

# UBSS

NEWSLETTER

VOL.4 NO.1

## EDITORIAL

All opinions expressed in this newsletter are the views of the individual authors, and do not necessarily represent those of the society.

### Important Dates

Wed. 3rd February - sessional meet by Jill Cooke - <sup>n</sup>Canibals at Cheddar.  
8pm Spelaeo Rooms, 2nd floor of Union building.

Sat. 12th March - annual general meeting

4pm Spelaeo Rooms. This will be followed by a talk given by Phil Chapman regarding the 1987 Madagascar expedition.

8.30 pm annual dinner to be held at Pudseys Resturant, Clifton. Cost will be nine pounds, payable at the time. Bookings to be made to S.L.Hobbs at :

Univesity of Bristol Spelaeological Society,  
University Union,  
Queens Road,  
Bristol.  
BS8 1LN

or by telephoning :

(0272) 303030 ext 3829 - daytime

(0272) 735486 - evening

please book at least 2 weeks in advance. Menu to be decided.

Wed. 4th May - sessional meet by Dick Willis ( provisionally ) - China Caves 1987. 8pm Spelaeo Rooms.

The society also meets every tuesday evening from 9.30pm upstairs in Crockers pub on Cotham Hill ( just off Whiteladies road opposite Clifton Down Shopping Centre ).

Caving weekends this term are being arranged to South Wales and Yorkshire. Full details will appear on the noticeboard in the Union, from Crockers on a tuesday, or by phoning Steve.

### Miscellany

The club now has several lamps for hire - one pound / week from Paul Harvey.

Hut fees have been increased to one pound / day for members and one - fifty for non - members.

Applications for Tratman award for caving expeditions are now being considered - please, contact Prof. Savage at the Geology Dept. for more details.

### FOR SALE

Last few T - shirts and sweatshirts, all with UBSS GB logo at pitch bottom prices :

- |                          |          |      |
|--------------------------|----------|------|
| 1. White T - shirt       | 34 chest | 2-50 |
| 2. Light blue sweatshirt | 34 chest | 5-00 |
| 3. Black sweatshirts     | 34 chest | 4-50 |

Warning - these garments are not suitable for tall people !

Orders to : P.Harvey, 46 Granby Hill, Clifton, Bristol.

Cheques payable to UBSS - add 50p postage and packing.

Who is the mysterious caver contemplating the long crawl on our front cover ? Answers on a postcard to the Hon. Sec.

## MEMBERSHIP MATTERS

In addition to a gratifyingly large intake of student members, we welcome the following people who have all been elected recently as ex-student or outside members:

Miss R Charles  
Mrs S Constable  
Mrs J Shaw  
Mr C Shirt  
Mr G Witts  
Mr J Warmsley

At the other end of the scale, the following people are in arrears with their subscriptions, and are therefore in danger of expulsion in the new year:

I.H.C. Cassely  
J.J.P. Clokie  
R. Harrison  
A. Morrison  
D. Patmore  
S.R. Perry  
R. Shuter  
J. Squire  
P. Rahtz

It is possible that some of the above have simply changed addresses, and are therefore unaware of their plight. Could anyone who is in contact with any of the above please ensure that they have received this message.

# ADDITIONS TO LIBRARY - WINTER 1987

- Beneath the Mountains (Exploring the deep caves of Asturias)  
David Rose and Richard Gregson. Hodder & Staughton 1987
- Mendip Underground (2nd Ed) Dave Irwin & Tony Knibbs 1987
- E.A. Martel. Collected reprint of 'Comptes Rendus A l'Academie des Sciences  
1885 - 1924. Speleo Club de Paris 1987
- In the shadow of extinction: Quaternary archaeology of caves at Creswell Crags.  
P.P.S. Jenkinson & D.D. Gilbertson 1984
- Cave Photography - a practical guide. Chris Howes 1987
- Planet Earth - Underground Worlds. Time Life Books 1982
- Norbert Casteret Bibliographie. Jacques Chabert. 1986
- New Sites For Old - A students guide to the geology of the east Mendips.  
Nature Conservancy Council 1985

Many thanks to Ray Mansfield for obtaining missing back issues of the N.S.S. bibliography Speleo Digest from 1958 onwards.

## FOR SALE

Set of five black and white postcards, originally published by the U.B.S.S. in 1962.

1. Pollnagollum, Co Clare. Main Streamway 1. = Caves of NW Clare Plate 16a p 129
2. Pollnagollum, Co Clare. Main Streamway 2. Not Published
3. Pollnagollum, Co Clare. Main Streamway 3. Not Published
4. Doolin Cave, Co Clare. The Grotto. = Caves of NW Clare Plate 30a p 200
5. Poll-an-Ionain, Co Clare. The Great Stalactite. Not Published

Price £5-00 per set inc postage. Only 30 sets available.

MENDIP MAPPE from the Ashwick Court Rolls. Hand coloured mining map of central mendip. Size 12" x 16" Only five left! Price £8-00 inc postage.

## WANTED

To fill gaps in the library sequences: (Prices negotiable)

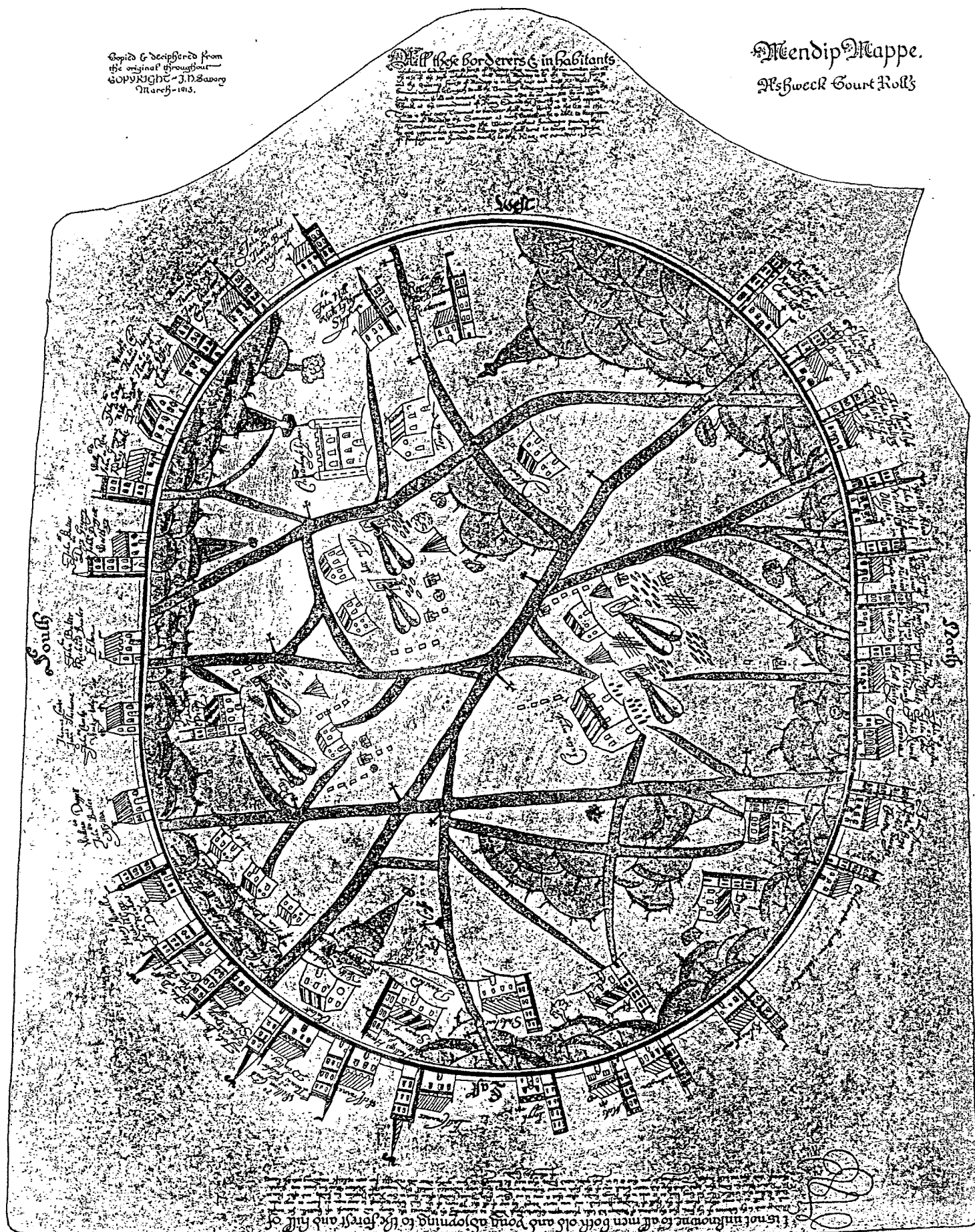
DESCENT No68 (Jan/Feb 1986)

SOMERSET ARCHAEOLOGICAL & NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY PROCEEDINGS Vol 35 for 1889

Also any spare copies of U.B.S.S. Proceedings Vol 8 and earlier. Please contact the librarian.

Tony Boycott

Mendip Mappe.  
Ashweck Court Rolls

[illegible]

Scale of Inches.

## ODD NOTES BY THE EDITOR OF PROCEEDINGS

### Printer

The new printers of Proceedings are Hobbs the Printers, of Second Avenue, Millbrook, Southampton SO9 2UZ; telephone (0703) 774574.

### Commercial support for Proceedings

Several commercial firms, as well as private individuals, have made donations in aid of publishing Proceedings. They are acknowledged on page 158 of the current issue. Not only would it be nice to bring work their way (and perhaps attract another grateful subsidy), but they are known to be good. It is only because some of us have used them and been content over a long period that we were able to suggest a grant at all. Thus many of you have seen the product of Period Bookbinders in the editorium at Shoscombe and they are heartily recommended as good and also cost-effective. If you do use any of these firms, please mention that you saw their name in Proceedings.

And if any of you have similar close relationships with any other firms, please apply your will-power to them (as Ray Mansfield did to the Mendip agricultural firms in 1986) to extract a donation.

Trevor Shaw

## FLOOD WARNING

On a recent trip into the cave of the Wild Horses, Kilcorney, County Clare, members of the UBM Caving Club and Dave and Sheena Stoddard heard alarming noises below them after rigging the main pitch, they abandoned their tackle and left the cave as water began to rise up the pitch towards them.

In the light of this and our own experiences in the cave since the extensions to the cave made in 1983 the UBSS would like to stress that this cave can be highly unsafe, as it floods completely and the conditions in which it does so are somewhat ill defined. We recommend that it is best left alone in heavy rain and even in unsettled weather conditions. Also the water that fills the cave may be falling as rain as faraway as the Poulacapple ridge, so conditions in the Kilcorney Depression are not necessarily any guide to conditions inside the cave.

## OATFIELD FARM MINE SHAFT (ST 50376642)

Graham Mullan

### DESCRIPTION:-

The entrance shaft capped with a broken flagstone lies in a triangle of grass beside the farmhouse. It is generally referred to as a well, as for many years it was the only source of domestic water for the house and remnants of the old windlass for hauling the buckets can still be seen.

Drystone walling lines the shaft for the first three metres, it is still in good condition and is founded on bedrock. The shaft then opens out, and at about seven metres depth short side passages are present along a line of about 080° - 260°. The eastern one extended about three metres following a vein, which then breaks up into small calcite streaks. The western passage can be entered for about the same length, until a fallen block bars the way on. Below the level of these passages, the shaft descends vertically for about six metres, and then for a final three metres at an angle of about 30°. On this last stage grooves have been worn on the south wall, presumably by the well ropes.

The shaft ends in a pool of water about half a metre deep. Again there are extensions along the same 080° - 260° line. The western passage descends a further 2 metres below the level of the pool, which is held back by a rough dam and ends in a choke of old buckets and rubble. It is said that this passage may have been penetrated further in the past. To the east the passage ends after only one metre in a wall of stacked deads.

### GEOLOGY:-

The shaft appears to have been dug to intercept a fault, possibly the Brockley fault, or the subsidiary one shown on the Geological Survey Bristol South District Special Sheet.

The rock appears to be Black Rock Limestone (dlb), more clearly seen on the southern side. On the north side there is an exposure of liassic limestone, most noticeable in the middle of the shaft. Also on the north side an open bedding plane possibly an unconformity.

What remains the vein material is calcite and it is best seen on the upper eastern passage and in a small deposit of fault breccia in the main shaft at this level. The only other deposit is a layer of creamy brown mud in the lower eastern section. This might be derived from the weathering of the exposed lias.

In the absence of further evidence it is impossible to tell the purpose of the mine. There is historical evidence for the mining of lead, calamine and iron in this area (Gough 1967 pp. 170,250) from the sixteenth century. The remains of several shot-holes in the lower eastern passage testify to a date no earlier than 1685 (Gough 1967 p 167).

#### HISTORY:-

After it was abandoned as a mine, the shaft was used as a well up until the middle of this century. The source of the water is unknown and despite the week of heavy rain that preceeded our visit, the shaft was quite dry, with no signs of a fluctuating water level. The staining around the edge of the pool in fact seems to indicate a fairly stable level.

The shaft has been entered before, some while ago, so we were informed by a caver who was underground for sometime, but went into no detail about his findings, and we have been unable to find any written record of his visit. The present owner has also descended the shaft, by a combination of fixed ladder and rope to retrieve some household objects lost by his mother.

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:-

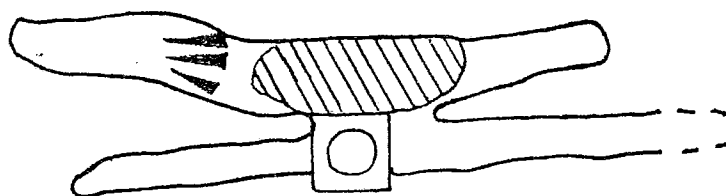
We are most grateful to Mr Tippetts of Oatfield Farm for allowing us access to the mine and to Peter and Kay Downes for arranging the visit and for the hospitality afterwards.

#### REFERENCES:-

J.W. Gough, The Mines of Mendip. Revised edition 1967 David and Charles Newton Abbott.



PLAN



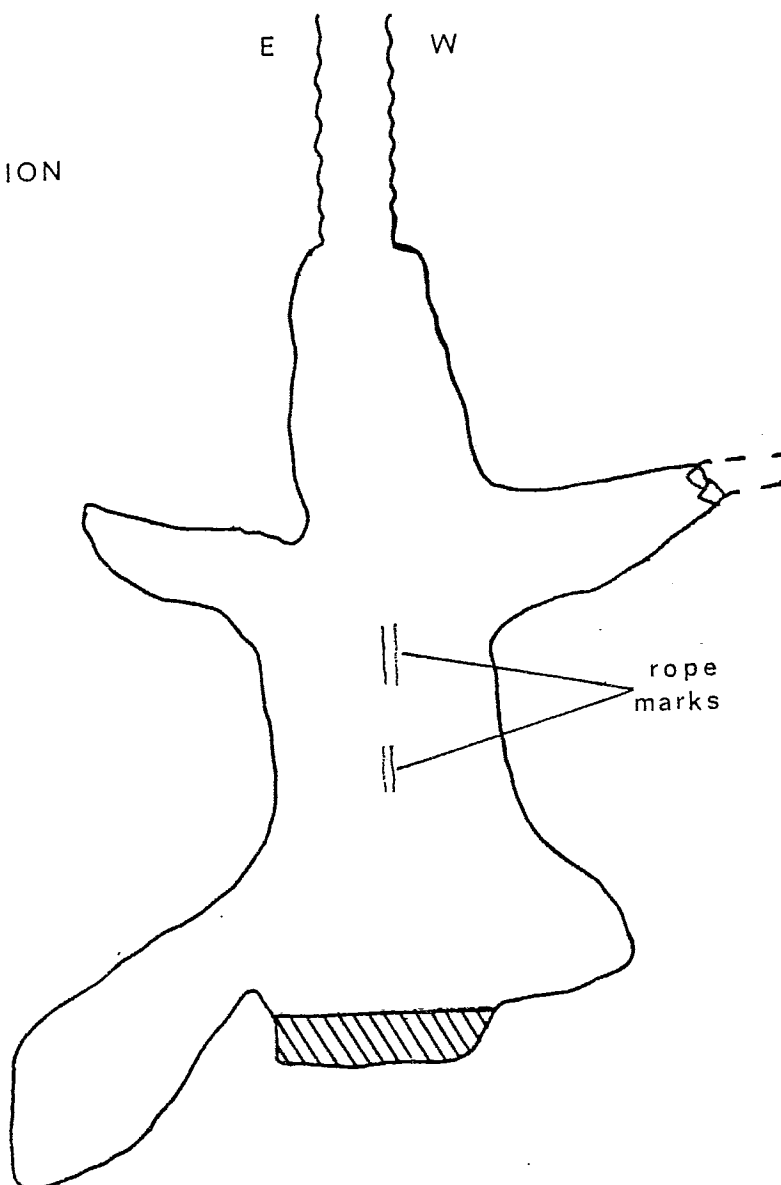
OATFIELD FARM MINE

ST 50376642

S N

E W

ELEVATION



0 4  
metres

UBSS 1987

BCRA grade I

VISIT TO FRANCE 1957 -- or how despite indescribable odds 7 UBSS members managed to see Lascaux and Padirac and two wild caves in the Pyrenees.

by Rosemary Ballister.

I do not know when or why it was decided to visit France in the summer of 1957. Enthused by the purchase of a vintage 1930s Austin 7, MB was eager to try it out, as was JES, who was the proud owner of a Ford Van of equal antiquity. Spelaeos were wont to spend much time planning almost impossible trips to outlandish places, and one entire autumn term was spent discussing a visit to some caves in Inchnadamph in Scotland in the middle of winter using an old hearse as transportation. The whole affair did seem totally ridiculous in retrospect and sanity did prevail since the plan was aborted before it ever came to fruition but the planning was fun and occupied many spelaeo lunch hours and as a long term result Sheila and Angus did eventually get to Inchnadamph many years later.

Plans for the trip to France seemed dogged by misfortune from the start or rather beset by challenge. Thanks to the belated conception of the idea it proved difficult to get vehicle reservations on the cross-Channel boats. Johnny did have some success and space was found for the two vehicles. Different crossings each way to add variety. The Austin 7 was so tiny that it could fit almost anywhere. A whip round of members willing to brave the trip yielded 7 persons; Michael Balister, Rosemary Mines, Johnny Squires, Dave Stead, Angus Watkins, Sheila Watts and Rita Buxton.

The point of departure was Rosemary's home in Crofton Park, S.E. London which was the closest to the channel ports. Several members gathered there before leaving for the coast. By some quirk of fate our particular day for crossing coincided with record gales- in fact one of the signs was up as we left, and what is normally a quiet crossing was very exciting indeed. But miraculously Spelaeos whose stomachs were not able to handle the New Year fare were unaffected by the elements and no one was sick.

Once safely on the other side the adventures began. The party boasted two fluent French speakers, two drivers, one musician, one genius for difficult climbs and Rita, who is an all round useful person. Also two vehicles which were really only barely adequate to carry the passengers let alone all the gear both for camping and for caving. At that particular time in France there was petrol rationing for the French, although for tourists coupons were issued in 1,000F denominations and one had only to wave them at a service station attendant and shout 'mille francs' in atrocious French for the magic to work. The Austin 7 needed almost as much oil as petrol. As the transportation was not quite adequate for everything and everyone we often split the group, leaving two people to hitchhike to ease the load with an agreed rendezvous for the evenings camping. Normally this arrangement worked perfectly but on one occasion we managed to miss each other at the destination causing no little worry. The gendarmes in the quiet French town of Evreux were aroused from their afternoon siesta by two distraught spelaeos beseeching their help in locating missing comrades. Despite this and similar problems all were reunited for the evening much to the relief of all concerned. Organised campgrounds were avoided and we always found farmers willing to let us use their fields or even barns. Hay was always comfortable to sleep on even if shared with a family of flea-ridden kittens.

The most challenging disaster occurred when the half-shaft of Johnny Squires van broke - not unnaturally with so much abuse. Right in the middle of rural France - non-English speaking and far from professional help. By pointing to the affected part the message was however conveyed and the French speakers of the party learnt that 'l'arbre des roue est cassé' described the damage. Miraculously a village blacksmith was found who would weld the broken pieces together so well that the repair lasted the rest of the trip despite many winding mountain roads in the Pyrenees with hairpin bends.

The Dordogne region of France is lovely with wide rivers and castles and the usual delicious French food- bread, cheese, tomatoes and fruit. Padirac proved easy to visit but Lascaux was yet another challenge. Arriving at the cave late in the afternoon we learned that due to the fear of damage to the famous paintings the number of visitors was severely curtailed by daily quotas and it was necessary to be at the cave well before it opened at 8am to be among the lucky few allowed in. Still with

true spelaeological determination and unusually efficient organisation of breakfast we were all back at the cave by 6am and managed to gain admission. It was well worth the effort to see the really spectacular display of prehistoric art - many colours still seeming fresh and bright after so many years. Everyone left very awed by the experience.

The route to the next caving region - the Pyrenees seemed to involve Eordeaux and the French Landes - a rather flat region. Very easy driving. Our contact in the Pyrenees, provided by TRS was at Manléon although we camped in a field at some distance from the town. It was our longest stay of any, almost a permanent camp. Our French friend in Manleon - known as Matey to those who felt uncomfortable with the French language, kindly took us on trips to two caves using his Citroen 2 - chevaux to help with transportation. One relatively easy cave had real bear claw marks from the cave bear and the other was the cave of Etchebermko - a Basque name. Caving with our French friend was a real experience and he surprised us not only by having a carbide lamp which was much bigger and brighter than our British ones, but also by going to excessive extremes to avoid getting wet. A small puddle blocking our way was baled dry with a tin can and finished off with a sponge brought along for the purpose. One wonders what he would have thought of Swildons! He was especially proud to show us some prehistoric drawings on the wall of the cave which he had found by chance. He had been in the cave many times, and once with the light in a certain direction had noticed three engravings. It was however very nervewracking as one descended a chimney and had just selected a good foothold with a booted foot one was told 'Attention les gravures!' and had to settle for something a little less stable but non-threatening to the priceless works of art which were of course more important than us. At the end of the cave was a long vertical pitch reached by a hazardous climb admirably reached by Dave Stead. This was the only really difficult part of the cave.

Before we all went in we were fascinated to be introduced by our friend to a new way of drinking wine which involved squirting it into the mouth from a leather container also a typically Pyrenean lunch - cold omelette with red and green peppers which was delicious. As a linguist I had noticed that the bank in Manléon had signs in French and Basque - this surprised our friend even though he had lived there for years. At the end of the cave trip we were invited to meet his charming wife, the sage femme of the town and two lovely daughters who sometimes went on cave trips with their father. We would have been invited to eat but 'vous êtes trop' was the regretful comment. Our trip across in the Austin 7 was made more interesting when its route coincided with a Tour de France type bicycle race - the car almost became a four wheeled competitor causing much amusement to gathered crowds.

Several more quiet days at the camp site; a spelaeo stew was concocted out of somewhat dubious meat, Rita spent one day being sick but found a bottle of Perrier an excellent remedy and Sheila set out bravely to visit some friends in Tarbis by bus. In the evenings Angus entertained us with a wooden pipe. Striking camp was sad as we had all grown very fond of our field with its wine cooling stream and lovely mountain views.

The return journey was less eventful and the more sensible members of the party decided that things might be easier if two people went by train to ease the strain on the cars. So Sheila and Angus did this and took the opportunity to visit the parents of Sheila's friends in Paris. The two car parties had easy journeys and we met at a common rendezvous in Versailles using the only commercial campground of the trip. Seven cavers also toured the exotic palace of Versailles - unspelaeological but cultural. Le Roi Soleil would probably have turned in his grave.

The last leg of the journey was easy and an interesting campground was found in Normandy. Asking around for permission we were led to Monsieur le Maire - a magnificent tall gentleman who gave us permission to camp on a piece of common land. Quite a pleasant experience except for some little French children who came the next morning to harrass the foreigners. Just before the port we were glad to pass a 'Cimetière des Voitures' and to know that our cars need not be left there. At the port the usual task of trying to dispose of French wine bottles for cash and a last meal on French soil. An easy crossing back and all departed to different destinations and Quelle horreur! after a student life to the world of work. It seemed strange to sleep in beds again after so long on the ground, and even stranger to return to civilisation. For me at least starting as a respectable school teacher the trip had benefits as for a young and rather nervous teacher who had camped in France using an Austin 7 as transport went down well with a VI form class.

## FRESHERS & THE SPELAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Paul Turner & Simon Firth.

On the Friday of the Faffy week we walked into the ground floor of the Union & the first thing we saw was a small bearded creature disappearing up through a hole in the ceiling. We pursued it through several floors until we found its lair, where it lured us into joining the Spelaeological Society. As an afterthought, we inquired, "What is the Spelaeological Society?"; the small bearded creature replied, "It's about gettig muddy, wet & cold in small holes in the ground."

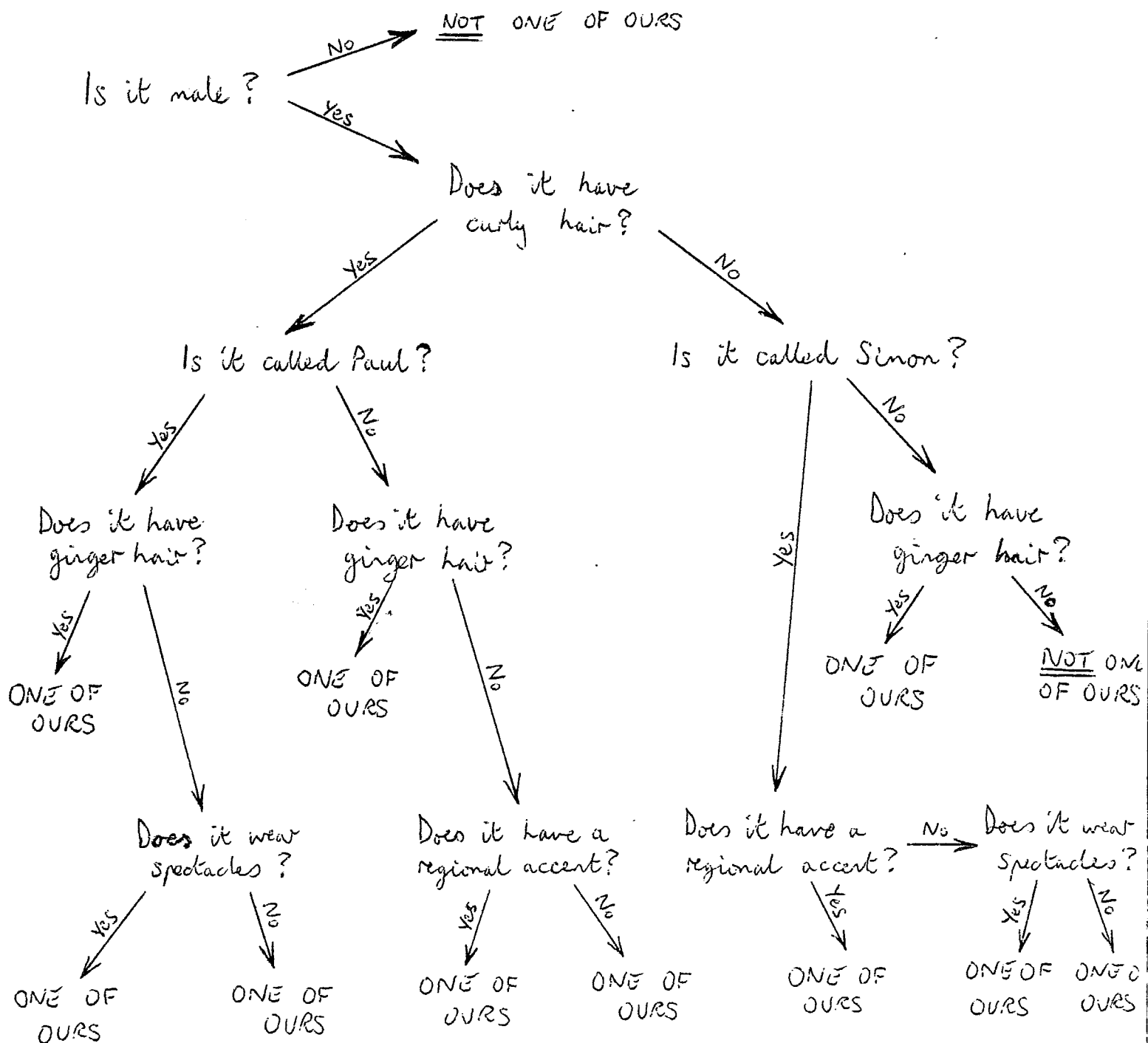
Before we had enough time to acclimatize to Bristol we were on the Mendips for the Freshers Weekend, getting muddy, wet & cold in small holes in the ground. When asked if we liked Stalactite Cave, the answer was a unanimous, sarcastic, "Brilliant!" It was at this point that several of the club's newly acquired freshers were never to be seen again. However, Swildon's lifted our enthusiasm as due to the lack of mud, we only got wet & cold.

After the Freshers Weekend, wet-suits were rapidly invested in. However, after several months of caving it has become apparent that these items are useless & are just an excuse to wear rubber. One warning about this bizare form of bondage wear, even if you think you are going to get wet, never piss in a dry wet-suit, as one fresher found out to his cost.

Does anyone know why a car comes just when you are undressed in the middle of the road with nothing but your wet-suit bottoms knotted about your ankles & a field of sheep right next to you ?

Concluding, caving has little to do with being underground but more to do with showing your bum to the Sunday grannies on the Mendips. But even more important than this is spending three hours in the pub for every one hour underground. Considering the amount of caving done during the first term this meant getting very drunk on several occasions ! The first entrepreneur to set up a bar at Sump One in Swildon's will make a fortune !!

The UBSS Eternal Triangle Caving Club is proud to announce the success of their experiments in selective breeding. Though widely misunderstood at the time, the project has come to a successful conclusion with the production of the definitive UBSS student caver. Or perhaps I should say cavers. A current UBSS student caver is called Paul or Simon, has ginger hair, curly hair, or a combination of these characteristics. If he is a Paul, he has curly hair which may be ginger. If he has curly and/or ginger hair, he is not necessarily a Paul. If he is a Simon, he does not have curly or ginger hair. If he is not called Paul or Simon and does not have curly or ginger hair, he is not one of ours.



8 November. BANWELL STALACTITE CAVE & BANWELL BONE CAVE. S.L.H., A.B., G.J.M., L.J.W. Not very many stalactites in the former & rather more bones in the latter. Removed various amounts of supposedly scientific ~~debris~~ equipment left littering the place by S.L.H. ( Note - just because you don't understand the finer points of spelaeological research there is no need to accuse the eminent Prof. Dr. Mr. Hobbs of littering. Anon. )

9 November. MANGLE HOLE. A.N.O.N.

10 November. G.B. Ed Coombs & Stowe School Caving Club. Cave full of scouts but a good time was had by all. ( Note - ??? )

14 November. MANGLE HOLE. S.L.H., M.O., P.A.H., A.B., C.A.S., Stefan. "Not quite the final trip". The cave was detackled in 5hrs. All "litter" was removed.

16 November. MANGLE HOLE. S.L.H. Return trip to collect forgotten litter. ( £1500 worth ! )

## *Codger's Corner with Doodle M<sup>c</sup> Doughnut*

Don't be fooled by the hair! Dick Willis with Phil Buckberry and Mike Bertenshaw preparing for a bra and panties trip down Swildons.



WANTED : A copy of the song "The tracing of the Coolagh" by Steve Trudgill (1970). Please send to Charlie Self, 4 Tyne St, Bristol 2.

# FROM THE LOG

5 May 1987. MANGLE HOLE. S.L.H.

19 May. BANWELL STALACTITE CAVE. S.L.H.

12 August. MANGLE HOLE. S.L.H.

21 August. NORTH HILL SWALLET. G.J.M., L.J.W., P.L.S., Dr. Laurie Richards (N.C.C.)

Hoping to settle part of S.S.S.I. row by site visit. P.L.S. demonstrated expedition caving techniques, abseiled 60ft shaft with lamp turned off, discovered it didn't work, climbed ladder back out. Short trip. Remainder of party prevented from making rapid return to Hunter's. After short break for lamp repairs, entire party descended. P.L.S. crawled along taking notes. Not impressed. L.R., on 3rd caving trip, definitely not impressed. Remainder of party not impressed either. Cave declared officially uninteresting. Whether row settled still open to doubt.

10 September. MANGLE HOLE. S.L.H.

3 October. EAST TWIN SWALLET → SPAR POT → LIONELS HOLE → GOATCHURCH → G.B.

(Not all intervening distances covered underground) A.B., L.J.W., Robin, Kyla, Vicki, Cathy.

3 October. S.L.H. & various freshers → BANWELL STALACTITE CAVE. S.L.H. also restrained from taking them to Mangle Hole.

3 October. M.H.W., P.A.H., S.F.McA., & various freshers → various places

3 October. J.S.O., I.H., E.C., & others to other places.

15 October. MANGLE HOLE. S.L.H.

24 October. MANGLE HOLE. S.L.H.

28 October. SINGING RIVER MINE. S.L.H.

7 November. CUCKOO CLEEVES. G.J.M., L.J.W., S.C., Paul, Cathy, Mike, Robin, Paul.

2nd caving trip for S.C. since entrance collapsed on her 4yrs ago. Interlude in the Hunter's. Food ordered, faggots etc. Cathy asked mein host to supply cheese wholemeal roll. Reply, "Don't serve that sort of bread here." Then, party as above & C.J.H. to TWIN TITTIES SWALLET. The perfect Mendip cave, possible to get from top to bottom (approx. 75ft) only touching solid rock once, via fixed ladders & a Cresta-Run type wooden slide. Final chamber v. well decorated. All viewed the snail holes with interest, amazing how a mollusc can bore a neat round hole up to 3in deep, sometimes leaving a solid chert band across it. Visions of hordes of snails diligently suiciding all over cave roof. Fascinating stuff, cave science.

7 November. LONGWOOD AUGUST. Apply to J.S.O. & M.R.O. for further details.

7 November. SWILDONS HOLE. Attempt on Round Trip by Steve Green & R.A.C. (MBE).

One member of party claimed to have suffered rib-cage expansion. Exit back through ducks.

7 November. LONGWOOD AUGUST. M.H.W., P.A.H., Matt, Dan, Stefan. No casualties.

# sub - REGIONAL NEWS

Following recent moves by the Devon caving clubs towards the formation of their own Regional Council, the UB33 is pleased to announce the formation of a new, much needed body - the Blackdown Spelaeological Association (BSA).

Membership - clubs with their headquarters on Blackdown.

Objectives - access control in the northern sector

access control in the southern sector, in accordance with  
established practice.

Question - but don't we do this already?

Answer - yes, but this way we can apply for a Sports Council grant to do it.

## *Dalescene*

- (1) In one of the greatest wimp-outs in recent years, an UB33 so-called "hard" team failed to pass the duck in Disappointment Pot because rain was forecast for the weekend after. This was followed the next day by one illustrious member failing to go caving on the premise of looking at a prospective diving site. After two hours exhaustive search it was reported that the Marston Arms has no potential for diving.
- (2) Having done a 50 ft ladder pitch on the Saturday, our adventurous freshers then had more practice on the 170 ft Alum Pot direct. Be ready to sign up in the spring for a ladder trip down Juniper Gulf. Practice to be held at High Rock, Cheddar.
- (3) Results of the Marston Arms climbing competition -

UB33	3	(out of 4)
Loughborough Uni.	0	(total failure)
Cardiff Uni.	Disqualified	(for using combined tactics)
- (4) Student Initiative Test. Trevor, Charlie, Graham and Wendy sit in the Craven Heifer at 11.30 on a Friday night. The mini bus arrives outside. Score +5 (go into pub), +10 (go into pub and buy beer), +15 (go into pub and get someone to buy you beer), -20 (wait in the bus getting cold).
- (5) Student Initiative Test. Having been to the pub from 5.30 till 12.30, find the best way home. Score -5 (attempt to climb viaduct), +5 (wade river), -10 (try to wade river but fall in), +20 (cross the bridge and arrive back at the caravan to find Graham and Wendy at it).
- (6) Student Initiative Test results. Pass (0), Fail (12). Resits in February.



John Allen may be both a vegan and an anti-hunting campaigner, but I can not see how his conscience allows him to be a trainee teacher. From the horror stories I have heard, dangling a trainee in front of Bristol schoolkids is the human equivalent of animal baiting.

Swan stone mine is not long, but is uncommonly boring. It does, however, have a very fine fully operational stone-lifting crane. Dave Irwin, surveyor of Swan Mine, took a party there on New Year's Day and showed them every passage except the one with the crane, saying "I'm sure it is here somewhere".

It makes one wonder about the caving guidebook "Mendip Underground", author D. Irwin.

A very odd circular letter from the Institute of Mechanical Engineers suggests that Trevor Mosedale should try to get himself elected as an MP. I am not sure that it is a good idea: a parliament full of engineers would be as boring as the incumbent bunch of bankers, and a House full of Trevors would probably be even more rowdy.

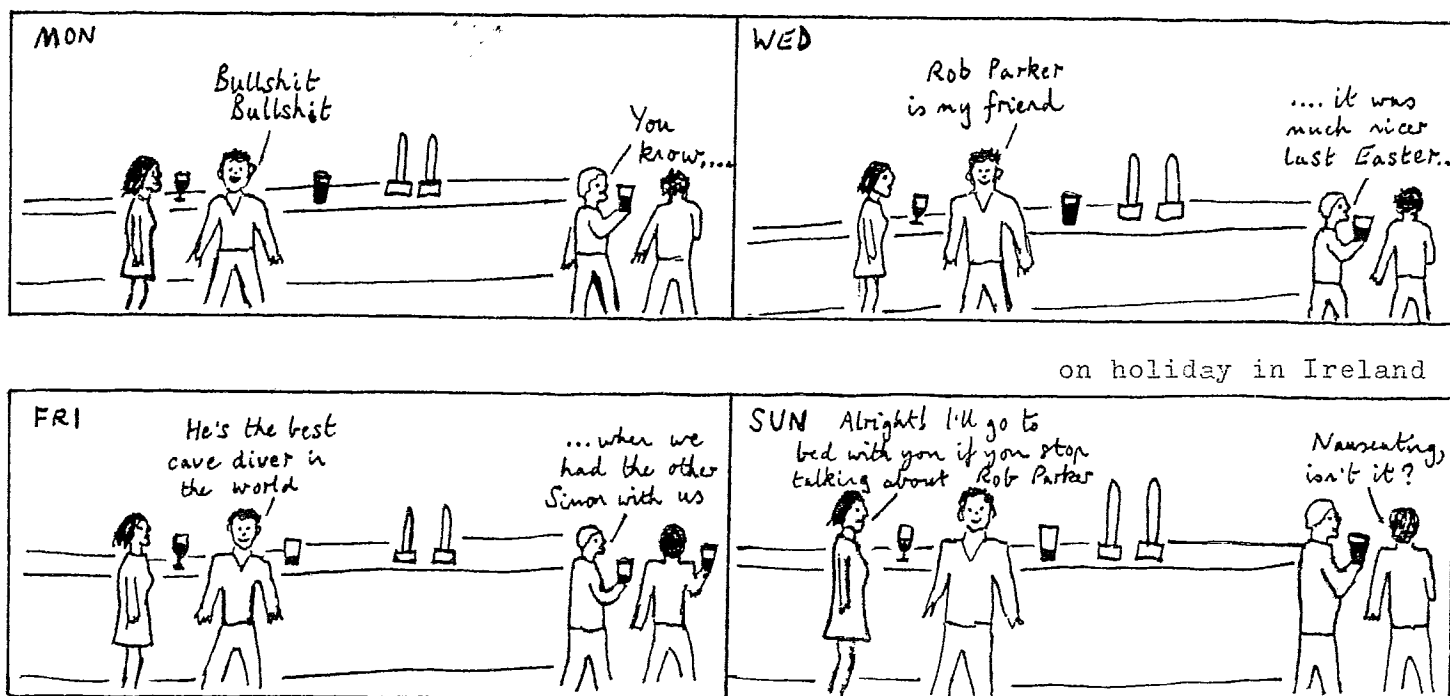
Dan Harries, one of our new student members, has a huge lead in the contest for the Naughtiest Boy Award. He was fined by Pembroke magistrates for after-hours drinking.

Congratulations to Major R.A. Churcher MBE. When is the cavers' champagne party?

## CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME CANCELLED

A UBSS performance of "Peter Pan in the Long Wood" has had to be cancelled after the leading lady (in the title role) found that she could fly down but not back up again. A spokesman for Fly by Night Wire Rope Co disclaimed responsibility on the grounds that Peter Pan is a small boy (normally played by a petite lady) and the equipment they supplied should have been adequate. Production manager of the show J. Oates replied, "The UBSS has always had difficulty in recruiting ladies and has never managed to retain any delicate or petite ones".

## THE PEACOCKS



A strong, and unlikely, challenge for the annual Armchair Caver award. Simon Firth, a first year student, spent the New Year squeezing under pub chairs while holding his breath - "practising for tight sumps". He didn't tell his impressionable audience that the only sump he has ever done is Swildons One.

Simon also seems to be playing for the Armchair Climber award, scaling the door in his hall of residence with an ice axe.

Paul Brewery may have impressed the neighbours' cat but prusiking into a chestnut tree is not likely to find favour with the judges of either Armchair award.

A late challenge for the Wimp of the Year award is threatened by our Vice President, Desmond Donovan. He says he might not attend the Annual Dinner, last year's event being so embarrassing. This would easily outclass Bob "I am not a member of the University staff" Savage, who was somewhat economical with the truth to a waitress who thought she recognised him.

Disturbed sleep and unhappy dreams for both Charlie and Joe, sleeping in the end bedroom of a hired cottage in Ireland at New Year. They blamed a ghost. Their problems ended suddenly one night when a thunderbolt shook the building. An odd, but true, story. Cynics might suggest that the god Zeus wasn't aiming

at the ghost.

*Troglobite*

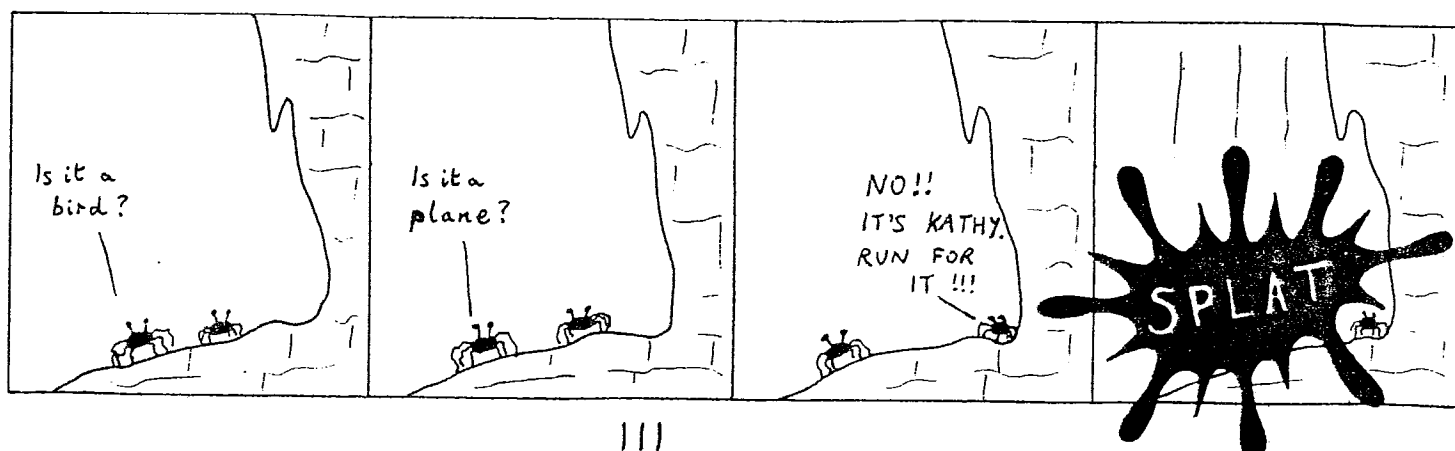
If it had been Germany, we probably would have been deported with "undesirable alien" stamped in our passports. Members of the recent Ireland expedition made many pub landlords unhappy by returning from the toilets with spiders trapped in their hands. There was particular delight when the girls found bigger spiders in their loo than the boys could produce, glee not always shared by other paying customers. The spiders were then bottled by John Hutchinson for some very strange research project.

Ten points for initiative, none for results, when Charlie Self tried to persuade Dave Churcher to swap some of his all-female entourage of Leeds students for our entirely male Bristol novices during a chance meeting in Alum Pot. After all, Dave is a married man now.

Joe "Anencephalic" Oates doesn't seem to be having much luck with the Swing Pitch in Longwood Swallet. First he leads a party on which Kathy falls off when freeclimbing. Next trip Rob dislocates his shoulder when climbing the ladder.

A Privateer sweepstake, "What happens on the Nen's third trip?", is being organised at £1 per entry. The prize draw will be on the evening of the Annual Dinner.

I wonder if it was visiting New York that persuaded Steve Hobbs to shave off his moustache.



# Maxim

I am pleased to announce that as a result of a recent recruitment drive I now have a young and vigorous crew. They have taken well to the paternalistic discipline of shipboard life and I am well satisfied with them.

Sadly this has meant that some of the more aged and decrepit of my former shipmates have had to bid me farewell. As they wave back at me as I sit fishing from the poop deck, I plan the menu for this evening's meal:

Shark steaks fried in butter.  
My favourite!

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Congratulations to the organiser of the UB33 Christmas dinner, which was an Italian version of 57 recipes based on a sack of wheat - stomach ache and flatulence assured. But perhaps credit is really due to the girl who organised a similar Christmas dinner at the same venue, with the same results, two years previously. She advised this year's organiser but turned up too late, herself, to have to eat anything.

Someone told me that Dr Alison was specialising in disorders of the lower bowel, but I am sure it is a vile slander.

Problems at the unofficial UB33 field headquarters in South Wales. Graham Foster has got a new lady lodger. All was fine at first, but she moved into his bedroom and now he is in a worse predicament than a married man. If he stays out drinking with the boys, he risks losing the rent.



# Gravel

I have at last found out why the zoo's clientele comprises such a disproportionate number of young couples. It is something to do with the animals and lots of pheromones floating about in the air.

Speleo couples, of course, prefer it when it is dark and climb over the wall to stand among the penguins (no, not the Peacocks, that's an Irish joke) but the problem I have is that neither partner will admit that it wasn't their idea. My spy also let me down, in that he was paralytically drunk and can't remember seeing anything. Applications for the post of Senior Hon Sec should be made to .....

## PUBLIC A NOUNCEMENT

Miss Janet Cooper should now be addressed as Mrs J. Briggs ..... but it couldn't have been much of a wedding because I am sure I would have heard if she had done her usual partytime trick, and taken all her clothes off at the reception.

QUESTION: How many ladders do you need for a freshers' trip down Longwood Swallet?

ANSWERS: On a postcard, please, to Joe Cates, 14 Frederick St, Bristol.

PS: Cartoon descriptions should be sent direct to Privateer, 4 Tyne St, Bristol 2.

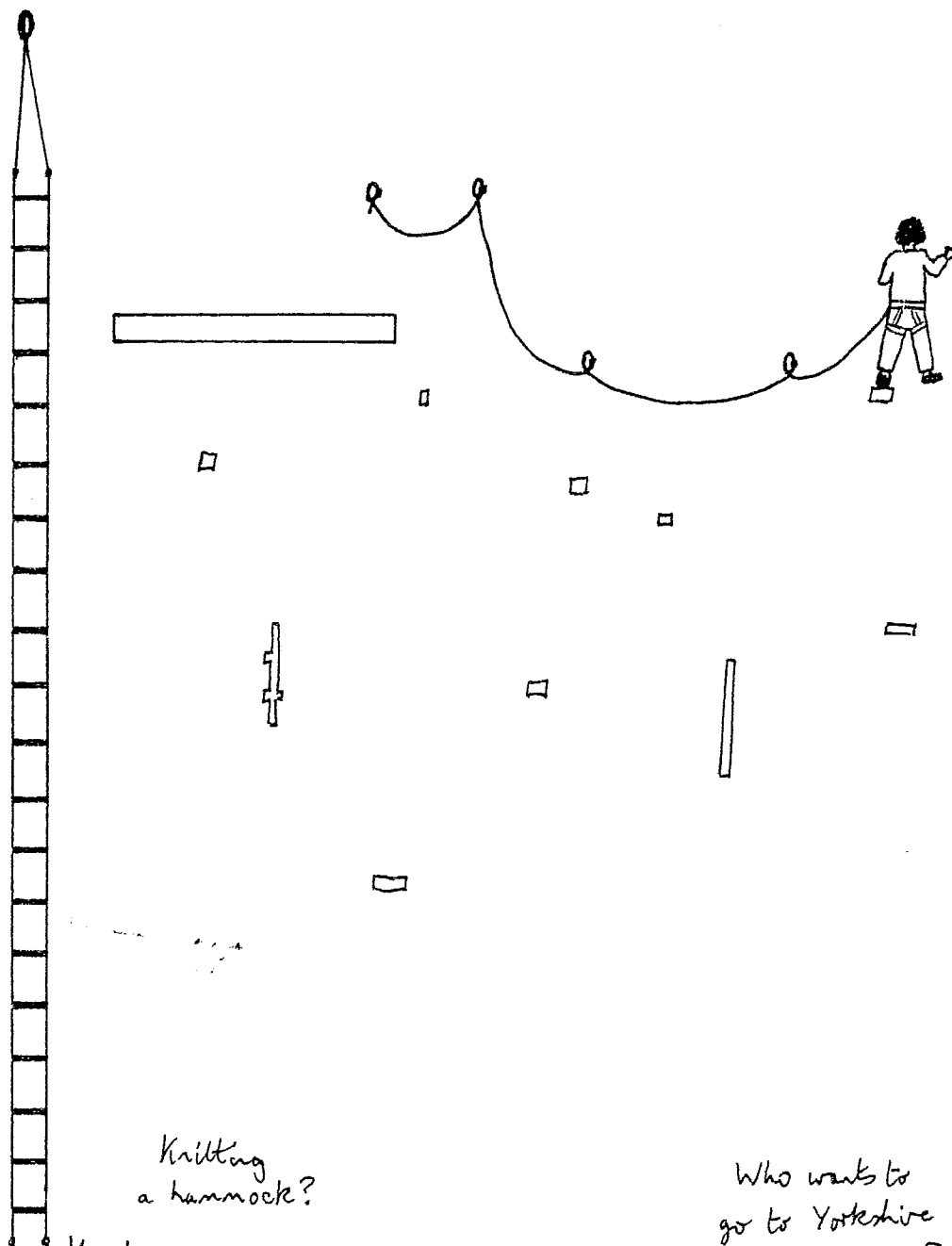
Confirmation from Adrian "Wonderful" Wilkins that the Daren Cilau entrance crawl is a bit of a pig. It took him 3½ hours. Mind you, he was coming out of the cave with three broken ribs.

# PRIVATEER

No 14



PATCHWAY CLIMBING WALL - Tuesday night training sessions



What's Charlie doing up there?

Hanging a noose for Joe?

Trying to keep one step ahead of the students

Who wants to go to Yorkshire this weekend?

We all do

