do not get wet or dirty.

Section 5: Clothing. Use of blue suits that are permeable to all water are recommended - they are analagous to a condom full of walnuts. As for ones towel, this should be the source of a culture more ancient than China, and remember when buying a wet suit to check through the kiddies sizes first.

Section 6: Your vehicle (Alias the new Bristol mobile botanical garden) The metal / rust ratio should be less than 1 as this reduces painting. Further more rust is less dense than steel, provides a usefull crumple zone in accidents and in tests 8 out of 10 ferns said that they preferred it.

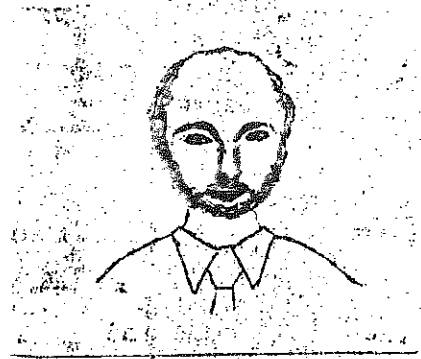
Section 7: Blood Give this at any time possible and ensure you knock the nurse so that the needle penetrates as far in as possible.

Hope these tips are usefull to all you new cavers, there will be more from the master next time.

Poetry Corner

When Wanda took blood from a vein
Charles fainted - out cold from the strain
It wasn't anaemia
But hypovolaemia
No wonder the ladies complain

HYPOVOLAEMIA



A.B. Doctor writes

Hypovolaemia is a condition whereby insufficient blood returns to the heart to be pumped back out to support the vital organs. One such vital organ is the brain and an early diagnostic clue to hypovolaemia is when the patient faints. The most common cause is loss of blood from the circulation (bleeding) but a sudden diversion of blood to another part of the body can cause similar symptoms. For this reason a patient who thinks himself at risk should beware of his case being handled by a lady doctor, unless he is already lying down.

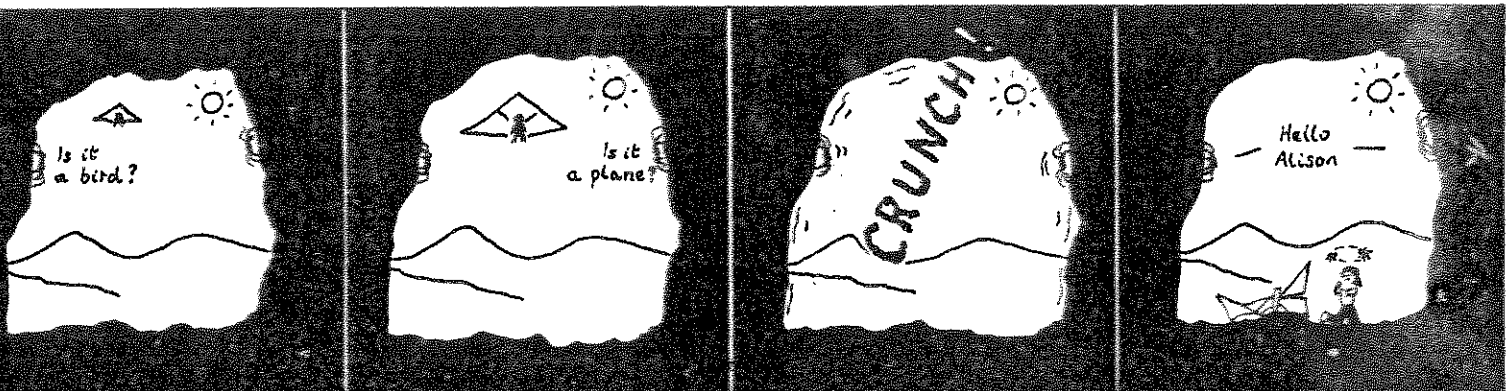


PUTTING HADES IN THE SHADE

Take two UBSS members who would normally be classed as "retired cavers", had they ever been particularly active in the past. Yes, I know the choice is wide but you must concede that Sally Brittan and Ken Miller are not the strongest team the club could field. Add two girl novices plus Nigel Larken, accidentally acquired from that other Bristol caving (are you sure? - Ed) club, Hades. Put them into Fisherstreet Pot and wait for six (yes, six!) hours at St Catherine's entrance for the quote of the trip to emerge. There are two contenders :-

- (1) "Come on, Nigel" - omnes
- (2) "The trouble with these UBSS trips is everyone always goes so damn fast" - NL

Troglomite



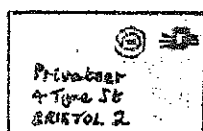
Contrasting strongly, the British Medical Journal produced a very routine obituary enlivened only by the fact that they got the date of his death wrong (sic). As a pathologist, this would have annoyed Oliver. In a vain attempt to escape the seeded list, the next issue of the BMJ contained a lovely memorial in the letters page, part of which is worth quoting here...."My strongest recollections are of him proceeding from his Edwardian kitchen with the most succulent of roast lamb and a selection of wines to match each course of the meal, after which we would repair to the other end of a living room piled with books, papers, relics of India and dust to play chamber music". The Bristol Medico-Chirurgical Journal should have done better. Their obituary was so dull that they have also been added to the seeded list.

A single vote may be cast for the obituary you feel most clearly fails to do justice to Oliver's memory. Voting should be by letter to the Secretary, while those wishing to read the obituaries in full before making a decision should enquire of the Librarian, who is compiling an OCL memorial folder.



I think it's disgusting. Why can't he just wear an armband like the rest of us?

Letters



MORE DETAIL, MORE DETAIL !

The Old Rectory, Shoscombe,
BATH BA2 8NB

24 October 1985

Dear Charlie,

I imagine there was a scurrilous story behind this in 1924, when it was published in The Nonesuch, vol.9, no.39 for the Spring Term 1924,p.120. Perhaps the Upside Down pages should reprint it?

The freedom that his spirit craves
Each student finds in Mendip caves;
Conventions there may be forgot,
At best they are but utter rot.
For deep in Blackdown's ancient hill,
Dwells the stone Age Spirit still.
There man and maid may sit and spoon,
As by some lovely blue lagoon."

I wonder if it should have been in the Trat bibliography.

Good wishes,

Traver

IX

Since the death in May of this magazine's most distinguished contributor, who used to submit typed copy under the alias "Alice" but whose faulty typewriter was as distinctive as a thumbprint, a plethora of obituaries of widely varying quality have been written. To protect Oliver's memory some system of quality control seems to be necessary. Readers are therefore invited to vote for the most inappropriate obituary, bearing in mind that Oliver hated humbug far more than he worried about strict adherence to fact.

The first contender is as unlikely to win votes as a communist candidate in Sneyd Park. Don Thompson's very well written biography (CDG, WCC and Descent) is full of anecdotal detail and is "proper" enough to be the one by which most cavers will want to remember Oliver. By contrast, the Caves and Caving version by Geoff Yeadon was a disappointment. Though well-written and informative, it was so rose-tinted that Oliver somehow seemed diminished. Consider if you will the following: "his quick-witted logical mind brought calm to discussions". It's hardly fair, is it?

From rose-tinted to pink paper for the Cambrian Caving Council and Frank Baguley's over-modest disclosure that "though I had only known him for just over 20 years". I very nearly didn't read on. One of the top seeds this. Another top seed is Liz Price in the Cerberus journal. As if a full page front cover photograph with black border was not enough, the low-brow biography inside contains a horrid artificial noun - Oliverisms. It's enough to set your teeth on edge.

To many it may seem strange that the Grampian Speleological Group should honour Oliver with an obituary, but many of their members began their caving careers on Mendip and knew Oliver well. There are some nice touches in Allan Jeffreys' article... "Oliver attended in jeans and wrinkled shirt topped with a string tie - formal wear for him - and inevitably sock-less". My own favourite is hardly an obituary at all, but a remembrance of his friendship by Fish in the CDG Newsletter. With its light, witty and irreverent style it could almost have been written by OCL himself but for one subtly inverted gibe... "if I had known my father, secretly I wish he'd been a little like Oliver".

My vote for bad taste goes to Bob Lewis of the Wessex. His "Mesostich to Oliver" may be too fragmented and incomprehensible to attract many votes but the final lines, borrowed from a chap called Cummings, seem singularly inappropriate for so aggressively vital a chap as Oliver. "or if your wish be to close me, I and my life will shut very beautifully, suddenly as when the heart of this flower imagines the snow carefully everywhere descending". The gaps in the typing represent new lines in the artistic(?) format that wasted so much paper in the original article.

As usual the gestation period for UBSS Proceedings was so long that it failed to qualify for this competition. A preview of the article showed it had no chance of winning, anyway. For those prepared to wait, a pictorial essay to accompany the text will be worth acquiring as a memento. By contrast, UBSS Newsletter appeared within a fortnight and devoted all of three lines to Oliver's death, one line for each decade of his service to the society. On a separate page, 3½ lines were devoted to an "Important Notice" asking for mail not to be sent to Withey House. This small but subtle point wins Newsletter a place on the seeded list. Privateer had an early advantage over the rest of the field in that "Hon Sec" was published in time for Oliver to see it and say he disliked it in the week before his heart attack. This endorsement was nullified when a pair of scissors was taken to the relevant pages and Privateer, in the form that was eventually distributed, cannot be considered an entrant.

Of the non-caving press I was rather taken by a news item that appeared in the Guardian (5th August), reporting the wake that was held for Oliver down Swildons Hole and in the Wessex hut. Particularly nice was the way Oliver's biography was used to explain why we were honouring his memory in this way.

Friday

Saturday

My dears, I do believe Steve "the Shuffler" Perry is superstitious. Noting the fact that Clive and Wanda's marriage has been such a success, he too asked that dreadful old atheist Arbuthnott to read in church at his wedding. The lesson Clive chose was the one about the dutiful wife. Shuffler chose that tongue-twisting one from Corinthians - you know, the one with the crossword puzzle at the end. Wouldn't it be awful if it was the lesson, not the Arbuthnott, that was the lucky charm for nuptial bliss.

UBSS weddings always seem to come in threes, so I did the decent thing and married Jane. We decided on a string trio for our reception which was quiet and very, very civilised. My speech as groom went superbly thanks to a very old trick that I can assure you is infallible. I had invited some friends from Paris and halfway through my speech I addressed them in French. They were so pleased they chuckled with happiness and my other guests, thinking that these were the statutory jokes that a groom is obliged to tell, reacted with a burst of applause. It was most gratifying.

LECTURE NOTES

Spelaeological Society Slide Show

by

Faffy

Mahogany bookcases lining the wall. Not what I expected of a lecture theatre. Disreputable-looking men with beer mugs leaning against the bookcases. They can't be students, surely, or does caving make you look old before your time?

Harrassed-looking chap with moustache and Welsh accent starts the show with some archive photographs of caving in County Clare. Ireland, he tells us. All I can see is a large bush.

"This is a speleodendron, so there must be a cave underneath it," says the Welshman. "Charlie will tell us all about it".

"I'm eating," replies Charlie. Well I know that because I can smell it. The only question is what on earth is it that he's eating?

More photographs of bushes with Irish names delivered in a Welsh accent. I'm not convinced that it isn't the same bush photographed from different directions.

Another speaker shows some pictures of Spain. No bushes, just bare mountainsides. No caves either.

Yet another speaker, smelling of fried onions and red whizz. Must be Charlie. Caving in Yugoslavia. Some underground photographs, all right, but the CAVERS! They've all got long hair and beards!!

LET ME OUT! There should be a Government health warning against this sport.

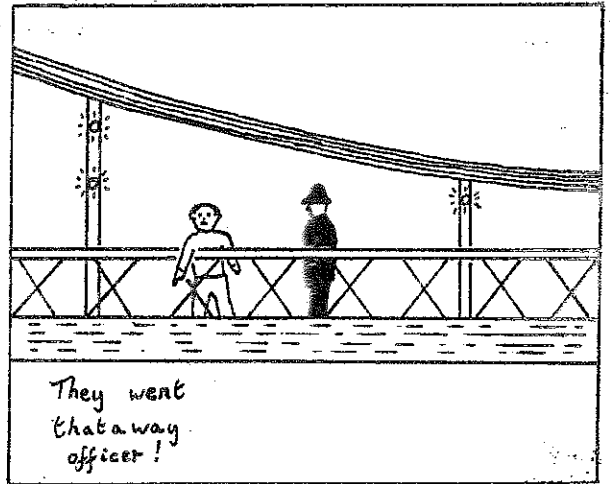
Toblerone Warr's Diary

In view of the fact that my last Diary was accidentally cut short, Captain Maxim has very kindly allowed me to go beyond my usual page of reminiscences to bring you up to date with all the gossip. The most serious omission from last issue was the picture of Ben denouncing a party of Bridge abseilers. His civic duty done he then went home to bed, which brings us to the story of the Whichers

Friday

Some may think me a somewhat callous or even unfeeling character but I have my sympathetic side and my condolences this month go to Johnathon Whicher. The poor lad has a wife, and what a wife! She has decided she wants a baby, and until he comes up with the goods she has banned him from all alcohol.

We have all heard, and many of us approved, of the productivity bonus but I feel this is taking the Conservative philosophy a bit too far!



Wednesday

Pride of place in this month's Diary is the news from Cotham. Johnathon Whicher is back on the beer. Well done, Sir!

Thursday

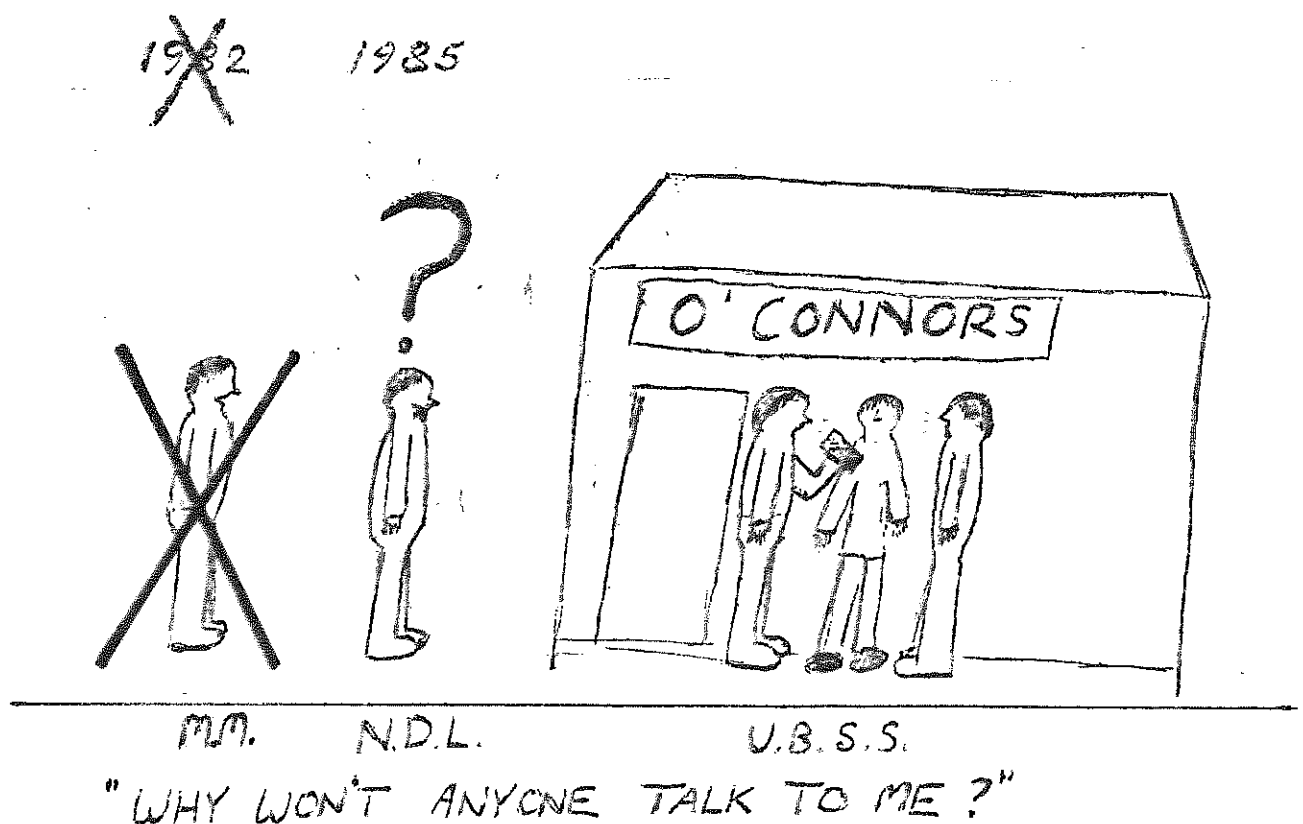
I have to confess to being personally biased when I claim that it wasn't the wedding of the year, Ken and Hattie Miller's that is, but for all that the reception was outstanding. It was held in the parental back garden, a waste of grass stretching the length of an average terrace of houses with a swimming pool at one end and the (upper) River Thames at the other. Of course the swimming pool

was monopolised by a gang of cavers and climbers, eager to get out of their cheap and ill-fitting suits, but there was plenty of other entertainment on offer - a jazz band, even a bellydancer.

An excellent buffet preceded the speeches, of which the bride's was notably good, and then the rest of the afternoon we spent by the poolside, sunbathing and drinking wine. As the shadows lengthened we all went into the marquee for a sit-down supper where we gorged until a firework display roused us from our lethargy.

It's on days like this that one finally realises the folly of the socialist dream.

At this year's British Cave Research Association conference the usual competitions of "fastest prusiker", "best photographer" etc were supplemented by some new events devised by our club, the UBSS. The conference organisers very kindly allowed us to convert our stall for the purpose and "Dr Wanda's Surgery" duly came into existence. To the unsuspecting competitors, which comprised all the delegates, an open invitation was made to have their blood tested for antibodies to Weil's Disease, a rare but rather unpleasant illness that can be contracted from polluted streams. The rules of the competition were a closely kept secret, to which none but the judges were privy, a precaution that was necessary to prevent UBSS members having an unfair advantage. Despite this, both the early prizes were won by members of our own club. Charles "Arbuthnott" Self had little serious competition in the "big boys don't cry" event, collapsing from his chair and lying unconscious on the floor for a full 15 minutes. Second and third places fell to two Mancunian lads who felt a little woozy but they were disqualified after a stewards inquiry found much more than a trace of alcohol. With no other qualifiers we have high hopes of the silver and bronze medals also being awarded to our Arbuthnott. In a packed field, the 60 metres sprint was won by Marco "Masto" Paganuzzi when Dr Wanda asked if she could take a specimen from him. Runner-up was Pete Glanvill of the Cerberus club, but since Pete is also a doctor the rest of the field ran in a different direction and 3rd place was not awarded. The major contest, the results of which will be released later this year, was for the title "Mr Antibody". The clever money is being placed on our premier speleobiologist, Phil "you name it I've caught it" Chapman, despite his claims that he was born looking like he does.



Our junior Hon Sec, Marco Paganuzzi, is fed up with people getting his name wrong and so has decided to change it by deed poll. His new name will be Mastolini. Literally translated from the Italian it means "Molehusband".

Premature ejaculation should not be a source of amusement to civilised gentlefolk, who to be worthy of such an accolade should also refrain from giggling in church. The Shuffler may have been a little over-excited and shouted "I do" before the priest had finished asking the question, but there was no excuse for a low voice to murmur from the back row on the groom's side "I see Steve still has the same old problem".

CAR DECK A

Nobody cuts up Mastolini!

Sealink



FIAT

Designed by computer

Built by robots

DRIVEN BY ITALIANS !!!

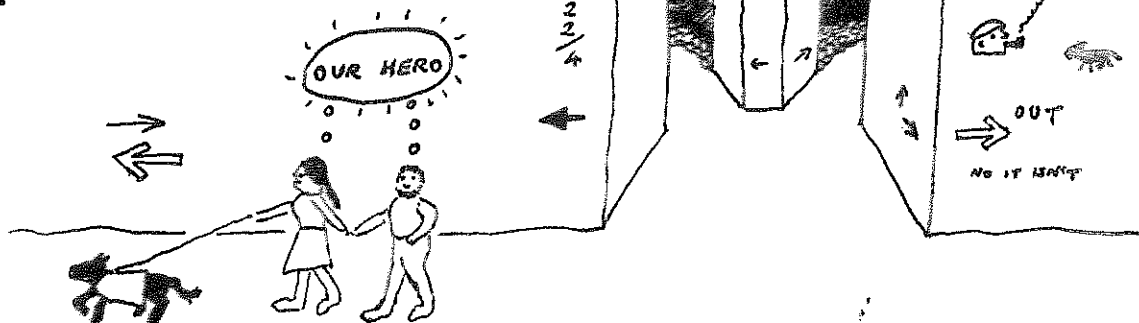
The competition is already under way for the Cave Leader of the Year award, which will be presented at the next Annual Dinner. The first contender is Scruff Superdog, entered by Graham and Linda as the only living creature (apart from the bats) who can find his way around Browne's Folly Mine without getting lost. (Scruff is eligible because the Mullans have taken up Family Membership of the UBSS). If the rumours are true that Linda is making him a blue cape and monogrammed jacket for winter caving he may also win the sartorial award.

The next contender is Mastolini, who found and dived one of the short intermediate sumps in Bull Pot of the Witches. This route was pioneered in the sixties by the two most illustrious divers of the time, Dave Savage and Dave Drew, who also were under the delusion that it was the main way on upstream. If Marco continues to follow in their footsteps his reputation is assured.

The name of Martin "Sump Twelve" Warren has been entered, but I fear the competition is already too fierce for him (unless he can pull off a really spectacular coup between now and next March).

Oliver's wake, which was supposed to be held in the Old Grotto in Swildons Hole, ended up a washout and our club divided, as so often in the past, into two schools of thought. The Trat-men thought it was the ghost of their hero having his revenge, while the Oliver-men claimed it was theirs being his usual self. However the floods trapped a couple of attractive young ladies below the Forty, eager to be rescued, and though I greatly admired Trat I must concede that his concept of light entertainment was more formal.

How does a Birmingham-born Welshman become an expatriate Pole? "Brigadier" Clive Owen's wife Wanda's Polish father's friend runs a Polish sausage factory in London and because the London Poles are such a tight-knit community Wanda's father, as a favour to his friend, works out the factory wages. But then he had an accident and had to find a stand-in. It just so happened that male relatives of Polish stock were at a premium that weekend, which is how Clive came to be elected to "Honourary Pole" and temporary wages clerk.





Please join me in admiration of Gareth "Bald Eagle" Seaborne and his experiments to prove the fundamental duality of life. "What goes up must come down" was displayed to everyone's satisfaction on a cliff-face near Chepstow. "What goes in must come out" proved much trickier at Scapa Flow, diving into a sunken wreck. Perhaps this is why cave divers always use a line reel.

LONELY HEARTS

Biggles seeks Algy, with a view to being pen-pals. All replies will be answered. Photo appreciated. Write to:-
Dave Nuttall, 41 King Alfred St, Chippenham, Wilts.

I have been absolutely bombarded with gossip items concerning Nigel "you will wait for me, won't you?" Boreng, our least popular committee member. They range from the spiteful to the downright vulgar. Of them all, the most sympathetic is from Hattie, Ken Miller's wife, who announced on only her second caving trip "the trouble with Nigel is that he'll always be a beginner".

Rumours of polyandry in North Bristol were given a sharp setback last spring when Chris Pepper unilaterally left the Westbury Set to take up with the SWCC. Apparently, the straw that broke the camel's back was when Linda cut short a drinking session in O'Connor's and then half an hour later complained of supper being late.

A rumour has reached my ears, malicious enough to be almost certainly true, that "Norbert" has been trying the Harvey method for sexual fulfilment. A figure of £40 was quoted. This strikes me as both too little and too much to have any chance of success.

COURT IN THE ACT.

A CARTOON WITHOUT PICTURES.

ACT 1 : SCENE 1

THE CURTAIN OPENS ON A LAMP-LIT STREET.....
A GERMAN CAR IS PARKED BY THE KERB.
A YOUNG MAN STANDS BESIDE THE CAR, HIS BACK TO THE AUDIENCE, HIS HANDS IN FRONT.
FLUID RUNS OFF THE BONNET AND FORMS A PUDDLE ON THE GROUND.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD.....

ACT 1 : SCENE 2

" 'ELLO

'ELLO

'ELLO "

ACT 2 : SCENE 1

THE CURTAINS OPEN ONTO A BLEAK CELL

THE YOUNG MAN SITS ON A BENCH, DESPONDENT.

A SPARK OF HOPE.....

"YOU CAN 'PHONE THE DUTY SOLICITOR, SONNY, HE'LL SOON HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE."

ACT 2 : SCENE 2

THE YOUNG MAN REMAINS DESPONDENT.

"I AM THE F-----G DUTY SOLICITOR ! "

THE CURTAIN CLOSES.

Maxim

Apologies to my clients who have been complaining of short measure in the last issue but a contretemps with the Customs led to part of my cargo being impounded. I left the crew playing marbles on deck with cannonballs while I went to see the Customs Director General and easily persuaded him to my point of view. He returned the so-called "offending" cartoon with profuse apologies and trembling hands but begged me to find a way of repackaging to make it less controversial.

I have always maintained that officialdom is the worst judge of the public's taste but sometimes one is obliged to compromise. Reluctantly, I have hidden my cartoon within another "more balanced" cartoon and put it on the front page where it should escape notice.

R. Matey

pp Captain Maxim

The Firing Range

Shoeburyness Marshes

Essex



Gravel

At the last Annual Dinner Martin "Animal" Warren won a golden flipper for taking large air cylinders down Swildon's Hole and failing to pass Sump Nine. It would appear that he has grown bored of swimming round in circles and is trying to win another flipper. Same cave, same sump, same result.

The course of true love never runs smoothly, particularly if you have to fit it around annual caving expeditions to the Far East. No sooner had Dick Willis secured his place on an expedition to China than his wife announced that she was going to divorce him - unless she got to China first on a package tour. So he sold his car, the old romantic.

Regular readers will know that the Irish Bat Appreciation Society is a most exclusive body whose members are under the delusion that if they drink Guinness they can fly. "Doub" McArdle was elected last year after a spectacular plummet into Sump Canyon, Poulmagollum.

This year, on holiday in County Clare, he was heard to say "last time I came down here I slipped down it like this." A dull thud again reverberated round the cave. Perhaps someone should tell Doub that IBAS membership is for life, however short, and does not need annual renewal.

Until now I had never thought two left feet could be an asset to a lustful young Romeo. Within seconds of Mark Owen being dragged onto the Lisdoonvarna dance floor by Jennifer Keane the two were writhing on the ground. The trick, apparently, is to make it look natural.

Rumours of Chris "the Wimp" Shirt joining the police are premature. He is 20th on the waiting list of acceptable candidates. I never knew so many people wanted to catch Martin doing something criminal.

PRIVATEER

No 10

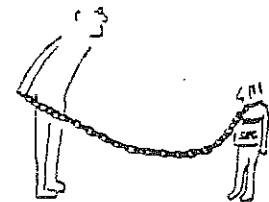


APRIL

HON. SEC.

THE TACKLE MASTER

AND THE TACKLE MISER



<p>Better take plenty of tackle up to Yorkshire for Easter.</p>	<p>I'll need to know:- (i) What tackle they'll need (ii) Which caves they're going down (iii) How many people will be using it (iv) When they'll be bringing it back</p>	<p>I don't know! I'm going to Wales. Just take plenty.</p>	<p>MEANWHILE</p> <p>Is the tackle for Yorkshire organized?</p> <p>Yes, Martin has told me what you'll need.</p>
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<p>IN YORKSHIRE</p> <p>Blame the tackle-master.</p>	<p>That's all!?</p> <p>Grrr smart</p>	<p>BACK IN BRISTOL</p> <p>We'd like to borrow a rope.</p>	<p>LATER STILL</p> <p>I'll need to know she.....</p> <p>We'd like to borrow a long rope.</p>
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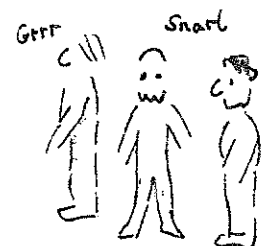
You've got him this time



MAY



Witchcraft?
You're not serious, chaps, surely?



LATE PRESS

The idea of putting a gate on Mangle Hole has now been disguardred for several reasons. If anyone does decide to go down the cave please could they take care not to disturb the instruments present.

UBSS DARKROOM RULES *****

1. Keys are loaned for a maximum period of two weeks and must be returned at the end of this time unless an extension is negotiated.
2. A deposit of £10 will be charged which will be returned in full if the keys are returned promptly. Any expense incurred in retrieval of keys will be deducted from the deposit.
3. The darkroom must be left in a clean and tidy state, with all electrical equipment being switched off and unplugged.
4. Any breakages, problems with equipment or suggestions for improvement should be reported upon the return of the keys.
5. Members are expected to provide their own chemicals and paper.

Keys maybe collected from Tony Philpott, Geography Dept. , room G9n from Monday - Friday from 8.15 - 4.30 (tel. internal 3827), or from Steve Hobbs also at the Geography Dept. , room G13n (tel. internal 3829).