

UBSS Newsletter



Third Series

Number 5

**The Missing Cave of Mendip
Christmas in Yorkshire
Caving under Bristol
CHECC 2006**

Spring 2007

A STRANGE STORY OF READ'S CAVERN - OR SOMEWHERE ELSE?

As some of you will know, we have started a reconsideration of the Iron Age archaeology at Read's Cavern. As you do, the President did a Google search on the name and came up with a most peculiar reference to the cave having been completely destroyed in 1939! Difficult to believe as I was there just a few weeks ago. Fortunately there was a name and address attached to the report and I wrote to the gentleman concerned, Mr. William Bridson and received a charming reply along with a copy of a talk that he gave on this event back in 1995. With his permission this is reproduced here:

ACCEPTING CHALLENGES

It was a hot summer's day in 1939. My Scout patrol and I had just left our camp and were walking across the Mendip Hills in Somerset when, suddenly, we heard a loud bang. On turning round we saw a plume of dust rising from the bottom of a small hill about 200 yards away. We decided to find out what was happening.

To our surprise the dust rose up in front of a large cave about the size of this room. Rubble from the recent blast filled a trench, about 6 feet wide, that ran right across the outside of the cave.

We scrambled across the rubble to speak to 3 large men in their early twenties. They said they were archaeology students from Bristol University looking for prehistoric bones. Then one man, pointing to the rubble, proudly said, "Look at the mammoth tusks we've blown up." I thought that the 4 pieces of fossilised ivory came from the same tusk, and I did not think that they had obtained permission to blast the rock in the trench.

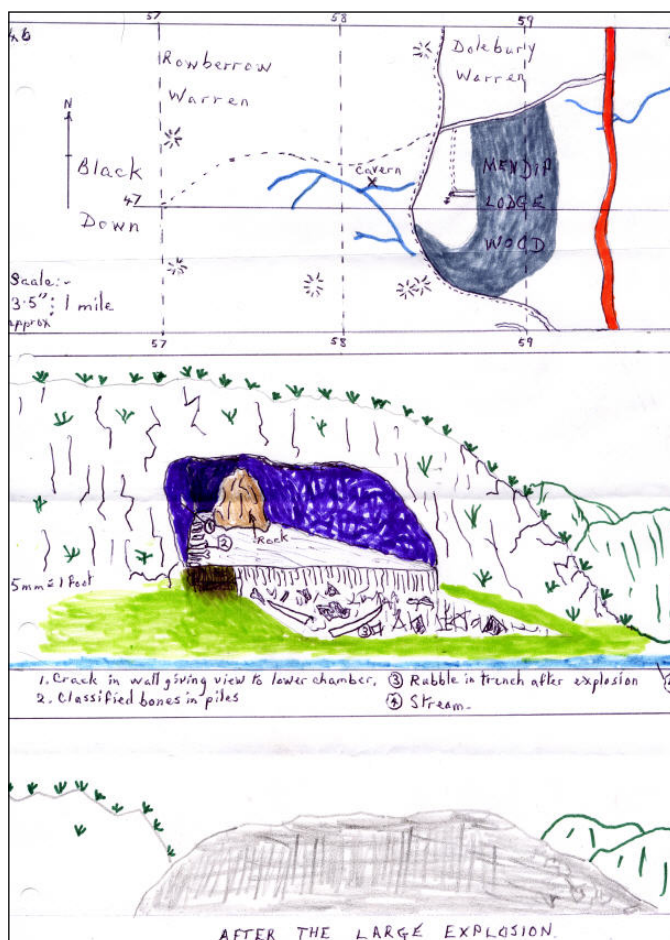
However, they took us to the left side of the cave and showed us the fossils that had already been taken out of the trench by expert archaeologists. Firstly, there was a pile of mammoth tusks - two were so complete and shiny that they looked as if they had just come out of the animal's head. Next to the tusks was a pile of fossilised animal skulls, then a pile of limb bones and finally, a pile of small bones and bone fragments. All cleaned to the same standard as the tusks. I thought of the tremendous amount of hard work and dedication that went into getting those results. To me, much of the work would have been very tedious, but the archaeologists, unlike the students, must have found challenges in their situation and accepted them.

In the centre of the cave there were 3 steel boxes about 2 feet long and labelled "Dynamite". One box was open and they showed us the sticks of dynamite in it. We were scared.

I asked the students if they were going to look for bones in the rubble. Two of them began to say, "I suppose ...", but the third man said, "No. We'll let the other group look for bones next week." I thought that was unfair as some of the stones looked quite heavy.

This man then turned to a crack in the rock between the piles of bones and the back of the cave. He told us that it led to a large chamber, with, perhaps, bones at the bottom of it. The students had discovered a passage behind the back of the cave which might also lead into the large chamber, but it was too narrow for them to crawl through.

They pressed me to explore this passage, but I was very reluctant to comply as I was only wearing a thin pair of shorts and plimsolls. However, as it was only a few yards long and looked dry, I agreed to find out if it led to the chamber. A student then lit a candle near the open box of dynamite and I nearly died of fright. I quickly took the candle from him and crawled through the hole.



Pictures courtesy of Mr. Bridson

Inside I was immediately surprised at the dazzling beauty around me. There were hundreds of crystals in all shapes and sizes reflecting shades of blue, purple and yellow light. Here and there were small stalagmites and stalactites. Further on the stalagmites and stalactites increased in size while the crystals became smaller, so it was like crawling through the mouth of a crocodile. Eventually, the projections sticking into my ribs prevented further progress, but just at that point the man looking through the crack shouted that he could see the light from my candle.

Returning feet first proved to be much more difficult than going forwards. With about a yard to go I was not only exhausted, but stuck on the crystal formations. I shouted for help and one of the students just managed to grab my feet. As he pulled me across the crystals my shorts were ripped to shreds, and I emerged bleeding and naked. He excitedly said that they would now enlarge this passage and explore the large chamber.

We left and I cut some bracken to hide my nudity. Just as we entered our camp site we heard a terrific bang as if all the dynamite had been detonated, but we thought the students must have reached the large chamber OK. Next afternoon we returned to the site of the cave, but there was

no sign of it - just rubble. Years later I read that "Read's Cavern, the finest and largest source of prehistoric bones on the Mendip Hills before the Second World War cannot be found. It seems to have disappeared without trace."

The report that Mr Bridson reports having read is, he tells me, a piece in the Bristol Evening post in December 1961 reporting on one of the Society's meetings. I have not yet been able to search for it. He also told me that he believed that the three "students" had been killed by the blast.

What is remarkable about this account is how radically it varies from anything that we know about Read's Cavern, its history and its archaeology. I do not doubt Mr Bridson's integrity, however, and present this to you in the hope that at least some details of it may ring some bells and we might come closer to finding out what it was he actually saw and where it happened. Andy Currant tells me that he is not aware of any Mendip bone caves that were being worked at that time.

Graham Mullan

A Swildon's Fresher Trip

No. 5: Swildon's Hole. Having only started caving five days previously, it's probably not a bad figure. Gina, Andrew and I were off to Swildon's for a Thursday evening jaunt – I'd overheard Andrew in the pub saying he'd see what I could do; whether he followed this through in the end I don't know, but I was certainly expecting it to be fun.

The trip started off quite nicely, following Gina through the passages and thinking how big it was compared to Lionel's and Eastwater. My first bit of trouble started when it came to going down a minor waterfall. At the bottom I was in possession of quite a wet arse and having chosen my oversuit on the grounds that it was in one piece, I was quite puzzled. A quick fumble still didn't turn anything up, so I blundered on. Once we got to the ladder setting-up place (I'm sure it's got some suitably bizarre caving name) Gina and Andrew were fully occupied and I was left with nothing better to do than to drain the excess from my wellies. Here I discovered quite a large rip in my oversuit – not quite so unblemished as I'd thought.

While Gina was preparing to come down the ladder another group caught up with us and being the nice people we are, we not only offered them the use of our ladder but also said they could leapfrog us. They

didn't need it and instead went around and over, stretching between the walls before storming off. Up until this point I'd naïvely thought we'd been going quite quickly. Once again I was wrong and put to shame.

Carrying on to Sump 1, we went down plenty of fun drops involving little climbs and traverses. Andrew displayed an uncanny ability to find an easy down every section where I spent ages groping for holds. When we arrived, going through the sump still seemed only a little more troublesome than weekend's duck – a natural progression: wetter. Following Gina through did take two attempts, though.

The first go involved a lot of faffing about until I decided I was ready. I got about 5cm. I deemed my helmet straps too restrictive, so I went and adjusted them before preparing myself again. Five minutes later I was through and soggy. We had a little potter about on the other side, taking in the sights – well, the Wookey Hole sign – before it was time to be heading back for Andrew's deadline.

Edd Willatts

CHECC 2006

OK before I start, I would like to apologise for missing out large chunks of the weekend. Unfortunately (or maybe fortunately) these chunks are absent from my memory. This obviously has nothing to do with alcohol consumption.

This year CHECC held their annual seminar on Mendip, saving us the mammoth drive to Yorkshire. Friday night had been designated fancy dress night, so after much debate, we went as farmers with our trusty sheep (Fay). The weather was not on Fay's side though, by the time we had reached the hunters, the wind and rain had transferred much of her wonderful cotton wool creation onto the rest of us and she was looking distinctly shorn. On arrival at the pub, we discovered that Cardiff had chosen fetish as their theme (taboo wouldn't have looked out of place at all).

Due to the large number of people present, we had to move to the back room, but not before we had nearly re-carpeted the entire bar in hay (it tasted so good – but best kept out of your beer). I feel Alex may have regretted his lack of costume as he ended up being gaffer taped and whipped by our fetishist friends. (Now might be a good point to mention that there are photos of much of the weekend).

Manchester won the fancy dress competition as the Flintstones, despite us honourably disowning all those not dressed up.

We headed back to the Shepton, our hut for the weekend. Fay and James traveled in style, clinging to the back of the 'shag wagon', whilst the rest of us took more standard modes of transport. Free beer aided the spirit of the ensuing party but not the accuracy of my memory. We were sharing the hut with Cardiff and Sheffield, but there were plenty of others there too. I seem to have become somewhat of a thief during the evening. At various points, I acquired a dog collar (not the clerical type), a tie, and a nightdress (Andy it really suited you, especially with that wonderfully gay hat!). I did however have to swap my overalls for the night dress, which I later swapped for a Flintstone sash before getting the overalls back. Some time was spent in a mission to find a 'nice young lady' to sit on Andy (he wasn't wearing the nightie at the time). From here on in my memory fails me somewhat, I do know that the guy dressed



as Borat revealed his Borat thong and that most people went to bed. This left me, Rob and the two representatives of Queens Uni, Belfast. One was dressed as a militant gay (think only gay in the village meets the IRA) and the other was a monk. Having been attacked many times by an inflatable club, it was time to sleep and the Irish headed back to the Belfry. I am too nice for my own good and thus ended up having a slightly uncomfortable few hours sleep sharing my sofa with some random gay guy.

On awakening, I found that Sheffield and Cardiff are actually quite keen on this caving stuff, some of them had already left and others were planning their trips. I later discovered that Ed and Simon had also already left. I was eventually dragged from my sleeping bag under threat of 'a slapping' from Andy if I continued to refuse to get up and make breakfast. He will be doing it next time!!

Finally breakfasted (well at least all those who got up), we decided to do an Eastwater cross-over trip. This would have worked well, only Andy and I didn't take enough kit to rig the twin verts and by the time we had come up with a slightly dangerous way of managing it, my watch (incorrectly) was telling us it was time to turn round (that will teach me to buy cheap watches), so having yelled down to the others, we headed to the surface. At least we made it underground on the Saturday this year.

Back at the hut, we found our non-caving member (Superted) clearing up vomit (we know he likes vomit, but he can't possibly claim that that is better than caving). Soon it was time to head to the Belfry for the nights activities. Beer pong was duly entered by 2 teams, the Robs and me and James. Due to my homebrew being shit and Strongbow being shitter, we played with vodka (I don't learn). The Robs were slightly more sensible with their drinks of choice, this may have been reflected in the length of time they remained in the competition compared to us. They made it to the semis, where they were defeated by the eventual champions, Reading. The BBQ was really good, I should have eaten more to prevent the later drunkenness.

I am officially a kleptomaniac; nobody is safe when I'm drunk. My first and probably best acquisition of the night was a Viking axe from one of the Nottingham guys. Unfortunately, this wonderful bit of plunder was not up to being fought over and got snapped (James – that was my toy!). I hung on to the better half (i.e. the bit with the axe head) for most of the night, but it had mysteriously vanished by morning. From here on my memory becomes hazy at best and in places non-existent. I don't think any of the remaining games were played – at least they weren't played by anyone from UBSS (unless we

have collective memory loss). Unfortunately, I do remember us all dancing around in substantially less clothing than we arrived in and at one point I was definitely on a table. One poor girl ended up having an ambulance called for her. Her clothes seemed to have disappeared, so I gave her a couple of layers to keep her warm (thankfully, Superted managed to recover them for me on Sunday). From here on in the only memory I have is walking back to the Shepton with Andy and then being woken up by some bloke wanting to change light bulbs at 9am – why???

On awakening fully, I discovered that a) I didn't have most of my tops anymore and b) I was wearing a necklace of unknown origin. Sunday was Ed's birthday and he had a massive cake, which was being handed around – I am informed that it was delicious, but I felt it may have been that bit too rich for that particular morning. Having cooked breakfast for ourselves and half of Cardiff, we decided we should probably go caving. Gina, Sally, Rob, James and Alex headed to Singing River Mine (follows later), whilst the Andys, Fay and I went to Cuckoo Cleeves. Having excavated the door from under a layer of cowshit we made it in. None of us had been there before, so we basically went for a bit of an explore. We didn't find the 'extremely arduous squeeze' which is 'only for slim and experienced cavers', but still had a great time.

Meanwhile, at Singing River Mine (by James)... "As the other group left for Cuckoo Cleeves, which was described as a wet and active cave, the more hung over of us decided that it would be better to do something that was simpler. Thus we chose to go down Singing River Mine,



which at least was dry?. The cave entrance is in the back garden of a house, so out of decency we interrupted their 80th birthday party to tell them that we were going down. The first problem that we had was that the lock had been changed; consequently the key that we had didn't fit. So back to the house, interrupt the party again and beg for a key. Eventually we returned with a key that fitted the lock, only to realize that we hadn't brought enough rope to rig the ladder safely (12 m ladder so a 25 m line would have been fine(?) - if we had remembered we would have to have rope to Y hang the ladder). Thankfully Sally's mum had taken some scouts down earlier in the day, and they were just coming out when we were about to start rigging, and they kindly lent us some rigging rope. Once inside the cave, it was exactly as described, a mine, a maze of passages that all looked similar, and trying to work out where each of them went con-

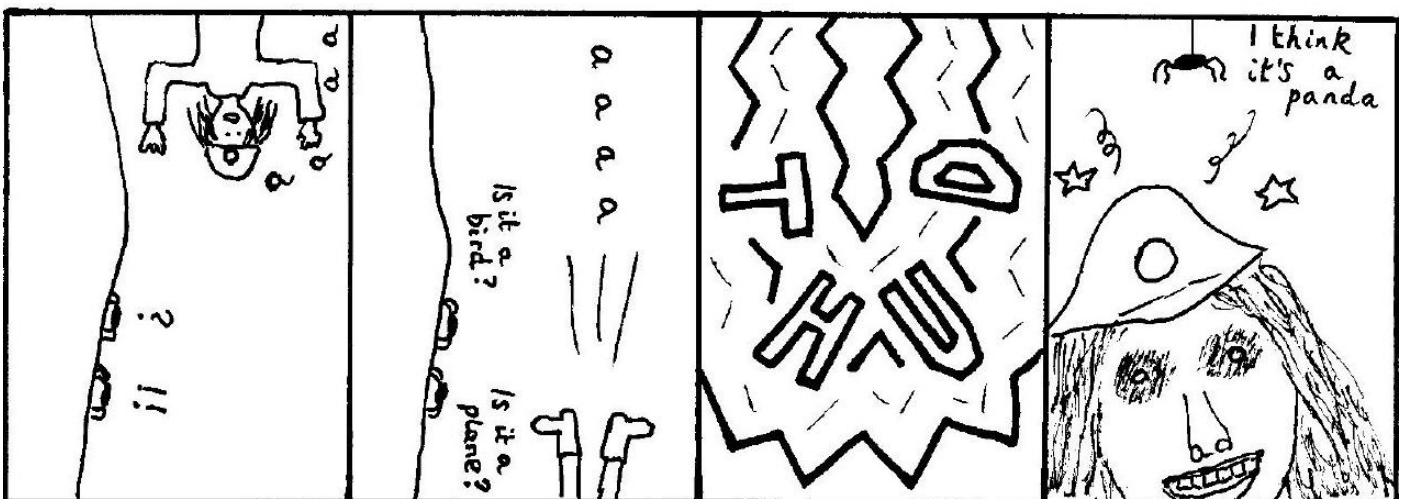
sumed most of the time. There was nothing pretty or much positive to write about this cave, the highlight was by far Sally falling in a large, flooded pothole in the ground, after being warned against it. "

After this, we regrouped at the hut and headed back to Bristol. Another brilliant event over, more new friends made and more memories to recover. I am already looking forward to next year in Wales.

Kayleigh

Troglobyte in Ogof Ffynnon

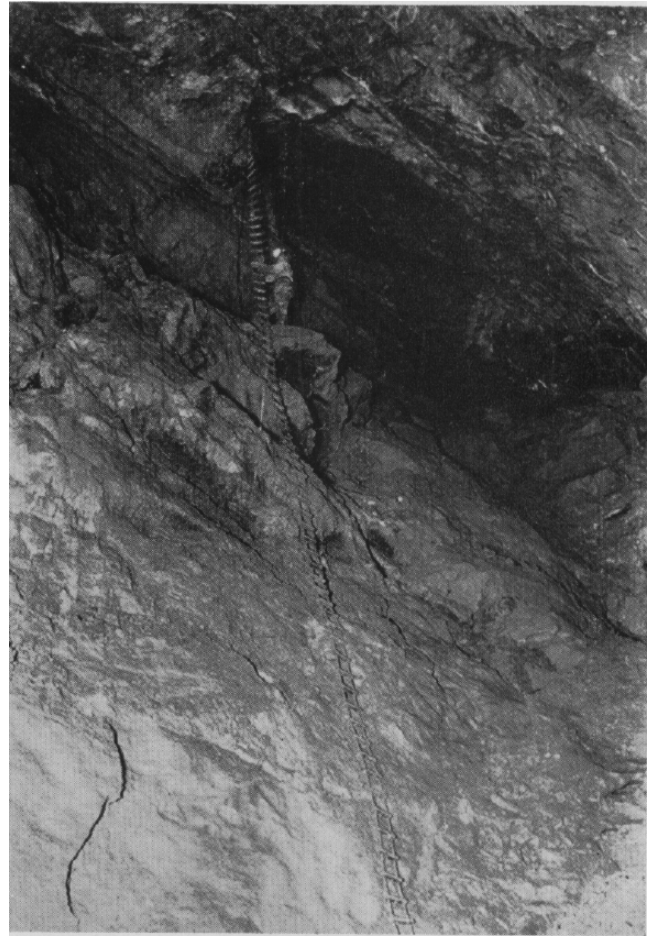
By Charlie Self



THE CAVE IN THE CITY: PEN PARK HOLE

Pen Park Hole has a number of claims to fame. The cave has been known at least since 1669 and is probably the earliest ever to have had a published survey, in 1683. It has been the site of sudden accidental death, when the Reverend Thomas Newnam fell down the shaft whilst trying to plumb its depth in 1775. The way in which the cave is thought to have formed is unusual, by hot water dissolving its way up from below rather than by surface water percolating down. This means that it may be much older than most Mendip caves, possibly 190 million years or more. It also explains the thick layers of crystalline calcite that encrust much of the walls. The crystals really are impressively large. In the nineteenth century miners searching for lead drilled and blasted parts of the entrance passage but they failed to find any economic deposits. The entrance was blocked as a safety measure towards the end of the century.

The cave was relocated in the 1950s so that building in the area could go ahead safely and the opportunity to explore and resurvey the cave was taken by the UBSS, Wessex and BEC. The entrance was sealed again in 1961 and remained officially closed until 1992, when Bristol City Council gave permission to reopen it and the present entrance was installed. Immediately after that, further exploration was attempted by diving and climbing but nothing of any significance was



View Up the Pitch
Photo: UBSS Collection



Some of Pen Park's Splendid Crystals
Photo: Steve Cottle

found. In recent years the cave has had only the occasional visit.

Our most recent trip down Pen Park Hole was again prompted by safety concerns about proposed building work, in this case the erection of a mobile phone mast. Rather than see the works disappear into the nether world, the phone company asked the Society to radio locate the parts of the cave near to the surface.

It was a very wet and blustery day when we all assembled on the recreation area where the entrance is located - much better to be underground. The first task was to learn how to operate the radio location equipment and this was explained to us by Brian Prewer of the MRO. Essentially you lay out a circular aerial horizontally on the floor of the cave and start the transmission. The signal can be used to communicate by voice as well as a "beep" that allows signal strength to be measured to determine the position on the surface vertically above.

Despite the weather there was a fair crowd assembled for the event. Bristol City Council was represented, as was the phone company - by a charming young lady in a lovely new Gore-Tex jacket who showed no hesitation in taking it caving despite our warnings about how it would look on its return to the surface. She did admit that it belonged to her boyfriend, so we can only speculate that she was either utterly confident about the relationship or wanted to terminate it with extreme prejudice as soon as possible. While Linda guided the representatives of the council and phone company through the entrance series to the head of the pitch, Gina, Marc and I set up the equipment on the West



Gina Practises Her Voice Procedure
Photo: C.J. Binding, FRGS

Platform. Chris Binding made sure that nobody did a Reverend Newnam down the pitch.

We performed locations at 3 sites altogether, the other two being at the head of the pitch and in the First Chamber. Here we ran into Andy Farrant, who had come to offer geological advice. Meanwhile on the surface Graham and Brian Prewer were marching back and forth searching for the strongest reception, which was found, inevitably, in a patch of particularly vicious brambles.



View Down the Pitch
Photo: Steve Cottle

Happily our work was concluded successfully and a good time was had by all (at the time anyway, we are not sure about later!) The phone company now intends to put the mast near the park gate and the Society is a little richer – proceeds to be spent on SRT rope.

Clive Owen



The President's Piece

SELRC, SHIPS, SEA-LEVELS AND BORING CLIMATIC CHANGE

On Saturday 4th November, Sheila and Angus Watkins and self headed off to Chepstow for our annual trip to the SELRC (Sewer Estuary Levels Research Committee) Conference & AGM. Interesting stuff, including Steve Rippon on the archaeological work at Puxton on the North Somerset levels, where the medieval fields overlie 2 periods of Roman settlement buried by later flooding – the earlier with industrial-scale lead working.

Another very good presentation was by Nigel Nayling on the latest news from the Newport ship - 25-30 m long, built somewhere on the Atlantic coast and laid up in a tidal creek in 1476-8, and so a century older than the *Mary Rose*, and 150+ years older than the Swedish *Vasa*. Direct digital 3D recording using 4 articulated Faro arms (instead of 1:1 drawings which would have needed 1-2 km of drawing film) and a computer program called RHINO, has enabled virtual re-assembly of the many thousands of timbers & bits, now stored in tanks in a large building on the Maesteg Industrial Estate in Newport, and has made it by far the best documented ship find in Europe or the World. Go and see it when the Ship Centre opens or catch an Open-Day.

The highlight of the day was the lecture by Stephan Harrison from Exeter, on "Climate change and sea level rise". Extremely topical now that the IPCC report has been published. He was particularly good on the uncertainties of scale of what we now know is going to happen, regardless of anything we can do. You must all know the current forecast for the 21st century, assuming that atmospheric CO₂, currently at 382ppm and increasing by 1.8ppm pa, will reach 550ppm, twice the pre-Industrial Revolution level – a 3°C temperature rise, a sea-level rise of 59 cm, with pretty dire consequences. Unfortunately things can be much worse, 3° is probably 3.5±1 and events could be much faster than we expect. The General Circulation Models – atmospheric and oceanic – used to predict the future, can't mimic rapid climatic change in the past, so can't predict them. We know temperatures rose 8°C in 5 -15 years at end of the Ice Age, we know there was a serious brief cold snap 8,200 years ago, but the models don't show these. And there can be nasty events on the way; it's now known that on the Greenland ice cap, open fissures extend to its base, summer melt water streams on surface can run down to the base in seconds, not days/weeks/years, making the base wet, giving more rapid ice flow. The flow rate of the Jakobshavn ice stream, the biggest in West Greenland, has doubled from 20m per day to 40m in 3 years; the ice cap has thinned by 70m in 5 years. Catastrophic melt-down is not impossible, a major pulse of cold fresh melt water down the Davis Strait between Greenland and Labrador could overturn the North Atlantic thermohaline circulation system - the Gulf Stream to you - in months. We could be in for some pretty cold winters. And if the West Antarctic Ice-sheet floats off and melts, equatorial sea level could rise by 25 ± 6 m.

And the *Quaternary* era ends now, because of humanly induced climatic change there will never be another Ice Age. Chilling stuff; but we were first in the *Castle Hotel* bar at lunchtime.

AMA

January with the Spéleo Club de Périgueux

"Now that our house in France is taking shape, Linda and I can afford to take time off from buying bathrooms and do some serious digging with the local cavers. Here are just a few photos from the club's digging trip in the show cave the Grotte de Proumeyssac. Digging is only allowed here on one weekend annually, whilst the show cave is closed, and last year's dig was aborted due to snow. This really is a long term project. Here are a few photos from the latest trip, 21st January 2007."

Graham Mullan



Top left: In best French style the dig filled with bang fumes just before noon, taking exactly two hours to clear.
Top right: 'Digging in France is just like in England, one guy down the hole working while everyone else watches from the top.'
Bottom left: 'Proumeyssac is famous for its unusual calcite formations...'
Bottom right: '...including some even Charlie will be unfamiliar with!'

Photos : Graham Mullan



A Note from the Editors

Thanks to all who contributed to this rather 'local' edition of the newsletter.
Remember to get those replies to Kayleigh for the annual dinner.
Happy caving!
Gina & Clive

PS Now we have the technology, the more photos the better. However, if you didn't take them yourself do be sure to ask permission to use them from the person who did!

Lower Long Churn and Alum Pot: A Christmas Holiday Trip In North Yorkshire

As with all good caving trips, this one was a long time in the planning. It all started with a rather drunken conversation in October in Wales, with Fay and Paul about doing some caving in Yorkshire over the Christmas holidays. I (apparently) volunteered my dad to lead a trip, and (I am told) we had even agreed dates. Thinking this would just be forgotten about it was left at that.

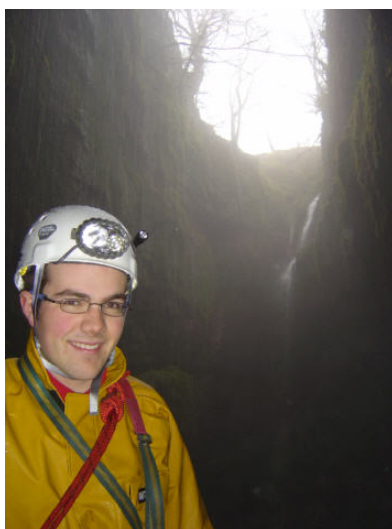
It was therefore a surprise to me when Fay gave me a ring, saying that she was at home (Wales) with a 65m and a 30m rope, a few crabs and a couple of SRT kits and that she was really looking forward to caving on the Thursday, and was thinking of doing Alum Pot as it is a nice easy first SRT cave. After this conversation, I informed my dad that he was caving on Thursday, and what's more that he was rigging (this didn't go down too well...). After consulting the guide, it was quite apparent that we had a distinct lack of rope and crabs. Sending Fay back to the tackle store to pick up more kit, (she came back with 170m of rope – slightly excessive) we were eventually ready to actually cave.

Arriving in the morning we met Paul and Fay at the



track/car park/changing room, leading up to Alum Pot. The weather was remarkably dry and even slightly sunny, as we made our way up the field to the entrance of Lower Long Churn. A short scramble down to the stream, lead into a wet passageway, which gradually descended down. At this point Fay asked Paul why they hadn't come in this entrance last time, the response was that it had been flooded to the roof.

A dry oxbow bypassed the first deep pool, and shortly after this



we took a left hand fork, leaving the stream way behind. The first challenge that we then encountered was a couple of deep pools, Double Shuffle and Plank Pool. Throwing the tackle sacks over them (mine landed in the water which made it nice and heavy for the rest of the trip), a careful traverse/fall around the edge was required to get past without going for too much of a swim. After descending a 2m pitch with a fixed hand line, we were quickly (too quickly for me) at the top of the first SRT pitch. After watching it being rigged it was soon my turn to descend, putting all that was learnt in a Union stairwell into practice. It was nowhere near as bad as I thought it would be and was in fact quite enjoyable.

It was from here that the cave became impressive. From the



bottom of the Dolly Tubs a large chamber opened out half way down the main shaft of Alum Pot. The shaft itself was bridged in the middle by a huge slab of rock that had fallen down. After another greasy traverse/pitch, a traverse of the main shaft lead to a climb down over the bridge and then the final pitch. The bottom of the shaft was a large active stream, which we followed until the waterfall of Diccan Pot entered it. After turning around we climbed back up the way we came, and for some reason I was given the first full tackle sack (that contained about 100m of rope), to carry up the last 2 pitches. Instead of facing the pools again, we took a short climb to a notorious squeeze (the Cheese Press), which was surprisingly roomy, and then exited by the Diccan Pot entrance.

All in all it was a very pleasant trip, which was made even better by the fact that Fay volunteered to wash the 170m worth of rope.

James MacFarlane

AGM and Annual Dinner

The AGM will be at 2.30 pm on 10th March in the Stables



The annual dinner will be held the same evening
Zero Degrees on Park Row
7.30 for 8.00 pm



The price of the annual dinner shall be £20
Kayleigh needs to know menu choices by 3rd March.

Starters (Choose 1 of 4)

Garlic & rosemary pizza bread
Also available with caramelised shallots & mozzarella

Seared beef carpaccio
Rare marinated beef salad served with shaved truffle, shaved parmesan, olive oil & black peppercorn

Crispy fried calamari
With sweet chilli sauce

Trio of crostini
3 slices of Italian bread with different toppings;
1. Cherry tomatoes 2. Mascarpone cheese & salmon
3. Marinated anchovies, rocket & parmesan

Main Courses (Choose 1 of 12)

Goat cheese salad
Cherry tomatoes, olives, lettuce, cucumber, avocado, almonds,
Warm goats cheese served on french bread & basil dressing

Caesar salad
Crispy lettuce leaves, parmesan, Garlic herb croutons & caesar dressing.
Also available with grilled chicken

Traditional cheese pizza
With oregano & our special tomato sauce

Wood roasted vegetable pizza
Zucchini, aubergines, peppers, sun-dried tomatoes, Garlic & tomato sauce

Pear & gorgonzola pizza
Taleggio cheese & walnuts, with ranch dressing

BBQ chicken pizza
BBQ chicken, sliced onions, smoked cheese & coriander

Carne asada
Grilled steak, chillies, onions, pesto, smoked cheese, Topped with fresh coriander, avocado & salsa

Sweet & spicy Italian sausage pizza
Italian sausage, onions, pepper & tomato sauce

Pappardelle pasta
Spicy sausage, wild mushrooms & cream

Linguine pasta
Mussels, squid, anchovies, capers, langoustine, parsley, white wine & cherry tomatoes

Penne pasta
Asparagus, pine kernels, sun-dried tomatoes, peppers, artichokes, garlic & rocket

Mussels
Are available for an extra £5
Choose a sauce from the menu

Dessert (Choose 1 of 4)

Banoffee pie
With warm caramel sauce

Warm chocolate fudge cake
With vanilla ice cream

Apple tart tatin
With vanilla ice cream & caramel crisp

Ice cream
Served in a chocolate cup
Flavours will vary

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