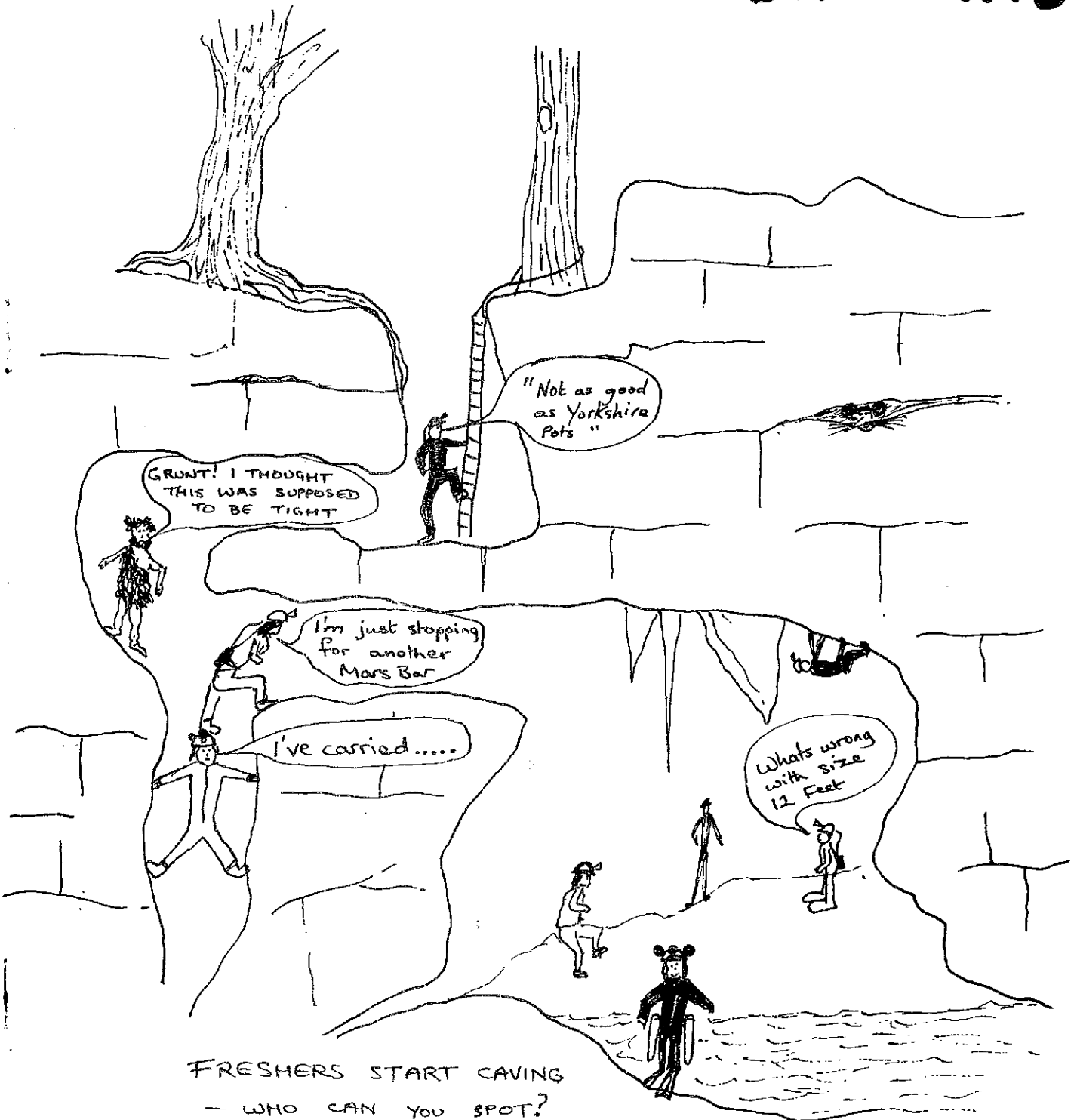


UBSS

NEWSLETTER No. 15



FRESHERS START CAVING
- WHO CAN YOU SPOT?

EDITORIAL

As usual people had to be pestered to writing articles, so many thanks to those who made the effort. Also a few people have complained about the style of print, so to please them, I intend to replace my printer (at great personal expense). So make an effort and write something.

For those of you who cannot get to Crockers, something strange as happened, freshers are turning up in large numbers, and they want to go caving!

C.J.P.

Please note my address is now:-

192 Redland Road
Redland,
Bristol

Tel. 427787

DIARY

30th Oct Derbyshire (Peak Cavern booked)

7th Nov Bonfire Meet (Burrinston)

21st Nov South Wales (Afen Allwedd)

5th Dec South Wales (SWCC O.F.D)

New Years Eve Party (If coming let Oliver know)

Crockers every Tuesday and Sunday evenings 2130 hours

Epicurian Bar (Union) Fridays term time.

NEWS FLASH

Caves of County Clare is now available.

Cost 9.50+p&p less 20% for members
and 50% for Student members.

OFFICIALS

President - Dr R.A.Savase
Secretaries - Mike Martin - Steve McArdle
Treasurer - Oliver Lloyd
Librarian - Tony Boycott
Sales - Martin Warren
Tackle - Mike McHale
Hut Warden - Chris Pepper
Rescue - Dave Maser

DISCLAIMER

The articles published in this news letter are the views of the authors and not necessarily those of the editor or the Society's.

TREASURER'S NOTE

Student Members are reminded that they must pay their Union Levy of 40p to the Treasurer before the end of 1981, otherwise they will cease to be a member of the U.B.S.S. Those who ceased to be students at the end of the last academic year (31.7.81) and who wish to become ex-student members, at £5 a year, have until the end of 1981 to make their application in writing to the Hon. Secretaries. Late applicants will be treated like Outside Members. Subscriptions become due on March 1st, 1982. Proceedings Vol. 16 No. 1, 1981 may be bought by them at student rates, their 1982 sub goes towards Proc. 16 (2), 1982.

Oliver

U.B.S.S. PUBLICATIONS

Proceedings of U.B.S.S. Vol. 16, No. 1, 1981 is expected to be published in the last week of November, 1981. The price will be £3 as before, £1.50 to student members. It will contain accounts of the Austrian caves explored by us in 1980, by Julian Griffiths, with a note on the hydrology by Steve Perry. There is a long report on Sun Hole, Cheddar, where Simon Colclutt and Andrew Currant have been studying the sedimentology and pleistocene fauna respectively. An exciting find was of the Saiga Antelope, only the second report from Britain, probably brought to Sun Hole by a wolf.

Smart and Stanton give us another report on water tracing on Mendip, which is now becoming a precise art. Phil Chapman writes about the compound eyes of Venezuelan Cave Crickets and we also have his incomparable study of a cave snake catching a swiftlet, as a colour frontispiece. There are five shorter papers mostly on archaeology, and an index.

Caves of Co. Clare, compiled by Charlie Self, is published at £9.50 in hardback (£4.75 to student members) plus £1.10 postage, with a lovely colour plate of the great stalactite in Pollanionain. It runs to 235 pages and has 55 maps and surveys, five sketches by Cecily Haines and nine photographs. It covers a wider area than the older book, including the Gort-Kinvarra lowlands and the Aran Islands, and contains all the information required for cave exploration in its area.

Oliver.

IRELAND, JULY 1981

Our parties travelling in two cars and by omnibus totalled nine this year: Oliver Lloyd, Steve McArdle ("Big"), Treive Nicholas, Tony Boycott, Janet Cooper, Mick McHale, Steve West ("Little"), Martin Warren and Paul Harvey.

In spite of persistent gentle rain we were able to do all the caving we wished: Doolin, Poulmagollum x 4, Poulelva x 2, Faunarooska, Bullock Pot ("for the last time?"), Poulomega, Pollballiny, Lackglass, Cullaun 2 and Cullaun 5. But the weather nearly did upset our taxi service one morning, when the Lloydole wouldn't start. Fortunately old Burke was able to come out from the town and dry off the points for us.

Members will be glad to hear that there is no real necessity for them to descend Bullock Pot again, since the line survey and exploration were completed by a valiant party consisting of Martin, Little Steve, Little Mick, Tony, Janet and Treive. Less than six wet suits came out of the cave. Total length of cave is 789 m., ending in a flat-out gravel beyond Productus Promenade. The "Poulelva" Inlet was surveyed for 80 m. but the stream was too high to push it further. One day later a party tried to push downstream Poulelva, but again the water was too high for significant progress.

On 13.7.81 Tony decided to have a go at the terminal sump of Poulomega. Aply supported by a team of six he found the sump to be low and wide with a rock roof and muddy cobbled floor. On a true bearing of 210° he squeezed in feet first for 2.5 m., when it became too tight.

History was made on 14.7.81 by carrying out a successful radiolocation of the end of Pollballiny, just short of the first pitch. According to my information this is the first time radiolocation has been so used in Ireland. Much to the joy of the original surveyors, it proved to be spot on the line drawn on Cassely's 1979 map, on the floor of the Balliny Depression, 33 m. below surface. There are many sink holes along the N-S line of weakness in this depression and this shows that they are beyond the terminal boulder choke. Digging has started. At Doolin radiolocation in the Smithy Complex was unsuccessful, owing to a fault which developed in the bleep-box. We will try again next year.

A party exploring Sump Canyon in Poulmagollum pushed it for an extra 50 m. When told that this put them under an obligation to survey it, they were not pleased.

Bulldozing of cave entrances around Slieve Elva continues. Worst of all Poll Nua, which last year was showing good promise of re-opening under the influence of its stream, has been thoroughly closed again and the stream diverted. E2 has been closed and so also the small sinks around the north point, including the Witch's Well, Toberancahircallough. But E1 and its associates are still open. The Chelsea dig at A1c is still open and so are Pollapookas One and Two. Goat Hole (closed) was re-identified as the one nearest the townland boundary and not the one marked on Tratty's map. Faunarooskas 2-6 are shut.

Most of our old friends are in good health, the Keanes and both the O'Callaghans; trade slack, hardly any English visitors. Gus O'Connor has a bad back but the rest of the family are well. So too is Patrick O'Donoghue. Cosgrove of Caherbullog is well but old Denis O'Laughlin died last Christmas.

Domestic arrangements in the cottage ran smoothly and everyone took a turn at catering and cooking. Only on the last evening did any serious mishap occur. We had been promised liver for dinner, but the liver was lost. After frantic searching all over the house and all over Lisdoonvarna we bought an alternative dinner. But no sooner had we eaten it than the liver was found -- hidden behind the milk in the fridge. Paul spent an extra day at the cottage and as we boarded the steamer at Rosslare we had visions of him getting through five helpings of liver.

O.C.L.

OLIVER'S 70th

The birthday party in the Old Grotto was attended by about 35 cavers, 13 of them cave divers. I was afraid that the shockingly late circulation of the U.B.S.S. June Newsletter would have meant a dearth of members there, but I needn't have worried. The first five to turn up were all Spelaeos. The Inesons came from Cheshire, Tony Morrison from Suffolk, Peter McLaren from Holland, Nick Dallman from Middlesex and Chris Hawkes, Pete Moody and Sally Britton from nearer home. The Media were strongly represented, thanks to a tip-off from Nick Barrington, who's catering however was impeccable (all the waiters wore bow ties) and we all had a good time getting through over a gallon of sherry, three large cakes and various other things. Oh, but what questions the Media do ask! "Will there be any dancing?".

O.C.L.

SESSIONAL MEETING

"ARCHAEOLOGY AND VALLEY SEDIMENTS"

On Wednesday, 18th November, 1981, Martin Bell, of the Dept. of Geography, will give a lecture in the Lower Geography Lecture Theatre, University of Bristol, at 8.15 pm., on the subject of:

"Archaeological evidence for the effect of land use and climate on valley sediments."

All are welcome and admission is free.

O.C.L.

AUSTRIAN EXPEDITION 81

This year U.B.S.S. members Clive Owen, Tim Lyons, Rich Barker, Steve Perry, Martin Warren, Mike Martin, Mick McHale joined C.U.C.C. in Austria to continue the work done there by previous expeditions. Camping as usual on Fritz's Site by the lake at Altausee.

After negotiating a cheap rate up the toll road (which worked out at 50sch. each and a bottle of scotch) caving began.

The main pitch in Stellawes was rigged differently this year - so you didn't get covered in mud before reaching the main rope. Also a bypass was found around the first 80ft pitch.

In 115 (now Schnellzusholle) rapid progress was made, mainly due to rigging, which used a minimum number of bolts and a maximum number of rub points! Last years exploration of the cave had ended at the top of a steep ramp. This year we descended it, bypassing a large aven on the left. The ramp became more vertical and eventually more or less free hanging. At the bottom "Junction Chamber" an active streamway was found.

When both caves reached a depth of about 400m. Clive and Rob Parker (S.W.C.C.) found a connection from Stellawes to Schnellzusholle, discovering a cairn left by a previous party to indicate the limit of exploration.

About halfway through the expedition the 'lurey' struck, and caving ceased for a few days. This produced a couple of incidents. Pete (C.U.C.C.) became ill underground and had a pretty desperate climb out, and Rich spent the night in Schnellzesholle as his companion feeling ill, left the cave rather fast.

The tennis courts were just not the same this year, perhaps because Ken Baker was not with us (or because M.J.M was!).

As for drinks, we found the lake an excellent place to cool the crates of 'Gosser Pils' and of course Bar Fishers trade went up by about 400% while we were there. One evening we visited Blaa Alin for a meal and drinks - and found Schnapps being given free to those who made an exhibition of themselves!

The Stellawes/Schnellzusholle System clearly has great potential yet, and a 1982 Expedition is planned.

Martin Warren

MAROC 81

A quick report on the Cerberus Speleological Society
expedition to Morocco.

* * * * *

This summer I was lucky enough to join an expedition run by the Cerberus Speleological Society to the Taza area in the Middle Atlas mountains in Morocco. Morocco has many areas of limestone, none of which have been looked at very thoroughly, although many large systems are known already - for example Kef Tosobeit, which at 700m is the deepest cave in Africa.

Most of the members of the expedition had been to this area of Morocco 2 years previously, when they explored and extended an already known cave, Kef Chara, and also found a previously unknown system close by, Kef Lahash (Snake Pot, so called because large water snakes were seen in the entrance). This was explored to a terminal sump. The purpose of this expedition was to thoroughly explore and survey Kef Chara, and also dive the sump at the upstream end of the cave; to dive the sump in Kef Lahash and also to generally explore the area.

We travelled to Morocco in a converted forward control Landrover, which was capable of comfortably taking all 16 expedition members, plus all the caving and diving gear and food for three weeks in a trailer. We went by ferry from Plymouth to Santander in Northern Spain and drove overland to Algeciras where we joined the ferry to Ceuta on the African Coast. After the usual 3 hour wait in 90 degrees temperatures at the Moroccan border, watching the locals carrying chickens and ducks across the border, we were allowed in. We drove to Taza, and then took a rough track for about 15km to reach the original camp site. This involved at one point, driving the landrover across fields, and hoping to find the track on the other side, and also filling in a few 1m deep ruts.

Our camp site was a few yards from a Berber village, and the villagers were very hospitable, often inviting some of the expedition home for coffee, bread and goats milk cheese: which it was very impolite to refuse or fail to finish. We also made free use of their water supply. We did not take tents but slept out in the open, although we had a large tarpaulin for use in case of thunder storms.

The camp was about 5km along a level forest track from Kef Chara. We had to start caving early as it became too hot to walk carrying caving gear after about 10am, and a typical day involved breakfast by 7am and being underground by 9am. Kef Chara is a large resurgence cave, fed by about 8 or 9 sinks. The resurgence is impassable, but just above it a large mud slope entrance leads into a 10m square passage, which meets the stream 300m inside the entrance. The main stream can be followed upstream through some large boulder chokes and oxbows for about 2km, until a main junction is reached. Negotiating the cave is fairly easy, although there are a few places where one has to crawl in water. The main problem is finding your way around the house-sized boulders. The whole of the main stream passage is very well decorated with flowstone.

At main junction, the river divides, the lower inlet on the left leads to a tight crawl after about 500 m. The main passage to the right, meets a sump, after 600m. This was called Sump 2 to distinguish it from the sump at the resurgence and had been free dived (lensht 3m) 2 years previously, to a short section of passage which ended in another sump. We dived this to emerge after 100m in about 150m of passage which again sumped. This sump was dived to surface in a low passage, with about 20cm of air space, and after two attempts we decided we were not going to get any further with the equipment we had available.

We also spent 3 days improving the French survey of the cave. The total length of the system is now about 6km.

The other cave we were interested in was closer to the camp. Kef Lahnash is a sink cave which takes a variable amount of water, depending on the whims of the locals irrigation system. Just inside the entrance is a duck/sump, which varies in height by 30 to 70cm in an hour, and this is probably the reason the cave had not been explored before. There was another tighter entrance higher up the cliff, which could be used if the entrance was flooded, but this had the disadvantage that the colony of bats also used it, and there was not enough room for both you and the bats in the passage at once. About 100m inside the entrance is an 18m pitch. The cave carries on down a series of free-climbable pitches and a 9m pitch to a sump, which was the end point 2 years ago. We dived this sump with breathing equipment and found it only 2m long, so free-dived through, and explored a very wet section of passages, dubbed hydro-phillia passage, which included 3 ducks and 2 free-divable sumps, and emerged at the head of the free climbable 9m waterfall. The passage led off down a series of spectacular ramps at 45 degrees to a further sump, which was dived, but no way on could be found.

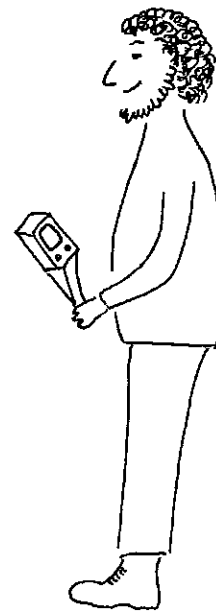
On the surface, we explored down the valley from Kef Lahnash, to a large resurgence, at the village of Kaoune, which must be the same water, although some other caves must resurge there as well to account for the volume. We also explored a 20m pothole, halfway between Kef Lahnash and Kaoune, which is probably the same cave system. The upstream sump was dived to about a metre of passage, but no way on was obvious. There are many other openings in the valley which we did not have time to explore thoroughly as they all probably required dissins.

On the last day, some local shepherds showed us a shaft which must be 30m deep, high on the mountain and because of this and the other holes to be dug, we hope to be able to return there in 2 years time.

We drove back in a more leisurely manner, than we had driven down, spending a day exploring a market in Fez, and a day swimming in the mediterranean, before starting the journey back through Spain.

A.B.

"All you do is push this button and the VDU flashes through the whole sequence, batteries don't need charging for 80 hours, you just clip on a disc at the back and away you go, makes the whole concept of paper surveys totally redundant. Give it a couple of years and everyone will have one. Of course, it will take the Yorkshire boys a bit longer to catch up but they'll soon realise the value of an automatic read-out, no way you can get lost with one of these ticking away beside you. You just have to make sure you don't get any water in it"



Welcome to

THE GREAT PRIVATEER WHO-SEDDIT QUIZ

All you have to do is read the following quotes and have a jolly good laugh. Then you must decide for yourself whether the name ascribed to each quote is TRUE or FALSE. And just to make it more sporting, here is a clue : the quotes are not necessarily original. In fact some of these quotes are remarkably unoriginal. I've heard most of these quotes before. Indeed plagiarism ... (get on with it - Ed) Where was I ? Oh, yes.

		TRUE	FALSE
Are you knackered ?	Mick McHale	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
No, I've just got leg cramps	Michael Martin	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Why does life cr*p on me with such monotonous regularity ?	Michael Martin	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
When the cat's away, the house smells better	Chris Pepper	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Frusiking is like sex without the woman	Charlie Self	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Charlie, your body is like a condom full of walnuts	Charlie Gilbert	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
What would you do if you were down Coolagh River Cave when it flooded ?	Tony Boycott	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Well I'd have a f***ing good last w*nk	Martin Warren	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
I'd make it more realistic for him	Janet Cooper	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Close my eyes and think of England	Steve McArdle	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Bunch of w*nklers	Ken Baker	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Oliver is old enough to know better	Tratty	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Stuff that for a game of soldiers.	Bob Churcher	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

A prize of a bottle of champagne will be awarded to the first correct entry. However, all entries must be received by last week - this is a low budget production and the Captain would keelhaul me if I gave away any of his bubbly.

Captain Maxim wishes to apologise to his readers for the profanities in this article. If you have been offended, please write to :- Privateer, 4 Tyne Street, Bristol 2, enclosing your name and address, and I will ask the bo'sun's mate to pay you a visit.

Toblerone Warr's Diary

Friday

For weeks now there has been nothing but talk of the wonderful food at Clive and Wanda's wedding reception. However no-one, but no-one, has said a word about the ceremony itself. Unfortunately I can entertain my readers with but few details of the service as I did not receive an invitation and so was not in attendance.

Poor Clive. With only ten minutes of bachelorhood left he still hadn't found any gentleman worthy of the title who would read the first lesson. In desperation he had to ask Charlie, whom we all know to be a pagan if not a communist or worse. What a terrible choice to have to take; and all for an oversight in the guest list.

Saturday

No mistakes this time. Graham and Linda ask me to be best man and everything goes splendidly. At least until the honeymoon. I wouldn't normally betray the confidence of such an old friend as Graham but certain standards are expected, you know. On the wedding night the groom retired early, complaining of a headache, and the bride had to find her entertainment in the servants' quarters where they were having a small celebration. I don't blame Linda in the least for retaining her maiden name.

Sunday

This is definitely the wedding season. Phil and Diana this time. I always wondered how they would resolve the problem of Phil's smoking, for Diana loathes the smell of cigarettes and made it quite clear before the marriage that she would not allow him to smoke in the house. Typical of the low cunning for which Phillip is renowned, the newlyweds moved into a house with an outside toilet. Just like our schooldays, what, Buckberry?

Monday

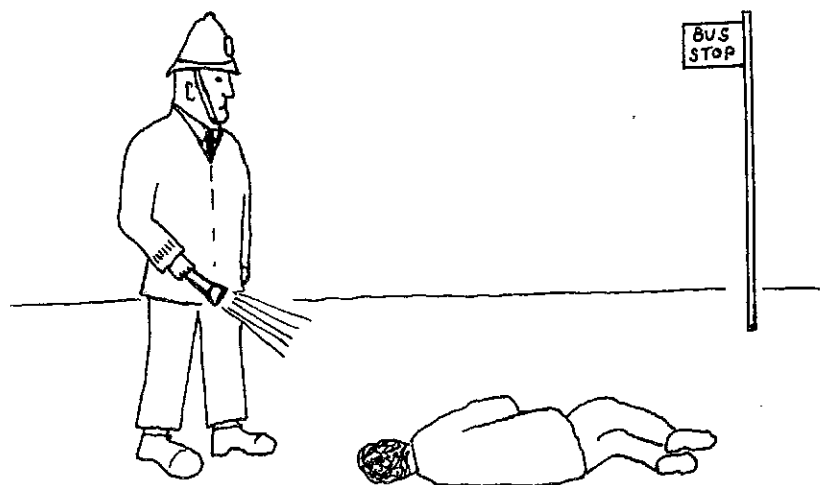
On several nights last week my slumbers were disturbed by a loud knocking at the front door. It happens again tonight and when I open up I find Kirsten on the doorstep in a state of great excitement, begging to be let into my back garden. She says she wishes to climb over the garden walls to visit a friend who lives a few doors along the road. I am not at all sure that this is proper conduct for a newly qualified member of the medical profession but Kirsten just giggles, gives me one of those wicked smiles and runs off into the flowerbeds.

Tuesday

I heard a rather amusing tale today concerning our two most beautiful students, Martin Warren and Mick McHale. These two gallants went to Weston-super-Mare to offer their services to the ladyfolk of that town. The first two girls that they spoke to remembered an urgent appointment in Bath and departed in great haste. The second pair were more subtle - they allowed our heroes to buy them drinks all evening, then politely wished them goodnight.

By this time the last bus to Bristol had long departed and the disconsolate pair had to spend the night in a bus shelter, their repose disturbed every hour by the local constabulary. As if this were not sufficiently droll, in the morning they found they didn't have enough money for the bus fare. But all good farces have a happy ending. A kindly bus conductor allowed the boys to journey home at a reduced rate.

I havn't laughed so much in years.



GEOFFREY IN AMERICA

with apologies to Marriott Edgar

You've heard of a caver called Geoffrey
A chemist - least that is his trade
He studied quite hard at the college
So they gave him a very good grade

Now Geoff (PhD) were ambitious
For a good job wi' plenty of pay
So he went off to work in America
- That's short for the US of A -

Over there it were all very different
In fact not like Blackburn at all
The natives all walked round wi' cameras
Back home they'd be kicking a ball

So Geoff went and ordered a camera
He phoned round to get the best quote
Then sent off his cheque the same morning
Along with a covering note

He waited and waited and waited
His patience were wearing quite thin
So he phoned up the mail order company
And spoke to a girl there called Min

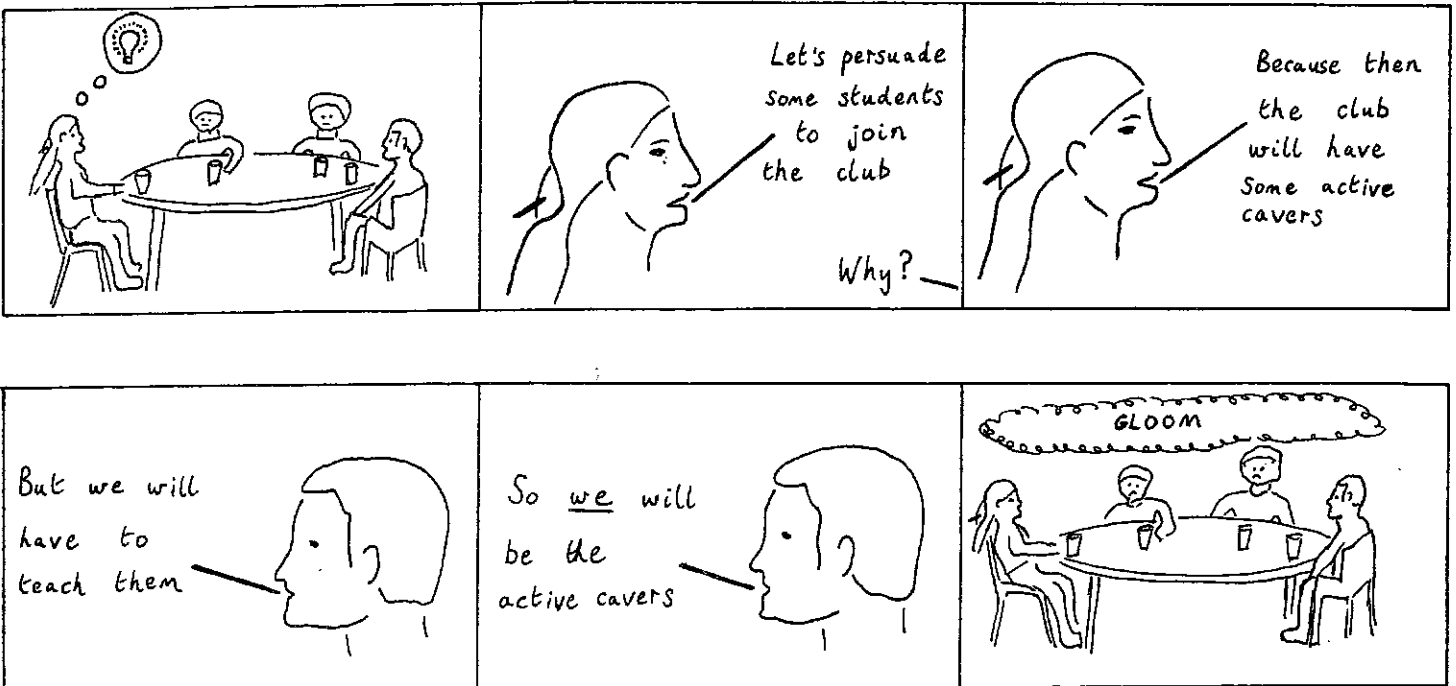
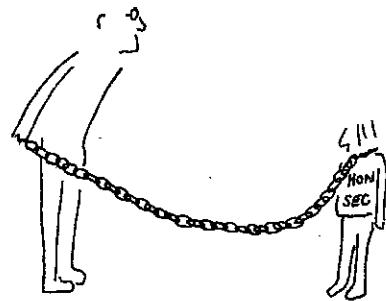
"My name is Geoff Riding, I'm British"
He said, to impress her wi' class
"I've been waiting weeks for my camera
And what's more I'm still waiting, lass"

She told him to send some more money
To cover a recent price rise
"I think it's disgraceful" said Geoffrey
"In England a price is a price"

Well this were a good line, so happen
For it made her jump right up and say
"Mr Riding, we're terribly sorry
We'll post it off to you today"

Now the lass seemed put out by his accent
As well as his charm and his ease
So he ended the call with a flourish
"Doctor Riding's my name, if you please"

HON. SEC.





FAMOUS AUTHOR ASSERTS :

"GENIUS IS ONLY RELATIVE"

An exclusive interview with
our Irish correspondent

Sláinte O'Guinness

SLÁINTE: Well, Charlie, congratulations on your new book.

ARBUTHNOTT (for it is he): Er yes (drinks)

SLÁINTE: Yes, it really is a marvellous achievement. You must feel very proud. I believe it has taken three years from when you first started writing.

ARBUTHNOTT: Er yes (drinks)

SLÁINTE: You say your book is not a sequel to 'Caves of North-West Clare', the book the UBSS produced back in the sixties. Is this because your book covers all of County Clare, not just the north-west corner ?

ARBUTHNOTT: Er yes (drinks)

SLÁINTE: I believe Dave Drew of Trinity College, Dublin helped you quite a bit. In fact he wrote about ten chapters, didn't he ?

ARBUTHNOTT: Er yes (drinks)

SLÁINTE: Why do British cavers keep coming back to Ireland the way they do, year after year ? Is it just the caves or is there something else ?
.... Charlie ? Charlie !?

The interview ends abruptly as the famous author sinks to the floor and proceeds on hands and knees towards the door. The reader is spared further details because the editor is too squeamish to print them.

I fear machines will take over the world. Chris Pepper was on a cave rescue course at Penwyllt, the headquarters of the South Wales Caving Club, when he received an emergency call-out - to repair a measuring machine in Brighton.

● Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose. I am reliably informed that Sam "Rover" Moore is trying to cultivate an interest where Tony "just think of me as a doctor" Boycott once failed to pasture. But the lady is now ten years older.

Maxim

One of my spies has just informed me of an opprobrious remark he overheard concerning this current issuing of my vessel - a scurrilous statement obviously not intended for my ears, propounding that although 'Privateer' was very good it should really be classed as "soft porn".

May I remind all would-be mockers that soft porn is mere vulgar titillation and is only gratifying to the vulgar. I need hardly add that in persuing the truth, without fear or favour, I am documenting the one true account of our Society's activities.

R. Matey
pp Captain Maxim
"Je Trouve"
Verity Close
Maidenhead
Berks.

Last week, on returning home from work, I found "The Shuffler" waiting for me on my doorstep. He had come all the way from Cambridge to pay me a surprise visit. We went out for a few glasses of ale and swapped yarns, but one of Steve's stories has me puzzled. He says he is worried that the left hand might find out what the right hand is doing. Whatever can he mean?

An unhappy quotation from my jet-setting friend "I'm Ian, fly me" Cassely. When I asked him if he had any tales of derring-do he answered, "when UBSS produces a woman worthy of my attention then there will be some scandal". Things obviously can't be going Fly-me's way at the moment.



Gravel

The most outrageous story is being touted in Bristol about the itinerant Mr Baker. It is said that when he left Caledonia Place he left behind not only the usual KSB junk (ie $\frac{1}{4}$ of all his worldly goods) but also a comprehensive collection of women's clothing. The story then degenerates into fanciful speculation but I do not believe a word of it. I am sure there is a perfectly natural explanation.

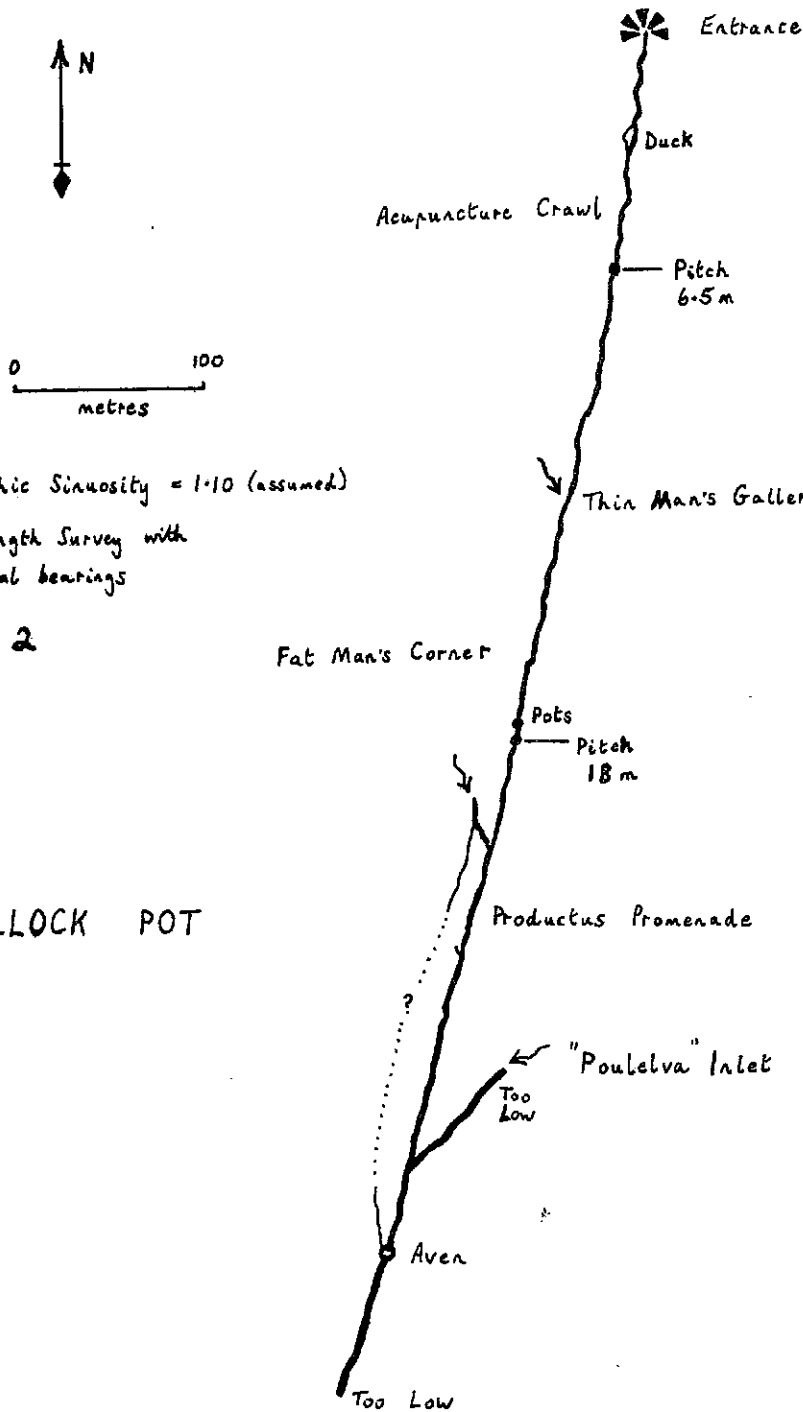
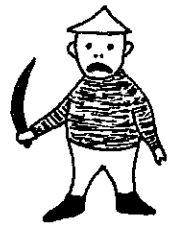
● My offer of bribery in the last issue of Gravel has produced a quite unexpected result. In search of more details of the remarkable career of Ms Janet "oh, yes?" Cooper, I had thought to find confirmation of her friendship with Rich Barker. Instead it is Janet who claims the prize by showing me a bizarre sequence of photographs involving herself and yet another former Hon. Secretary. The naturism I can admire, but flagellation with seaweed?

A telephone call from America and my dear friend Geoff Riding is on the line. He tells me between guffaws of his inimitable laughter that the Americans think his accent is cute. My Oxford dictionary defines cute as "shrewd, cunning". Either the Americans are particularly artless or the word must have a very different meaning in their country.

● Ken "the Millerman" Dither thinks he has a problem with his love life. He tells me he is intellectually torn between his true love and a new passion; what should he do? I advise him to take the dishonourable course but I fear he will leave it too late.

PRIVATEER

No 2

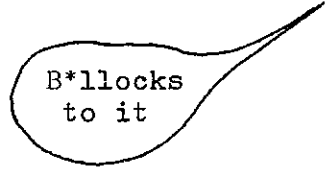
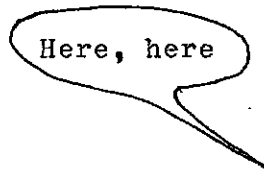


Topographic Sinuosity = 1.10 (assumed)

Line/Length Survey with occasional bearings

GRADE 2

BULLOCK POT



Here at last - the ^{NEW} Bullock Pot Survey